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BOOK NO.

MAN AND BEAST

—
VOL. I.

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MAN AND BEAST

HERE AND HEREAFTER

BOOK NO.
044

ILLUSTRATED BY MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED
ORIGINAL ANECDOTES



By THE REV. J. G. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "HOMES WITHOUT HANDS" ETC.

"I canna but believe that downy hae sows"
JAMES HOGG, *the Ettrick Shepherd*

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PREFACE.

IN the opening of Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion," the following passage occurs, showing that this eminent divine considered the lower animals as capable of a future life : " It is said these observations are equally applicable to brutes ; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and by consequence capable of everlasting happiness. Now, this manner of expression is both invidious and weak ; but the thing intended by it is really no difficulty at all, either in the way of natural or moral consideration."

The Bishop then refers to the "latent powers and capacities" of the lower animals, and sees no reason why they should not be developed in a future life. In the present work, I have endeavoured to carry out his train of thought, and to show that the lower animals do possess those mental and moral characteristics which we admit in ourselves to belong to the immortal spirit, and not to the perishable body.

The scheme of the book is briefly as follows. I begin with clearing away the difficulties which arise from two misunderstood passages in the Old Testament, and prove that the Scriptures do not deny a future life to the lower animals. I then show that the lower animals share with man the attributes of Reason, Language, Memory, a sense of Moral Responsibility, Unselfishness, and Love, all of which belong

to the spirit and not to the body ; and that as man expects to retain these qualities in the next world, there is every reason to presume that the lower animals may share his immortality hereafter as they share his mortality at present.

In order to prove that animals really possess the above-mentioned qualities, I cite more than three hundred original anecdotes, all being authenticated by the writers, and the documents themselves remaining in my possession.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE TESTIMONY OF REVELATION	1
II. REASON AND INSTINCT	34
III. REASON—(continued)	77
IV. REASON—(concluded)	118
V. LANGUAGE [OF ANIMALS]	155
VI. LANGUAGE [HUMAN]	212
VII. MEMORY	263
VIII. GENEROSITY	302



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CHAPTER I.

THE TESTIMONY OF REVELATION.

The Future of the Lower Animals, as popularly supposed to be taught in the Scriptures.—The “beasts that perish.”—If the literal sense of the Scriptures alone be taken, the future life of Man is repeatedly denied in the Books of Psalms, Job, and Ecclesiastes.—The Necromanteia of Homer compared with the Psalms and Ecclesiastes.—The future State of Man according to Horace.—Comparison of the renderings of Ps. xlix. 20 (the “beasts that perish”) in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English (Douay version), German, Spanish, Italian, French, Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic versions.—Subject of Ps. xlix., and the real signification of the concluding verse.—Opinions of correspondents.—The “Spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth.”—Subject of the Book called Ecclesiastes—Teaching by means of Irony.—Distinction between the Spirit of Man and that of the lower animals.

IN dealing with a subject of this nature, namely, the spiritual condition of the animals inferior to Man, it is clear that we must, in the first place, refer to the Scriptures, from which is derived all our authentic knowledge of spiritual life.

The authority of Scripture.

Popular ideas concerning the future state of the lower animals.

There is a popular belief—I should rather say a popular tradition—that somewhere in the Scriptures we are taught that, of all living inhabitants of earth, Man alone possesses a spirit, and that therefore he alone survives in spirit after the death of the material body. If this were true, there would be no room for argument to those who profess to believe the Scriptures literally, and to base their faith upon that literal belief; and, however such a statement might seem to controvert all ideas of benevolence, justice, and even common sense, such believers would be bound to receive it on trust, and to wait for a future time in which to understand it.

Reason or Instinct.

Many persons go so far as to deny to animals even the possession of Reason, and only attribute to them the power of Instinct, while there are comparatively few who do not believe that when an animal dies, its life-principle dies too—that the animating power is annihilated, while the

body is resolved into its various elements so as to take form in other bodies.

This belief is almost entirely, if not wholly, due to two passages of Scripture, one being in the Psalms and the other in Ecclesiastes. The former is that which is generally quoted as decisive of the whole question. It runs in the authorised version as follows:—"Nevertheless, man being in honour, abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish" (Ps. xlix. 13, 20).

The two passages on which the popular idea is based.

The Prayer Book version is somewhat different, but is yet translated much to the same effect. "Man, being in honour, hath no understanding, but is compared to the beasts that perish."

The "beasts that perish."

The second passage occurs in Ecclesiastes iii. 21: "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and a spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth."

The spirit of man and beast.

On the strength of these two passages, we are called upon to believe that when a beast dies, it dies for ever, and that

The original text.

its life is utterly extinguished as is the flame of an expired lamp. Now, every one who has had even a slight acquaintance with exposition of Scripture is aware that nothing is more dangerous than attempting to explain any passage, however simple it may appear to be, without making a reference to the original text. The translator may have mistaken the true sense of the words; or he may have insufficiently expressed their signification; or, owing to a change in the meaning of words, a passage may now bear on its surface an exactly contrary sense to that which it conveyed when it was first written.

However, we will lay aside that point for the present, and accept the passage as it stands, together with the literal signification of the words, as generally understood.

The literal sense of the authorised version.

There will then be no doubt that we must believe that beasts have no immortal life. But, if we are to take the literal sense of the Bible, and no other, we are

equally bound to believe that Man as well as beast has no life after death.

The future state of man as given in the Psalms

See, for example, Ps. vi. 5: "In death there is no remembrance of Thee: in the grave, who shall give Thee thanks?"

—is incapacity for praise,

Also, Ps. lxxxviii. 10, 11, 12:

"Wilt Thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise Thee?"

"Shall Thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave, or Thy faithfulness in destruction?"

"Shall Thy wonders be known in the dark, and Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?"

—forgetfulness,

Also, see Ps. cxv. 17: "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

—silence,

Also, Ps. cxliii. 3: "For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead."

—darkness,

Also, Ps. cxlvi. 3, 4: "Put not your

trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

—and destruction of thoughts.

“His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.”

If we are to take the Scriptures solely in their literal sense, there can be no doubt of their meaning. The whole range of heathen literature contains nothing more gloomy, dreary, or more despondent in the contemplation of death. “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” would be a fit result of such a belief.

One passage against five.

In the very book in which occurs the single passage on which is based the denial of the immortality of the lower animals, are five passages which proclaim the same end to the life of man. We are told distinctly and definitely, that those who have died have no remembrance of God, and cannot praise Him. Death is described as the “land of forgetfulness,”—the place of darkness, where all man’s thoughts perish.

Can more than this be said of the "beasts that perish"?

Now we will leave the Psalmist and proceed to other writers. Treating, not of the wicked, but of mankind in general who "dwell in houses of clay," the writer proceeds as follows:—"They are destroyed from morning to evening; *they perish for ever*, without any regarding it" (Job iv. 20). The future state of man as given by Job —is an-nihilation.

Take another passage from the same book, a passage which is even more definite in its statement. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more" (Job vii. 9). There is no resurrection for man.

Again—

"Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

"As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up:

"So man lieth down, and riseth not" (Job xiv. 10, 11, 12). And v. 14: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

See also the piteous wail of Job over

Job complains that he was ever born,

his life as shewn in chap. iii. and x. In the first he complains that he was ever born; that being was ever given to him, that he was ever taken out of a state of absolute nonentity. In the second he repeats the same lamentation, with the addition that even death can bring no relief to his sufferings except extinction.

—or that he did not die in infancy,

“Wherefore, then, hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? Oh that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me!

“I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave.

“Are not my days few? Cease, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little,

—unconscious of the hopeless future.

“Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death;

“A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.”

Job x. 18-22.

Turning to the Book of Ecclesiastes, in which occurs the solitary passage which is held to disprove the immortality of the lower animals, we find the following passages, which are even more emphatic as to the future state of man:—

The future state of man as given by the "Preacher" in the book Ecclesiastes

"I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast: for all is vanity. - is the same with man and beast.

"All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again" (Eecl. iii. 18, 19, 20).

Also in ch. ix. v. 5: "For the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten." The dead are without knowledge or hope of reward.

The dead cannot work or think.

Also in ch. ix. v. 10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

Sadness in prospect of death.

Taking the literal sense of these words and no other, it is impossible to doubt their import. They state definitely that, as regards a spiritual life, there is no distinction between man and beast; and that when they die, all go to the same place. The writer also distinctly states that after death man can work nothing, know nothing, nor can receive any reward. The same vein of irrepressible sadness that characterizes the extracts taken from the Psalms is prominent in those passages from Job and Ecclesiastes; and if from these alone we were to deduce our ideas of the condition of man after death, most sad and hopeless would be the very thought of dissolution.

It is true that we do not accept them in this light, knowing that they are written symbolically or parabolically, and that there

underlies them the spiritual sense of which St. Paul speaks when he contrasts the life-giving spirit with the death-dealing letter (2 Cor. iv. 6). The letter and the spirit. With that meaning, however, we have in the present case nothing to do. We are only concerned with the literal meaning of our translation, and, according to that literal meaning, if we take two texts to prove that beasts have no future life, we are forced by no less Two passages against fourteen. than fourteen passages to believe that Man, in common with beasts, has no future life. We have no right to pick and choose which passages we are to take literally, and which symbolically, but must apply the same test to all alike, and treat all in the same manner.

Let us pass for a while from sacred to secular literature. All my classical readers The future state of the dead as given by Homer. must be familiar with that wonderful eleventh book of Homer's "Odyssey," generally called the Necyomanteia, or Invocation of the Dead. In this strange history Ulysses is shown as descending into the

Ulysses
visits
Hades.

regions inhabited by departed spirits, for the purpose of invoking them and obtaining their advice as to his future adventures.

He sails to the boundaries of the ocean, and lands in the country of the Cimmerians, who dwell in perpetual cloud and darkness, and in whose country are the gates leading to the regions of the dead.

Invocation
of the
dead.

He utters solemn prayers and invocations, offers sacrifices and pours their blood into a trench of a cubit square, which had been consecrated for that purpose. Straightway there throng around the trench the spirits of the dead, eager to drink the blood, and so to be able to hold converse with one who was still a denizen of the upper world. See Pope's version of the passage :

Appear-
ance of the
spirits.

" Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead.
Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flowed,
And all the cavern smoked with streaming blood.
When lo! appeared along the dusky coasts
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts.
Fair pensive youths and soft enamoured maids,
And withered elders, pale and wrinkled shades :

Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors slain
 Stalked with majestic port, a martial train :
 These and a thousand more swarmed o'er the ground,
 And all the dire assembly shrieked around."

The hero stands over the trench, defend-
 ing it with his sword from the hests of the
 dead, and only allowing the spirits to drink
 the blood one by one. Thus he converses
 with the spirits of his companions Elpenor
 and Tiresias, then sees his mother Anticlea ;
 and at last the spirit of Achilles approaches.
 The dialogue between the inhabitant of the
 earth and the denizen of the regions of the
 dead must be quoted entire :

Converse
 with the
 dead.

"Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
 And as he speaks the tears dissolve in dew.

'Comest thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,

Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds ;

Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,

Thronged with pale ghosts familiar with the dead ?'

To whom with sighs, 'I pass these dreadful gates

To seek the Tægan, and consult the Fater ;

For still distressed I rove from coast to coast,

Lost to my friends and to my country lost.

But sure the eye of Time beholds no name

So blessed as thine in all the rolls of fame ;

Alive we hailed thee with our guardian gods,

And, dead, thou rulest a king in these abodes.'

'Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,

Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.

Dialogue
 between
 Ulysses
 and
 Achilles.

Rather I'd choose laboriously to bear
 A weight of woes and breathe the vital air,
 A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
 Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead."

Coleridge
 upon the
 Necyomanteia.

Coleridge well remarks of this passage, and indeed of the whole of the *Necyomanteia*, that it is "remarkable for the dreary and even horrible revelations which it makes of the condition of the future life. All is wild and dark; hunger and thirst and discontent prevail. We hear nothing of elysian fields for piety or wisdom or valour, and there is something quite deadening in the answer of the shade of Achilles to the consolation of Ulysses."

Regrets
 for earth.

Gloom, misery, and vain regrets for earth pervade the whole of this episode :

"Now, without lumber, ghost by ghost arose,
 All wailing with unutterable woes."

But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell
 With bloodless visage and with hideous yell.
 They scream, they shriek; and groans and dismal sounds
 Stun my scared ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
 No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
 And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins."

These are the ideas of a heathen poet

concerning the future state of man. It is no wonder that sensual pleasures should be held the chief object in the life of man, when he is to look forward to such a future as this—a future from which neither wisdom nor virtue nor piety could save him—an eternity of gloom, darkness, repining, and hopeless despondence.

Yet, sad as is this picture of the heathen poet, it is far brighter than that of the Psalmist, the Preacher, or Job.

Those who have passed into the world of spirits do not at all events forfeit their individuality by death. The youth, the maiden, the elder, and the matron, are distinguished in the spirit as they had been in the flesh; and those who have lost their lives in honourable battle, retain the stern port and martial demeanour of the earthly warrior.

Memory is still left to the dead. They remember their earthly career; they do not lose their interest in their friends who still remain on earth; and, above all, Love—Love,

—and
Friendship
survive in
the future
as describ-
ed by the
heathen
poet.

survives. Anticlea retains her maternal love for Ulysses, for loss of whom she died; and she watches over the welfare of Peneïope and Telemachus. The spirits hold converse with each other. Those who have been friends on the upper earth resume their friendship in the lower regions. Haughty, self-willed, discontented in death as in life—"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,"—Achilles still receives some solace in the constant companionship of his friend Patroclus.

Neither
survive in
the future
state as
described
by the
Psalmist,
Job, and
the
Preacher.

But, if we are to take, literally the passages of Scripture which have been quoted, no such consolation exists in the future state of man, who passes at death into a place of darkness, forgetfulness, and silence, where is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom—where even his very thoughts perish. If these passages are to be understood in their pure literal sense, there is no other interpretation to be put upon them; for the statements are too explicit to be explained away or even softened.

According to the outward sense of their writings, the Psalmist, Job, and the Preacher are very much on a par with Horace in their absolute unbelief in a future existence, and the vein of melancholy which in consequence underlies their utterances. Take, for example, Whittier's Whittier's analysis of Horace— short and brilliant analysis of the philosophy of Horace as supposed to be spoken by a friend—

“Speaking of Horace, he gives us Externally gay, glowing descriptions of his winter circles of friends, where mirth and wine, music and beauty, charm away the hours, and of summer-day recreations beneath the vine-wedded elms of the Tiber, or on the breezy slopes of Soracte; yet I seldom read them without a feeling of sadness.

“A low wail of inappeasable sorrow, an undertone of dirges, mingles with his gay melodies. His immediate horizon is —below the surface he is sad. bright with sunshine; but beyond there is a world of darkness, the light whereof

Death is an ever-present terror to him,

is darkness. It is walled about by the everlasting night. The skeleton sits at his table; a shadow of the inevitable terror rests upon all his pleasant pictures. He was without God in the world; he had no clear abiding hope of a life beyond that which was hastening to a close. Eat and drink, he tells us; enjoy present health and competence; alleviate present evils, or forget them, in social intercourse, in wine, music, and sensual indulgence; for to-morrow we must die. Death was in his view no mere change of condition and relation; it was the black end of all.

—and the termination of existence.

An unbeliever in the current mythology

“It is evident that he placed no reliance on the mythology of his time, and that he regarded the fables of the Elysian Fields, and their dim and wandering ghosts, simply in the light of convenient poetic fictions for illustrations and imagery.

“Nothing can, in my view, be sadder than his attempts at consolation for the

loss of friends. Witness his Ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius. He tells his illustrious friend simply that his calamity is without hope, irretrievable, and eternal; that it is idle to implore the gods to restore the dead; and that, although his lyre may be more sweet than that of Orpheus, he cannot re-animate the shadow of his friend, nor persuade the 'ghost-compelling god' to unbar the gates of death. He urges patience as the sole resource. He alludes not unfrequently to his own death in the same despairing tone.

—he cannot understand a spiritual existence,

“ In the ode to Torquatus—one of the most beautiful and touching of all he has written—he sets before his friend, in melancholy contrast, the return of the seasons, and of the moon renewed in brightness, with the end of man, who sinks into the endless dark, leaving nothing behind save ashes and shadows. He then, in the true spirit of his philosophy, urges Torquatus to give his present hour and

—laments the shortness of human life,

—and advocates a mere physical enjoyment.

wealth to pleasures and delights, as he had no assurance of to-morrow."

Horace compared with the Psalmist, Job, and the Preacher.

Compare this analysis with that of the Psalmist, Job, and the Preacher, and the result will be found to be the same in all the cases, namely, an inability to believe in a future life, and a consequent desire to snatch what fleeting pleasures the world can give, before the inevitable Fates consign him to dark oblivion.

—and the resemblance between them shown.

It may seem rather startling to compare the teachings of a Greek idolatrous heathen and of a Latin Epicurean heathen with those of sacred writers. Still more startling is it to show that the teachings of the Epicurean sensualist are no worse than those of the scriptural writer, while those of the Greek poet are very much better. It is however the fact, and, if we are to be bound by the literal meaning of the Scriptures, there is no possibility of denying it without doing violence to reason and ordinary common-sense.

Now, however, we come to the point which was mentioned on page 4. Does the authorised version give a full and correct interpretation of the Hebrew text? It certainly does not. There is no change in the significance of the words, there is no mere insufficiency in the translation, but the rendering is absolutely and entirely wrong. The word "perish" does not occur at all in the Hebrew text, nor is even the idea expressed. The words which our translation twice renders as "beasts that perish," are in the Hebrew *בְּהֵמָה נִדְמָה* *i.e.*, "dumb beasts." On comparing a number of translations of Psalm xlix. into various languages, I find that scarcely any of them even imply the idea of perishing in the sense of annihilation. First, we will take the "Jewish Bible," which is acknowledged to be the best and closest translation in our language, and which has been made by Dr. Benisch, under the supervision of the Chief Rabbi. Both in verses 12 and 20, the translation is as follows:—

Interpre-
tation of
the
Hebrew
version.

The word
"perish."

Various
transla-
tions.

The
"Jewish
Bible."

“Man *that is* in honour, and understandeth *this* not, is like the beasts *that are* irrational.” A foot-note gives the word “dumb,” as an alternative reading for “irrational.”

The “Septuagint.”

The Septuagint has very much the same reading, the verse ending with these words “*παρυσυνεβλήθη τοῖς κτήνεσι τοῖς ἀνοήτοις.*” This is the Vatican text. Sir Lancelot C. Lee Brunton’s translation of the Septuagint runs as follows:—“Man that is in honour understands not; he is compared to the senseless cattle, and is like them.”

Here is the Vulgate:—

The “Vulgate.”

“Comparatus est jumentis insipientibus, et similis factus est illis.” In Wycliffe’s Bible, which is a translation from the Vulgate, the passage is thus rendered—

Wycliffe’s Bible.

“A man whanne he was in honour understood not; he is comparisound to unwise beestis, and is maad lijk to tho.”

The Douay Bible.

The “Douay” Bible, *i.e.* the translation of the English Roman Catholic College of

Douay, being the version which is accepted of that branch of the Church in this country, renders the passage as follows:—

“Man, when he was in honour, did not understand; he hath been compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them.”

The Ethiopian version, as read by means of a Latin translation, is nearly the same as the Vulgate. The Ethiopian Version.

The French and Italian are the only two which resemble our version. The former runs thus— The French Version.

“L’homme *qui est* en honneur, et qui n’a point d’intelligence, est semblable aux bêtes *qui périssent*.”

The Italian is as follows:—

“L’uomo *che è* in instato onorevole, è e non ha intelletto, simile alle bestie che periscono.” The Italian Version.

There is a curious Chaldaic version of the passage, which, according to a Latin translation, adds a few words by way of explanation, and, in these words, places *wicked* men and beasts on the same level The Chaldaic Version.

of nothingness after death. I have placed the additions in brackets:—

“Homo [sceleratus] in tempore quo subsistet in honore, non intelligit; cum removetur gloria ejus ab eo, comparatur bestię [et redigitur in nihilum].”

Into some other translations a new idea is imported. Take, for example, Luther's Bible—

The
German
Version.

“Kurz, wenn ein Mensch in der Würde ist, und hat keinen Verstand, so fähret er von, wie ein Vieh.”

So the Spanish—

The
Spanish
Version.

“El hombre quando esteba en honor, no lo intendio; ha sido comparado á las bestias insensatas, y se ha becho semejante á ellas.”

The
Arabic
Version.

The Arabic is almost exactly the same as the Spanish, but ends with the word Alleluia, which is not in the Hebrew.

The
Syriac
Version.

The Syriac version, according to the Latin translation, conveys a similar idea—

“Homo gloriam suam non intellexit, sed æquavit se animanti et similis factus est ei.”

Even supposing that the word "perish" is rendered correctly, it does not follow that annihilation is signified. Take, for example, the 10th verse of the same Psalm in the same version—

Significa-
tion of the
word
"perish."

"For he seeth that wise men die, and likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others."

Surely no one would interpret this passage as a declaration that the wise and fools and the brutish had no life after the death of the body.

The last verse of the Psalm is, as Luther puts it, a summary of the whole poem. The Psalmist draws a vivid picture of the true object of man's life in this world, and the tendency of man to forget it. He sets forth the shortness of human life, and shows that neither wealth, rank, nor fame can endure after a man dies, all these things belonging to the mere earthly life of man. Consequently, men who set their hearts upon these earthly things ignore the honour of their manhood,

Summary
of the
whole
Psalm.

How men
degrade
themselves
to the level
of beasts.

and degrade themselves to the level of the dumb beasts, whose aspirations are, as far as we know, limited to this present world.

The passage in question totally irrelevant to the subject.

It will be seen, therefore, that we may dismiss from our minds the idea that the beasts are said by the Psalmist to have no future life, and that we may reject the passage as being totally irrelevant to the subject. It is of the greatest importance that this should be done, as the passage in question is the only one which even appears to make any definite statement as to the future condition of the lower animals.

Putting out a feeler.

Some years ago, when writing my "Common Objects of the Country," I ventured to doubt the truth of the popular belief on this subject, and was rather surprised at the result. Almost every periodical which gave a notice of the book quoted the passage, and, with only one or two exceptions, more or less approved of it. The exceptional cases were those of distinctly religious publications, and they,

of course, brought against me "the beasts that perish."

I was also inundated with letters on the subject. Many of them were written by persons who had possessed favourite animals, and who cordially welcomed an idea which they had long held in their hearts, but had been afraid to express. Many were from persons who were seriously shocked at the idea that any animal lower than themselves could live after the death of the body.

Some were full of grave rebuke, while others were couched in sarcastic terms.

Two are specially worthy of notice. The one, contains twelve pages of closely written, full-sized letter-paper, in which the writer tells me that any one who cherished the hope that animals could live after death was unworthy of his position of a clergyman, ought to be deprived of his university degrees, and expelled from the learned societies to which he belonged. This argument was

Various
correspon-
derce.

Cravity
and
sarcasm.

An
irrefu-
table
argu-
ment.

so unanswerable, that I did not venture to reply to it.

Human
condescen-
sion.

The writer of the second letter remarked, that whatever I might say, he would never condescend to share immortality with a cheese-mite. I replied that, in the first place, it was not likely that he would be consulted on the subject; and that, in the second place, as he did condescend to share mortality with a good many cheese-mites, there could be no great harm in extending his condescension a step further.

Both sides
of the
shield.

But, no matter whether the writers agreed with me or not, no matter whether they were sympathetic, severe, or sarcastic, they invariably mentioned "the beasts that perish." Some wished to know, how it was possible to get over a passage which had always prevented them from indulging in the hope that the animals which they had loved on earth would have a future life; while others brought forward "the beasts that perish" as a crushing and conclusive argument, of which they evi-

dently supposed me to be entirely ignorant.

The reader will therefore see how important it is that the true meaning of the Hebrew text should be known, and that the Psalmist should not be accredited with putting forward a doctrine to which, whether true or false, he makes no reference whatever.

Having thus disposed of the "beasts that perish," let us turn to the passage in Ecclesiastes which, as we have seen, is the only one which has any direct reference to the future state of the lower animals.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man (*or*, the sons of man) that goeth upward (*or* ascending), and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccles. iii. 21.)

The spirit
of man
and beast.

Going
upwards
and going
down-
wards.

We have here, at all events, an admission that, whether the spirit ascends or descends, both man and beasts do possess spirits, the Hebrew word being the same in both cases. There is no difference in

the various translations, and the rendering in the Jewish Bible is *verbatim* the same as that of our authorized version. We will take the entire passage, and not only an isolated text—

The
'Preacher'
on man
and beast.

"I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

All is
vanity.

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even the one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

"All go to one place; all are of the same dust, and all turn to dust again.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

How to
spend hu-
man life
on earth.

"Wherefore I perceive that *there is* nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that *is* his portion: for who shall bring him to see

what shall be after him?" (Eccles. iii. 18 to end of chapter.)

The sad, contemptuous irony of the first three chapters of the book tells its own story. Whether or not this book be the production of Solomon in his later years matters very little. It well may be so, for it is the confession of one who has possessed well-nigh all that earth can give him, and who has lived to see its emptiness. Indulgence has been avenged by satiety, and the writer's summary of life is contained in the despondent avowal, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Teaching
by irony.

Confes-
sions of a
wasted
life.

Self-reproach for a wasted life breathes in every page of this book; and the preacher, speaking from his own experience, shows that wealth, glory, pleasure, and even wisdom are in themselves but utter emptiness. Practically the theme is the same as that of the forty-ninth Psalm, though the two writers handle it in opposite ways.

The same
theme
from two
points of
view.

The Psalmist approaches the subject with grave solemnity, warning his hearers of

the brevity of human life, and showing that if man forgets the glory of his manhood, made in the image of God, he places himself on the level of the dumb beasts.

View of the Preacher.

The Preacher takes a different view of the case, though he comes to the same conclusion. Employing biting sarcasm instead of solemn warning, he first shows the utter emptiness of all worldly and selfish pleasures, and the miserable end of the voluptuary, and then ironically advises his readers to place their whole happiness in them.

Summary of the Preacher's argument.

Briefly, this is his argument:—Suppose any one may say that this is living a mere animal life, what of that? Who *could* be expected to know that the spirit of beasts is inferior to that of man, and that the spirit of man was made to soar above earthly things, while that of beasts is limited to them?

The bitter irony is evident, and through the book this idea repeatedly occurs under various forms.

But by no manner of interpretation can verse 21 mean that beasts are annihilated after death, while men rise again. The writer ironically assumes that his readers do not know the difference between the spirit of man and that of beast, and, arguing upon that assumption, advises them to live a mere animal life.

Real signification of Ecclesiastes iii. 21.

“*There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour.*”

I have already shown that the former of these passages does not even contain the idea of annihilation as regards beasts; and that the latter is entirely misapprehended, is now evident. We may therefore dismiss from our minds both Ps. xlix. and Eccles. iii. as having no bearing whatever on the subject. The Scriptures therefore, as far as we have seen, do not deny a future life to the lower animals. Whether they assert it, is not relevant to the present issue.

No denial of immortality to the beasts in the Scriptures.

CHAPTER II.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Distinction between Instinct and Reason.—Definition of Instinct.—Rarey the Horse-tamer.—Various phases of Instinct in Man and Beast.—Definition of Reason.—Comparison between Children and Animals.—Reasoning powers of the Fishes and Reptiles.—Reason displayed by the common Toad.—The Axolotl and the Horned Toad.—Two "Temperance" Dogs and their Masters.—"Mess" and his ways.—Knowledge of his regimental uniform.—Methodical habits.—Medicine and nightcaps.—A broken leg and its consequences.—Unexpected failure of reasoning in my dog "Apollo."

HAVING now disposed of the purely theological objections to the future life of the lower animals, we proceed to the subject which necessarily follows next in order, namely, the possession of reasoning powers by them.

There is much vagueness of idea on this point, the general tendency being to con-

Do the lower animals possess reason?

found reason and instinct together, and to wonder when one ends and the other begins. For example, there are hundreds of anecdotes, too familiar for quotation or even mention, which are described as wonderful examples of instinct, whereas every one of them is a proof of reason, and has nothing to do with instinct.

When the late Mr. Rarey was exhibiting his wonderful powers of horse-taming in England, I had a long argument with him. It was his custom to preface his performances by a short lecture, in which he was in the habit of saying that he conquered the animals because he possessed reason and the horse did not. I submitted to him that his words and his actions were diametrically opposed to each other; for that while he denied reason in the horse, every successive stage in the education of the animal was a direct appeal to its reason.

His success was really due to the higher and more comprehensive reason, subduing the lower and more limited; while, if the

Degrees of
intellect
in horses.

horse did not possess reason, Mr. Rarey could have exercised no influence whatever upon it. Indeed, as he had stated in his lecture that dull and stupid horses were more difficult to tame than intelligent and high-spirited animals, he had already granted their capacity of reasoning.

Mr. Waterton's
power over
animals,

Some years ago I had a standing dispute with my valued friend, the late Charles Waterton. Swayed probably by his religious views, which were of the severest character, he never would admit, and never did admit, that any animal lower than man could possess reason. Yet in all his dealings with the animal world, in which he was simply without a rival, he invariably appealed to their reason and not to their instinct.

—and
sympathy
with their
feelings.

For example, he never would allow his farm horses to be tied up or even shut in their stalls after their day's labour. He always had them fed in loose boxes, and the doors left open, so that after their meal the animals could go into the yard

and talk to each other. "We like to chat over our meals," said the kindly old man, "and so do they."

I remember one case in which the bailiff was within an ace of being dismissed on the spot because one of the men had fastened a horse in its stall. Mr. Waterton quietly took out his penknife, cut the halter into inch lengths, laid them on the floor of the stable, and went his way. At six next morning the bailiff waited on his master, looking very much as if he were going to be hanged with a like halter. He knew perfectly well the sort of reception which he would meet, and was evidently relieved when he left the room and found himself still bailiff.

Horses not allowed to be fastened.

The discomfited bailiff.

Whenever Waterton showed himself there was a general commotion in the domain, all the inhabitants recognising their friend and trying to get near him.

One scene I never shall forget. There was a splendid young bull, milk white, one of the many favourites of its master, and

the terror of the farm-labourers. It was
 "Tommy"
 the white
 bull and when let out of the stable used to
 indulge in pranks that are very becoming
 to a kitten, but seem rather out of place
 when performed by a bull.

—is let
 loose.

One morning I accompanied Mr. Waterton through the farm-yard, and he casually ordered the men to let "Tommy" loose. When we came round again Tommy was still in his stall, not one of the men having dared to touch him. His master, after calling the men a set of cowards, proceeded to loose Tommy himself, whereupon the men all armed themselves with big cudgels. These Mr. Waterton immediately took away again, just as he removed the weapons of his assistants when he captured the huge snake in Guiana, telling them that if they were afraid they might go; which they did.

He then loosed Tommy, who came plunging out in the exuberance of his freedom, capering about, first on his fore and then

on his hind legs, and tossing bundles of litter into the air with his horns. Once he rushed at the great feeding-crib that stood in the middle of the yard, knocked it down, —indulges in various pranks, picked it up with his horns, and was on the point of smashing it to pieces, when the men, who were in a horrible fright on the other side of the fence, threw ropes over it and dragged it out of the animal's reach.

Tommy then made a charge at Mr. Waterton, and came straight on him with head —and pretends to charge at his master, down as if he meant to fling him after the crib. I felt rather nervous myself at this; but Mr. Waterton took it with perfect coolness, and just put his hand on the beast's broad white forehead, saying in a tone of mild remonstrance, "Now then, old boy!" Whereupon Tommy kicked up his heels, gave himself a shake, and next moment was prancing all over the yard.

There was not the least harm about the animal. He only wanted to let off the superfluous steam, so to speak, and indulged

—simply
from ex-
uberant
spirits.

himself in the absurd antics which have been described. It is very likely that if he saw the men running away he would run after them, thinking that they were joining in his game, whereas they thought that he was going to immolate them on the spot.

He soon
calms him-
self,

In a few minutes Tommy's exuberant spirits had calmed down, and he was seen quietly lying down in the straw with his master seated on him, and feeding him with bits of bread out of his storehouse of a pocket.

—and
serves as a
seat for his
master.

I should have liked to have painted that scene ; the great white bull lying on the ground, with the tall spare form of his master seated on its huge body ; the litter all tossed here and there by his pranks ; the horses, cows, cats, poultry, and all sorts of birds crowding round in hope of scraps ; and in the background the shame-faced labourers, still in undisguised terror of the bull, and in equally undisguised admiration of their master's courage.

The reader will see here that Mr. Water-
ton was simply gauging the reason of the
bull by means of his own, and that, if the
animal had only possessed instinct instead
of reason, his master would in all proba-
bility have been killed on the spot.

Let us define clearly the distinction be-
tween instinct and reason.

The well-known and perfectly correct Definition
of Instinct. definition of Instinct is this—"a certain
*power or disposition of mind by which, in-
dependent of all instruction or experience,
animals are directed unerringly to do spon-
taneously whatever is necessary for the pre-
servation of the individual or the continuation
of the species.*"

Take ourselves, for example. It is in- Instinct in
man. instinct which teaches the child to seek its
mother's breast and to obtain its nourish-
ment by suction. This it does in the first
hour of its existence as well as if it had
been taught by example and had practised
the art for years. It is instinct which
teaches the newly born child to breathe,

to cry when it is hungry or otherwise uncomfortable, and to clasp with its tiny hand the finger that is put into it.

Instinct in
birds.

It is instinct that teaches a bird how to make its nest after the way of its kind, to sit upon its eggs until they are hatched, and to feed the young with their appropriate food. This may seem to many of my readers a needless statement, but even in one of the learned societies of London I have heard a speaker assert that the power of building the nest was not an innate quality, but was communicated to the young by their long observation of the nest in which they were reared. That such an hypothesis is utterly absurd may be seen from the following facts.

Nest-
making.

In the first place, although the young pass their first few weeks inside the nest, they do not see the outside, neither can they possibly learn from their parents where the materials were obtained and the mode of putting them together. Each species, moreover, adheres to the habits of

its kind, so that a chaffinch, if bred in a ^{Foster-}redstart's nest, would build the nest of ^{parents.} a chaffinch and not that of a redstart. There have been countless generations of ^{The}cuckoos, but, although every one of them ^{cuckoo and her}was bred in the nest of a foster parent ^{eggs.} not of its own species, not one of them has learned to build a nest for itself, but, when it becomes a mother, is taught by instinct to lay its eggs in the nest of some other bird.

Take the case of insects. ^{Instinct}Instinct ^{in insects.} teaches the silkworm to make its cocoon, to wait there until it is developed into a moth, and then to force its way into the world. It has never seen a cocoon before, so that it could not learn by imitation. Its mother died long before it was hatched, so that it could not learn by instruction. But, taught by instinct, it ^{The silk-}forms its cocoon exactly as did its parents ^{worm and}whom it never saw, and as will its off- ^{its cocoon.}spring whom it never will see.

All practical entomologists are familiar

Instinct
in the
currant
caterpillar

The
perfect
insect.

The cater-
pillar,

—and its
mode of
progres-
sion.

with many instances of pure instinct on the part of insects. One of the most common is furnished by the well-known currant moth, or magpie moth, as it is sometimes called, which may be seen any summer day flitting about the currant-bushes, seeking for a convenient spot in which to place its eggs. It is a very conspicuous insect from its mottled yellow, black, and white wings, and is remarkable for the fact that the perfect insect, the pupa, and the caterpillar, all possess the same colours.

The caterpillar belongs to the group which is scientifically termed Geometridæ, or earth-measurers, and popularly loopers, on account of the manner in which they walk, not crawling like other caterpillars, but drawing up their bodies in the middle into a staple-like shape, and so advancing by successive steps, stretching themselves straight and drawing themselves into a loop alternately.

All these caterpillars are provided with

spinnerets and silk-producing apparatus, by means of which they can save themselves if they fall from a branch²—an accident to which their way of walking makes them peculiarly liable. As they proceed, with the head and tail drawn closely together, they attach a thread to the object on which they are walking; and when they stretch forward the body to take a new hold with the front legs, they draw out a corresponding length of silken cord. If they should fall, they are brought up by the cord; and if danger should threaten, they let themselves down to the ground, and regain their position afterwards by climbing up the suspended cord. Sometimes a knowing bird has been observed to take advantage of this habit, and to shake the branches until the caterpillars had lowered themselves to the ground, when he descended and ate them at his leisure, instead of hunting for them among the branches.

The silken
life-line.

Birds
better
reasoners
than cater-
pillars.

These caterpillars are hatched towards the end of summer, and feed for some

Provision
for the
winter,

three or four weeks, when they make preparations for the coming winter, which they must pass in a state of somnolence. Let us watch one of them at this period of its life. Its home is within a leaf of the currant or gooseberry, the edges of the leaf being drawn together and fastened by silken cords. But, before doing this, the caterpillar ties the leaf to the branch by several strong silken bands attached to the stem.

—in accordance
with the
laws of
nature,

This process completed, the caterpillar goes into its winter-quarters, and sleeps undisturbed until spring. In process of time, the laws of nature loosen the leaf from the branch: it cannot, however, fall, being tied by the silken cords, and so it only hangs suspended and swings about safely in the wind until the following spring.

—acting
upon itself
and its
food-
plant.

Now here is a remarkable example of instinct pure and simple. It is utterly impossible that the caterpillar should know that the leaf would fall in the coming

winter-time, and that the threads would keep it safely suspended until the warm weather of the following year.

Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that the creature should even know that there was such a season as winter, or that it would be obliged to live in the state of hibernation for some six months. When it again retires into quiescence during its pupal state it does not act in the same manner, but merely slings itself to the branch by its tail, previously spinning around it a slight cocoon by way of protection.

It is achieved by instinct without the aid of knowledge of the season.

Provision for the summer in accordance with the laws of nature.

In both cases instinct, and instinct only, dictated its actions. In the one case it fastened the leaf to the bough, without knowing that the leaf would soon fall: in the other it slung itself to the branch, without knowing that during the warm days of summer it will need no protection from the elements and little from enemies.

It is instinct which teaches the newly hatched chicken to run about and peck

Instinct teaches young birds to obtain their food.

Instinct teaches friends and foes,

Food and poison.

up its food for itself, while instinct teaches the young pigeon to sit still in the nest and wait until fed by its mother. Ducks, though hatched under a hen, will instinctively make their way to the water; while chickens, though hatched under a duck, will instinctively keep out of it. Instinct throws a monkey into the most abject terror at the first sight of a serpent; while instinct teaches the secretary-bird, at first sight of a serpent, to kill and eat it. Instinct, and not parental instruction, teaches animals to select such food as suits them, and to reject that which would injure them. There are certainly some cases where instinct fails, as for example, cattle who poison themselves by eating the leaves of the yew. But, in these instances, the cattle are domesticated, have not been obliged to depend wholly on their own efforts for procuring food, and their instincts have in consequence lost much of their power.

It is instinct which directs with unerring

accuracy the cormorant to plunge into the water and to capture the swift fishes in their own element. It is instinct which tells the mole to find its food beneath the earth, and the swallow to catch the flies in the air. The swallow never tries to catch fish, nor the cormorant to chase flies, each being endowed from birth with the power of knowing its proper food and the means of obtaining it.

Instinct directs animals to their feeding grounds, and teaches them how to procure food.

It is instinct which teaches the dragon-fly, an active inhabitant of the water, and the dragon-fly, an absolutely inactive inhabitant of the mud, while in their larval states, to take to their wings as soon as they have attained their perfect condition, and to dart through the air quicker than the eye can follow them. They use their wings at once with as much skill as if they had learned under skilful teaching and with long practice.

Instinct teaches the act of flight.

It is instinct, and not reason, that forces the birds to migrate, and which guides them in their long journeys to and from this little island of ours.

Instinct teaches migration.

Some
instincts
permanent
in man.

Man, as well as the lower animals, has his instincts; but, as he is able to bring most of them in subjection to his reason, very few of them are apparent. Some, however, remain and assert themselves throughout the whole of human life.

Definition
of Reason.

REASON differs from instinct in the widest possible manner, the former being an exercise of the will, and the latter independent of it. Instinct is implanted at birth, while reason is an after-growth of the mind. Instinct requires no exercise of thought, while reasoning may be briefly defined as a *deduction of a conclusion from premisses*. This power is possessed by animals in common with ourselves, although not to the same extent; and it is by the superiority of our reason over that of the animals that we maintain our supremacy. Very often their deduction is insufficient, or their premisses false; but the process is still one of pure reason, and has no connection with instinct.

Reason
often defi-
cient, yet
still
reason.

With them, as well as with ourselves, reason often conquers instinct, especially in the case of those animals which are domesticated, and so develop their reasoning powers by contact with reason of a higher quality than their own. For example, if a hungry dog or a cat be in a room where food is left unguarded, their instincts urge them to jump upon the table and satisfy their hunger: if properly trained, however, their reason restrains their instinct, and, no matter how hungry they may be, they will not touch the food until it is given to them.

I had scarcely written these words when I received the following anecdote, which shows the power of reason over instinct in exactly the manner which I have mentioned:—

“A cat of ours once showed great self-denial. She was a terrible eater of small birds, chickens, &c., and therefore, when on one occasion she was found to have passed the night in our aviary of doves, great

Reason
conquer-
ing in-
stinct.

The cat
and the
doves.

was the alarm. However, on inspection, not one dove was missing; and though she was asleep in an inner cage, close to a nest of young doves, she had not touched a feather. What made her conduct the more remarkable was the fact that on being released she ate ravenously."

Instincts
uppermost
in spoiled
children,

It is just the same with ourselves. A child that has been well brought up can be left with perfect safety alone with any kind of dainties, the parents having taught its reason to conquer its instincts. Whereas a spoilt or ill-bred child; which has been suffered to allow its instincts to be paramount, will be sure to fall upon the coveted dainties as soon as it is left alone, and probably to make itself very ill. Surely the conduct of both the animal and the child is identical.

—and
idiots.

In the human idiot we have too frequent examples of the terrible power of instincts or propensities, as they are sometimes called, when the reason is insufficient to counterbalance them.

Almost any animal can be thus trained A refined pig. to subject its natural instincts to its reason. I have a letter from a lady, who writes that she has a pig, which for good manners and cleanliness is as fit for a drawing-room companion as any lap-dog.

The distinction between reason and instinct is strongly defined in the conduct of a dog who possessed both qualities in a very superior degree.

The animal in question was named "Don," "Don," the pointer: keenness of his instinct. and was in his master's opinion the "prince of pointers." His scent was extraordinarily keen. For example, one day, when out shooting, he suddenly came to a point, and stood like a rock. His master went up to him; but no game rose, and still the animal continued to point. His master walked on in the indicated direction, until he was stopped by a stone wall, and on looking over it he saw a hare closely crouched to the ground. The keen scent of the dog had detected her in spite of the intervening wall.

As often happens, birds got wild towards the end of the season, and used to rise while out of shot. Now "Don" knew the range of the game as well as his master, and invented a singularly ingenious mode of literally circumventing the birds.

Strength
of his
reason,

His peculiarly keen scent enabled him to detect them at a considerable distance, so that they would not be afraid of him. Instead of going directly towards them, "Don" used to circle round them, gradually contracting his lines until he came within range. He would then look back at his master, as if to say, "It's all right, we have them now;" and so they had.

—and
power of
observa-
tion.

Here we see both characteristics developed to the fullest degree, the lower being controlled by the higher, and used as its tool. The singularly keen scent was purely instinctive, and had nothing to do with reason. But the reasoning powers of the animal enabled him to employ his instincts in the service of his master. First, he had observed that the gun was never used

beyond a certain range, and had come to the conclusion that beyond that range birds could not be shot.

Then he had observed that when birds were wild they rose out of distance, and so set himself to invent some plan by which they would not take alarm while out of shot. The device which he practised was exactly that which is at the present day employed by the hunters of South America. A parallel instance in human hunters. If they see a partridge in the plain, they ride round and round it in ever-narrowing circles. The bird lies closely crouched to the ground in hopes that it is not observed, and the horseman at last approaches so closely that he is able to kill it with a blow from the metal handle of his whip.

Fishes are not supposed to be possessed of much reason; yet every angler knows that all the powers of his mind are taxed before he can induce an old and wary trout to take his bait, or, when he has succeeded in hooking the fish, to prevent it from breaking his line. Cunning of old fish.

Tamed
fish.

The natural instinct of a fish teaches it to fly from man, and we all know that even our shadows on the water will frighten away the fish and destroy the angler's hopes of success. Yet I know a pond full of goldfish which are quite tame, and which, when they see a human being at the side of the pond, come towards him instead of being alarmed. If a little rippling be made on the surface of the water, they come crowding to the spot, that being the signal for food; and so perfectly confiding are they, that they will take bread or biscuit out of the hand, and if the hand be kept under the water, one or two of the fishes will presently be nibbling at each finger.

A tame
electric
eel.

Here then is an example of the instinct, which urges them to flee from man, being overcome by the reason, which tells them to approach him. I have seen an electric eel fed in just the same manner. The creature was blind; but it at once recognised the ripple, coiled itself round the spot where the water was agitated, and

with a shock killed a fish which the keeper had placed there. At the British Museum Tame axolotls. there are now some Axolotls kept alive in a glass vessel. They are sluggish creatures, mostly lying at the bottom of the vessel; but if the water be agitated, up they come with open mouths, expecting the strip of meat with which they are fed.

This conduct is a distinct deduction of Reason opposed to instinct. a conclusion from premisses, and, so far from being dictated by instinct, is absolutely opposed to it. If the reader will keep in mind the definition of reason, he will see that, in all the anecdotes which are narrated in this and the two succeeding chapters, reason, and not instinct, is the motive power.

The following account of a tame "Horned The horned toad, or tapayaxin. Toad," or "Horned Frog;" as the animal is called, is written by one of my brothers. I may first state, that the creature in question is neither a toad nor a frog, but a lizard belonging to the great family of the Iguanas. Its native popular name is Tapayaxin, and

it is known to science as *Phrynosoma Blainvillii*. The former of these names is composed of two Greek words signifying Toad-bodied, and is given to the creature on account of its flat, toad-like aspect.

Form and
colour.

“The Horned Toad, so called by the people of the regions inhabited by this curious reptile, is a very oddly shaped lizard, measuring when full grown about six inches in length, of which the tail occupies one and a half inches, and three inches across the back, which is enormously wide and flat when compared with the little and elegant forms of the lizards in general.

“The head, back, and tail are thickly planted with spines, which in the full-grown animal look exactly like those of the black-thorn. The head from behind the eyes radiates spines; the back is covered with them, some large and some small. The two edges of the belly are set like the teeth of a saw, as is also the tail, which appendage is short for the size of the animal, and tapers from three-quarters of

an inch at the base to a point at the extremity, being a distance of only an inch and a half.

“This lizard, probably from its form, Concealment by resemblance. is not nearly so active as its race generally are—even when disturbed, seldom running more than three or four feet, and then stopping close to some stone or root, to which, instinct teaches it, it bears a close resemblance, and trusts to that resemblance to escape detection, in which it often succeeds, as in such cases none but an eye educated in observation can trace the fugitive, or detect in the apparent root or stone a living reptile; on these occasions, a quick grasp of the hand will mostly secure it alive.

“The facility with which these strange Easily tamed. creatures are tamed is almost ludicrous in its effects. When seized in the hand, it endeavours to escape by repeatedly pressing its head against the detaining fingers of its captor, in the hope that the spikes with which it is armed will effect its deliverance;

but then if the head is allowed to protrude from the hand and gently stroked, and the under jaw treated in like manner, in less than a minute the eyes close and the creature is asleep, and it will be found; upon awakening, that the timid shy lizard is completely tamed. This curious process I have tried on some eight or nine specimens without a single failure.

Chilly
beings.

“When thus tamed, these lizards make the most engaging pets possible, their forms are so strange, and their actions so quaint and old-fashioned in the extreme. They are very chilly creatures, revelling in the mid-day sun, and hiding away in some warm corner when the sun goes down: in the wild state, they scrape a small hole in the sand, heated by an almost tropical sun, and lie there during the night, until the warm rays of the morning sun again arouse them into activity.

Sand-
burrowing
habits.

“This habit showed itself to me in a very curious manner. I had caught some seven or eight specimens, and put them in a box

with about an inch of sand at the bottom, where they ran about merrily enough during the day; but next morning, when I looked to see how they were getting on, not one was visible, and I naturally supposed that they had taken French leave and escaped. But, after the lapse of an hour or so, I heard a scratching in the box; and on looking in, there were all my little friends, some running about, others still half buried in the sand. This led me to suspect their habits, and so next morning, just after sunrise, I went to the place most frequented by them, and sat down patiently to watch for them. In about half an hour, my eye caught a movement in the sand about half-a-dozen yards to my right, and, after a moment or two, out came a lizard, and before an hour had passed, I had seen four come out of their sandy beds.

Habits of
the lizard.

“I hear from those who have travelled on the greater part of this continent, that this lizard is only found in the Sage-brush

Their
favourite
localities.

district, and *never* near water or damp places. It is also stated that one of these reptiles may be placed in a bottle, corked and sealed up for years, and will be as lively at the end as when first put in. I have commenced an experiment on this subject. On the 1st September I placed four specimens in different bottles, corked, sealed, and then, over all, several layers of tinfoil tightly pressed down.

A domesticated specimen.

“I have had one very large specimen living at large in my bedroom for the past six weeks: during this time he has on several occasions gone out of doors on fly-catching expeditions, but always returned to sleep under an old piece of cloth in one corner of the room; and even when outside, where a run of a couple of yards would give him liberty, he will always allow me to pick him up without trying to escape.

Fly-catching.

“But, of all the amusing proceedings on his part, is his way of catching flies in the room.

“During the latter part of the day, the sun shines through a hole in the shutter of my bedroom, and makes a nice warm spot on the floor alongside one of my portmanteaus, and on this spot the flies ‘most do congregate;’ so my little pet, who is not quick enough to catch the flies in fair chase, climbs on the top of the portmanteau, and, lying half on and half off, watches his opportunity, and woe to the unfortunate fly that settles below him; the instant the fly is quiet, the lizard gives a few preliminary curls to the tip of his tail, just as a cat does when watching a mouse, and then tumbles down bodily upon the heedless fly, cuddles his prey between his fore legs and chest, and then, bending down his head as far as possible, allows the fly to struggle out of his embrace, when with one quick motion of his tongue the poor fly has disappeared. After a moment’s rest, up he climbs again, and is ready to repeat the process.

A living trap.

“I have once counted seven flies caught

A successful hunter. in this manner within an hour, and, during the whole of the time that I have had him, I have only seen him miss twice in catching the prey upon which he had fixed his eye.

“As the nights are getting colder, I notice my pet is daily becoming more lethargic in the morning, and from this assume, in all probability, this species hibernates during the winter. I hope to be able to make some few experiments upon this subject during the coming winter, and the results, if any, shall be duly forwarded for publication.”

Tenacity of life.

The writer of this notice sent me a Tapayaxin *by post*. It arrived in perfect health, and lived for some time; but I have no hot-house, and a severe winter killed it.

The reader will probably have observed that in this mode of catching prey the creature was guided by reason rather than by instinct. It had observed that the flies were in the habit of settling on the spot which had been warmed by the sunbeam, and so took advantage of the portmanteau

as a post of vantage whence he would leap, or rather fall, upon his prey.

If there be any animal in which we should look for reasoning powers, it is the dog. I propose, therefore, to give a few original anecdotes of this animal, in all of which the power of reason will be evident. In the course of this work many other anecdotes will be related, both of dogs and other animals, in which their power of reason will be shown; but as the anecdotes have a more distinct bearing upon other attributes, such as love, hate, sympathy, generosity, &c., they will be placed under those respective heads. In the two Two temperance dogs. anecdotes which follow, it seems as if the man and the beast had almost changed places. At all events, even if the animals did not possess more reasoning powers than the men, they exercised those powers which they did possess to a better purpose.

“I had a friend who possesses a little black and tan English terrier. His master had the misfortune not only to prefer two

glasses of grog to one, but greatly to prefer three or four, with the usual consequences. On one of these occasions he beat his dog severely, and from that time the dog, whenever there was a recurrence of the *fourth* tumbler, went and hid himself in the cupboard, never showing himself until the effects had passed off, and his master was restored to sobriety.

The fourth tumbler.

“I know of another dog, a Scotch terrier, whose master is extremely fond of him, and the attachment, is mutual. At times this gentleman exceeds the bounds of prudence, and, when he does so, the bout lasts for two or three days. Although on these occasions he is quite inclined to fondle and make much of his dog, the animal will not go near his master, nor even, look at him, but shuns him in every way, and keeps aloof until his master is restored to a perfect state of sobriety.”

A drinking bout and its results.

There was a Scotch terrier dog who lately died, to the very great sorrow of his master, an officer in the 45th Regiment,

Died, deeply lamented.

and the very great rejoicing of his master's friends. He was good enough to honour me by admitting me among his friends—the only person not belonging to the family to whom he extended that privilege. His name was “Mess,” which was a military abbreviation of “Mesty,” which was an abbreviation of Mephistopheles, the name being given to him in consequence of his temper, which really deserved the name of infernal. No one, except his master, his master's family, and an exceptionally favoured servant or two, could put a hand on him without being bitten.

I know a learned barrister who has been kept in bed until a very late hour in the morning, because “Mess” had come into his room when the servant brought the hot water, and would not allow him to get up. As long as he lay still in bed, Mess sat quietly on the floor; but, at the least movement, Mess sprang up with a menacing growl, flashing eyes, and gleaming teeth, and the unfortunate guest had to subside

Watching
a guest.

again, unable even to ring the bell for help, and anxious that his host and hostess must be waiting breakfast for him and chafing at his laziness.

One day, I paid a visit to "Mess's" master, not knowing anything about the dog, and not seeing the dog when I arrived. Being accustomed to an early walk before breakfast, I started off as usual on the following morning, and, on returning, met a little procession, consisting of a nurse-maid leading a donkey, on which were the two daughters of my host in panniers, and a remarkably fine Scotch terrier, which was trotting along in front. As soon as he saw me, the dog sprang forward, and I, not knowing anything of his character, and thinking that he wanted a game, stooped down, patted him, rolled him on his back, pretended to box his ears, put my hand into his mouth, and, in short, let him have his game. The nurse-maid stood by almost paralyzed with horror; but why she should be frightened, seemed rather mysterious.

A dangerous game.

On coming to breakfast I spoke in high terms of the splendid dog with whom I had enjoyed a game, and the host was almost as horrified as the nurse had been. Not until then did I hear about the dog's temper; but, whatever it was, it was never displayed towards me, and I believe that I am the only person not belonging to the family who was ever allowed to put a hand on him. I may mention that a life-sized portrait of "Mess" was taken in crayons by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, and occupies a place of honour in his master's dining-room.

A favour-
ed friend.

Some years ago "Mess" and his master were stationed at Parkhurst, where was a "Mess" and his regiment dépôt. Although several regiments were represented, "Mess" perfectly knew the green facings of his own regiment, and would recognise men belonging to it, but no others. This, by the way, was the more curious, as all the troops wore the scarlet coat. He had a way of being present at the morning parade, and then going off to

Military
regularity.

the barrack-rooms to breakfast. He had arranged in his own mind a regular series of rooms to be visited; and if the men succeeded in decoying him into a room which did not correspond with the day, he bit somebody and went off to the right room.

There are many officers and men of the 45th who perfectly recollect "Mess" even after the lapse of several years.

"Mess"
and the
nightcap.

Once, while home on leave, his master was taken with a fit of illness, "Mess," as a matter of course, keeping guard. In the course of the night the necessary medicine was brought by the patient's mother, who wore a rather elegant nightcap, reserved, as she used to say, in case of fire. The medicine happened to be peculiarly distasteful, and the patient gave an involuntary shudder. Whereupon "Mess," thinking that his master was being injured, flew at the lady, and never afterwards would endure the sight of a feminine nightcap.

"Mess" was good enough to extend his friendship to his master's father, a surgeon,

and condescended to accompany him on his rounds, sitting in great state on the box. One day he fell off as the carriage started, and the wheels went over him, breaking one of his legs. He would not allow himself to be touched, except by the surgeon's hands; and to him he was quiet and amenable, allowing his leg to be set and laid in splints without showing the least anger, and being evidently grateful for the services rendered to him. The leg rapidly recovered, and "Mess" was at his master's country-house when the surgeon came to pay his son a visit. No sooner did "Mess" see him than, although his injury had long been healed, he began to limp, went to his old friend, rolled over on his back, and held up his leg. Nor would he desist until a handkerchief had been tied round the leg and some water poured over it. Afterwards, when he happened to injure a paw, he went of his own accord to the surgeon, held up the damaged limb, and asked for help as plainly as if he possessed human language.

"Mess" meets with an accident.

Submits himself to the surgeon,

—and is cured.

The surgeon visits his master.

Going to the surgeon.

We shall hear more of Mess in succeeding pages, but meanwhile it is impossible not to see that the actions of the dog proceeded from real reason. Sometimes his premisses were false, as in the case where he kept the guest in bed, or when he must needs have the sound limb dressed; but there is no doubt that he did draw a conclusion from premisses, and that therefore he possessed reason.

False premisses.

A lady of my acquaintance once saw a curious instance of reasoning in a toad.

Reason in a toad.

She was sitting in a garden, when she saw something alive moving along the base of the wall, which was an old one and full of crevices. The object proved to be a large toad, which was examining the wall in a most systematic fashion. She saw the creature raise himself on his hind legs, peer into a crevice first with one eye and then with the other. Then he tapped the wall with his paw, and pushed it into the aperture. Evidently dissatisfied, he went away and tried another crevice in the same

Testing the wall

manner and with the same result. A third, however, was larger than the other; and this seemed to be to his taste, for he slowly drew himself up the wall and disappeared into the crevice.

It was evident that the creature knew his own dimensions, and was taking measurements of the crevices in order to find one that would allow him to enter. Toads, by the way, possess sufficient reason to be easily tamed, and to come at a call. My children generally have some tame toads in the summer-time, and are in the habit of carrying them round the garden and holding them up to let them catch the flies and other insects that settle on the flowers. The creatures are so accustomed to this mode of being fed, that they do not require to be held, but sit quietly on the open hand.

It is very curious to note how the reason of the lower animals suddenly fails just where least expected. My bulldog, "Apollo," an animal of peculiar in-



telleetual powers, once displayed a singular example of this sudden failure.

I was walking out, with Apollo as usual at my heels, when I met a party of friends, who began to ridicule the dog, saying that he was of no use except at a dog-fight, and could not even fetch or carry. I answered by throwing my stick, a heavy "Penang lawyer," over a high park fence standing on the top of a steep bank. Apollo dashed after it, and, being lithe and active as a greyhound, he sprang up the bank and fairly leaped the fence, just helping himself over with his legs.

Apollo and the stick.

Presently we saw his round head come up on the other side of the fence, the stick being in his jaws. It was so heavy that he could not even get his fore legs on the fence; and so he ran along the inside trying to find an outlet. As the fence had been recently repaired, he could not find an exit, and straightway set about making one. He put down the stick, and deliberately bit a hole through the fence, tearing away the

Making an exit to suit himself,

oak planks as if they were pasteboard, until he had made a hole through which he could pass. He went through the hole, put his head into the field, took the stick in his mouth, and tried to pull it after him. As, however, he had grasped it by the middle, the stick naturally resisted his efforts.

I thought that the dog would be sure to take the stick by one of its ends, and so pull it through; but, instead of doing so, he went back into the field, and tore away the fence until he had made a hole large enough for the stick when held by the middle. —and then one to suit the stick,

This story is the more remarkable because other dogs, certainly not of greater mental calibre than Apollo, have resorted to that very simple mode of getting out of a difficulty.

For example, I have a letter before me in which is an account of a dog who had been sent into the water after a wooden rail about eight feet long and several inches wide. The animal took it by the middle and swam with it to the only place where The dog and the rail.

a landing was practicable ; but, finding that there was not sufficient space for the long rail, he swam out again, turned the rail round, took one end in his mouth, and so brought it ashore. Presently his master threw the rail into the water again, and this time the dog took it by the end at once in order to bring it in, never seizing it by the middle after his first failure.

Profiting
by experi-
ence.

CHAPTER III.

REASON—(*continued*).

History of a Friend's Dogs.—“ Pincher ” and his Mistress.—
“ Pepper ” and the Velvet Cat.—The Maltese Dog and
Lady C.'s Carriage.—“ Joey ” and the alarmed House-
hold.—Joey's Last Days.—Dogs discovering lighted Gas
and unfastened Doors at Night.—The Cat Detective.
—Dogs understanding the Use of Money.—The Penny
and the Red-hot Iron.—The Margate Dog and the Baker.
—The Suicide's Dog.—The Hat and the Walk.—Hide and
Seek.—A too-conscientious Dog.—The Terrier and her
Hiding-place.—“ Bosco's ” Curiosity gratified.—A gallant
Rescue and deserved Castigation.—Acquisitiveness in a
Dog.—Lord M.'s Dog and the runaway Horse.—The
Retriever and the Hedgehog.—Courtesy to Ladies.—An
Ass too clever to be Kept.—Various Modes of opening
Doors.—The clever Mule.—A Morning Caller.—The
Monkey, the Cage, and the Strap.

A LADY who has a great fondness for
animals, especially dogs, has kindly
sent me a few anecdotes relating to traits of
character among her pets. The following <sup>Reason in
the dog.</sup> have been selected as examples of reason

in the dog, though other traits are also manifest.

Pincher
and his
ways.

“Poor old Pincher! His name was most old-fashioned and unaristocratic, and he was one of the occupants of our stable-yard, and never allowed to enter the house. His education was totally neglected and uncared for. He was a middle-sized, smooth-haired, black terrier, and had acquired some peculiar ways of his own.

A day in
the coun-
try.

“In his time we were in the habit of spending about two days per week at our country-house, ten miles distant from Canterbury. Pincher generally accompanied our carriage, and seemed to enjoy these country days as much as any of us. On one occasion, home-engagements had prevented us from paying our accustomed visit to Harnden. Pincher disapproved of the alteration, as he started off with the carriage as usual; but when he found our destination was not Harnden, he refused to follow, but turned off to the house, went the whole distance

(mystifying the servants there, who expected us to follow), remained there until evening, and then returned home.

“Years later the poor dog became too ^{Ingenious expedient of an old dog.} old to accomplish the whole distance. He could not walk, and would not ride; so he adopted the expedient of going about half-way with us, always waiting at the same spot until our return, and then following us home.”

“A little Scotch terrier, named ‘Pepper,’ ^{Hunting proclivities.} one of our former pets, was, like most of his relatives, a capital fellow for hunting a rat, a cat, or a mouse. He was our companion when calling on an old lady, where I thought we could take him without any fear of his hunting propensity causing annoyance, as I knew she had no living pet of any description. We had scarcely entered the spacious drawing-room, when, from underneath an Indian cabinet at the extreme end of the room, our dog Pepper ^{Pepper sees a cat,} saw two large glassy yellow eyes glaring at

him with more than natural ferocity. Without waiting to use his power of scent, he rushed fiercely on his imagined foe, which fell lifeless at his feet, Pepper retreating to our side, hanging down his tail, and looking more like the vanquished than the victor.

—and makes himself ridiculous,

“Do any of my readers remember those now unmade cats of pasteboard and black velvet texture, those now non-existent ornaments of former days? Such was Pepper’s foe. Dogs know well enough when they are the objects of ridicule, and, finding we were all laughing at his discomfiture, he returned to the velvet pussy, and in playful mood carried her round the room, evidently wishing to hide his mistake by convincing us that it had only been a sham fight from the beginning.”

—of which he is aware,

—and pretends that he was not deceived at all.

The action of the dog here is very human, and it behaved just as a clever child might be expected to do when it had been deceived, and was afraid of ridicule. In the next anecdote, the reasoning powers of a

dog are seen to be at fault, as they sometimes are with human beings.

“The dog which we now have, though not an equestrian like his predecessor, is exceedingly fond of carriage drives; and if a well-appointed carriage should draw up, he will often stop, and look up most pleadingly at the coachman to have the door opened. Of course he has had many drives with us in cabs, but he never of his own accord enters one of these vehicles.

An aristocratic dog,
—who likes carriages, but objects to cabs.

“We have been lately staying in town, and the day after our arrival we went out, followed by our little dog. We had just passed through one of the large squares, when we missed our favourite. With only a faint hope of finding him, we retraced our steps to the square, where a handsome carriage, with coachman and footman, was drawn up at the door of one of its most stately mansions. We asked the footman if he had seen a little white Maltese dog in the square. ‘Yes, madam: as soon as Lady

The dog lost in a London square,

—and
found in
Lady
C——'s
carriage,

C—— got out of the carriage, he jumped in so quickly that I had not time to prevent him, seated himself on the cushion, and defied me to remove him.'

—where
he main-
tains his
usurpation
by battle.

“There he was, evidently waiting for us. Just at that moment her ladyship came out of the house, accompanied by her little pug-dog. In jumped the pug, down jumped the Maltese, and there was a sharp fight, which was ended by my removal of the usurper. We were only too glad to find him again, and Lady C—— said, good-naturedly, that he deserved a drive for his determination.”

Joey,
the Mal-
tese dog.

“A few years ago we left our household, in the old city of Canterbury, in the charge of a man and his wife, who also undertook the care of a little Maltese spaniel, named ‘Joey.’

An alarm
in the
night,

“On one rough, blustering December night, when the inhabitants were in their profoundest slumbers, a tremendous ‘bang’ resounded through the house, awaking all its inmates, including Joey, just as the

cathedral clock struck the midnight hour. Men and maids rushed hither and thither; but no evident cause could be found for the alarm, every door and window being perfectly secure.

“After the first disturbance had subsided, —to which Joey pays no heed, Joey returned to the quietude of his own basket, with evident disgust at the unusual and, in his opinion, uncalled-for commotion, and refused to take any part in the search.

“At last he was forcibly put into the garden as an advanced guard, but he —in spite of upbraiding and menaces. flatly declined to move a step. All joined in upbraiding him. ‘Joey was lazy!’ ‘Joey was a coward!’ ‘Joey was no use as a watch-dog!’ And one of the servants expressed an opinion that he had been drugged by thieves, and that she had noticed a drowsiness on the preceding day. Next morning it was found that the Cause of the alarm discovered large old-fashioned clock in the lobby did not strike the hour as usual. The fact was, that the weight which drove the striking part of the machinery had broken away

from its cord, had fallen into the bottom of the case, and had produced the sound which had startled the house."

—and
Joey
shown to
have been
right in
his indif-
ference.

The dog evidently knew that no danger was signified by the sound, and so declined to trouble himself about the matter. This was the more remarkable, as he was the wariest and most suspicious of dogs. He would never compose himself to sleep unless the shutters of the garden-door were properly closed, and used to bark and growl at the door until it was made secure.

"In a former letter to you I mentioned my little dog Joey.

Joey's last
days.

"The last summer of his life, we left him as usual in the care of a man and his wife; but this time, unfortunately for the dog, their son George, a boy of fifteen, was at home for his school holidays. On our return, after an absence of some months, no little Joey welcomed us, and no one can tell how we missed his merry voice. Was Joey dead or ill? No; he was only

No greet-
ing from
Joey.

shut up in a room up-stairs until after our arrival.

“We thought this to be rather a mysterious proceeding, and, on our entering the room, the poor little animal rushed to meet us, and then fell down powerless in a fit. The first time that George came into the room, Joey walked up to him, stared him in the face, and commenced a series of growls, looking at us every now and then as if to ask whether we understood him.”

“Whenever the boy entered the room this scene was repeated, and, even if we took Joey in our arms, he continued to growl, and seemed as if he thought that we ought to growl also. At the time we could not interpret his meaning; but we afterwards discovered that the boy had given him a blow on the head, which caused him to have fits whenever excited, and at last caused his death. How plainly did he tell us who had injured him!”

In neither of these cases was instinct in the least concerned, the whole proceedings

—who falls in a fit,

—and always growled at the boy

—who had struck him on the head and so caused his death.

The train of reason in the dog's mind,

being dictated by reason, and reason alone. In the first instance the dog knew whence proceeded the sound which had alarmed the house, reasoned with himself that there was no cause for alarm, and, though he would have been in a paroxysm of barks if danger had really impended, he went back to his couch, and declined to trouble himself. In

—and his
endeavouring to
communicate his
thoughts
to his
friends.

the second case the poor little creature, not possessing human language, tried to make his friends understand, by a language of signs, that he had been injured by the boy. The language was singularly expressive, and would have been at once understood, were it not that his mistress was herself so kind to animals that she never suspected that any one could be capable of doing the dog a wilful injury.

Dogs ensuring the
safety of
the house.

I know several instances where domestic animals have discovered that there was something wrong in the arrangements of the house, and have called attention to it. There is a little dog belonging to one of my

friends, who one night became very importunate, pulling the skirt of his mistress's dress, and insisting on her returning down-stairs. She was rather alarmed; but the dog drew her to the greenhouse door, which he evidently meant to be opened. On unlocking the door, she found that she had forgotten to turn off the gas. The little A canine gas-man. dog had been accustomed to see the gas turned off before the family went to bed, and was too conservative to allow any change.

Cats are not generally considered as house-guardians, but that they can act as such the following anecdote will show.

A lady had a very strong objection to The cat detects a follower. "followers," and forbade her servants to receive a man into the house. One evening she was sitting in the drawing-room, when she heard the cat mewing and scratching at the door, as if for admittance. She opened the door; but the cat would not enter, and evidently wished to be followed down-stairs. She then descended the stairs, and led her

—and discovers him to her mistress.

mistress into the kitchen, where was the obnoxious "follower."

*let us see - it was the
evidently it seemed a
man in the kitchen
she would make out
not it was an enchanted
it!*

This anecdote shows also that the animal must have been able to understand human language, or otherwise she could not have known that her mistress had forbidden strange men to enter the house.

Tiny and the open door.

Here is a similar example, which was communicated to me by a lady. "Did I tell you that my dog Tiny once found that the housemaid had forgotten to shut a closet-door in a bed-room at the top of the house? He came to me, made me follow him, and showed me the open door."

Dog financiers.

In the two following anecdotes, the action of the dog can only be attributed to reason, and that of no mean character.

The first anecdote was sent to me by one of the principals in a well-known engineering firm.

A bet lost upon the ordeal by fire,

"I once lost a sovereign, in a bet which I made that a wonderful little dog would not take a penny off a red-hot bar of iron. The

dog belonged to an ironmonger at Knighton, Radnorshire. The dog was in the habit of searching for pence purposely hidden in the shop, and, when found, taking them to a baker's shop and getting buns in exchange. He quite knew the right-sized bun, and used to keep his paw on the penny until he got it.

“A bar was heated red hot, and no sooner was the penny laid on it than the dog, without the least hesitation, dashed at it. By some means which I could not see, because it was done so quickly, the dog knocked the penny off the bar, and then sat down quietly by it until the coin was cool. Its look of perfect self-satisfaction was most absurd.”

Some years ago there was a dog at Margate which also knew the use of money. He used to beg for pence, and take them to a baker to be exchanged for biscuits, at a shop in the narrow, hilly lane which is pleased to assume the title of High Street. One day the baker, wishing to see how the dog would behave, if he played the animal

—in which the dog was victorious.

A Margate dog purchases biscuits at a shop until the baker once gave him a burnt biscuit.

a practical joke, took his penny and gave him a burnt biscuit. Next time that the dog had a penny, he took it to the baker as usual, showed it to him, and then went off to another baker who lived nearly opposite. This he afterwards did invariably, showing the penny to the baker who had offended him, and then transferring his custom to the rival on the opposite side of the narrow street.

—when he transferred his custom to a rival baker

Analogy between dog and man.

The whole of those proceedings were dictated by pure reason, and instinct had nothing to do with them. It was, in fact, doing on a small scale precisely what the dog's master would have done on a large scale, if a tradesman had taken his money and given him a bad article for it. He would have withdrawn his custom from the offender, and given it to another man who he thought would serve him more honestly.

Dog versus child.

No one can say that instinct had anything to do with these proceedings, the dog in each case deducing a conclusion from premisses, and deducing them rightly. Had a

child acted in the same manner, we should have thought it a very clever child; but we certainly should have attributed its action to reason, and not to instinct: and I do not see that we have any right to attribute reason to the one and to deny it to the other.

We are familiar with many instances ^{The} where dogs have tried to assist their fellow- ^{suicide's} dog. creatures, whether human or belonging to their own kind. The following history of a suicide's dog was sent to me by a Scotch lady, who takes a great interest in dogs.

“There is a cottage called ‘Blaw-weary,’ on the farm of C——, the property of the Marquis of T——. This cottage is just on the other side of our march-fence, about half a mile from our house on the west.

“A shepherd lived in Blaw-weary some ^{Demean-} four years ago (about 1868), and one day ^{our of the} he and his collie dog went out early in the ^{shepherd's} morning, according to their custom. At ^{dog,} breakfast-time the dog returned alone, look-

ing miserable, and would eat nothing. After remaining a few minutes, he went out again; the man's wife, who was at home, suspecting nothing. At dinner-time the dog came back again, also alone, and 'banged through the hoose,' as his mistress said.

—who points out the corpse of his master,

“Presently he went out, and soon came in again, making piteous efforts to attract attention. The assistant shepherd followed the dog, and was taken straight to a small clump of trees in the neighbourhood, on one of which was hanging his master, quite dead. The poor dog would not allow any one to touch the body; and it was not until after he had been overpowered and led away, that the corpse could be removed from the branch on which the wretched man had hanged himself.”

—but will not allow any one to touch it.

Failure of reason.

Here we have a story which is exceedingly valuable, as it shows not only that the dog possessed reason, but is another proof that the reason will sometimes suddenly fail exactly when it seemed to have been most successful. The poor animal had evidently

witnessed his master's dying struggles, and, feeling himself unable to help, had gone to his house for assistance. Having obtained that help, however, he could not understand that any one could touch his beloved master without intending to injure him. 'Many Frequent in dogs under similar circumstances. medical men have met with similar experiences, the dog bringing assistance to his helpless master, and then not suffering any one to touch him.

Probably the animal felt that his master was dead, and that no one could restore him to life.

The following stories illustrating the More Scotch dogs. reasoning powers of dogs have been sent to me from Scotland, where dog-nature seems to be better appreciated than in England.

"A retriever, named 'Bevis,' an 'old Bevis and his master's hat. favourite of our own, was in the habit of going for a walk before breakfast with my father. One morning it so happened that my father did not intend to take his usual

walk. Bevis soon became very impatient, and, seeing no signs of his master, he got upon a chair in the hall, took his master's hat off its peg, carried it up to his room, and then scratched at the door for admission. As soon as the door was opened, in walked Bevis, laid the hat at his master's feet, and pushed his nose into his hand. It was entirely his own idea, as he had not even been taught to fetch a hat."

"Another dog of ours, a little Maltese poodle, named 'Pop,' was unusually full of tricks and oddities.

Pop plays
at hide and
seek,

—and, as
children
will do,
cheats,

—and is
ashamed
when de-
tected.

"He was fond of a game at hide and seek, a key being hidden for him, while he buried his face in the sofa-cushions. Sometimes he would be guilty of cheating, and would slyly peep out to see where the key was being hidden; but when reproached with the two simple words, 'Oh, Pop!' he would put down his head again, and be very much ashamed of himself."

The reader can compare with this story

several anecdotes of a similar character related in the chapter headed "Humour."

The following anecdote, which was sent by the same correspondent, affords a good example of wrong reasoning, *i.e.*; drawing an incorrect conclusion from the premisses.

"A colley-dog, named 'Moss,' belonging to a farmer, had excited the admiration of a drover who was helping the shepherd to bring home cattle to the farm. The drover asked to be allowed to borrow Moss for a few days, to help him in getting some cattle from another market to Burntisland.

"The dog, being on friendly terms with the drover, went willingly, and gave his help in bringing the cattle on their journey. On their return, they had to pass the spot where the road to Burntisland branches off from that which led to his own farm; Moss refused to go any farther on the Burntisland road. Not only this, but he would not allow the drover to take the cattle any farther, and the man was at last obliged to

Insufficient
cient

reasoning.

"Moss" helps a drover to fetch his cattle,

—but insists on delivering them at his own master's farm.

let the dog deliver the cattle at his master's farm."

Correct reasoning, but with a false premisses.

The process of reasoning is quite evident here. The dog had always known that any property of which he had been placed in charge belonged to his master, and consequently brought the cattle to his master's farm. His reasoning was correct enough, but one of his premisses was false.

The bereaved mother

Here is another example of reasoning in a dog. Several successive litters of puppies had been taken from their mother, a little terrier. When the next litter was expected, she left the house, and was not seen again for some time.

—has recourse to a ruse,

—and succeeds.

At last she returned, bringing with her in great pomp a whole retinue of fine healthy puppies. It appeared that she had hidden herself in a rabbit-burrow, evidently knowing that, if she could only conceal her puppies until they were able to shift for themselves, no harm would come to

them. The result proved that she had been perfectly correct in her interpretation of her master's character.

“One day, my dog ‘Bosco’ wished to ascertain if the roast beef still stood upon the ^{Bosco and the beef.} passage-table at the dining-room door. He stood on his hind legs, jumped up, but all in vain. So, after thinking a little, he ran a short way up-stairs, pushed his head through the banisters, looked down, and, after ascertaining that there was only pudding on the table, returned quietly to the parlour.”

I have known a King Charles spaniel act ^{Curiosity gratified by means of reason.} in very much the same way, except that in the latter case the dish which the dog wanted to inspect was on the dining-room table. After trying in vain to see what was on the table, he went out of the room, went half-way up the stairs, and so took a survey of the table through the open doorway.

The following anecdote was sent to me

by a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood of the locality where the adventure occurred.

The upper
and lower
mills,

“There is a water-mill, called Maxwell-heugh, on the side of the road between Kelso and Teviot bridges. It is driven by a conduit of water from the Teviot immediately before its junction with the Tweed, and consists of two flats. The upper flat is on a level with the public road, and is called the ‘Upper Mill,’ while entrance to the lower flat, or ‘Under Mill,’ was reached by a cart-road descending from the highway.

—guarded
by the
miller’s
dog,

“The first thing the miller did in the morning was to unchain the dog. He immediately placed himself on guard across the upper doorway while the miller proceeded with his work in the Under Mill. As soon as the miller had finished his work there, and removed to the Upper Mill, the dog, without being told, set off to the miller’s house, and in two journeys brought his master’s breakfast, namely, milk in a pitcher and porridge in a ‘bicker,’ tied up in a towel.

—who is
relieved;
and then
fetches
his
master’s
breakfast.

“On one occasion, when the Teviot and the Tweed were in flood; a little dog ventured incautiously into the Tweed, and was rapidly carried down the stream, struggling and yelping as it was hurried along.

A little dog falls into the Tweed, and is being drowned.

“It so happened that the miller’s dog, while carrying his master’s breakfast to him, saw the little dog in distress. He immediately put down his burden, turned, and set off at full gallop down the stream. When he had got well below the drowning dog, he sprang into the river, swam across; and so exactly had he calculated the rapidity of the river and his own speed, that he intercepted the little dog, as it was being helplessly swept down the current, and brought it safely to land.

—when it is seen by the miller’s dog, who puts down his master’s breakfast, runs down stream, brings the dog ashore.

“When he got his burden safely on shore, the dog, instead of displaying the least affection for it, cuffed it first with one paw and then with the other, and returned to the spot where he had deposited his master’s breakfast, and carried it to him as usual.”

—boxes its ears, and returns to his duty.

Parallel
with a
negro
slave.

How is it possible to refer the proceedings of this animal to mere instinct? Had a negro slave performed them, we should have used them (and with perfect justice) as arguments that so intellectual and trustworthy a man ought not to be the property of an irresponsible master.

Parallel
with a
British
bargee.

The whole behaviour of the dog is exactly like that of a burly, kindly, and rugged bargee, possessed of cool judgment and rapid action, willing to risk his life for another, and then to make light of the whole business. I was for some years in charge of a water-side parish, and knew many a bargee who would have acted exactly in the same way if a child had fallen into the river. He would have got the child out at the risk of his own life, and then, instead of waiting for thanks, would have boxed its ears soundly, rated it for interrupting him in his work, and then have proceeded with his journey as if nothing had happened.

The man would have been held worthy

of the medal of the Royal Humane Society, Rewards for man and dog. and would probably have received it. The dog can receive no reward in this world: shall we say that he will receive none in the next?

The process of reasoning that took place Self-denial, presence of mind, and forethought shown by the dog. in the dog's mind is as evident as if the brain had been that of a man and not of a dog. The animal exhibited self-denial, presence of mind, and forethought. Had he jumped into the water at once, he could not have caught the little dog; but by galloping down the stream, getting ahead of the drowning animal, and then stemming the current until it was swept within his reach, he made sure of his object; and no man could have acted better if he had tried to save a drowning child.

The following curious instance of reason joined with accumulation has been recently sent to me. I know the dog, and an odd eccentric little being he is.

“Property of every description requires a

Property
and its re-
sponsibi-
lity.

certain amount of supervision, whether 'real or personal,' as the lawyers say, and has its attendant anxieties as well as its attendant pleasures; but I never saw any animal so impressed with the responsibility as our present little dog appears to be.

The dog
steps into
a vacant
place,

"Having been in our possession all his little lifetime, the items of his personal property have gradually increased. At first he occupied the basket of his predecessor, which was taken up-stairs for him at night. After some time, another basket was purchased for the drawing-room, the old one retaining its place up-stairs. New things are always favourites with children, and this at first was supposed to be the case with our little animal: he would not occupy the old basket at night, so the new one was brought up at night and placed beside it. This was continued for a short time: when the old one was taken down, the new one only remaining up-stairs. This was not the right thing to do: he then refused to occupy the new one.

—but pre-
fers a new
bed,

—de-
clining,
however,
to part
with the
old one.

“I must confess to humouring his little peculiarities, so I fetched the old basket up, leaving *both* in the room. This was quite what he wanted, and gave evident satisfaction: he jumped into one, which he arranged comfortably, then performed the same operation in the other, and finally occupied both baskets at intervals during the night. He will now never compose himself at night until both baskets are in the room. One night I purposely removed his dish of water; he missed it, sat up begging on the spot it always occupied, and great was his delight on its restoration, although he had no wish to drink. I have given him duplicate property, and placed his baskets, water-dishes, &c., at different parts of the room; he never fails to go the round and inspect his property before fixing himself for the night, and most amusing it is to witness his anxiety until he has the whole of his goods under his own protection.”

Both beds are then occupied by him.

—and he will not settle himself for the night,

—until he has inspected the whole of his property.

Here is an anecdote of important help

rendered in a most unexpected manner. It was sent to me by the wife of the dog's owner.

Unex-
pected help
rendered
by a dog.

“The late Lord M. had a very fine large black Newfoundland dog, called ‘Neptune,’ which used to be kept chained up in a courtyard outside the castle. Now Neptune was very fond of mutton and pork, and used to worry the sheep and pigs whenever he had a chance. He was consequently very seldom let loose or taken out, unless they were going to ride in some out-of-the-way district. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1856, Lord M. and Mr. H. were riding across country, accompanied by Neptune, when coming to a high bank with a broad ditch on either side, Lord M.'s horse refused to take it, so Lord M. dismounted, and getting on to the bank tried to lead him over it; but, while so standing on the bank, a gust of wind blew his hat off, and, in trying to save it, the bridle slipped from his hand, and the horse became loose.

—Neptune, to his master.

—Seeing his hat and horse both loose,

“As quick as lightning, Neptune, who had apparently been most interested in the endeavour to get the horse over, sprang after the hat, and, catching it, jumped with it on to the bank, dropped it at his master’s feet, and dashed after the horse, which was trotting off, and before Mr. H. could overtake it, he had seized the bridle with his teeth, and held on, checking it till Mr. H. came up and took the bridle from him, when he appeared to express his pleasure by little short barks and a variety of gambols. What makes this a remarkable circumstance is that Neptune had never been broken in to fetch and carry, and had never been used as a retriever, or was known or seen to do anything of the sort before that occasion.”

—he brings the hat to his master, catches the horse, and holds it until the rider comes up.

In the following example of the conduct of a dog, it is impossible to see that instinct had anything to do with his conduct, which was evidently prompted by reason.

“Whilst a friend of mine was last week supervising his workmen in a wood, he

The retriever and the hedgehog,

Whose
spines are
rendered
harmless.

observed his dog, a retriever, busily occupied in collecting mouthfuls of hay and withered grass, and carrying it all to one spot. On going to examine it, he found the deposit made was on a closely coiled hedgehog. The dog, having attained his evident purpose of rendering the spines harmless, proceeded to take up the heap with its contents, and then set off triumphantly towards home."

Parallel
with
humanity.

No human being could have acted in a more judicious manner; and had a man saved his fingers by enveloping the hedgehog in grass, he would not have felt particularly flattered if told that he had acted by instinct and not by reason.

A courteous
victor.

A rather odd example of dog-reasoning occurred not long ago. A Newfoundland dog was walking with his mistresses, when he got into a quarrel with a costermonger's dog, fought him, conquered him, and left him howling on the ground. Seeing, however, that the animal would be in the way of the ladies, he returned, took up the

animal in his mouth, and deposited him in the middle of the road, so as to allow them to pass without annoyance, and then returned to his usual position.

We will now pass to other animals.

We are often accustomed to use the name of ass as a synonym for stupidity, whereas it is one of the most intelligent animals in the world. The Rev. C. Otway has the following remarks on the subject.

Name of
the ass a
mistaken
synonym
for
stupidity.

“I assert that if you were to make yourself acquainted with asses, you would find them clever enough. I once purchased an ass for the amusement of my children. I did not allow him to be cudgelled, and he got something better to graze upon than thistles.

“Why, I found him more knave than fool; his very cleverness was my plague. My ass, like the king’s fool, proved the ablest animal about the place, and, like others, having more wit than good manners, he was for ever, not only going, but leading

The ass
more
knave
than fool,

other cattle into mischief. There was not a gate about the place but he would open it; there was not a fence that he would not climb. Too often he awoke me of a summer's morning, braying with sheer wantonness in the middle of my field of wheat. I was obliged to part with him, and get a pony, merely because he was too cunning to be kept."

And too
clever to
be kept.

A correspondent of *Land and Water* gives an interesting account of a similar mode of proceeding on the part of two long-horned cows. 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 invariably open the door by inserting the tip of a horn into the finger-hole, lifting the latch and then drawing the door towards them. He also describes the mode in which a cat opened a kitchen door, by jumping up and hanging on the handle of the latch.

How the
cows
learned to
open the
door of
the hay-
room.

Dr. Bell has recorded almost identical habits both of the horse and the cow, and I have heard similar stories in many places.

As if to illustrate this point still further, I have just received an account of a cow which could not be kept in the field, because she was in the habit of lifting the latch with her horn and then pushing the gate open.

The same correspondent mentions a horse which was accustomed to pump water for himself. The pump was in a corner of the horse-box in which the horse was shut for the night, and the coachman used to be puzzled at the fact that when he came in the morning the end of the stable was always an inch or so deep in water. At last he suspected that the horse might have been the delinquent, and so fastened him up without giving him any water, and watched him unobserved when let loose in the morning. The animal went at once to the pump, took the handle in his teeth, worked it up and down, and, when the water was in full flow, placed his mouth under the spout to

The horse who pumped water for himself.

And would not allow himself to be watched. He could not endure being watched while pumping, and, if he saw any one observing him, would rush at him with open mouth in order to scare him away.

Mules and their reputed stupidity. The mule, like the ass, is popularly thought to be a stupid and stubborn creature, and yet there are few animals more intelligent in their way. I cannot resist relating one or two anecdotes, which are told by J. Frœbel, in his work on South America. The mule, it appears, is a most difficult animal to manage, on account of its cunning. Force is of no use, and the Mexican mule-drivers pride themselves in their skill in managing the animals. At the end of the day's journey, the mules are unharnessed, and allowed to go free, and are captured by the lasso when they are to be again harnessed. Some mules are so cunning, however, that even the experienced mulceteers can scarcely capture them. Some of them assemble in a compact circle, with their heads all pressed together,

Mules harnessed and captured by the lasso,

which they try to avoid.

so as to prevent the noose from settling on their necks, while others push their heads under the waggons or between the wheels. Others, still more cunning, stand still, and as the lasso rushes towards them; merely step aside and let it pass.

One mule, a white one, succeeded in baffling the attempts of the drivers throughout the whole of a long journey. As soon as the harness-time approached, it ran off for half a mile, and there stood until the whole train of waggons was in motion, when it quietly joined its companions. On one or two occasions it was captured by a couple of men on horseback; but it led them such a chase, wasted so much time, and fatigued the horses so much, that it got its own way and had a mere journey of pleasure, while all its companions were hard at work.

Another mule, which belonged to a convent, was equally averse to work. There were six mules, each being worked on one day of the week in regular order. This

The white mule has a journey of pleasure.

The mule who knew his own day of work.

mule knew its own day perfectly well, and on that morning it always tried to keep the servants out of the yard by backing against the door.

The following account of a horse was sent to me by a clergyman.

“I had long entertained the idea of sending you a brief account of an instance of reason which occurred to my own knowledge, and indeed at our own door.

The pet
foal

“A neighbour possessed a young foal, which, with his mother, used to pass our house daily, early in the morning, during our breakfast time, and had a habit of straying upon a piece of waste ground which then occupied its front, but has since been enclosed and formed into a front garden. My daughter, who is extremely partial to horses, used to run out and offer the little animal a piece of bread.

—knocks
at his bene-
factor's
door.

“This went on regularly, until at last, when he was between two and three years old, he would not wait for the bread, but used to

go to the door, plant his fore feet on the steps, so as to gain sufficient elevation, and then lift the knocker with his nose, afterwards waiting for the expected morsel.

“Had I been a rich man, I would have bought him at almost any price; for his mother was a well-bred mare, and he promised to be a very useful roadster.”

Here we have the two qualities of memory and reasoning displayed in a most unmistakable character. Indeed, if we suppose that a dumb man had acted as the horse did, we should have been disposed to marvel at the way in which human reason could communicate ideas without the aid of speech. In this case, the memory of the animal enabled him to expect his daily dole of bread, and his reason—not his instinct—taught him that, when the knocker was sounded, some one came to the door. It is evident that the horse had seen the knocker used, had noted the result, and had followed the example, using, of course, his nose in lieu of a hand.

—having noticed that when the knocker was used the door was opened.

Cats know
how to
open
doors.

Perhaps there are few of us who have possessed pet cats, and have not seen the animals perform very similar feats. Although too small to reach a knocker or a latch, many a cat has been seen to knock at the door and to open it for herself, merely by jumping and striking the object with her paw.

—or to
ask some
one to
open them.

Sometimes, when a door must be opened by means of a handle instead of a latch, the animal knows perfectly well that it is physically incapable of turning the handle, and therefore does not try to do so. But, it will always find some way of intimating its wish to have the door opened, and will ask as plainly, as if it possessed speech, some human being to perform the task of which it feels itself incapable.

Professor
Cope's
monkey,

Some few years ago, Professor Cope related the proceedings of a tame monkey which he possessed—one of the common Capuchin monkeys.

The animal was kept in a cage, or rather was supposed to be kept in it, for he had a

strong objection to confinement, and was sure to break loose sooner or later. He always directed his attention to the hinges, and no matter how firmly they were fixed, he was sure before long to extract the staples, pull out the nails, and so open the door at the hinges and not at the latch.

Finding that the cage could not hold him, his master had him confined by a strap fastened round his waist, after the manner of monkeys. The strap proved to be of no more use than the cage, for the crafty animal soon contrived to open it. This he did by the ingenious expedient of picking out the threads by which the straps were sewn to the buckles, and so rendering the fastenings useless.

Then he was replaced in the cage and carefully watched. Having rid himself of the strap, he thought that he might as well turn it to some practical purpose. So, having perceived that some food had fallen out of his reach, he took one end of the

—objects
to his
cage, and
escapes.

He is se-
cured by
a strap,

—but un-
picks the
stitches.

He after-
wards uses
the strap
to draw
food
within
his reach.

strap in his paw, flung the other over the morsel of food, and so drew it towards him. In this feat he displayed great accuracy of aim, seldom missing the object which he wanted.

And the
poker to
recover
the strap
when he
had
dropped it.

Once or twice, when he had to make a longer throw than usual, he loosened his hold of the strap. The first time that this happened, some one handed him the poker. He took it, drew the strap towards him, and resumed its use as before.

Now, I should think that no reasonable reader could deny that every one of these acts was prompted by reason, which, so far from being even aided by instinct, was acting in direct opposition to it. The instinct of an animal when confined or tethered in any way is to break loose by main strength, and the instinct of the monkey would have impelled him to force his way through the bars of the cage or to strain at the strap until he broke it. His reason, however, taught him to look for the weak part in both cage and strap, and, having

found it, to work at that part alone until he succeeded in his object.

His reason taught him that the weak part in the cage was the hinge.

How was it possible for instinct to teach him that the hinges were the weak part of his cage, and that, if he could only manage to draw the staples or nails, the door would open and he would be free? How could instinct teach him that the stitches of the strap-buckles were to the strap what the staples and nails were to the hinges, and that, if he could pick out the threads, the fastenings of the strap would be rendered useless? Neither could instinct teach him to use the strap in the light of a lasso, or to employ the poker in regaining his lost weapon.

—and in the strap the stitch.

Baron Trenck himself could not have displayed more ingenuity in discovering the weak parts of his prison and bends than did this little monkey, nor could he have shown more patience and perseverance in working at them. Indeed, there are many human beings who would not have been half as sensible.

Analogy with man.

CHAPTER IV.

REASON* (*concluded*).

Enjoyment of Work by Animals.—The Elephant and the Dray-horse.—The Miners' Horse.—"Jock" at his work.—The New Forest Horses.—The Carrier's Horse and his Master.—Sir Hope Grant's Story of a wounded Horse.—An Elephant in a Quicksand: mode of Extrication.—The Cat and the Lobster.—Ingenuity of Rats.—Pigs *versus* Rats.—Crows *versus* Pheasants.—The Ravens and the Bird-traps.—Robbing the Railways.—My Raven "Grip" and his Run.—History of a Parrot.—A self-tamed Red-breast, with his well-educated Family: Death of the Father and Friendship of the Widow and Children.—The Cat "Patch" and the Mouse.—"Pret's" Mouse-chase.—Reason and Power of Combination in the Rat.—The Fox and the Grouse.—A Dog-strategist in Battle.

Animals
enjoying
work for
its own
sake.

SOMETIMES animals take a pleasure in their work, and do it without needing any supervision. Elephants, as is well known, when once shown what their work is, will go on with it while their drivers are elsewhere engaged. Dray-horses may

often be seen exercising their reasoning powers while drawing casks out of the cellars. The drayman in the cellar makes the rope fast, and calls to the horse. The animal understands the signal, and goes off with the rope, keeping an eye on the cellar-door. As soon as he has brought the cask safely to ground, he stops, backs to allow the rope to be removed, and then goes back for another cask. This may be seen almost any day in London.

Mr. J. Nelson Smith tells me that, while examining one of the American mines, he saw a horse which was doing his work without the assistance of any driver. As soon as his cart was filled with ore, one of the miners gave his signal, and the animal went off to the spot where his load was to be "dumped," waited until the cart was unloaded, and then returned for another load. The strangest point in his conduct was, that he had to take a certain number of loads daily, and knew when his task was finished as well as did any of the men.

The dray-horse and the cask.

Mr. J. N. Smith and the miner's horse.

—who could count the number of loads which constituted

—a day's
work,

Mr. Smith happened to be present at the time when he deposited his last load for the day, and, on seeing him trot off quickly in another direction, was told that he knew his work to be finished, and that he was going home, where he would meet a kind reception from his mistress.

—and
then went
home.

A lady has sent me the following account of a horse of her own.

“Jock,”
the cart
horse,

“We have an old horse named ‘Jock,’ a very wise beast, but cross-tempered. He fell when drawing Lord L.’s carriage, and, in consequence of his broken knees, was purchased cheaply.

—does his
own work
in his own
way,

“He knows his work so well, that the man who accompanies the cart does not need to lead or drive him, Jock preferring to do his own work in his own way. I have often seen him take the cart to the exact spot intended, turn it round himself, and wait to have it loaded. When the cart is filled, he takes it to the spot where it is needed, and, after it is unloaded, brings

it back again. He evidently enjoys the work, and seems to take a pride in it.” —and takes a pride in it.

Horses will really do a wonderful amount of work without assistance, if properly managed, and will sometimes do so even when employed by owners, who would scarcely be thought capable of acting as teachers. In the New Forest, a place tenanted by a race of human beings almost independent of their fellow-beings, and holding their laws and customs in equal scorn, I have often, when driving along one of the roads, been obliged to turn off the road, and to manœuvre both horse and vehicle into the underwood, in order to allow a train of wood-carts to pass. These waggons are constructed in cool defiance of the Act which prohibits more than a certain width between the wheels, so that a cart will occupy the full breadth of the road. No one drove the horses; but on each cart lay one or two men, utterly intoxicated, having managed to scramble

The New Forest horses,
—and carts.
The horses take their drunken master home.

into their vehicles under the knowledge that their horses would take them safely to their homes.

The carrier's horse

I know of a carrier's horse which acts in a similar manner, though not for a similar reason. The man has to make a night journey, beginning about midnight and ending about six a.m. The driver has such perfect confidence in his horse, that he composes himself to sleep as soon as he has started, knowing that the animal will stop at the right house. Sometimes he is asleep when the journey is over. The horse, after looking round at his master, and seeing that the stopping of the cart has not aroused him, begins to stamp on the ground and rattle his harness until he awakes.

—goes his rounds with his sleeping master,

—and awakes him at the end of the journey.

Sir Hope Grant's story of a dragoon horse;

General Sir Hope Grant, in his diary of the "Incidents in the Sepoy War," narrates a most remarkable instance of reason on the part of a horse.

During the war, after the Secundra Bagh

had been taken by our troops, the Europeans were aroused by musketry from some unseen quarter. Sir Hope's nephew then went to the place, gave his horse to a Sikh soldier to hold, and went inside, when he found that some of the rebel sepoy were on the top of the wall. Finding themselves discovered, the men, with the curious indifference to life that characterizes their race, came down and were shot.

Suddenly, a loud explosion was heard. —which was severely scorched,
An awkward soldier had fired into a barrel of powder, which, together with a quantity of loose powder that was scattered about, exploded, and did much damage. The non-commissioned officer in charge of the Sikh party was so severely burned that he died a few days afterwards; and several were killed, among whom was the man who was holding the horse.

The animal was so scorched that he had to be shot. It so happened that the man —then wounded in the head,
to whom this task was entrusted, aimed

badly, and, instead of killing the poor creature, only inflicted a severe wound in the head.

—galloped
five miles
to the sick
stables
of his
regiment,

The horse broke away, galloped directly towards a picket of the enemy, dashed through them in spite of their fire, and was soon out of sight. Next morning it was discovered that the horse had made his way five miles in a straight line, and had gone direct to the sick-horse stables of the 9th Lancers. In fact, he had acted exactly as a wounded soldier would have done—gone to the hospital and reported himself sick.

—and
reported
himself
sick.

I wish I could give a more pleasing end to the story, but the poor horse was found to be so fearfully injured that the most humane course was to destroy him at once.

A very similar exercise of reason was displayed by a little Welsh pony.

At Rhyll there are many of these animals let for temporary hire, and among them was one that was ridden by a young lady in

delicate health, who was obliged to keep to a very slow pace. One day last year (1873) the pony was seen dashing along at full gallop, until it reached a blacksmith's forge, into which it went without a pause, carrying its unwilling rider with it.

The astonished blacksmith tried to lead the animal out of the forge, but it resisted this strongly, and he found that it had cast a shoe, which it wished to be replaced. Now, in this instance as in many others, reason conquered instinct. The instinctive feelings of a horse are strongly opposed to the operation of shoeing, and some horses can scarcely ever be made to stand still under the process. It is very natural that they should not like their feet to be hammered, and filed, and scraped, and scorched, and it therefore requires a very determined exercise of reason to induce an animal voluntarily to counteract its own instincts.

In the following account of an elephant's ingenuity in extricating himself from a

An elephant
in a quick-
sand.

quicksand, instinct is shown to have no part. The story was sent to me by the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence, and was one of the party.

“It was at the close of a ‘pig-sticking’ meet on a large island in the Ganges, opposite Cawnpore, in June 1873, that an event occurred which excited my admiration. With three friends I had been riding hard all the afternoon, and, feeling very tired, we determined to go home on the elephants.

Dangerous
ground.

“We had travelled some way, and were nearing the river, when one of us noticed that the ground looked rather unsafe, and that the elephant seemed to become uneasy. So we all decided to dismount and walk to the river, previously instructing the mahout to take the elephant by a short circuit, so as to avoid the soft ground.

Obstinacy
of the
mahout,

The man, however, evidently considered that he knew better than we did; and we therefore went straight on, not thinking of looking round.

“We had not proceeded far when we —and its results. heard the elephant trumpeting (a well-known signal of distress or anger), and on looking round saw that the poor beast was in a quicksand, and that the mahout had dismounted and was making the best of his way out of reach of the animal. I may A narrow escape. here mention, that to be on an elephant’s back or within his reach under such circumstances is certain death: he is sure to take hold of a man and place him under his feet, so anxious is he to get something solid to stand upon.

“We were then about fifty yards from The elephant in difficulties. the river, and it was rapidly getting dark. The elephant was making frantic efforts to escape out of his difficulties, and the ground heaved all round him. How to help him we did not know; for he was sinking deeper and deeper, and go near him we dared not.

“As good fortune would have it, there —avails himself of human help. happened to be at hand a number of large planks which had been left by some villagers. We went as near the elephant as

Extricates
him,

we dared, and threw the planks within his reach. The clever animal seized them in his trunk, drew them to him, and laid them one upon the other in front of him. When he thought that he had enough, with one gigantic effort he got his fore legs out of the quicksand, and in a short time he had managed to extricate himself, and was standing safely on the planks, though trembling all over.

—lays
down a
plank
road for
himself,

“He had still some fifty yards to go before he could reach the river, and the intelligent beast never moved a step until he got a plank and placed it in front of him.

—and
reaches
the river
in safety.

He thus moved on, step by step, on successive planks, until he reached the river. The mahout then remounted him, and he crossed the Ganges in safety. This was no small relief to our feelings; for the loss of an elephant would not only have been a very costly business, but the mode of his death would have been inexpressibly painful.”

The following account of reasoning in a ^{Lady E.'s} cat was communicated to me by its mistress, ^{cat,} "Tiny."

Lady E., whom I have known for many years. The animal evidently felt surprised that such a thing as an empty plate should be allowed upon a breakfast-table, and so, in her own way, showed her mistress how a plate ought to be filled.

"Our breakfast-room had bow windows, and the houses were very near each other.

"One morning when the windows of ^{—borrows} both houses were open, our younger cat, ^{a lobster,} Tiny, disappeared into our neighbour's window, and a few minutes after rushed back into our room, and, leaping upon the breakfast-table with a lobster in her mouth, held it over an empty plate. She evidently ^{—and} only wished us to see it, as she would not ^{returns it} allow any one to touch it, and darting out ^{to the} of the window again, with the lobster still ^{owners.} in her mouth, she replaced it upon the table without taking any, and came back to our room.

"The lobster was returned so carefully

that our neighbours assured us they should not have known it had been touched."

The same lady has sent me several anecdotes of this same cat and her mother "Rosie," all of which are interesting, and serve admirably to illustrate the subject of this work.

The rats
and the
grapes.

Several good instances of reasoning as displayed by rats are given in Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" for July, 1871. A number of rats had got into a basket of grapes, and devoured a considerable part of the contents. The man who discovered them replaced the basket in hopes that they would again visit it and be caught; but the wary animals never again came to the basket in which they had been detected.

Audacity

They were so numerous and so bold that they used to come and pick up the crumbs from between the men's feet as they sat at meals. "Wishing for a shot at some of them, I dropped a few grains of maize on the ground, and took up my position, gun

in hand. Soon one rat bounded across the space as if in great alarm; but no rat touched a grain of the corn, which was exposed for several days and nights, being at last crushed and lost by the passing of feet and goods.—and wariness.

“Rats were numerous in the pigsties, and ate with the pigs, one of which I turned out of her sty, and contrived a trap-door to close the trough by pulling a cord. I baited the trough with ground maize, of which they are very fond; but neither by day nor by night would a rat venture there as long as the pig was excluded. Returning the pig to the sty, the rats also returned.” Traps set. but in vain.

I know of a similar case in which the rats were so many and so bold that they forced themselves into the troughs at feeding time, would not be driven away, and consumed no small amount of the food which ought to have gone to the pigs. The owner of the pigs then laid a gun so as to rake the trough, turned out the pigs, and The rats and the pigs

—uncon-
scious
allies.

had the trough filled as usual. Not a rat would make its appearance; and at last the pigs were put back, when the rats came trooping in as numerous and as bold as ever.

A correct
inference.

Now, in these cases, the rats could not have known the precise danger which menaced them; but they saw that something unusual had happened, and therefore inferred that it would be the safer plan to keep out of the way until the ordinary conditions were restored.

Reason in
birds.

Many birds display great reasoning powers, and act in a way that would do credit to any human being. From the many anecdotes which have been placed at my disposal I select only a few, none of which have as yet been published.

Pheasants'
feeding-
boxes.

In places where pheasants are preserved it is customary to give them their food in such a way that other birds cannot get at it. This is done by placing it in a feeding-box, which is closed by a lid, commu-

nicating by a lever with a perch. The weight of the lid is so adjusted that when a pheasant stands on the perch the lid is raised, and the bird can get at the food.

The pheasants soon learn the object of the perch, for, when these boxes are first introduced, a few beans are laid on the outside of the lid. The bird gets on the perch in order to reach them, and so exposes the stores of food in the box.

How the birds are taught to use them.

Such an arrangement is made at Mount-quharrie, Cupar, Fife; and one day a gentleman was watching the pheasants and their boxes on the lawn just before the house, and saw a crow also watching them. Presently the crow flew to one of the boxes, settled upon the perch, and expected the box to open. The bird, however, being much lighter than a pheasant, was unable to lift the lid in spite of all its efforts.

A crow watches the pheasants,

—and tries to imitate them.

After several ineffectual attempts it flew off to a tree where there was another crow, and a grand jabbering ensued. The two crows

Failing in its attempts it fetches a comrade,

—and succeeds. then flew to the feeding-box, both settled on the perch, and their united weight was sufficient to raise the lid.

The crow takes a lesson,

It is impossible to attribute this proceeding to anything but reason. Instinct is wholly out of the question in such a case as this. The bird first watches the pheasants and learns that by settling on a certain perch the box is opened, and the contents attainable. It then proceeds to follow the example of the pheasants, judging that the same result would follow. Finding that although it acted exactly as did the pheasant the lid was not raised, it set itself to discover the cause of failure, and, as we have seen, succeeded in so doing. Having reflected that the pheasant could lift the lid on account of its superior weight, the bird calculated that two crows might be equal in weight to one pheasant. So it goes off to find a comrade, explains the state of things in its own bird-language, and the two then co-operate in producing the desired effect. No human being could reason more cor-

—and makes practical application of its feasibility,

—which it communicates to its friend.

rectly, or reduce its theory to action more successfully."

That the raven can act in a similar manner is shown by an anecdote sent by Mr. R. Ball to Mr. Thompson, and quoted in his "Natural History of Ireland."

"When I was a boy at school, a tame raven was very attentive in watching our cribs or bird-traps, and when a bird was taken he endeavoured to catch it by turning up the crib; but in so doing the bird always escaped, as he could not let go the crib in time to seize it. After several vain attempts of this kind, the raven, seeing another bird caught, instead of going at once to the crib, went to another tame raven and induced it to accompany him, when the one lifted up the crib and the other bore the poor captive off in triumph."

The raven
and the
bird-traps.

A con-
spiracy
and its
results.

Crows are wonderfully sagacious, and seem to notice everything.

A gentleman, one of the principals in a well-known engineering firm, tells me that

Crows rob-
bing the
railways.

the way in which crows rob the railway-boxes of the grease is quite notorious among those who are connected with the lines.

Cocoa-nut
oil used in
railways,

—and ap-
plied by
the por-
ters.

As my readers are probably aware, each of the wheels has an iron box over the axle in order to contain the grease which lubricates the wheels. Cocoa-nut oil is used for this purpose, as it is solid at moderate temperatures, and only melts and sinks upon the axle when the latter is heated by overfriction. Indeed, if cocoa-nut oil had not been discovered, it is difficult to imagine how railways could be carried on. The boxes are closed with spring lids, and we have most of us seen the porter, armed with a little pail of cocoa-nut oil and a wooden spatula, open the box with the spatula, fill it with the yellow grease, and slap down the lid upon the box, where it is kept in position by a spring. This is absolutely necessary in order to prevent the oil from being mixed with the cinders ejected from the engine and the particles of earth driven up by the wheels.

Now it happens that crows value the cocoanut oil as much as we do, but for a different reason. They consider it to be a great dainty, and so, when a train is standing still on a siding and no one near, the crows flock to it, substitute their strong beaks for the porter's wooden spatula, prize up the spring lids, and help themselves to the yellow oil.

It is appreciated by the crows, who have learned how to open the boxes,

It is evident that they must act from reason and not from instinct. Some of them had seen the porters lifting up the lids, and had followed their example. All the crow-tribe are wonderfully expert in the use of their beaks, and the dainty manner in which a raven, a magpie, or a jackdaw will turn over, twist, and display with its beak any object that may excite its curiosity could scarcely be surpassed if the bird possessed a hand instead of a beak.

—by watching the porters.

My raven, "Grip," who unfortunately died from eating too much linen, had astonishing delicacy in the touch of his great iron beak. If I tied a knot in a

Delicacy of touch in the beak.

"Grip"
and his
cage.

piece of string and left it within his reach, he was sure to untie it, and then walk about triumphantly with one end of the string in his beak. He had a large wooden cage made from a chest, and faced with strong iron bars. A hole was cut in the end of the box, leading to a large "run," enclosed with wire netting.

"Grip"
dislikes
wire

There was not a spot at which the netting had been joined that had not been tested by Grip's beak, and more than once I have just been in time to prevent his escape. He always resented my interference, and used to seize in his beak the wire with which I was making the defect good, and try to pull it out of my hands. At last he gave up the wire net, and turned his attention to the bars of the cage. They were much too strong for him to bend, but he deliberately set to work at one of the central bars, and dug away the wood in which it was set until he had loosened it at the bottom. Fortunately I was just in time to see him pulling out the bar, or there would have

—and
bars,

—and
would
have
emanci-
pated
himself,

been an escaped raven and frightful havoc among the poultry kept by my next-door neighbour.

Directly Grip saw me he set up a great squawl, and did his best to get out the bar before I could reach him. I at once sent for wire and pliers, and at last succeeded in connecting the whole of the bars with cross-wire, so that unless all the bars were dug out both above and below they would hold their place.

Grip was horribly angry during the time, and tried to annoy me as much as possible, by striking at my fingers through the bars, and trying to pull away the wire. Once he did seize the pliers, and I was obliged to bring on the scene my dog "Bosco," whom Grip hated beyond conception, before I could induce him to drop the pliers. Bosco's presence, however, elicited a scream of rage; and as the pliers fell from his beak, I secured possession of them. He afterwards tested the wires from end to end, tried to undo every knot,

but for another application of wire.

He tries to confiscate both wire and pliers,

—but is at last baffled.

and, finding himself baffled, gave up the whole business as a bad job.

Here are some parrot-anecdotes, all perfectly original.

Polly goes
a-walking,

—and has
her douche
bath.

“A parrot, belonging to one of our servants, very soon knew us by name, and could distinguish the tread of its favourites, showing its joy by ruffling its feathers and making an odd noise in the throat. ‘Polly’ was very tame, and was sometimes allowed to walk about the house, always announcing its arrival in a room by ‘Polly going a-walking.’ In hot weather she enjoyed having water poured over her, and when satisfied would say, ‘That’s enough.’

Polly
cheats the
dog,

“She used to tease our large dog by whistling loudly, and calling him ‘Bran! Bran!’ on which he ran in and looked round, and on the cook coming in, Polly would say reprovingly, ‘Go back, Bran, go back:’ out went Bran, and by-and-by, when the cook’s back was

turned, the same scene was acted over again, until Bran grew wiser and neglected the call.

“Polly was a very accomplished bird, and, when quite alone, could be heard going through her acquirements. She sang ‘Cheer boys, cheer,’ very plainly, and could dance. If any stranger went into the kitchen, and no one was there, Polly called out ‘Somebody’s wanted;’ and she has more than once startled people by saying, ‘What’s your business?’”

“We used to go in and see Polly before we went to bed, and she always said ‘good night,’ several times, each time in a different tone of voice. She called mamma ‘my dear’ until told that it was not respectful, after which she always said ‘ma’am!’ The remarks this bird made were so apposite, that it really seemed at times as if it understood what was going on.”

I know a parrot, or, correctly speaking, a ringed parrakeet, that acts as the servants

—sings
and
dances,
and
astonishes
strangers.

She wishes
the family
“good
night.”

—and
pays
proper
respect to
her mis-
tress.

Polly calls say, "just like a Christian." If told to call the cat, she will sometimes mew loudly, and sometimes call the cat by its name, "Winks," which is an abbreviation of Tid-dlywinks. She makes the room ring again with the name, her voice is so powerful. Sometimes she will play at hide and seek; and if her mistress gets under the table, Polly traverses it in all directions, and, not seeing her, knocks violently on the table with her beak, in order to induce her mistress to come out of her hiding-place.

—hunts after her mistress, and plays at hide and seek with her.

A self-tamed redbreast.

In the following history of a self-tamed redbreast, we shall see that instinct plays but a very small part, almost the whole of the bird's proceedings, as well as those of his family, being instigated by pure reason without any admixture of instinct. To the lady who sent me the anecdote I am indebted for several of my most interesting accounts of animal life. She does not wish her name to be mentioned, but it is

well known throughout the whole literary world.

“In the years 1864 and 1865 a robin made itself at home in my dining-room, always coming to the window and tapping to have it opened at breakfast-time. When he came in, he shared my oatmeal porridge with me, seating himself on the edge of the cup and picking out such grains as caught his fancy. He then picked up crumbs of bread or toast, and, when he had satisfied himself, he sat on the back of my chair and sang, or sometimes betook himself to the top of a large screen. When he wished the window to be opened for him, he used to make a peculiar little noise, unlike any sound I ever heard from a bird—not loud, but very much like articulate language.

Robin escapes acquaintance with the family.

Takes his breakfast, and sings a song of gratitude.

He asks to have the window opened,

“As you may fancy, he was a great favourite with every one in the house. If the day were very cold, he always seated himself on the edge of the fender as soon as he was let in, puffing out

—and warms himself at the fire.

his feathers to receive the heat, and, when he found that he was warm enough, he came to his breakfast.

“During the summer of 1864 he came occasionally to the window, but seldom came in, and then only for a moment, though he would sometimes follow me out of doors. In the winter of 1864-5, he again established himself in the house, on his own familiar terms, and became even a greater pet than ever. He then began to prefer the butter-cooler to the porridge-cup for his breakfast, but I never allowed him to take too much. He almost lived in the house, sometimes remaining all night when the weather was bad.

He prefers butter to porridge,

—and stays in the house during the winter.

He introduces his wife and family, but does not allow them to enter the house.

“When summer came round again, he appeared one day at the window with his wife and children, who sat on the ledge of the window while he entered and took food out to them. It then came out that of late he had often been detected in carrying off food from the peacock's bowl which I kept in the dining-room; this

food he had, doubtless, carried to his lady in her nest: the dining-room window, being mostly open in summer, gave him access to the bowl.

“A sister-in-law of mine and her daughters came to stay with me just then, and to see the little redbreasts get their breakfast daily from their papa was one of our morning’s amusements.

“But, alas! one day, he came looking very ill, with his feathers puffed out, and looking twice his natural size. I observed that he swallowed large lumps of butter himself while helping his young ones. This went on for some days, and at last he did not make his appearance at all; his wife and family came without him, and then we knew that he must be dead. There was general mourning for poor ‘Bobby’ in the house. I have never had so tame a redbreast before or since, though his wife and children, who seemed to miss him much, still continued to receive their dole at the window.

He takes his children their breakfast.

Robin is taken ill

-and dies.

Behaviour of the widow and children.

Another
tame
robin,

“I heard a still more wonderful story about a robin from my sister-in-law, who knew the lady to whom the bird belonged. She had made it so tame that it used to fly after her carriage; and when she went in the winter to spend a few days with a friend who lived several miles from her house, the bird followed her. On the following morning, when she opened the window according to custom and called the robin, he at once entered the room and perched on her finger.

—who follows his mistress on a journey,

—and comes at her call.

“Was not this very like reason? It certainly was a combination of ideas. The bird had followed his mistress to a strange place, slept there, and came at her call, trusting to her for his breakfast. My sister-in-law was staying at the house at the time, and witnessed the circumstance.”

Reason
versus
Instinct.

In the former of these two cases, reason taught the bird to conquer its instinct, which teaches it to fear man and avoid him. The bird soon found that he was

being kindly treated, and, reasoning upon such premisses, came to the conclusion that he would be treated in the same manner for the future. Then, that birds must have a language in which to express their ideas is evident from the fact that his wife and family accompanied him to the house, and waited outside while he went and brought out food for them. The reason why they did not enter the house is evident to all who know the habits of the redbreast. It is one of the most jealous of birds, and never will allow another bird to enter the place of which it has pleased him to consider himself the owner. There can be little doubt, but that he had previously forbidden his family to enter the house where he felt himself a privileged inmate.

The capability of cats for opening doors, ringing bells, &c., is perfectly well known. There was a cat named "Patch," who was a great adept in these arts. One evening,

—has a candle lighted, and takes her mistress to shake a curtain,

—out of which falls a mouse.

she came out of a bedroom in a state of great excitement as the occupant went in, mewed and fidgeted about, went up to an unlighted candle, though there was a fire in the room, back to the lady and then again to the candle, and would not be contented until it was lighted. Then she drew particular attention to the window-curtain, reaching up with her paw as far as she could, and touching it. The curtain being shaken, out dropped a mouse, which Patch immediately seized and carried off. She had, probably, previously brought it into the room, as she was in the habit of doing so with her prey, and on two or three occasions dead mice were found deposited in the bed.

“Pret” acts in a similar manner.

My own cat, “Pret,” has often behaved in a similar manner, and has brought me to help him in getting at a mouse which had hidden itself in some spot where he could not reach it.

I might multiply anecdotes to an indefinite extent, but have thought it better

to take a comparative few, nearly all of which have been as yet unpublished. The reader will see, that in no one of these cases does instinct play any part, and that in the generality of them the reasoning powers of the animal have overcome its natural instincts.

Reason
over-
coming
Instinct.

Here is an example of reason, and the power of combination in the rat. The writer was at the time resident in Liverpool.

Reason
and com-
bination in
the rat.

“In my garden there is a conservatory, along the roof of which is trained a vine, on which the fruit would not ripen for the last few years, so I had the vine enclosed in a glass frame in the hope that, the heat being confined, the grapes would ripen better than when exposed to the cold night air. This plan being successful, I had this year a plentiful crop of large-sized bunches of grapes. These, however, began to disappear very quickly as soon as ripe, but not bunch by bunch as would be done

Mysteri-
ous disap-
pearance
of grapes.

by thieves, but only the ripest grapes of each bunch were taken.

The
thieves
detected.

“At first, I thought that some of the boys working in the garden had been helping themselves; but all denied it, and no one had seen them near the glass house. Then I sealed up the door of the covering, but still the fruit disappeared. So I told the gardener to cut all the good fruit and take it into the house when I returned home in the evening; after giving the order, the gardener came in with gleeful visage and said, ‘I’ve got the thieves, sir,’ and told his tale in that roundabout way which men in his condition love, of which the following is the condensed description,—

The rats
knock
down the
fruit.

“ ‘When lying on my back for rest after cutting a lot of branches, I heard a scuffling sort of sound, and looked round and saw five or six large brown rats come into the frame; they then jumped up at the lowest hanging branches and managed to knock down two or three grapes, which they proceeded to eat like a squirrel, sitting

up on their hind legs and holding the fruit in their front paws.

“‘Soon after, a large female, followed by four young ones, came in; and the old one ran up the vine and bit off one of the ripest bunches, which fell down to the expecting young ones below, who fastened on it and began to eat. Then, concluded the old man, ‘I could not keep my laugh any longer, but shouted out, which sent them all head over heels out, as if a dog were after them.’”

The mother rat bites off a bunch for her children.

A curious instance of reason in the fox has been furnished to me by an eye-witness.

“I will now tell you a story of a fox. Some years ago, when I lived in a lonely but beautiful part of the Lammermoors, there came a dreadful snow-storm. All nature was white for miles, as if wrapped in a winding-sheet, and birds and beasts were put to strange shifts for food.

Winter in the Lammermoors.

A dark spot on the white expanse

—appears to move,

“I was talking with one of my shepherds, when far away on the opposite side, and on the top of what is here called a cleugh or hollow, I espied a small dark object. It was the only one in the vast expanse of snow, and it appeared to me to be moving.” I pointed it out to the shepherd, who said that it was a tuft of heather, from which the snow had drifted. I watched it more carefully, and, feeling sure that it really did move, I went into the house for my gun, and told the shepherd to accompany me.

—and proves to be a fox,

“Slowly we plodded our weary way through snow up to our waists in some places; and when we arrived within a few hundred yards of the mysterious object, it was revealed in the shape of a crafty fox, who deliberately walked away, every now and then stopping to look at us.

—engaged in catching grouse.

“It was evident what he had been doing. He had coiled himself round so as to look like a bunch of heather (and done it so well that he had even deceived

the practised eyes of the shepherd), and thus decoyed the hungry grouse near enough to seize them. That he had succeeded was plain, from the feathers and other remains of several birds which lay near the spot where we first saw him. Foxie is a rare purveyor, and nothing can beat him."

A rather amusing instance of reason in a dog has been narrated to me. The animal was a Newfoundland, and of a quiet disposition. There was, however, a much larger and quarrelsome dog of the same kind, who was frequently meeting "Lion," and taking every opportunity of molesting him.

One day, the big dog met him, and evidently bent upon a fight. Whereupon, Lion, knowing that he was no match for his antagonist without some aid, ran off to a neighbouring manure-heap, and rolled himself over and over in it, until he was completely covered. He then went back

"Lion" annoyed by a more powerful foe,

—whom he defeats by stratagem.

to his enemy, challenged him, fought him and beat him thoroughly, and after that victory the big dog always gave Lion a wide berth.

CHAPTER V.

LANGUAGE [OF ANIMALS].

Ideas useless unless they can be transmitted.—Language the means of Transmission.—Various kinds of Language.—The spoken Language, or Language of Words.—The Gesture-Language, or Language of Signs.—The Language of the Eye, or a direct transmission of Ideas without the aid of words or gestures.—Language of Insects.—The Wasps at my Breakfast-table: a Messenger and result of the Message.—Language among the Ants: severity of their military discipline.—Ant-Undertakers.—A summary Execution.—Power of Combination and submission to a single Leader.—Comparison with the Egyptian and Assyrian Labourers.—Language among Dogs.—A Tempter and his Victim.—Language and Combination among Dogs.—Ditto among Wolves.—A specific and a universal Language among Animals.—Language and Combination among Baboons.—Monkeys and the Charge through the Mud.—Division of Labour between Dogs.—Mutual arrangements between a Dog and a Cat.—Rook Parliament seen by a lady in England.—Ditto by a gentleman in India.—Ditto by a gentleman in Cornwall.—A Thrush Parliament discussing the Fruit question.—Martins sitting in judgment on a Sparrow, and killing him.—“Beau” and his Rescuer.—A Quarrel and a Peacemaker.—The Goose, the Ducklings, and the Hen.

THE possession of ideas, whether they be right or wrong, infers more or less reason in those beings who possess

Possession of ideas a proof of reason.

Language
the mode of
transmit-
ting ideas.

them. Those ideas would be absolutely unknown without some means of transmitting them, and such means we call by the name of Language.

Spoken
language.

There are several kinds and degrees of language known to ourselves. First comes the spoken language, in which ideas are clothed in certain definitely regulated sounds. Then there is the written language, in which those sounds are reduced to form, and are heard with the eye instead of the ear.

Written
language.

Gesture-
language.

Then there is the language of gesture, which is little employed among ourselves, but in some parts of the earth forms a necessary concomitant to the spoken lan-

Bush talk.

guage, or can be substituted for it. The Bosjesmans of Southern Africa, for example, are unable to converse with freedom when in the dark, the visible gestures being needed to supplement the audible words. This necessity is so great that if they wish to talk in a dark night they are obliged to light a fire.

Among the North American Indian tribes The North American Indians, the language of gesture forms an important part of every man's education. There are very many of these tribes, and they all speak different dialects, which in many cases vary so much that they are practically different languages.

Were it not for some other means of communication beside spoken words, no one would be able to converse with another who did not happen to belong to his own tribe. Gestures, however, take the place —and their sign-language. of words, and form a universal language. This sign-language is very simple, is based upon definite principles, and is easy of attainment. Captain Burton has written Captain Burton's account, an account of the sign-language which ought to be carefully read by all travellers. The language as given by him is —and its uses. easily mastered, and in a few hours an Englishman would make himself capable of conversing with any of the savage tribes of North American Indians without understanding a single word of their spoken language.

Gesture-
language
among
ourselves,

We English, in consequence of our physical constitution, which our Continental neighbours are pleased to call "phlegmatic," use gesture-language less than almost any nation upon earth, looking upon gesture in connection with language much as we do upon ornament in connection with objects of utility. Yet even we use it, though sparingly, and almost unconsciously.

—as used
by chil-
dren,

That it is natural to us is shown by the untaught and graceful gesture-language of a child, which is able to express its thoughts by gesture long before it obtains the power of speech. I knew a child who managed to express himself so well by gesture that he did not trouble himself to speak a word until after he had completed his third year. His mother was terribly distressed at his backwardness; but, after he found the use of his tongue, he more than compensated for his previous silence, and I fancy that his mother would occasionally have preferred an interval of the

gesture-language which had been so distasteful* to her.

In maturer years this silent language —and by adults to express survives. To take a few familiar examples: The uplified finger expresses the idea of warning* as plainly as if the word had been used. If one person tells another a tale and his narrative be received with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulder, incredulity is expressed as clearly and as —incredulity, offensively as if the lie had been given in words. Similarly, the upraised eyebrows —wonder, express wonder, but at the same time imply belief.

To shake the closed fist expresses menace, —menace, and indeed such a gesture is actionable at law. To present the palms of the hands —rejection, towards an object expresses rejection, while the open arms equally express acceptance. —acceptance, There are some ladies who are addicted to —dislike, the feminine vice of tossing their heads when they meet with anything which does not happen to suit them at the moment. It is really wonderful to see how much

they enjoy it, and how they think themselves to have elevated their dignity together with their noses above the ordinary level of humanity. Their idea is a ludicrously false one, but they certainly express it by their gesture.

—contempt,

Again, words cannot express contempt more forcibly than the action of snapping the fingers or turning the back; nor can

—veneration,

words be more expressive of veneration than the act of bending the knee. Words

—devotion,

are not needed to express devotion when the clasped hands and uplifted eye are

—remorse,

seen; while remorse is shown by the cowering form crouching to the earth as

—guilt,
and
innocence.

if crushed by the weight of guilt, and conscious innocence by the erect body and uplifted head.

Not to multiply further examples which will strike any one who takes the trouble to think on the subject, it is evident that ideas can be conveyed by gestures without the use of words, and that any mode of transmitting ideas is a form of language.

The gesture-language is that which is chiefly used by the lower animals, when they wish to convey their ideas to man, and, in its way, it is as perfect a language as that which was employed by the child above mentioned, who did not choose to take the trouble of speaking when he could make himself understood by gesture; and, whether these gestures be used by man, child, or beast, they are intended for the transmission of ideas, which are the result of reason, and not of instinct.

Painters would be in a very bad way, if they were not aided by the natural language of gesture. They cannot paint ideas, but they can paint the gestures which are expressive of ideas, and so can make themselves as well understood as if they had made use of the written language. Indeed, the same model does duty for all kinds of personages and all kinds of emotions, as long as the gestures can be represented. An old, grey-headed, long-bearded man, with his hair tossing in the wind and his

Gesture-language used by the lower animals towards man.

Gesture-language employed by painters.

The same model can be used to represent

- Lear, hands wildly clenched, represents grief and madness, as personated in Lear. The same individual, with face upraised and a harp on his knee, will be adoration, personified by David. Let him shut his eyes and hold out his hands, and he represents dignified penury in the person of Belisarius. The same rule holds good with sculptors. Man really could not go through existence without a gesture-language, and that language, as we shall presently see, is the common property of himself and the lower animals.

The deaf-
and-dumb
alphabet

Even among ourselves there is a recognised language of signs, namely, that by which we can exchange ideas with the deaf and dumb. It has been reduced to a form almost as definite as the written or spoken language; and it is worthy of notice that very many of the signs are identical with those in use among the Indian tribes. Thus a deaf-and-dumb man who had learned the sign-language in England would be able to converse with the Indian tribes;

—intelligible all over the world,

while a man who was in possession of his powers of speech and hearing could neither understand them nor make himself intelligible to them, if he were ignorant of this simple code of signs. I have seen evidence taken in a court of law by means of the sign-language, and such evidence was accepted as if it had been spoken or written.

—and its
evidence
accepted in
a court of
of law.

Lastly, there is the language of the eye, by which ideas are interchanged without the necessity of words or gestures. It is essentially the language of idea, and by it spirit speaks directly to spirit, conveying by a single glance of the eye thoughts which whole volumes would fail to express.

Language
of the eye.

Direct
communi-
cation of

There is none so obtuse that he cannot understand the fiery glare of anger, the soft beaming glance of love, or the dull, purposeless stare of hopeless sorrow. When the mother contemplates her infant, her entire soul is poured through her eyes, and no language is adequate to express

—anger,
—love,
—sorrow.

the boundless love which is manifested by the eye alone.

Appeal.

The look of appeal is sufficiently recognisable to be expressed by the painter's art, an admirable and familiar example of which is seen in the two faces in Millais' "Huguenots." Solemn question and equally solemn response can be given in a moment, and without the use of word or sign; and there are those who have known a single glance given and returned change the whole course of two lives.

Question
and
answer.

If animals possess reason in common with man, it is evident that they must be able to interchange thoughts with each other and with man, when brought in contact with him. They must possess a language of some sort, by means of which they can understand each other, can comprehend human language, and render themselves intelligible to man. All these conditions are fulfilled in the lower animals, and the inference to be drawn from them is self-evident.

Language
of some
sort com-
mon to
man and
beast.

There is one distinction between the capability of understanding their own language and that of man, namely, that they are born with the one and have to learn the other. Newly hatched chickens, for example, understand their mother perfectly well, though they have only entered the world an hour or so ago; they know what she means when she calls them to find what she has scratched up for them, and they know what to do when she gives them warning of danger. They, again, are able to talk to their mother, and even the most incurious must have noticed how different are their tones under various circumstances—say, for example, the little piping notes of content when all is going on well, and the cry of alarm when they have lost their way or are otherwise frightened.

The animals can learn that of man.

—but are born able to understand and speak their own,

—which is even intelligible to man.

Looking at the nervous system of insects, in whom there is no definite brain, but merely a succession of ganglia united

Reason not dependent on the brain,

by a double nervous cord, many physiologists have thought that reason could not be one of the attributes of the insect race.

—because possessed by insects which have no brain.

Language of bees, wasps, and ants.

Yet nothing is more certain than that they are able to converse with each other and communicate ideas, this fact showing that they must possess reason. As far as we know, the hymenopterous insects, namely, the bees, wasps, and ants are the best linguists of the insect race, their language being chiefly conducted by means of their antennæ. A good example of this was witnessed by me last summer (1872).

A wasp finds a piece of egg.

At breakfast-time some pieces of the white of egg were left on a plate. A wasp came in at the window, and, after flying about for a while, alighted on the plate, went to the piece of egg, and tried to carry it off. Wishing to see what the insect would do, I would not allow it to be disturbed. After several unavailing attempts to lift the piece of egg, the wasp laid it down and flew out of window. Presently *two* wasps came in, flew direct

—cannot lift it,

—and flies away.

to the plate, picked up the piece of egg, and in some way or other contrived to get it out of the window. These were evidently the first wasp and a companion whom it had fetched to help it.

Two wasps soon come, pick up the egg, fetch it away,

I had a kind of suspicion that when the wasps reached their home they would tell their companions of their good fortune, and so I put some more egg on the plate and waited. In a very short time wasp after wasp came in, went to the plate without hesitation, and carried off a piece of egg. The stream of wasps was so regular that I was able to trace them to their nest, which was in a lane about half a mile from my house.

—and tell their companions of their treasure.

Their nest found.

The insect had evidently reasoned with itself that, although the piece of egg was too heavy for one wasp, it might be carried by two; so it went off to find a companion, told it the state of things, and induced it to help it in carrying off the coveted morsel. Then the two had evidently told the other inhabitants of the

Process of reasoning in the mind of the first wasp.

Comparison with human beings,

nest that there was a supply of new and dainty food within reach, and had acted as guides to the locality. Here is positive proof that these insects possess a very definite language of their own, for it is impossible that human beings could have acted in a more rational manner.

—even in the art of war.

Every one knows that wasps carry out one of the first principles of the military art by always having the gate of their fortress guarded by a sentinel. Should there be danger, the sentinel gives the alarm, and out dash all the inhabitants at the offender indicated by the sentinel.

Selection and approval of the sentinel.

It is clear that, out of the many hundred wasps which form a full-sized nest, the individual who is to act as sentinel must be selected, and its task appointed. We do not know how the selection is made, but that such is the case is evident; for the rest of the wasps acknowledge their sentinel, trust to it for guarding the approaches of the nest, while they go about their usual task of collecting food

for the young and new material for the nest.

As for the ants, some of their performances are absolutely startling, so closely do they resemble the customs of human civilisation.

They have armies, commanded by officers, who issue their orders, insist upon obedience, and, on the march, will not permit

Discipline among various species of ants.

any of the privates to stray from the ranks. There are some ants which till the ground, weed it, plant the particular grain on which they feed, cut it when ripe, and store it away in their subterranean granaries.

Agricultural ants.

There are ants which are as arrant slaveholders as any people on earth ever were.

Slave-making ants.

They make systematic raids on the nests of other ants, carry off the yet unhatched cocoons, and rear them in their own nests to be their servants.

There are ants which bury their dead—a fact which was discovered by accident.

Funeral ants.

Bodies of
the dead
discovered
and re-
ported to
the rest.

The bodies
are carried
off

—and
buried,

—some
idlers
being
killed on
the spot.

A lady had been obliged to kill some ants, the bodies of which lay about on the ground. Presently a single ant found its dead companions, and examined them and then went off. Presently it returned with a number of others, and proceeded to the dead bodies. Four ants went to each corpse, two lifting it and the other two following, the main body, some two hundred in number, following behind. The four bearers took their office in turns, one pair relieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sandy hillock, and there the bearers put down their burdens, and the others immediately began to dig holes. A dead ant was then placed in each grave and the soil filled in. The most curious part of the proceedings was that some six or seven ants refused to assist in grave-digging. Upon which the rest set on them, killed them, dug one large hole, and tumbled them unceremoniously into it.

In Froebel's work on South America

there is a good account of the proceedings of some ants.

“I had several opportunities of observing the manners of several kinds of ants living in the heuses. All of them are very inoffensive and even useful creatures. On one occasion I witnessed a remarkable instance of the concerted and organized action of a crowd of them. They were of a minute species, but, by the wonderful order and speediness with which they worked together, and which it would have been difficult to realise with men, they succeeded in performing a task apparently quite beyond their capability.

“They carried a dead scorpion, of full-grown size, up the wall of our room, from the floor to the ceiling, and thence along the under surface of a beam to a considerable distance, when at last they brought it safely into their nest in the interior of the wood. During the latter part of this achievement, they had to bear the whole weight of the scorpion, together with their

Froebel's
account of
some ants

—which
worked in
concert

—at carry-
ing away a
scorpion
up the
wall and
along the
ceiling

—to their
nest.

own, in their inverted position, and in this way to move along the beam.

The perfect discipline

“The order was so perfect, that not the slightest deviation from an absolute symmetry and equality of distances and arrangement was observable in the manner of taking hold of the body of the scorpion, and in the movement of the little army of workmen. No corps of engineers could be drilled to a more absolute perfection in the performance of a mechanical task.

—of some five hundred workers

According to a rough calculation, there must have been from five to six hundred of these intelligent little creatures at work.

—under a single commander.

Besides those engaged in the transport, none were seen. A single one was sitting on the sting at the end of the scorpion's tail, as if placed there to overlook and direct the whole movements; all the rest were, without exception, at work. The operation may have lasted about an hour.”

The ants compared with Egyptian and

This scene is an exact reproduction, in the insect world, of the manner in which the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians con-

veyed their colossal statues to their places. Assyrian labourers.
 There we see hundreds of men all dragging at the multitudinous ropes attached to the car on which the statue lay, and all pulling in tirae to the gestures of a single man placed on the top of the statue. The ants, Utilising strength by combination. however, had a still more difficult task than the men; for they possessed no carriage on which to lay the scorpion, and were obliged to sustain the whole of its weight as they passed over the ceiling.

In the same work, Froebel has narrated another example of the manner in which ants can combine, and make themselves intelligible to their fellow-insects.

“Another time I witnessed the trans- A colony of ants migrating migration of a whole state or commonwealth of ants, from a hole in the wall, across our verandah, into another hole in the opposite wall.

“Two facts struck my attention in this —in a body case. The first was, that the marching army of these insects, all moving in one direction, consisted of individuals of such

a difference in size and shape, that to consider them as belonging to one species seemed very difficult, and the idea of a commonwealth of different insect nationalities was strongly suggested.

—accompanied by their beetle-guests or prisoners.

“The second was, that some little beetles, of the family of *Coccinellidæ*, marched along with the ants from one hole into the other; not quite of their own will, for I observed that several times one of them tried to deviate from the line, but was quickly brought back to the ranks by some of the ants placing themselves at its side. The fact of little beetles, of the very family just mentioned, existing in the nests of ants is well known; but it is of considerable interest to see the fact repeated in distinct climates, with different species of insects of both tribes, and under opposite circumstances.”

Different sizes of ants.

As to the different sizes of the ants, all entomologists know that, in the hotter parts of the world, the males, females, soldiers, and workers of the same species will vary in

size from that of a wasp to that of a common garden ant, and that the shape and aspect are as different as their size. The second point is a very curious one. It has long been known that many beetles live in ants' nests, but I believe that this is the only record of the beetles accompanying the ants in their migrations. A valuable record.

We will now proceed to some of the higher animals.

The Scotch shepherds, who are brought into constant companionship with their dogs, fully believe that the animals not only understand the words of their masters, but have a language of their own in which they can communicate ideas to each other. Scotch shepherds and their dogs. So certain are they of this that a shepherd is quite as fastidious about his dog's companions as he would be about those of his own children. Selection of companions for the dog.

It will be readily understood that in the great sheep-feeding districts of Scotland there is no doggish crime so unpardonable

Sheep-
killing.

as sheep-killing. As long as a dog can be kept from strange companions there is no great danger, as a collie is scarcely able to master the active and powerful sheep of those parts—sheep which, by reason of their semi-wild life, are able to defend themselves against foes to which a southern fold-bred sheep would at once succumb. But evil communications corrupt the manners of dogs as well as of men, and there is the greatest danger of several collies uniting in their attacks upon the sheep.

Two
strange
dogs meet,

—hold a
conversa-
tion,

—and go
off to
worry
sheep.

Some time ago a couple of shepherds met in a market-place, each, as a matter of course, accompanied by his dog, one of which had been suspected of sheep-worrying. After the manner of dogs, the animals accosted each other, and soon assumed so remarkable a demeanour in their conversation that their owners consulted together on their own account, and agreed to set a watch upon their dogs. On that very evening both dogs started from their homes

at the same hour, joined each other, and set off after the sheep.

Here we have a direct example that dogs have a sufficiency of language to convey ideas. The old offender had invited the young and innocent dog to go with him sheep-worrying, and had even managed to tell him the time when he was to start on his expedition. I have not been able to ascertain whether audible sounds were employed by the dogs, but I believe that the language, although perfectly understood by themselves and partly so by their masters, was entirely one of look and gesture.

Nature of
their talk.

An event occurred near Leslie which corroborates the story just told respecting dogs and their power of understanding their own language.

A farmer had lost a considerable number of sheep, and so he and his shepherd watched carefully throughout the night for the purpose of detecting the dog which had worried the animals. About the middle

Sheep -
being lost,
a watch is
set.

Combination of seven dogs all belonging to different masters.

of the night they saw a troop of seven dogs making at full speed for the field where the sheep were kept. One dog was evidently the leader, and there could be no doubt that the animals which belonged to different owners had pre-arranged their meeting, and even settled the time at which they were to leave their respective homes. This could only have been done by means of some kind of language, which, though it did not consist of words, was as intelligible to them as human language is to mankind.

Col. Campbell's story.

Two very remarkable instances of language and combination are given by Colonel W. Campbell in his "Indian Journal." The writer is perhaps better known by his *nom de plume*, "The old Forest Ranger." He was at Ranee Bennore on a hunting expedition.

"I witnessed this morning a curious instance of wolfish generalship that interested me much, and which, in my humble

opinion, goes far to prove that animals are endowed to a certain extent with reasoning faculties, and have means of communicating their ideas to each other.

“I was as usual scanning the horizon with my telescope at daybreak to see if any game was in sight. I had discovered a small herd of antelopes feeding in a field from which the crop had lately been removed, and was about to take the glass from my eye for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, when, in a remote quarter of the field, concealed from the antelopes by a few intervening bushes, I faintly discerned in the grey twilight a pack of six wolves, seated on their hind quarters like dogs, and apparently in deep consultation.

The hunter watches a herd of antelopes.

—and sees six wolves also watching, and apparently consulting.

“It appeared evident that, like myself, they wanted venison, and had some design upon the antelopes; and, being anxious to witness the mode of proceeding adopted by these four-legged poachers, I determined to watch their motions. I accordingly dis-

He stalks near them.

mounted, leaving my horse in charge of the sowar, and, creeping as near the scene of action as I could, without being discovered, concealed myself behind a bush.

—and sees them separate on their different tasks.

“Having apparently decided on their plan of attack, the wolves separated, one remaining stationary, and the other five creeping cautiously round the edge of the field, like setters drawing in a shy covey of birds.

Five hide themselves

In this manner they surrounded the unsuspecting herd, one wolf lying down at each corner of the field, and the fifth creeping silently towards the centre of it, where he concealed himself in a deep furrow.

—and one dashes at the antelopes, which leap away,

“The sixth wolf, which had not yet moved, now started from his hiding-place and made a dash at the antelopes. The graceful creatures, confident in their matchless speed, tossed their heads as if in disdain, and started off in a series of flying bounds, that soon left their pursuer far behind. But no sooner did they approach the edge of the field, than one of the crouching wolves started up, turned them,

—but are in all directions headed by four of the concealed wolves,

and chased them in a contrary direction, while his panting accomplice lay down in his place to secure wind for a fresh burst. Again the bounding herd dashed across the plain, hoping to escape on the opposite side; but here they were once more headed by one of the crafty savages, who took up the chase in his turn, and coursed them till relieved by a fresh hand from an opposite quarter. In this manner the persecuted animals were driven from side to side and from corner to corner, a fresh assailant heading them at every turn, till they appeared perfectly stupified with fear, and, crowding together like frightened sheep, began to wheel round in diminishing circles.

—who
drive them
backwards
and
forwards.

—until
they as-
semble in
the middle
of the field.

“All this time, the wolf which lay concealed in the furrow near the centre of the field, had never moved, and, although the antelopes had passed and repassed within a few feet of him, and had, perhaps, even jumped over him, his time for action had not yet arrived. It now became evident

—where
the fifth
wolf was
lying in
wait for
them,

—ready to
seize them
when tired
out.

that the unfortunate antelopes must soon be tired out; when it appeared probable that the surrounding wolves would have made a combined attack, and driven the terrified herd towards the centre of the field; where the wolf which had hitherto been lying in reserve, would have sprung up in the midst of them, and secured at least one victim."

At this period of the proceedings, the spectator shot the nearest wolf, whereupon the other five decamped and allowed the antelopes to escape.

Here we have reason and a power of combination for mutual action that would have done credit to human beings.

Detail in
the lan-
guage of
animals,

expressive
of locality.

The anecdote shows also that there is much more detail in the language of animals than is generally supposed. Each had its different post assigned, so that the wolves must have possessed some means of indicating that locality; and each undertook to play its own part in a scheme of no small intricacy, so that their language must

This anecdote appears in the *Revue* for
the 18th 1879

have been capable of expressing abstract ideas.

concrete

Mr. Walter Elliot, also a mighty Indian hunter, mentions in a foot-note to Colonel Campbell's account, that he has witnessed similar instances of combination on the part of the same animal. Once he saw three gazelles chased by a single wolf. They made for a "nullah," or ravine, and plunged into it. Presently two of the gazelles bounded up the opposite bank of the nullah, but the third gazelle and the wolf were missing. Going to the nullah in order to discover what had become of the animals, Mr. Elliot found the missing gazelle in the jaws of *three* wolves. It was evident that it had been decoyed into an ambush, two wolves having hidden themselves in the nullah, and the third driven the gazelles to the spot where his accomplices were concealed, thus making up by cunning for lack of speed.

Mr. Elliot's story.

Three gazelles chased by a wolf,

—and seized by two others who had been lying in wait.

I rather think that each species has its own dialect, and that there is another

Language peculiar to the

species,
and com-
mon to
beasts in
general.

language which is common to all—a sort of animal *lingua franca*, or “pigeon-English.” For example, a cry of warning, no matter from what bird or animal it comes, is understood by them all, as is well known to many a sportsman who has lost his only chance of a shot by reason of an impertinent jay, crow, or magpie which has spied him, and has given its cry of alarm.

The
alarm-cry
of birds.

Mr. Par-
kyn's
story.

In Mansfield Parkyn's work on Abyssinia is a remarkable account of language and the consequent power of combination among the monkey tribe:—

The
baboons
at home.

“You may see them quarrelling, making love, mothers taking care of their children, combing their hair, nursing and suckling them; and the passions, jealousy, anger, love, as fully and distinctly marked as in men. They have a language as distinct to them as ours is; and their *women* are as noisy and fond of disputation as any fish-fag in Billingsgate.

Obedience
to chiefs;

“The monkeys, especially the Cyno-

cephali, who are astonishingly clever fellows, have their chiefs, whom they obey implicitly, and a regular system of tactics in war, pillaging expeditions, robbing corn-fields, &c.

“These monkey forays are managed with the utmost regularity and precaution. A tribe, coming down to feed from their village on the mountain (usually a cleft in the face of some cliff), brings with it all its members, male and female, old and young. Some, the elders of the tribe, distinguishable by the quantity of mane which covers their shoulders like a lion’s, take the lead, passing cautiously over each precipice before they descend, and climbing to the top of every rock or stone which may afford them a better view of the road before them.

—who are distinguished by their large manes,

—act as scouts,

“Others have their posts as scouts on the flanks or rear; and all fulfil their duties with the utmost vigilance, calling out at times, apparently to keep order among the motley pack which forms the main body, or

—and give their orders so clearly that man can understand them.

to give notice of the approach of any real or imagined danger. Their tones of voice on those occasions are so distinctly varied that a person much accustomed to watch their movements will at length fancy—and, perhaps, with some truth—that he can understand their signals.

Conduct of
the main
body.

“The main body is composed of females, inexperienced males, and young people of the tribe. Those of the females who have small children carry them on their back. Unlike the dignified march of the leaders, the rabble go along in a most disorderly manner, trotting on and chattering, without taking the least heed of anything, apparently confiding in the vigilance of their scouts.

The
youths.

“Here, a few of the youths linger behind to pick the berries off some tree, but not long, for the rear guard coming up forces them to regain their places. There a matron pauses for a moment to suckle her offspring, and, not to lose time, dresses its hair while it is taking its meal. Another younger

The
matrons.

The young
ladies,

lady, probably excited by jealousy or by —their rivalries, some sneering look or word, pulls an ugly mouth at her neighbour, and then, uttering a shrill squeal highly expressive of rage, vindictively snatches at her rival's leg or tail with her hand, and gives her, perhaps, a bite in the hind quarters. This provokes —quarrels, a retort, and a most unlady-like quarrel ensues, till a loud bark of command from one of the chiefs calls them to order. A —and submission. single cry of alarm makes them all halt and remain on the *qui vive*, till another bark in a different tone reassures them, and they then proceed on their march.

“Arrived at the corn-fields, the scouts The party arrive at the corn-fields, and collect provisions, take their position on the eminences all round, while the remainder of the tribe collect provisions with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek-pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits. Now, unless there be a partition of the collected spoil, how do the scouts feed? I have watched —while some are posted as them several times, and never observed

sentinels,
and never
touch food.

them to quit for a moment their post of duty, until it was time for the tribe to return, or tili some indication of danger induced them to take to flight."

Bird
sentinels.

Here we have clear proof of the existence of a definite language among beasts—a language so expressive that it could be understood by a human listener. There are many birds which act in almost exactly the same manner, a few being posted as sentinels, while the rest devour the crops in peace, knowing that warning will be given if danger should threaten them.

Colonel
Drayson's
story.

The animal here mentioned is the Dog-faced Baboon. Colonel Drayson, R.A., has given a similar account of another species, the Chacma, of Southern Africa.

Sir J. Bow-
ring's
story.

A ludicrous example of the possession of language of the monkey tribe is given by Sir J. Bowring in his admirable work on Siam. During a journey one of his suite fired at a monkey, wishing to secure the young one which she held in her arms. He

A wounded
monkey

did not kill her, and the wounded mother retreated into the jungle, carrying her child with her. The rest must be told in Sir John's own words.

“Five men immediately followed her; but ere they had been out of sight five minutes, we saw them hurrying towards us, shouting *Ling, ling, ling, ling!* (*i.e.* monkey). As I could see nothing, I asked Mr. Hunter if they were after the monkeys.

“‘Oh, no,’ he replied; ‘the monkeys are after *them*.’

“And so they were, thousands upon thousands of them coming down in the most unpleasant manner. As the tide was out, there was a great quantity of soft mud to cross before they could gain the boat. Here the monkeys gained very rapidly upon the men; and when at length the boat was reached, their savage pursuers were not twenty yards behind them.

“The whole scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and I really think that, if my life had depended upon it, I could not have

—retreats,
and is

—followed
by five
men, who
imme-
diately
return,

—followed
by thou-
sands of
monkeys,

—who
nearly
catch
them,

—when
they reach
their boats,

—and
stand
screaming
at their
foes,

fired a shot. To see the men making the most strenuous exertions to get through the deep mud, breathless with their run and fright combined, and the army of little wretches drawn up in line within twenty yards of us, screaming and making use of the most diabolical language, if we could only have understood them. Besides, there was the feeling that they had the right side of the question.

--until
four of
them are
shot.

“One of the *refugees*, however, did not appear to take my view of the case. Smarting under the disgrace and the bamboos against which he ran in his retreat, he seized my gun and fired both barrels on the exulting foe, who immediately retired in great disorder, leaving four dead upon the field. Many were the quarrels that arose from this affair among the men.”

Their lan-
guage and
power of
combina-
tion.

This incident shows clearly the existence of language among the monkeys. Otherwise, they could not have understood that one of their number had been injured by the hands of certain men, and so quickly

have organized a combined attack upon their foes.

The following anecdotes have been sent to me, by a London physician, and forcibly illustrate the faculty possessed by animals of communicating ideas to each other. The first is an example of dog-language.

The story of a London physician.

“While I was living in the country with a friend, a most interesting incident was observed in the history of the dog.

“My friend had several dogs, two of which had a special attachment to, and an understanding with, each other. The one was a Scotch terrier, gentle and ready to fraternise with all honest comers. The other was as large as a mastiff, and looked like a compound between the mastiff and the large rough stag-hound. He was fierce, and required some acquaintance before you knew what faithfulness and kindness lay beneath his rough and savage-looking exterior. The one was gay and lively, the other stern and thoughtful.

Two dog-friends,

—of opposite character.

—combine
in the
sport of
hare-
hunting.

—the
terrier
starting
the animal
and the
mastiff
seizing it
when tired

—when
they divide
the prey
between
them.

Combina-
tion be-
tween a
dog and a
cat.

“These two dogs were often observed to go to a certain point together, when the small one remained behind at a corner of a large field, while the mastiff took a round by the side of the field, which ran up-hill for nearly a mile, and led to a wood on the left. Game abounded in those districts, and the object of the dogs’ arrangement was soon seen. The terrier would start a hare, and chase it up the hill towards the large wood at the summit, where they arrived somewhat tired. At this point, the large dog, who was fresh and had rested after his walk, darted after the animal, which he usually captured. They then ate the hare between them, and returned home. This course had been systematically carried on for some time before it was fully understood.”

The next anecdote shows that animals, belonging to different species, such as the dog and cat, can communicate ideas to each other, and act in concert.

“A relation of mine in Dumfries-shire had

a dog and a cat which were attached to each other in an extraordinary manner, and both were great favourites in the household. The dog, however, was not intended to sleep in the house, and was carefully put out every night; but, strange to say, he was always found in the morning lying before the fire, with the cat by his side.

The dog is shut out of the house every night,

“One evening, the master of the dog heard a sort of rap at a back door leading to the kitchen, and saw the sagacious cat spring up and strike the latch, while the dog pushed open the door and entered in triumph. This system must have long been carried on, and when it was discovered, I need not say how interested were the members of the household in these intelligent and really wonderful creatures.”

—but is let in again by the cat, who opens the door for him.

Most persons have heard of the celebrated rook parliaments, though very few have seen them. I have an account written by a lady, who was at the time in bad health, and was reclining among some

shawls behind a window-curtain, where even the sharp-eyed rooks did not detect her.

Execution
of a capital
sentence.

The account much resembles those that have already been given by other writers, but introduces one additional circumstance. The rooks (called crows by the spectator) assembled in a circle, and in the middle was one bird looking very downcast and wretched. Two more rooks took their places at its side, and then a vast amount of chattering went on. At last the two birds which seemed to act as accusers pecked the central bird and flew off. All the others then set on the condemned bird, pecked it nearly to pieces, and went away, leaving the mangled body on the ground.

Variety of
intona-
tion.

The lady who witnessed this remarkable scene was much struck by the variety of tones employed by the birds, and their great expressiveness.

This account is corroborated by Major Norgate in his "Notes on the Indian

Crow," published in the *Zoologist*, p. 9650.—

"The crow has meetings for some reason or other; these the natives call PUNCHAYETI—The PUNCHAYETI or Indian crow-parliaments. a sort of court.

"I have several times seen these assemblies. Four or five crows will alight upon an open space, generally on green grass. Two or three will begin cawing, and, in The court assembles a minute or two, some forty or fifty of them will come flying towards the place by twos and threes from every quarter. They then —round the culprit. form a kind of ring round one crow, who appears to have been an offender against some of the rules of their society, and they remain still for some minutes, the culprit —tries him never appearing to attempt to escape. Then, all of a sudden, five or six of them —and punishes him, will attack the prisoner, pecking him, and striking him with their wings.

"On one occasion, I saw the crow left —sometimes with death. dead on the spot, and on another the prisoner's wing was broken; but these courts, or whatever they are, suddenly

Duration
of the
court-

—and its
locality.

Such par-
liaments
common
in India.

come to a termination by the too near approach of a man or a dog. I saw one meeting which lasted twenty minutes; but no punishment was inflicted on any of them, and no noise was made. The whole assembly flew off together: they were not disturbed at all, and they were eating nothing, for it took place on a bare plain. Of course, it must only be surmised as to why these crows are punished by the others; perhaps some close observer may discover the reason."

Here is casually noticed a rather important fact, namely, that these crow-parliaments are sufficiently common in India to have received a name in the language of that country, and that one individual saw several of them. I mention this, because several accounts of crow-parliaments seen in this country have been received with considerable incredulity. The reader will observe that in all essential points the two narratives agree. My own correspondent is of opinion that the two birds which

guarded the culprit were the accusers, and that it was their duty to inflict the first blow. There is a curious parallel here with that portion of the Mosaic law which ordained that in cases of capital punishment there must be at least two witnesses, and that they must cast the first stone at the convicted criminal.

Parallel with the Mosaic law.

An account of a similar act of justice is related by Mr. J. Drew, in *Hardwicke's "Science Gossip,"* for October, 1871. The event occurred at Nansladron, in Cornwall.

"One summer afternoon my attention was drawn to a vast assemblage of rooks on our lawn. By the terrible vociferations they were making, it was evident that something very unusual was being enacted; for, clamorous as these birds are by nature, the noise and excitement of this meeting it would be almost impossible to describe.

A rook-parliament in Cornwall

—is more noisy than usual.

"After watching them for some time, it became clear that they were in the act of carrying out some preconcerted punish-

Fate of the offender. ment upon a luckless offender of their own flock; for on the ground was a black object in the form of a rook, which was evidently being pecked at, rolled over and over, and so passed on from rank to rank of the assembled multitude. That it was not a mere pastime was evident from the ruthless way in which feathers were pulled out and continuous blows given.

Flight of the rooks, —and rescue of the victim. “Having waited about ten minutes, we felt a curiosity to know the effect of such chattering ferocity upon the poor black object, and drew near to pick it up. Of course, the rooks flew away with loud cawings as soon as we approached; but, to our great astonishment, the prostrate bird opened its eyes, spread its ragged wings, and made, as it best could, for the nearest tree. Whether, if we had not interfered, the punishment would have been carried out *usque ad mortem* I know not. But clearly it was a good case to prove that the lower animals are governed by the same principles of thought and action as we are,

each grade varying only in its mental and moral qualities in proportion to the development of the nervous system.”

Here, as it will be noticed, the observer saw the infliction of the punishment, but not the trial which had evidently preceded it. Still he saw enough to show that the bird must have possessed the power of reasoning, and a language sufficiently definite to enable them to unite in a common object.

The punishment seen, but not the trial.

Power of bird-language.

Other birds, beside crows and rooks, can assemble, hold council, and agree to act on the result of their deliberations.

Councils held by many birds.

One of my friends, then living near Manchester, in the garden had a very fine mountain-ash tree, which always produced a plentiful crop of berries. Shortly before the fruit ripened, a great number of thrushes got together at the end of the garden, and were very noisy, chattering, and evidently discussing some subject on which they were not agreed. This went on for some time,

The council of thrushes and the mountain ash.

The birds wait until the fruit is ripe, and then eat it at once.

the assemblage and chattering continuing daily. All this time the berries were ripening; and one morning an order appeared to be issued; the birds flew to the tree, and in a couple of hours there was not a berry left upon it. This occurred regularly during the three years in which my friend occupied the house.

The cherry tree and the birds:

—the fruit being ripe, the gardener is ordered to pick them,

—but is anticipated by the birds.

Last year, a somewhat similar event took place in the garden of one of my neighbours, who is a great horticulturist, and very successful with fruit as well as with flowers. There was a cherry-tree bearing in that year a remarkably heavy crop of fruit, which was carefully watched until it ripened. One evening, the owner of the garden, seeing that the cherries had just reached the proper stage for picking, ordered the gardener to gather them on the following morning. But the birds seemed to know as much about fruit as he did, for when the gardener came with his basket, the crop of cherries had vanished, and

nothing was left except the stalks, each with the stone still attached to it.

It is evident that in this case the birds must have entered into some agreement on the subject, and must have arranged among themselves not to meddle with the tree until the fruit was quite ripe. The disappointed owner of the cherry-tree stoutly avers that the birds overheard him give the order to the gardener, and so anticipated him; but the former anecdote, showing the power of mutual arrangement among birds, explains the latter.

Mutual arrangement among the birds,

—and the disappointed owner.

An example of a somewhat similar mode of action was related by Mr. G. B. Clarke, of Woburn, to the Rev. F. O. Morris, and by him published in the *Naturalist*.

“In the summer of 1849, a pair of martins built their nest in an archway at the stables of Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire; and, as soon as they had completed building it, and had lined it, a sparrow took possession of it, and although the

A sparrow usurps a martin's nest,

—is attacked by a number of martins,

martins tried several time to eject him, they were unsuccessful. But they, nothing daunted, flew off to scour the neighbourhood for help, and returned in a short space of time with thirty or forty martins, who dragged the unfortunate culprit out, took him to the grass plot opposite, called 'The Circle,' and there fell on him and killed him."

—and pecked to death.

This story was told by Mr. Clarke to Mr. Morris a few days after its occurrence. It is useful in this place as showing that birds are able to communicate their thoughts to each other by means of a language.

Comparison of language with man and birds.

Supposing that we had heard the aggrieved martins talking to their friends, we should have distinguished nothing but a meaningless twitter. But, even with human beings, especially those who are uneducated, the sound of a strange language is scarcely more intelligible than the twittering of birds or the bleating of sheep; and, indeed, the well-known term of Barbarian, *i.e.* those whose language is nothing but

Barbarism

“bar-bar,” shows how the sound of an unknown language affected even the well-educated and cultivated Athenians.

It is not likely that in the language of animals there are any principles of construction such as are possessed by all human languages. But the same effect may be produced by different means, and the reader will see that in this instance no human language, however perfect its construction, could have served its purpose better than did the inarticulate language of the birds. They told their friends that their dwelling was usurped by an intruder too strong to be ejected by them; they asked for united assistance, and arranged the course to be pursued. Had not this been done, it is evident that the birds could not have acted so perfectly in concert.

In fact, wherever animals of any kind form alliances and act simultaneously for one common object, it is evident that language of some sort must be employed.

Sufficiency of the bird-language to convey ideas.

Language a necessity for concerted action.

One dog giving advice to another.

Here is a case where one dog saw another in difficulties, and went to give it advice. Finding that its advice was not taken, it went again, and forced the reluctant animal into action.

The dog, a little black-and-tan terrier, named "Beau," and his owner were at Penmaenmawr, on the coast of North Wales.

"Beau" gets cut off by the tide,

They were one day on the sands, and were overtaken by the tide, which cut them off from the shore by a belt of water. A bathing-machine came up and took off the dog's owner, Beau refusing to enter the machine, of which he seemed to be suspicious. The rest must be told in the writer's own words, taken from the account in *Old and New*, for December, 1873:—

—and is afraid to venture into the water,

"When I found myself on the beach, I looked for my dog, thinking that he would probably come swimming after the machine. But no; the little idiot was still on the island, yelping and barking in great distress. I called to him for a long time, bidding him swim across, as I knew that he could

use his limbs almost as well in water as on land. But the naughty animal would not come, and meanwhile the sea was gaining on the sand, and Beau had scarcely space to stand and whine.

“Playing near me on the beach was a large, rough-haired, brave dog—a sort of half-bred retriever, I should suppose. He perceived the fix we were in, and suddenly dashed through the water and went up to Beau, and said something to him. I don’t know what he said; but I have no doubt that he counselled Beau to swim across to his mistress. Alas! the kind, brave dog returned to dry land, but no Beau. By this time the sea had risen round my little terrier, and he was himself like a tiny black-and-tan island.

“Now, what did the brave dog do? For the second time he dashed through the water and stood beside the shivering, yelping creature; then he went behind Beau, and very gently but firmly pushed, pushed, pushed him through the water

—when he is seen by a strange dog, who swims to him and gives him advice.

Finding that Beau is afraid, the dog goes again, pushes him into the water,

—and
assists him
to the
shore.

towards the place where I was standing. As soon as they were both fairly in the deep sea, and it seemed to be a case of sink or swim with Master Beau, the wise brave dog let him go, and with a few vigorous strokes brought himself to shore. Beau, having received such an impetus, very soon presented himself dripping and breathless at my feet, amid the applause of the assembled multitude. The brown dog, like a true hero, made no fuss about what he had done, and I had nothing to give him but a pat on the head. His master was certainly not on the beach at the time, and I do not think I ever saw the dog again."

Two ants
fight.

In the well-known "Science Gossip" there is a very interesting paper by Mr. E. F. Elwin on the habits of an ant, called *Myrmica ruginodis*. As is their manner, two of them had been fighting, and one had succeeded in catching its opponent by one of the antennæ. Ants always try to do this, as, if they succeed,

the adversary succumbs at once. In fact, with regard to ant-combatants, the result of seizing the antennæ is precisely that which is known among pugilists as "getting the head into Chancery," namely, rendering the opponent helpless.

One gets
the other
"into
chancery".

Another ant, coming up, seized the victim by a leg, and tried to pull it away, but in vain, and though a crowd assembled round the combatants, they could not put an end to the fight. At last a single ant ran up, and stroked with its antennæ the victor, who at once released the prisoner, and both the combatants and the spectators went quietly away.

—but is
ordered to
loosen its
hold by a
third ant.

This is another example of an animal assisting its fellow-creature, and doing so by means of its own language, when force had proved unavailing.

The following remarkable instance of the communication of ideas among the lower animals is narrated by the Rev. C. Otway.

Mr. Ot-
way's
story.

“At the flour mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose, which, by some accident, was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller’s wife had set a number of duck eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated; and, of course, the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker—her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her instinct disposing her to keep on dry land.

A solitary
goose.

Maternity
and in-
stinct at
issue.

The goose
sees her
perplexity

—and
takes
charge
of the
young.

“In the meanwhile, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, ‘Leave them to my care,’ she swam up and down with the ducklings, and, when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them 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 her great frustration. 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.

The hen sits on the back of the goose and watches her young,

“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—numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and the hen.”

—until they are old enough to shift for themselves.

Only yesterday evening (January 15, 1874) I received a remarkable corroboration of the truth of this story. I was narrating it to a lady, who I found was perfectly acquainted with the facts. She had heard the story told by a friend of hers, who had

The story corroborated.

witnessed the curious alliance between the hen and the goose, and had not the least idea that it had ever appeared in print.

There are one or two points about this narrative which are deserving of notice.

The kind of language employed by the hen, the goose, and the ducklings.

That language was employed by the goose, the hen, and the ducklings, is evident enough; but it is a curious question whether the ducklings understood the hen

better than the goose, or *vice versâ*. I am rather inclined to think that when a hen tries to call from the water the ducklings which she has hatched, she fails because she does not know how to express herself. Her own chickens would never venture into the water, and she has no words in her vocabulary to suit the occasion.

Aquatic and terrestrial language.

Ducklings understand a duck well enough; but when they are in the water they do not pay the least attention to the hen on the land, though she may flutter about in the greatest distress, and use every means in her power to call her foster-children to the shore. It seems, in

When in the water ducklings take no notice of the hen on shore,

this case, as if the aquatic goose could talk to the aquatic ducklings, both having the same expressions in their vocabularies. It could take charge of them as long as it thought proper, and, when the time came, order them ashore, and deliver them over to the hen. They did not obey, or did not understand the hen, when she called them to come on shore; but they both understood and obeyed the goose.

That there was also a language common to both parties is evident from the action adopted by the hen. She could not have sat on the back of the goose, unless invited by the latter, which, as we shall see in the course of the work, is a bird possessed of great intellectual powers.

A language common to both parties.

CHAPTER VI.

LANGUAGE—[HUMAN].

Necessity for Communication of Ideas between Man and the lower Animals.—The latter able to make themselves intelligible to Man.—The Gander and the Goslings.—The Skye Terrier, and the distressed Kitten.—Gesture-language of Cats.—Language of Intonation in Man and Animals.—Gesture-language employed by Animals as well as Man.—Gesture-language of the Rat.—Capability of the Animals to understand Human Language, even when not addressed to them.—The Dray-horse and their Drivers.—“Turk,” the French Dog.—A Parrot speaking two Languages.—Various Parrot Stories.—The Mastiff over-hearing the midnight Conspiracy.—The Retriever understanding his Master and anticipating him.—“Rory” and “Banquo” obeying various Orders.—How to teach Animal.—“Ned” and the Rabbit.—“Carina’s” pitiful end.—A Canine Umpire between a Farmer and his Shepherd.—A Canine Connoisseur in Wools.—“Sweep” and the Cows.—Baldie Tait’s Collie-dog “Hastie” and his Dog “Susy.”—How the Collie-dog “Watch” understood his Master and helped him out of a Scrape.—“Ben” evading an overheard order of his Master.—“Help” overhearing and evading an order for his Execution.—Another Dog acting in a precisely similar manner.—Dodge and Counter-dodge.—“Bijou,” the Spitz-dog, accepting a reproof and altering his behaviour.—The Hon. Grantley Berkeley’s

Dogs, and their comprehension of Human Language.—

“Missy” understands the Doctor’s order, and acts upon it.—The Cat “Rosy” sent upon a message to a Lady, and delivering it intelligibly.

THE next branch of the subject extends to man as well as beast. We have seen that the beasts possess a language by which they can communicate ideas to each other, and that they can act upon the ideas so conveyed. We have now to see whether they can convey their ideas to man, and so bridge over the gulf between the higher and the lower beings. Indeed, if there were no means of communicating ideas between man and animals, domestication would be impossible.

Beastable
to convey
ideas to
man.

Every one who has possessed and cared for pet animals must have observed that they can do so. In many cases, even their own language becomes intelligible to man. Just as a child that cannot pronounce words expresses its meaning by intonation, so there is all the difference in the world between the different mode of barking of the same dog. There is the bark of joy

Their
language
of intona-
tion,

—expressed in the different modes of a dog's bark,

or welcome, when the animal sees its master, or anticipates a walk with him. Then there is the furious bark of anger, if the dog thinks that any one is likely to injure himself or his master. And there is the bark of terror, when the dog is suddenly frightened at something which it cannot understand. Supposing that its master could not see the dog, but only heard its bark, he would know perfectly well the ideas which were passing through the animal's mind.

—the mew and purring of the cat,

Take the cat. Every one who has kept cats knows the difference between the mew of distress and that of ordinary conversation, the purr of pleasure—the little gratified chuckle of content when touched by friendly hands, and the low, loving tones in which a mother-cat talks to her kittens. It is the same with birds. A pet canary, for example, always knows how to call its master, and when it sees him will give a glad chirrup of recognition quite distinct from its ordinary call.

—the chirping of birds,

The bees and wasps have quite a different sound in their wings when they are angry to that which they emit when, only at their ordinary work. It is a distinct menace or challenge to a supposed enemy, and any one who is conversant with the ways of these insects understands it, and makes the best of his way off.

—and the hum of insect wings.

These are examples of sound-language, while the gesture-language is wonderfully extensive and expressive. If a cat were to say in so many words, "Please open the door for me," it could not convey its ideas more intelligently than it does by going to the door, giving a plaintive mew to show that it wants help, and then patting the door. The dog, or, indeed, any animal accustomed to live in the house, will act after a similar fashion.

How a cat asks to have the door opened.

Here then we see that the lower animals can form connected ideas, and can convey them to man, so that the same ideas are passing at the same instant through the minds of man and beast, showing that they

Similarity of faculties in man and beast.

possess the same faculties, though of different extent.

The tame
rat

The following anecdote of a rat shows how expressive and intelligible is the language of gesture. A gentleman living in Kent had a fancy for taming animals, and among others had some rats, which were on the most friendly terms, and used to run about him as he sat in his room. One of his rats had a litter of young, and, in order to ensure their safety, they were placed in a birdcage and hung on a wall.

—has a
litter of
young
ones.

She
awakes
her master

One night, after their master was asleep, he was wakened by something patting his cheek, and found it was one of his tame rats. He tried to sleep again, but the animal would not allow it, and was evidently disturbed about something. As soon as he obtained a light, the rat went to the door, and looked at him as if it expected him to follow. He did so, and it led him down the stairs into his room, and took him to the spot where one of the

—and
leads him
to the
assistance
of her
young.

young was lying, having fallen from its cage.

Suppose that we substitute for the rat a deaf-and-dumb man or woman, the action would have been almost exactly the same, as would have been the ideas that were so lucidly conveyed by the language of gesture. The animal found that it was unable to put back its fallen young one, must have calculated that its master was taller and stronger than itself, and able to replace the young rat. So it went in search of its master, traced him to his bedroom, which it must have done by the sense of smell, awoke him from his sleep, and showed him where his assistance was needed.

An anecdote of a somewhat similar character will be related under another heading, the actor being a dog instead of a rat. Indeed, most of these anecdotes illustrate several characteristics common to man and beast. I might have placed this present anecdote under the heading of Parental Love or Reasoning; but as it shows that, by

Language without words.

Instinct subservient to Reason.

Several characteristics common to man and beast.

means of their own language, beasts can convey their thoughts to man, I have placed it in its present position.

How completely animals can make themselves understood by man, especially when they wish to help each other by the aid of man, will be seen in many of the anecdotes narrated in this work. Here is a case where a gander managed to convey ideas to human beings.

Language
of a
gander,

“I was once sitting at my window reading, when a gander came up and stood at the window, uttering the most discordant screams, and making the strangest gestures with his head. I was aware that he was a knowing bird, but was not prepared for the sequel.

—who
intimates
his distress
to his
master,

“As soon as my wife and I came out, he waddled away round the stables and outhouses until he came to the mill-wheel. Then he stopped, went forward a few paces, and kept looking round at us. We could see nothing wrong; but in a short time

—con-
ducts him
to the aid
of his
goslings,

we heard the plaintive voice of some young goslings which had fallen through the mill-lade which had been left open.

“There was no possibility of rescue, except by putting on sufficient water to wash them through the conduit. I did so, ran to the end, caught them as they were washed out, and restored them to their delighted parent. The gander seemed overjoyed, as could be seen by his action as he strutted off to a place of safety, conscious that he had done great things. So he had.”

—and
waits
until they
are extri-
cated.

As an example of gesture-language, nothing could be more clear and intelligible than the method employed by a Skye-terrier The Skye terrier belonging to one of my correspondents.

He had formed a friendship with a kitten, and the two were one day in the garden. Presently, the kitten wished to go into the house, and, finding the door shut, tried to call the attention of the servants by mewing under the window. She could not succeed in making them hear, whereupon her friend,

—finds a
kitten in
difficulties

the Skye terrier, picked her up gently in his mouth, held her in front of the window, and shook her backwards and forwards, so as to be seen by the servants. They understood what the animal meant, let the Kitten into the house, and ever afterwards the dog employed the same expedient. It is exactly that which would have occurred to a human being under similar circumstances.

—and asks
assistance
for her.

Language
used by
one of my
cats.

On account of the exigences of space, I am obliged to omit many anecdotes which show the power of gesture-language in the lower animals. I must, however, mention one or two more. I have at the present time a cat which is not as companionable as I like to see a cat, being rather of a retiring and self-seeking disposition.

Nevertheless, she is quite aware of the fact that I can understand her language, and always comes to me in any difficulty. She is rather given to straying, I fear, in some poaching raids upon a neighbouring

rabbit-warren, and consequently finds herself locked out of the house. When this is the case, she jumps on the sill of the window, raises herself on her hind legs, so as to peer above the dead-glass blind, looks at me, and sets up a most piteous mew or rather howl. No sooner do I rise, than she jumps down, and, before I can reach the door, she is already there, purring and rubbing herself against it in anxious expectation.

How a cat asks for help,

She comes in very slowly, gives a passing greeting, and then goes off to the kitchen, where she has two children, who are quite as big as herself, and all three coil themselves up into an indefinite heap of black and white fur, in which a head, a tail, or a leg occasionally shows itself without any particular reference to any individual animal.

—and returns thanks.

A correspondent has furnished me with a very similar account of her own cat, "Daisy." In almost exactly the same manner the cat used to make herself very conspi-

The cat "Daisy" and her mistress.

cuous at the window. Her mistress would then point towards the door. The cat, having made her own gesture-language intelligible, understood that of her mistress, and went to the door in certain expectation that it would be opened for her.

Examples of animals making their language intelligible to man could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and I therefore pass to the next division of the subject, namely, the capability possessed by the lower animals of understanding the language of man.

Animals
capable
of under-
standing
human
language.

THAT many of the lower animals understand something of human language is a familiar fact. All the domesticated animals, especially the dog and the horse, can comprehend an order that is given to them, though, perhaps, they may not be able to understand the precise words which are used. Yet there are many occasions, it is evident, that the knowledge of human

language does extend to the signification of particular words.

Some of my readers may remember the elephantine dray-horses which were engaged to draw the funeral car of the late Duke of Wellington. When the time for starting arrived, there was a hitch in the proceedings, for the horses could not be induced to move. At last some one hit upon the reason, and fetched a drayman, who said, "Gee then!" or words to that effect, on which the animals started at once. These horses are never beaten, are always treated with kindness, and are directed entirely by voice, the long whip being only used for ornament or for gently stroking the animals.

The horses
and the
drayman.

Management of
dray-
horses.

There is a French dog, called "Turk," near my house, who was in a very uneasy state of mind for some time after he came to England. He did not know English, and was as puzzled as if he had been a

A French
dog who
had to
learn
English.

human being under similar circumstances. If addressed in French, he seemed quite delighted and at his ease; but it was not for some time that he learned English sufficiently to be comfortable.

A parrot speaking two languages.

There was a parrot, well known to our family, which was able to speak in two languages, and, when addressed, always replied in the language used by her interlocutor, speaking English or Portuguese, as the case may be.

Parrots can understand the meaning of the words which they utter.

I never yet met with any owners of pet talking parrots who had not come to the conclusion that the birds not only imitate human language, but that they understand the signification of the words which they utter, and use them accordingly. I personally knew two parrots who, if the servant neglected to feed them at the proper hour of the morning, would call her by name, and shout loudly for breakfast. There was another parrot—a green one—whom

Polly demands her breakfast.

I did not know in life, having only seen her preserved skin in a glass case. He A favourite green parrot was a great favourite with the family, being allowed to go at large over the —has the run of the house, and in consequence was brought into much closer relationship with human beings than is generally the case with birds.

None of the family had the slightest —and uses intelligible doubt that Polly was quite as well acquainted with the meaning of the words which she spoke as any of them could have been. Sometimes, before her feeding-time, she would call out, "Cook! cook! I want potato." She knew what potato was as well as the cook did, and, if any- She asks for potato, and rejects any other food, thing else was put in the pan, she would take the vessel in her beak, throw out all the contents, and then cry, "Won't have it!—turn it out!"

Now, she had never been taught either —without havin' been taught to do so. the deed or the words. When she arrived in the family, she was new from her voyage, and could only speak a sort of jabber, called by the sailors "bush-talk,"

She probably spoke and acted by imitation.

probably picked up from the natives, together with a very few expressions, most of which were of a nautical and decidedly objectionable character. In all probability, she had noticed one of the servants use those words when throwing something away which she disliked, and had imitated her both in word and in gesture.

A child attempts secret writing by lemon juice,

On another occasion, one of the children, who was then about seven or eight years of age, had been reading about a mode of secret writing by means of lemon juice, and was fired with a desire to try the experiment for herself. There did not happen to be a lemon in the house, and so she thought that she would try what vinegar would do. One of my children, by the way, took just the same idea a few months ago.

—but finding none in the house, tries vinegar.

The only way to get at the vinegar was by intercepting the cruets as they were brought out from her parents' dinner. So she placed herself in readiness in the kitchen, took the vinegar, and was pouring

She intercepts the cruet-frame, but is interrupted by the parrot,

it into a spoon, when she was interrupted by the parrot, who called out, "I'll tell mother! Turn it out! turn it out! turn it out!" Whereupon the conscience-stricken child threw away the cruet and the spoon, and ran off to the nursery as fast as she could. She had the fullest belief that the parrot really would tell her mother.

The few scraps of language which she had learned on board were occasionally produced, just where they ought to have been omitted. On one occasion, the remarks were so singularly inopportune that one of the family offered a remonstrance, saying, "O Polly! Polly! who *could* have taught you such language!" Whereupon the bird at once replied, "You did." It is impossible, or, at all events, in the highest degree improbable, that the bird should not have understood the language of its interlocutor as well as herself.

Being in a family almost entirely composed of girls, Polly had an objection to the opposite sex, especially in the form of

—who threatens to "tell mother."

—and frightens her out of the kitchen.

Being rebuked for bad language.

—she retorts the imputation upon her accuser.

With very good taste, she prefers girls to boys.

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—and
openly
expresses
her objec-
tion to the
latter.

boys. On one memorable occasion, some boys had come on a visit, and, after the manner of their kind, became very uproarious. At last, Polly could endure it no longer, but called to one of the daughters of the house, "Sarah! Sarah! here is a hullabaloo!" Parrots, by the way, have a curious predilection for the name of Sarah, which seems especially easy for them to pronounce.

She ex-
pects her
mistress
at the
breakfast
table,
—and if
missing
her,

—asks
after her
health.

The same parrot always looked out for the presence of the mistress of the house at the breakfast-table. If she did not come down before the meal was begun, Polly would begin to inquire after her in a plaintive tone, "Where's dear mother? is not dear mother well?" and so on, evidently having heard and understood similar comments by members of the household.

A very similar circumstance is related of a parrot by one of my correspondents.

It was an established custom in the household that, at evening prayers, the dog and the cat were to accompany the servants.

One evening, the dog made his appearance without his usual companion; whereupon the parrot called out, "Where's Cattie?" this being the familiar name by which the cat was called in the house. Where's "Cattie"?

Instinct is quite out of the question in any of these cases. The bird had first used its reasoning powers, and had then communicated the result to human beings in their own language. Use of human language to convey ideas to human beings.

The following anecdote, related by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, who produces vouchers for the exact truth of the story, affords a remarkable instance of the capability possessed by the lower animals of understanding the language of man. The Rev. C. Otway's story of a dog.

"A gentleman of property had a mastiff of great size, very watchful, and altogether a fine intelligent animal. Though often let out to range about, he was in general chained up during the day. The watch-dog.

"On a certain day, when he was let out, he was observed to attach himself particu- —goes out with his master.

—refuses
to leave
him,

larly to his master. When the servant came, as usual, to fasten him up, he clung so determinately to his master's feet, showed such anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so peculiar in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was.

—and
forces his
way into
the bed-
room.

“With him the dog continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he stayed; and on going towards his bedroom, the dog resolutely, and for the first time in his life, went up with him, and, rushing into the room, took refuge under the bed, whence neither blows nor caresses could draw him.

In the
midst of
the night
he seizes
a burglar,

“In the midst of the night a man burst into the room, and, with dagger in hand, attempted to stab the sleeper. But the dog started at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call for assistance and secure the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman. He afterwards confessed that, seeing his master receive a large sum

—who
proves to
be the
coachman,

of money, he and the groom conspired together to rob and murder him, and that they plotted the whole scheme *leaning over the roof of the dog's kennel.*"

—confesses his crime and betrays his accomplice

The foregoing statement does not assert that the dog understood human language as completely as the men themselves did.

But it is evident that the animal did gather from the conversation of the men that they intended to injure his master. The narrator does not state whether the conspirators mentioned any particular time for the murder, which was probably left to opportunity. The companionship of the dog during the day (which the intending murderers knew) might have prevented them from attacking their master by daylight, while his presence at night (which they did not know) effectually counteracted their plots.

He had heard the men plan his master's murder,

—and had saved him from them.

Here is another anecdote, which shows that an animal is capable of understanding human language even although it be not addressed to it personally. A gentleman,

A dog
hears his
master's
orders,

—and
obeys
them of
his own
accord.

He be-
comes sus-
picious,

—and re-
commends
his master
to go
home.

who possessed a very intelligent retriever dog, was going from home for some time, and arranged that the dog should be sent to the house of a friend during his absence.

On the day fixed for his departure, the dog went on his own account to the house, and there remained until his master's return.

When his master did come back, the dog was overjoyed to see him, but became uneasy at the long call which was being made. He evidently took it into his head that his master was meditating another absence, and, every time that he heard the hall-door shut, he rushed upstairs to make sure that his master was in the house. At last, losing patience, he took his master's hat out of the hall, and carried it up-stairs to him, as a broad hint that he had better go home.

The following quaint anecdote is told by the late Charles Dickens, and is given in Forster's "Biography." It is evident from internal evidence that the district was given to brickmaking. The story illustrates the capacity of the dog for understanding

human language, and conveying ideas to human beings.

“I must close (14th of May, 1867) with Dickens's anecdote of a dog an odd story of a Newfoundland dog—an immense, black, good-humoured Newfoundland dog.

“He came from Oxford, and had lived all his life at a brewery. Instructions —who came from a brewery, were given with him that, if he were let out every morning alone, he would immediately find out the river, regularly take a swim, and gravely come home again. This he did with the greatest punctuality; but after a little while was observed to smell of beer. She was so sure that he smelt of beer that she resolved to watch him.

“Accordingly he was seen to come back from his swim round the usual corner, and to go up a flight of steps into a beer-shop. Being instantly followed, the beershop-keeper is seen to take down a pot (pewter —and went to a public-house for his beer, pot), and is heard to say—

“‘Well, old chap! Come for your beer, as usual, have you?’”

—and
drinks it,

“Upon which he draws a pint and puts it down, and the dog drinks it.

“Being required to explain how this comes to pass, the man says—

—“as a
Brick-
maker
might.”

“‘Yes, ma’am; I know he’s your dog, ma’am; but I didn’t when he first come. He looked in, ma’am, as a Brickmaker might—and then he come in, as a Brickmaker might—and he wagged his tail at the pofs, and he giv’ a sniff round, and conveyed to me as he was used to beer. So I drawed him a drop, and he drank it up. Next morning he come agen by the clock, and I drawed him a pint, and ever since he has took his pint regular.’”

“Rory’s”
knowledge
of lan-
guage.

My own dog “Rory” perfectly understood much of our conversation, and if told by any of us to fetch the slippers, to shut the door, to wipe his feet, or to put the cat down-stairs, he always performed the right act, showing that he knew the ideas represented by different words.

I know a dog, named “Banquo,” who

has learned to wipe his feet on the mat when he goes to a strange house; but on no consideration can he be induced to do so in his own house, where he considers himself privileged to do as he likes. Now my Rory acted in a very different manner, for he always wiped his feet whether they required it or not, and would never think of entering a room until he had rubbed all his feet for some little time.

In connection with this habit, I must mention the case of a gigantic Newfoundland dog belonging to a clergyman. He had not learned to wipe his feet; but he did know when they were dirty, and acted accordingly. When he came in with dirty feet, he crept into the hall gently, and so up-stairs, taking care not to allow his footsteps to be heard. But when his feet were clean, he would clatter up and down stairs, making almost as much noise as a pony.

The dog "Banquo," who has already been mentioned, has a fine capacity for imitating a lady in hysterics. When told to go into

Dogs who have been taught to wipe their feet.

A dog's consciousness of dirty feet.

—and mode of avoiding observation.

"Banquo" goes into hysterics.

—and carries out the whole performance.

hysterics, he sits in his mistress's lap, howls, yelps, flourishes his paws in a most fantastic manner, and ends by flinging himself backwards. But he never performs this last feat without looking to see that a protecting arm is ready to catch him as he falls, thus adding to the truth of the representation. I have often seen him go through this performance, and a most ludicrous one it is.

The lady who possesses this animal, and has taught it many comical tricks, sends the following remarks on the training of dogs.

Some remarks on the education of dogs.

“Anyone wishing to educate dogs should commence by teaching them a few simple words (not blows), with occasional rewards for proficiency in any accomplishment. Twilight, and the dim but cheerful light of the winter fire, seems a fitting time for a pause in the day's work or the day's amusements, and then our little dog Banquo thinks himself entitled to share in the conversation. Last winter, having taught him that his two

fore paws are his hands, I showed him how Banquo substitutes paws for hands. to warm them by sitting up and holding them outstretched to the fire. I remember at a friend's house seeing three cats on three footstools, in undisturbed possession of the dining-room fire. Our dogs are never allowed thus to monopolize either fire or hearth-rug, therefore the command, 'Come and warm your hands,' is generally most willingly obeyed."

The following anecdote is sent me by a gentleman living at Bassendean.

"I had a Bedlington terrier, called 'Ned,' "Ned" hunts a rabbit a very clever and intelligent dog. A few months ago I was in the Bassendean bog, when Ned started a rabbit among some whins. The rabbit ran towards the dyke, and escaped its pursuer by getting into a —into a hole. hole in the dyke. Two men happened to be passing at the time, and, though strangers to the dog, they helped him by Two passengers help him, pulling away some stones at the place where the rabbit had concealed itself.

—and he kills the rabbit and takes it to his master.

Being rebuked he transfers it to the men who helped him.

A trust-worthy guardian.

“Ned immediately sprang into the hole, caught the rabbit, and, after killing it, ran off with it to me, a distance of three or four hundred yards. I said to the dog, ‘Ned, you scoundrel, how dare you take the rabbit from those men?’ The words were scarcely out of my mouth when my dog started off as fast as he could run, with the rabbit in his mouth, and laid it at the strangers’ feet.

“Any dog may be trained to carry things to his master, but this is the only instance I know of where the dog took the thing to a stranger. It certainly showed that he understood my words.

“When I am out in the fields Ned is always told to take care of my coat, in the pocket of which I often have large sums of money. He has sometimes been left in the field alone until eight o’clock at night, and, although the field has been full of labourers and Irish reapers, not one of them has dared to touch the coat. The dog is peculiarly mild and gentle in his temper, but he will

not permit any one to touch his master's property."

The following pathetic little story is from the same source.

"Mr. H—— had a beautiful little Blenheim spaniel, called 'Carina.' About ten months ago (*i.e.* beginning of 1873), while the family were from home, the gardener slept in the house to take care of it. The story of Carina.

"One night Carina, who had a family of healthy puppies about a fortnight old, came to the man's room, and scraped at the bed-clothes until he awoke. Without striking a light or examining the dog in any way, the man said, 'Carina, go back to your puppies,' and the dog accordingly went away. In a short time she came again, and awoke the man in the same way. She again received the same order, and obeyed it as before. In the morning, when the gardener went to look at the dogs, the puppies were quite well, and Carina was lying by their side quite dead. Her puppies She comes at night to the gardener's bed, —and is twice sent back. In the morning she is found dead by her puppies.

survived, and were brought up on cow's milk."

The dog understood the man; but the man did not understand the dog.

It is evident that the poor little dog felt her end approaching, and tried to make her last farewell before she died. That she was not understood was not the fault of the dog, but of the man, who was too dull or too sleepy to comprehend her meaning, though she could understand him.

Here is an account of a dog, which shows that animals who live much with mankind manage to learn more of human language than is generally supposed. It was sent to me by a lady who knew the dog.

"Moss" again.

The following anecdote is told of "Moss," the collie, who has already been mentioned.

A dispute between master and shepherd respecting the number of sheep,

"His master and the shepherd were employed in moving sheep from one part of the farm to another. On reaching a certain point they fell into a dispute about the number of the sheep, the shepherd saying that they had the proper number, while

the farmer thought that there ought to be one more. Not being able to decide, they —referred to the dog. jokingly appealed to Moss. The dog at once started off, and presently returned, driving before him the missing sheep, —who at once decides the question. which he had brought from a spot quite out of sight, and a considerable distance on the opposite side of a hill."

Collie dogs are noted for the manner in which they can understand their masters' wishes; and the following anecdotes sent me by a Scotch gentleman shows that they A dog understands the signification of words. not only comprehend his general meaning, but the actual signification of his words.

"For several years within the last half-century, a deceased friend of mine was extensively engaged in the wool trade, and was a considerable buyer in Dumfriesshire. A wool-buyer In one of these journeys, and after a forty miles' drive in his gig, he reached the house of a hill farmer in that country, —visits a farmer. arriving just at the close of the day. The farmer told him that his samples of wool were at some distance from the house, and

—and
sleeps at
his house.

that he would submit them for inspection on the following morning. My friend met with a hospitable reception, and as the hours of evening glided on, the conversation turned on the management of sheep and cattle, and especially on a fine breed of shepherd-dogs possessed by the farmer.

Next day
they go to
examine
the wool.

“Early in the morning all were astir, and the farmer and his visitor left the house for the purpose of examining the different kinds of wool. But great was the astonishment of my friend when they reached a level patch of ground between high hills where there was nothing to be seen but a shepherd and two dogs, and to be told that this was the place for inspecting the wool.

The shepherd sends a dog to take a certain flock of sheep to a certain place, and then take them back again,

“He was asked which kind of wool he would look at first, and, having named the kind, the shepherd called one of the dogs, and directed him to turn the sheep upon one of the hills, and bring them to him. The wise animal bounded off, and in a very short time the sheep were seen descending

the hill by an easy pathway. The wool was examined, and the sheep driven back to the hill by another road. In the meanwhile the second dog was sent to bring forward another breed of sheep from a different place, and so on until all was finished, and without the least confusion. This plan was followed by the worthy farmer, because he had not been able to find time to clip his sheep.”

—and so all the flocks were successively examined.

J. P., an elder in a Border congregation of the United Presbyterian Church, and a very truthful and worthy man, lately informed me that, when he was a young lad, he was at service at B—— farm, in Berwickshire, and had charge of the cattle. In the discharge of his duties he was accompanied by a very intelligent collie dog, called “Watch.”

The cattle-boy has a collie called “Watch.”

“The farm is bounded on the west by the river Whiteadder. Its stream is comparatively trifling in dry weather; but, owing to the drainage of the high lands on

They go with the cattle to the banks of the Whiteadder.

its banks, whenever rain falls in any quantity, hundreds of little rills pour into the channel of the river, so that in a very short time it overflows its banks. For the same reason it diminishes rapidly when the rain ceases.

—and the boy enters a cottage to warm himself.

“On one occasion, the day being stormy and cold, he went into one of the cottages to warm himself, and on coming out he observed that one of the ‘kyloes’ had strayed from the rest. On looking about he saw the missing animal grazing among some cattle belonging to another farm on the opposite side of the river. During his absence in the cottage, a rain-storm had come on, and the river had risen into a flood, so that he found it impossible to cross it and bring back the strayed beast.

An ox has strayed across the stream.

The boy complains to the dog,

“Not knowing what to do, and without any expectation that he would be understood, he said to the dog, ‘Watch, I canna gang through to fetch the kyloe; ye’ll hae to gang.’ The intelligent animal immediately plunged into the rapid, rolling

water, and reached the opposite bank. He went straight to the animal which belonged to his master, paying no regard to the others which were grazing with it, and brought the beast safely across, both animals being obliged to swim.

—who crosses the swollen river, selects the ox from others, and brings it back.

“By so doing he helped his master out of a scrape; for the kyloe could not have strayed, if he had not neglected his duty by staying in the hut long enough to allow the river to rise.

“The same man, when engaged on another farm, had a collie dog to help him. One day, after the cattle had been driven into the sheds, he found that he must remain for some time longer in order to fodder them. He turned to the dog, and said that he ‘Didna need him any mair that night, and he had better gang hame noo.’ The dog perfectly understood him, and went home at once.”

—thus helping his master out of a scrape.

The dog goes home when ordered.

“‘Ben,’ a very fine collie, belongs to an acquaintance of mine, a farmer. One

“ Ben ”
overhears
a con-
versation,

—and an-
ticipates
his master,

day, as Ben's master was preparing to go to a village at some miles distance, his wife asked whether he meant to take Ben with him. He answered that he should not do so, and told her to lock up the dog until he came back. Ben, hearing this, slipped out of the house unperceived; and when his master reached the village, he found Ben waiting for him.”

—having
under-
stood the
name of
the place.

It is evident that in this case the dog must not only have understood that he was not to go, and that he would be locked up in order to keep him at home, but that he must have known and recognised the name of the village which his master was about to visit.

He follows
his master
by train,

On one occasion, when the firmer was going to Berwick by train, from the village which has just been mentioned, the faithful Ben had contrived to follow him, and sprang into the carriage just as the train moved off, so that he could not be turned out. The dog attended him all day, until his master was about to leave. Time was up, so that

he could not wait for the dog, but went off in the train to the station whence he had started, and thence to his home. He had only reached his house for a very short time when Ben presented himself all covered with mud, and quite frustrated with fatigue, having evidently run the whole distance, some thirteen miles, at full speed.”

—misses
him on his
return,

—and
runs the
whole way
home.

Reference will be made to this branch of the subject under the title of “Love of Master.”

A Scotch gentleman has kindly forwarded to me the two accompanying stories, which illustrate the wonderful capacity enjoyed by many dogs of understanding even the minutest of their masters’ language.

“A son-in-law of mine, an extensive sheep-farmer in Berwickshire, Mr. G. of C., had a collie dog, “Sweep,” one of the very best of his kind. When, on account of old age, he became unfit for his ordinary work, he was used for taking out and bringing in the cattle from the parks. He

“Sweep,”
the collie
dog,

—fetches
the cows,

generally lay before the kitchen fire, and, when milking-time came, 'all' that was required was to say, "Sweep, go for the cows," when he would at once get up and go for them, bringing them up to the byre without any assistance whatever.

—and
selects
them
without
assistance.

"It sometimes happened that he would leave a cow behind in the field; but whenever he was told so, he would again start off, pick out the cow from amongst the young cattle, and take her to the byre with the rest. I regret to say that poor Sweep is dead. Without any premonitory symptoms of illness, he was found lying cold and stiff one morning in front of the shepherd's house.

"Baldie
Tait," the
sheep-
stealer,

"Some time about the beginning of the century, there lived on Clint's farm a man of the name of 'Baldie Tait,' a noted sheep-stealer. He had a collie as accomplished a thief as himself, and there are those still alive who have known him to direct this dog to go to Heriot Muir, a distance of several miles, to pick out the

best sheep he could get, take them to —steals sheep by means of his dog. Hangingshaw, a wayside public-house on the high road to Edinburgh, and remain with them till Baldie should come, when they were driven to Edinburgh and sold.

“Baldie had become so notorious in his A warrant is issued against Baldie, unlawful calling, that a warrant was issued for his apprehension. On the day on which he heard of this, he went to a sale of farm stock at a place called Muireleuch, near Lauder. He as well as his dog were well known; and Baldie, knowing how to —who sells his dog. improve the occasion, put up the dog to be sold by auction, got £10 for it, and decamped at once,—not a minute too soon, —and escapes by means of the money. for in a short time the minions of the law were on his track, but they were too late.”

On receiving this account, I wrote to the narrator, expressing my surprise that even so great a rascal as Baldie should have parted with his dog. I found, how But he regains his dog. ever, that selling the dog was a way he had when he wanted money; for, by some

means unknown, he always got the animal back again.

"Susie,"
the terrier,

One of my correspondents has favoured me with a brief history of a dog which understood and obeyed the orders of its master.

—is especially
beloved
by her
scamp of
an owner,

"Not many years ago there lived in Edinburgh a drunken, shiftless mole-catcher, of the name of Hastie. Like most of his trade, he was very fond of dogs, especially terriers; and he had one which he loved above all others, calling her his 'blessed Susie.'

—and
repays his
love by
keeping
him supplied
with
food.

"She often used to act the part popularly attributed to the jackal, and provide her master with food. When, as often happened, Hastie was in straits for food, and had no money, he would go past a butcher's shop, point to a piece of meat, and say quietly, 'Susie, I want that.' He then went on his way, and in a few minutes the meat was sure to be in his possession.

"Time wore on, and, as everything mortal must have an end, poor Susie became sick

unto death. The last I heard of the poor waif was, that he was seen with the dying object of his affection in his arms, hugging her and pressing her to his heart. The man was weeping like a child, and dreading the swiftly coming moment when he and his beloved Susie were to be parted.”

She is taken ill, and dies in the arms of her weeping master.

There really must have been a substratum of good in this poor dissipated man, or he never could have cherished or inspired so sincere a love.

Some good even in the evil.

I have been rather uncertain as to the heading under which the following anecdote ought to be placed. As the reader will see, it illustrates reasoning and conscience, as well as the power of understanding human language. The last-mentioned attribute, however, being very strongly manifested, I have placed the story in its present position. I give the story in the words of the gentleman who kindly sent it to me.

Reason, Conscience and Language.

“My grandfather, Mr. H., of Gilchristleugh, in Lanarkshire, possessed a

“ Help,”
the watch-
dog, is
kept
chained,

—but
liberates
himself.

His face is
seen to be
covered
with blood,

—which he
washes off
in the
river,

—goes
home,

watch-dog of the name of ‘Help,’ who was usually kept chained up. For some time repeated losses had taken place among the sheep, some of which were found torn and mangled, but only partially, if at all, devoured. Every effort to trace the secret enemy proved in vain. At last, while Mr. H. was walking one day on the banks of a little river which flowed at the foot of the pasture hill, his attention was attracted by seeing his dog, whom he supposed to be safely chained near the house, running down the hill.

“As the dog drew near, it was seen that his mouth and fangs were covered with blood. My grandfather concealed himself so that he might watch unobserved what would follow. The dog walked into the river, dipped his face in the water, and shook his head backwards and forwards, until he thought that all traces of his guilt were removed. He then came out at the side next the house, towards which he proceeded, his master following at a little

distance. The dog went to his kennel, —and slips his head into his collar. and, with the help of his paws, put on his collar, which was lying with the chain on the ground.

“My grandfather walked up to him and said, ‘Help, my poor fellow, there is no help for you.’ He then went away, and gave the necessary orders for the dog’s execution. But when the servant came to lead him to his doom, the collar was once more empty, and ‘Help’ was never more heard of in the county.” His master orders him to be shot; —but the dog absconds in the interim.

It is plain that the dog must have perfectly understood the meaning, if not the exact words, of his master’s speech. —having understood his master’s order,

No reproaches had been used; but he felt himself detected, and understood that he would have to suffer for his crime if he did not abscond. —and knew that he had been detected.

Another story of a very similar character was sent to me, but I have mislaid the MS., and cannot remember the name of the narrator.

A gentleman had an old dog, which was

An old dog so weighed down with the many infirmities
 weary with in- of age, that his master thought that the
 firmities, is
 sentenced to die. kindest treatment was a quick, instead of

A medical a lingering, death. Accordingly, he asked
 man a medical friend to bring some poison.
 brings some
 poison, This he did, and, laying it on the table,

—but the dog slipped away, said, without mentioning the dog's name,
 room; but soon afterwards his master noticed
 his absence, and inquired about him. No

—and was never seen again. one had seen the dog, and no one did see
 him again. In some mysterious way he
 had conjectured the object of the visitor,
 and had withdrawn himself, probably to die
 in some hidden spot, as is the way of all
 animals when they feel that the thread of
 life is being loosened.

Poisoning
 dogs de-
 precatu,

Here, I may observe, that nothing would
 induce me to poison a dog, or allow it to
 be poisoned, except by a competent person
 who would administer a dose of prussic acid.
 Strychnine and arsenic, which are the usual

poisons employed for killing dogs, cause horrible agony before death. Hanging and —also hanging and drowning. drowning are each objectionable, as the life is extinguished by degrees, instead of suddenly, as ought to be the case. A A Shooting the most merciful death. bullet or a charge of shot through the brain is by far the most humane mode of destroying life, as the great centre of feeling is instantaneously crushed, and there is no time for even the slightest sense of pain.

In the story narrated on page 256, it is A dog acts in a way evident that the dog perfectly understood the words of his mistress, for he did violence to his own feelings and obeyed the wish which his mistress conveyed in her rebuke. —that would have been honorable in a child. A thoughtless child, if reprov'd for a similar action and behaving in the same manner, would be held to have acted in a way that became a being possessed of an immortal soul.

A lady, who is a thorough appreciator of animal character, writes to me as follows on this subject.

A lady's
experience
of dogs
and their
compre-
hension of
language.

“Dogs perfectly understand human language when reference is made to them, even though the words are not directed to the dog personally. If my little dog ever heard me make a plan in which he was to be left at home, while I was to go somewhere without him, ‘Nettle’ invariably set to work to counter-dodge me, and often got his own way in consequence. It was impossible to resist his queer, elfish determination.”

“Nettle”
outwits
his mis-
tress.

“Bijou”
and his
chicken
bone,

We knew a dog named “Bijou,” a thoroughbred Spitzberger. The house in which he lived was one of a terrace with a verandah running throughout its whole length, only separated by a wooden railing at each house. This verandah was Bijou’s favourite resort; here he carried his chicken bones, and here contemplated the proceedings of his neighbours.

—in the
verandah.

A strange
dog finds
a bone,
which is
reclaimed
by Bijou.

“One day, a half-starved dog spied one of his bones lying about, carried it to the mat at the door of the next house, and

began eagerly to devour it. Bijou saw the theft from the window, sprang out with a threatening growl, carried off the bone, and replaced it on his own mat.

“His mistress, who had been watching the action of the dogs, said to him, ‘O you greedy dog! You can eat no more, and that poor dog is starving.’ Bijou at once picked up the bone of contention, carried it to his starving fellow, laid it before him, and retired to his own house, from the window of which he contemplated, with a benign aspect, the disappearance of the bone.”

His mistress rebukes him for selfishness,

—and he restores the bone to the hungry dog.

The following letter, which was sent to me by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, illustrates the individuality of character to be found in dogs, the love which they bear towards their master, and their knowledge of man’s language.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley’s experience of dogs.

“There was in my pet greyhound ‘Brenda,’ there was in my dear lurcher ‘Smoker,’ and there is now in my dear lurcher ‘Bar,’ and

He finds in them—

—refinement and sagacity.

in my three setters 'Chance,' 'Quail,' and 'Quince,' a *refinement* of feeling and sagacity infinitely beyond that existing in multitudes of the human race, whether inhabiting the deserts or the realms of civilization.

They understand his language,

"I cannot better define it than by saying that, if I give these dogs a hastily angered word in my room, though they have never been beaten, they will, with an expression of the most dejected sorrow, go into a

—and hide themselves if rebuked.

corner behind some chair, sofa, or table, and lie there. Perhaps I may have been guilty of a hasty rebuke to them for joggling my table or elbow while I was writing, and then continued to write on. Some time after, not having seen my companions lying on the rug before the fire, I have remembered the circumstance, and, in a tone of voice to which they are used, I have said,

Their joy when forgiven.

'There, you are forgiven.' In an instant, the greyhound Brenda would fly into my lap, and cover me with kisses, her heart tumultuously beating. After she grew old,

her joy at my return home after a long absence has at times nearly killed her; and when I was away, the bed she loved best was one of my old shooting-jackets, but never when I was at home.

Brenda's
bed.

“Had I time, I could look up many an instance of soul, in some senses of the word; but I have not.”

Here is another of a physician's reminiscences, showing that dogs can exchange ideas with human beings, and understand the language of man.

More re-
miniscen-
ces of a
physician.

“Having been much taken with the intelligence, faithfulness, and beauty of a terrier belonging to a coachman whose family I attended, I purchased three of her pups for myself and two friends.

A coach-
man's
terrier,

“Shortly after this, the coachman and his family moved to a new house, where they had no friends. His wife was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and could not stir from bed. The dog lay constantly at her feet, and never moved till the door was

—watches
its sick
mistress,

—goes
to her
parents,

opened, when off she set in great haste. She went to the house of the suffering woman's parents, made a great and unwonted noise, and often went to the door, even laying hold of the woman's gown.

—and
brings
them to
the house
of sick-
ness.

“The animal never rested until she followed it, when it manifested every token of approbation, as it looked round from time to time. It went straight to her daughter's house, when the real cause of the strange conduct of the dog was understood. The dog resumed its place, and scarcely left it for a moment until its mistress recovered. I then said, ‘Now, “Missy,” you may come with me,’ when she went all her round with me, and returned home after dinner. This was repeated several times.

She keeps
her watch
until told
that she
may leave
the house,

—when
she accom-
panies the
physician
on his
rounds,
and then
returns
home.

“The dog seemed really to understand many things you said, and even to forestall your wishes.”

Faculties
which be-
long to
the im-
mortal
part of
man.

In this interesting story, we find in an animal a singular aggregation of faculties which are held in man to belong to the immortal, and not to the mortal part of his

being. There is reason, *i.e.* the deduction shared by this dog—
reason, of a conclusion from premisses. There is the power of forming ideas and communicating them to man, and the capability of understanding man's language, and, as the language, writer says, even of anticipating the wishes of her human friends. Lastly, there is the intense love for her mistress, combined love, and
self-sacrifice. with the power of self-sacrifice which enabled her to keep her irksome watch by the sick-bed while her instinct was urging her to take her accustomed exercise in the open air.

The cat which is mentioned in the following anecdote is the mother of Tiny, A cat understands and conveys a message. whose exploit with a lobster has already been narrated on page 129. The writer is Lady E. The reader will see that it illustrates two subjects: first, the fact that the cat understood human language; and next, that she could make her message understood by a human being.

“After my great loss, whenever I was left

alone in the room, 'Rosy' usually placed herself on the table beside me, and watched my countenance most earnestly.

"Rosy" is told to fetch her mistress's sister,

"About this time, my sister, who was living with me, had been some time in her room, and, wishing her to come to me, I said, 'Rosy, go up-stairs and tell Augusta that I want her.' The cat immediately

—goes up-stairs,
—finds her,

jumped from the table, ran up-stairs to my sister's room, leaped upon the chest of drawers by which she was standing, and,

—tells her that she is wanted,

putting her paw on Augusta's hand, mewed, then hurried down-stairs, mewing and looking round. This proceeding, Augusta

—and conducts her down stairs.

could not mistake, was intended to call her down-stairs; so she followed, and asked if I wanted her, as Rosy had been to call her. Rosy appeared delighted at being understood, and purred with satisfaction."

CHAPTER VII.

MEMORY.

Memory *versus* Materialism.—Connection of the Brain with Memory.—The Workman and his Tools.—Memory in the Insects.—The tame Butterflies.—Sir J. Lubbock's tame Wasp.—Bees and Wasps find their way by Memory, not by Instinct.—Comparison with Human Beings under similar circumstances.—Memory the means by which Animals, as well as Men, are capable of being taught.—Two tame Moles which would come when called.—A partially tamed Tiger-cat.—Memory in the Water-hen and Cockatoo.—The Power of Memory among Poultry.—Memory in the Ass.—“Donald,” the Galloway, and his long-lost Friend.—Memory of the Wolf.—Rarey & “Cruiser.”—Memory in the Cat.—“Fan,” the Blenheim Spaniel.

I SHOULD think that Memory must be rather a hard nut for materialists to crack. What is that which survives, though every particle of the material brain has been repeatedly changed? What is that which more or less deeply receives impressions and retains them through a

Memory
versus
Material-
ism.

Memory long series of years? And even when they seem to be forgotten, they are often but hidden behind a temporary veil, which at the touch of a passing scent in the nostrils, a dimly heard sound striking upon the ear, the waving of a branch or the nodding of a flower, appealing to the eye, is in a moment rent asunder, and scenes long forgotten are reproduced before the memory as vividly as though time had been annihilated. Nothing is omitted; but there comes a minute and instantaneous insight into every detail, that gives us some faint idea of the omnipresence and omniscience of the Creator, to whom space and time are absolutely as nothing. For a moment we escape from our fleshly tabernacle, and we see and hear with our spiritual, and not with our material organs of sight and hearing.

Things which seem to have been forgotten

—are recalled

—in the minutest details.

Man hopes to retain memory in the next world.

As to ourselves, we expect that we shall retain our memory, and carry it into the next world. We expect to recognise in the spiritual world those whom we have

loved on this temporal world. Memory, —and so
 therefore, must be spiritual and eternal; acknowledges it to
 belong to
 the spirit.
 and wherever memory can be found, there
 is an immortal spirit. Apart from Reve-
 lation, which we have already considered,
 there is no stronger evidence of a future
 life of man than memory, and, in pure
 justice, if we apply this proof to ourselves,
 we ought to apply it wherever memory is
 found.

Some have said that memory is a mere Memory
 said to be
 an emanation
 of the
 brain.
 emanation from the brain, and have tried to
 prove their point by asserting that which
 no one ever denied, that an inferior brain is
 coupled with an inferior intellect, that if the
 brain be injured by any cause all the powers
 of thought are weakened, and that if it
 be seriously damaged all powers of thought
 are utterly in abeyance.

All this is true enough, but it affords The brain
 the tool of
 the spirit,
 no proof that thought is the creation of the
 brain. On the contrary, the brain is the
 organ or instrument of the thought-power,
 and stands to it in the same relation that

—which cannot work with a damaged instrument.

a tool does to a carpenter. However good an artisan a carpenter may be, he cannot turn out good work with a blunt tool, nor any work at all with a broken one. So it is with the brain: it is but the tool of the spirit, and, if it be injured in any way, the keenest intellect will be unable to work with it.

Memory exists in creatures which have no brain.

Moreover, memory exists in creatures *which have no brain at all*. Take for example the insects, which have no real brain, but only a succession of nervous ganglia running along the body, and in many of them we shall find the faculty of memory very strongly developed.

Butterflies tamed by a lady.

Some ten years ago, I gave, in my "Glimpses into Petland," published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, an account of two butterflies which had been tamed by a lady. One of the very critical weekly papers was good enough to treat the whole story with scorn and derision, saying that I gave it *as from a lady*, and thereby insinuating that the account was a wilful

Remarks of the reviewers.

imposition on the public. The story had been told to me by the lady in question, whom I have known for many years, and at my request she gave it in writing.

Here is the story as published in "Petland."

"Among the many pets that I have loved and lost, few have endeared themselves more to me than my butterflies, two of which I once kept for the space of a year and a half.

"They came into my possession when in their chrysalis state, and I, not knowing anything of entomology, shut them up for safety in a cabinet having glass doors. The cabinet stood near a small window in my bedroom. I was very unwell that winter, and therefore a fire was kept up in my room night and day. Therefore, the room was very warm, and I suppose that the little butterflies were deceived thereby, and thought or dreamed that summer smiled upon the earth; for a few

Two chrysalides placed in a cabinet,
—in a warm room,

—where a
brimstone
butterfly is
developed,
days after Christmas, to my astonishment
and delight, a little yellow butterfly was
seen fluttering feebly within the cabinet.

—and first
discovered
by the cat.
“My attention was first diverted to the
cabinet by the playful gambols of a pet
pussy, who had mounted on a chair, and
stood upon its hind legs, pawing at the
little creature through the glass. I soon
sent pussy away, opened the cabinet, and
tried to induce the butterfly to alight on
my hand. But it was either dazzled and
bewildered at finding itself in its new and
extended sphere of existence, or had already
learned the fear of man; for, at the approach
of my hand, it flew wildly about, and finally
settled down as if exhausted.

It is at
first be-
wildered,

—and its
mistress
does not
know how
to feed it.

“I now became most anxious to feed
the little thing; but how this was to be
achieved I had not the slightest idea, nor
could any one in the house advise or help
me in this important matter. Moreover,
I was loudly ridiculed for the bare idea
of trying to tame and feed butterflies.

“However, I remembered that the poets

all agreed in saying that butterflies sipped nectar from the opening flowers, and, therefore, turned my attention to the manufacture of a substitute for nectar; so having obtained some honey, which I diluted with rose-water, I put one drop into the centre of the open blossoms of a fairy rose, and placed the little plant in the cabinet. I soon had the joy of seeing the little thing flutter around the rose, and finally settle upon it.

She tries a mixture of honey and rose-water in a rose,

—and succeeds.

“Whether it really drank or not, I cannot say. I thought that it must have done so, as it appeared to grow stronger and more lively every day. I fed it in this manner for a fortnight; and by the end of that time it became so tame that it would step off the flower or anything else on which it might be standing, and appear quite happy and at rest upon my hand.

It is thus fed for a fortnight,

—rests upon the hand,

“It also appeared to understand that I wished it to come to me when I called it by the name of ‘Psyche,’ that being the name which I had given to the insect.

—and appears to know its name.

The second butterfly is developed,

“About three weeks after the advent of Psyche, we were gladdened by the addition of another butterfly to our establishment—a peacock. He was strong and vigorous from the first, and flitted swiftly about, like a dream of prismatic light. I used to fancy that they talked to each other, as he at once fell into the ways and habits of the other; and when I called Psyche, he too would come. I gave him another name, but he never seemed to understand that it belonged to him.

—and the two seem to understand each other.

They live in captivity until the summer,

“They lived in this way until the earth had donned her glowing summer robe of lilies and roses, when I was told that their life-power could only extend over a month or two, and that it was cruel even to keep them as happy prisoners. I was therefore induced to give them their liberty. The cabinet was placed with open doors before the window.

—when the cabinet doors are opened,

“It was many days before the butterflies ventured to leave the window-sill, and

this much to my joy, for I thought that it might be affection for me that held them back. However, one day, with many bitter tears, I saw them depart and join some wild companions; but at night we found them again in the cabinet.

—and they join their companions.

“On the following morning they left us, and came not back again until the cold and stormy September weather set in.

“Yet, when in the garden, they would come if I called them, and rest for a short time on my hair or hands. At length, on a cold windy day in September, we saw them on the window-sill, and, on our opening the window, they came in and resumed possession of their old quarters, and abode there for the winter.

They remain about the garden for summer,

—and return to their cabinet for the winter,

“It is true they were but poor-looking objects to what they were when they went forth. The world seemed to have used them rather roughly, for the sheen had gone from the rich wings of the peacock butterfly, and the soft yellow bloom from Psyche's plumage. Nevertheless they

—much damaged by their summer frolic.

were welcome guests; and, though ragged and wayworn, were not the less loved.

They re-
sume some
of their
former
habits,

“We observed that during this winter they slept more than they did formerly. They also manifested pleasure when sung or talked to, and were very fond of being waved about and danced up and down in the air, while they would sit upon the hand quite calmly. I think that the movement must have reminded them of the nodding flowers and fresh breezes of their summer life.

—until
June,
—when
they are
again set
free.

The Brim-
stone but-
terfly re-
turns after
a storm,

“The sun and earth ran their appointed course, until they brought us to another bright June, and again I bestowed the boon of freedom on our fairy pets, who went forth gaily; but, alas! never to return.

One day, after a heavy thunderstorm, we found the inanimate form of a yellow butterfly upon the window-sill. I took it up lovingly, and did my best to revive it; for I believed it to be the material form of my own, beautiful Psyche, who had sought refuge from the storm, but found.

the window closed. Of this I cannot be sure, for all our efforts to restore her were in vain. The wondrous essence that had given it life, beauty, motion, affection, and memory, had returned to the hand of its mighty Creator; and with Him let it rest.

—and is found dead on the window-sill.

“The peacock butterfly never returned: whether he fell a victim to that aerial shark, the dragon fly, or died of age, sickness, or forgot his early friends, I know not.

Her companion never returned again.

“I have since tried to tame other butterflies, but never was so successful, although I have taught three or four to know me and to come at my call. Indeed, circumstances have never been so favourable; for I never had any other butterflies in their chrysalis state, nor have a room and a cabinet been ready to receive them.”

No other attempts have been so successful.

There are one or two points to be noticed in connection with this story. The first is, that the narrator, as she says, knew nothing of entomology. She was not aware

Identification of species.

that the yellow butterfly was our common "brimstone," and the so-called peacock butterfly was in reality a "small tortoiseshell," these being the earliest and the hardiest of our British butterflies, "the "brimstone" being almost invariably the first butterfly to be seen, while the "small tortoiseshell" follows it after a short interval. I was much puzzled at the description as given in writing, and it was only by getting *vivá voce* a description of the so-called "peacock" butterfly that I was able to identify the insect. She did not know how a butterfly fed itself. She knew nothing of the hibernation of these insects, and yet if a practised entomologist had written the story, it could not have been more accurate in these scientific details.

Hibernation of
butterflies.

Sir John
Lubbock's
tame wasp.

But if the reviewer will not believe the account written by a lady, although authenticated by myself, he may believe Sir John Lubbock's account of a far more difficult task, namely, the successful taming

of a wasp. Here is the story in his own words:—

“DEAR SIR,—in answer to your inquiries, I beg to send you the following particulars about my poor wasp.

“I took it, with its nest, in the Pyrenees last May. The nest, which was beautifully regular, consisted of about twenty cells, the majority of which contained an egg; but as yet no grub had been hatched out, and, of course, my wasp was as yet alone in the world.

“I had no difficulty in inducing her to feed on my hand; but at first she was shy and nervous: she kept her sting in constant readiness, and once or twice in the train, when the official came for tickets, and I was compelled to hurry her back into her bottle, she stung me slightly,—I think, however, entirely from fright.

“Gradually she became quite used to me, and when I took her on my hand, evidently expected to be fed. She allowed me to

The nest and the maker, taken in the Pyrenees.

She will feed on the hand.

—but is

—and apt to use her sting.

She becomes gradually tamer, and never

shows her sting.

stroke her without any appearance of fear, and for some months I never saw her sting.

She becomes drowsy towards autumn,

“When the cold weather came on, she fell into a drowsy state, and I began to hope she would hibernate and survive the winter. I kept her in a dark place, but watched her carefully, and fed her if ever she seemed at all restless.

—but loses the use of her antennæ in the winter,

“She came out occasionally, and seemed as well as usual till near the end of February, when one day I observed that she had

—and will not feed:

nearly lost the use of her antennæ, though the rest of her body was as usual. She would take no food. Next day, I tried again to feed her; but the head seemed dead, though she could still move her legs, wings, and abdomen. The following day

—having successively lost the use of her head and thorax,

I offered her food for the last time, but both head and thorax were dead or paralyzed; she could but wag her tail—a last

—she dies,

token, as I could almost fancy, of gratitude and affection. As far as I could judge,

—and occupies a place in the British Museum.

her death was quite painless, and she now occupies a place in the British Museum.”

The reader will see that, in both these examples of tamed insects, memory was absolutely indispensable, and that, without the existence of this faculty, it would have been impossible to influence them with human ideas.

Memory
indispensable
for
taming.

As to the wasps, the late Mr. Stone, who had made them his special study, told me a portion of these insects' life-history which proves the existence of memory. We were speaking of the "homing" faculty of various animals, especially pigeons, bees, and wasps, and were debating whether the faculty were due to instinct or reason. Mr. Stone gave his decided opinion that all those creatures were guided by reason, the insects as well as the birds.

The
"homing"
faculty in
various
beings.

He said that any one, who was accustomed to the ways of these insects, could tell by the manner in which a wasp left the nest whether it was an old or a young one. An old wasp crawls to the entrance of the nest, and at once darts off, without any ceremony. A young one, however, when

How
wasps
leave the
nest.

The de-
meanour
of old
wasps,

—and
young
ones.

going out on its first expedition, acts in a very different manner. When it has emerged from the entrance, it turns round and examines the spot; it then takes to wing, but flies backwards and forwards in front of the nest, and always looking towards it, as if taking notes of the bearings, and gradually increasing its distance, until it is out of sight.

The latter
fly back-
wards and
take their
bearings.

Com-
parison
between

Here then is a distinct exercise of memory as well as of reason, the creature impressing on its mind the appearance of the objects near its nest, and acting on the result of those impressions. Human beings act in just the same way when traversing for the first time a locality through which they will have to return. And yet, as I have already stated, the wasp has no true brains.

—human
beings
who have
brains.

—and
wasps
which
have none.

Bees act
in a similar
manner.

Mr. Stone remarked that he has seen bees act in a similar manner when their hive has been moved to a spot at any distance from that which it formerly occupied.

We will now pass to some of the higher animals, taking, first, one or two examples of creatures that are not usually subject to domestication, and can therefore have received no teaching by means of their parentage.

Memory in animals not wholly domesticated.

By means of this faculty, almost any living being is able to be taught by man, while, if memory were absent, no teaching would be of the very slightest use. The mole, for example, seems to be about as difficult a subject as can well be imagined, and yet I knew of one case where a mole was perfectly domesticated, and another in which it was partially tame.

Two examples of tamed moles.

The former was a specimen of the albino, or white mole, a variety which is tolerably common. It was living at St. Malo, in 1856, and the story of its life was told me in 1857.

A white mole from St. Malo.

It knew its name, would come to its master when called, and had learned to perform some little tricks: for example,

—which knew its name and would play tricks.

The mole
as a
money-
carrier,

—prefers
silver to
copper.

A brown
mole,

—persec-
uted by
the gar-
dener,

—is partly
tamed by
the chil-
dren,

—who at-
tracted
him by
placing
raw meat

when told to do so, it would tumble over on the table, and would fetch coins if they were scattered within its reach. The animal had a curious preference for silver over copper coins, probably because the sensitive nerves of the mole were affected by the copper. It always ran faster, and seemed more pleased, when it had a silver coin in its mouth than when it had been dispatched after a copper coin. What it might have done in these days of the light bronze coinage, I do not know.

The second example of a tame mole was one of the common brown animals, which had got into a garden, and was doing much damage. The gardener, being practical and not æsthetic in his tastes, did his best to kill the mole; but the inhabitants of the house, being æsthetical rather than practical, tried to tame the animal, in which they partly succeeded.

The aperture by which the mole usually came into the open air was situated under a sage-bush, and near the opening a piece

of raw meat was laid. The delicate organs, near his burrow,
of the mole soon perceived the supply of
food, and the animal, after he had finished
his meal, came to look for some more.
This was given him, accompanied by the —accompanied by
uttering his name,
sound of his name, "Barty," an abbreviation
of Bartimeus. Sometimes the mole was
too far away from the aperture to hear his
name, and in these cases a measured stamp —or
stamping on the
ground.
upon the ground was sure to bring him to
his meal.

Here is an instance of the influence of Memory
in a wild
beast,
memory upon an animal which is not often
tamed, and which in this case, happened
to be a peculiarly fierce and sullen indi-
vidual.

Some years ago, I was a constant visitor —inhabit-
ing the
Zoological
Gardens.
to the Zoological Gardens, and, used to
make acquaintance with the various ani-
mals, as far as they would allow me to
do so.

One day, I was struck with the beauty A new and
fierce
ocelot,
of a very large and beautiful ocelot, or

tiger cat; but the animal seemed to be a new-comer, and was very wary and fierce, declining to respond to any overtures that were made. At last, when standing by the cage on a hot summer's day, I thought that I saw a mode of getting at the animal's feelings. The place quite swarmed with flies, mostly blue-bottles, a few of which occasionally got inside the bars of the cages. Seeing the ocelot try to catch one of the flies, I captured a fine large blue-bottle, and held it close to the bars, so as to make it buzz, and waited quietly. After a while, the ocelot came cautiously up, and, after one or two feints, took the insect and ate it. I immediately caught another, and offered it in the same way, giving a low whistle at the time. This time the ocelot took it without much difficulty, and in half an hour or so he came at once to the whistle, and took the fly.

—is seen in the attempt to catch blue-bottle flies.

A blue-bottle is caught and offered to the ocelot,

—who accepted and ate it,

—and learned to recognise a whistle.

Next day he returned.

On the next visit, I repeated the proceedings, the ocelot perfectly recognising me; and after one or two visits, the beau-

tiful creature would press itself against the bars to be caressed, and to have its nose and chin rubbed, just as does a favourite cat. The keeper happened to come in while I was talking to the ocelot, and was quite alarmed, saying that even he did not dare to trust his fingers between the bars. Now, the keepers are specially kind and gentle towards the animals under their charge, and can do wonders with the fiercest of animals; so that for a keeper to be unable to trust his hand in a cage, shows the ferocity of the animal confined in it. I fully believe that in this, as in most other cases where an animal is ferocious, fear, and not ill-temper, is the real cause of its conduct.

It recognises its benefactor,

—and astonishes the keeper.

Usual cause of ferocity.

The following account of a tame water-hen was sent to me by the owner of the house—a lady well known in the literary world.

Story of a self-tamed water-hen.

“Some five or six winters ago, two water-hens made their appearance in the mountain brook which runs through our

A pair of water-hens make their appearance in the winter,

—one of which dies, and the other remains until March,

—after learning to come to the house for food.

It appears in the following October,

—and has annually presented itself at the house,

—coming confidently to be fed,

lawn, and were constantly to be seen upon the grass. One was larger than the other, of a deeper colour, and we supposed them to be a pair. The winter was exceptionally severe, there was more snow than usual, and when it melted, the smaller of the two was found dead. The other remained until March, when it disappeared. During its stay, it had learned to come towards the dining-room window while the peafowl were being fed, and, if food were thrown to a little distance, would pick it up.

“The second week in the October following, it again made its appearance, and remained throughout the winter, becoming every day tamer. At last, whenever it heard the window opened, it would hasten, half running, half flying, to be fed. Every year it has appeared and disappeared with as much regularity as the swallows, and always about the same day of the same month. Now, as soon as it arrives, it is perfectly tame, and comes running up as

soon as the sound of the opening window is heard.

“I always feel sorry when the time of its departure arrives, and gladly welcome its return. It has never had a companion, —but never brings a mate. but it must leave for the purpose of getting a mate. Yet it never brings one here, nor have I ever seen another water-hen within miles of this place.”

Here is a good example of memory on the part of a domesticated bird.

“Our noble yellow-crested cockatoo was the especial pet of the eldest daughter of the house. The young lady married an officer, and was absent from the old house for nearly three years. Her anticipated advent on a visit to her father was, of course, talked about, and we may imagine the cockatoo pricked up her ears at the sound of her name. The moment the carriage stopped at the door, she flew down from her perch, and, before mamma or sister could greet her arrival, was outside the

A yellow-crested cockatoo is the pet of a lady who marries and leaves home.

After three years she returns,

—and is
met by the
cockatoo.

front door, with “Kiss me, my dear; kiss me, Sa, kiss me, Sa.”

Poultry
not edu-
cated.

Why it should be I cannot tell, but our domestic poultry are sadly neglected in the way of human education; and yet that they are perfectly capable of receiving it, if properly given, I am quite sure, having seen many instances in which poultry of various kinds have preferred the companionship of man to that of their own kind. I knew personally a chicken and a duck who entirely repudiated their proper companions and domicile, preferring men to birds, and the drawing-room to the poultry-yard. The chicken had been an ailing little creature, and being carefully tended until its restoration to health, attached itself vehemently to its nurse, and used to follow her over the house, calling her anxiously until seated in her lap. I shall presently have to tell several anecdotes of poultry, but under a different heading, so confine myself to one which was sent to me by the chief actor.

A tame
chicken
and duck.

Gratitude
of the
former.

“I am no poultry-fancier, being perfectly ignorant of the distinction between Brahmas, Cochins, &c. We have only a few fancy bantams.

“During the last illness of a favourite riding-horse, I was a frequent visitor to her stable; and one wintry morning, after a snowstorm, one of these tiny bantams looked so cold and pitiful, that I put it on my hat, and thus transferred it to the warm stable. I never could find much intelligence in the poultry tribe, but this little bird, which I named ‘Jemmy,’ found the climate of the stable so enjoyable, that, in order to obtain an entrance, it watched my visits, always flying up to my hat directly I approached.”

“Mimicry is the gift of monkeys, but I know that fowls are endowed with it. Jemmy had some little brothers and sisters, who followed his example. Not wishing to accommodate the whole family on my hat, I made it my custom to push the others off. Once, by mistake, I pushed off Jemmy,

Bantams.

A half-frozen bantam,

—recognises its benefactor,

—and so do its relatives.

It resents
a supposed
slight,

who made me aware of the fact by a great cacophonie, and resented my unintentional rudeness to such an extent that it was many days before I could obtain his forgiveness, and induce him to resume his high position. Once I entered while wearing a bonnet: his efforts to obtain his usual comfortable footing were most absurd, and, at last, he descended in great disgust at the alteration."

—and displays
conservative
principles.

Domesticated
animals.

As for anecdotes of the domesticated animals, such as the dog, the cat, the horse, and the ass, there are so many that I am obliged to restrict myself to a very few. Indeed, every one who has had personal experience of these animals must have remarked the great strength and endurance of their powers of memory.

The Rev.
C. Otway's
story of an
ass.

The following story is by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, and is told in his lecture on the "Intellectuality of the Domestic Animals."

"I shall tell you what I know of an ass. There is a lady resident in a parish where I was for some years minister. She ^{A benevolent lady} is the most tender-hearted of the human race; her tenderness, though a general feeling, is principally confined to the lower animals. I am disposed to think that, if in India or Turkey, she would leave all her worldly goods to endow a hospital for deserted, disowned, and abused animals.

"Well, this lady was walking along the road, and she met a train of tinkers, proceeding towards Connaught, and one tall, tan-skinned, black-haired, curly-poll'd fellow, in all the excited cruelty of drunkenness, was belabouring his ass's sides with a blackthorn cudgel: This was too much for my friend. She first rated the man for his barbarity: she might as well have scolded Beelzebub. She then coaxed the ruffian, and asked him would he sell the creature, which he consented at once to do, asking, of course, three times the proper price. You may judge of the joy of this

—meets a
tinker,

—beating
his don-
key,

—buys the
animal,

—and sends him to grass. amiable woman when the beast, now her own ass, was relieved from its panniers, allowed to roll about in the dust and graze at liberty.

He recovers,

—and becomes troublesome.

“For a long time she kept him perfectly idle, until he recovered his spirits; then he became troublesome, and would break his bonds, and used to go a-braying and curveting, and seeking for asinine society all over the country. Idleness is certainly, after all, a bad thing for asses as well as men, and so this capricious fellow found it; for shortly a tinker, perhaps the very one that sold it, stole it, and for three or four years there were no tidings of the ass, until one day, as his kind mistress was taking her usual walk along the road, she saw a man urging along an ass, straining and bending under a very heavy cart.

He is stolen,

—harnessed to a heavy cart,

—and after more than three years,

“Now the moment my friend came near, there was an alteration in the deportment of the ass; immediately the ears, that were but just now hanging listlessly over its

eyes, were cocked, and its head elevated in the air; and, raising its voice more like a laugh than a bray, it urged itself under its heavy load into a trot, and came and laid its snout on the shoulders of the lady, who at once, and not until *now*, recognised her long-lost property, which she had again to purchase at a high price. It is many years since that occurred; the beast is alive, and so is the lady. I hope it won't be her lot to see in it that rare spectacle, a dead ass."

—sees and recognises his kind mistress.

An adventure of a nearly similar nature occurred to the gentleman who furnished the account of the miller's dog at Maxwellheugh, and who has kindly taken a great interest in the object of this work.

A bad-tempered Galloway pony,

"When I was a boy, my father bought from a neighbouring farmer a grey Galloway pony, which was very vicious to all with whom he came in contact, except myself. The way in which I acquired so much power over him was by feeding him

—called "Donald," makes friends with a boy.

with bread, and showing him other acts of kindness.

He is sold and not seen for seventeen years.

“Some years afterwards I left home, and, when I returned to my father’s house, I found that ‘Donald’ had been sold, and that all trace of him had been lost for about seventeen years. At that period, being resident in a village in a neighbouring county, I saw an old white horse in a cart, and, thinking that it might be the same animal, I went up to him in the same way as I used to do in boyhood, and said, ‘Donald.’ He immediately turned his head to me, laid it on my shoulder, pawed the ground, rubbed his nose upon my arm, and showed the greatest possible affection.

—when Donald sees his former friend,

—recognises him,

—insists on following him,

“The driver of the cart came out of a shop, and warned me to keep away from the horse, or he would bite me. I moved up the street, when Donald became restive, wrenched the reins out of the lad’s hands, followed me along the street, and it was not until I entered a house that,

after much difficulty, he was induced to —and can scarcely be repelled.
 move away.”

This is a really wonderful act of memory on the part of the horse, and not at all a bad one on the part of the man. And the incident affords a direct proof that memory is a common possession of man and beast.

That the man should recognise the animal which he loved in his boyhood was a tolerably fair exercise of memory; but that the horse should recognise the man is even more astonishing. From boyhood to manhood the lapse of seventeen years makes

such changes in personal appearance that, as a rule, the man of thirty can scarcely be recognised even by those who knew him well as a boy of thirteen. Memory common to man and beast, —and in this case better in the beast than in the man,

Nor can the voice give any help in recognition, for the deep tones of the manly voice are as unlike the shrill sounds of a boy's "treble pipe" as is the bearded face of the man to the smooth cheek of the boy. —on account of greater change in the one than in the other,

Dress also makes a great difference in

by age,
voice, and
dress.

the appearance of a human being, and when we consider that the dress of a man is quite unlike that of a boy, we must appreciate the strength of memory which enables the horse to recognise his friend in spite of so many alterations.

A friendly
wolf,

Anecdotes of a similar character are plentiful, and even the wild beasts are known to remember a human friend after a long lapse of years. In Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" of October, 1871, there is an account, by Mr. W. W. Spicer, of a wolf at the Zoological Gardens at Clifton with which he struck up a friendship. He was forced to leave Clifton for some two years, and, on his return, went to see his friend.

"I at once set to work to test the wolf's affection and retentiveness of memory by whistling in a low tone at as great a distance from the den as allowed my watching its movements. At the first sound the animal, which before, was 'loafing' about

in a listless manner, raised its head and —remem-
bers its
friend
after two
years. listened, and, on my continuing to whistle, it bounded against the bars with every mark of joy.

“Long before I reached the cage, he —wel-
comes him
with joy. recognised my footsteps, and strove to engage my attention by whining and throwing himself into all kinds of queer positions.

My welcome, in fact, was of the warmest kind, and I left him with, I was going —and
parts with
sorrow. to say, mutual expressions of sincere regret; for, if ever an animal gave expression to its feelings, it was this poor wolf, who recognised me after so long an absence.”

These anecdotes fully corroborate the Relation-
ship be-
tween man
and beast, opinion which I have always held with regard to the relationship between man and beast. The latter was intended to serve the former, and there is nothing in the hands of man half so powerful in educating the lower animals as thoughtful kindness. Inflexible decision combined with gentle- —and its
use in the
hands of
man. ness and sympathy are irresistible weapons

in the hand of man; and I do not believe that there is any animal which cannot be subdued if the right man undertakes the task. By this mixture of firmness and kindness that raging wild beast of a horse, "Cruiser," was in three hours rendered gentle and subservient, obeying the least sign of his conqueror, and allowing himself to be freely handled without displaying the least resentment.

How
"Cruiser"
was tamed.

—which
bites and
kicks,

I once saw Mr. Rarey operate on a splendid little black Arab horse that flew like a tiger at him, kicking, biting, and screaming at once, now attacking with his jaws and now with his heels. He might as well have attacked his own shadow; for, just as the Spanish bull-fighter absolutely plays with the furious beast in the circus, so Rarey seemed to play with the animal, stepping quickly on one side as it made its rush with open mouth, and then, as it spun round and lashed out with its heels, being on one side, just out of reach.

Within half an hour, Rarey and the horse

were lying together on the ground, Rarey's head resting on one of the hind hoofs, and the other hoof being laid on his temple.

—but in half an hour is subdued,

He then got up, mounted the animal, dismounted by sliding over its tail, and finally, with hands in his pockets, ran round the circus, the horse's nose resting on his shoulder. He had impressed upon the animal's memory that no harm was intended; and so the horse, instead of feeling fear and anger, conceived an affection for the man, who inflicted no pain, and yet showed that he must be obeyed.

—and fond of its conqueror.

The following anecdote of a cat demonstrates several traits of character which are common both to man and beast. I was rather doubtful under which head it should be classed; but as it illustrates the present subject, I have placed it here.

Several traits of character in a cat.

“I confess myself a great friend and admirer of horses and dogs, but care little for cats in general, although, when away from home pets, I often make playthings

Cats versus dogs.

Pussy improves the occasion,

—and is appreciated.

She cultivates her new acquaintance,

of them. Did you ever know a landlady without a cat, visible or invisible? We had rooms in Berkshire, and, the morning after our arrival, on entering the dining-room I saw a real visible cat sitting on our breakfast-table, and reducing the quantity, if not the quality, of the milk. The milk-pot being narrow at the top, she obtained it by putting in her paw, curling it round, and then lapping it up. (Animals are never afraid of me, nor do I wish them to be so.) I allowed Puss to continue her depredation on the milk: we breakfasted without it, and her theft remained unpunished.

“After we had been there some time, Puss listened every morning until I rang for the teakettle, which she always accompanied to the breakfast-table. One morning I was later than usual, and whilst dressing I was surprised to hear the cat mewling at the bedroom door. As she had not before done so, I let her in with the remark, ‘Puss knows I am late, and is

writing for her breakfast.' I was, however, quite mistaken: she was too ill to eat, —is taken ill and asks for help, but came to me for that sympathy which she could not obtain from others. After our departure no one cared for the poor animal; she was first neglected, and then killed for being delicate. She was such —and dies. a gentle and affectionate creature, that I would have taken her to my own home if I had known her impending fate."

Here are several mental characteristics Mental characteristics. exhibited by the same animal. Her reason taught her to get the milk out of the jug with her paw, when she could not reach it with her tongue. I know a very intellectual cat, the grandmother of my own lamented "Pret," who would steal bottled porter in the same way. She would not Milk or porter. take milk, but the porter had a fascination that she could not withstand. Then, this cat's memory retained the recollection of kindly treatment, and so she not only became partaker of the daily meal, but asked and obtained loving sympathy when

Comparison with humanity.

she felt herself ill. A child, who had been kindly treated, would have acted in precisely the same manner.

Another instance of reasoning and memory brought to bear on sickness has been communicated to me by a friend.

Fan, the Blenheim spaniel,

—is an unfortunate mother, and is very ill.

She recollects her invalid diet, and takes no other.

“As illustrative of memory, take the following anecdote. A pet Blenheim spaniel, ‘Fan,’ had had two or three litters. At the birth of the third or fourth family (who were all dead born) she was extremely ill for some days, refusing everything in the shape of nourishment, till by dint of much coaxing and petting she took captain’s biscuits, and lived on them solely till quite convalescent. In succeeding accouchements she refused all other food till her master thought of the biscuits. When offered they were immediately eaten with avidity, and she kept to that particular diet for ever afterwards when nursing.”

In all these examples of memory, the reader will probably have remarked that there must be something more in this

faculty than a mere production of a material brain. In several cases there was no brain at all, and in others, where a brain did exist, its material particles must have been repeatedly changed, while the ideas impressed upon the memory still remained in full force.

Memory
not the
outcome of
the brain.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENEROSITY.

Different senses of the word Generosity.—Firstly: the sense of Liberality.—Two grateful Cats.—“Pret” and his Mice.—Pret entertaining his Friends.—Generosity before Justice.—Another grateful Cat.—The Cat providing Mice for two Sea-gulls.—The Retriever “Nellie” and her Cat Friend.—“Barbekark,” the Esquimaux Dog, and the Reindeer.—His Self-denial and Power of Command.—The generous Sparrow.—Secondly: the sense of Magnanimity, or Indisposition to resent an Injury, though possessing the power to do so.—Might and Mercy convertible terms.—Anecdote of Cribb, the Prize-fighter.—“Lupo” and his little Friends.—A Dog fighting himself into favour.—My Bull-dog “Apollo” and the Retriever.

IN whatever sense we take the word which heads this chapter, *i.e.*, whether we accept it as signifying liberality or magnanimity, the quality is acknowledged to be a very lofty one, and one which infinitely ennobles the characters of those who possess it.

Take the former sense of the word.

It is in fact an attribute of God himself, He is greatest who gives most. who gives us freely all that we possess; and so sets us an example of generosity to our fellow-creatures. That we recognise this as a fact, is shown by the extraordinary number of disparaging epithets and nicknames which are employed in designating those human beings in whom generosity is more or less wanting. Miser, skinflint, churl, —and takes least. screw, muckworm, curmudgeon, scrimp, lickpenny, &c., are among the nicknames bestowed upon such unfortunate persons; while among the epithets are such flowers of speech as stingy, shabby, mean, parsimonious, hard-fisted, sordid, covetous, niggardly, and a host of similar terms too numerous to mention.

Now, if it be admitted that the possession of generosity ennobles man's character, Generosity ennobles the character of man or beast, while the lack of that quality debases it, we ought not to deny the plain inference that when we find a beast possessing generosity, and a man devoid of it, the beast is in that particular, not only the equal, but the

—because
it is a
Divine
attribute.

superior of the man. And that generosity, being a Divine attribute, belongs to the spirit and not to the body, I should presume that no one who believes in Christianity is likely to deny; so that wherever we find this characteristic developed, we must admit the presence of an immortal spirit.

Gene-
rosity
among
animals.

I will now produce a few authenticated anecdotes in order to prove that the lower animals do possess generosity in the sense of liberality, several of the circumstances having occurred within my own observation, and the others being authenticated with the names of the writers.

Gene-
rosity and
gratitude
in a cat.

With regard to the sense of generosity and gratitude which can be developed in the cat, the following anecdote was related to me by a friend of the owner of the animal.

Pussy
leaves her
sick kitten
in charge
of her
mistress,

The cat had some kittens, and one of them was taken ill, and was apparently in a dying state. The mother did all that she could for it, and then, finding all her efforts useless,

brought the sick kitten to her mistress, laid it in her lap, and left it in her care. The lady accepted the charge, nursed the kitten through its illness, and at last was able to give it back to its mother quite restored to health.

Some time afterwards the lady herself was seized with illness, and was unable to leave her bed. By some mysterious means, whether by mere instinct or by gathering the meaning of the conversations around her, the cat became aware of her mistress's illness. Finding herself unable to enter the room by the door, she contrived to climb up the wall of the house, scrambled in at the window, jumped on the bed, and laid on the pillow a mouse, as an offering of affection and gratitude.

—who is afterwards herself taken ill.

—and presented with an offering by the cat.

Since I began to write this book, I have received many anecdotes of a similar character, and in nearly all, if not all of them, GRATITUDE was the existing cause of the animal's generosity. Indeed, I could easily

Gratitude in the lower animals.

have made a separate chapter on the subject; but, not wishing to multiply chapters, I have included them under the present heading. Here is a story which appeared in *Good Words* for December, 1873:—

A cat is
acciden-
tally
poisoned,

—asks and
obtains
help,

—and
showed
her grati-
tude by
self-denial.

“A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its mistress’s help. The fever and heat were so great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water—an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-bating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed it, and doctored it all the day and night after. It revived, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening, she had gone up-stairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her. She got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth: this it laid as an offering at its mistress’s feet, and went away.

“For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had

kittens, they were not allowed to touch this reserved share; and if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap—

She saves her mice for her mistress.

‘that is not for thee.’ After a while, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look, and restored the mouse, when the cat permitted her children to take the prey which had served its purpose in her eyes.

—and always offers them,

“Here was a refined feeling of gratitude, remembered for months afterward, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) towards her own offspring.”

—even neglecting her own children.

Urged by a similar feeling, my own cat, “Pret,” used invariably to give his mice to me.

He used to kill the animal in a most curious manner, *i.e.*, by taking it, while quite unhurt, by the tip of the tail, carrying it to the top of the house, and dropping it down the well of the staircase. After repeating the process a few times, he would bring the mouse to me, and, while I stroked

How “Pret” killed mice,

and praised it, would keep rubbing himself against me, and purring his content. He then took the mouse again, played with it for a while, and then brought it back to me.

and offered them to his master,

If the study-door were closed, and he could not gain admittance, he always left the

—after decapitating them.

mouse on the mat, previously having bitten off the animal's head. He had a strange fancy also for putting the mice into my bed, and once, on leaving my room in the early morning, I found no less than nine mice laid in a row just outside the door.

An early offering.

Eat-killing.

Afterwards, when we moved into the country, and he took to catching rats instead of mice, he acted in precisely the same manner, sometimes bringing me three or four rats in a single day.

Now in both these cases, the motive was one that would show credit to humanity.

Cats give their best, and man can do no more.

There is nothing that cats like so well as a mouse, and yet, just because they thought mice the most precious object in the world, the cats gave their mice to those whom they loved. Affection, self-denial, generosity, and

gratitude were thus exemplified, all being qualities which of necessity belong to the spiritual and not to the animal nature.

Pret was also remarkable for generosity towards his own kind. An example of this trait of character is given in my "Glimpses into Petland," published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy. The animal was then living in London.

"When he was a few months old he began to scrape acquaintance with other cats, and used to meet them in a back yard, which, by common consent both of cats and householders, seemed to be the feline club-house of the neighbourhood. Now, it was very well of Pret to be social in his habits; but when he took to hospitality, the question became serious.

"It is true that he never allowed strange cats, no matter how big they might be, to enter the house; but, then, he was fond of entertaining his friends in the yard, and was in the habit of bringing his dinner to the club for the benefit of his acquaintances,

—and is
fastidious
about their
diet.

and then wanting a second dinner on his own account in the evening. He even went so far as to be disgusted with the meals furnished to a neighbouring cat, thinking that cat's meat was not fit for feline consumption. Acting on this supposition, he was seen to take away the cat's meat as soon as it was brought by the itinerant purveyor, to carry it into the cellar, bury it under a heap of small coal, and to take his own dinner up-stairs for his friend.

He be-
comes too
generous,

“Even these proceedings might have been pardoned; but Pret's generosity developed so rapidly that we should have been obliged to devise some effectual check, had not a removal to another house put an end to the acquaintance.

—and robs
the larder
for his
friends.

“Finding that his own meals were not sufficient to entertain his friends in the liberal manner in which he thought himself bound to act, he took to ransacking the larder, into which chamber he contrived to gain admission in spite of many precautions. In vain did we keep the doors shut and the

windows fastened, so as to exclude any animal larger than a mouse, for Pret always managed to enter the forbidden precincts whenever he chose. At last, we found out that he achieved the feat by hiding under the servant's dress, and stealthily creeping in when she had occasion to visit the larder. —His ingenious stratagem.

“On one occasion I heard an odd sort of a bumping sound on the stairs; as of some one who was dragging up a burden which could with difficulty be lifted. On going to investigate the source of the unwanted sounds, I found that they were caused by Pret, who had made a raid on the larder. He had contrived to drag out of the dish, and half-way up-stairs, the entire bone of a leg of mutton, resting on each stair in order to get his breath, and then hauling the bone up the succeeding stair. The ant pulling a stick over rough ground presents an exact resemblance to Pret dragging the heavy bone up-stairs.” The thief at his work.

It must be remembered that this labour

A gene-
rous rob-
ber.

was not undertaken for his own selfish purposes. He had not the least idea of eating the meat which he was carrying off, but intended to give it all to his friends.

An anecdote, curiously similar to that which has been related of two cats, has just been sent to me.

Gratitude
in a cat,

There was a cat whose kittens had been rescued from danger by her master, to whom she formed a devoted attachment. During his last illness, she never left his room except for the purpose of procuring food, and even then she ate it hastily, and rushed up-stairs again as fast as possible.

—and her
tribute of
affection.

One day, in order to show her gratitude and affection, she went and caught a mouse, which she laid on his pillow.

Mental
and moral
character
of the cat.

I have always thought that the good qualities of the cat have seldom been appreciated at their just worth. This one trait of generosity, which we all agree in considering as one of the noblest characteristics

of man, is developed very greatly in the cat, which, instead of being a greedy, selfish animal, as we are generally told, is really a very unselfish and generous one, capable of great self-sacrifice, and for objects which appear hardly worthy of it.

The following anecdote of generosity in a cat was told me by Mr. Zwecker, the well-known artist, to whom I am indebted for so many admirable illustrations.

A friend of his had a couple of tame sea-Two tame sea-gulls, gulls, which ranged the garden freely, one wing of each being clipped, to prevent them from flying away. He had, also, a fine young cat, which struck up an oddly assorted friendship with the gulls. After a —pitied by a cat, while, she evidently compassionated their crippled condition, and thought that it prevented them from hunting. So she set —who supplies them with birds and mice. to work at hunting for them, and was in the habit of bringing them little birds and mice, which they ate with the solemn satisfaction of a gull at meals. It is astonishing, by the way, what a large morsel a gull can

Capacity
of a sea-
gull's
mouth.

swallow. I have often seen a gull take a large slice of bread and butter by the middle, and, in spite of the narrowness of its beak, the bird contrived to swallow the slice without putting it down or breaking it.

"Nelly"
the re-
triever and
"No cat.

The following account of generosity on the part of a cat was sent to me by a lady living near Brighton. I knew both the animals mentioned. "Nelly" was a large, black, silken-haired retriever, and a great favourite.

Nelly's
summer
dwelling.

"In the hot weather our large dog, Nelly, whom you admired so much, used to be chained under a large oak in the grounds at the back of the house, just within sight of her kennel and the yard-door.

—takes
her away
from the
cook,

This was done that she might have the comfort of the cool position during the heat of the day, and at the same time command the back entrance to the house. This, however, took her away from the neighbourhood of the cook, and the little scraps and dainty bits which used to be given to her

now and then while the different meals were in course of preparation.

“At the same time, we had a dear motherly old cat, who did not approve of the change of position in which her friend Nelly was placed. Still less did she approve of the cook putting all the scraps in a plate, instead of giving them to Nelly. So she set herself to work at conveying them to her friend, and everything that was not too large for her to carry or drag along, she took to the dog under the tree, and seemed delighted when she saw her friend eat them.

—which the cat thinks is very unfair,

—and so brings Nelly food from the kitchen.

“Now she never stole anything for herself, but she would always do so for any of the dogs. She used to carry little treats to a small dog that was chained up in the house, but this was after she developed the plan of helping Nellie to the dainties of which she, in her pussy-cat brain, considered her friend to have been defrauded.”

I know of a somewhat similar case, where a cat was seen to steal a piece of meat and

A cat in difficulties.

run off with it. She was followed, and then it was found that she had stolen the meat in order to feed a miserable cat that had fallen into a deep hole, and could not get out.

Life among the Esquimaux.

The late Captain Hall, author of the well-known "Life among the Esquimaux," was a great appreciator of the lower animals, especially of the dog. There was one sledge-dog in particular, who was a particular favourite with Captain Hall, in consequence of his intellectual character, and the odd, quaint ways which he had. The reader will admire the singular self-denial and generosity of the animal as shown in the story told by Captain Hall.

A reindeer is missed,

—makes off,

"As Koojesse cautiously proceeded, we all watched him most eagerly. Fifteen minutes saw him 'breasted' by a small island, toward which the deer approached. When they were within rifle-shot he fired, but evidently missed; for the game wheeled round and darted away.

“Directly the report was heard, ‘Barbekark,’ my Greenland dog, bounded off ^{—and is followed by the dogs.} toward the battle-ground, followed by all the other dogs. This was annoying, as it threatened to put an end to any more firing at the game; and, if they would have heeded us, we should instantly have recalled them. But it was now useless. The dogs were in full chase, and fears were entertained that, if they got too far away, some, if not all of them, would be lost. At length ^{Barbekark runs cunning,} we saw Barbekark pursuing, not in the deer *tracks*, circuitous, flexuous, mazy in course, but in a *direct* line, thus evincing a sagacity most remarkable. The other dogs, not taking the same course, soon fell behind.

“On and on went Barbekark straight for a spot which brought him close upon the deer. The latter immediately changed their course, and so did Barbekark, hot in pursuit after them. Thus it continued for nearly ^{—chases the deer for two hours,} two hours; first this way, then that; now in a circle, then zigzag; now direct, then at

right angles, among the numerous islands at the head of the bay.

—and not
seen for
some time.

“For awhile nothing more was thought of the affair, save an expression of regret that the dogs would not be able to find their way home, so far had they been led by the enticing game.

At noon
Barbekark
returns,

“A little before twelve, midday, Barbekark was seen coming back, and presently he came on board, with blood around his mouth and over his body. No importance was attached to this beyond supposing that he had come into collision with the deer; but as for killing one, the thought was not entertained for a moment. Those who had often wintered in the arctic region, said they had never known a dog to be of any use in hunting down deer, and therefore we concluded that our game was gone. But there was something in the conduct of Barbekark that induced a few of the men to think it possible he had been successful. He was fidgety, and restlessly bent upon

—and be-
haves him-
self in a
singular
manner,

drawing attention to the quarter where he had been chasing.

“He kept whining, and going first to one and then another, as if asking them to do something he wanted. The captain even noticed him jumping about, and playing unusual pranks, running towards the gangway steps, then back again. This he did several times, yet no one gave him more than a passing notice. He went to Keeney, and tried to enlist *his* attention, which at last he did, so far as to make him come down to me.

—trying to attract attention on all sides,

“I was writing in my cabin at the time, and mention it; but I gave no heed, being so much occupied with my work. Perhaps had Barbekark found me, I should have comprehended his actions. As it was, he failed to convey his meaning to anybody. Presently one of the men, called ‘Spikes,’ went off to the wreck of the *Rescue*, and Barbekark immediately followed; but, seeing that Spikes went no farther, the dog bounded off to the north-west, and then

—but fails.

At last he
is under-
stood,

—and goes
off with
the men,

—who re-
turn laden
with deer-
flesh.

Spikes concluded that it was really possible that Barbekark had killed the deer. Accordingly, he returned on board, and a party of the ship's crew started to see about it, though the weather was very cold and inclement. They were away two hours; and when they came back, we could observe that each was carrying something like a heavy bundle on his head.

“Still we could not believe it possible that it was portions of the deer; and only when they came so near that the strange fact was perceptible, could we credit our senses. One man, almost Hercules-like, had the skin wrapped around him, another had half of the saddle, a third the other half, and the rest each some portion of the deer that we had all especially noticed. In a short time they were on board, and deposited their loads triumphantly on the scuttle-door leading to the cooking-department below.

“Every officer and man of the ship, all the Innuits and Innuít dogs, then congre-

gated round the tempting pile of delicious fresh meat, the trophy, as it really proved, of my fine Greenland dog, Barbekark. The universal astonishment was so great, that hardly a man of us knew what to say. At length we heard the facts as follows:—

“Our man had followed Barbekark’s return tracks for about a mile from the vessel, in a direct line northward; thence westward some two miles farther to an island, where, to their surprise, they found Barbekark and the other Greenland dogs seated upon their haunches around the deer lying dead before them.

“On examination, its throat was shown to be cut with Barbekark’s teeth as effectually as if any white man or Inuit had done it with a knife. The windpipe and jugular vein had both been severed; more, a piece of each, with a part of the tongue, the skin and flesh covering the same, had actually been bitten out. The moment Sam, one of the men in advance of the rest, approached, Barbekark jumped from his watch-

—the result of Barbekark’s expedition.

The dogs on guard

—over the deer killed by Barbekark,

—who
surrenders
his prize
to his
masters,

ful position close by the head of his victim, and ran to meet him, with manifestations of delight, wagging his tail and swinging his head about. At the same time he looked up into Sam's eyes, as if saying, 'I've done the best I could; I've killed the deer, eaten just one luscious mouthful, and lapped up some of the blood. I now give up what you see, merely asking for myself and these my companions, who have been faithfully guarding the prize, such portions as yourselves may disdain.'"

—which is
more than
savages
would
have done.

It is impossible that human beings could have acted more generously, and it is tolerably certain that few savages would have done as much. Indeed, after reading the accounts of the African savages, as written by Livingstone, Baker, Grant, Burke, Burton, and other modern travellers, we can but come to the conclusion that, if a number of savages in the service of a traveller had killed an animal, very few minutes would have elapsed before the carcass was torn to pieces.

See, also, how many human attributes are here shown. There is Reason. The animal, on hearing the gun, and seeing the deer go off, thought that his help was wanted, and at once gave it, with the assistance of his comrades, over whom he evidently exercised the authority that is so often evinced when peculiarly intellectual animals are brought in contact with those less highly gifted. The latter at once acquiesce in their own inferiority, and submit to the leadership of their acknowledged superior. His reasoning powers were again shown by the way in which he led the chase of the deer,—not following their circular tracks, but cutting across them, just as if he had been a mathematician who knew that the chord was shorter than the arc.

The dog showed reason.

Authority over inferiors.

Practical mathematics.

Having killed the deer, he set his companions to watch the carcass, while he went off to fetch assistance in bringing the deer home. He knew that, although he and his companions could not get the deer to the

Calculation of dead weight versus power.

Language
towards
man,

—and dog.

Genero-
sity.

Hunger of
the sledge-
dog

—repre-
sed by
reason

ship, the men could do so; and accordingly he went to ask their aid in his own doggish language. He must also, before he started, have told his companions that they must not eat the deer. The generosity displayed by all the dogs is really wonderful, when we come to consider the circumstances. An Esquimaux sledge-dog is always hungry; for, in the first place, the constant and severe work in which they are engaged is enough to give them a ravenous appetite; and in the next, the supply of food is always very limited.

So furiously hungry are these dogs, that it is no uncommon thing for them to eat up the leather harness of the sledges, and at night it is necessary to suspend all such articles out of their reach. Yet, with the carcass of a newly-killed reindeer before them, and with the certainty before their eyes of such a meal as they had never enjoyed, and were never likely even to see again, these dogs were generous enough to restrain their appetites, and, instead of grati-

fying their raging hunger on the dainty banquet within their reach, sat and guarded it for hours, and delivered it untouched to their masters. How many hungry men are there, who would have acted so generous a part, and have exercised such trying self-denial? We shall hear more of Barbekark in another portion of this work.

In the *Naturalist's Magazine* there is a remarkable instance of generosity on the part of a sparrow. As a general rule, sparrows are remarkable for their ability in taking care of themselves, and for the manner in which they will seize for themselves the property of others. For example, there are many places where the house-martin used to abound, and is now almost extinct, simply because the sparrows allowed them to build their mud-nests, then ejected them, and took possession themselves. Sparrows have also been known to act as the eagle does to the osprey, and the skua-gull to the smaller species, *i.e.*, allow the weaker bird

—and self-denial.

Generosity in a sparrow.

The sparrow not generous by nature,

—but rather a robber.

to take all the trouble of capturing prey, and then take it away by violence.

There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and a very honourable one is recorded in the *Naturalist's Magazine*. A lady possessed, among other birds, a canary, whose cage used to hang outside the window. One morning, a sparrow perched on the cage, and seemed to hold a sort of conversation with the inmate. Presently he flew away, but shortly returned with a grub, which he dropped into the cage. Every day at the same time the sparrow made his appearance with his accustomed offering, and the canary at last became sufficiently familiar to take his food directly from the sparrow's beak.

A caged
canary

—conver-
ses with a
sparrow,

—who
fetches
food for
the canary

—and
afterwards
for other
birds.

The lady then put some more cages out of the window, and the sparrow fed all of the inmates, invariably however selecting the canary for his first visit, and making the longest stay with that bird.

MAGNAN-
IMITY.

Now let us pass to generosity in the sense of MAGNANIMITY, or unwillingness to resent

an injury, though possessing the power to do so. There are few qualities in human nature more noble than the capability of foregoing revenge when the offender is powerless to resist. I suppose that all my readers have heard of the famous answer to a justly offended man, "Would it not be manly to resent such an affront?" "Yes, but it would be godlike to forgive it." Those who are conscious of power are never afraid to forgive; and thus it is that in the daily services of our Church the very first invocation runs thus, "Almighty and most merciful Father." All-mighty, and therefore all-merciful. Looking back through history, we shall find that those whose names have lived as the noblest of the human race have been distinguished by that divine quality of mercy, which Shakespeare has described in words too familiar for quotation.

*No one thinks
revenge is manly*

Forgiveness of offence

—a special attribute of strength,

—as shown by Shakespeare.

Indeed, when we find those beings whom we call "brute" beasts rising to a moral grandeur which few men can attain, disdaining to avail themselves of the opportunity

Repaying
good for
evil,

of vengeance, and even repaying evil with good; it does seem an utter absurdity to say that they are not acting under the inspiration of Him who gave us the celestial maxim, "Love your enemies." By their action they show themselves worthy of life everlasting; and what they deserve they will assuredly receive at the hands of Him who is Justice and Truth.

—and its
necessary
recom-
pense.

Prize-
fighting,
and its
morals.

Consciously or unconsciously, this feeling is acknowledged among mankind. Taking our own nature, for example, prize-fighters are not considered among the most elevated class of society. Yet one of the fundamental rules of the "Ring" is, "Don't hit a man when he is down;" and any boxer who demeaned himself by such an act would be at once adjudged to have lost the fight, and would be disqualified from entering the ring for the rest of his life. Striking below the belt is another disqualifying action; and the custom of shaking hands before a fight, and the victor sending round his hat on behalf of his vanquished foe, are

Mercy as
well as
strength
recognised
in the
"Ring."

customs showing that, even in this low stratum of society, there is a recognition of the one great principle.

Of the axiom, that those who are strongest are least apt to use their strength, a curious example occurred some years ago, when the "Ring" was in its palmyest days, and the highest in the land went openly to see a fight, as they now go to a horse-race.

A man in the quarrelsome stage of drink came into a public-house, and began to wrangle with those who were already there. At last he took umbrage at one of the guests who was sitting quietly smoking his pipe, and, finding that he was not to be drawn into a fight, called him a coward and struck him on the face, drawing blood. The man merely wiped his face, and went on with his pipe. One of the guests exclaimed, "How can you stand this, Tom Cribb?" At the sound of the dreaded name, the assailant dashed out of the room, and was not seen again. Cribb could afford to take an insult from a man whom every one

Forbearance in a prize-fighter.

A quarrelsome customer

—strikes an unresisting stranger,

—who turns out to be Tom Cribb.

present knew he could have killed at a single blow.

Animals
capable of
similar
magnani-
mity.

As with man, so it is with the lower animals; and there are many instances on record where the strong have disdained to make reprisals on the weak, no matter what the offence might be.

"Lupo"
and
"Tiny."

I knew two dogs in whom the "quality of mercy" was strongly developed. One was an enormous animal called "Lupo," because he looked just like a white wolf, except that he was very much larger. Handsome as he was, his enormous size made him very inconvenient in the house, for, when he chose to lie on the hearth-rug, no one had a chance of coming near the fire. In the same house was a little black and tan terrier, called "Tiny." Now, in cold weather, Tiny liked to have a warm couch by the fire; and whenever Lupo had composed himself to sleep, she used to climb upon his body, turn round and round in his long fur, as if he were nothing

Tiny uses
Lupo as a
couch,

but a door-mat, and also settle down to rest.

The absurdity of the proceeding was crowned by the fact that when she had thus settled herself she would not allow Lupo to move. If he even ventured to stir and disturb her, she would fly savagely at his head, barking and growling viciously; and, if he did not at once lie quiet, thought nothing of biting one of his long ears, Lupo submitting as tamely as if he had taken his name from a lamb, rather than a wolf.

—will not allow him to move,

—and bites him, if he stirs.

Yet Lupo was by no means a person to be trifled with. He once had a tremendous fight with his master about a bone, and it was not until after he had bitten his antagonist severely in the wrist and arms, and had had a succession of sticks broken over him, that he succumbed. Having done so, he, after the manner of well-bred dogs, gave in completely, and came crawling to his master's feet for forgiveness.

Yet Lupo was a formidable antagonist

He fought his master,

As to dogs in general, Lupo had an objection to them, and, when he accom-

—and had
a way of
killing
strange
dogs.

panied his master's carriage, had generally to be fuddled, lest he should pick up any stray dog, give it a shake, toss the dead body over his shoulder, and trot on as if nothing had happened. The curious point in his temperament was, that if a dog ran away from him, that animal was doomed, unless Lupo had a muzzle. But, if the dog flew at him, he respected that dog, and treated him with perfect forbearance. I have seen as many as three dogs at a time hanging on to him, Lupo trotting on unconcernedly, and not taking the least notice of them, even when they dropped off through weariness of jaw.

—unless
they
opposed
him,

—when he
respected
their
courage,
and would
not hurt
them.

Aversion
and enmity

There was one dog which had actually fought himself into friendship with Lupo. He was a terrier belonging to a blacksmith, who lived about half-way between the station and the house of Lupo's master. For some time the animal used to fly at Lupo twice daily, namely, during the progress to and from the station; Lupo, as usual, respecting him for his courage, but

not even attempting to injure him. At last, ^{—changed to friend-} having, like Mrs. Malaprop, begun ^{ship.} with a little aversion, the two animals struck up a friendship, the terrier watching for Lupo, gambolling with him until he had reached his journey's end, and then returning home alone.

My bull-dog "Apollo" was equally mag- ^{My bull-} nanimous: he would suffer almost any ^{dog} provocation from a dog smaller or not much ^{"Apollo,"} larger than himself, but never would allow any liberty to be taken by a big dog. Over ^{—and} and over again has he allowed little dogs ^{other dogs.} to bite him without troubling himself to retaliate; but if a big dog ventured upon an insult, that dog had to run.

One day as I was walking to the post-office, with Apollo at my heels, as usual, a remarkably fine black retriever came up and began to growl at him. Apollo only ^{He is in-} gave him a glance out of the corner of his ^{sulted} eye, and trotted on. The retriever came ^{—by a} close, and continued to growl; whereupon I ^{retriever,} cautioned his owner that, if his dog would

let Apollo alone, Apollo would have nothing to say to him, but, that if the retriever continued his insults, I could not answer for the consequences.

—and as
he is bitten,

—when
the re-
triever is
taught
better
manners,

—and
retires
from the
scene.

The only reply was a disdainful smile, and a contemptuous look at the dog. After some more annoyance Apollo gave a slight growl, and the hairs of his back began to bristle ominously. Again I gave warning, but with the same result. Presently the retriever flew at Apollo, bit him in the ear, and next moment was on his back, with Apollo's grip on his throat. The retriever's master was so startled at the sudden change of affairs that he could not interfere, and in a minute there would have been a dead retriever. Fortunately I had taught Apollo to loosen his hold at the word of command (the hardest lesson I ever had to teach a dog), and I called him off. In a few moments the fallen animal recovered his breath and his legs, and made off at full speed, yelping with pain and terror, and I saw nothing more of him. As for Apollo, he

fell back unconcernedly to his place at my heels, and trotted on as if such a thing as a retriever had never been in existence.

The anecdotes which have been just related show that animals can act magnanimously towards each other. Here, however, is an instance where a dog, which would most assuredly have assaulted the man whom he hated, had the latter been in a position to defend himself, did most nobly forego his vengeance when the enemy was completely at his mercy. As is usually the case with the most characteristic dog-anecdotes, the event occurred in Scotland.

“The manager of a mill, in Fifeshire, was very much disliked by the watch-dog, probably because he had acted harshly to the animal. One very dark night he strayed from the path, and fell over the dog. Perceiving the mistake which he had made, and that he could not recover himself, he gave himself up as lost, the dog being a very powerful one. The animal, however, was

Magnanimous conduct of a dog towards a man.

A man hated by a dog,

—falls into its power,

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—and at last bitten,

—when the retriever is taught better manners,

—and retires from the scene.

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Magnanimous conduct of a dog towards a man.

A man hated by a dog.

—falls into its power,

magnanimous enough to spare a helpless enemy, and to lay aside old grievances.

—and is spared.

Instead of seizing the prostrate man by the throat, the dog only licked his face and indicated his sympathy. Ever afterwards, the man and the dog were great friends."



END OF VOL. I.

