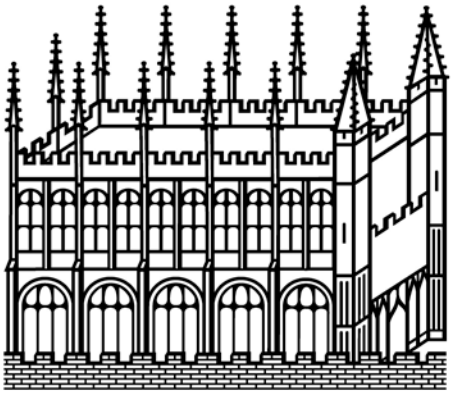

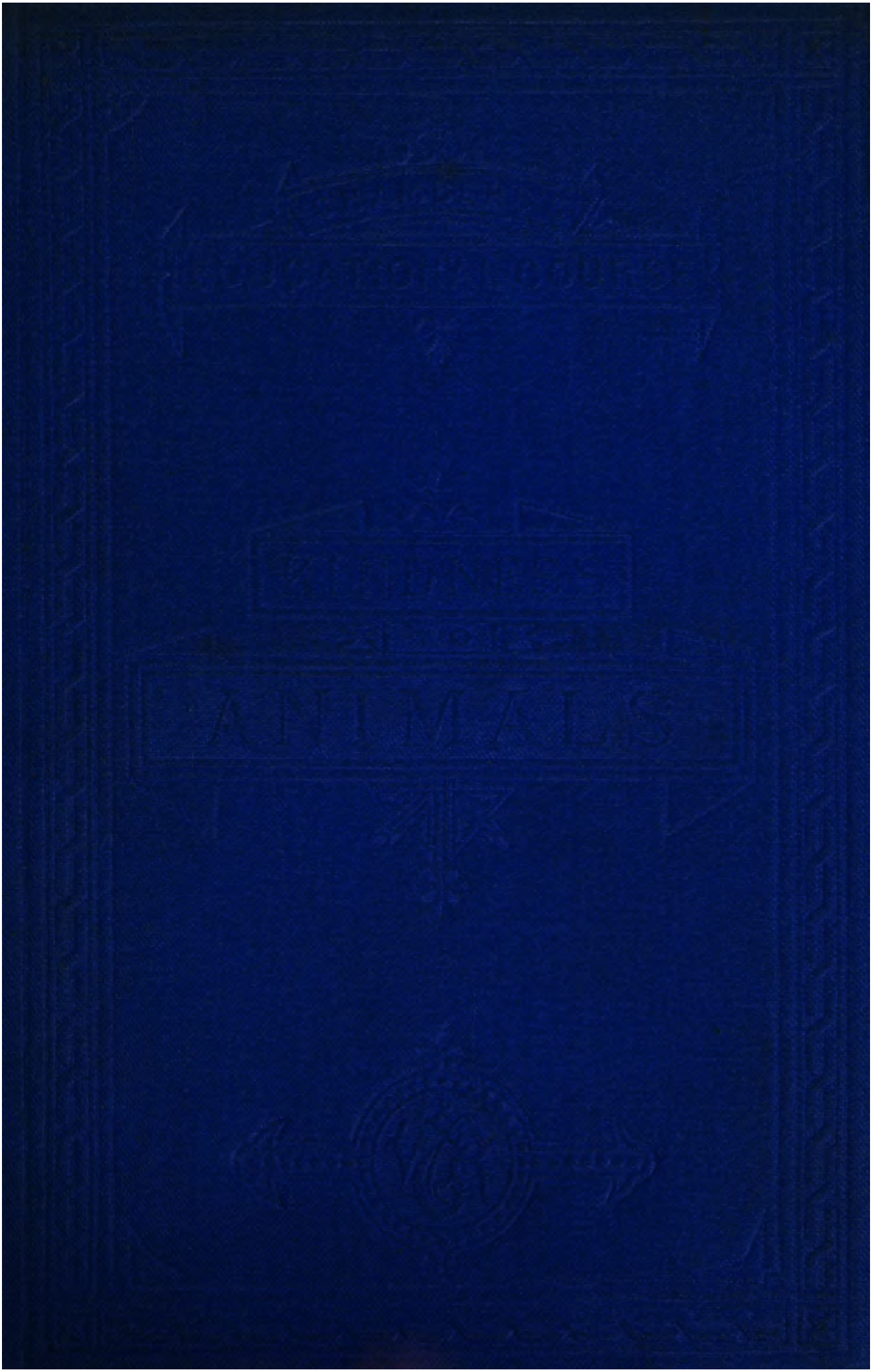

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

ILLUSTRATED BY

STORIES AND ANECDOTES

A BOOK FOR HOME AND SCHOOL READING

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS small BOOK has been specially prepared for the young. Its object is to inculcate the duty of KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, which, it is now admitted, ought to form a proper part of Education among all classes, whether at school or within the domestic circle. The EDITOR has endeavoured to carry out this desirable object by means of interesting Stories and Anecdotes, accompanied with such hints and reflections as seemed appropriate in the circumstances—the whole being designed to excite sentiments of affection, justice, and compassion towards the Lower Animals, particularly those that happen to be dependent on our good offices. A Summary is added of existing laws in the United Kingdom for the Prevention and Punishment of Cruelty to Animals.

It is the fervent wish of the PUBLISHERS that the BOOK may do some little good, and they beg to intimate that they will offer no objection to its translation into Foreign Languages for use in Countries where a regard for what is due to Animals is as yet imperfectly understood.

W. & R. C.

EDINBURGH, *June* 18, 1877.

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INTRODUCTION.

KINDNESS to animals is one of the duties of life. Man has been given dominion over the lower animals. But in this authority there is not included the right to ill-use animals, or to inflict upon them unnecessary pain. As we are powerful, so we must be merciful. 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast.' Even when certain animals require to be slaughtered for food, nothing must be done to protract or to aggravate their sufferings. In former times there was much reckless indifference to the sufferings of animals; and in some places yet there are persons who have little regard for the pain which they cause animals to endure. Horses are overwrought and beaten unmercifully. Cattle are over-driven, and sometimes in long journeys to market they are not provided with water. Dogs are too often neglected by their owners, and otherwise subjected to ill-usage. Cats are turned out of doors to starve when families shut up their houses for a season, little thinking of the hunger and wretchedness experienced by the poor creatures. Various animals are wantonly mutilated from fancied notions of improving their appearance. Another kind of cruelty consists in capturing

large quantities of small birds with snares for the sake of selling their skins to embellish ladies' head-dresses. To restrain cruelties as far as possible, the law has benevolently interposed. Cruelty to animals is now punishable by magistrates when cases are brought under their notice; but still many acts of cruelty continue to be perpetrated.

As prevention is better than cure, it is desirable to make the young aware of the duties incumbent on them towards animals. It is important for them to know that there is much pleasure in exercising kindness to animals. Gentle treatment of the horse, dog, cat, birds, and other domesticated creatures, is usually rewarded by a return of affection; at the very least, there is a satisfaction in seeing that the creatures dependent on us are happy. Even ferocious wild animals may be tamed, and will shew their affection, when treated with a kindly attention to their wants. The object of the present little book is to teach the young to be kind to animals—first, because kindness is in itself a duty; and, second, because it will not fail to give pleasure, and leave the most agreeable recollections. All the anecdotes and stories we shall present have these united objects in view.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

THE power of kindness in tempering the natural ferocity of wild animals was remarkably exemplified in the case of Androcles, the slave of an ancient Roman, and a lion to which he had shewn compassion. The story, taken from an old Latin author, has been told as follows by Joseph Addison, an eminent English writer:

Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman, who was

proconsul or governor of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before.

The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the

country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly.

Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length, a huge, monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned, at Rome, the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Africa. Being set at liberty, Androcles was seen leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people everywhere gathering about them, and repeating to one another: 'This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician!'

The following lines might be added from an English poet:

> Kindness can woo the lion from his den
> (A moral lesson to the sons of men!),
> His mighty heart in silken bonds can draw,
> And bend his nature to sweet Pity's law.

ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

THE horse has many natural good qualities, which are susceptible of cultivation. In training him for regular work, whatever it be, gentle and considerate treatment is indispensable. By any species of harshness he is apt to have his temper broken, and to become vicious, stubborn, and difficult to manage. Trainers of horses know the value of gentleness. They fondly pat the young animals committed to their charge, speak to them soothingly, and in time win their confidence. By these means, and by giving small rewards in the form of mouthfuls of something pleasant to eat, skilled trainers are able to teach horses to perform extraordinary feats for public entertainments.

A horse properly trained soon learns to know his master's voice, and to come at his call; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence; he joins with him willingly in any work, and though often fierce and dangerous to strangers, there are few instances on record of his being faithless to those with whom he lives and to whom he belongs, unless under very cruel treatment. The finest horses in the world for riding purposes are those found in Arabia, where they are treated with the utmost kindness. To the Arabs of the desert their horses are as dear as their own children. They live in their tents with them, and the little children tumble about under their feet, and play with them as English children do with dogs; and the horses never kick them or hurt them in any way, but are as careful as any nurse would be.

An Arab will part with all that he has sooner than with his horse, which he looks upon as one of his family. There is a story told of an Arab who had a very beautiful

horse. This Arab became poor, and had to sell everything of any value that he possessed, so that at last he had only his horse left. He was offered a large price for it, and at length made up his mind to sell it, as he and his family were in great want. So he put the best bridle and saddle upon it, mounted it, and rode away to a French gentleman who wanted to buy it for the king of France. The money was counted out, and the Arab stood looking sorrowfully at his horse. He thought of the many times it had carried him on its back, of how his children had played with it and fed it, and then he looked at the heap of gold. After a while he thus spoke: 'And must I part with thee and never see thee more, thou that hast dwelt among us, and been as a child to me! And to whom am I going to sell thee? To Europeans, who will tie thee up and beat thee! Ah, no! I cannot do it; I cannot part with thee! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children!' Thus saying, he sprang upon his horse and was soon out of sight.

In England we cannot have our horses living with us as the Arabs have, for we dwell in houses, whilst they live in tents. Still, if we treat our horses with kindness, as we can easily do, and as we ought to do, they will soon begin to shew pleasure at our approach, and give signs that they are grateful for our care of them.

It is well known that a kindly treated horse does twice as much work as one that never hears a pleasant word or receives a friendly pat. He will prick up his ears, his eyes will be bright, and he will trot along contentedly, obeying the slightest motion of the driver, and attending to every tone of his voice. There is little need of a whip with him. The ill-treated horse, on the contrary, starts at his cruel master's voice, is dispirited, and trembles under the blows he receives, and either becomes dull and

stupid, or savage and obstinate. Horses that are beaten fret very much, for horses are very sensitive creatures, and not only the torture they suffer from the whip and the spur, but the cruel temper of their master, painfully affects them.

When the late General Sir Robert Gillespie lost his life at the storming of Kalunga in India, his favourite black charger was brought to sale, and bought by the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of five hundred pounds sterling, to retain the horse of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore, was usually indulged with taking his former post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his former station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

In a popular magazine there is the following account of a horse which sometimes displayed joyous gambols like those of the dog: A gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt has often been known to leap through it, go up to his master, caress him, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which, after the fashion of a dog, would place its fore-foot in the hand of its young

master, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy rompings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every young urchin who provoked it, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the schoolhouse, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed the young scapegrace did not deserve one-tenth of this affection, for we have often seen old 'Donald' toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at marbles or cricket.

Occasionally the attachment of the horse exhibits itself in a light that would be creditable to human beings. During the Peninsular War, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became very fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally shewed his affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was enough to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, to be ridden by a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the Peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hairbreadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was defeated, and in the confusion of retreat the trum-

peter was mortally wounded. Having dropped from his horse, he was found many days after the engagement stretched on the ground, with the faithful charger standing beside him. During all that time, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and not thinking of his own wants. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, on account of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

Horses are peculiarly mindful of kind treatment. 'This,' says Colonel Smith, 'was shewn in a charger that had been two years our own, and which was left with the army, but had afterwards been brought back and sold in London. About three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse drew our attention, and upon going near, we found the animal recognising his former master, and shewing his delight at meeting us again by rubbing his head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the fore-feet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. We remember,' continues the colonel, 'a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th Dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a low price, on account of a viciousness which had cost the life of one or two grooms. The captain was a very good rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable. After some very dangerous struggles with his horse, the animal was tamed, and became so attached, that his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies could mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in

Spain; and on one occasion when, in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his fore-foot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving till he had remounted.'

ATTACHMENT OF THE HORSE TO DOGS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Living together in herds when wild, horses retain their sociable disposition when they become domestic. 'My neighbour's horse,' says White of Selborne, 'will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without shewing a fretful temper and trying to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window after company; and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet.' The same disposition is more or less to be seen in every member of the family. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often curious.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him, that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him

in his walks: on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog, and neigh in a manner which plainly said: 'Let me also go with you.' When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, quickly bore him to the ground and began to worry him; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog, seized him by the back with his teeth, speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a hasty retreat from so fierce an enemy.

The following singular instance of attachment between a pony and a lamb is given by Captain Brown: 'In December 1825, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from a driver passing with a large flock. It was so very wild, that it was with great difficulty separated from its fleecy companions. It was put into a field in company with a cow and a little white Galloway pony. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon shewed much fondness for the pony, which readily returned its affection. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle no doubt drew forth the officious gaze of many; and when likely to be too closely beset, the lamb would take refuge beneath the pony, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs with looks of conscious security. At night, it always repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger, before the head of its favourite. When they were separated, which could only

be effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the pony responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined the flock at a short distance from the pony, but as soon as the owner removed the latter, the lamb quickly followed without the least regard to its own species.

As already remarked, the attachments which the horse will form, when separated from his own kind, are often curious and unaccountable, shewing how much the whole animal creation, from man himself to the humblest insect, is under the influence of a social nature. 'Even great disparity of kind,' says White, 'does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two creatures spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, and by degrees a manifest regard began to spring up between them. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of pleasure, rubbing herself quietly against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest care lest he should trample on his small companion.'

We shall close this section of the horse's history with an extract from the *Biographical Sketches of the Horse*, by Captain Thomas Brown, which speaks volumes for the intelligence and affection of the brute creation: 'My friend, Dr Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly to understand each other's actions. The dog was kept in the stable at night, and always lay beside the horse.

When Dr Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and while he was in their houses, had no other servant to take care of the horse but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Cæsar. When it happened that the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again. While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's County, where I commanded a detachment, I had many opportunities of witnessing the friendship and sagacity of these intelligent animals. The horse seemed to be as obedient to his friend Cæsar as he could possibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to the stable along with his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Cæsar, bid him take the horse to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, which frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the rivulet, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. We followed at a great distance, always keeping as far off as possible, so that we could observe their behaviour. They always went to the stream, and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

'The doctor frequently desired Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which was about six feet broad. The dog leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him by a kind of bark what he wanted, and was quickly understood; and preceded by Cæsar, the horse cantered off and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, which he speedily did in the same manner.

On one occasion Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to the dog, who took hold of the bridle, and led him through the water quietly.'

WORK-HORSES IN A PARK ON SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath-day, the poor man walks
  Blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks
  As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,
  From his week's toil released;
And jocund is each little boy
  To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,
  Where the grass grows rich and high,
A no less merry Sabbath band
  Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts! that go all week
  With loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,
  Hard work and cudgelled bones;

But now let loose to roam athwart
  The farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,
  They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,
  Some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks,
  Antics uncouth and queer.

One tumbles wild from side to side,
  With hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide,
  And making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 'twas to see,
On this bright Sabbath-day,
Man and his beasts alike set free
To take some harmless play;

And how their joys were near the same—
The same in show at least—
Hinting that we may sometimes claim
Too much above the beast.

If like in joys, beasts surely must
Be like in sufferings too,
And we can not be right or just,
To treat them as we do.

Thus did God's day serve as a span
All things to bind together,
And make the humble brute to man
A patient pleading brother.

Oh, if to us *one precious thing*,
And not to them, is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing
To carry it on to heaven!

R. CHAMBERS.

ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

THE docility of the horse is one of the most remarkable of his natural gifts. Furnished with sharp senses, an excellent memory, considerable intelligence, and a gentle disposition, he soon learns to know and obey his master's will, and to perform certain actions with astonishing accuracy and precision. The range of his performances, however, is limited: he has not a hand to grasp, a proboscis to lift minute objects, nor the advantages of a light and agile frame; if he had these advan-

tages, the monkey, the dog, and the elephant would be left far behind him. Many of the anecdotes that are told under this head are highly interesting.

Mr Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was given to him by the Duke of Leeds. This animal for a number of years played the part of a waiter in the performances at the amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water; and would also bring into the riding-school a tea-table with its appendages, which feat was usually followed by his fetching a chair, or stool, or whatever might be wanted. His performances were generally wound up by his taking a kettle of boiling water from a blazing fire, to the surprise and admiration of the spectators. Ray affirms that he has seen a horse that danced to music, and at the command of his master affected to be lame, feigned death, lay motionless with his limbs stretched out, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprang to his feet.

In 1794, a gentleman in Leeds had a horse which, after being kept in the stable for some time, and turned out into a field where there was a pump-well, regularly supplied himself from the well without help from any one. For this purpose he was observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with the head, exactly as a man does with his hand, until enough was drawn. Horses also have been taught to go to and from water or pasture by themselves, to open the gate, and otherwise to conduct themselves with a propriety almost like that of human beings. The following instance is given by an eye-witness of the fact: 'We have ourselves known a

farm-boy, who was too small to mount the plough-horses, teach one of the team to put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then, by gently raising the head, to let him slip backwards to his seat on its back. This act we have seen done by the same horse a hundred times, and there could be no doubt that the animal quite understood the wishes of the boy, and the use of lowering its head to enable him to mount.'

Such anecdotes as these illustrate the remarkable intelligence, and we might almost say the affectionate consideration of the horse towards those who treat him with the kindness which he merits. A prodigious error is committed in thinking that horses are devoid of recollection of either good or bad treatment.

There is so much sagacity and affection combined with the courage of the horse, that his conduct on many occasions would do credit even to the bravest man. Like the dog, he has been known to swim to the help of a drowning creature, and this without any other impulse than that of his own generous feelings. Captain Thomas Brown mentions the following incident, which proves that the horse possesses something more than mere unreasoning instinct: 'A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all likelihood have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream, and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.'

Professor Kruger of Halle relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity: 'A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left,

about a mile distant. He found the door closed and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round; and the man fearing there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint.' Equal in point of sagacity with this was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a carter in Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. From the carter's having a large family, this animal had become particularly fond of children, and would on no account move when they were playing among his feet, as if he feared to do them injury. On one occasion, when he was dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would certainly have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the animal's sagacity. He took the child carefully by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back, as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it. This animal was one of the wisest of his kind, and performed his duties with a steadiness and precision that were perfectly surprising.

On the evening of Saturday the 24th February 1830, Mr Smith, supervisor of excise at Beauly, was riding home from a survey of Fort-Augustus, and, to save a distance of about sixteen miles, took the hill-road from Drumnadrochit to Beauly. The road was completely blocked up, and not to be seen amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr Smith soon lost all idea of the way, and thought it best to trust to his horse, so, loosening the reins, he allowed him to choose his own course. The animal thus left to himself, went along, slowly and cautiously,

till he came to a ravine near Glenconvent, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow-wreath several fathoms deep. Mr Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so wonderful an escape.

We have stated that a mistake is committed in thinking that horses have no memory of good or ill treatment. They possess a most lively recollection of injuries, and this ought to be carefully borne in mind by persons disposed to treat them with cruelty. There are instances on record of horses inflicting fearful acts of revenge.

A person near Boston, in America, was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, and kicked his master to death on the spot.

In this case the poor horse was enraged by deceit and trickery too often repeated; but he often meets with even worse provocation. Can we blame him when he seeks revenge in such cases as the following? A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once entertained the cruel thought of trying to tire him out. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought

to the stable, the horse's strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, having more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus prostrated. The baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him; and had not the groom come to his help, would soon have put it out of his power to ever again misuse his animals.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain person came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with his teeth and broke his arm; it then threw him down and lay upon him, and so unavailing were the efforts to get it off that the bystanders were obliged to shoot it. The reason given for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, which it seems to have bitterly remembered.

The Spaniards introduced horses into countries adjoining the Gulf of Mexico, whence in process of time the animals increased in number, and roamed about in a wild state in herds. By these and other means, originated the *mustangs* or wild horses of the American prairies. There they live on the rich grasses which grow spontaneously, some of them being appropriated and trained by tribes of roving Indians. It has been observed that, while still free in a wild state, these horses have amongst them a kind of government. They have leaders whom they follow and obey, whilst others are appointed as scouts to warn the rest of the approach of danger. They have a method of communicating with each other, and their neighings, little understood by us, express what they wish to make known, whether it be terror, alarm, pleasure, the discovery of water or pasture, or that

they must start upon a journey. And these various announcements are understood quite well by every horse in the herd.

If the horses are passing through swampy ground, they strike the earth with their fore-feet, in order to find out if it will bear them. If they are passing near moist sand and are thirsty, they scoop holes in the ground, appearing to know that the water will drain into them. And there is a fruit called the melon-cactus, which they strike and split asunder with much skill, in order to get at the refreshing juice that it contains.

All these things horses do in their wild state; but when they come into contact with man, and are treated well, their intelligence seems to improve. Shetland ponies, when they come to any boggy piece of ground, first put their noses to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their fore-feet; and thus find out whether or not it will bear their weight. They do the same with ice, and know at once if it is safe for them to go on.

Here is an instance of the way in which horses make known their troubles. A gentleman named Evans had two favourite ponies, a colt and a filly, which grazed in a field near a river. One day the filly made her appearance in front of the house, and by clattering her feet and other noises drew the attention of the family. A person went out, and she immediately galloped off. Mr Evans desired that she should be followed; and the man who went after her discovered that she had forced open all the gates between the field and the house, and upon reaching the field he found the filly gazing into the river at a spot where the colt was lying drowned. She had probably a feeling that the family of her master might help her in her trouble, and so she went to fetch some of them, to tell as well as she could what had happened.

A French officer who commanded a cavalry regiment

tells us of two horses which were quite as sensible as human beings. Among the horses belonging to his part of the regiment was a very old one, unable on account of his age to chew hay or corn. So the two horses which fed with him used to draw the hay out of the rack, chew it, and put it back before the old horse. They did the same with the oats, which the aged animal was thus enabled to eat.

Another wonderful horse belonging to a Mr Trevor of Newcastle, when turned out of his stable, would pump water into the trough if he wanted any to drink. As the pump was used by many persons during the day, it is supposed that the animal learned to pump by observing them. And not only did he pump for himself, but before drinking he pumped enough into the trough for another horse which lived in the same yard. Thus we see that he was not only a clever and good-natured horse, but that he also understood good manners.

It is interesting to observe the nicety with which tamed farm-horses perform their work in the fields, how in drill-husbandry they step carefully so as not to injure the young plants. Of this species of intelligence, the late Mr Stephens, in his *Book of the Farm*, has spoken in terms of high praise. 'It is remarked by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing talking together, they will approach, and seem as it were to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companions, and after being desired to stand will not stir till his own name is called. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to; and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect

knowledge of his work. [In ploughing] I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a directing pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard a farm-horse neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of ceasing work in the evening, whether in summer or in winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise, and can even distinguish musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own that even at his corn would leave off eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was kept sounding; and another that was affected in the same way by a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a troop-horse, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the hounds give tongue, are well-known instances of the power of horses to distinguish between different sounds; they never mistake one call for another.' It may also be added, that work-horses seem fully to understand the meaning of the terms employed to direct them—whether forward, backward, to the left, or to the right. A great deal of the gibberish used for this purpose might certainly be spared with advantage, as tending only to confuse the animal; but there is no doubt that a horse will obey the command to stop, to go on, or to move to either side, even should its master be hundreds of yards distant. Work-horses seem also to know when Sunday comes, perhaps partly from memory, and partly from noticing the preparations making for it. They are quick observers of any change that takes place around them; they can distinguish the footfall of the person who feeds them; and seem fully to understand, from the kind of harness put upon them, whether they are to be

yoked in the mill, in the cart, or in the plough. Even when blind they will perform their usual work with wonderful precision. We knew a blind coach-horse that ran one of the stages on the great North Road for several years, and so perfectly did he know all the stables, halting-places, and other matters, that he was never found to commit a blunder. In his duties he was no doubt greatly helped by hearing and smell. He could never be driven past his own stable; and at the sound of the coming coach, he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that though half-a-dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet he was never known to stir till the sound of the 'Ten o'clock' was heard in the distance.

The following is a remarkable instance of the power of memory in a horse: A gentleman rode a young horse thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached the place. Two years afterwards, he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now considered the difficulty of his situation. 'Here am I,' said he to himself, 'far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope.' He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to go forward, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that

the animal could not possibly have been on that road except on the occasion already mentioned, two years before, since no person ever rode him but his master.

The most remarkable instances of minute recollection, however, occur in horses that have been accustomed to the army. It is told that in one of their insurrections in the early part of the present century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh engagement with the same enemy; but no sooner did these horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and see the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed; and in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks of the enemy, and delivered them up as prisoners to the Bavarians. 'If an old military horse'—we quote the *Cyclopædia of Natural History*—'even when reduced almost to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the twang of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth appears to come upon him, and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform and drawn up in line, it is no easy matter to keep him from joining them. Nor does it signify what kind of military they are, as is shewn by the following case. Towards the close of last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike road was being made in a northern district. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally, to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. The assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day, as he was passing near a town of con-

siderable size which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; and the instant that Solus (such was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding-officer of a regiment on parade or at drill; nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding-officer in all their manœuvres, marching at the head of the corps into the town, and prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators, and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who did not feel very highly honoured by Solus persisting in making a colonel of him against his will.'

It was at the Cape of Good Hope that the following incident happened. A heavy gale of wind had set in, and a ship that was lying at anchor had been forced upon the rocks, the wind being so strong that the anchors dragged. Many of the crew were drowned; others were thrown into the water, but managed to cling to pieces of wood and to different parts of the wreck. It was near enough to the shore for the people to see the poor creatures struggling in the waves. The sea was dashing high, and the great billows were making such a noise that the cries for help could not be heard; but those on shore knew well the danger the seamen were in. It was too rough for a boat to be launched. What was to done?

Amongst the watchers was a planter, an elderly man, who had ridden from his farm to the sea-side to see what was going on. His heart was touched by the sad sight, and knowing the bold spirit of his horse, and that it

was an excellent swimmer, he instantly determined to make an effort to save the drowning men. He dismounted from his horse, took a little brandy and blew it into its nostrils, and again seating himself in the saddle, pushed into the midst of the breakers. Man and horse disappeared for a time, and the people on shore were afraid that they might be lost. But no—they were seen again battling with the waves, and making their way to the wreck, which they reached at last. Then the brave old planter brought off two men, one on each side of him, each holding on by one of his boots. And so they were brought safe to land. You can imagine how the people cheered as the brave horse and rider swam in with their burden. A second time they started, and again in the same manner brought back two of the half-drowned men. Again and again. Seven times did the old planter and his horse swim out to the wreck, bringing back two persons each time. But the eighth time, the horse being much fatigued and meeting with a formidable wave, the planter lost his balance, fell from his horse, and was swept away in a moment. The horse swam safely to land, but the gallant rider was seen no more. He had saved fourteen lives and lost his own.

Who would not like to be as brave as the old planter? who would not like to have as noble a horse as his? And it is our own fault if the creatures that belong to us are not so willing to do their duty as this brave horse was. God gave them to us to be a help, and in return He expects that we shall not abuse them, but shall treat them so that they remain the noble creatures he made them, and not wretched, miserable drudges, beaten, knocked about, ill fed; and made vicious and revengeful through the cruelties practised upon them. Let every boy who reads these stories say

to himself: 'When I am a man and have a horse of my own, I will treat it kindly, so that it may love me, and work well and willingly; and perhaps some day I may find that it may help me in a time of need, even as the horses I have been reading about helped their masters.'

It is, of course, only from the tractability of the horse, as well as kind treatment, that the animal can be trained to encounter the perils of actual warfare. He never shews cowardice. In the midst of noise, smoke, and general commotion, he obediently carries his master into battle, and facing the most terrible dangers, perhaps sacrifices life itself in following out his line of duty. The horse, in fact, becomes a soldier in the service of his country. Look at a cavalry regiment, how proudly the horses prance along, how they listen with delight to a military band. We are surely warranted in saying that horses are fond of music.

The horn of the huntsman usually produces a great effect upon horses, especially upon those that in their early days have been accustomed to go out with the hounds. These will shew signs of pleasure on hearing the lively note once more, and some have been known even to join in the chase of their own accord. Many years ago, before there were any railroads in England, people used to make their journeys in stage-coaches. But four horses could not draw a coach all the way from London to Liverpool, as an engine can draw a train; so there were certain towns on the way, from ten to fourteen miles apart, where the coach used to stop to change horses. It happened one fine hunting morning that the Liverpool stage-coach was changing horses at Monk's Heath in Cheshire. The horses that had just been taken out of the coach were standing apart from one another, but still with their harness on, when they heard a pack of fox-hounds in full cry. The four horses started off,

and away they went after the hounds, just as if they had had riders on their backs. One of them followed close upon the huntsman, took all the leaps that he took, and came in first at the end of the chase. When it was over, the horses returned to the inn and performed the stage back again to Congleton, the place from which they had started.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

At Cooke's well-known travelling circus there may be seen some remarkable performances with horses and small ponies that have been trained for the purpose. In

Prince: the High-mettled Racer.

London, at Hengler's Cirque, as it is called, there is a fine stud of horses, which commands general admiration. Without depreciating modern establishments of this kind, our recollections go back to Astley's Amphitheatre, near

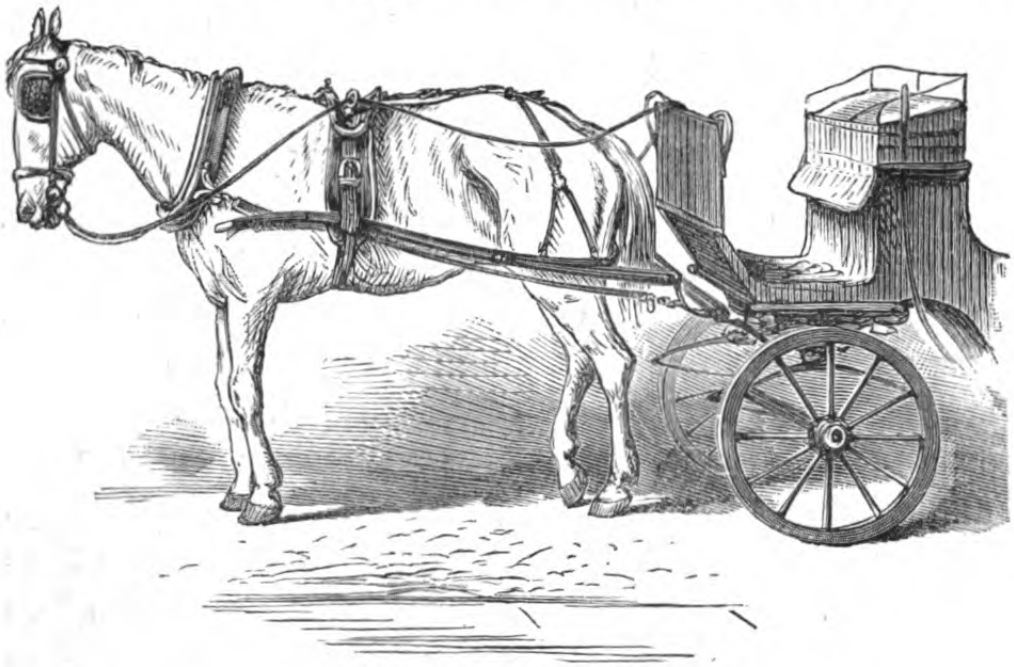
Westminster Bridge, as it used to be thirty to forty years ago, under the management of the late Mr Ducrow. The feats there performed by some of the horses were exceedingly wonderful. The animals seemed to possess a degree of human intelligence. They were accomplished actors. Their powers of simulation with a view to entertain spectators went far beyond what any one could expect whose knowledge is confined to the ordinary class of horses. We will mention a few particulars regarding a horse at Astley's as they occur to our memory.

There was a remarkable piece of acting by a white horse named Prince, which was offered for public entertainment. It was in a play called the High-mettled Racer. The play was in several successive acts, and designed to represent different stages of degradation in the career of a horse from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, and unfortunately in too many cases true to nature. We shall endeavour to describe some of the scenes.

When the piece opens, we have a view of an English country mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats ready to set out on a fox-chase. They are waiting till a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, who is properly equipped for riding, descend the steps at the doorway, and by the aid of a groom mount a young and beautifully shaped white horse that is in readiness for her. She speaks to it affectionately, and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat, and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to shew its paces, the horse with its fair rider goes off with the huntsman and hounds in pursuit of a fox—that was also a taught actor in its way—which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up

rocks, leaping over hedges, and so forth, till at length, when on the point of being run down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humanely gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage in the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy.

At the beginning of next act, the horse is to appearance several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstances been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at



Prince as a Cab-horse.

celebrated horse-races, at which it had on several occasions won prizes, and its sprightliness obtained for it the name of the High-mettled Racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London. It has somewhat the look of its former state, but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy

appearance is gone. It is dirty and dejected. It hangs its head droopingly down. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the foot, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs when standing in a row for hire. What a wretched down-come for Prince. There awaited him, however, a still lower depth of misery.

In the following act, Prince is reduced to the forlorn condition of drawing a sand-cart, when it can hardly draw its own legs after it. To appearance, it is half-starved. A child offers it a few straws, which it is glad to eat. It seems to be little better than skin and bone. The cart in which it is yoked belongs to a rude jobber whose object is to wring the utmost possible work out of the animal before selling it to be killed. A feeling of horror and compassion thrills through the spectators. They can hardly believe they are only looking at a play, for the simulation is perfect. Staggering along with its draught under the cruel urging of the whip, the moment arrives when Prince can go no further. Its unhappy span of life is terminated. It suddenly drops down under its weary load—to die, and be relieved of all its troubles. Unyoked from the cart, and relieved of its harness, there it is stretched out, with a crowd of idlers about it, seemingly at the last gasp, and offering in its fate a dreadful instance of undeserved cruelty to animals.

There was a concluding scene in the life of the horse we have been describing. While lying in the street, and when preparations were making to drag it off to the shambles, a lady who is passing recognises the dying animal as being her favourite horse Prince, which she had ridden years ago at the fox-chase. At the same time the poor beast faintly lifting its head, recognises

its old mistress, and with failing eyes seems to implore her compassion. In a state of distraction, the lady kneels down, takes the horse's head in her lap, speaks to it consolingly, and once more calls it her dear Prince. Oh, what she would not do to revive the dying animal, and give Prince a new lease of existence! Just at this juncture, in the manner of the old plays, when something supernatural was required to get over a serious difficulty, a sylph-like being in the character of a benevolent fairy appears on the stage carrying a magic wand. Her mission, she says, being to redress wrong, she touches the dying horse with the wand and bids it rise. In an instant Prince starts up from its recumbent position, and to the delight and amazement of everybody, it is as fresh, plump, glossy, and beautiful as when it went out with the hounds in the fox-chase. The lady springs upon its back, and off Prince goes at a splendid gallop. The applause was, of course, immense!

Perhaps in the whole annals of horsemanship there was never demonstrated a more wonderful case of acting. The horse had all along been feigning for public amusement. It had feigned to be a cab-horse. It had feigned to be tired when it stood on three legs. It feigned to be dying when it dropped down in the sand-cart. The whole affair was a piece of simulation, and by means of some adventitious aid in discolouring the skin, the deception was complete. A hasty rub with a cloth puts it all to rights; and instead of dying, Prince gallops off in the consciousness of having performed a brilliant piece of acting.

What we have narrated from recollection will assist in illustrating the natural intelligence of the horse, and the extent to which it can be educated by patient and gentle training. Harsh treatment would be all a mistake. Words kindly spoken, some small reward in

the shape of a mouthful of what is agreeable—a trifling sweetmeat, for instance—will work wonders in forming the character of the horse, and teaching it to perform any required feat. We have always thought that an impressive moral lesson was conveyed in the play of the High-mettled Racer.

W. CHAMBERS.

THE CAB-HORSE'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor cab-horse
  Whose weary limbs have many a mile to go,
Whose weary days are drawing to a close,
  And but in death will he a rest e'er know.

When the cold winds of dreary winter rage,
  And snow and hail come down in blinding sheet,
And people refuge seek 'neath roof or arch,
  The cab-horse stands neglected on the street.

Though worn and weary with a useful life,
  In patient service to his master, man,
No fair retirement waits his failing years—
  He yet must do the utmost work he can.

His legs are stiff, his shoulders rubbed and sore;
  His knees are broken, and his sight is dim;
But no physician comes his wounds to bind—
  The lash is all the cure that's left for him.

Perchance a well-kept hunter in his youth;
  Or carriage-horse sleek-groomed and fed with care;
Now omnibus or cab must be his fate,
  Scant rest, scant bed, and often scanter fare.

O for a rest beneath some shady tree,
  A little while upon the grass to lie;
Some little kindness in old age to feel,
  Ere yet the worn-out horse lies down to die!

Lies down to die! Nay, not e'en that is left;
He is not worth his food, can work no more.
He must be killed; and who cares in what way?
For him, alas! the knacker's yard's in store.

O faithful servant, and is this thy meed?
Has manly gratitude then fled away?
And in this vaunted progress-making age,
Do we thus all thy good with ill repay?

Ye kindly hearts that spare the whip, and stroke
Just now and then with kindly hand his mane,
Or pat his sides, or give a pleasant word,
Your tender-heartedness is not in vain.

Not the poor brute alone, whose hard-worked limbs
Move in quick sympathy to kindness' tone;
But angels shall approving bless the deed,
And bring you mercy for the mercy shewn.

Pity the sorrows of a poor cab-horse,
And ere the wintry winds again shall blow,
Think of his shivering tottering limbs, and give
Him some slight shelter from the biting snow.

He has not many friends to plead his cause,
He has not speech his own wrongs to outpour—
Pity the sorrows of a poor cab-horse,
And Heaven will give you blessings evermore.

J. G.

THE DOG.

NEXT to the horse, the dog is the most valuable and most interesting of domesticated animals. He seems to be a special gift of God to man, since without his aid man could not conquer and manage many kinds of animals.

It is a strange and pleasing peculiarity of the dog that

he prefers the human race to his own. He will leave his fellows and attach himself to his master, in whose company alone he is completely happy. He will defend him if attacked; he will guard his property at the risk of his life; and will starve rather than leave a spot where his master has commanded him to remain. Unlike the horse, the dog rarely cherishes feelings of revenge; his strong love to his master, even if that master is a bad one, causes him to endure the greatest hardships, and remain still faithful, and be thankful for even a small amount of attention.

There are numerous varieties of dogs, distinct from each other as regards size, appearance, and certain peculiarities of character, yet all ranked as the same species. How these varieties originated is unknown. They are undoubtedly of great antiquity. Among the best known varieties are the large Newfoundland dog, the collie or shepherd's dog, the Great St Bernard dog, the spaniel and hounds of different kinds, the mastiff, the bull-dog, the poodle or water-dog, the English and Scotch terrier, the pug, and numerous other small kinds of pet dogs, which are kept for amusement Whatever be the varieties of dogs, large or small, fierce or gentle, they all possess a constitutional resemblance, and are esteemed for their respective qualities. One peculiarity distinguishes the whole. It is the fidelity of the dog to his master or mistress. On account of this leading peculiarity, dogs are cherished as companions, and are treated with a kind consideration for their wants. They are properly fed and sheltered, and what is indispensable, furnished with water to drink. They must also, according to circumstances, be allowed a proper amount of outdoor exercise, several times a day. The more kindly they are treated and kindly spoken to, the more do they shew their attachment. Some dogs learn to know what is said to

them. All demonstrate emotion by wagging their tail, and by leaping and bounding in a state of enjoyment. How cruel to neglect or maltreat animals that are so faithful and deserving of kindness!

Dr Parson, in his *Philosophical Observations*, says of the intelligence of dogs: 'When I see and contemplate the several actions and designs of my little dog, which gives me much pleasure every day, I profess it is impossible to avoid being amazed. His passions are more quick than those of many men I have taken notice of. There are some whose joy and grief at accidents give them so little emotion, and who are so dull, as to render it difficult to say which of the two feelings it is that affects them; but in this honest animal, both are lively and strong. When any of my family return home, he shews great gladness in his caressing and skipping about them, and seems dull and concerned at their going out; but there is one among them to whom he is attached in a most particular manner. When this person goes abroad, he is void of all comfort, and sits in a window, crying incessantly, refusing victuals, and watching for his friend, who when he returns is always welcomed by much rejoicing and noise. If he wants to go out of the room, he puts his fore-feet up against one of the company, and being taken notice of, runs to the door, rising up against it in the same manner, and looking at the person he gave notice to before, till he is let out. If he wants to drink, he gives the same notice, and immediately runs into a closet where stands a bottle of water, continuing to run to and from the person until he is served. Is not this sense and reason?'

Their remarkable capacity for steady and faithful attachment has rendered dogs the familiar and esteemed companions of men of the highest rank and celebrity. Emperors, prelates, statesmen, judges, men of all ranks

and professions, and, it may be added, ladies of the highest fashion, have taken delight in their companionship. The late Lord Eldon had a small dog, Pincher, which he highly valued, and which he pensioned at his decease. Sir Walter Scott was intensely fond of dogs —one in particular, a staghound, called Maida, being the constant companion of his rambles. Lord Byron likewise, if we may judge from the following lines, supposed to be inscribed on the monument of a Newfoundland dog, must have had a kindly feeling towards these animals :

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend ;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

THE following anecdotes are offered to illustrate traits of character in different kinds of dogs. The first anecdote appeared in a French newspaper :

A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him. The poor dog repeatedly tried to climb up the side of the boat ; his master as often pushed

him back, till, overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream, he left the boat and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved. How base and unfeeling is the conduct of those who treat so faithful an animal with cruelty!

In the following anecdote we learn how faithful a dog was to his master's interests, and how it cost him his life: A French merchant having some money due to him, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, jumped, and seemed to share his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, stopped to rest under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived the error, and ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, tried to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the sensible creature persevered in his efforts, and after trying in vain to stop the horse, at last began to bite its heels.

The merchant having his mind otherwise engaged, wholly misunderstood the real object which the dog had in view, and began to think that he was gone mad. In crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal, too intent on his master's business to think of himself, continued to bark and bite more fiercely than before.

'Mercy!' cried the bewildered merchant; 'it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I

must kill him, lest some greater evil befall me; but with what regret! O could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him.'

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to reproach him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the thought that by despatching a mad animal he had prevented a greater evil than the calamity which he had suffered by his death. This thought, however, did not yield him much comfort: 'I am most unfortunate,' said he to himself; 'I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. 'Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not understand the warning which my innocent and faithful friend gave me, and I have killed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.'

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the murderous act had been done; he perceived the traces of blood as he went on; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted.

But what were his feelings! His heart was ready to bleed; the poor dog, unable to follow his beloved but cruel master, had determined to devote his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the pangs of death, lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still shewed his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. His life was ebbing fast: the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for even a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

At a lofty point in the Alpine Mountains, which divide Switzerland from Italy, and in a region of perpetual snow, is situated the convent of St Bernard, famous for its remarkably large and powerful breed of dogs. Here, when travellers are frequently in danger of losing their way, of perishing from exposure and exhaustion, or of being buried by the snow-drifts, which during nine months of the year are of constant occurrence, these dogs have often been able to render valuable aid in saving human life. Their principal employment is to find safe paths through the drifted snow, to search for travellers in distress, and to assist them in reaching the convent, where the monks are ever ready to give them food and shelter. These animals may be seen lying before the glowing fires in the hall of the convent, listening watchfully, and ready and eager on the slightest alarm to go forth either by day or by night to the rescue of lost and perishing travellers. One or more of the monks usually accompany them on these expeditions, but some of the more sagacious of the dogs are occasionally sent out alone.

Many years ago there was a very famous St Bernard's dog named Barry. 'This animal served the hospital for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty persons. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the passes of the mountains became dangerous through fogs and snow-drift, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost breath, and would often venture on the most dangerous places. When he found his strength was not enough to enable him to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks.

'One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state between the bridge of Donaz and the ice-house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation by means of his caresses, he induced the child to clasp himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature in triumph to the hospital. When old age deprived Barry of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne by way of reward. After his death his hide was stuffed and placed in the museum of that town. The little bottle in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains is still hung round his neck.'

Petit, in his *Campaign of Italy*, says: 'At the time we crossed the Alps, the chapel of the convent of St Bernard was filled with dead bodies, which the dogs had discovered benumbed and buried under the snow. With what delight did I caress those dogs, so useful to travellers? How can one speak of them without being moved by their charitable instinct. Notwithstanding the scarcity of our eatables, there was not a French soldier who did not shew an eagerness to give them some biscuit, some bread, and even a share of his meat.

'Morning and evening these dogs go out on discovery; and if in the course of their wanderings the cry of any unfortunate creature ready to perish reach their attentive ears, they run towards him, express their joy, and seem to bid the sufferer take courage till they shall have gone to procure assistance; in fact they hasten back to the convent, and with an air of uneasiness and sadness make known what they have seen. A small basket is then fastened round the dog's neck, filled with food proper to restore life almost exhausted; and by following the humane messenger, a perishing traveller is often rescued from destruction.'

What would the shepherd amongst the hills and moors of Scotland do without the sheep-dog or collie to help him to take care of his flocks? This dog is even better understood by the flock than the shepherd himself; he keeps the sheep or cattle in order, he looks after their safety, he brings them home when they have strayed away, and never uses force against them if he can avoid it, seeming to know that gentleness and patience will best bring about peace and good order. And as the sheep-dog knows that it is better to rule the flock by kindness, so the shepherd knows that it would be wrong to treat the sheep-dog harshly.

One of the most striking instances which we have heard of the sagacity and personal affection of the shepherd's dog, occurred nearly a century ago among the Grampian Mountains. In one of his visits to his distant flocks in these high pasturages, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of climbing a height at some distance to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too much for the child, he left him on a small

plain at the bottom, with strict orders not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the air was suddenly darkened by one of those thick mists which often come down so rapidly amidst these mountains as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but owing to the unusual darkness and his own alarm, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous bogs and waterfalls with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night would have been equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, without either his child or his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning, by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless wandering, he was at last obliged, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and, on receiving a piece of oat-cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child; and still, on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he staid at home one day; and when the dog as usual went out with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the

cause of his strange conduct. The dog led the way to a waterfall at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of this waterfall, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented an appearance which often astonishes and appals the travellers who visit the Grampian Mountains. Down a rugged and almost perpendicular descent, the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his feelings when he beheld his infant greedily eating the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost satisfaction and delight!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards preserved him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

The patience, ingenuity, and fidelity of the shepherd's dog in assisting his master in his arduous duties, command our highest esteem; while his knowledge of what is desired of him, his tact in understanding the slightest signal, his sagacity in acting in cases of emergency on his own responsibility, make him the paragon of the brute creation. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who had the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at one time had a dog

called Sirrah, an animal of a sullen temper, and by no means favourable appearance, which had an extraordinary skill in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows: 'About seven hundred lambs, which were once under the Shepherd's care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that he and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the Shepherd in great distress, "my man, they're a' awa." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the strayed flock. Meanwhile the Shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their own power to recover their lost charge—they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the Shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all round for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we believed that it was only one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my

comprehension. He was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the Forest, as the county of Selkirk is familiarly termed, had been there to assist him, they could not have done the work more effectually. All that I can further say is, I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

An instance of the shrewdness of the shepherd's dog was mentioned a number of years ago in a Greenock newspaper. In the course of last summer, says the writer, it chanced that the sheep on the farm of a friend of ours, on the water of Stinchar, were many of them, like those of his neighbours, affected with that common disease, maggots in the skin, to cure which distemper it is necessary to cut off the wool over the part affected, and apply a small quantity of tobacco-juice, or some other liquid. For this purpose, the shepherd set off to the hill one morning, accompanied by his faithful dog, Laddie. Arrived among the flock, the shepherd pointed out a diseased animal; and making the accustomed signal for the dog to capture it, 'poor Mailie' was speedily sprawling on her back, and gently held down by the dog till the arrival of the shepherd, who proceeded to clip off a portion of her wool, and apply the healing balsam. Laddie watched the operation with close attention; and 'Mailie' having been set free, he was directed to capture, one after another, several more of the flock, which underwent a like treatment. The wise animal now understood what his master was about, and off he set unbidden through the flock, and picked out without mistake all the sheep which were affected with maggots, and held them down, one after another, until the arrival of his master, who was thus, by the wonderful instinct of Laddie, saved a world of trouble, while the operation of clipping and smearing was also made much easier.

GREYFRIARS BOBBY.

The Scotch terrier, or as he is commonly called the Skye terrier, is much prized for his fidelity and companionable qualities. Small in size, and with a coat of rough hair, generally of a gray buff colour, or black with brown spots, he may be seen trotting at the heels of his master, or waiting for him patiently at the door of any house he has entered. Nothing can vanquish the steady affection of this faithful creature, and as he is of a hardy breed of dogs, he will, if need be, endure much fatigue and exposure to the weather.

Some years ago, a stranger arrived in Edinburgh, bringing with him one of these rough-looking dogs, which slept in the same room with him, and followed him in his walks. No one knew who the stranger was, or whence he came. After a short illness the unknown stranger died. His dog was inconsolable. He could with difficulty be torn away from the body of his deceased master, or induced to take any food. Distracted on seeing the body put into a coffin and carried away to be buried, the poor dog followed the funeral, and was in reality the only mourner present.

The burying-ground was Greyfriars Churchyard. On arriving at the grave, the dog sat down mournfully watching the process of interment, no one taking much notice of him. When all was over, and the company had departed, the dog under the impulse of undying affection lay down on the grave. He of course did not understand that his master was dead, and could never more return. There the poor animal lay, perhaps hoping that his master would yet come back, but sadly miserable and not to be comforted. So he continued to lie on the grave all the day of the funeral and all the following

night. In the morning, James Brown, the aged superintendent of the burying-ground, saw the dog stretched on the grave, and as dogs are not admitted to the enclosure, he drove him out. The dog, however, returned to his post, and there he was found next morning. Again he was turned out, and again he returned. On the second morning, stretched on the wet turf, he was cold, shivering, and to all appearance famishing. The old man took pity upon him, fed him, and allowed him to remain in the burying-ground.

The newspapers having noticed this remarkable instance of canine fidelity, the dog became an object of public interest. People called him GREYFRIARS BOBBY,

Greyfriars Bobby.

and flocked to the churchyard to see him. Some of the magistrates hearing of the case, induced Brown to take care of Bobby, and give him shelter in his own house during the night. At the same time, Mr Traill, the keeper of a restaurant near the gateway of the churchyard, voluntarily and with much kindness undertook to give Bobby every day his dinner, for which he learned to make regular calls on the firing of the one o'clock gun.

Thus matters went on for several years, Bobby always

being found by visitors in or about the churchyard. Time softened the memory of his master. He no longer lay stretched on the grave, but was never far off when wanted. On being made acquainted with all the circumstances, the present writer, who was then chief magistrate of the city, as a mark of admiration of fidelity, presented him with a collar, bearing the inscription: 'GREYFRIARS BOBBY: Presented to him by the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, 1867.' After this acknowledgment, Bobby lived a few years in general estimation. At his death, he was decently interred in a retired nook of the burying-ground. So greatly were his merits appreciated, as to be thought fit to be the subject of posthumous honour. The BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS, noted for her philanthropy and kindness towards animals, caused a monument to be erected in memory of GREYFRIARS BOBBY. It was in the form of a drinking-fountain, in one of the public thoroughfares of Edinburgh, near the churchyard at which he had demonstrated such affection for his deceased master. The monument is surmounted by a figure of Bobby in bronze, sculptured by W. Brodie of the Royal Scottish Academy. The figure is life-size, and a faithful likeness.

The fidelity shewn by this little animal reminds us of a parallel case which occurred in 1805, when a young traveller, Charles Gough, perished while attempting to climb the mountain of Helvellyn. There had been a fall of snow, which partly hid the path, and made the ascent dangerous. It was never known whether he was killed by a fall or whether he died from hunger. Three months went by before his body was found, during which time it was watched over by a faithful dog which Mr Gough had with him at the time of the accident. The following verses were written upon the event by the poet Wordsworth:

FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts and searches with his eyes
  Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen
Glancing from that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions too are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
  Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or in height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear.
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
  A silent tarn below ;

. . . .

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
  As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground :
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From these abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear.
At length upon the shepherd's mind
  It breaks and all is clear ;

He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But here a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell;
A lasting monument of words
  This wonder merits well,
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry—
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
On which the traveller had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
  Or by his master's side;
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, Who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS CONTINUED.

The Newfoundland is one of the most intelligent of dogs; he is a large handsome creature with a shaggy black coat; he is fond of the water; and of such an amiable disposition as to make him a great favourite with man—as well as a fitting companion. He is remarkable for his memory.

Mr Youatt mentions a dog of this breed which recognised him five years after he had parted with it, and which left its new master to protect him from two ill-looking fellows who were making their way through some bushes between Roehampton and Wandsworth in order to intercept him.

Another instance is mentioned by Mr Jesse. A traveller passing through a village in Cumberland, gave a sleeping Newfoundland dog a blow with his whip, in mere wantonness. The animal made a rush at him, and pursued him for some distance. Twelve months after, as he was leading his horse through the same village, the dog, recollecting him, seized him by the boot, and made his teeth penetrate the flesh, and would have inflicted further injuries, but that some persons interfered and drove the animal off.

Mr Youatt gives a touching example of this grand animal's tender heart. A lame puppy was lying close to a gate through which Mr Youatt desired to pass, but could not push it open without causing the animal pain. To his surprise his Newfoundland dog put out his strong paw, and gently rolled the invalid out of the way, and drew back to allow the gate to open.

Here is an instance of the sense and fidelity of a Newfoundland dog. During a severe storm in the winter of 1783, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his teeth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amongst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The wise animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which probably was given to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for everything that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing it and trying to drag it to land.

The kindliness of dogs generally, and of the Newfoundland dog in particular, has often called forth marks of high admiration. A writer on this subject observes that

he once saw a water-spaniel, unbidden, plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur that had been maliciously thrown in. The same motive seemed to animate a Pomeranian dog, belonging to a Dutch vessel. This creature sprang overboard, caught up a child that had fallen into the water, and swam on shore with it, before any person had discovered the accident. A Yorkshire newspaper (November 1843) mentioned a case not less humane and sagacious. A child while playing on Roach's Wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, by which the child held on, but was unable to get on the top. The dog finding himself unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, where a girl of nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his dangerous situation; and after licking the face of the infant he had thus saved, he took a leap off the stage, and swam round to the end of the wharf, and immediately after returned with the child's hat in his mouth.

Newfoundland dogs have frequently been of service in the case of shipwreck. Youatt, in his *Humanity of Brutes*, relates the following case: A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the

animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The wise and brave dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it towards him. He understood the whole affair in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost beyond belief, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

Anecdotes are related of dogs in our own country seeking the assistance of neighbour dogs to punish injuries they have sustained; from which we may know that they possess a means of communicating their wishes to each other. A remarkable case of this kind is related in the *Cyclopædia of Natural History:* A gentleman residing in Fifeshire, and not far from the city of St Andrews, was in possession of a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was remarkable alike for its tractability and its trustworthiness. At two other points, each distant about a mile, and at the same distance from this gentleman's mansion, there were two dogs, of great power, but of less tractable breeds than the Newfoundland one. One of these was a large mastiff, kept as a watch-dog by a farmer; and the other a staunch bull-dog that kept guard over the parish mill. As each of these three was lord-ascendant of all animals at his master's residence, they all had a good deal of pride and pugnacity, so that two of them seldom met without attempting to settle their respective dignities by a wager of battle.

The Newfoundland dog, besides acting as guardian of

the house, was otherwise useful in the family; for every forenoon he was sent to the baker's shop in the village, about half a mile distant, with a towel containing money in the corner, and he returned with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and not over-civil curs in the village, as there are in too many villages throughout the country; but usually the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog returned from the baker's shop, he was regularly served with his dinner, and went peaceably on house-duty for the rest of the day.

One day, however, he returned with his coat dirtied and his ears scratched, having been subjected to a combined attack of the curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off; and, upon looking after him, it was observed that he was crossing the intervening hollow in a straight line for the house of the farmer, or rather on a visit to the farmer's mastiff. The farmer's people noticed this unusual event, and they were induced to notice it from its being a meeting of peace between those who had habitually been at war with each other. After some intercourse, which the onlookers could not understand, the two set off together in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's bull-dog as an ally.

The straight road to the village where the indignity had been offered to the Newfoundland dog passed immediately in front of his master's house, but there was a more private and more roundabout road by the back of the mill. The three took this road, reached the village, scoured it in great wrath, putting tooth on every cur they could get sight of; and having taken their revenge, and washed

themselves in a ditch, they returned, each to the abode of his master; but when any two of them happened to meet afterwards, they displayed the same quarrelsomeness as they had done previous to this joint expedition.

It does not appear, however, that all casual, or seemingly casual, interferences of dogs for the benefit of each other pass off in this momentary way; for there is another well-authenticated anecdote of two dogs at Donaghadee, in which the instinctive daring of the one in behalf of the other caused a mutual friendship, and, as it would seem, a kind of lamentation by the survivor, after one of them had paid the debt of nature. This happened while the government harbour or pier for the packets at Donaghadee was in the course of building, and it took place in the sight of several witnesses. The one dog in this case also was a Newfoundland, and the other was a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good-natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and long battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is a well-known means of putting an end to their warfare; and it is natural to suppose that tumbling into the sea would have the same effect. It had; and each began to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself, but at the same time watching the motions of his late enemy, which, being no swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was henceforth a peculiar kind of

attachment between the two animals—they never fought again; they were always together: and when the Newfoundland dog was accidentally killed by the passage of a railway wagon over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time.

'In January 1799, the cold was so intense that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths, who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in spite of a thaw that had begun, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay on the Seine at Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm by barking with all his might near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth; but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls; he ran along the river as if he were mad; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but giving himself up to the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier

who was attempting to make him leave his uncomfortable retreat, and who, fearing that he was mad, fired at and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to witness this remarkable instance of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, pitying his suffering, and touched by the affection he shewed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater.'

Anecdotes of this kind are very numerous. A Westmoreland newspaper relates one respecting the dog of a Scotchwoman, named Jenny, who followed the profession of a peddler. She had a young child which the dog was very fond of, being in the habit of lying with it in the cradle. It happened, however, that the child became ill, and died. Jenny was at that time living at Hawkshead, but her infant was buried at Staveley. From the mother's distress of mind at the time, little notice was taken of the dog; but soon after the funeral it was found to be missing, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. But the poor mother, passing through Staveley, thought she would visit the churchyard where the infant was buried; when, behold! there was the little dog lying in a deep hole, which it had scratched over the child's grave! It was worn almost to skin and bone from hunger and exposure.

Two more anecdotes to tell of what his sagacity enables him to do for his master, and how wonderfully he learns to do all that he is taught.

There are few persons who have not seen beggars guided by dogs through the streets of a city to the spot where they are to beg alms from passengers. Mr Ray,

in his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds*, tells of a blind beggar who was led in this manner through the streets of Rome by a dog. This faithful and loving animal, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to know the streets and houses where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever he came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master usually received alms. When his master began to beg, the dog lay down to rest; but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the dog rose of his own accord, and without either order or sign, led his master to the other houses where he was in the habit of receiving charity. 'I observed,' says Mr Ray, 'not without pleasure and surprise, that when a small copper coin was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the old man's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hand of his master.'

Dogs, however, will go greater lengths than assist their masters in begging. An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoeblack, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very clever though scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a shoe-black who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then

watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeblack was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the fraud; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, bought him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then let him loose. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, practising his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge over the Seine.

A few years ago, the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of attending all the fires that occurred in the metropolis, and thus got the name of 'The Firemen's Dog.' The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the news that a building close to his house of business was on fire. 'The removal of my books and papers,' said he, in telling the story, 'of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, which, during the hottest progress of the fire, I could not help noticing running about and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. "Is this your dog, my friend?" said I to a fireman. "No, sir," answered he; "it does not belong to me, or

to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog." "The firemen's dog!" I replied. "Why so? Has he no master?" "No, sir," rejoined the fireman; "he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at."

'The information was so extraordinary, that I found it difficult to believe the story, until several other firemen gave me the same account. None of them, however, was able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular habit.

'Some time afterwards, I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and, to my surprise, here I again met with "the firemen's dog," still alive and well, taking the same interest in this conflagration as in the one at which I had first met him. Still, he called no man master, and would not receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place.'

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterwards added several circumstances mentioned by a fireman at one of the police-offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew 'Tyke,' as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion when

he (the fireman) was present himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary fondness for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to shew this fondness. The fireman replied that he knew Tyke for the last nine years; and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate asked whether the dog lived with any particular firemen. The fireman replied that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a wonderful animal; and having desired to see him, he was shortly after brought to the office, and some of his other peculiarities were mentioned. There was nothing at all remarkable in the appearance of the dog; he was a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of fire, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman began to run: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions set out after him; but the fireman having slackened his pace on the way, the

sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was found necessary to carry him to the office.

Not long ago there was a story in one of the newspapers of a dog, which shews that he must have been able to talk in some way or other: A gentleman had two dogs of whom his daughter was very fond. In time she married and went away, and one of the dogs was given to a friend who lived some miles distant. After a time the daughter came to visit her father, and was received with great joy by the dog who remained at her home. The next morning, to the lady's surprise, she was greeted not only by the dog belonging to the house, but by the other dog who had been given away and had gone blind. The home-dog had evidently thought that the blind one would like to meet her again, and so had gone off three or four miles to fetch him. And after the blind dog had welcomed his old mistress, he was taken home again by his faithful friend.

Though we cannot tell in what way they are able to make known their thoughts to each other, we see that they are able to do so, to a limited extent. Animals also understand what is said to them.

A Skye terrier belonging to a gentleman, when he was brought to England, did not understand a word of English. He had been living in the Highlands of Scotland, where the people spoke Gaelic, and so at first the poor little dog did not know what was said to him. Occasionally a Highlander used to come to see him, and speak Gaelic to him, when the dog's joy was unbounded; he felt as we should feel if we were in a foreign country where we did not understand the language, and some one suddenly spoke to us in English. Now the little dog has been many years in England, and has learned to understand all that is said to him, and so is really more accomplished than many little boys; for he

understands three languages—his own, and English, and Gaelic—whilst they have no knowledge of any language but their own.

We also knew a little Italian dog belonging to a French lady who came to live in England. She told us that the delight of the dog was great when an Italian friend of hers used to come and talk to him. This dog understood four languages—his own, French, English, and Italian. And not only do dogs understand what is said actually to them, but also what is said concerning them.

The late Dr J. Macculloch has related, of his own knowledge, that a shepherd's dog always thwarted the intentions of the household regarding him, if aught was whispered in his presence that did not agree with his wishes. Sir Walter Scott has told a number of anecdotes of a dog called Dandie, which knew on most occasions what was said in his presence. His master returning home one night rather late, found all the family in bed, and not being able to find the boot-jack in its usual place, said to his dog: 'Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack; search for it.' The dog, quite understanding what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened, went to a distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which his master had left that morning under a sofa. James Hogg, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, declares that dogs know what is said on subjects in which they feel interested. He speaks of a clever sheep-dog, named Hector, which had a tact in picking up what was said. One day Hogg observed to his mother: 'I am going to-morrow to Bowerhope for a fortnight; but I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs.' Hector was present, and overheard the conversation, but was missing next morning; and when Hogg reached Bowerhope, there was

Hector sitting on a knoll, waiting his arrival. He had swum across a flooded river to reach the spot.

Still more surprising, the dog may be trained not only to know the meaning of words, but to speak them. The learned Leibnitz reported to the French Academy that he had seen a dog in Germany which had been taught to pronounce certain words. The teacher of the animal, he stated, was a Saxon peasant-boy, who, having observed in the dog's voice a slight resemblance to various sounds of the human voice, was prompted to endeavour to make him speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions, a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object; yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three years the boy had taught it to pronounce thirty German words. It used to astonish its visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but it is proper to remark, that it required its master to pronounce the words beforehand; and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions it was forced to make. Such an instance as this cannot often occur, and few people, even if they could, will take the trouble of teaching a dog to pronounce a few words which would neither be useful nor give much pleasure to hear. We knew a dog who had a great dislike to being washed, and who, if any one said before him, 'the dog must be washed,' became quite miserable.

But the most sorrowful story of a dog understanding what was said, is the following: A family in the country had a dog named Rover, which was getting very old, and liked to lie before the fire and to do nothing. One day two of the family were in the room where he was lying rather in the way, when one of them said: 'Rover is really good for nothing; he is getting so lazy that we must have him shot.' Soon after the dog slowly got up, and went to the door, where he turned round and looked mournfully

at the two ladies. He then left the room and was never seen again. The lady had not meant what she said, but the dog did not know that; he only understood the actual words.

Monkeys also chatter to each other, and have a very noisy language quite well understood by themselves. Travellers tell wonderful stories about them in this respect.

Birds and insects can also make themselves understood to one another, and there is an amusing story of how a hen and a goose conversed, and what came of it. The Rev. C. Otway tells us that a miller's wife placed some duck's eggs to be hatched by a hen. And when the young ducklings were hatched, they naturally hastened to the water, and the hen in great trouble followed them. On the pool was a goose which had neither mate nor goslings. This goose 'sailed up with a noisy gabble which certainly (being interpreted) meant, "Leave them to my care;" she then swam up and down with the ducklings, and when they were tired with their excursion, she gave them over to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in great distress. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her maternal trouble; but it is a fact that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat; the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. This was not a solitary event: day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good-humour.'

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

The noon was shady, and soft airs
  Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When 'scaped from literary cares,
  I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
  And high in pedigree
(Two nymphs adorned with every grace
  That spaniel found for me),

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
  Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
  With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
  His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
  And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
  To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
  Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
  With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
  To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
  Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
  The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
  Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
  And plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I cried,
'Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

'But chief myself I will enjoin
Awake at duty's call
To shew a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.'

COWPER.

OUR PET DOGS.

WE have had three pet dogs, one after the other, and their companionship has been a source of much pleasure. They have agreeably whiled away many hours that would have been dull without them. These little dogs, with their gentle character and winning ways, have indeed proved a joy in our existence. A short account of these toy-dogs, as they might be called, may perhaps be interesting.

Our first dog was Fiddy, a lively little spaniel of the black and tan variety, but not quite pure in breed, for she had a few white hairs on the breast, and I am inclined to think she had in her a dash of the cocker; for she had a capital nose, and at all proper opportunities while in the country she was on the outlook for game, her tail all the time going at a great rate. Fiddy was born in 1847. Her father, named Tom, and her mother, called Beauty, belonged to a lady of our acquaintance, who generously made a present of pups to all who would accept of them. Such she did for years. A

peculiarity attended the progeny of Tom and Beauty. The longer they lived their pups fell off from the black and tan variety, till they degenerated into party-coloured animals—always charming little dogs, but evidently partaking of the quality of some far-off mottled original.

Fiddy possessed a good deal of character. Gentle, affectionate, and docile, she yet in the way of walks and runs liked to have a little of her own way. She did not approve of always going in one direction, but preferred variety, so as to make fresh investigations among bushes. For a number of years Fiddy was our solace. Never having been addressed rudely, and having experienced no injury or neglect, but having, on the contrary, been uniformly treated with kindness, and a proper regard to her feelings and habits, she was unconscious of any fear of injury. Like a happy and light-hearted child, ignorant of sorrow, she was usually playful and amusing, with the additional recommendation of being free from the pettishness of over-indulged children.

We at length began to feel some concern on account of poor little Fiddy. Having one day gone through a small stream when heated with running, she became afflicted with rheumatism, and at times held up her right fore-leg in a state of pitiable agony. On these occasions a jug of hot water being procured, she stood with the leg in it till the pain had vanished, and her playfulness was resumed.

Unassuming and unaffected, her perfect simplicity of character excited our admiration. Fiddy was a study. Well off, as may be said, in her circumstances, she gave herself no airs, never was the least uplifted. Treated as a companion, she furnished constant interest and amusement. To old acquaintances she ever gave the same kindly greetings—welcomed all alike; demonstrating her affection only in a higher degree to those who

paid her marked attention. To our grief, she began to fail in 1856. She walked feebly about the grounds outside the house, and could no longer take distant excursions. On her birthday in July 1858, she was decorated for the last time with her silver bell and her medal—a gold dollar which I had brought with me on purpose from the United States. Her breathing was very bad. She panted dreadfully. Much of her time was spent in sleep. Her last days were at hand. Our dear Fiddy died peacefully in the arms of a young lady, when about to remove from the country to the town in October 1858. She lies buried on a sunny green knoll overlooking the Tweed, where flowers blossom and birds sing every returning summer over her tiny grave.

The following lines to the memory of Fiddy were written by Mr James Ballantine, author of various popular poems and lyrics :

Mute, faithful friend, and hast thou gone,
  And left us all thy loss to mourn?
Our home is desolate and lone,
  In vain we long for thy return;
With joyous pranks, and gleesome play,
To cheer our heartfelt grief away.

Thou hadst a kind and gentle heart,
  Thy love was constant and sincere,
In all our joys thou hadst a part,
  Thou whimpered to each sigh and tear;
And thy mute eloquence expressed,
Thou shared the feelings of our breast.

Unlike our proud deceitful race,
  Thou hadst no guile, nor cunning fence,
While in thy kind sagacious face,
  There was a fund of dog-like sense;
If truth and kindness should live on,
Ah, wherefore is our Fiddy gone?

Thy life was happy : no dark clouds
E'er gathered o'er thy sunny sky ;
And now when earth thy body shrouds,
We call to mind thy life gone by ;
And grateful feeling balms the tear
We shed o'er darling Fiddy's bier.

Stunned with the loss of Fiddy, we were without a dog for several years. At last, overcoming sorrowful recollections, we ventured upon another. This second one, Fanny, was of the King Charles breed, and a degree smaller than Fiddy. We got her when she was very young in 1864.

Fanny grew up a charming toy-dog, and in her turn was the joy of the household. In her winning gentleness and affection were repeated the amiable qualities of her predecessor. In some of her habits she was not so determined, yet was in no respect less a general favourite. From the tranquillity of her manner we were enabled to secure some good photographs of her in different attitudes. Circumstances induced us to take her on several excursions to distant places, and she never gave any trouble. In the railway trains, she couched by my side for hundreds of miles without stirring, and scarcely was any one aware of her presence. I have pleasant recollections of her rambles with me under the trees of the Mall in St James's Park, where Charles II. used to stroll about with his pet dogs—of her merry gambols on the yellow shingly beach at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight—and of observing with interest her nasal scrutiny of the massive blocks of Stonehenge. She had not the robust constitution of Fiddy, but she might have lived equally long, had she not been injured by a kick which a brutal wretch gave her one day in the street. She never fully got the better of this unprovoked assault. Weakened in her powers of locomotion, she finally was unable to walk, and died prematurely in June 1873, every one in the house

lamenting her decease. She lies buried on the flowery bank along with Fiddy.

This sorrowful event brings us to our acquisition of Charlie, the present dog-incumbent of the dwelling, and inheritor of the trinkets and trappings to which he has naturally succeeded. We shall describe Charlie. He is a very handsome specimen of the King Charles breed, black and tan in colour, sleek, and with beautifully long ears, hanging like a silken drapery over the sides of his head. His dark eyes are brisk and intelligent. And when standing in an inquiring attitude, he is quite a picture. Charlie is three years of age. As near as we can guess, he was born on Christmas Day 1873, and so we have fixed on every returning Christmas as his birthday. Although aristocratic in appearance, Charlie is of humble birth. He was one of a litter reared by a breeder, and his early days were spent in a plain cottage in the suburbs. It was only by advertising for a dog of his kind that we heard of him.

The first interview with a dog which is to be your companion and joy of your life for years, is always memorable. On a certain wintry evening, while we are seated in the drawing-room, the door-bell is rung, and the servant announces that there is a man in the lobby with two dogs for sale. The two little creatures were brought up-stairs to be exhibited. They were amazingly like each other. One was called Charlie, and the other Princie. The choice betwixt the two was most difficult. At length, one thing determined the selection. Charlie's nose, as we thought, was a trifle smaller and neater than the nose of Princie, and he was preferred. Five pounds were paid for him, and poor Princie was dismissed. We were sorry for Princie then and afterwards. He never found a purchaser, and died young, the victim of an infantile dog disease.

That was Charlie's start in life. There he was, all at once introduced to a scene such as he had never seen before. All around him were gay mirrors, sofas, and chandeliers. Yet he did not manifest any surprise, and that is a remarkable feature in dogs. They are never surprised at anything, nor do they hang back with any degree of bashfulness. No courtier could have acquitted himself with more propriety or composure on the occasion than this little untutored dog. Being put down on the floor, he in the first place took a general survey, and then sauntered about to gain a knowledge of particulars.

Charlie soon felt himself at home in the establishment. Every one admired and was kind to him. He deserved their love and attention. Nothing could surpass his docility and liveliness. Clever, agile, he jumped on chairs and tables, never discomposing anybody or anything. Brought up with commendable habits, and always amusing, he grew up the pet of the household; and so he has continued. It would be difficult to speak too flatteringly of Charlie. Sprightly, with an inexhaustible fund of good temper, he has never, even when a little provoked, been known to snap, or appear surly. Vigilant as a watch-dog, he barks at any unusual ringing of the bell at night or noise outside. While in town, his favourite seat is on a small table at the parlour-window, to observe what is going on in the street. When taken to the country, he bounds like a mad thing among the trees, and is ever ready for a ramble. One of his eccentricities is the vanity of shewing his tail. On being fondled, he turns and twists, bringing his tail forward for general admiration. In such cases he does not mind being laughed at when placed on a table to go through his amusing pantomime. Another eccentricity consists in rolling over delightedly on any morsel of biscuit given to him. Tossing it up, he rolls over and

over upon it in the height of enjoyment, affording an instance of how little will give pleasure. Visitors declare that Charlie is the funniest little dog they ever saw.

The pleasure and advantage of keeping a dog of any variety must of course depend on the way it is bred up and treated. It is impossible to speak too severely of the manner in which dogs are often neglected, misused, and allowed to roam about to the annoyance and danger of neighbours. The dog, like every domesticated animal, has rights to be respected, and this should be kept in remembrance, if nothing else is. The toy-dog in particular, with its keen sensibilities, pines under neglect, and will die from misusage. Thoughtless or hard is the heart of those who forget their duty to the little creature, which on its part never fails to shew its love and fidelity by all the means in its power.

Happily, the greater number of persons we have known as keepers of toy-dogs have not erred on the score of neglect, and they have been rewarded accordingly. Their pets within the limits of their capacity have helped to assuage lingering sorrows, and like gleams of sunshine have cheered many a lonesome dwelling. Therein lies the philosophy of the question. Less or more all minor and companionable domesticated animals may be deemed assuagements sent to lighten the burden of cares or misfortunes, or at the very least to meliorate solitude. A contemplation of the grander works of Nature, magnificent scenery, the rich garniture of fields and gardens, the higher flights of genius exerted in pictorial delineation, the welling springs of literature, are all inspiriting, and in their way soothing and consoling. But the cravings of the desolate are for what is inspired with LIFE, for in living and familiar forms we are fain to possess objects on which, for lack of something better,

the finer affections may be drawn out and expanded. The cat purring in tranquil enjoyment beside the poor widow knitting at her solitary fireside—the small bird gleefully chirruping in its cage in the sunshine, reminding orphan girls of what had given pleasure to a deceased parent—the droll, or it may be pathetic, words repeated by a starling in the confined apartment of an artisan suffering from domestic bereavement—may they not be accepted as something to soothe asperities that are felt to be almost insupportable? Viewed in this light, pet animals are subjects of interesting reflection. They are, in a sense, the auxiliaries of religion and philosophy.

The small domesticated dog, from its singularly companionable qualities, is beyond all inferior creatures to be appreciated. In its very simplicity and gentleness there is a reflex action to induce in us kindly views, as well as a calm contentment with our condition. In little Charlie we have a daily monitor in the ordinary concerns of life, obliterating cares, and reminding us how much there is to be thankful for in blessings that are apt to be passed over with indifference.

W. CHAMBERS.

LLEWELYN AND HIS DOG.

(A LEGEND IN VERSE, SHEWING THE LAMENTABLE EFFECTS OF HASTY WRATH.)

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;
'Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

'Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?' . . .

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched, with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!
The frantic father cried;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marble, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
  Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

HON. W. SPENCER.

ANECDOTES OF CATS.

THE cat ranks next after the dog as a favourite in the household, besides being useful in catching rats and mice. Cats are strictly domestic animals. They do not usually follow their masters or mistresses in their walks out of doors. They like to lie basking in the sun near a window, or to sit purring by the fireside. Cats are, in fact, so much attached to the house in which they are accustomed to live, that they do not like to remove with families to a new dwelling.

When cats are pleased they pur gently; when they want anything they mew. They are easily kept. A small piece of meat of any kind, and a little fresh milk, satisfy them. Though fierce in a wild state, they are gentle and affectionate, when domesticated with those who are kind to them. Interesting anecdotes are related regarding their affection, not only for human beings, but dogs and other animals. Sometimes when a cat is brought up with a favourite dog, they acquire a mutual friendship, and lie down peacefully together.

We hear of a cat that had lost her kittens, suckling three young squirrels which were brought to her, and bringing them up as if they had belonged to her. Another cat brought up two young rabbits. A more remarkable instance, however, occurred some years ago in the house of a Mr Greenfield of Maryland. A cat had kittens, to which she often carried mice and other small animals for food, and among the rest she is supposed to

have carried a young rat. The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr Greenfield had the kittens and rat brought down-stairs, and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till great numbers had become eye-witnesses of an affection which seems contrary to the animal's nature.

A lady who is fond of cats gives a history of some that belonged to her. She says, that from childhood cats were her pets, and she never found their affection or gratitude fail in a single instance. A beautiful male white Persian cat named Ben is the first she tells of. She had him as a kitten, and she says: 'His love for me was unbounded; he followed me like a dog, even if I was on my pony; and a severe illness obliging me to leave home for a year, nearly caused his death. He mourned for me, and became quite wild and savage, allowing no one to handle him, and always lay on an old dress of mine, which he would suffer no one to remove from him. My mother by great care and anxiety induced him to eat a little; but when I returned after a year's absence, he was the shadow of his former self: his soft coat disheveled, and no longer glossy, and his whole aspect changed. The moment I spoke—indeed, before I spoke he knew my step—the instant I came into the room, he rushed to me, overwhelmed me with caresses, licked my face and hands, and seemed overpowered with joy. He soon regained his former good looks, and has been my faithful companion for many years.'

Another cat named Gyp belonging to the same lady

can open any door when he wishes. 'If it is one fastening with a latch, he puts his paw on the tip of the latch and opens it. He will turn a button and open a cupboard-door, but never thieves.' If the door opens with a knob, 'Gyp will stand on his hind-legs, take the knob in his fore-paws, and rattle and turn it until he gets it open.'

It is alleged that cats do not know the names by which they are called, but there are instances to the contrary. A lady who has five cats mentions that when called they always answer to their respective names. She says: 'If, when they are asleep, I call "Gyp," he looks up, but not one of the others. If I call "Star," or "Lily," or "Tiger," whichever I speak to gives an intelligent look, or a pur of recognition, if too sleepy to move at first, unless I repeat the call. They would follow as well as dogs, were it not for fear of strangers; for are they not always hooted and stoned? My home is in a remarkably lonely situation, close to the river Blythe, amid water-meadows, surrounded by deep ditches, and happily there are no game-preservers near. When I put on my shawl for my evening stroll by the river, the pussies all muster and follow me, and gambol about me—running by my side and before me. They go as far as I do, and return with me. They do the same by my kind husband, who happily likes animals, and indulges me in my tastes; they follow him in the same way into the boat, or anywhere. We have only one neighbour; and if either or both of us go to visit this person, particularly if it is night, the cats follow us, and wait outside for our return, and accompany us home.'

This lady protests against the common opinion that cats are born thieves. If almost all cats are so in fact, it is 'because they are never properly fed. I can leave my breakfast or dinner table with milk, butter, meat, and the whole five cats in the room, without their ever offering

to touch anything. They have their own saucers of milk under the table, which they can go to; and when I give them their proper meals, they come regularly at my call to be fed. They eat nothing raw, and no meat that is not quite clean and nicely cut up. It is a mistake to say that cats so fed and petted are not good mousers. When we came to this place, it swarmed with water-rats, and other rats too, out of vessels which come to the small quay; now, you scarcely ever see one. I have known my great Gyp bring in seven or eight of a morning, and the young ones follow in his steps. They have no fear of water, watch along the edge of the ditches, and plunge in after the water-rats. They will catch shrew-mice too, which cats generally will not touch. My neighbour's cat has not half the heart to attack its prey, though left, as cats usually are, to find its living as it can. One summer evening, we were, along with some friends, on the green close to our little cottage, when Gyp presented himself with a great rat in his mouth, and set it down in the centre of the green for the younger cats. One of them, quite a kitten, attacked it, but got bitten, and shrank back. Gyp walked gravely into the ring, lifted his paw, knocked down the rat, and then retired, as much as to say: "There; I have shewn you how to proceed; go on." And so they did: the young pussies finished him. Poor Tiger, the young kitten who attacked the rat, grew to be without exception the handsomest cat I ever saw: he was dark, narrow-striped like a tiger, with a beautiful ringed, black-tipped tail; and he was a "Tiger" to all but me.

'He would sit at the window and look out, and I knew in a moment if a stranger came in sight; he would growl and set up his back, notwithstanding that he was so loving to me, and so intelligent. Having had the misfortune to break his leg, he suffered me to set it and bind it

up without any resistance. I grieve to say somebody stole or killed him, I fear for his splendid skin. I have a son of his, a young Tiger; he is a handsome, intelligent cat, but nothing to equal his father. One thing, however, I must tell you about him, which proves that cats know what you say—a faculty usually denied them. I comb my cats every day; the others don't dislike it, but that is all; they submit; but Tiger delights in it. If I comb one of the others first, he pushes himself in between; and if he sees me combing my own hair, he comes, and by all his arts begs to share in the operation. And at any time if I say: "Come, where is Tiger's comb?" and put my hand towards where I keep it, he will come running, and jump up to my hand, and ask as plainly as he can for what he wishes.'

Two amusing stories of the cleverness of cats are related by M. Antoine, a French writer. In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard, that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that Puss was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to obey the summons. Some hours after, she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour; when the inmates of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat clinging to the bell-rope, and setting it in motion as well as she was able, in order that she might have her dinner served up to her. In this instance the cat must have been in the habit of observing what went forward, and was therefore led to connect the ringing of the bell with the serving up of dinner; and feeling the want of her meal, very naturally applied herself to perform the act which was always

followed by its appearance. Another anecdote, shewing still greater cleverness and cunning, is related by the same compiler. An Angora cat, belonging to the Charter-house of Paris, having observed that the cook always left the kitchen upon the ringing of a certain bell, and thus left the coast clear for his depredations, soon acquired the art of pulling the bell, and during the cook's absence regularly made off with some of the delicacies which were left unprotected. This trick he repeated at intervals for several weeks, till one day he was detected by a person who was placed in wait for the purloiner.

The following anecdote shews that the cat can feel gratitude for an act of kindness. A lady writes: 'I was on a visit to a friend last summer, who had a favourite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family while I was at the Park, and Pincher paid a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; Pincher was in the drawing-room, and the cat was with her family in the garret. Pincher seemed to be very much annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning which continually startled him; and just as he had crept close to my feet, some one entered the drawing-room followed by Puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and mewing with all her might. She came up to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, and then walked to the door; stopped, looked back, mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Come with me, Pincher;" but Pincher was too much frightened himself to be able to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation.

'The cat then returned and renewed her urgent

application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable; though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept still closer to me; and Puss, finding all her entreaties unavailing, then left the room. Soon after this, her mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close to the door of my sleeping apartment. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kittens above and this little one below, I suppose she had wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the others; for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened up-stairs. I followed her with my young charge, placed it beside her, and moved their little bed further from the window, through which the lightning had flashed so vividly as to alarm poor Puss for the safety of her family. I remained there till the storm had ceased and all was again calm. On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found her waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I made my appearance. She went to the breakfast-room with me, and remained, as I have mentioned, until breakfast was over, and then went up-stairs to her family. She had never done this before, and never did it again: she had shewn her gratitude for my care of her little ones, and her duty was done.'

The attachment of the cat to particular persons and places, and the fact of its often returning to its original home after a long absence, and over a great distance, prove the possession of an accurate memory. All the cat kind seem well endowed in this respect, and none more so, perhaps, than the domestic cat. The following surprising instance is taken from the *Scotsman* newspaper for 1819: 'A favourite tabby belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident, while his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which is about half a mile from the village. The vessel was about a month absent, and on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, Puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down into the cabin. Two others of her young ones were afterwards caught quite wild in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What makes this the more remarkable is, that vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned.' How wonderful must this animal's recollection of the ship have been! The differences, however trifling, between it and other vessels which put in, must have been all closely observed and remembered; or we must suppose the creature to have had its recollections awakened by the voice or figure of some of its shipmates passing near to the wood where its family was; or she may have been assisted by her power of scent, that sense being very acute in all carnivorous animals.

ANECDOTES OF THE ASS.

THE ass is not so handsomely made an animal as the horse, neither is he so strong or useful; but in some Eastern countries he is highly esteemed. In the mountainous districts in the south of Europe, where people live far up on the hills, and whose dwellings are reached only by steep winding paths, the ass performs work which could not be executed by the horse. He may there be seen descending in the morning with vegetables and other articles on his back for the nearest market, attended by a keeper, and in the evening ascending with provisions in his panniers, also small barrels of water for the family to which he belongs. In these parts of the world his services, all willingly rendered, are invaluable.

The donkey, as the ass is usually called in England, is a hardy, industrious, patient animal, and generally does not meet with the treatment it deserves. In England it is too often cruelly beaten, badly fed and badly lodged. People take for granted that asses are stupid and obstinate; but the stubbornness for which they are famed arises solely from ill-usage, and not from any natural defect. This is shewn by an anecdote in *Animal Biography*. 'An old man, who some years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass which conveyed his basket from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor hard-working animal a handful of hay or a piece of bread or greens. The old man had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. This kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked if his beast was apt to be stubborn. 'Ah, master,' he replied, 'it is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness I cannot complain, for he is ready to do

anything, or to go anywhere. I bred him himself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me. You will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, attempting in vain to stop him; yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom.'

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his pleasing work, *Bible Animals*, says, that 'we are apt to speak of the horse with respect, and of the ass with contemptuous pity, not knowing that of the two animals the ass is by far the superior in point of intellect. It has been well remarked by a keen observer of nature, that if four or five horses are in a field together with one ass, and there is a weak point in the fence, the ass is sure to be the animal that discovers it and leads the way through it.

'Take even one of our own toil-worn animals turned out in a common to graze, and see the ingenuity which it displays when persecuted by the idle boys who generally frequent such places, and who try to ride every beast that is within their reach. It seems to know at once the object of the boy as he steals up to it, and it takes a pleasure in baffling him just as he fancies that he has succeeded in his attempt. Where the ass is kindly treated, there is not an animal that proves more docile, or even affectionate. Stripes and kicks it resents, and sets itself very decidedly against them; and being nothing but a slave, it follows the slavish principle of doing no work that it can possibly avoid.'

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to the horse, as is shewn by the following well-known anecdote: In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the *Ister* frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able

to swim to land; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swum safely to shore, but had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and wild country, intersected by streams, which he had never crossed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

The manner in which the ass descends the dangerous precipices of the Alps and Andes is too curious and indicative of sagacity to be passed over without notice. It is thus described in the *Naturalist's Cabinet:* 'In the passes of these mountains, there are often on one side steep heights, and on the other frightful abysses; and as these for the most part follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep slopes of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves seem perfectly aware of the danger, by the caution they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable, as if considering the danger that lies before them, and preparing for the encounter; for they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having at length prepared for the descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this posture, having taken a survey of

the road, they slide down with great swiftness. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both animal and rider must inevitably perish. But their skill in this rapid descent is truly wonderful; for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road with as great exactness as if they had determined beforehand on the route they were to follow, and taken every possible precaution for their safety.'

We see then that the ass is not naturally stupid; and still less is he destitute of feeling. He is grateful for kindness; and he resents ill-usage or cruelty, which only renders him stubborn and ill-tempered. In our treatment of animals we ought never to forget that they have feelings as well as ourselves, and that a harsh word or an undeserved blow causes them to feel as we should feel were injustice done to us. The ass especially deserves better treatment than he usually meets with in this country. When he is at all well used and cared for, he is a willing and useful servant, and he is satisfied with the coarsest food, eating with the utmost relish a bunch of thistles, and looking on a crust of dry bread as a great luxury. In Eastern countries, where, as you will read in the next chapter, asses are highly esteemed and well cared for, they are sleek, handsome, lively animals, very different indeed from the poor miserable drudges that we are accustomed to see in our streets.

A traveller, Signor Pierotti, thus describes the ass as it is seen in Egypt and Palestine: 'What then are the characteristics of the ass? Much the same as those which adorn it in other parts of the East—namely, it is useful for riding and for carrying burdens; it is sensible of

kindness, and shews gratitude; it is very steady, and is larger, stronger, and more tractable than its European *brother;* its pace is easy and pleasant; and it will shrink from no labour, if only its poor daily feed of straw and barley is fairly given.'

According to the Rev. J. G. Wood, already quoted, wealthy persons in the East 'feed the ass well, deck him with fine harness and silver trappings, and cover him, when his work is done, with rich Persian carpets. The poor do the best they can for him, steal for his benefit, give him a corner at their fireside, and in cold weather sleep with him for more warmth. In Palestine, all the rich men, whether monarchs or chiefs of villages, possess a number of asses, keeping them with their flocks like the patriarchs of old. No one can travel in that country, and observe how the ass is employed for all purposes, without being struck with the exactness with which the Arabs retain the Hebrew customs. The result of this treatment is, that the Eastern ass is an enduring and tolerably swift animal, vying with the camel itself in its powers of long-continued travel; its usual pace being a sort of easy canter. On rough ground, or up an ascent, it is said even to gain on the horse, probably because its little sharp hoofs give it a firm footing where the larger hoof of the horse is liable to slip.

'The wealthy personages of the olden time seem to have esteemed the ass as highly as the camel, the ox, the sheep, or the goat. Abraham, for example, is described as being a rich man possessed of "sheep and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels" (Gen. xii. 16). In another chapter (Gen. xxx. 43), the prosperity of Jacob is mentioned in almost exactly the same terms.'

And we read that Job, who was a great and rich man, possessed five hundred asses. Princes rode upon white

asses, which were highly esteemed, and were covered with rich trappings, their bridles decorated with bells, embroidery, tassels, shells, and other ornaments. The ass was also used in ploughing and in drawing water from the rivers to water the land.

The wild-ass goes in droves or herds of from two to three hundred or more in number. 'It is an astonishingly swift animal, so that on level ground even the best horse has scarcely a chance of overtaking it. It is exceedingly wary; its sight, hearing, and sense of scent being equally keen, so that to approach it by craft is a most difficult task. The wild-ass is of a very untamable spirit, and even, we are told, if taken very young, 'can scarcely ever be brought to bear a burden or to draw a vehicle.'

STORY OF A DONKEY.

Among the various stories of pet animals, we do not remember any regarding the donkey. The creature is too abject, too much of a drudge, to be thought intelligent or capable of shewing affection in return for kind treatment. To shew that kindness, however, will not be thrown away on this humble and willingly useful animal, we propose to tell the story of a donkey which circumstances brought into our possession.

Donald, as we call him, is said to be a native of Ireland, whence he was brought when very young, and sold for the moderate sum of thirty-two shillings to a young man who had set up as a saddler at Loanhead, a quiet rural village, five miles south from Edinburgh. We have no date of his birth, but understand he is now from five to six years old, and may accordingly be said to be still in his infancy. As for personal appearance, Donald is of the ordinary dun colour, coat good, white

about the muzzle, breast, and inside the upper part of the fore-legs, feet small and neat. One may note with interest the well-defined dark stripe across the shoulders, and stripe on each fore-leg diagonally across the knee, as shewing the usual trace of relationship, generically, to the zebra. He possesses a meek composed aspect, is full grown, and altogether is as handsome a donkey as is ordinarily seen in this country, where, as is well known, neglect and hard usage have had the effect of deteriorating the race to which he belongs.

The saddler into whose hands he fell was a decent hard-working man, who did jobs in his line of business for the farmers and carters in the neighbourhood. On some occasions, he did work for persons in town, and was esteemed by them as an obliging tradesman. Though young, he was not robust. A consciousness of failing health had led him to make the purchase of the donkey, in the hope that, when properly trained and equipped with a small spring-cart, he might be of use in driving about the neighbourhood. The first thing the saddler did was to train Donald to run in harness, and the training was effected with a care and gentleness that won universal admiration. Good usage was not thrown away. The animal diligently, and we might almost say with a degree of gratitude, exerted himself in the work to which he was put.

Active in limb, he acquired the reputation of being a splendid trotter—quite a wonder in the place. When yoked in his spring-cart, laden with harness for a coach-builder at St Leonard's, he would trot into Edinburgh at a speed equal to that of the stage-coach. Never beaten or ill-used, he was singularly affectionate and docile. The children gave him bits of bread, which he took gently from their hands. Sometimes he was admitted into the family circle, there making himself quite at

home, by stretching himself out in a free and easy way before the fire. In short, he was allowed to do pretty much as he liked, and was the pet of the household.

The saddler's illness was a grievous misfortune. He was attacked by consumption, and daily becoming more feeble, he could neither benefit by driving about with Donald, nor could he work. Jobs that came in could not be attended to. His business fell off; it ceased. Day by day, poverty crept over the miserable establishment. The children could no longer indulge in the luxury of giving Donald crusts of bread. They had barely food for themselves, and were fain to make up for deficiencies by bringing in from the roadsides a double allowance of thistles and grass for Donald, which he ate with quiet composure in his small crib, a kind of stable run up with wooden boards at the back of the house.

In his last days, in order to enjoy the sunshine, the dying man had a seat outside his dwelling, and on such occasions the donkey, as if conscious of his master's infirmity, was pleased to stand beside him, looking mournfully in his face. When the invalid spoke a few kind words, Donald came affectionately to him and laid his head fondly on his shoulder, and so he would remain till his master had done speaking. When the saddler became so ill as to be confined to bed, the donkey would stand for hours at the window, listening for his master's voice, and was glad to be called into the sick-room to be patted. It was affecting to see how deeply the invalid was interested in the faithful animal. When barely able to sit up in bed, he called for Donald's harness, which needed a little mending; and this was the last piece of work that he was able to execute. His labours were over—his race was run. Visions of the spiritual world were opening upon him.

The illness of the saddler was a terrible calamity.

Besides limiting ways and means for present exigences, debts were necessarily incurred to keep things going, though on the poorest footing. Then, there was the dread of the future. What was to come of the family when the head of the house was removed? The dismal state of affairs was at times talked over by the husband and wife. It was a blank look-out. To pay their debts, every atom of property would probably have to be sold off.

As if aware of the misfortune hanging over the family, the little animal was dull and listless; he did not gambol about as was his wont, neither did he seek to stretch himself before the kitchen fire in the society of the children. During the last day of his master's life, he visited the door of the sick-room, throwing forward and sidewise his long ears, to hear, if possible, any sounds which might be addressed to him. On the circumstance being reported to the saddler, Donald was permitted once more to enter the apartment. It was a mournful scene. Wife and children were assembled round the death-bed, to which, drawn by affection, Donald closely advanced, as if to bid a final adieu to one he dearly loved. With life fleeting fast away, the invalid could only with a kind look lay his pallid hand on the meek face of the faithful animal, faintly muttering the words 'Poor Donald;' and shortly afterwards he breathed his last.

The decease of the village saddler, who had been much respected, and in his illness pitied, caused some sensation in the locality. All saw that the widow would be poorly off. But as usual in such cases, things, in a plain business way, took their course. The debts that had been incurred by the long illness, to say nothing of the funeral expenses, required to be discharged. And as there was no money to discharge them, the transaction naturally and legally resulted in a public auction of effects,

with a red flag hung out at the door, as a symbol of household desolation.

On the day of the sale, Donald munched his grass and thistles in the wooden booth with his accustomed gravity, though the children's attentions were a little troublesome. One patted his face, another rubbed him down with a wisp of straw, while a third clasped him round the neck, crying bitterly, as if his heart were like to break. They were distracted with the possibility of losing Donald, and what could console them?

About noon, the auctioneer arrived with the red flag. He was accompanied by an assistant, a man of middle age, to act as clerk, who had gone through dozens of harrowing scenes of families sold out, and who, at his departure, had left nothing but bare walls. On the present melancholy occasion, as was his practice, he went to work calmly, like a man of business to whom sentiment would be out of place. Having unfurled the red flag and fixed it up to the door-post, he arranged an ink-bottle at his button-hole, took out his note-book, and was ready for action. The children were ordered to get out of the way and be quiet, so as to allow the goods to be examined.

Donald, the fondly cherished Donald, was ranked as part of the 'goods.' In the advertisement announcing the 'Sale for behoof of Creditors,' a prominent place, as follows, was given to him as an attractive article of sale: 'Also an excellent young male donkey, well trained, and able to draw a small spring-cart, which, with harness, will be sold along with him; very useful for dealers in coal, fish, vegetables, and other articles.'

It was a sorrowful spectacle to see Donald with his cart led round the end of the house, and paraded to the staring onlookers. Some examined his feet, others looked to the sufficiency of his cart and harness. A few spoke

of his good character, and were sorry to think he was to be thus disposed of. The younger children, who had been his playmates, burst into tears. The widow, who, in her hopefulness, had trusted to the possibility of somehow saving Donald, was overwhelmed with her accumulated distresses. She had given some assistance in the disposal of articles hitherto exhibited, but the sight of poor Donald led out with his cart was too much. Rushing to a recess of her disordered dwelling, she sat down, threw her apron over her head, to conceal her emotion, and within hearing of the auctioneer's eloquent praises of Donald's good qualities, convulsively bemoaned her bereavement.

The harangue of the auctioneer was worthy of the occasion :

'Here, gentlemen, is a lot such as you seldom meet with. A donkey, young, strong, and healthy. He is sound in limb, well trained, fit for drawing a load of from eight to ten hundredweight, so docile that a child might drive him, needs no urging or beating, is so willing to do his work that the chief difficulty is how to hold him in. I assure you, he is a most valuable animal for many useful purposes. He must, however, be sold, along with his harness and cart. To insure competition, I will put up the lot at two pounds. Who bids more than two pounds?—Trot him down the street. There—there he goes!'

Returned from his trot, in which a host of boys kept running after him, Donald is brought to a stand-still, and the biddings begin. The price offered rises shilling by shilling to three pounds; then by leaps of five shillings at a time, it mounts to four pounds, and ultimately to eight pounds. There the competition stops. The last bidder is a gentleman belonging to the neighbourhood, against whom it is thought useless to contend. He is,

to all appearance, resolved to be the purchaser. With a wave of the hand and a searching glance all round, and declaring it was the last call, the auctioneer brings down his stick with a smart rap on the chair, and the donkey and his cart are declared to be sold at eight pounds. 'A great bargain, sir!' he adds quietly and confidentially, addressing the successful competitor.

The smart blow with the stick sounded like the knell of fate in the ears of the disconsolate woman. And yet, as by a Providential act, a better turn was given to her affairs. Requesting a youth to lead Donald back to his crib, and see him properly attended to, the gentleman who had been his purchaser entered the cottage, and sought out its mistress in her grief and obscurity. Laying his hand on her shoulder, he spoke to her a few kind words. 'Do not be so distressed about the loss of your favourite donkey. I have bought him for you, and you need only pay the price, when you are able to do so, after settling your husband's affairs. Make a good use of the little animal, as you designed, for the benefit of yourself and children.'

The restoration of Donald was a general and agreeable surprise. The gentleman who had so generously acted as benefactor, had heard of and compassionated the condition of the saddler's widow. Learning that she had conceived a plan of some humble line of industry in which the donkey was to be available, he determined to perform a charitable act by buying Donald at the sale of effects, and give her an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution.

So far all had gone well. The money realised by the sale of the articles of trade, and some of the house-furniture, also by the recovery of certain small debts which had been owing to the saddler, was happily sufficient to discharge the claims of the creditors; and

with some pecuniary assistance, the widow was able to pay the price for Donald, which was a great satisfaction. Amidst the general wreck, she was still able to keep house. When the red flag was removed, and the auctioneer and his assistant had taken themselves off, things subsided into their ordinary quietude. The cloud of misfortune, once so threatening, had passed away; and again there was something like a ray of sunshine in the dwelling.

The donkey may now be said to have got over the first adventure in his life. What followed was less picturesque. His mistress, the saddler's widow, made a resolute effort to make a livelihood by hiring him out to execute jobs for the grocer and others in the village. The necessity, however, for attending to him as a subject of hire, and at the same time performing other duties for the sake of subsistence, was beyond her powers. At the end of four months, she was forced to sell Donald. It was a painful, but voluntary and unavoidable act. As the animal was now well known in the district as a serviceable beast of draught, it was not difficult to find a customer.

Donald and his spring-cart were bought for the sum of ten pounds by a respectable baker in the adjoining village of Lasswade, for delivering bread round the neighbourhood. With tears and a sad heart, the poor widow and her three boys had to part from their much-loved, much-cared-for pet, endeared to them by recollections of the deceased husband and father. The parting being over, Donald was led down the hill to his new quarters, to undertake the business of drawing the cart with bread. In this regular and by no means heavy routine of duty, he acquitted himself admirably.

A change has now to be recorded in Donald's destiny. In the autumn of 1872, we found occasion to advertise

for a donkey, to help in a variety of purposes connected with a country house. The grass in the avenue and grounds generally could not be conveniently kept down by the gardener and his assistant, and a donkey was suggested as being necessary to draw the mowing-machine. Then, there were often luggage and parcels to be taken to and from the railway station, two miles distant. Lastly, it was alleged, that in doing mere ordinary jobbing in which carts had to be hired, a great saving would be effected by procuring a serviceable donkey. For these and other important reasons, the advertisement was issued.

A response comes from Lasswade. A baker has a donkey with harness and a neat spring-cart to dispose of —price wanted for the whole, £12, 10s. The reason given for parting with the donkey is, that the business to be done exceeds its powers. Its place must be taken by a horse. Here, apparently, was quite the thing we required. The gardener was despatched to investigate the character and qualifications of the animal. A favourable report being presented, the bargain was struck at the specified price. Donald quitted Lasswade, and drawing his spring-cart after him, was driven to his new home in the vale of Tweed. It was a journey of upwards of twenty miles. One afternoon in August, he came merrily trotting up the avenue to the front door, where he passed under general review, and received his first welcome.

Money had been given to pay Donald's expenses on the road, it being reasonable he should have a feed of oats at a wayside inn; but he required no such outlay. He did not, would not, eat oats. He did not understand oats as an article of diet. He lived chiefly on coarse grass—fresh or dried, it was all the same—and the only luxury he cared for was bread, no matter of what kind

or quality. Old crusts would do very well. A small loaf bought for the purpose sufficed for the journey.

With no more than twelve months' experience of Donald, we are unable to offer any accumulation of anecdotes respecting him. He has become a general favourite on account of his good temper and familiar behaviour. The young ladies who happen to be our guests are never tired patting him and ministering to him with crusts of bread, which he takes delicately from their open palm.

As for work, he goes to it with a zest that shews his force of character. There is about him none of that slow sleepy indifference which we frequently see in donkeys which have experienced ill-usage, and are cruelly under-fed and overwrought. In his own case are exemplified the advantages of considerate treatment. As he faithfully served the saddler, his former master, so he serves us. He does his work with good-will, and he does it well. In drawing a grass-cutting machine, he gets through as much in two hours as two men with scythes can get through in a day; and yoked in his garden-cart, with high sparred sides, he clears away all that has been cut with amazing expedition. With his spring-cart, which has a seat across it for the driver, he executes all sorts of jobs at a distance. In bringing packages from the railway station, he trots with persevering assiduity. He can easily get over the two miles of ground in from ten to fifteen minutes, which is good running. As was honestly said of him by the auctioneer, the only difficulty is how to hold him in.

Such is the story of our donkey, as far as it can at present be told. Our acquisition of him has been a success, and assuming that he has got over any distressful reminiscences concerning his kind friend, the deceased saddler, he probably finds little to regret in the new home

into which fortune has drifted him. Something might be added by way of moral, but it is hardly necessary. The few incidents related, shew that in the case of the donkey, as with many other animals, kindness will not be thrown away. A creature which is too apt to be despised for its apparent stupidity, is found to possess a considerable degree of shrewd intelligence, and to be susceptible of that amount of cultivation which would turn it to good account as a useful, a willing, and, we will add, a grateful servant of man.

W. CHAMBERS.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

Poor little foal of an oppressèd race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dullèd spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
'Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?'
Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
And truly, very piteous is her lot,
Chained to a log within a narrow spot,
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!
Poor ass! thy master should have learned to shew
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
Half-famished in a land of luxury!

How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
It seems to say: 'And have I then one friend?'
Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!
I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about as lamb or kitten gay!
Yea, and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast!

COLERIDGE.

OXEN—COWS—SHEEP.

ANIMALS of the ox kind, ordinarily known as 'black cattle,' furnish much of our animal food, and are of the highest importance to the community. Their skins, their horns, their hoofs, and other parts of them, are all valuable in the arts. The cow gives us milk and cream, from which butter and cheese are made. Considering the great value of the ox and the cow, it is distressing to know the little attention that is often paid to their comfort. Too often they are denied proper supplies of pure water; they are imperfectly sheltered; and worst of all, they are frequently overdriven by men to whom they are intrusted. How often do we see cows driven to market with distended udders, and apparently suffering acute pain!

Cows do not shew the same intelligence that dogs and horses do, and though they become accustomed to the people who take care of them, and know them, yet there are not so many interesting anecdotes related of them as

of some other animals; nevertheless they are by no means destitute of intelligence, as will appear from the following interesting account of the manner in which two long-horned cows opened a door: 'The door of the hay-chamber opened outwards, and was fastened by a latch lifted by the finger, thrust through a hole in the door. The cows had seen this done, and if left alone, would open the door by inserting the tip of a horn into the finger-hole, lifting the latch and then drawing the door towards them.' Here we see that the cows shewed observation, memory, and expectation. People do not generally give animals credit for possessing the same faculties that they do themselves. If they did, they would be more considerate and more friendly towards them.

The following curious traits of character in the cow are mentioned among miscellaneous anecdotes of animals:

'In the mountains of Switzerland, where a beautiful race of cows is reared, it is the practice to attach bells to the most trusty of the cows, that the sound may keep the herd together, and direct the herdsmen to the place where they are pasturing. These cows are the pride of the cowkeeper: he has various sets of these bells, and on certain occasions the favourite cow has the finest and largest bell assigned to her, and the gayest trappings: the others have inferior bells, and less ornamented collars, in a gradation downwards to those to which no distinction is awarded. To deprive the cows of their wonted ornaments is to inflict upon them a punishment which they grievously feel, manifesting their sense of humiliation by piteous lowings. On gala days a kind of procession takes place; the herdsmen is in the van, and next in order comes the favourite cow, leading the herd, ornamented with her tinkling bells and gay apparel. Should another, from any cause, be made to take her place, she

manifests her vexation by continued lowing, abstains from food, and attacks with fury the rival that has gained her honours. A certain cow, M. Latrobe informs us, who had long borne the badge of distinction, had just given birth to a calf, and was reckoned too feeble to bear her usual post in the honours of the day, and even the ordinary bell was thought to be too heavy for her. The gay procession moved on, but the poor cow that had been stripped of her accustomed honours did not share in the general joy; after a few steps she faltered in her pace; the attendants tried to coax her on, but in vain; she stopped, and at length lay down as if to die. An old herdsmen soon divined the cause; he brought from the house a bell and collar, such as she had been used to bear; she no sooner felt the well-known appendage at her neck, than she rose from the ground, bounded gaily as if in possession of her usual health, and, taking her place in the van, was from that moment as well as ever.

'It is known that a practice of the mountain peasants of Switzerland is to collect the herds by sounding a long wooden pipe, whose deep and simple tones, mellowed by distance, delight the ear. No sooner does the well-known sound reach the herd, than they all obey the signal, and hasten to the place of rendezvous. Should one from any cause, as from falls or weakness, be unable to keep pace with her fellows, she utters loud and painful lowings, as if calling for assistance, and testifying that it is want of power and not of will that makes her linger behind her comrades. The simple tones of the herdsman's pipe form the well-known air of the Ranz des Vaches, which is known to thrill like a charm to the heart of the mountain Swiss when distant from his beloved land. Such is the creature which reason and conscience teach us to treat with humanity and justice.'

The great value of sheep as regards mutton and wool

raises these animals to national importance, and suggests interesting inquiries into their habits and character. As usually seen in England, sheep are gentle and timid, and very patient under suffering. They are subjected to much ill-treatment, which it is to be hoped in time will cease, for it is a great disgrace to men and boys to treat with cruelty animals which are so completely in their power. Often are they driven along the hot dusty roads in summer farther than their strength enables them to go with ease; urged on by blows, and often worn out with fatigue, parched with heat, or faint from want of food. Those who have the care of them do not seem to know that they feel pain, fatigue, and hunger, as keenly as human beings do.

Though the sheep is so tame in England, yet in countries where it is wild and has to depend upon itself it is very different. In the work, *Animal Biography*, it is stated of these wild sheep that, 'when any danger is at hand, they draw up into a body, and place the young ones and females in the centre, whilst the males take the foremost ranks, keeping close to each other, thus presenting an armed front on all sides. In this manner they firmly await the approach of the enemy; and when the aggressor advances within a few yards of the line, the rams dart upon him with a force, which if he does not save himself by a timely retreat, lays him dead at their feet. A single ram will sometimes engage a bull, and his forehead being much harder than that of any other animal, he seldom fails to conquer; the bull by lowering his head, receives the stroke of the ram between his eyes, which usually brings him to the ground.'

One of the remarkable peculiarities of sheep is that they follow each other instinctively. When one leaps over any seeming obstacle, all the rest follow. This

may arise from timidity of character. The proneness to follow a leader is notable among the sheep of Eastern countries. There the sheep know the voice and the person of the shepherd, and follow him willingly when he calls them. He leads them to wells or rivers at noonday for water. They look to him as their protector against enemies, and cling to him with confidence. We have touching allusions to these relationships between the shepherd and his sheep in the Old and New Testaments. In Isaiah, 40th chapter, 11th verse, we read: 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.' In the Gospel of St John, 10th chapter, 27th verse: 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.'

The Eastern practice of leading sheep to green pastures, and to waters where they may tranquilly drink, is finely figured in the twenty-third Psalm: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me by the still waters.' Who can reflect on this pious imagery without emotion? When far from home amidst dangers in distant countries, we have in lying down to sleep felt happy in repeating the versified lines of this beautiful Psalm which we had learned in youth:

> The LORD's my shepherd, I'll not want.
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green: he leadeth me
> The quiet waters by.

Tourists will have observed that something like the Eastern method of tending sheep prevails in the south of France. There the shepherd walks in front of his flock, and they composedly follow him.

While in England sheep are seen chiefly in inclosed fields, in Scotland and Wales they are for the most part organised in detached flocks on hills remote from towns, under the care of shepherds and their dogs. The Scottish shepherd is usually a man of superior intelligence, trusted and respected by his employer. To insure a careful consideration for his charge, he is allowed to have a small number of sheep of his own pasturing among the general flock. Wherever he goes he is followed by his faithful collie, without which all his efforts to regulate the feeding of his flocks and driving them in any required direction would be unavailing. It may be noticed with some interest that, left to their own instincts, the sheep in a flock make a kind of daily round in their pasturages. Towards evening they ascend the hills to a spot where they can lie down for the night. In the morning they descend and reach the lowest ground at mid-day; and thence, loitering and feeding on their way, they return to their former place of rest, which has been selected in reference to shelter or safety.

The affection of ewes for their lambs is often strikingly demonstrated, and always when the separation at weaning takes place there is much bleating on both sides. A gentleman who lately made an excursion with a friend among the Shetland Islands, has related to us the following affecting circumstance: 'In our yacht we were scudding gaily along within a short distance of one of the largest islands, when our attention was attracted to an object of much interest. It was a lamb bleating mournfully on a solitary rock in the sea near the shore, which was high and precipitous. The little creature in its rambles had slid down the precipice, and by some chance had got upon the rock. There it stood isolated, without any visible means of rescue. Had it been able to get to the shore, it could not by any possibility have

ascended the precipice. Poor little lamb, what a spectacle of helpless desolation! To add to the poignancy of our feelings, on looking to the summit of the precipice we beheld the ewe mother, bleating for its apparently irrecoverable lost one. Some would have passed on, but that we could not do. We resolved if possible to restore the lamb to its mother. A boat being put out, we steered for the rock, took up the lamb, rowed to a low landing-place, and there put it ashore. The ewe having watched our operations from the top of the cliff, came round to meet us. I can never forget the happiness of that meeting of mother and child. After some endearments they trotted off together in a state of perfect enjoyment. It was a satisfaction to us to have brought about this happy reunion. The recollection of it will ever fill me with pleasure.'

THE STARLING—CAPTIVITY.

THE starling is a beautiful bird, rather smaller than the song-thrush or mavis, brown, finely glossed with black, with a pale tip to each feather, which gives the bird a speckled appearance. It is found in nearly all parts of Europe. On lawns at gentlemen's houses, starlings are seen in numbers hopping about like blackbirds in quest of worms. A remarkable trait in the character of the starling is its power of imitating words and tunes. On this account it is a favourite pet bird, particularly in a humble class of dwellings. In its cage, which should be large and roomy, it learns to utter a few words with wonderful accuracy, and is therefore amusing as a companion. A number of stories are told regarding the imitative powers of starlings. None of them has been so much esteemed for its pathos as that related by Sterne

in his *Sentimental Journey.* This we repeat as follows, only premising that Sterne was at the time in Paris, and had been meditating on the condition of the prisoners in the Bastille, the state-prison of France, which was subsequently destroyed at the outbreak of the Revolution.

'"And as for the Bastille, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can," said I to myself, "the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in."

'I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. "Beshrew the sombre pencil!" said I vauntingly, "for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true," said I, correcting the proposition, "the Bastille is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint." I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."

'I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further

attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling. "God help thee!" said I, "but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. "I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty." "No," said the starling, "I can't get out; I can't get out," said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

'"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," addressing myself to Liberty, "whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile

upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

'The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching

another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears: I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.'

MALTREATMENT OF SMALL BIRDS.

In the neighbourhood of London may often be seen bands of a mean order of wayfarers carrying cages and other apparatus for the purpose of capturing small birds —larks, finches, nightingales, or whatever little feathered creatures they can secure in the open fields or among trees and hedgerows. These depredators may be compared to the class of men who are engaged in the hideous practice of slave-catching in Africa. They have no sense of either justice or mercy. Having completed their day's work, they may be seen wending their way back to town with their cages filled with miserable captives. The sight is truly pitiable.

There is now a law which imposes penalties on the capture of certain birds, but the law is shirked in various ways, and fails to deter the habitual bird-stealers to whom we refer. Under strong temptations of pecuniary advantage, they either openly defy the law, or carry on their trade under false or illusory pretences.

In France, small birds are caught and killed, principally as articles of food. You see them hanging in bunches at the doors of poulterers' shops, to be bought by keepers of hotels and restaurants. In the bills of fare, these hapless birds make their appearance as a dish

of larks and robin redbreasts. Larks, we believe, are not quite unknown at some 'highly respectable' tables in this country; but, happily, the custom, so revolting to public feeling, is not likely to be generally followed. Nor do we imagine that there need be any fear of robin redbreasts becoming a popular dish at our dinner-tables. Small birds appear to be captured wholesale for some other purpose than being eaten. Some of them are sought for as song-birds to be sold to dealers, who supply them for parlour cages. Of this we have an evidence in shops that are stored with a variety of feathered and furred animals, secluded in different-sized cages—the birds hung about on the walls in a state of disconsolate agitation, like so many distracted slaves penned up for the choice of customers. As regards nightingales, their purchase may prove disappointing. If caught after they have paired, and deprived of their mates, they cease to sing, pine in their solitary imprisonment, and die of what we might call a broken heart—a mournful instance of man's wanton outrage on the affections.

The practice of capturing and killing small birds is not only cruel but injurious to the country. By a provision in nature the birds destroy noxious insects which are apt to infest the crops of agriculturists, and therefore perform a useful public service. By the heedless and wholesale system of killing small birds in France, large districts have suffered from the ravages of insects. Becoming alarmed at the mischief done by the reckless killing of birds, the French government have made efforts to check practices of this kind; and it is partly from a consciousness of the same fact, that a law has been instituted to protect small birds at a certain season in England.

There may be some excuse for keeping birds in cages,

that have been born in confinement, and which would perish if let loose; still we have never looked with complacency on the practice of keeping birds as domestic pets in cages. In the most favourable circumstances it looks like cruelty. The bird is made a prisoner for life. The cage may be gilded and well equipped as to food and water. But it is still a prison. The little creature is violently and unjustly deprived of the liberty which is undoubtedly its natural birthright. Helpless and in our power, it is wronged. A contemplation of it day after day, and year after year—sometimes warbling, sometimes with eyes faintly turned to the sunshine, like a prisoner looking wistfully from the bars of his window—is calculated, we think, to move the feelings. The very lilt of its sweet notes has in it something doleful. The songs of birds are instinctively a call to companions, and in confinement no companions are usually near. The piping is thrown away. On hearing these abortive calls, our memory is led back to days long gone by, when audiences were almost melted to tears by the pathetic song of a charming dramatic vocalist—

> The bird in yonder cage confined,
> To me sings notes of sorrow—

Or more emphatically, we are reminded of Sterne's starling uttering the cry, 'I can't get out, I can't get out.' Like Sterne, we feel the force of the appeal, though the sounds may be less significantly expressed.

The keeping of small birds in cages does not by any means account for the great number captured by vagrant trappers. There is now a demand for birds of this kind far beyond that either for the table or for cages. The source of this new demand is in one of the whimsicalities of fashion. The birds are captured for the sake of their plumage as a decoration for ladies' head-dresses.

We allow that feathers are an adornment to the female head-dress; and kept within reasonable bounds, this species of decoration is far from being objectionable. The case is very different when we come to consider that gross abuse of the practice which consists in wearing the feathered skins of wrens, humming-birds, nightingales, larks, finches, and robin redbreasts. Are ladies who so decorate themselves aware that these poor little birds are for the most part skinned while alive, in order that their plumage may retain that degree of gloss which is not ordinarily found in skins that have been flayed from the body after death?

From the daily press we could multiply evidences of this species of slaughter. 'The fashion now so prevalent,' says a respectable London newspaper, 'of ornamenting ladies' hats and bonnets with small birds, has given such an impetus to the activity of the bird-catchers, both here and in France, as to cause well-grounded fears for the annihilation of our favourite little songsters. This was forcibly pointed out in a case which came before the Dover bench of magistrates, in which two men were charged with trespassing. Upon them were found no less than fifty-one dead skylarks, and a large number of linnets, thrushes, bullfinches, and other birds. A gentleman connected with the Customs at Dover stated that it was well known that a large premium was paid to men like the prisoners for these birds, and that it was within his cognisance that lately no less than two thousand of the brightest-plumaged birds from Normandy passed through Dover on their way to a firm of milliners in London, their destination evidently being to ornament the hats and bonnets of Belgravian ladies. The bench stated their determination to punish severely all future offenders.' In some cases, birds are deprived of their wings, for the wings of certain birds are deemed a

superior decoration to head-dresses. Let us hope that the little creatures subjected to these cruelties are killed in the process of being rifled of their plumage, instead of enduring the pangs of protracted dissolution.

Native birds are not alone sought for and sacrificed to the varying demands of fashion. The world at large is laid under contribution. Germany, North and South America, and the islands of the Pacific yield their tribute. A purser on board a passenger steamer plying between Liverpool, Madeira, and the west coast of Africa makes a small business of buying quantities of beautiful humming-birds in the course of his foreign voyage, and bringing them home for sale to dealers, who supply gay plumage as ornaments for ladies' head-dresses. However pecuniarily advantageous, it is a base traffic that ought to be discouraged. No Englishman should be instrumental in depriving innocent humming-birds of their natural liberty, and bringing them home to be sacrificed to the fantastic cravings of fashion !

In these lessons to the young, let us speak plainly. We denounce all fashions which are founded on injustice and cruelty to a harmless order of creatures. How sad to think that, borne away by the tide of fashion, many ladies at certain seasons perseveringly dress themselves in jackets made of the skins of seals and sables, though made aware that the practice is not only injurious to health, but is the source of incalculable cruelty. They, with equal disregard of what is objectionable, decorate their persons with spoils torn by ruffians from the quivering bodies of some of the most innocent and beautiful of God's creatures. We do not mean to say that all ladies of high and low degree are chargeable with a guilty complicity in these monstrous crimes against humanity. There are noble examples of the reverse. We speak of practices that are too commonly passed over with

indifference, and which on all hands ought to be peremptorily discountenanced. W. CHAMBERS.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileged. And he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

COWPER.

CRUELTY OF BIRDNESTING.

WHO that watches birds and their curious ways would ever seek to injure them by taking away the nests they have made with so much care and labour; or would rob them of their eggs or their young ones, which are as dear to the old birds as children are to their fathers and mothers.

We should think it a terrible thing if a number of men taller and stronger than we are should come into our houses, and just for pleasure carry off babies from the cradles or little children playing about on the floor; and yet boys who rob birds' nests are doing the same sort of thing all the time. If boys were to know more of birds, and could understand how much pain they are giving, they would leave off the cruel practice of bird-nesting. As it is, they know nothing of the sense and affection the little creatures possess, but look upon them as beings without intelligence or feeling, just made for their sport and amusement.

The following account will shew how sensible birds are of their losses: 'When I was a boy,' says Mr Smellie, 'I carried off a nest of young sparrows about a mile from my place of residence. After the nest was completely moved, and while I was marching home with it in triumph, I perceived, with some degree of astonishment, both the parents following me at some distance, and observing my motions in perfect silence. A thought then struck me, that they might follow me home, and feed the young according to their usual manner. When just entering the door, I held up the nest, and made the young ones utter the cry which is expressive of the desire of food. I immediately put the nest and the young in the corner of a wire-cage, and placed it on the outside of a window. I placed myself in such a position in the room that I could perceive all that should happen without being myself seen. The young birds soon cried for food. In a short time, both parents, having their bills filled with small caterpillars, came to the cage; and after chatting a little, as we would do with a friend through the lattice of a prison, gave a small worm to each. This parental intercourse and care continued regularly for some time, till the young ones were

completely fledged, and had acquired a considerable degree of strength. I then took one of the strongest of them, and placed it on the outside of the cage, in order to observe the conduct of the parents after one of their offspring was set free. In a few minutes both parents arrived, loaded as usual with food. They no sooner perceived that one of their children had escaped from prison, than they fluttered about, and made a thousand noisy signs of joy, both with their wings and their voices. These loud expressions of unexpected happiness at last gave place to a more calm and soothing conversation. By their voices and their movements, it was evident that they earnestly entreated the young bird to follow them, and to fly from his present dangerous state. He seemed impatient to obey their wishes; but by his gestures, and the feeble sounds he uttered, he plainly expressed that he was afraid to try an exertion he had never before attempted. They, however, incessantly repeated their entreaties; and by flying alternately from the cage to a neighbouring chimney-top, they endeavoured to shew him how easily the journey was to be accomplished. He at last committed himself to the air, and alighted in safety. On his arrival another scene of clamorous and active joy was exhibited. Next day I repeated the same experiment by placing another of the young ones on the top of the cage. I did the same with the remainder of the brood, which consisted of four. I need hardly add, that not one either of the parents or children ever afterwards revisited the hated cage.'

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo, a bird about the size of a pigeon, is reckoned to be a kind of curiosity in natural history. It is a migratory bird, flying away like the swallow to warmer climes in winter, and returning to England on the approach of summer. When we hear its pleasant note, uttered with much clearness through the wood, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo,' we know that summer is at hand. The old cuckoos arrive in England about the middle of April, and

The Cuckoo.

leave again the first week in July; so that in that short period they would scarcely have time to build their nests, hatch their eggs, and bring up their young, and therefore it is arranged that other birds shall do all this for them. Though not what we would call an amiable bird, the cuckoo gives much pleasure by its note, and it has been the subject of many poetical addresses that excite pleasing emotions. The following beautiful Ode to the Cuckoo is now more than a hundred years old:

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

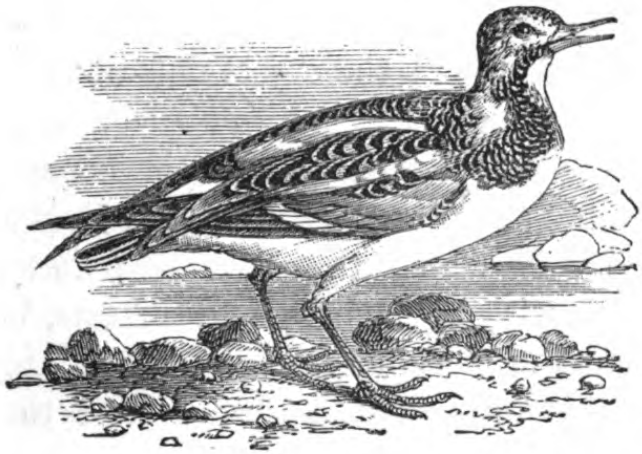
What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

TURNSTONE BIRDS.

THE Turnstone is a bird of the plover family which frequents the sea-shore, and derives its name from turning over small stones with its bill in search of the insects on which it feeds. When the object which it wishes to turn over is too large for the bill to do so, it applies its breast, and sometimes other birds of the same kind help in turning over a stone. Thomas Edwards, now well known as a naturalist, gives an interesting account of the



Turnstone in summer plumage.

attempts of two turnstones to turn over a dead fish. He says :

'Passing along the sea-shore to the west of Banff, I observed on the sands, at a considerable distance before me, two birds beside a large-looking object. Knowing by their appearance that they did not belong to the species which are usually met with in this quarter, I left the beach and proceeded along the adjoining links, an eminence of shingle intervening, until I concluded that I was almost opposite to the spot where the objects of my search were employed. Stooping down, and with my gun upon

my back prepared for action, I managed to crawl through the bents and across the shingle for a considerable way. At length I came in sight of the two little workers, who were busily endeavouring to turn over a dead fish which was fully six times their size. I immediately recognised them as turnstones. Not wishing to disturb them, and anxious at the same time to witness their operations, I observed that a few paces nearer them, there was a deep hollow among the shingle, where I contrived to creep into unobserved.

'I was now distant from them about ten yards, and had a distinct and unobstructed view of all their movements. They were boldly pushing at the fish with their bills, and then with their breasts. Their endeavours, however, were in vain: the object remained immovable. On this they both went round to the opposite side, and began to scrape away the sand from beneath the fish. After removing a considerable quantity, they again came back to the spot which they had left, and went once more to work with their bills and breasts, but with as little apparent success as formerly. Nothing daunted, however, they ran round a second time to the other side, and recommenced their trenching operations with a seeming determination not to be baffled in their object, which evidently was to undermine the dead animal before them, in order that it might be the more easily overturned.

'While they were thus employed, and after they had laboured in this manner at both sides alternately for nearly half an hour, they were joined by another of their own species, which came flying with rapidity from the neighbouring rocks. Its timely arrival was hailed with evident signs of joy. I was led to this conclusion from the gestures which they exhibited, and from a low but pleasant murmuring noise to which they gave utterance

so soon as the new-comer made his appearance. Of their feelings he seemed to be perfectly aware, and he made his reply to them in a similar strain. Their mutual congratulations being over, they all three set to work; and after labouring vigorously for a few minutes in removing the sand, they came round to the other side, and putting their breasts simultaneously to the fish, they succeeded in raising it some inches from the sand, but were unable to turn it over. It went down again into its sandy bed, to the manifest disappointment of the three. Resting, however, for a space, and without leaving their respective positions, which were a little apart the one from the other, they resolved, it appears, to give the work another trial. Lowering themselves, with their breasts close to the sand, they managed to push their bills underneath the fish, which they made to rise to about the same height as before. Afterwards, withdrawing their bills, but without losing the advantage which they had gained, they applied their breasts to the object. This they did with such force and to such purpose, that at length it went over, and rolled several yards down a slight declivity. It was followed to some distance by the birds themselves, before they could recover their bearing.

'They returned eagerly to the spot from whence they had dislodged the obstacle which had so long opposed them; and they gave unmistakable proof, by their rapid and continued movements, that they were enjoying an ample repast as the reward of their industrious and praiseworthy labour. I was so pleased, and even delighted, with the sagacity and perseverance which they had shewn, that I should have considered myself as guilty of a crime had I endeavoured to take away the lives of these interesting beings, at the very moment when they were exercising, in a manner so happily for themselves, the wonderful instincts implanted in them by their Creator.

When they appeared to have done and to be satisfied, I arose from my place of concealment. On examining the fish, I found it to be a specimen of the common cod. It was nearly three feet and a half long, and it had been imbedded in the sand to the depth of about two inches.'

THE LARK—BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE lark is a well-known small bird of a brown speckled appearance, elegant in form, sprightly in its movements, powerful in flight, and much esteemed for its cheerful song. There are several varieties of the bird, the best known being the sky-lark. The wood-lark is less common, but very delightful in song, and usually pipes forth its 'wood-notes wild' while perched on the branch of a tree. In Scotland, the familiar name of the lark is the laverock. Under that name it is alluded to by Burns in one of his charming lyrics:

> The laverock that springs from the dews of the lawn,
> The shepherd to warn of the gray-breaking dawn.

A fine trait in the character of the sky-lark is its ascending to a great height almost out of sight, over the spot where its mate sits nestling with its young, and there, suspended on fluttering wing, utters its cheerful song. This habit of singing to its mate affords a beautiful instance of conjugal affection. It is recorded in verse:

> The lark on high
> Now mounts the sky,
> All hear his pipe a-ringing;
> His mate on nest
> Whom he loves best,
> Sits list'ning to his singing.

We confidently appeal to thoughtful young persons, if it

is not cruel to capture and imprison a little creature possessing such an amiable trait of character.

The song of the sky-lark poised high in the air early in a summer morning has not failed to stimulate the poetic fancies in old as well as in recent times. In the tragedy of *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare introduces a short but sweet song, often quoted :

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water in those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty is—My lady, sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.'

Among the later poets who celebrated the lark under the fanciful name of Bird of the Wilderness, was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. His lines excel in richness of rural imagery, and may be said to be the best of all his poetic productions :

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singihg, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A NOBLE and exemplary trait in the character of Sir Walter Scott was his fondness for and kindly treatment of animals. In his early years, when sent to live in the country for sake of health, he acquired an extraordinary affection for dogs, ponies, cats, birds, and other dependent creatures. Growing up, there was something remarkable in his love of these animals, all of which were treated by him, each in its own sphere, as agreeable companions, and which were attached to him in return. There may have been something feudal and poetic in this kindly association with humble adherents, but there was also much of simple good-heartedness. Scott added not a little to the happiness of his existence by this genial intercourse with his domestic pets. From Lockhart's Memoirs of Sir Walter, and other works, we have occasionally bright glimpses of the great man's familiarity with his four-footed favourites. We can see that Scott did not, as is too often the case, treat them capriciously, as creatures to be made of at one time, and spoken to harshly when not in the vein for amusement. On the contrary, they were elevated to the position of friends. They possessed rights to be respected, feelings which it would be scandalous to outrage. At all times he had a soothing word and a kind pat for every one of them. And that, surely, is the proper way to behave towards the beings who are dependent on us.

Among Sir Walter's favourite dogs we first hear of Camp, a large bull-terrier, that was taken with him when visiting the Ellises for a week at Sunninghill in 1803. Mr and Mrs Ellis having cordially sympathised in his fondness for this animal, Scott, at parting, promised to send one of Camp's progeny in the course of the season to Sunninghill. As an officer in a troop of yeomanry cavalry, Scott proved a good horseman, and we are led to know that he was much attached to the animal which he rode. In a letter to a friend, he says: 'I have, too, a hereditary attachment to the animal—not, I flatter myself, of the common jockey cast, but because I regard him as the kindest and most generous of the subordinate animals. I hardly even except the dogs; at least, they are usually so much better treated, that compassion for the steed should be thrown into the scale when we weigh their comparative merits.

For several years Camp was the constant parlour dog. He was handsome, intelligent, and gentle as a lamb among the children. At the same time, there were two greyhounds, Douglas and Percy, which were usually in the country. Scott kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that Douglas and Percy might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said—and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him a sensible and steady friend; the greyhounds, as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with.

William Laidlaw, the friend and amanuensis of Scott, mentions in the *Abbotsford Notanda* a remarkable instance of Camp's fidelity and attention. It was on the occasion of a party visiting a wild cataract in Dumfries-

shire, known as the Gray Mare's Tail. There was a rocky chasm to be ascended, up which Scott made his way with difficulty, on account of his lameness. 'Camp attended anxiously on his master; and when the latter came to a difficult part of the rock, Camp would jump down, look up to his master's face, then spring up, lick his master's hand and cheek, jump down again, and look upwards, as if to shew him the way and encourage him. We were greatly interested with the scene.'

The most charming part of Scott's life was, as we think, that which he spent with his family at Ashestiel from about 1804 to 1808, part of which time he was engaged in writing *Marmion*. Ashestiel was a country mansion situated on the south bank of the Tweed, in what would be called a solitary mountain district. To enliven the scene, literary friends came on short visits. When still at Ashestiel in 1808, there is presented a pleasant picture by Lockhart of the way in which Scott passed the Sunday. He says, 'On Sunday he never rode —at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary for him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the Church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, while all grouped around him on the turf.'

Failing from old age, Camp was taken by the family to Edinburgh, and there he died about January 1809. He was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house, No. 39 Castle Street, immediately opposite the window where Scott usually sat writing. His daughter, Mrs Lockhart, remembered 'the

whole family standing round the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologised on account of "the death of a dear old friend."' A few months later, Scott says in one of his letters: 'I have supplied the vacancy occasioned by the death of dear old Camp with a terrier puppy of the old shaggy Celtic breed,' and which he named Wallace. This new companion was taken on an excursion to the Hebrides in 1810, and in time partly compensated for the loss of Camp. There came, however, a fresh bereavement in 1812, in the death of the greyhound Percy. Scott alludes to the fact in one of his letters: 'We are going on in the old way, only poor Percy is dead. I intend to have an old stone set up by his grave with "Here lies the brave Percy;" and I hope future antiquaries will debate which hero of the House of Northumberland has left his bones in Teviotdale.'

In a letter dated Abbotsford, 1816, written to Terry, with whom he communicated on literary and dramatic subjects, he says: 'I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer hound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion: he is quite gentle and a great favourite. Tell Will Erskine he will eat off his plate without being at the trouble to put a paw on the table or chair. I shewed him to Matthews, who dined one day in Castle Street before I came here.'

The staghound so introduced was the famous Maida, which came upon the scene when the Waverley novels were beginning to set the world on fire. Maida was the crack dog of Scott's life, and figures at his feet in the well-known sculpture by Steell. He did not quite super-

sede Wallace and the other dogs, but assumed among them the most distinguished place, and might be called the canine major-domo of the establishment. On visiting Abbotsford in 1817, Washington Irving enjoyed the pleasure of a ramble with Scott and his dogs. His description of the scene is so amusing that we can scarcely abate a jot:

'As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail; and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity,

and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"

'While we were discussing the humours and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deeped-mouthed *bow wow*. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause. "Ay, ay, old boy!" cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day."'

Maida accompanied his master to town, where he occupied the place of the lamented Camp. In the library at Castle Street, Maida lay on the hearth-rug, ready when called on to lay his head across his master's knees, and to be caressed and fondled. On the top step of a ladder for reaching down the books from the higher shelves sat a sleek and venerable Tom-cat, which Scott facetiously called by the German name Hinse of Hinsfeldt. Lockhart mentions that Hinse, 'no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity. When Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by beating the door with his huge paw; Scott rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity—and then

Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the foot-stool, *vice* Maida absent on furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. Dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.'

In letters to his eldest son, Scott seldom fails to tell him how things are going on with the domesticated animals. For example: 'Hamlet had an inflammatory attack, and I began to think he was going mad, after the example of his great namesake; but Willie Laidlaw bled him, and he recovered. Pussy is very well.' Next letter: 'Dogs all well—cat sick—supposed with eating birds in their feathers.' Shortly afterwards: 'All here send love. Dogs and cat are well. I daresay you have heard from some other correspondent that poor Lady Wallace [a favourite pony] died of an inflammation after two days' illness. Trout [a favourite pointer] has returned here several times, poor fellow, and seems to look for you; but Henry Scott is very kind to him.' In a succeeding letter we have the account of an accident to Maida: 'On Sunday, Maida walked with us, and in jumping the paling at the Greentongue park, contrived to hang himself up by the hind-leg. He howled at first, but seeing us making towards him, he stopped crying, and waved his tail, by way of signal, it was supposed, for assistance. He sustained no material injury, though his leg was strangely twisted into the bars, and he was nearly hanging by it. He shewed great gratitude, in his way, to his deliverers.'

Mr Adolphus, a visitor to Abbotsford in 1830, when

the health of the great writer was breaking down under his honourable and terribly imposed task-work, gives us not the least striking instance of Scott's wonderful considerateness towards animals. 'In the morning's drive we crossed several fords, and after the rain they were wide and deep. A little, long, wise-looking, rough terrier, named Spice, which ran after us, had a cough, and as often as we came to a water, Spice, by the special order of his master, was let into the carriage till we had crossed. His tenderness to his brute dependants was a striking point in the benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings, in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs.' When too roughly frolicsome, he rebuked them gently, so as not to mortify them, or spoil the natural buoyancy of their character.

We could extend these memorabilia, but have perhaps said enough. Maida died in October 1824, and is commemorated in a sculptured figure at the doorway of Abbotsford. His attached master wrote an epitaph on him in Latin, which he thus Englished:

> **Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,**
> **Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.**

It was a sad pang for Scott, when quitting home to seek for health abroad, and which he did not find, to leave the pet dogs which survived Maida. His last orders were that they should be taken care of. Nor did he forget to enjoin that in the depth of winter crumbs should be regularly scattered out of doors for the birds. We may be permitted to join in the noble eulogium pronounced on Scott by Laidlaw, who lived to mourn his loss, that Kindness of heart was positively the reigning quality of Sir Walter's character!

W. CHAMBERS.

THE GLOW-WORM.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray ;
That shews by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of Might
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went
Be careful where he trod ;

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To shew a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain—
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you ;
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

COWPER.

RATS AND MICE.

Even of rats and mice, which we look upon as vermin, there is something interesting to be told. It is true that these creatures must be killed in order to prevent their eating up our corn and other provisions, and also to prevent their increasing to such an extent that they would become quite a plague; for a rat has as many as fifty or sixty young ones in a year.

In England, in old houses near drains, and in corn-stacks, barns, and storehouses, we know that rats and mice abound, that it is necessary to get rid of them, and that therefore they must be killed. But this should be done as quickly and with as little pain as possible—good strong cats should be kept; otherwise traps that kill at once, or quick poison, should be used. It is shameful to see men and boys hunt these poor creatures for mere amusement, and torture them as though they had no feeling.

The following stories will shew that rats have much intelligence, and that, though fierce and somewhat dangerous, they are capable of being tamed, although few persons would care to have them for pets. In the work *Animal Biography*, we are told of a gentleman who staid at an inn in Mecklenburg, where 'after dinner the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, an Angora cat, an old raven, and a large rat with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish, and without disturbing each other, fed together; after which the dog, cat, and rat lay before the fire, whilst the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among these animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most

useful of the four, as it completely freed the house, by the noise that it made, from the rats and mice with which it had been formerly infested.'

In an American volume of *Poetry for Children*, a story is related of a rat that took care of its parent: 'Once in a vessel sailing from New York to Lisbon for wine, the rats were found to increase very fast, and to be very mischievous. They ate so much and destroyed so much that the sailors grew quite angry with them, and resolved on the first opportunity to get rid of them. Accordingly, when the vessel was safe in Lisbon harbour, the captain ordered sulphur to be kindled in the hold. The rats, unable to endure the fumes, left their holes, and in endeavouring to escape were killed in great numbers by the sailors. At length one appeared on the deck bearing on his back another rat which was quite gray with age and also blind. The men, supposing the old rat to be the father of the young one, were affected by the sight; they could not think of killing an animal which shewed so much filial tenderness: it was allowed to pass in safety, and to carry its aged parent to some other habitation.'

We now offer the account of a rat which was tamed by a prisoner in France: There was once in the Bastille a prisoner named La Tude. He was put in when twenty-three years of age, and kept there for thirty-five years, so that he was quite an old man when he got free. This poor man was kept for many years in a little room where he had no company. He saw no one but the jailer who brought him his food. In La Tude's room there was no light except what came through a slit in the wall, and as the wall was thick this slit was very deep. One day as he was looking through the slit, he saw a rat come to the further end of it. Rats are creatures which human beings do not in general like to have near

them; but La Tude was so solitary, that he was glad of the approach of any living thing. He threw the rat a small piece of bread, taking care not to frighten it by any violent movement. It came forward and took the bread, and then seemed to wish for more. La Tude threw another piece to a less distance, by which the rat was tempted to come still nearer to him. Thus he induced the creature to have some confidence in him. As long as he threw bread, it remained; and when it could eat no more, it carried off to its hole the fragments which it had not devoured.

Next day the rat appeared again. He threw it some bread, and also a small piece of beef, which it seemed to relish very much. On the third day it came again, and was now so tame as to eat from La Tude's hands. On the fifth day, it changed its abode to a small hole near the inner end of the slit, as if it wished to be nearer its benefactor. It came very early next morning to get its breakfast from La Tude, and appeared no more that day. On the following morning it came again, but it now had a companion. This was a female rat which peeped cautiously from the hole, apparently very much afraid of the prisoner. La Tude tried to coax her out by throwing bread and meat, but for a long time she refused to venture out. At length, seeing the other rat eat so heartily, she rushed forward, seized a piece, and immediately retreated.

For some days she continued to be very shy, but at length she could bear no longer to see her companion faring so well while she was starving. By and by she became as familiar as the other, and daily ate her dinner out of La Tude's hand. There then appeared a third, which was much less shy at first than either of the others had been. At the second visit, this third rat became one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home,

that he resolved to introduce his companions. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who, in the course of a week, brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, La Tude found himself surrounded by ten large rats. He now gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. They would come out of their holes whenever he called them. He also made them leap like dogs for bits of bread and meat. When they had dined, he made them all dance around him, In short, they became to him like a family of gamesome little children. But his pleasure with his rats did not last long; at the end of two years he was removed to another room in a distant part of the prison, whither his rats of course could not follow him. He wept bitterly at thus parting with the friendly creatures, and for some time felt the pains of imprisonment to be more severe than they ever appeared before.

This story shews us that in certain circumstances the animals which we most loathe and despise may be of service to us.

Another prisoner, Baron Trenck, when imprisoned in a fortress in Germany, 'had so tamed a mouse, that it would play round him, and eat from his mouth. When he whistled, it would come and jump upon his shoulder. After his keepers had given orders that he should be deprived of its society, and had actually taken it away blindfolded, it found its way back again to the door of his dungeon, waited the hour of visitation, when the door would be opened, and immediately testified its joy by its antic leaping between his legs.'

A gentleman in the north of England also made acquaintance with a mouse which visited him in his study, and would wait for a piece of buttered toast. The incident is mentioned in *Animal Biography*. 'In three weeks' time this little fellow would approach the hearth-

rug, sit down and wash his face, warm himself before the fire, and wait patiently for his supper. After supper he would stretch himself out at full length; yet on the slightest alarm would quickly retreat. One evening a large piece of buttered roll was thrown down to him, and delighted with the large size of the donation he nibbled a bit, and frisked about it, and at last by great exertion succeeded in trailing it to the crevice at the bottom of the closet door. The prize was too large to pass the opening, and he was obliged to leave it behind him. In a few minutes after his retreat the observer was astonished to hear a rustling noise in the wall, with some squeaking, till at last out came mousie, followed by his wife and children; who, after dividing and subdividing the mound of bread and butter, assisted each other in pushing and pulling it through the crevice; they succeeded at last, and carried it off in triumph.'

Mary Howitt, a lady well known for her many delightful stories for children, wrote a poem on that little creature the wood-mouse; from which we quote the following verses, to shew how tender feelings may be evoked on a very humble subject in natural history:

D' ye know the little wood-mouse,
  That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
  Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
  And it is small and slim:
It leads a life most innocent,
  Within the forest dim. . . .

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
  Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
  Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree—
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there:
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God hath made
Thus eating in the wood!

I saw that God regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small:
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

In walking through London, we may now and then observe a crowd of persons gathered round a large cage, containing a variety of animals usually considered as opposite and irreconcilable in their natures—such as cats, pigeons, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, owls, canary birds, and other small creatures. The men who shew these collections of animals call them *Happy Families*, from the good temper and happiness in which they appear to dwell together.

What is it that produces such agreement among creatures of so different natures? *Kindness.* The animals, individually, are treated with great kindness by their owners, and trained, by the prospect of little rewards, to conduct themselves meekly towards each other. By this mode of treatment, birds may be trained to perform very remarkable feats; and we shall mention a case in which a boy was enabled to excite in a strong degree the affections of these animals. We condense it from a longer narrative.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who lived at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia. He had two sisters younger than himself, and had only reached his tenth year, when a fire broke out in the house of his father, and reduced it to ashes, while the unfortunate carpenter perished in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute, and forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the pressing wants of each succeeding day.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his needy parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and affection both conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He fell upon the device of collecting young birds, by the sale of which in the public market he was able to support his mother and sisters. While we cannot justify him in the robbery of birds' nests even for this praiseworthy object, we must praise his ingenuity and diligence. On collecting the birds for sale, he kept them in a very large wicker cage, and was thence led to observe that the birds, though various in species, agreed well enough together under the kind treatment he gave them. He even taught an Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his feathered inmates.

Francesco went beyond this. He taught the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss learned to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep; in which condition she allowed herself to be assailed by all the birds pecking at her. The birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a

crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them as a public show, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bounds when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers. Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

This clever boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch, that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an adjoining garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised it to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden-trees towards home. Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from

them by a very grievous accident. Through ignorance of the various tribes of mushrooms, he ate a poisonous fungus, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but mournful cries, and all taking scarcely any food.

The death of Francesco shewed in a remarkable manner what affections may be called forth in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favourites shewed on his decease such real and lasting grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she died about four months after the death of her beloved master. It was a striking instance of that species of fidelity to a deceased master which has been recorded in the story of GREYFRIARS' BOBBY; and is in some respects more affecting.

THE CAGING OF BIRDS.

WHETHER the keeping of birds in cages as domestic pets is to be deemed an act of cruelty to animals cannot, we think, be determined on any abstract principle. In this, as in many other questions, much depends on circumstances. Robbing birds of their liberty in order to confine them in cages is clearly wrong, and so much we have already indicated. To keep birds which were born in captivity in cages, and that would probably perish if liberated, is a very different matter; there are good reasons for thinking that the giving of freedom to them would be cruelty.

This somewhat perplexing subject has been treated practically and with much delicacy of feeling by ANNE and JANE TAYLOR. These were two authoresses who lived in the early part of the present century, and who were distinguished not less by their ingenious industry in helping their father as an engraver, than by writing sundry poems and hymns for young people. Their poems, which refer to the caging of birds, are the following:

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Here in this wiry prison where I sing,
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly,
Unable once to try my useless wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky—

Day after day the self-same things I see,
The cold white ceiling, and this dreary house;
Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree,
Rocked by the winds that whistled through the boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with flowers,
And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay,

But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray.

O how I long to stretch my listless wings,
And fly away as far as eye can see ;
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he !

Why was I taken from the waving nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges green ;
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen ?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs,
And I, poor lonely I, in grief repine,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires ?

Say not, the tuneful notes I daily pour
Are songs of pleasure from a heart at ease ;
They are but wailings at my prison door,
Incessant cries to taste the open breeze !

Kind mistress, come, with gentle pitying hand,
Unbar that curious grate, and set me free ;
Then on the white-thorn bush I 'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE BIRD.

Dear little bird, don't make this piteous cry ;
My heart will break to hear thee thus complain ;
Gladly, dear little bird, I 'd let thee fly,
If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Base was the boy who climbed the tree so high,
And took thee, bare and shivering, from thy nest :
But no, dear little bird, it was not I ;
There 's more of soft compassion in my breast.

But when I saw thee gasping wide for breath,
Without one feather on thy callow skin,

I begged the cruel boy to spare thy death,
Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care,
And filled thy gaping beak with nicest food;
Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,
And then with chickweed green thy dwelling strewed.

Soon downy feathers dressed thy naked wing,
Smoothed by thy little beak with beauish care;
And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing,
And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison-door,
And let thee out into the world so wide,
Unused to such a wondrous place before,
Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,
And fright the stranger from their woods away;
Fierce hawks would chase thee trembling through the skies,
Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad, on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit,
Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard;
And when the wintry wind and driving sleet
Came sweeping o'er, they 'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my favourite, to be free;
Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye:
I would not take thee from thy native tree;
But now, 'twould kill thee soon, to let thee fly.

THE TALKING BIRD.

CERTAIN birds possess the faculty of repeating words which they are taught by a course of training. This accomplishment must be considered as more a matter of imitation than of reasoning, and is no doubt dependent

on the organs of speech. The parrot and starling are the two most notable instances of talking birds; but the raven has also a faculty of the same kind. We cannot properly describe the cuckoo as a talking bird; for though it very plainly says 'Cuckoo,' that is only its natural note. The same remark applies to an American bird, called the Whip-Poor-Will, from its notes having a fancied resemblance to these words.

Some parrots talk better than others, according to the degree of trouble taken to teach them, and to make them

The Talking Bird.

understand if possible when and how to apply the words properly. No matter what be the language they are taught. Parrots in France learn to speak French, and those in England speak English. Of all the talking parrots we have ever heard of, whether French or English, none excelled a parrot described by a correspondent in *Chambers's Journal*, in 1874. The creature belonged to Mr Peter Truefitt, photographer, Edinburgh. It was a large parrot of the gray species, with a red tail, demure in aspect, and with a well-developed fore-

head, as if indicating a peculiar degree of intelligence. A visit was made by appointment to see this extraordinary bird, and witness its powers of loquacity.

I went early, says this writer, and was ushered into the dining-room by the servant. Breakfast was set, but, with the exception of Mrs Truefitt, no one had come down-stairs. Poll was in his usual place, and appeared to be very much excited. I got out my pocket-book and pencil, to be ready. 'We 'll take our seats at the table,' said Mrs Truefitt; and we had no sooner done so, than Poll, perched on one of the bars which ran across his cage, and looking toward the door of the room, shouted in a sound, clear, distinct voice: 'Peter, come to breakfast. Polly wants his breakfast. Quick, you rascal.' It being summer-time, there was no coal in the grate, but lifting the poker, Mrs Truefitt made a feint of stirring the fire, when the parrot, in a most pathetic voice, said: 'Is it very cold?' When Mr Truefitt entered the room, Poll more than surprised me by bowing most gracefully, and saying: 'Good-morning, Mr Truefitt; I hope you are well.' But when the auntie of the family appeared, the joy of the bird was unbounded. 'Auntie,' he said, '*comment vous portez-vous?* What news in the *Scotsman* this morning? Come and kiss me, auntie. Come and kiss me, darling. Kiss me then. O kiss me.' This was uttered in a most affectionate voice.

I felt astounded, and could scarcely believe my eyes and ears. Nor would he cease repeating the latter sentence until the auntie approached him and wished him good-morning. What surprised me most was the appropriateness of the bird's words to the circumstances. Of course, this was the result of training; but how could a bird, not possessed of a reasoning faculty, be trained to know, not only *how* to articulate certain words, but *when* to articulate them? This was the question which puzzled

me. For example, when the cups were being filled, he looked gravely down to the table and asked: 'Are ye wantin' yer tea?' and when we began to eat, he imitated the smacking of lips, and asked: 'Is it nice? Is it good—very good?' And after he had partaken of some dainty which Mrs Truefitt gave him, he again imitated the smacking of lips, and pronounced it 'good, good, nice, nice, very nice.' The fact of this appropriateness says much for Mrs Truefitt, his sole and exclusive teacher; but I confess that I have always felt a difficulty about it. We had salmon for breakfast, and some one having asked if it was good, Poll said: 'Fine, fine; taste it, taste it;' and again imitated the smacking of lips, as if he were tasting it himself, and then said: 'Thank you, thank you.' During the half-hour or so we sat at breakfast, he seemed to know that I was there to hear him and report; at least—which is not a usual thing with him so early in the day—he kept dancing about the cage, and firing off such sentences as the following: 'Mamma, Polly is going to school. Mamma, he 's going to college to learn to be a doctor. Yes, my pretty bird—yes.'

Here he would pause a little, and then start another theme. Sometimes he shouted like a mariner: 'What ship? What ship, ahoy? Mate, there 's a man overboard, of the royal navy.' This last sentence he articulated most admirably. Then he was a baronet, and a candidate for the suffrages of a constituency. 'Vote,' he cried, 'for Sir Polly Truefitt. I am a member of parliament. Major Polly Truefitt of the British army.' And that he was interested in passing events was evident from the fact that he asked Mr Truefitt the following question: 'Peter, have you seen the great Shah?' Then, as if he wished me to understand that he was not altogether ignorant of literature, he quoted: 'Come on, Macduff, and *coward*

be he who first cries hold enough!' 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' 'Richard is himself again.' He repeated several other quotations, which I neglected to take down, but I remember that at the close he very emphatically, and with a dash of pride, pronounced the author's name—'Shakspeare,' and shook his head, as much as to say that he knew what he was about. After a little silence, he said in a *waesome* manner: 'Poor papa, poor papa; he is up among the little stars.' This he had picked up after the death of the late Mr Truefitt, who was very fond of him. He repeated this several times; and then naming a terrier that once belonged to the family, he said mournfully: 'Poor Blucher, poor Blucher! Blucher is dead.' Then sharply: 'But Blucher was only a dog;' and very proudly: 'But Polly is a good, good, good little boy. Ah, Jack'—this to the new dog—'you are a bad boy. Go to the kitchen, sir. You are a bad boy; yes, yes.' When any one knocked at the door, he would say: 'Come in.' In the middle of conversation, he would say: 'That 's what I said,' or 'O no,' or 'Yes, yes.'

After breakfast, I was left alone with the parrot, but not long. An old gentleman called to see Mr Truefitt in his studio. He had a boy with him about eight years of age, who was put into the dining-room to wait until the old gentleman came down-stairs. The boy sat down on the seat nearest the door, directly opposite Poll's cage. A few moments of silence occurred, and then Poll, pulling himself up, addressed the little stranger thus: 'John, attend to your master. John, fetch me a cigar. John, a glass of beer with the chill off. John, put the horses to the carriage; Polly wants a drive in the gardens with Lady Polly. John, brush my coat; quick, you rascal.' At the conclusion of this speech, which was delivered with an air of authority, the poor little fellow, whose name happened to be John, was nearly frightened out of

his wits, and leaving the room, he disappeared up-stairs, screaming: 'Grandpa, the bird in the room has been speaking to me!' When the old gentleman came down, he would see this wonderful bird; and he had no sooner made his appearance in the dining-room, than Poll very sharply asked: 'What's your name, sir?' The old gentleman literally sank into a chair. 'My name,' continued the parrot, answering his own question—'my name is pretty Polly Truefitt, seventy-two Princes Street' (the number of a previous house). 'I'm a Volunteer; Captain Polly Truefitt, First Highland Company. What corps are you?' Then putting himself into the attitude of a drill-sergeant, he unburdened himself in the following manner: 'Attention. Dress. Eyes front. Shoulder arms' (the reader will excuse Polly's order). 'Fix bayonets. Rear rank, take open order; right about face; quick, march. *Hooray*, Hurrah for the Prince of Wales! Sergeant-major, right wheel. Make ready, make ready—present—fire!' He then continued for some time shouting 'toot-oot-oot,' &c. in imitation of the firing of rifles.

The old gentleman was amazed, and no wonder, for Poll's pronunciation while delivering himself of these words of drill, the inflection of his voice, and entire attitude, are so perfect, that a captain of Volunteers told me that the first time he heard him at it he was waiting for Mr Truefitt in the adjoining drawing-room, and could scarcely believe, even after the truth was made known to him, but that Mr Truefitt, being a Volunteer, had engaged a drill instructor to post him up for the evening. 'Indeed,' he added, 'I never heard a drill-sergeant whose articulation was to be compared to that of the parrot.' After this effort, as if conscious of having done a good morning's work, Poll wished us 'good-bye,' and leaping into his ring, said no more until the one o'clock gun, which is fired from the Castle, went off; when, rousing

himself, he made the room ring by crying: 'One o'clock, one o'clock; Polly wants his dinner. Jeanie, lay the cloth; Polly wants his dinner, with a glass of sherry;' and ceased not until the cloth was laid and the dinner set.

It will be necessary to pass over the afternoon performances of this wonderful bird, as a description of them would take up too much space. In the evening, four ladies were present, and among them a clergyman's wife, who was more than delighted with Poll's singing. As if certain that he would be desired to sing, he made the following request to himself: 'Poll,' he said, 'sing a pretty song to the ladies;' then coughing, like a nervous young lady about to entertain a party, he sang several verses, giving to each its appropriate tune.

His singing of *Poll's a jolly good Fellow*, and several other songs, was inimitable; but when asked to repeat it by the clergyman's wife, he very sharply told her to 'go to the kitchen.' That he objected to being encored was evident, so we allowed him to sing, dance, speak, laugh, or be silent just as he pleased. Polly is a capital laugher. He bends and unbends, and does it so heartily that it is difficult to believe that he is not consciously amused. Then he cries too, most mournfully, and generally indulges in it when he hears any one speaking in piteous tones. When the company had dispersed on the evening in question, he looked as if aware that he had shewn himself off to some advantage, and, indeed, went the length of saying: 'Poll is a very pretty bird. He's a good little boy.' When drawing near to the later hours, he interrupted an interesting conversation by saying: 'Are you not going to your beddies? Polly is going to his beddie. Yes. Good-night, good-night.' He then leapt into his ring, and retired for the night, evidently highly satisfied with the day's performance.

I am certain that I have not recorded the half of what I heard Poll say, but enough has been quoted to shew that he is a most wonderful bird. A lady offered twenty guineas for him lately, and was astonished to find that a hundred guineas would not buy him. The last time I saw him, he pronounced my name distinctly, after hearing it a few times. He then wished the Duke of Edinburgh much joy, and informed me that he was proud to have the honour of the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales. Afterwards, when the Prince left for India, the parrot said very plainly: 'The Prince of Wales has gone to India; I wish him safely home again.'

We regret to add that this remarkable parrot died in November 1876, from some ailment of the tongue and throat, which prevented it from taking food. The night before it died, and when in a languid state, it bade the family 'good-night.' In the morning it tried to speak, but overcome by the exertion, it threw itself backwards and died in the hands of its kind friends, who have mourned its loss with true sorrow. They have had it stuffed for preservation; besides which memorial, they possess a photograph which was taken during life. Such is now all that can be shewn for poor 'Major Polly Truefitt!'

AFFECTION IN BIRD-LIFE.

ANY one who will watch carefully may soon perceive that not only pigeons in the court-yard, sparrows on the roof, crows and magpies in the wood, and many other birds, always live together in inseparable pairs, but also that swallows, and various other small birds, when, in the autumn, they fly about in great swarms previous to migrating, always keep together affectionately in pairs.

Starlings, crows, and various others collect together in the evenings in large numbers on bushes, high trees, and church roofs for a night's rest; but in the morning the company resolves itself into pairs, and during the entire time of flight these pairs remain together. Several species are the exception to this rule, inasmuch as the two sexes form into separate companies to prosecute their migratory flight; such is the case with most of our summer warblers. The males start, and also probably return some days earlier than the females; but whenever the two sexes have returned, they mate; and the pairs then formed are supposed to be of the same individuals as in previous years. The male nightingales arrive in England a week or two earlier than the females. For this temporary separation, however, there is a sufficient reason. It is to seek out proper nestling-places, just as a husband would leave his wife to find a house suitable for his family.

The fidelity and affectionate intimacy of united bird-life appear most conspicuously in pairs of the Grosbeak family and in small parrots. Here is perfect harmony of will and deed. The two sweethearts appear unwilling to leave one another's company for a moment all their life; they do everything together—eating and drinking, bathing and dressing of feathers, sleeping and waking. Various degrees of affection and harmony are discernible on close observation. Among the small grosbeaks, pairs of which sit together, the intimate relation is never disturbed; even over the feeding-cup there is no quarrelling. They stand highest in this respect among birds. Love-tokens are exchanged by pressing of beaks together—a veritable kissing, accompanied with loving gestures. They are also more sociable, and even at nesting-time more peaceable, than other birds. In the case of other grosbeaks, when the male bird sits by the female in the nest, there

are various demonstrations of affection, but also slight occasional disputes, especially about feeding-time. Next in order come the small parrots, which also appear almost inseparable. The male bird feeds his companion with seeds from the crop. This goes on quite regularly during the hatching, and until the young are somewhat grown. During all this time the hen-bird, which broods alone, never leaves the nest but for a few minutes; and the cock shews such affectionate care, that the whole day he seems to do nothing but take food and give it again. Yet this loving union is marred from time to time, even during the hatching-time, with quarrels that sometimes come to blows. Again, the male bird of a pair of chaffinches only sits occasionally on the eggs or young; but he watches the nest very carefully, singing to his mate the while, accompanies the hen in flight, and helps her in feeding the young.

The unions of parrots present great differences. The long-tailed Australian parrots, beautiful in plumage, but mentally inferior, are not nearly so affectionate towards each other as the little short-tailed species. M. Russ, a careful observer, tells us that the male bird of the Australian Nymph Cockatoo generally remains by night with the female, and during the day sits much more than she does. Such parental care is rare. Many parrots, especially large species, are by no means peaceable in their sexual relations, and appear somewhat affectionate only at the time of nidification. Large parrots are commonly very excited at brooding-time, and ferocious towards other animals, and even men. All parrots shew affection by giving food out of the crop.

We have already said that the grosbeaks express affection for one another. The male frequently also performs a dance before the object of his regard; he hops about in a droll courtesying manner, with outspread tail and

nodding head, warbling at the same time a melodious ditty. The larger grosbeaks give forth peculiar sounds, accompanied with a hopping movement. These dances are frequently to be noticed in bird-life; among the best known and most skilful in this respect are those of the black-cock, the demonstrations of which are exceedingly interesting to watch.

We come to another expression of affection in bird-life—namely, song. It is to a great extent of a purely emulative character, and not seldom is the contention so strong and persistent, that one of the two rivals, through over-exertion, falls lifeless to the ground. One may observe such rivalry in spring, in the woods and fields, between two neighbouring male finches, nightingales, and various other birds. And in the aviary it is to be observed not only among the excellent singers, such as the gray finches and red cardinals, but also in the comparatively silent grosbeaks.

But the singing of birds has of course also another aspect—it is the most potent means of wooing. And this is true not only as regards the sweet plaint of the nightingale, the melodious warbling of the finch, but also of the hoarse croaking of the crows, the ear-splitting screech of the jay, the murmur of the pigeons, and the like—doubtless the most bewitching tones they are able to produce. It can hardly be doubted that the response awakened in the heart of female birds in these circumstances is quite as genuinely tender as the notes addressed to them. The very birds of the air might teach a lesson to man—to the wretches who, in the bosom of civilisation, kick wives to death, and leave their children to die under the accumulated miseries of want and desolation!

IMITATIVE SONG IN BIRDS.

THE capacity for imitating notes and tunes belongs to certain birds, just as parrots and starlings learn to imitate words; the starling, indeed, can also be taught to whistle a few bars of some popular tune for the amusement of the family to which it belongs. Its powers in this respect, however, are far outdone by the piping bull-finch. This bird, which resembles the English bull-finch, is found in Germany and some other continental countries. It is a beautifully marked bird, with a short thick rounded bill. The song of the bull-finch in a wild state is very simple, with no particular quality to recommend it; but it is remarkably susceptible of improvement by education; and trained bull-finches of superior acquirements are sold at a very considerable price—sometimes as much as twenty guineas.

Usually they are taught to whistle only one air accurately. The ability to perform several airs correctly, and without confusing one with another, is more rare. The training of these birds is carried on in Germany by persons who may be styled bird music-teachers, who spend much time and trouble in bringing their pupils to a proper degree of accomplishment. Not less than nine months of training are requisite: it begins when the bird is a mere nestling, and must be carefully continued till after the first moulting, for it is a curious circumstance, that all which has been previously acquired is very apt to be lost at that time, or is afterwards so imperfectly remembered that the bird is of little value. The bull-finch is capable of very strong attachment to those who feed and caress it, and often becomes so thoroughly domesticated as to exhibit no desire for liberty.

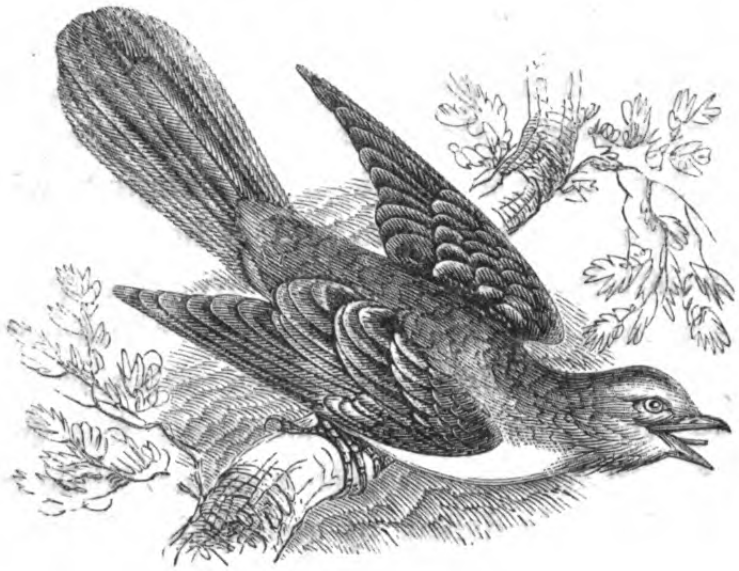
In Kidd's *Treatises on Song-Birds*—a series of valuable little tracts as regards the feeding and treatment of these domesticated pets—an account is given by a lady of the manner in which bull-finches are instructed in Germany. She mentions that they are taught in classes of about six in number, by a small barrel-organ, which plays only the tune which the birds have to learn. Before making their first essay, the birds are kept very hungry. In this condition they are placed in a dark room, in which the organ is played for their

Bull-finch.

instruction. By a sort of intuition they understand that they are to imitate the tune. As soon as they imitate a few notes, the light is admitted into the room, and they receive some food, which they feel to be a reward for their diligence. And so on goes their education—always rewarded with food on piping additional notes, until by dint of perseverance they can whistle a whole tune correctly. The cultivation of piping bull-finches is a regular trade in Germany. When well taught, the birds

are exported to England and elsewhere for sale by dealers in foreign and British birds.

We can hardly draw any comparison between the piping bull-finch and the mocking-bird, though there is a resemblance in their powers of imitation. The mocking-bird bears a resemblance to the thrush or mavis, but is more elongated in form, and its upper mandible is curved at the tip. This brisk active bird is common in America. All the year round it inhabits the southern United States. In the north it is only a summer visitant. The mocking-bird is found also in the West Indies;



Mocking-bird.

there its exquisite song fills the groves with melody, for which reason it is known as the nightingale.

By day, the mocking-bird is generally imitative, excelling all birds in its power of imitation, now taking up the song of one bird and now of another, and often deceiving the most practised ear by its perfect performance. In short, it imitates by nature, while the piping bull-finch imitates by art. By night, the mocking-bird keeps for the most part to its own warbling notes. It does not, however, confine itself to musical strains; it

seems to take equal pleasure in repeating the harshest cries of the feathered tribes, and in domestication it imitates any sounds it happens to hear. In fact, the mocking-bird is an accomplished mimic. It readily learns to whistle a tune, even of considerable length. The barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the crowing of a cock, the cackling of a hen, the creaking of a wheel-barrow, are all within the compass of its powers. During its performances, it spreads its wings, expands its tail, and throws itself about as if full of enthusiasm and enjoyment. It seems to have a pleasure in playing tricks on the animals domesticated along with it. The mocking-bird, says Wilson the ornithologist, 'whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood.' As to his imitative song, 'he runs over the quivering of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginian nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.' We might be warranted in saying that from its comprehensive powers of imitation, the mocking-bird is more of a wonder than the piping bull-finch. Its performances fill us with emotion.

PIGEONS.

Pigeons may be ranked among the most beautiful and interesting birds. Under the name of the dove, the pigeon is associated with feelings of tenderness and piety. Although not without a certain force of character,

pigeons of every species and variety are gentle, and deserve to be treated with more consideration and kindness than often fall to their lot. The ringdove, or wood-pigeon, is the most common British species, and its soft cooing among woods and plantations gives pleasant intimations of approaching summer. In a state of domestication, the pigeon is susceptible, by a choice of birds, of producing many fanciful varieties, such as the tumbler, so called from its turning over in the air when flying; the jacobin or ruff, which has a frill of feathers round its neck; the pouter, which has a swollen crop which it can puff out to such a size that its head is almost hidden; the fan-tail, whose tail stands up like a fan; the trumpeter, which is a fine strong bird; besides various others.

Pigeons possess an immense power of flight. They can travel great distances on the wing. This leads us to say that nature has assigned to pigeons an important office in creation. Their stomachs do not digest the seeds of certain fruits, and these seeds being discharged in the course of flight, trees are thus disseminated and planted in situations which could never otherwise be reached by the parent vegetables. The power of flight in the animal seems only to be part of a beautiful and providential design to promote the growth of trees useful to man. In that consideration alone, how much does the pigeon rise in our estimation, and offer claims on our compassion.

Audubon, an American ornithologist, relates an anecdote illustrative of the deep impressions liable to be made on the mind from hearing the cooing of the Zenaida dove, a pigeon which frequents the small islands, known as Keys, in the Gulf of Florida. 'The cooing of the Zenaida dove is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, "What bird is

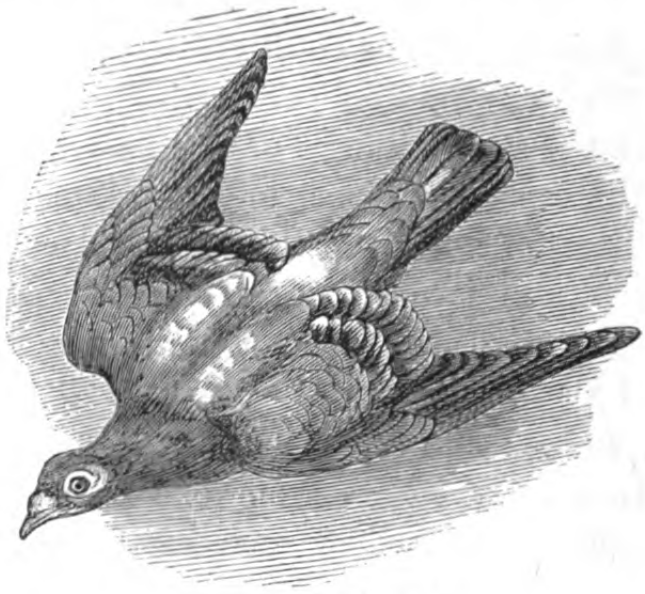
that?" A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known key, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was (although I believe by force) with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God," an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws, and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.'

The American continent is famed for the prodigious number of its pigeons, the vast extent of forest affording them at once a place of safe resort and an abundance of food for their subsistence. At the head of the list is the passenger pigeon, which is not less renowned for its extraordinary power of flight than its power of vision. Surprising accounts are given by Audubon and by Wilson of the mighty flocks of passenger pigeons when on the

wing. During several days in succession, the sky is darkened with their numbers. 'Let us,' says Audubon, 'take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours at the rate of a mile in the minute. This will give a parallelogram covering a hundred and eight square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.'

Amazed at the vast numbers of the passenger pigeons, we admire the capacity of the carrier pigeons as involuntary transmitters of intelligence from one place to another. The carrier pigeon is a variety of the domestic pigeon, remarkable for the degree in which it possesses the instinct and power of returning from a distance to its accustomed home; and which has been, therefore, much employed to convey letters from one place to another. In Eastern countries, where such messengers are most frequently employed, it is the practice to bathe the pigeon's feet in vinegar to keep them cool, and to prevent it from alighting in quest of water, by which the letter might sustain injury. Pigeons intended for this use must be brought from the place to which they are to return, within a short period, not exceeding a fortnight of their being let loose, and at a time when they have young in their nest. The bird is also kept in the dark and without food for at least eight hours before being let loose. The instinct by which it is guided, like most other instincts, has received no sufficient explanation. That it recognises objects by sight, and so directs its course, is nothing more than a conjecture, and as

such, is only very partially supported by the fact of the great power of vision which these birds, in common with so many others, are known to possess, and by that of the carrier pigeon, on being let loose, immediately rising spirally to a great height in the air, as if to obtain opportunity for the exercise of this power. The carrier pigeon has probably been more used in the Turkish dominions than in any other part of the world. It was largely made use of by the French during the siege of Paris in 1871. Taken out of the



Carrier Pigeon.

city by balloons, the carrier pigeons brought back important news and messages, by which means a certain degree of communication was kept up with the world outside. The rate of flight of the carrier pigeon is not less than thirty miles an hour, and it has been known to pass over great distances still more rapidly.

In the carrier pigeon, as in the camel, we may surely read a remarkable example of the care with which all things in the natural world have been adapted to each other by divine wisdom. As in the broad horny feet of the camel, and its power of subsisting for many days

without water, we see that it has been designed to aid man in travelling over the sandy deserts of the climes to which it is indigenous, so may we trace, in the wonderful instinct of the carrier pigeon, in connection with the physical circumstances of the countries in which it was first reared, an intention that it should serve as a means of communicating sentiment and intelligence between minds which would otherwise find such intercourse nearly impossible.

SPARROWS.

THE Common or House Sparrow is plentiful all over the British Islands. It is a hardy little creature, with no recommendations as to beauty nor as regards song. It merely chirrups in a brisk sort of way, and twittering about the eaves and tops of houses, or alighting at back doors to pick up crumbs, is a bird of the most independent character. As its sharp chirrup is not pleasant, it is not made a domestic pet. No bird is considered so valueless as the sparrow, and yet it is of great value in destroying insects that are injurious to trees and growing crops. The sparrow is a kind of scavenger. It has been averred that a pair of sparrows, during the time they are feeding their young, will destroy on an average every week nearly four thousand caterpillars. As sparrows are great frequenters of farm-steadings, they might be described as one of the best friends of the gardener and agriculturist —better perhaps than our summer visitant the swallow.

Sparrows in considerable numbers have latterly been exported from England to the United States, and also to New Zealand, for the purpose of being naturalised in these countries, and cherished for their ability in clearing cities, parks, and trees of offensive insects.

Excepting where the winters are too cold, the sparrows so naturalised in America have thriven amazingly and increased in numbers, much to the satisfaction of the people who introduced them. To shelter them as far as possible from the inclemency of the weather, small wooden houses, placed on trees, have been erected for their accommodation, while police-constables have been instructed to guard them from molestation. Writing on the subject, a correspondent in the *New York Times* bears witness to the value of the imported colonies of sparrows:

'A few years ago the streets of New York and Brooklyn were infested with bugs and worms that riddled all the vegetation, hung in great festoons from the trees, swung in the air on every side, drove the whole population from what was once the cool and comfortable shade, making the sunny side of the street the refuge of the pedestrian, and the parks no longer pleasure resorts, but nuisances. People were always dodging these pests in walking; in the cars they picked them from each other's bonnets, in church from each other's backs. It was like a plague of Egypt, and people cried out for a Moses. The little European house sparrow undertook that *rôle*, and was successively introduced into the parks and open spaces, and everywhere its enemy and ours vanished before it. The difference in enjoyment between a summer in New York now and a few years since is very great, which must be laid to the account of our faithful little ally. Sparrows are now seen in this country by the thousand, and not only are they scavengers of cities and keepers of parks —not only do they make streets habitable and shade-trees grateful—but they are worth their weight in gold to fruit-growers in the country round about.'

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake:
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind—
Here subterranean works and cities see:
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know:
And there for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate—
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law;
And right too rigid harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet, go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway;
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored.'

POPE.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN ITALY.

ANY one who has travelled, or resided for a short time, in Italy, will have remarked the generally cruel treatment of animals. Horses, asses, and mules in particular, are under-fed, overtasked, and often beaten unmercifully.

English residents at Rome and Florence are amazed and shocked at these brutalities, which do not seem to receive much notice from natives, even of good position and intelligence. Our distinguished countrywoman, the late Mrs Somerville, who spent her concluding years in Italy, made an effort to arouse public sympathy for animals; the cruelties, however, which pained her still go on as usual. In Naples, horses and mules are worked in old age and in disease, in a manner pitiable to behold. That the Italians, who have so much reason to boast of advancement in various branches of the fine arts, should be so insensible to the odious cruelties perpetrated on the poor dumb creatures placed at their mercy, is a little surprising and unaccountable; for they have not, as in Spain, been brutalised by the spectacle of bull-fights in a public arena.

In Italy, there is no distinct law to check and punish cruelties to animals. As a matter of private interest, all do as they like in regard to animal suffering. Professors in universities and other educational institutions may, in their prosecution of physiological science, pursue with impunity the practice of vivisection on little dogs brought to them; tying down the wretched and helpless animals on tables, and proceeding, with appropriate instruments, to lay open part of their head, body, or limbs, in order to demonstrate to students some principle in the nervous or muscular economy—the piercing yells of the suffering victims being wholly unheeded. With our whole heart we protest against and hold up to merited obloquy the insensate perpetrators of these shameful atrocities. The dominion imparted to man over the lower animals gives no power to inflict pain, on pretence of serving the purposes of science; although some, we are sorry to say, think it does. Common humanity, to say nothing of Christian sentiment, revolts at mangling and martyring

the meanest being in creation, least of all those gentle and affectionate domestic animals which confidingly minister to our happiness.

We are led to make these remarks by having observed that a special correspondent of *The Times* in Rome (December 24, 1873) drew attention to the subject of cruelty to animals in Italy. He appears to have been prompted to do so, in reporting a remarkable lawsuit at Florence. It was briefly this. Two individuals, one of them Schiff, Professor of Physiology, were indicted for a nuisance; the charge being that they disturbed the neighbourhood by the screams of the animals which they were constantly subjecting to vivisection. There was no complaint on the score of cruelty. That is not stated as having been a cause of any concern. The accusation simply was that the loud yells of the animals caused such discomfort, that the value of the adjoining property had deteriorated. As the counsel for the plaintiffs happened to be absent when the case came before the tribunal, no decision was arrived at, but a pledge was given that the yells should not be repeated—that is to say, the cries of the cruelly treated animals should not in future be heard. No obligation was given not to repeat the cruelty out of public hearing.

The correspondent from Rome who narrated the case proceeds to say—and all possible honour to him for being so outspoken: 'In Italy, especially in the capital, cruelty to animals is practised to an extent unknown in any Christian country [Spain excepted]. The sights that one sees, and the sounds one hears, all along the main thoroughfares of Rome, are something so distressing and revolting, as greatly to counterbalance the pleasure foreign visitors find in their residence in this city. One would say that a carter in Rome considers savage yells, horrid oaths, and blows with the loaded butt-end of his whip,

with a heavy cudgel, or with the handle of a pitch-fork, good substitutes for hay and corn to keep up the strength of his team, and to stimulate them to supernatural exertions. The whole way from the centre of the town to the railway station is a battle-field between man and beast from morning to night. It is not that all these drivers, carters, and conductors are deliberately inhuman, or dead to all sympathy with their four-footed servants: in many instances, they are to be seen with their shoulder to the wheel, tugging for very life, anxious to share the toil which, as they well perceive, too far exceeds the powers of their half-starved cattle. But why their cattle should be so wretchedly fed, and why the weight they are made to draw should be so iniquitously out of all proportion with their strength, is what never seems to strike either the men themselves or their employers, or the authorities whose business it ought to be to think for them.'

The writer of this painful account of matters adds, that the police, under a general law of public security, might be entitled to interfere in cases of obvious cruelty, but they seldom give themselves the trouble; nor can we wonder at their indifference, seeing that they would have little or no support from public opinion. Any one attempting to invoke sympathy for horses, asses, and mules, would meet only with ridicule. Very discouraging this: yet at the risk of appearing Quixotic, strangers, we are glad to learn, have been successful in promoting humane associations at Florence, Palermo, and several other places.

In France, things are a degree better, partly owing to the exertions of a Society for the Protection of Animals, and to a law of 1850, called the Grammont law, under which a punishment of a fine of five or six francs, with the alternative of five days' imprisonment, shall be inflicted

on all such as shall exercise publicly any cruelty to domestic animals; and imprisonment will always be inflicted in case of a second offence. The law is imperfect; but it is something, and may lead to more effective measures of protection. In the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, there are laws of recent date forbidding the ill-treatment of animals. In Germany, there are now societies professedly for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but from all we have seen they are of little practical benefit. The mind of the continent generally is not roused on the subject.

DR CHALMERS'S COMPASSION FOR ANIMALS.

THE Rev. Dr Chalmers, who was noted for the energy of his character and wide humane sympathies, compassionated the condition of animals, and wrote severely yet justly on the cruelties to which they are subjected. He referred more particularly to the 'sports of the field,' in which animals are often destroyed in a coarse and cruel manner, it may be out of pure heedlessness.

'Man,' he says, 'is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realised: "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that, for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity

and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of man's cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

'These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or

superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos.

'All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye: and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species—there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself

cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.'

NOTABLE ACTS OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The cruelties to which animals are exposed are of two kinds—those which arise from ignorance or heedlessness, and those which are the result of a malevolent disposition. Much is a consequence of the want of knowledge of what is due to animals; and the best preventive of such a state of things is to teach children to cultivate habits of kindness to domesticated animals. This may be done by precept and example, and also by the perusal of interesting works on natural history, and of anecdotes and stories regarding animals, of which some specimens are offered in the present work. From our own experience, nothing will possibly be so efficacious in softening the feelings of children towards animals as to bring them up in the society of domestic pets, such as a gentle-tempered dog, a cat, or a bird; the habits of these animals seldom failing less or more to assuage mental asperities, and to implant comprehensively genial notions regarding what is just and generous to all living creatures.

The following are some notable acts of cruelty against which all should be put on their guard:

Dogs.—Mutilating them by cutting their tail, or their ears. The dog's tail is useful to it for expressing emotions of pleasure or anger. The wagging of the tail is equivalent to a smile of satisfaction, or a token of displeasure. The shortening of this member is therefore

an act of cruelty. The shortening of the ears is equally, if not more cruel; for the dependent part of the ears is given by nature as a protection against cold and wet; and in the case of terriers it prevents earth getting into the organs of hearing.

Lesser acts of cruelty to dogs are as follows: Not taking care to provide them with fresh water in a dish to be always within their reach. Turning them into the street to roam about neglected. Keeping them sitting in the cold and wet outside the door. Not giving them a proper mat or bed to lie upon. Leaving them dirty and uncomfortable. Beating and kicking them; throwing small and delicate dogs into the water to sink or swim, and otherwise abusing them.

In Germany and some other continental countries dogs are fitted with a harness, and forced to draw small carts for the delivery of milk, bread, and other articles. The animals so maltreated are seen to suffer from the fatigue of drawing; they pant severely, with the tongue hanging from the mouth. This species of cruelty was once common in England, but was stopped by the act of parliament which renders it penal to yoke dogs in carts or any other kind of vehicles.

Setting dogs to fight one against another is now very properly proscribed by law. But it is still perpetrated in a clandestine way in some parts of England among the least educated of the population. It is the duty of every one to try to prevent this species of cruelty. Those who are guilty of inciting dogs to fight ought to be handed over to the police. Bull-baiting and badger-drawing with dogs, once common sports, are now equally illegal, and little heard of. An improvement in feelings has materially tended to abolish these coarse and reprehensible public amusements.

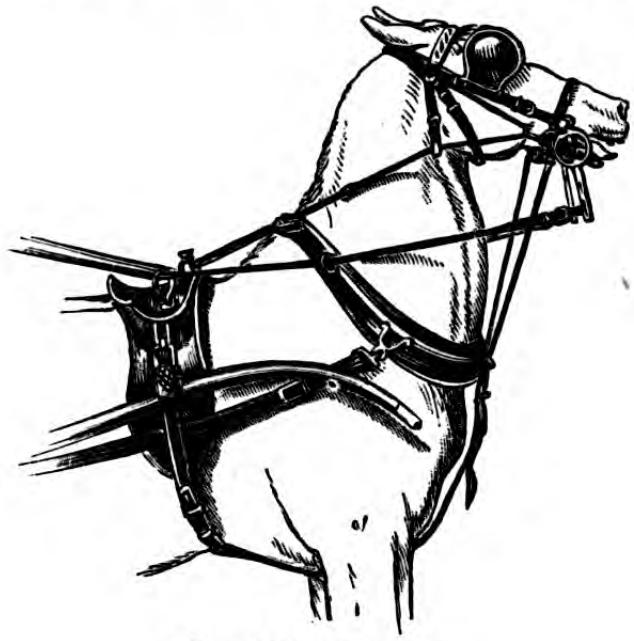
Cats.—When families having a cat remove from town

to the country for a season, they are in humanity bound either to take the animal with them or leave some one in the house to take care of it. We regret to say that many families fail in this duty. They shut up the house, and turn their cat out of doors to shift for itself for the space of two or three months. Thus rendered homeless, and exposed to the weather, the poor animal suffers from the agonies of hunger, and wanders about in a pitiable and disconsolate condition. It is, in fact, grossly maltreated by those for whom it had an affectionate regard, and to whom it never gave any cause of complaint. This species of cruelty to cats deserves the severest reprehension, and is worthy of notice by societies for preventing cruelty to animals. The crime, for so we call it, is of frequent occurrence in London and Edinburgh, where it has been matter for public remonstrance.

Horses are subject to greater maltreatment than any other animals. They are worked when in an unfit state from lameness or sores. They are overloaded, beaten with sticks, and brutally kicked while doing their utmost to perform their cruelly assigned tasks. They are starved by withholding food. They are observed to suffer for want of water to assuage their thirst. Often they are kept in dark and wretched stables, regardless of their health or comfort. These and other acts of cruelty to horses and donkeys are by far the most numerous class of offences which fall under the notice of societies for preventing cruelty to animals, and are very properly punished by magistrates. At one time it was customary to shorten or dock the tails of horses. After being abandoned, this odious practice, we regret to say, has been lately resumed, greatly to the distress of the animals operated on.

While the more gross acts of cruelty to horses are committed by illiterate persons in a humble station of

life, serious cruelties are perpetrated by individuals who aspire to move in the higher classes of society. We would particularly refer to the practice of tightening up the heads of carriage-horses by gags and bearing-reins. The object of this cruel apparatus is to make the animal prance and foam at the mouth, such being thought to give it a fine appearance in driving. No consideration is given to what the animal suffers. The use of the bearing-rein is indeed truly frightful. Powerless to relieve itself, the horse frets, champs, gapes, foams, in

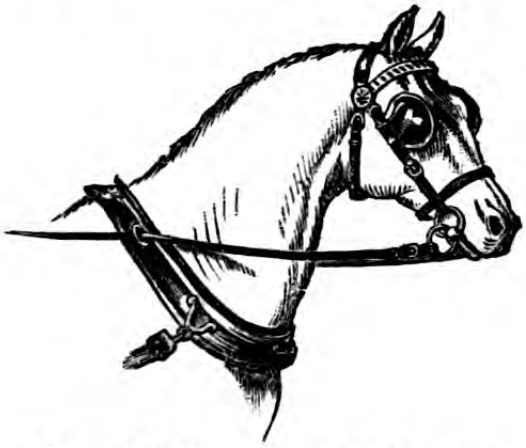


Cruel Bearing-rein.

a degree of misery which ought to excite the liveliest compassion, but which among thoughtless fashionables is thought to be interesting and attractive. As for the driver, he perhaps feels that these movements, caused by acute physical distress, deserve a cut from the whip; and when talked to on the subject, he speaks of the horse as being unruly and ill-tempered, when, in fact, it has been only miserable. Such are the sort of infamous exhibitions of cruelty which we may witness any day in Hyde Park; few giving themselves any trouble about them.

It might almost be said there is more cruelty to animals perpetrated daily in that centre of aristocracy than in any other part of London. Several pamphlets have been written on the cruelty of bearing-reins by Edward Fordham Flower. The observations of this philanthropist on the subject are eminently worthy of attention. We present an illustration of the rein which should be properly employed.

Omnibus and cab horses are usually freed from the bearing-rein, but we know from the reports of police



Proper Rein—Common Harness.

courts, as well as personal observation, that cab-horses are sometimes subject to very odious cruelties; not greater, however, than what may occasionally be witnessed as concerns horses yoked to tramway cars. The invention of street tramways is a kind of return to the rudimental railway, before the introduction of locomotives; and a clever invention it is—always providing the streets are level and spacious, which, generally speaking, they are not. A tramway car laden with from thirty to forty passengers, and drawn by two, three, or even four horses, is wholly out of place in a town built on an irregular surface, with gradients not to be worked unless at the cost of animal suffering. In such cases the choice lies between public accommodation and cruelty to animals.

CATTLE, such as oxen and cows, are subject to much ill-usage. In being driven to market, oxen are too often overdriven, beaten, and not provided with food or water. When oxen are carried long distances in railway trucks, they are hardly any better treated. They are pent closely together, with no means to shift their position or to lie down. In some cases they are allowed water from troughs, but generally there is nothing of the kind. With these privations, a journey of five hundred miles by train, occupying at least eighteen hours, is a protracted piece of cruelty to be earnestly remonstrated against.

In driving milch cows to market for sale, they are generally observed to suffer from distended udders; their heartless proprietors having refrained from milking them in order to give the animals the appearance of being good milkers. This is a species of cruelty deserving of reprehension and punishment. Sometimes the teats of the animals are plugged, to prevent the milk from flowing.

Calves sent from a distance by carriers' carts to butchers, are for the most part subjected to the cruelty of being bound on the cart with their heads hanging down, and this they suffer for hours. This too deserves reprehension and swift punishment.

Spain has long had an unenviable notoriety for its public bull-fights, on which occasions the greatest cruelties have been practised. England is happily exempted from brutalities of this nature. The circumstance of the Prince of Wales having, while in Spain, refrained from witnessing the coarse amusements of the bull-ring, cannot be too highly commended; it may be the means of bringing discredit on this cruel sport.

SHEEP.—It appears that at markets and fairs in Wales there prevails a systematic practice of piercing or lacerating sheep's ears for the purpose of identification, while the same end could be gained by marking with colour.

SLAUGHTERING OF ANIMALS.—Whether as regards sheep or cattle, much cruelty is practised in private slaughter-houses. One of the greatest improvements of the age has been the introduction into certain towns of public abattoirs regulated by special acts of parliament. The corporation of Edinburgh took a lead in a measure of this kind, which has been eminently successful. In that city the private slaughtering of cattle and sheep is peremptorily forbidden under penalties; much to the improvement of morals, and the prevention of cruelty, besides being financially advantageous to the city. In Glasgow, according to certain Market Regulations, the coarse cruelties in the slaughter of animals at the abattoir have been so greatly meliorated that little is left to be desired. In London, considerable changes for the better have been effected by establishing well-arranged abattoirs in connection with the cattle-market at Islington, and by placing all slaughter-houses under supervision under severe penalties. In most country places, the slaughter-houses are still on a most imperfect footing, and at many of them shocking cruelties are perpetrated.

POULTRY.—Turkeys, geese, and fowls for market are usually subjected to gross cruelties. In the slaughtering of turkeys, it is customary to cut out their tongues to let them bleed to death, and to pluck their feathers while they are still conscious of the pain caused by this aggravation of suffering.

As regards fowls, they may be often observed tied together by the feet with their heads hanging down. So likewise there is much suffering imposed on live fowls and quails crammed into baskets without standing-room or ventilation. The heartlessness of these practices is quite extraordinary.

Cock-fighting is said to be still common in the mining districts of England, though proscribed by law. Pan-

dering to the requirements of this illegal sport, as well as to the false taste of poultry-shows, the combs of domestic cocks are cut off, a species of mutilation and cruelty deserving punishment.

INSECTS.—No one doubts that insects of various kinds which are insufferably troublesome must be got rid of. But if they are to be killed, it should be by the least painful death. Torturing them by a protraction of pain is wholly unjustifiable. It becomes cruelty to animals. Young persons are sometimes heedlessly guilty of this species of cruelty, which on all suitable occasions ought to be checked.

A knowledge of the wonderful attributes of bees, ants, spiders, and other insects would so elevate the mind as to make young and old shrink from committing grievous encroachments upon the rights which those creatures have to live and enjoy themselves.

HOMES FOR LOST AND STARVING DOGS.

As every one knows, dogs are often lost, and roam about miserably in search of their master or mistress. A sight of them in such circumstances is exceedingly pitiable. The police are usually authorised to take charge of these unfortunate animals till they are claimed by their owners or are otherwise disposed of. In London a more humane plan for succouring lost dogs has been established. Some years ago, a benevolent lady, Mrs Tealby, was enabled, by the aid of public subscriptions, to set on foot a 'Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs,' which has existed since 1860. It is situated at Battersea Park Road, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Any dog, when found and brought to the Home, is taken in and succoured under certain necessary conditions. It

is not intended as a *permanent* home, nor as an hospital to which sick dogs may be sent to be cured; but chiefly as a temporary refuge for those lost dogs which are so frequently to be seen wandering the streets in rueful misery. If a dog, after being housed and succoured, is applied for by the owner (with satisfactory proof of ownership), the animal is given up to its master or mistress, on payment of the expenses of its keep. If no owner comes forward, every unclaimed dog is sold for the benefit of the institution, or otherwise disposed of, according to circumstances. The best thing a person can do in the metropolis, in the event of losing a valuable or favourite dog, is to make an early application at the Home; the chances are in favour of his success. Still it is only a chance; for the Home has to battle against a fraternity notable alike for roguery and for cunning—a fraternity adverted to in one of the rules of the establishment: 'To prevent dog-stealing, no reward will be given to persons bringing dogs to the Home;' while a hope is expressed that persons of ordinary humanity would deem the sense of having done a merciful act to be a sufficient reward for the trouble taken.

The Home is growing in usefulness. In one year recently more than three thousand two hundred dogs were restored to their former owners or sent to new homes. Whenever the funds of the institution permit the adoption of such a course, new kennels are built for the smaller dogs. The poor little creatures, it is found, are more frightened and distressed when kennelled with animals of fuller growth or larger breed. So well are the four-footed denizens of the Home looked after, that no case of hydrophobia has occurred among them; in some few instances, suspicions or surmises have been expressed, but detention for further observation and

examination has always shewn that there was no ground for apprehension.

Humanity often meets with its reward unexpectedly, or in larger measure than was anticipated; and the Dogs' Home supplies examples of this. Many owners, who recover their favourites through the agency of this institution, not only refund the expenses incurred, but assist the funds by subscriptions in the name of their recovered pets—as for instance: 'In memory of Pup,' 'For little Fido,' 'Bob,' 'In memory of darling Finette,' 'The mite from an old dog;' and so on.

The Metropolitan Police are the chief means of bringing the houseless wanderers to the Home. This they do in virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in 1867, for regulating the street traffic of the Metropolis. If a policeman finds an apparently ownerless dog in a public thoroughfare, he is empowered to take temporary possession of it. Endeavours are made for a few days to find the proper owner; these failing, the animal is either sold or destroyed, according as it is found to be in a healthy or an incurable state. More especially is this the case when, in sultry summer weather, the magistrates consider it prudent to take precautions relating to dogs rendered dangerous by symptoms of hydrophobia.

A student of animal life, a believer in the intelligence and faithfulness of the canine race, might spend an hour advantageously at this Home, and glance at the four or five hundred dogs there assembled. The kennel-houses and open yards are well arranged and well kept; the latter surrounded by open railings, and partitioned off by others into areas of convenient size. A visitor is no sooner seen approaching, than the poor animals eagerly run forward to scan him. Every glance of the eye, every expression of the countenance, every movement of body and tail, serve to give expression to the

question: 'Are you my dear master?' And when a sniff and a glance render clear the fact that you are not the person wished for, something very like a tear steals from poor doggie's eye. The animals have not been long enough in the place to have lost the vividness of their recent sorrow. The institution cannot afford to keep them more than three or four days, for dogs' food, though not an expensive article, tells up in cost when the number to be provided for is reckoned by hundreds. Moreover, the space occupied by the unfortunate quadrupeds who have been housed for the customary period is wanted for new-comers, seeing that each successive day brings its new arrivals.

Besides the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, there are in London and elsewhere establishments belonging to dog-dealers, persons who purchase lost dogs when all attempts have failed to find the proper owners; and also purchase from owners who wish for any reason to dispose of animals in their possession. There are dog-dealers who have as many as three or four hundred of the canine race in store at once, some of them fine in breed and condition.

There are also dog-hospitals besides the Royal Veterinary College and the Brown Institution, presently to be noticed. Individual veterinary surgeons in some instances apply their attention specially to the diseases of dogs, the cure, and the maintenance in health. This they do as a profession, charging for their services according to tariff, and looking for clients among those dog-owners who are in a position of life to pay for professional advice. A dispensary may occasionally be seen, whither sick dogs are brought for the cure of temporary maladies; while larger establishments, in open and airy districts, fulfil the functions alike of houses and hospitals, dogs being maintained there during cure, and the payment including

alike maintenance and medical treatment. No argument is needed to prove that the benefit of kindness to the animals is well understood at such places.

THE 'BROWN INSTITUTION.'

An account of this remarkable Institution comes appropriately after what has been said about dog homes. In 1851, Mr Thomas Brown of Dublin bequeathed a large sum of money for the advancement of knowledge concerning the diseases of animals, the best mode of treating them for the purpose of cure, and the encouragement of humane conduct towards animals generally. The bequest was to consist of the residue of his personal estate; and the Senate of London University was appointed trustee to give effect to the wishes of the testator, by 'founding, establishing, and upholding an Institution for investigating, studying, and (without charge beyond immediate expenses) endeavouring to cure maladies, distempers, and injuries any quadrupeds or birds useful to man may be found subject to. Such Institution to be within a mile of either Westminster, Southwark, or Dublin, and to be under the direction of the Senate. A professor or superintendent to be appointed by the Senate, with a reasonable salary, who shall give at least five lectures annually free to the public. The Senate to be at liberty to associate medical men with members of their own body, to form a committee to control the number of cases of diseased and injured animals to be taken care of, and to decide about the purchase of diseased or injured animals, or their carcases, for the promotion of science, as well as to determine about any contingency not herein provided for, relative to said animal sanitary institution.' The testator further

expressed a desire that kindness to the animals received should be regarded as a general principle of the Institution.

When the contents of this remarkable will were made known, Mr Brown's representatives protested against the bequest for founding the Institution, disputed its legality, and opposed it before a court of equity. After a great deal of litigation, the legality of Mr Brown's will was confirmed. The result has been a very noble Institution, which came into operation in 1871, at which time the sum bequeathed had by the accumulation of interest reached to about £30,000. To aid the undertaking, a private individual generously purchased ground and two houses at Vauxhall, and presented them to the trust; whereupon additional buildings were constructed, and the Institution was established in its permanent home, ready to administer to the wants of invalided horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, rabbits, poultry, birds, and other animals.

The Brown Institution virtually exercises three functions—those of a laboratory, an hospital for in-patients, and a dispensary for out-patients. Skilful veterinary surgeons study the diseases of animals brought under their notice, and enlarge the bounds of knowledge on that subject. The buildings used as a temporary hospital are well fitted with hot-air warming apparatus, asphalt pavements, good ventilation and drainage, and all needful appliances. There are separate compartments for cases of infectious disease, with a room for *post-mortem* examinations, and a laboratory for study.

Persons in easy circumstances shewed themselves not unwilling to send their horses, dogs, and other animals to the Brown Institution for cure, seeing that no charge was made beyond the bare cost of maintenance. But as this was an abuse, the committee of management laid down a rule at the beginning of 1874, to the

effect that in future no applications for the admission of animals, whether as in-patients or out-patients, will be attended to except when the owners are in humble circumstances. This had an immediate effect. The animals now treated belong to persons who are not well able to pay for ordinary medical attendance to their animals. We learn that in one year recently 4224 animals were brought to the dispensary for treatment, of whom 2971 were horses, 922 dogs, and 331 other animals. In the classification of diseases treated, by far the greater number are due to a circumstance well known to careful observers, that our domestic animals suffer more from our own shortcomings than from natural and unavoidable causes.

It should be added that the proper designation of the Institution is the 'BROWN ANIMAL SANITARY INSTITUTION.' The exact address is Wandsworth Road, near Vauxhall Railway Station, Surrey. As an hospital and dispensary for poor horses, dogs, and other animals, this Institution is unique of its kind. As far as we know, there is nothing like it in the world. All honour to the memory of the benevolent founder.

LAWS CONCERNING ANIMALS.

THE oldest laws in the world enjoining a kind treatment to animals are found in the early books of the Old Testament, forming part of what is called the Mosaic law. There are some beautiful examples of this tender regard for animals in Exodus and Deuteronomy. If we see an ass fall which belongs to some one with whom we have a cause of difference, we are to throw aside private feelings and hasten to help the animal. We are not to take a bird when sitting on its eggs, or on its young—a

most humane injunction. In various texts the Hebrews were enjoined to have due regard for the comfort of the ox, the ass, or any other animal which laboured for them. Mercy is enjoined towards all living creatures.

The modern world, with all its claims to civilisation, strangely drifted into an entire neglect of these venerable obligations. Throughout Christendom any laws enforcing a kind treatment of animals are few in number, and of very recent date. In England, laws for the protection of certain animals, known as game, are no doubt several centuries old. The object of these enactments, however, has never been to protect the animals from acts of cruelty, but to save them from molestation during the breeding season, so that their numbers might be increased for purposes of sport, and also to prevent unauthorised persons from entering on lands in pursuit of game at all seasons whatsoever. According to these laws, no game can be pursued or killed without a license; even the landlord himself must have a license to shoot the game which is found on his own property. Winged game is defined to include pheasants, partridges, grouse, heath-game, black-game, and bustards. Hares also are game; but the close season does not apply to them, and they can be killed all the year round. But no game must be killed on Sundays or Christmas-day. Though the above animals alone are game, the game acts also protect woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails, and conies or rabbits. The eggs of all game birds are protected. The penalties for infringing the game laws are very severe. The 12th of August is the well-known date at which grouse shooting begins annually. Partridge and pheasant shootings begin later. The acts prescribe the dates when the respective shootings close.

Though severe, the game laws are evidently of a protective character. They prevent the indiscriminate

slaughter by all and sundry of certain wild animals, which but for these laws would long since have been extirpated. The chief matter for regret is the coarse way in which game is sometimes pursued and killed even by licensed sportsmen: their operations in what is known as a *battue*, when vast numbers of animals are driven into narrow spaces and shot down and maimed without mercy, being no better than wholesale butchery; and not what we should expect from persons of taste and education.

Apart from the acts applying to game and to salmon and some other fishings, there were no laws for the protection of wild or domesticated animals in the early years of the present century. No laws for the specific purpose of preventing cruelty to animals. We can recollect the time when the most odious cruelties were perpetrated on horses, dogs, cats, birds, and other animals, without legal restraint or even remonstrance. Thoughtful and humane persons, however, were beginning to give special attention to the subject. In 1809, Sir Charles Bunbury brought into the House of Commons a bill for the 'Prevention of wanton and malicious Cruelty to Animals.' Mr Windham, a Cabinet minister, opposed the bill, and it failed to pass. The next attempt at legislation on the subject was made by Lord Erskine in the House of Lords, in 1810. His measure being opposed by Lord Ellenborough, was withdrawn.

There the matter rested until 1821, when Mr Richard Martin, member of parliament for Galway, brought a bill into the House of Commons for the 'Prevention of Cruelty to Horses.' Though humane in its object, it encountered torrents of ridicule, and after passing a second reading in a thin house, was no further proceeded with. But Mr Martin was not discouraged. In 1822, he introduced a new and more comprehensive bill. Instead of 'horses,' he used the word 'cattle.' This bill passed through all

its stages in both Houses of Parliament, and became the Act 3 Geo. IV., chap. 71. This act of 1822 was the first law ever enacted against acts of cruelty to animals. Let there be every honour to the memory of Richard Martin for his noble struggle on behalf of defenceless creatures. The purport of the law was declared to be the prevention of cruel and improper treatment of horses, mules, asses, cows, heifers, oxen, sheep, and other cattle. For acts of cruelty, magistrates were authorised to impose fines varying from ten shillings to five pounds. Thus far successful, Mr Martin, in 1824, brought in a bill for enlarging the scope of the former act, so as to include the protection of dogs, cats, monkeys, and other animals. The bill was defeated.

Not deterred by the abuse he encountered, Mr Martin still persevered. In 1825, he introduced a bill for the 'Suppression of Bear-baiting and other cruel sports.' From Mr Secretary Peel, who was afterwards Sir Robert Peel, the distinguished statesman, the bill met with decided opposition, and was thrown out. Nothing daunted, Mr Martin brought in another bill in the same session, and still another, making three bills in one year. All were rejected. In the present day, we look back with astonishment on the opposition offered by Peel and other great men of their day to measures now held to be consistent with the plainest dictates of decency and humanity.

The year 1826 found Mr Martin still at his post. He now framed a new bill. It was to extend the act of 1822, so as to make it apply to domesticated animals, such as dogs and cats. In order to draw attention to the cruelties which were every day being perpetrated against unfortunate creatures less or more domesticated amongst us, he described some incidents in a scene which had come under the personal cognisance of one of the police

magistrates at Bow Street. Some ruffianly youths flayed a dog alive, took the skin completely off, put a collar about his neck, dragged the wretched animal the distance of a mile, and finally threw him into a river. The magistrate acknowledged that in the heat of his indignation, he went somewhat beyond existing statutes, and administered something like Lynch-law to one of the young savages. Besides this bill to protect domesticated animals, Mr Martin re-introduced his former bill for the suppression of bear-baiting and other cruel sports. His arguments on behalf of both measures were unavailing. Failure attended his efforts. Mr Martin's success as a legislator in this class of subjects was confined to the act of 1822; but he broke down prejudices, and gradually induced men to think of the legal protection that was due to the lower animals.

Although Mr Martin's act of 1822 was unquestionably the basis of most recent proceedings in this country for the protection of four-footed animals from cruelty, it has in many ways been either superseded or greatly enlarged by subsequent enactments. For instance, an act was passed in 1835 (5 and 6 Will. IV., chap. 59), throwing a protecting shield over cattle in the market, on the way to the slaughter-house, and in the streets and roads generally; over all such animals as dogs, bulls, bears, or cocks kept for purposes of baiting or fighting; over all animals kept in pounds or inclosures without a sufficiency of food and drink; and over all worn-out horses, compelled to work when broken down with weakness or disease. Another act two years afterwards (1 Vict., chap. 66) extended to Ireland the provisions of the statute just noticed.

Both of the above-named acts—those, namely, of 1835 and 1837—were repealed in 1849, and replaced by one of more comprehensive character (12 and 13 Vict., chap. 92),

extending the scope of operations, and rendering the penalties in many instances more severe. This act is the one which is now mainly relied upon by the 'Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' in prosecuting to conviction the perpetrators of such unmanly brutalities towards the dumb creatures which cannot defend themselves. It may be desirable to summarise the clauses of this statute.

A penalty of five pounds is imposed for overdriving, torturing, or otherwise ill-treating *any* animal. A similar penalty is imposed upon those who assist in or maintain places for the baiting or fighting of bulls, bears, badgers, dogs, cocks, or any other animals whatsoever; together with compensation to any persons who may be injured at or by such exhibitions. Twenty shillings is the penalty for each offence when an animal is impounded without sufficient food and water; and any person is empowered, after a poor animal has endured twelve hours of such privation, to enter the pound or inclosure and give food and water to the animal, without being liable to action for trespass, and with a claim for the reimbursement of all reasonable expenses. A fine of three pounds for a first offence, and five pounds for each and every subsequent offence, is imposed on those who carry animals in any vehicle in such a way as to cause unnecessary pain and suffering. Proprietors of stage-coaches, omnibuses, cabs, carts, wagons, vans, or other vehicles, may be summoned to produce their servants when complained against; if not so produced, they make themselves liable to the penalty to which the offender would be liable. Or if the owners do not give a satisfactory excuse for not producing the offender, the magistrate or justice may impose a fine of forty shillings so often as a summons to this effect is disregarded. Vehicles or animals in charge of any one accused of an offence under this act may be

taken possession of by any constable or policeman, and put in a place of security; any expense incurred in keeping the vehicle or animal must be repaid by the owner, in addition to any penalty that may have been imposed; or in default of such repayment, the vehicle or animal may be sold for that purpose. Any constable or policeman is authorised to apprehend any offender or supposed offender against this act, and bring him before a magistrate or justice of the peace to answer to a particular charge; and any person whatever may state to a magistrate or justice of the peace, verbally or in writing, the particulars of any act of cruelty he may have witnessed or become cognisant of, in order that the offender may be summoned to answer to the charge.

Such is in substance the act of 1849, which still continues to be the principal statute for the prosecution and punishment of persons guilty of cruelty to animals. The technical details relating to imprisonment in default of the due payment of penalties, require no particular notice here.

Mr Martin, unfortunately, did not live to see the act of 1849 passed. After being some years out of parliament, he died in his eightieth year, on the 6th January 1834.

The act of 1849, which may be called the foundation of the existing law against cruelty to animals, did not extend to Scotland. This defect was remedied in 1850 by the passing of the Act 13 and 14 Vict., chap. 92, which is almost identical with the English act of 1849. The only difference concerns matters of administration. In England, where there is no public prosecutor, the chief duty of prosecuting acts of cruelty falls on voluntarily established organisations for preventing cruelty to animals; the principal of these bodies being the 'Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' estab-

lished in 1824, and whose office is at No. 105 Jermyn Street, St James's, London. In Scotland, the business of prosecution falls within the duty of the procurators-fiscal, of which class of crown officials there is one in every county and in every burgh. Cases are brought to their knowledge either by private individuals or by the 'Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' which was established in Edinburgh in 1839. The prosecution takes place before the local sheriffs and magistrates. The Society employs a vigilant inspector for detecting cases of cruelty.

The later acts against cruelty to animals may now be briefly specified. In 1869, Mr Sykes, one of the members of parliament for the East Riding of Yorkshire, brought in a Bill for the Protection of Sea Birds, some of which are known to be rapidly disappearing. The improvident custom of catching and killing these birds during the breeding season is the cause of this scarcity. The custom is a bad one, not only because kindness to animals protests against their disturbance at this season, but because sea birds benefit the farmers by eating the worms and grubs in newly ploughed land. Besides this public benefit, the sea birds are useful to the mariner in foggy weather by their warning cries near the rock-bound coast. They also, by hovering over parts of the sea, point where there are shoals of herrings and other fish. So scarce have sea birds become on the east coast of England, that many shipwrecks are attributed to this reckless diminution of the cheap safeguard afforded by birds of this kind. Such was the obvious value of the measure, that it became the Act 32 and 33 Vict., chap. 17. The act applies to the United Kingdom. The animals protected from being killed or wounded include the different species of auk, bonxie, Cornish chough, coulterneb, diver, eider-duck, fulmar, gannet, grebe,

guillemot, gull, kittiwake, loon, marrot, merganser, murre, oyster-catcher, petrel, puffin, razor-bill, scout, seamew, sea-parrot, sea-swallow, shearwater, shelldrake, skua, smew, solan-goose, tarrock, tern, tystey, and willock. The protection extends from the first day of April to the first day of August in each year. Very absurdly, there is no protection to the eggs of these birds; their nests may be rifled with impunity.

The next act related to land birds. It was 'An Act for the Protection of certain Wild Birds during the breeding season,' namely, from the fifteenth of March to the first day of August. The act passed in 1872, and is that of the 35 and 36 Vict., chap. 78. It applies to the United Kingdom. Penalties are specified for killing, or wounding, or offering for sale any one of seventy-nine kinds of bird named in the schedule. Among the number are the cuckoo, curlew, gold-finch, hedge-sparrow, landrail, martin, nightingale, owl, plover, quail, robin-redbreast, snipe, swallow, teal, wagtail, wild duck, wood-lark, woodpecker, and wren. The act is considered deficient. Many birds are left out of the list of protected animals—the skylark for one; and as in the case of the Sea-fowls Act, protection is not extended to the eggs of the birds specified. So insufficient was the act, that an act of similar import was passed in 1876, namely, that of 39 and 40 Vict., chap. 29, 'For the Preservation of Wild Fowl.' In this act the list of protected birds is slightly augmented; the skylark, however, still incomprehensibly left out. The act applies to the United Kingdom. The season in which the birds are protected is to be from the fifteenth of February to the tenth of July.

Meanwhile, in 1875, a bill was brought into parliament to regulate the administration of drugs to horses and other animals. The object of the measure was to prevent other than accredited veterinary surgeons from

administering certain specified drugs to horses and other animals without the consent of the owner. A penalty of ten pounds was imposed for this offence. Twenty-two poisonous drugs are specified as forbidden: the list including all the vitriols, all preparations of opium, belladonna, all poisonous vegetable alkaloids and their salts, all metallic cyanides, all preparations of arsenic, as well as the well-known sulphuric, nitric, muriatic, prussic, and oxalic acids. The act further forbids the administering of any injurious substance to any domestic animal without the consent of the owner. This seems to strike at the too prevalent practice of disabling horses on the eve of a race on which heavy bettings depend, and at the crime of furtively poisoning dogs, cats, birds, or other domestic animals. Encountering some opposition, the bill was withdrawn; but it was re-introduced in 1876, and became the Act 39 and 40 Vict., chap. 13, 'To Prevent the Administration of Poisonous Drugs to Horses and other Animals.' The act applies only to England. So far as Scotland is concerned, the wilful poisoning of any domesticated animal in a spirit of mischief—such as scattering about poisoned meat to destroy dogs—would be punishable at common law; but it would be advantageous to have an express enactment on the subject.

To the foregoing acts of parliament designed to repress cruelty to animals is now added the Act 39 and 40 Vict., chap. 77, passed in 1876, to regulate VIVISECTION; that is to say, experimental operations performed with the knife on living animals, with the professed object of increasing our physiological knowledge, of confirming previously known facts, and of giving dexterity to operative surgery. The practice of vivisection has been carried to great and reprehensible lengths in France, in connection with veterinary surgery. Cruelties of this kind have been always conducted on a more moderate

scale in the United Kingdom; but even here the practice of subjecting horses, dogs, cats, and other creatures to cruel tortures on any plausible scientific ground, excited that degree of public resentment which led to the Vivisection Act.

This statutory enactment falls considerably short of what was generally expected. It does not prevent, and only regulates vivisection; yet is so far an advance. It unsparingly denounces all experiments which give pain. No operations are to be performed with the view of acquiring surgical skill, or for illustrating lectures. Animals operated on are to be previously lulled to insensibility by chloroform or some other anæsthetic, and must be killed before sensibility returns. Licensed persons only are at liberty to experiment. Mere students, therefore, can no longer carry on experiments in obscurity without risk of exposure and punishment. And no experiments can be made a matter of public exhibition and amusement. The working of the act will be watched with much jealousy, and we cannot doubt that, if found to be imperfect, efforts will be made to have it amended.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

This Society, located in London, as has been stated, stands at the head of all organisations of the kind in the United Kingdom. It may be considered the watchful guardian of the rights of animals, and without whose agency the laws we have enumerated would stand a poor chance of being enforced. The business of the Society is conducted mainly by the employment of persons all over England to find out cases of cruelty towards the lower animals, and to bring the offenders to justice. The

Society diffuses hand-bills and placards in places where they are most likely to come under the notice of persons likely to infringe the law. Further, the Society has issued various publications calculated to stir up the feelings in behalf of animals. Among these publications the most notable is an illustrated popular periodical, styled *The Animal World, a Monthly Advocate of Humanity.*

The hand-bills and placards deserve special notice. Sheep salesmen are reminded that convictions have been obtained against persons for ill-treating sheep by cutting and lacerating their ears, as a means of identifying them from sheep belonging to other consigners. Shepherds are warned, by a cited example, to abstain from a specified mode of treating sheep for certain maladies; because pain is inflicted, which a veterinary surgeon knows how to avoid, but which an ignorant though well-meaning shepherd may not. Farmers are reminded that it is a punishable offence to crowd too many sheep together on going to market; instances being cited in which eleven sheep were crammed into a small cart, with their legs tied tightly together. Captains of freight steamers are informed that penalties have been enforced against a captain for so overcrowding his vessel, on a voyage from Holland to the Thames, as to cause the sheep much pain and suffering; carriers and cattle-barge owners are under the same legal obligations.

In regard to cattle and cows, one placard cautions persons sending cows to market with the udder greatly distended with milk, and from which the poor animals evidently suffer much pain. Cattle rearers are told that penalties have been enforced against one of their body for sawing off the horns of fourteen heifers so close to the head as to cause blood to flow in considerable quantity, and to make the animals stamp and moan; the object of such a mode of cutting being to increase the market value of

the horns. Butchers are reminded that it is a punishable offence to bleed calves to death merely for the sake of giving additional whiteness to veal. Consigners and carriers are alike reminded that the act of 1849 imposes fines or imprisonment as a punishment for conveying animals in such way as to subject them to unnecessary pain or suffering; the neglect to give proper food and water to the animals, whether coming to market, at market, or in removal from market, is announced in another hand-bill to be an infringement of the same statute. A case is cited to the following effect: 'The defendant received a cow at his auction mart, which was neither sold nor returned to its owner, but was left in the sale-yard and afterwards put into a shed, where it remained four days and nights without food and water; the next day the animal was driven towards home about four miles, but was unable to complete the journey; it lay down on the road-side, where a temporary shed was erected over it; the animal never rallied, but died on the spot.'

Drovers, by another hand-bill or placard, are cautioned against urging on cattle which by lameness are unfitted to travel along the roads and streets; and against striking animals on the legs so violently as to lame them: both are practices to which drovers are too prone, and both are punishable. Farmers, graziers, and salesmen are alike warned that the season of the year should be taken into account in the transport of shorn sheep. 'It is hardly conceivable that respectable farmers and graziers, merely for the sake of profit, can in the months of December, January, February, March, or April, cruelly strip a dumb animal of that warm woollen coat which the goodness of God has provided more abundantly in winter to protect it from the cold weather; or that any English salesman will lay himself open to a criminal charge of

aiding or continuing the offence by exposing shorn animals for sale at such inclement seasons.'

Horses and donkeys find a place in the safeguards which the Society endeavours to provide, by disseminating placards and hand-bills pointing out the penalties for cruelty or neglect. It is an offence against the laws to work a horse in an omnibus, cab, or other vehicle, when in an infirm or worn-out state. It is an offence to beat a horse in a stable with a degree of severity amounting to cruelty, merely to make it obedient, or still worse, through an impulse of angry passion. It is an offence to set a horse to drag a cart or wagon loaded with a weight beyond his strength; many coal-merchants and their carmen have been prosecuted and fined for this unfeeling conduct. It is an offence to cruelly beat and over-ride poor donkeys; useful animals which seem fated to be the victims of very hard treatment in the world. It is a significant fact that one placard is addressed to 'excursionists and others:' those who have witnessed the treatment of donkeys by their drivers, at Hampstead Heath, Blackheath, and the humbler grades of sea-side places where holiday people assemble, will know what this means. The Society aid the inspectors of mines, or are aided by them, in bringing to justice truck-drivers and others for working horses and ponies in an unfit state in coal-pits.

It was not likely that dogs would be left out of sight by the Society; the maltreating of such animals is the subject of some of the cautionary placards, especially in localities where rough persons, prone to dog-tormenting, are known to be numerous. Cats are the subjects concerning which other warnings are given, in regard to torturing or cruelly worrying. Fishmongers are reminded that it is a punishable offence which many persons commit of 'putting living lobsters and crabs into cold water, and

then placing them on a fire until the water is heated to boiling temperature, thereby causing them to endure horrible and prolonged suffering.'

That the feathered tribes should share the protection which the issuing of these placards is intended to subserve, is natural enough; seeing that the Sea Bird, Wild Bird, and Wild Fowl Acts were due in great measure to the Society. One placard states that it is a punishable offence to kill or wound any such birds (including the young in nests) within the prohibited period; and that those who sell such killed birds are also punishable. Another placard administers a similar warning in regard to wild fowl, enumerating thirty-six species, all of which are to be safe from the gun, the snare, and the net from the fifteenth of February to the tenth of July, under penalties which are prescribed in the act of 1876. Bird-fanciers are reminded that one of their fraternity was imprisoned for fourteen days for depriving a chaffinch of its sight as a means of improving its singing. Poultry-dealers are, in another hand-bill, cautioned against plucking live poultry, a cruel practice which, if proved, subjects the offender to three months' imprisonment. Carrying live fowls to market by their legs, with their heads hanging downwards; and exposing fowls to hot sunshine with their legs tied together—have brought the offenders into trouble. In another placard the patrons of pigeon matches are warned that occasional cruelties practised by them or their servants come within the scope of the law.

The Society has been encouraged in its benevolent exertions by a letter from Her Majesty the Queen, addressed in 1874 to the Earl of Harrowby, in his capacity as President. There was an assembly in London of foreign delegates representing similar associations, on the occasion of the holding of the half-century jubilee of the parent Society. Her Majesty requested the Presi-

dent to give expression publicly to her warm interest in the success of the efforts made here and abroad for the purpose of diminishing the cruelties practised on dumb animals. 'The Queen hears and reads with horror of the sufferings which the brute creation often undergo from the thoughtlessness of the ignorant, and she fears also sometimes from the experiments in pursuit of science. For the removal of the former the Queen trusts much to the progress of education; and in regard to the pursuit of science, she hopes that the advantage of those anæsthetic discoveries from which man has derived so much benefit himself, in the alleviation of suffering, may be fully extended to the lower animals. Her Majesty rejoices that the Society awakens the interest of the young by the presentation of prizes for essays connected with the subject, and hears with gratification that her son and daughter-in-law shew their interest and sympathy by presenting those prizes at your meetings.'

Looking to the distinguished patronage of the Society from Her Majesty downwards, its vast array of supporters, and the large number of Societies which it has helped to originate at home and abroad, we naturally rely upon it for promoting a consolidation and expansion of the laws against cruelty to animals. These laws, as has been seen, are composed of shreds and patches, brought into existence with difficulty, and in many respects imperfect. The time appears to have come when the whole should be combined in a statute applicable to all parts of the United Kingdom. That certain actions should be deemed cruelties punishable by law in England and not in Scotland, is anything but creditable, and not a little ludicrous. This is a point to which the attention of legislators should be seriously invited. From the fragmentary and confused condition of the statutes, we have experienced much difficulty in ascer-

taining what, as a whole, the law really is; for there is no comprehensive manual on the subject. This chaotic state of things detracts, we think, not a little from the glory which may be freely claimed by the English for their legislation in behalf of animals. A consolidated act with all reasonable improvements, would be something to point to with satisfaction, and probably go far to insure a legalised system of kind treatment of animals all over the globe. W. CHAMBERS.

THE END.

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