



DOGS AND CATS,

2 636.7

HOW TO REAR AND MANAGE THEM.

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## THE DOG.

It has happened, in writing of certain animals included in this series, that some sort of justification, or, at least, explanation, was necessary for including them among Home Pets. As regards the creature now under consideration, however, he claims his right to the title of Home Pet,—nay, as something infinitely more dignified,—as Home friend and protector. He has proved his right. It has been acknowledged more than two thousand years, and doubtless would have been a very, very long time before, but at that early period, he was only considered a collateral inhabitant, as is the case even now, with the eastern countries, whose inhabitants, as a rule treat him as a faithful fellow with unjustifiable condescension and contempt. As truly says Cuvier, "the dog is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest made by man. The dog, far more than any other animal, becomes a humble friend and companion of man, often seen all the

actually to know and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of his master; and on this account it is that he is alike the pampered menial of royalty and the half-starved partaker of the beggar's crust." When the anecdotal chapter of this section arrived at, I have no doubt that the reader will be of the same opinion with the great Cuvier.

There is so much to say about the dog, that to the important subject, the *origin* of the domestic dog, much too little space can be spared. All sorts of theories have been started. According to some, all domestic dogs are to be regarded as one species; and, as that species is not certainly known to exist in a truly wild state, all the wild dogs, which must be admitted to belong to the same species, being viewed as the offspring of domestic dogs, which have returned to a wild state; while, however it is supposed that the original type or characteristics of the species modified by domestication have in a great measure disappeared. Other writers insist that there are numerous species of dog, originally distinct, and differing, to a notable extent, not only in size and other physical characters, but also in disposition and instincts. A clever writer of this latter way of thinking, says: "It seems to have been too hastily taken for granted, in favour of the opinion that there is only one species of dog, that all the wild races, even the Dhool (Kholsun is this animal's native name, and it inhabits the western frontiers of British India), and the dingo, have sprung from domestic progenitors. There is certainly no evidence of this; and the fact that wild races exist, exhibiting marked diversities of character in countries widely remote and of very different climates, is referred to with confidence on the other side, as affording a strong presumption in favour of the supposition that man has in different countries domesticated the different species which he found there. We do not yet know enough of the amount and limits of the changes which circumstances may produce to warrant any confident conclusions on that ground; and if we were to adopt the views of those who ascribe least to such causes, we might yet demand them to be why, although from certain original types no mixed race originate, there may not yet be other original types capable of combination, or why the limits must be held equally possible between all that were framed by an original act of selection. That there was only one original pair of the human race may be held without one, of necessity, holding that there originally but one pair of dogs."

One of the most able of modern naturalists, Mr. Bell, ascribes to the dog and the wolf specific identity. The period of gestation—sixty-three days—is the same in both animals. One of the most forcible arguments against the dog's wolfish origin is the obliquity of the eyes of the latter compared with the former. Mr. Bell, however, meets this objection by a reasoning decidedly ingenious, if not conclusive. "It may result from the animals' constant habit, for many successive generations, of looking forward to their master and obeying his voice."

Against the identity of the dog and the wolf, the difference of disposition has been strongly urged. The last-quoted authority, however, is prepared for this objection, and rebuts it by relating two anecdotes,—one on his own authority, and the other on that of Cuvier. The first occurred in the gardens of the Zoological Society, and was exhibited in the person of a she-wolf, who came forward to be caressed, and even brought her pups to be caressed also, whenever Mr. Bell, or any one whom she knew, approached her den. Indeed, she killed all her unfortunate young ones in succession, by rubbing them against the bars of the cage in her zeal to have them caressed by her friends. The second happened in the *Ménagerie du Roi*, at Paris, and no faithful dog could show more affecting instances of attachment to its master, or distress on account of his absence, than did the male wolf, the subject of Cuvier's touching account. "With all these analogous properties of form and structure," continues Mr. Bell, "as well as of disposition, I cannot but incline at least to the opinion that the wolf is the original source from which all our domestic dogs have sprung; nor do I see, in the great variety which exists in the different races, sufficient ground for concluding that they may not all of them have descended from one common stock. The turnspit and the mastiff, the pug and the greyhound, are, perhaps, more unlike each other than any of the varieties of other domestic animals; but if it be true that variation depends on habit and education, the very different employment to which dogs, in all ages, have been trained, and the various climates to which they have been naturalized, must not be lost sight of as collateral agents in producing these different forms. The care, too, with which dogs of particular breeds are watched with smaller ones, for the purpose of keeping the progeny as pure as possible, has, doubtless, its effect in promoting such distinctions. . . . Upon the whole, the argument in favour of the view which I have taken, that the wolf is probably the origin of all the

canine races, may be thus stated: the structure of the animal is identical, or so nearly, as to afford the strongest *à priori* evidence in its favour. The dog must have been derived from an animal susceptible in the highest degree of domestication, and capable of great affection for mankind; which has been abundantly proved by the wolf. Dogs having returned to a wild state, and continued in that condition through many generations, exhibit characters which approximate more and more to those of the wolf, in proportion as the influence of domestication ceases to act."

One of the most decided objectors to the above theory is Mr. Richardson, and though that gentleman may not be so profound a naturalist as Bell or Cuvier, he gives instances as well as opinions, and, on that account, at least, his evidence is valuable. His arguments are terse, energetic, and to the point:—

"I positively deny this assumed identity of structure. The intestines of the wolf are considerably shorter than those of the dog, evidently marking him as an animal of more strictly carnivorous habits. The orbits are placed higher and more forward in the skull. The proportion between the bones of the hind legs differs; so does the number of toes. The structure of the teeth is different, these being in the wolf much larger, and the molar teeth of the upper and under jaw being adapted to each other, in the wolf, in a peculiar *scissors*-like manner, rendering them infinitely more serviceable for breaking bones—a structure not found in the dog.

"The wolf is not 'susceptible of the *highest degree of domestication*, and capable of great affection for mankind, which has been abundantly proved of the dog.' When has it been proved? I have seen many so-called 'tame wolves,' but never one that might be trusted, or that did not, when opportunity offered, return to his fierce nature and wild habits. The whelps, too, produced by these partially *domesticated* wolves, are not in the smallest degree influenced by the domestication of their parents. The Royal Zoological Society of Ireland had, some years ago, in their gardens in the Phoenix Park, a pair of very tame wolves. These produced young, which became tame likewise, and, in their turn, produced cubs. The society very kindly presented me with one of the last-mentioned cubs, which, though only five weeks old when I took him from his dam, was as fierce and violent in his own little way as the most savage denizen of the forest. I brought up this animal among my dogs; for

them he conceived a considerable degree of affection, or respect perhaps, for *submission* was the most striking feature of his conduct towards them, and was, doubtless, induced by the frequent and substantial castigations he received. He never, it is true, exactly dared to attack me in front, but he once showed a disposition to do so, when I pulled him down by the tail as he was endeavouring to get over the garden-wall. He, however, on several occasions charged at me from behind, when he thought my attention was otherwise engaged. He once only succeeded in inflicting a severe bite; and as by this time I had utterly despaired of making anything of him,—he was about eighteen months old,—I sent him about his business. He subsequently fell into the hands of a showman, and assumed his proper character in the caravan.

“How does it happen that the dog is to be met with in every quarter of the globe to which man has penetrated, while the true wolf has never yet been met with south of the equator? Further, are not several distinct species of wolf admitted to exist? Is there not more than one distinct species of wolf admitted by naturalists to exist in North America alone? It has not even been attempted to be proved that these species are identical; their distinctness has been more than tacitly admitted. Yet they resemble each other far more closely than any wolf does the dog. Has the dog, then, been derived from each and all of these wolves; or has the original wolf, origin alike of wolf and dog, been yet properly indicated? Should not this fact be duly ascertained prior to that in question?”

In a note to his translation of Cuvier's “*Regne Animal*,” Mr. Blyth thus expresses his opinion respecting the domestic dog's origin:—

“If the idea, which I conceive there is every reason to entertain, respecting the origin of the domestic dog be well founded, it is clear that a recurrence to a single wild type would be impossible. The dog is apparently a blended race, derived principally from the wolf, and partly from various other allied species. In the Museum of the Zoological Society of London, there is a specimen of an Esquimaux dog (*C. nubilus*), which resembles the large American wolf so closely, that there can scarcely be any doubt of the connexion which subsists between them; and it is well known, of the American wolves in particular, that if a young animal be surprised by a hunter, and suddenly menaced by his voice and manner, it will crouch to him and implore his mercy in precisely the manner of a spa-

niel; so that only a little encouragement and kindness are required to gain its permanent attachment; indeed many of them are killed to obtain a proffered reward, by taking this (assuredly unworthy) advantage of their natural submissiveness. That the wolf possesses the mental qualities, and is capable of the same strong attachment to man as the most faithful dog, has been abundantly proved by the observations of M. F. Cuvier and others; and the unremitting persecution to which it has been necessarily subjected in Europe, for so many years, will sufficiently account for the savage and distrustful character which it exhibits when unclaimed; though even then the germs of a better disposition are traceable in the permanent attachment of the male and female, and sociality of the young, till urgent necessity, or the annual period of dominant sexual excitement, subdues every milder propensity and acquired sentiment of friendship or disinterested affection. Instances occasionally happen of the dog returning by choice to a state of wildness, and assuming then, of necessity, the character ascribed to the wolf. I have known this to occur in a male pointer, and in a female greyhound: the latter was so fine a specimen of the breed, that on being entrapped, it was thought desirable to obtain a litter from her, which was accordingly effected; but while her puppies were very young she managed to escape to the woods, and never returned. Three of her progeny grew to be excellent hounds; but two others proved quite irreclaimable, and, escaping from servitude like their dam, were finally shot for their destructive propensities."

Some naturalists take the jackal as the dog's progenitor, and others, to account for the numerous species, suggest that the breed of jackals and wolves may be mixed in some of the domestic races with that of the original dogs. Dr. Hunter proved beyond doubt that the wolf and the jackal will breed with the dog; but he had not sufficient data for coming to the conclusion that all three were identical as species. In the course of the doctor's experiments it was ascertained that the jackal went fifty-nine days with young, whilst the wolf went sixty-three days.

It would be useless, however, to proceed further into the controversy. On either side the argument is equally strong that victory has not yet been declared for one or the other, and after all we are compelled to take the dog as we find him; and let his antecedents be what they may, he is none the less worthy our everlasting respect and admiration. "The whole

species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his master, adopts his manner, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from mere necessity nor from constraint, but simply from true friendship. The swiftness, the strength, and the highly-developed power of smelling, of the dog, have made him a powerful ally of man against the other animals, and were perhaps necessary to the establishment of society. It is the only animal that has followed man all over the earth." And all this since that remote period when the Israelites were captives in Egypt, and when it was recorded in sacred Scripture, "But against Israel shall not a dog raise his tongue."

That this animal has ever been held in the highest esteem in all countries except the East, requires but little research to prove. The ancient fire-worshippers of Persia recognized the dog as the "good principle," by which they were enabled to resist the assaults of the evil powers. They symbolized Ormord, their god, in the form of a dog; for, to a nomad race, there is no animal so dear, no type of a divine watchfulness so true, as the protector of the herd. A thousand lashes was the punishment for maiming any able dog, and it was a capital offence to kill one. The sight of a dog by dying men was said to comfort them with bodings of the conquest of all evil, and of their immortal peace. In later times, the Persian<sup>s</sup> held it to be a good token for the dead, if a dog approached the corpse and ate from between the lips a bit of bread that had been placed there; but, if no dog would approach the body, that was held to be a sign of evil for the soul.

Among the old Franks, Suabians, and Saxons, a dog was held in small esteem; nevertheless, and, indeed, for that cause, he was not seldom set over the highest nobles of the land. If a great dignitary had, by broken faith, disturbed the peace of the realm, a dog was put upon his shoulder by the Emperor. To carry a dog for a certain distance was, in the time of Otto the First, and after it, one of the severest punishments inflicted on unruly prisoners. Nobles of lower rank carried, instead of the dog, a chain; peasants, a plough wheel. The Peruvians both worshipped the dog and ate it at their most solemn sacrifices. According to Kaempfer, the Japanese regard the dog with religious awe. Among ancient as well as modern Britons, the dog was an honoured companion. *Cu*, in the ancient British language, signified a dog, and among the ancient mighty Bri-

fish chiefs are found Cunobelin and Canute. Of the opinion of modern poets respecting the faithful animal we are aware; and that he was equally esteemed by poets of old Virgil attests:—

“Nor, last, forget thy faithful dogs: but feed  
With fattening whoy the mastiff's generous breed,  
And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,  
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief,  
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay  
The mountain robbers rushing to the prey.  
With cries of hounds thou may'st pursue the fear  
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer,  
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage  
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.”





THE DINGO.

## VARIETIES OF THE DOG.

## WILD DOGS.—THE DINGO.

ONE of the most remarkable of this genus is the Australian dog, or Dingo. It is described as of wolf-like appearance, and standing when erect about two feet in height, and measuring two and a half feet in length. The head is formed much like that of the fox, the ears short, and with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle. The general colour of the upper parts pale brown, lighter under the belly. The hind part of the fore legs and the fore part of the hinder ones are white, as are all the feet; the tail is of a moderate length and somewhat bushy, but in a less degree than that of the fox. "It has," says a recent writer in reference to a female of the species, "much of the manners of the dog, but is of a very savage nature, and not likely to change in this particular. It laps like other dogs, but neither barks nor growls when teased; instead of which it erects the hairs of the whole body like bristles

and seems furious; it is very eager after its prey, and will eat rabbits or chickens raw, but will not touch dressed meat. From its fierceness and agility it has greatly the advantage over animals of superior size; a very fine French dog being put to it, it at once seized it by the loins, and would have soon put an end to its existence had not help been at hand. With the utmost ease it can leap over the back of an ass, and was very near worrying one to death, having fastened on it so that the creature was unable to disengage himself without assistance."

A high degree of organization is observable among the dingoes. They form into packs, and each pack takes an allotment of country and keeps to it, never interfering with another. So formidable were the ravages committed by these savages on the flocks of sheep and lambs of the early colonists, that it was found necessary to band together for mutual protection; an arrangement, the policy of which will at once be seen, when, as was proved at the time, twelve hundred sheep and lambs were seized and devoured in the space of three months.

The dingo's tenacity of life is extraordinary. Instances have occurred where it has been overtaken and clubbed till it lay an inanimate mass—as an observer might suppose mere amalgamated flesh and bone cased in dog-hide. Scarcely, however, have its triumphant beaters turned their backs, when the dingo, opening an eye at a time to see that the coast is clear, gets up and limps home. Mr. Bennet, in his "Wanderings," mentions the case of a dingo that, supposed to be dead, was carried to a tent to undergo the process of flaying, and actually suffered the skin to be cut from one cheek before he wriggled to his feet and scampered off.

#### THE HUNTING DOG, OR "WIND HONDER."

This animal, which would seem to be a connecting link between the dog and the hyæna, is a native of Southern Africa. Its general colour is reddish or yellowish brown, marked at intervals with large patches of black and white. The nose and muzzle are black, and the central line of the head is marked with a well-defined black stripe, which reaches to the back of the head. The ears are extremely large, and covered with short black hairs. From their inside edge arises a large tuft of long white hair, which spreads over and nearly fills the cavity of the ear. They hunt in packs, and when in pursuit of game are very wolf-like in their behaviour, and for a wonderfully long period maintain a long-strided leisurely gallop.

Their females bring forth their whelps in holes and underground burrows.

They have three different cries, each being used on different occasions. One of these cries is a sharp angry bark, usually uttered when they behold an object they cannot exactly make out; another resembles a number of monkeys chattering together, or men conversing with their teeth clashing with cold. This cry is emitted at night, when large numbers of them are together, and they are excited by any particular occurrence, such as hearing the voice of the domestic dog. The third cry, and that most commonly used among them, is a sort of rallying note to bring the various members of the pack together.

They hunt in packs, fifty or sixty strong, the leading hounds, when fatigued, falling in the rear, while others, who have been "saving their wind," take their place, and the entire troop, inspired anew, utter their appalling yell and lengthen their strides. Let the object of pursuit be what it may—eland, gnou, or gemsbok—he will surely succumb to the dogged perseverance of the wild honden, and, being once brought to bay, the business is speedily settled. Now you have the panting and bedraggled antelope, helplessly contending against the death that awaits him in each of the fifty pairs of sanguinary jaws by which he is encircled, and within ten minutes not a trace of him, except it be a few of the larger bones—not a strip of skin, or a scrap of flesh, or a smear of blood—all vanished, and nothing to betoken the tragedy lately performed but a posse of blinking, weary, pot-bellied "hondens" lying here and there.

Should the huntsman approach a horde of these wild dogs, nothing of the fear displayed by other carnivorous animals is apparent. They will merely emerge from their holes or rise from the ground on which they are reclining, yawn, shake themselves, and slowly make off, stopping at every few steps to look back, as though not quite sure that the intruder is an enemy, and inclined to parley with him. But against the hunter's dogs they bear the deadliest animosity, seeming to regard them as renegades and voluntary slaves, deserving the hatred of every free cur in the country. Singly, however, the "wild honden" would be no match against the trained hunting-dog, and with this fact the former seems to possess an instinctive knowledge, and is never rash enough to forget. Should the hunter or the Boer, whose defenceless flock has been ravaged, loose his watch-dogs and urge them to combat with the "honden," the latter will not budge an inch, lest, in the

fight, one of these weak creatures may fall in the rear and come to grief. Steadily they keep their ground, and when the avenging farm-dogs approach, open on either side to admit them, and then as suddenly closing up again, tear them limb from limb, and, devouring their carcasses, trot off merrily.

## THE DHOLE.

The Dhole, or Kholsun, inhabits the western frontiers of British India. Its colour is bright bay, deeper on the muzzle, ears, feet, and tip of tail, than elsewhere. It is under two feet in height, and rather slim in build. It is a very shy animal, abiding in the depths of the jungles, and never venturing near the abode of man.

Like the other wild dogs it forms packs, and hunts down its game, both large and small. The dhole is a brave dog, and has no fear even of the terrible tiger. "From the observations which have been made," writes a naturalist, "it seems that hardly any native Indian animal, with the exception of the elephant and the rhinoceros, can cope with the dhole; that the fierce boar falls a victim, despite his sharp tusks; and that the swift deer fails to escape these persevering animals. The leopard is tolerably safe, because the dogs cannot follow their spotted quarry among the tree-branches, in which he fortifies himself from their attacks; but if he were deprived of his arboreal refuge, he would run but a poor chance of escaping with life from his foes. It is true, that in their attacks upon as powerfully armed animals as the tiger and the boar, the pack is rapidly thinned by the swift blows of the tiger's paw or the repeated stabs of the boar's tusks; but the courage of the survivors is so great, and they leap on their prey with such audacity, that it surely yields at last from sheer weariness and loss of blood."

## THE BUANSUAH.

This animal, found throughout Northern India, in habit closely resembles the dhole. Like the latter animal, it is shy, bold, and hunts in packs. Unlike the dhole, however, it is capable of uttering a sort of bark, which, though quite distinct from that of the domestic dog, can be described by no other term. It is a bulkier dog than the dhole. When captured during its puppy-hood, the buansuah may be trained to obey its keeper, to help him in the chase, and to come and go at command. Having, however, succumbed to one human being, the animal evidently regards it as by no means a natural con-

sequence that he is to be regarded by the community at large as a tame dog. The individual who has tamed him is welcome to his services; but to the rest of the world he is a wild dog still, and willing to substantiate the title against any one rash enough to dispute it. For this reason, it would seem improbable that the buansuah will ever be numbered among *canis familiaris*.

There exist in different countries animals of the dog species that, while they may repudiate utter savagery, cannot claim to be considered as domesticated. Among these may be classed the Asiatic street dogs, that possess no inconsiderable semblance to the wolf, both in appearance and habit. These dogs are not at all scrupulous about attacking a lone man, should the sun be down and all snug and quiet. It is said that these pariahs divide into bodies, and, portioning the city into lots, each body keeps to its own ground. Should a dog of one body pass the boundary and trespass on the ground of another body, he will infallibly be fallen on and devoured. A modern writer relates, that not long ago a traveller, who was well accustomed to the East, was rather in a hurry, and took a short cut through some bye-way. As commonly happens, the short cut proved a very long one, for a number of these dogs, resenting the intrusion of a stranger on their particular territories, immediately assaulted him. He was forced to stand at bay with his back against a wall, exerting all his energies, to the discomfiture of the leader of the pack, a ferocious-looking cur, scarred in all parts of his body by the numerous battles in which he had been engaged. In this position he waited until help arrived, and took this as a warning never again to go by a short cut in an Oriental city.

Among the North American Indians, hordes of semi-savage dogs prowl in the neighbourhood of the tents, literally snatching a living from the cooking-pots and offal cast out by the natives. Although, however, the Indian will not feed his dog, he has not the least objection to feed on him; in fact, dog-flesh is considered a delicacy, and one that is never missing from the board whenever an extraordinary feast is in progress. The manner of conducting these dog-meat orgies is peculiar. In one of them, the liver of the dog is tied to a pole, and the savages, gorgeously attired in feathers and red and yellow ochre, perform a sort of maypole dance round it, each dancer snatching with his teeth a little bit of the liver, until the last morsel is consumed.

One of their religious ceremonies has dog's-meat attached to

it. The Rev. J. G. Wood thus describes it. "There is a very peculiar god of the Indians who is always hot when the weather is cold, and cold when the weather is hot. He then has to be worshipped in his own peculiar fashion. The worshippers dress themselves in long pointed caps, not unlike those worn by the unfortunate wretches under the power of the Inquisition. They then kindle a large fire, and hang over it a cauldron containing dog's-meat. While the water is boiling they perform a mystic dance, and when it is bubbling up most furiously, each, as he passes, dips his hand in the boiling water, and exclaims, 'How cold it is!' The next time that the circuit is completed, the same process is repeated; but this time each one throws the boiling water over his naked shoulders, again exclaiming, 'How cold it is!' After some time consumed in these ceremonies, the meat is supposed to be thoroughly boiled. Each then takes a piece of the scalding meat out of the pot and swallows it, again exclaiming, 'How cold it is!'"

"There are no wild dogs in Ceylon," writes Tennent, "but every village and town is haunted by mongrels of European descent, who are known by the generic description of *Pariahs*. They are a miserable race, unacknowledged by owners, living on the garbage of the streets and sewers, lean, wretched, and mangy, and if spoken to unexpectedly, shrinking with an almost involuntary cry. Yet in these persecuted outcasts, there survives that germ of instinctive affection which binds the dog to the human race, and a gentle word, even a look of compassionate kindness, is sufficient foundation for a lasting attachment. The Singhalese, from their aversion to taking away life in any form, permit the increase of these desolate creatures, till, in the hot season, they become so numerous as to be a nuisance; and the only expedient hitherto devised by the civil government to reduce their numbers, is, once in each year, to offer a reward for their destruction, when the Tamils and Malays pursue them in the streets with clubs, and the unresisting dogs are beaten to death on the side-paths and dog-steps where they have been taught to resort for food. Lord Torrington, during his tenure of office, attempted the more civilized experiment of putting some check on their numbers by imposing a dog-tax, the effect of which would have been to lead to the drowning of puppies; whereas there is reason to believe that dogs are, at present, bred by the horsekeepers to be killed for the sake of the reward."



THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

The sledge-drawing Esquimaux dog can be regarded as little less than a canine barbarian. Despite its long hair and bushy tail, it has the oblique eyes and elongated muzzle of the wolf. It is not a large dog, measuring but twenty-two inches from toe to shoulders. Yet the work it is compelled to do is dreadfully heavy, six or eight of them attached to a heavy sledge frequently accomplishing sixty miles a day, for several days in succession. The Esquimaux is, as a rule, as untamed a savage as his dog; so it may be easily understood that there occasionally occurs a roughish tussle between the reasoning and unreasoning brute. Says Mr. Hooper, in his "Tents of the Tuski," "When ordinary modes of chastisement have failed, the proceedings then instituted are very curious indeed. The driver gets off his sledge, seizes the dog which has misconducted himself, and makes a nice little hole in the snow, in which he arranges the unfortunate wretch's nose with the greatest care and attention to its suitable position. Having thus made due preparations, he pounds away at the snout of his victim with the butt-end of his whip, which is generally a piece of heavy flat ivory, in the most remorseless manner. I used at first, particularly on viewing this novel punishment, to be under great fear that the noses of the poor beasts must inevitably be broken or crushed; but no such consequence ensued, nor had our remonstrances any effect. If the snow was too soft for the purpose (of forming a ledge on which the dog's nose might be rested), the driver's foot was

substituted. The dogs do not make any noise while they are receiving the dreadful punishment, and only make an occasional short yell as they run away when they are released."

#### DOMESTIC DOGS.

Compared with what they were at a no more remote period than when our parents were little girls and boys, the present are piping times for dogs. Less than fifty years ago a man might with impunity train and educate dogs to the end that they might, by way of public show, maul and tear each other to death. The brutal pastime may not have flourished under the open gaze of the law, but flourish it did, and if the law discovered it, it merely winked. Less than fifty years ago, it was a common thing to see dogs harnessed to vehicles—to hawkers' vans, to costermongers' trucks, and to dog's-meat barrows. I think this practice has not been abolished more than twenty years; at all events, I, who am barely aged thirty, have a distinct recollection of enjoying the acquaintance and friendship of an old gentleman who hawked brushes and brooms about the country, and to whose large light van were harnessed four tremendous shaggy dogs. Wonderfully strong these dogs must have been. As for the van and the stock, they could wag their tails while they ran away with it; and even when their good-natured master invited a few stout boys to have a ride, their speed never relaxed to anything short of a comfortable trot.

Amongst the doggy reminiscences of my childhood, there is one other of an unlucky old brown dog that used to draw the cat's-meat barrow of an old woman, who supplied food to the feline of our district. As might have been expected, the barrow was ordinarily attended on its "rounds" by at least three or four hungry vagabond curs, ever watchful for a chance to crib a tempting mouthful when the old woman turned her back to serve a customer. The brown dog in the shafts was evidently conscious of the peril of the stock behind him, and yet was so helpless to avert it, that it was only by "swiftly backing" the barrow that he could ever get a bite at the lurking villains. One among the hungry ones gave more trouble to the brown dog than any other. This was a lank, short-cropped animal, of a sort of mixture of common street-cur and Scotch terrier, with perhaps a dash of Punch and Judy breed. He was the bane of the brown dog's barrow-life. He would run under the barrow and bite the brown dog's heels;

he would carry every scrap he could filch from the barrow and coolly devour it before the eyes of the outraged quadruped. One day he served him a trick that eclipsed all his previous impudence. There were four rearward vagabonds on this occasion, and it being Monday, the old meat-woman was detained somewhat longer than usual at the area gates, collecting her weekly bills. The four brigands, led by him of the mixed breed, trotted behind the barrow, stopping when it stopped. Presently the old woman, having carved a cat's dinner, went to deliver



it, leaving a substantial slice on the cutting-board. This evidently was the opportunity the mixed-breed (who I have not the least doubt planned the whole trick) had been watching for. Rearing on his hind legs he seized the slice, and, instead of retreating with it, carried it to within three yards of the brown dog's face, where he stood with it in his mouth in the most daring way, and wagging his tail defiantly. For a moment the brown dog seemed stupefied. That the mixed-breed had obtained the meat dishonestly was not for a moment to be doubted. Giving a tremendous growl, and forgetful of his burden, the faithful fellow set off after the thief, who, being

substituted. The dogs do not make any noise while they are receiving the dreadful punishment, and only make an occasional short yell as they run away when they are released."

## DOMESTIC DOGS.

Compared with what they were at a no more remote period than when our parents were little girls and boys, the present are piping times for dogs. Less than fifty years ago a man might with impunity train and educate dogs to the end that they might, by way of public show, maul and tear each other to death. The brutal pastime may not have flourished under the open gaze of the law, but flourish it did, and if the law discovered it, it merely winked. Less than fifty years ago, it was a common thing to see dogs harnessed to vehicles—to hawkers' vans, to costermongers' trucks, and to dog's-meat barrows. I think this practice has not been abolished more than twenty years; at all events, I, who am barely aged thirty, have a distinct recollection of enjoying the acquaintance and friendship of an old gentleman who hawked brushes and brooms about the country, and to whose large light van were harnessed four tremendous shaggy dogs. Wonderfully strong these dogs must have been. As for the van and the stock, they could wag their tails while they ran away with it; and even when their good-natured master invited a few stout boys to have a ride, their speed never relaxed to anything short of a comfortable trot.

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light and lean, found no difficulty in keeping a-head. So the chase continued for about a quarter of a mile, when the wheels of the barrow encountered a stone, and the vehicle was capsized on the spot. Now was the mixed-breed's chance. By a sudden wheel he doubled on the pursuing brown dog, and in another moment had selected a choice piece from the spilt treasure, from which his three confederates had already helped themselves.

It was a common thing in these days to see dogs harnessed to carts belonging to bakers, butchers, cat's-meat vendors, and costermongers of all grades. And when the week's work was over, the proprietors of the said animals went out on little excursions to Richmond, Kew, and other favourite Cockney holiday resorts, on the Sunday, for a "treat." Kind, hospitable "costers" would invite a select party of friends, and decorate their barrows and dogs and themselves in gay style, and then drive out for a day's holiday. Great excitement sometimes was occasioned by a race between the dogs of these worthies, the poor brutes, in their eagerness to serve their masters, often outstripping the mail-coach.

Such proceedings naturally called forth much sympathy for the overworked dogs, and several philanthropic persons did their utmost to put a stop to them. Representations were made to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and that institution prevailed on a Mr. Hawes to endeavour to obtain some legal interference. That kind-hearted gentleman brought a bill into the House of Commons for the abolition of London dog-slavery. Whether the "House" at that time was so dreadfully in want of a question that this canine one was at once eagerly caught, or that "emancipation" in all guises and shapes was acceptable to the British public, I am not prepared to state. Certain it is, however, that with more zeal than judgment the bill was passed, making it illegal to use the dog as a beast of burden. No provision was made for the maintenance of the emancipated canine "niggers" of London. Nevertheless, great were the rejoicings of those who influenced the passing of the bill, and "they commemorated the event by a picture representing the dogs in council,—the president, a mastiff, reading the Act, while a terrier stood ready, document in paw, to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Hawes. In the distance a procession of costermongers, &c., was seen drawing their own carts, while the emancipated dogs were looking on, laughing at them."

But, alas! the shortsightedness of politicians, and the mis-

guided generosity of philanthropists, had provided a remedy which (so far as the dogs were concerned) was a hundred times more lamentable than the evil itself. Let the reader imagine an edict being passed to-morrow, prohibiting the application of manual labour to all the donkeys in London, and he will at once get an idea of the result of the above Act in relation to draught dogs. The interesting question probably never occurred to the ingenious Mr. Hawes and his colleagues:—what is to become of the animals thus precluded from earning their maintenance? An indulgent master here and there, perhaps, pensioned his old canine servant, but what became of the majority of the less fortunate ones? A creditable authority says:—“We saw, one morning, upwards of fifty of them being drowned in the Surrey canal.” Indeed, on the very next day that the Act was passed, hundreds of these fine muscular animals, some of them nearly as large as young donkeys, were hung, shot, stoned, drowned, or otherwise put to death; and within a month, there was scarcely one of these useful dogs to be seen in the streets of London.

To return, however, to the dog-working question. It was not only as a beast of draught that the animal was employed. Before the invention of that useful roasting apparatus the “smoke-jack,” there was attached to all kitchens where much meat was cooked a couple of long, low, bandy dogs, known as “turn-spits.” At one end of the meat-spit was fastened a long wooden cylinder with bars on the inside to secure foothold. Into this wheel one of the dogs was put, and there he trod with a walking action, which spun the cylinders and consequently the spit round. The two dogs worked in spells of say fifteen minutes each, and sure as the clock, if the “relief” did not make his appearance at the end of a quarter of an hour, his mate would either stand still and refuse to go another round, or else he would leap out and hunt for the skulker. Singularly enough, and as though they were fit to turn a meat-spit and for nothing else, since the invention of modern cooking appliances the turnspit-dog has been gradually vanishing from amongst us. As says the Rev. J. G. Wood: “Just as the invention of the spinning-jenny abolished the use of distaff and wheel, which was formerly the occupation of every well-ordered English cottage, so the invention of automaton roasting-jacks has destroyed the occupation of the turnspit-dog, and by degrees has almost annihilated its very existence. Here and there a solitary turnspit may be seen, just as a spinning-wheel

or a distaff may be seen in a few isolated cottages; but both the dog and the implement are exceptions to the general rule, and are only worthy of notice as curious relics of a bygone age."

As before observed, the "good time" for dogs has arrived. In the days of their oppression and servitude, the advent of a "day,"—that is, a day of uncontrolled liberty and freedom of action,—was a circumstance of such rare occurrence that only one such could be—according to the old proverb—guaranteed to each dog in the course of its existence. Now, however, every dog has not only his "day," but all the days of his life. Gaol is the doom of the man who sets dogs to fight each other. Should he set the biggest mastiff to draw even so light a thing as a perambulator, the same fate will inevitably overtake him. Acts of Parliament have been made rendering him an article to purloin which is a transportable offence; and that he may not, when lame, and grey, and useless, die, as did his forefathers, in a ditch, a hospital has been established at the north of London, where night and day patients are admitted without inquiry or recommendation.

#### THE THIBET<sup>d</sup> MASTIFF.

We will begin with this dog, not only because he is one of the largest, if not the largest, dog in the world, but because he, standing alone among his tribe, holds Europeans in the utmost detestation: a white face at once rouses the Thibet's ire as effectually as a rat displayed to a terrier. He may be a very good and faithful animal, but still the last-mentioned fact is not of a pleasant character, and the sooner he is dismissed the better.

Speaking of the Thibet dog, Mr. Broderip observes: "These noble animals are the watch-dogs of the table-land of the Himalaya mountains about Thibet. Their masters, the Bhetees, to whom they are most strongly attached, are a singular race, of a ruddy copper colour, indicating the bracing air which they breathe, rather reserved, but of an excellent disposition. The men till the ground and keep sheep, and at certain seasons come down to trade, bringing borax, tinctal, musk, &c., for sale. On these occasions the women remain at home with the dogs, and the encampment is watched by the latter, which have an almost irreconcilable hatred to Europeans, and generally fly ferociously at a white face." They are of a black colour, with a tawny patch over each eye. Their skin seems to hang loosely,

and their upper lips are curiously pendulous. Several of these animals have been brought to England, but in almost every instance they have in the course of a short period either dwindled to a miserable condition or died outright. No other climate but the very coldest seems to agree with the Tibet dog.



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DOG

THE BULL-DOG.

This creature, next to the game-cock, bears the reputation of being the most courageous animal in the world. In one respect he is decidedly the game-cock's inferior, for whereas to whatever part of the world the latter combination of pluck and feathers be carried, it remains dauntless as ever, the bull-dog in India is the merest cur, fit only to loll its tongue and lie in the shade.

The shape of the bull-dog is somewhat remarkable. "The fore-quarters are particularly strong, massive, and muscular; and the chest wide and roomy. The hind-quarters, on the contrary, are very thin, and comparatively feeble. All the vigour of the animal seems to settle in its fore-legs, chest, and head. The little fierce eyes that gleam savagely from the round combative head, have a latent fire in them that gives cause for much suspicion on the part of a stranger who comes unwarily within reach of one of these dogs. The underhung jaw, with its row of white glittering teeth, seems to be watering with desire to take a good bite at the stranger's leg; and the matter is not improved by the well-

known custom of the bull-dog to bite without giving the least vocal indication of his purpose."

The notion that the bull-dog is by nature a dull and brutish animal is wide from the fact. As he occasionally makes his appearance before us he is stolid and hideous enough, in all conscience. But it must be borne in mind that this is not the true bull-dog; this is a creature taught and trained, or what is worse, whose great grandfather was taught and trained only to fight its kind, and to pin bulls. It is housed to this end, and fed and educated to it. No other canine animal has so little liberty. It is fettered to its dismal kennel in many ways in which other dogs are exempt. It is preparing for a "match," and must, therefore, be kept quiet; it is recovering from a "match" (look at its poor throat and ears), and must not leave the kennel for a moment. Even when neither of these causes of imprisonment exists there are two others that are as firmly attached to it as its own tail. It is dangerous to let it out—it might bite somebody: it is impolitic to let it out, as it is an animal of choice breed, and to let it run with common street dogs might spoil its manners at the very least. So it is kept a prisoner; a surly savage, feeding—not too heartily—on raw meat, with an occasional bone to whet its fangs on while it cogitates its last battle and battles to come. A pretty specimen of humanity a man would turn out if he were subjected to similar treatment. Goodness knows, with liberty allowed him, when his mind is fully bent on fighting—when he deliberately steeps himself in blackguardism, and studies the trade of prize-fighting as a means of existence, a man converts himself into no mean likeness of the jowled brute.

As has been truly said, "the bull-dog ranks as an entirely artificial creation. In proof of this stands the well-known fact, that unless the breed be sedulously kept up, it is apt to degenerate, or to become extinct. Old breeders even now say, the ancient kind of English bull-dog is nowhere to be found. But take another proof. We want no anatomical knowledge or prejudice: in him formation is to be judged. Look at the head of the animal. Is not the cranium a malformation? Do not the habits of the animal prove it to be a pampered creation? It is not generally known, that the disposition of the genuine bull-dog is too fond. It will fondle upon any stranger; and yet, contrary to the general custom of its race, it displays small preference for its master. It will fondle a human being as though its heart would burst with affection; but upon the

slightest excitement—often upon a sudden sound—it will fly at and mangle the hand that was caressing it. Then the hold taken by this animal is more retentive, that is, strictly natural. It will fix upon an object, and frequently suffer itself to be dismembered before it will let go its hold, although its master's voice be energetically raised to command it. Do not these traits bespeak the being formed rather by man's malice, than created by Nature's goodness? Look at the likeness of the beast, and say how far it resembles the mild, graceful, and generous race to which it outwardly belongs."

According to Stonehenge, to be well-bred, the bull-dog should present the following characteristics: "The head should be round, the skull high, the eye of moderate size, and the forehead well sunk between the eyes; the ears semi-erect and small, well placed on the top of the head, and rather close together than otherwise; the muzzle short, truncate, and well furnished with chop; the back should be short, well arched towards the stern, which should be fine and of moderate length. Many bull-dogs have what is called a crooked stern, as though the vertebrae, or tail, were dislocated or broken. I am disposed to attribute this to ill-breeding. The coat should be fine, though many superior strains are very woolly-coated; the chest should be deep and broad, the legs strong and muscular, and the foot narrow, and well split up like a hare's."

There is scarcely a sporting dog in Europe into whose blood has not been imported some of that of the bull-dog. It is not only as a fighter that the animal excels. Perseverance is as much its characteristic as pugnacity, and many a time it has easily beaten another dog in a feat supposed to be its antagonist's speciality. For instance, a bull-dog was lately matched by its owner to swim a match against a large Newfoundland dog. The owners of the competing quadrupeds threw them out of a boat at a given signal, and then rowed away as fast as possible. The two dogs followed the boat, and the bull-dog won the given distance by a hundred yards. It was remarked that while the whole of the Newfoundland's body was submerged, showing only the upper part of his head above the surface, the whole of the bull-dog's head and its neck were visible the whole distance.

#### THE CUBAN MASTIFF.

This animal is supposed to be a cross between the true English mastiff and the bloodhound. The aversion to white

folks, that distinguishes the Thibet dog, is in this case exactly reversed, if not by nature, at least as far as the teachings of brutal men may prevail. Sometimes this mastiff is called the "Nigger" hound, a term the application of which will render any explanation as to this dog's pursuits almost unnecessary. When, in reading slave romances or realities, the reader comes across a runaway-nigger hunt, he may bear in mind that the dog in question is the foremost brute in the chase. When the Spaniards invaded America, the ravages and blood-thirstiness of these creatures astonished the simple natives no less than the "thunder and lightning" of the Spanish arms.

#### THE ENGLISH MASTIFF.

This, the largest of the dogs indigenous to this country, is a creature whose chief characteristics might be emulated by not a few bipeds. In times of peace, and when not disturbed by a sense of responsibility, the huge fellow is just as mild as a kitten. No puppy is too young for him to try a game with; and should the waspish little brute turn and snap at his huge patron, he will merely blink his eyes good-humouredly and wag his tail, as though he thought it rather a good joke, or, better still, remembering his own strength, as an act of pluck on the part of the pigmy, and a thing he admired.

All this may happen in the daytime, when the sun is shining, and all men have their eyes open to watch over their goods. But stay till nightfall, when the mastiff "mounts guard" in the yard or warehouse. Then his whole faculties are his master's. In any one else's interest, or in his own, he has neither ears nor jaws nor limbs, and should his oldest canine chum approach with no worse intention than a gossip, he will be warned off surlily; if he comes any closer, he will be bit. His discrimination between friend and foe is seldom at fault, and even in cases that reasoning mortals would regard as a "fix," the mastiff manages sometimes to pull through cleverly.

My grandfather used to tell me a dog story illustrative of this. At the time in question he lived at Yarmouth, and had for a neighbour a tanner, whose manufacturing premises were close at hand. The tanner had a mastiff that guarded his yard by night. The tanner had a foreman, who lived with him many years—before the purchase of the mastiff, indeed. As the foreman was more about the premises than any one else, and as, moreover, it was his business to see that the dog was

regularly fed, the greatest good feeling existed between them. It happened, however, that the foreman's integrity was doubted, and he was summarily discharged, and another man taken on in his place.

It seemed that there was ample ground for suspecting the honesty of the old foreman; for, within a month of being discharged, he conceived the notion of robbing his late employer, by removing a cartload of hides in the night, he assuming that his intimate acquaintance with the yard dog would protect him from difficulty in that quarter. So, in the dead of night, he drove his cart just under the walls of the tan-yard, and standing on the top edge of his cart, clambered to the top of the gate and dropped into the yard. The mastiff, instantly knowing the man, offered no resistance, nor in any way betokened his surprise at the nocturnal visit, beyond following the visitor



about pretty closely. The hides were selected, and tossed, one by one, over the wall and into the cart; and then the thief, patting the dog's head by way of thanking him for his non-interference, began to scale the gate. This act, however, seemed to convince the dog that something must certainly be wrong; for although there might be a reason for climbing *in*, there could be no excuse for climbing *out*, when there was the gate, a touch at the bolt of which would give easy and proper exit; so, without troubling his head further about the matter, he seized the ex-foreman by the leg, and there held him till the arrival of the tanners in the morning.

The height of this animal is usually from twenty-five to

twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, and its weight above a hundred pounds. The shape of the mastiff breed is such as might be expected from a crossing of the bulldog and the bloodhound. Like the former, the under jaw is generally slightly protruded; but the teeth are constantly covered, as is never the case with the thorough-bred "bull." The mastiff's coat is smooth, and its most common colour light liver-colour, and different brindlings, with black and white patches



THE BLOODHOUND.

This dog with a dreadful name was, in ancient times, very common in England, and very commonly employed. Let not the innocent reader, however, imagine that *human* blood is the only sort this hound's nose is quick at scenting. They were chiefly used for the detection of sheepstealers, it being the common custom for the delinquent to slaughter the animals before conveying them away, that their carriage might be the easier. Little more than fifty years ago, however, we read of the Thrapston Association, who, "for the detection of felons in Northamptonshire, have provided and trained a bloodhound for the detection of sheepstealers. To demonstrate the unerring infallibility of this animal, a day was appointed for public trial; the person he was intended to hunt started, in the presence of a great concourse of people, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and at about eleven o'clock the hound was laid on. After a chase of an hour and a half, notwithstanding a very indifferent scent, the hound ran up to a tree in which

he was secreted, at the distance of fifteen miles from the place of starting, to the admiration and perfect satisfaction of the large number of persons assembled."

The ancient mode of training a young bloodhound was to lead it, accompanied by an experienced old hound, to the spot whence a deer or other animal had been taken on a mile or two; the hounds were then "laid on" and encouraged, and after hunting this "drag" successfully, were rewarded with a portion of the venison which composed it. The next step was to take the young hound, with his seasoned tutor, to a spot whence a man, whose shoes had been rubbed with the blood of a deer, had started on a circuit of two or three miles; during his progress, the man was instructed to renew the blood from time to time, to keep the scent alive. His circuit was gradually enlarged at each succeeding lesson, and the young hound thus entered and trained, became at last fully equal to hunt by itself, either for the purposes of wood-craft or war.

A thoroughbred bloodhound stands about twenty-eight inches high, and is muscular, compact, and strong; the forehead is broad, and the face narrowed towards the muzzle; the nostrils are wide and well developed; the ears are pendulous and broad at the base. The general aspect of the hound is one of self-possession and sagacity. Its voice is deep and sonorous, and may be heard at a very great distance. The colour of the true breed is said to be reddish tan, darkening gradually towards the upper parts, till it becomes mixed with black on the back; the lower parts, limbs, and tail, being of a lighter shade, and the muzzle tawny.

The only chance for either man or beast hunted by the bloodhound is to take to the water,—to start a jump three or four feet of the water's edge, and to leap far and fairly in. Water holds no scent; therefore, when the hound comes to the jumping-place, he will be puzzled, and double back on the track, and altogether become so confused as to be for the time useless. Should blood in any quantity be spilt on the track, the hound often refuses to proceed beyond it; and so it has happened in slave-breeding countries, that a runaway has purposely gashed his leg or arm, so that the ground might be saturated and further chase balked.

The Cuban bloodhound has been already alluded to. It is certainly the most terrible of the family, including the African species. Here is an anecdote of a Cuban hound told by Dallas:—"One of the dogs that had been unmuzzled to drink

when there was not the least apprehension of any mischief, went up to an old woman who was sitting attending a pot, in which she was preparing a mess. The dog smelled at it and was troublesome; this provoked her; she took up a stick and began to beat him, on which he seized her by the throat, which he would not leave till his head was severed from his body by his master."



THE STAGHOUND.

This now rare hound is said to derive its origin from the bloodhound and the greyhound—a mixture resulting in the most exquisite scent combined with great endurance. Of late years the sport of stag-chasing has in a great measure given place to fox-hunting; and even where the royal and ancient sport is still followed, the dogs employed are generally a large and powerful species of foxhound. These dogs, of which mention will be found in another page, rank among the swift and most enduring dogs in the world. They have been known to maintain, without flagging, a stag-chase of fifty miles' duration, and in old sporting chronicles may be found an account of a hunt of so protracted a nature that the whole pack of dogs excepting two fell off the trail, and that at last the huntsmen came up to their game dead from sheer exhaustion, and the two hounds within a short space dead too.

It is said, however, that the modern substitute, although equal in fleetness and strength to the old English staghound, is not its match for courage. It would seem at first sight that no particular amount of bravery was requisite to face the

"gentle" stag, but it should be remembered that that animal when brought to bay becomes a rather formidable opponent: its neck is curiously lith, its antlers sharp and hard as steel prongs, and its active hoofs by no means to be despised.



THE FOXHOUND.

There can be no doubt that the foxhound is one of the most highly-prized dogs in Europe. Palatial kennels are erected for its reception, and thousands of pounds spent every year with a view to the maintenance of its present excellence, with improvements if practicable. It is commonly agreed that the fox-hound originated with the ancient English hound, improved by judicious crossings. That the greyhound enters into its composition is pretty evident as it is one of the speediest of dogs. This was tested some years ago on the Beacon Course at Newmarket. "The length of the course is 4 miles 1 furlong and 132 yards, and this distance was run by the winning dog in eight minutes and a few seconds. The famous race-horse 'Flying Childers,' in running over the same ground, was little more than half a minute ahead of the hound. Now, if we compare the dimensions of the horse and the hound, we shall arrive at a tolerably accurate conception of the extraordinary swiftness to which the latter animal can attain. In that match no less than sixty horses started together with the competitors, but of the sixty only twelve were with the dogs at the end of the ran."

Fox-hounds are kept with the severest discipline. At home

it is customary to call them from the kennel by name, and one at a time when feeding-time arrives, and among a well-trained pack the circumstance of one dog answering to another's name, or one coming uncalled would be regarded as a heinous offence, and one that would certainly earn for the transgressor a tremendous thrashing. The result of this severe training is, that when in the hunting-field the foxhound will instantly obey the most hurried order or gesture of the huntsman.

The foxhound is not a particularly large dog, its average height being under two feet, and of proportionate length. The female is smaller than the male.

#### THE BOARHOUND.

This brave and valuable dog is the result of a careful blending of other species. To successfully overtake and assail so tremendous and savage a creature as the boar—concerning which one of the most eminent of modern Indian hunters, Captain Shakspear, says that, as dangerous game, it certainly ranks before the tiger and leopard,—to successfully meet this tusked monster three qualities are essential: first, speed; second, quick scent and swift action; and third, indomitable pluck. The first is supplied by the pure greyhound, and by crossing it with the English mastiff two of the three demands—speed and pluck—are met; for scent and quick movement, what better than the nimble, fiery terrier? With the latter, then, the progeny of the greyhound and the mastiff is crossed, and the result is the boarhound.

The reader may glean some notion of the sort of animal the wild boar is to face from the following summary that terminates one of Captain Shakspear's hunting narrations:— . . . "I have stated that the boar is the most courageous animal in the jungle. There he lay, with a broken spear in his withers, the shaft sticking up a foot and a half from the blade—knocking over a horseman and wounding his horse; receiving two bullets, ten to the pound—the first in the neck and throat, the second breaking his jaw, and fired within a few feet of his muzzle; making good his charge, cutting down his enemy like grass; wounding him, knocking over a second man armed with a spear, defying the dogs, and then, when in the act of charging, receiving a shot in the brain, and dying without a groan."

Boar-hunting is happily but a thing of the past in England. In other parts of Europe, however—in Germany, for instance—the dense forests still afford a stronghold to the "long-tusked

hog," and in that country bear-hunting is still a common sport, and the bear-hound generally bred for use. In appearance the dog in question is rather formidable; it is taller at the shoulders than the mastiff, the colour of which it usually assumes. The limbs are very stout and long, and the shape of the head, which is rather large, partakes of the squareness of the mastiff and the ferretty sharpness of the terrier. When the bear is brought to bay, it is the business of the hound so to manœuvre that the animal's attention shall be fixed on it while the hunter is left at liberty to attack.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

This, the largest of the spaniels, is, as it deserves to be, one of the most favourite dogs in England. In its native land, however, whatever its deservings may be (it is just possible that, ruled by cruelty, he is not quite the model animal we find him), he is treated villanously. "He is converted into a beast of burden, and forced to suffer even greater hardships than those which generally fall to the lot of animals which are used for the carriage of goods or the traction of vehicles. The life of a hewer of wood is proverbially one of privation, but the existence of the native Newfoundland dog is still less to be envied, being that of a servant of the wood-hewer. In the winter, the chief employment of the inhabitants is to cut fuel, and the occupation of the dog is to draw it in carts. The poor animals are not only urged beyond their strength but are meagerly fed on putrid salt fish, the produce of some preceding summers. Many of these noble dogs sink under the joint

effects of fatigue and starvation, and many of the survivors commit sad depredations on the neighbouring flocks as soon as the summer commences and they are freed from their daily toils."

There are two kinds of Newfoundland dog. One is considerably larger than the other, measuring about two feet nine inches in height, while the smaller (sometimes called the Labrador or St. John's dog) rarely measures higher than two feet. The Newfoundland is evidently a water dog. Not only does he freely enter the unstable element at the least bidding, but if he should happen to live near the sea or a river, and can find a playfellow of his own kind, their swimming matches and aquatic gambols are a good thing to witness. No doubt this dog owes its swimming powers in a great measure to its broad feet and strong legs.

Its sagacity in assisting a drowning person is wonderful. It is not content with seizing any part of the person or dress and endeavouring to paddle shoreward; it will shift and shift its hold till it secures a grip on anything that may encircle the neck, and there hold on as though aware that as long as a man's head was out of the water no harm could come to him. On shore his intelligence is just as surprising. Take the following as a sample, on the undoubted authority of the Rev. J. G. Wood:—

"One of these animals belonging to a workman was attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and after the manner of bull-dogs 'pinned' him by the nose, and there hung in spite of all endeavours to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and, spying a pailful of boiling tar, he hastened towards it, and deliberately lowered his foe into the hot and viscous material. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run."





THE GREYHOUND.

'This variety of-dog is remarkable for its symmetry, speed, and keenness of sight. It is found throughout Europe and in parts of Asia, and would seem to have been a distinct variety of the dog from a very early period. In ancient times it was more valued even than now. To be the possessor of a greyhound was to be a distinguished person—a nobleman, or at least a gentleman. We find it recorded, that a fine paid to king John consisted of "500 marks, 10 horses, and ten leashes of grayhounds."

The perfection of greyhound form is well described in the following quaint lines:—

"Headed lyke a snake,  
 Neckyed lyke a drake,  
 Footed lyke a catte,  
 Tayled lyke a ratte,  
 Syded lyke a temo,  
 And chyned lyke a bream.  
 The fyrst yere he must learne to fide,  
 The seconde yere to fild him lide,  
 The thyrde yere he is felon lyke,  
 The fourth yere there is none syk,  
 The fifth yere he is goode ynough,  
 The sixth yere he shall held the plough,

The seventh yere he will avayle  
 Grete bitches for to assayle ;  
 Bat when he is come to the ninth yere,  
 Have him than to the tannere ;  
 For the best hound that ever bytch had,  
 At the ninth yere is full bad."

Formerly the greyhound was principally employed in chasing the stag; in modern times, however, its use appears in the sport of hare-coursing. Swift as is the hare, the greyhound is swifter; and if the former ran in a straight line it would be overtaken in a very short space. The instincts of the hare, however, teach it better. Its fore legs being very short, it is enabled to turn an acute angle with little diminution of speed; whereas the long-limbed and impetuous hound finds it impossible to halt or make short turns at will, and so is carried beyond his mark, as it were, and has the chase to renew with a fair start for the hare. Should the latter once gain cover, it is tolerably safe, as the greyhound hunts solely by sight. Its muzzle is so narrow in proportion to its length, that the nasal nerves have no room for proper development, the result being that the animal's power of scent is very deficient.

The largest of the species is the Irish greyhound, which measures four feet in length, and is altogether rougher and sturdier than the English greyhound. Like all good dogs, it is peaceful enough when not angered or excited by the sight of game. When this latter is the case, its ferocity is terrible. In ancient times, when the Irish forests were infested by the wild boar and wolf, the hound in question was wont to do good service to its masters. There are very few of the genuine breed existing at the present day.

The greyhound peculiar to Scotland is a shaggier creature than the Irish one, but is not so large or so powerfully built. This is the dog towards which Sir Walter Scott evinced so much affection, and whose disputed intelligence and sagacity he was at such pains to vindicate. The Scotch greyhound, or deerhound as it is sometimes called, is used in the chase of hares and deer.

The Russian greyhound, which is smaller than the others, is used as a chaser of wild beasts, in which occupation he has an advantage over his English and Scotch brethren, inasmuch as he is gifted with the power of scent. Persia has its greyhound. It is of rather slender build, and its ears are "fea-

thered "spaniel fashion. It is bold, enduring, and marvellously swift. With its aid, the Persians chase that speediest of quadrupeds, the wild ass. It is used, too, against the antelope, and, though no match for that animal, is often enabled to overtake and pull it down, by what seems to fair-thinking folks rather a mean "dodge." The Persian antelope-hunters, besides the dogs, are provided with a trained falcon, whose business it is to hover about the antelope's head, and to flap its wings before its eyes, thus scaring the poor beast, and compelling it so to deviate from its proper course that the dogs are enabled to come up with it.

Last, but not least—that is, in the esteem of canine pet-keepers—comes the diminutive, delicate Italian greyhound. It derives its origin from the smooth old English greyhound, and is indeed the same animal dwarfed. Its sole value is as a "toy;" for although its speed is sufficient to enable it to overtake such small game as the rabbit, it would be too faint-hearted to seize it; or, even should it manage to screw its courage, too weak in the jaw to hold it. It dares not stir out on a cold day without an overcoat and mittens, and even then a shift of wind will give it ague.

The worst feature of Italian greyhound keeping is, that you are never sure of the value of your dog. Fashion is more constant even to ladies' bonnets than to this dog. This year it must be free from spots and of a uniform colour. Next year, to be perfection, it must be "starred" on the breast. It may be said, however, that golden fawn is a highly respectable tint for an Italian hound, and that white dogs and red dogs of this breed are held cheaper than any other.

#### THE HARRIER.

The description of the foxhound exactly applies to the harrier, except that the latter is five or six inches less in height. They derive their name from the circumstance that when hare-hunting was fashionable the dogs in question were used for the sport. The harrier is not so swift an animal as the foxhound. Beckford sums up the perfections of the harrier as follows, and what was written and accepted in 1779 is, singular to relate, endorsed by huntsmen of the present day: "Let his legs be straight as arrows; his feet round, and not too large; his shoulders back; his breast rather wide than narrow; his chest deep; his back broad; his head small; his neck thin; his tail, thick and bushy—if he carry it well so much the better. Such

nounds as are out at the elbows and such as are weak from the knees to the foot should never be taken into the pack."

#### THE BEAGLE.

The beagle (the *bratch* of ancient times) is the smallest of our true hounds. In shape it is not unlike the harrier, but is heavier about the throat, and its body and limbs are stouter. The ordinary beagle measures about fourteen inches in height. The animal known as the rough beagle is supposed to be a cross between the original stock and the rough terrier. This opinion, however, is probably derived from the fact that its bark, which is sharp and shrill, more nearly resembles the voice of the terrier than any other, and that the quality of its hair and its whiskers resembles the terrier's. Some writers regard the rough beagle as a distinct variety. The smallest of the family is the dwarf or rabbit beagle. It is said that at the time of Queen Elizabeth there was a breed of these beagles so small that one might be hidden in a man's glove. Perhaps, however, his hawking-glove was meant; and although this would denote the dog to be marvellously little, a dog that could be squeezed into a modern "kid" would be a much *greater* novelty, as an Irishman might observe.

#### THE WATER-SPANIEL.

This animal is of moderate size, measuring about twenty-two inches in height at the shoulders, and proportionately stout in make. Its forehead is lofty, its nose fine, its ears, which when spread measure from tip to tip rather more than the dog's entire height, are deeply fringed. Its coat, which is close, curls over the body in crisp curls. General colour, brown. Its tail is not fringed, but covered with curly hair to the extremity. That the water-spaniel was known to the Romans is proved by the fact that his figure exists on many of their monuments.

No weather, be it ever so cold or boisterous, can daunt this water-loving species of the genus *canis*. Indeed, it is admirably formed for aquatic exercise. Its feet are very broad (webbed, it has been asserted, but this is an old woman's tale), and its coat is supplied with natural oil in such profusion that it never becomes saturated; as soon as the dog leaves the water, he gives himself a vigorous shake, and is at once dry. This waterproof quality of the water-spaniel, however, debars him the privilege of inhabiting the house, for should he happen



to come near the fire the human organ of smell is speedily and unpleasantly made aware of the fact.

There is another dog of aquatic habits, known as the Great Rough Water-Dog. It is about the height of a setter, but more stoutly built. His coat is long and curled, and its colour usually black and white, or brown and white. "I recollect," says Mr. Richardson, "a singularly large dog of this breed about ten years ago in the possession of Mr. Grierson, of North Hanover-street, Edinburgh, near the foot of the mound, which was possessed of unusual intelligence. Amongst other eccentricities, this dog followed the profession of mendicancy, and regularly solicited the charity of the passer-by. On receiving a halfpenny, his habit was, if hungry, to proceed at once to the shop of Mr. Nelson at the corner of Rose-street, and purchase a biscuit; but it sometimes happened that he put by his halfpenny till the calls of appetite returned, and he would go to his repository, take the money to the baker and make his purchase. A servant of Mr. Grierson accidentally came upon this sagacious and provident animal's hoarding-place on one occasion, where were found about fivepence halfpenny in halfpence. The dog chanced to enter at the moment of the discovery, and, with a growl of displeasure, he moved to the spot, and, snatching up his wealth, proceeded at full speed to the shop, and dashed the money on the counter, barking vehemently at the same time, probably deeming it safer at once to turn his money into bread than risk being robbed by keeping it."

## COCKER-SPANIEL.

This little spaniel, whose weight averages twelve or fifteen pounds, is a favourite sporting dog. There are several sorts: the "Welsh," the "English," the "Devonshire," and many others. Captain Williamson (author of "Oriental Field Sports") once experienced an instance of the indomitable courage of a tiny cocker of his, called "Paris." The captain was shooting near some underwood, rather thinly scattered among reedy grass, growing on the edge of a large water-course, which took its rise at the foot of the large hill at Mucknee Gunge (India), when suddenly the spaniel in question, one of a brace that was present, ran round a large bush greatly agitated, and apparently on some game which the sportsman expected to put up. The captain followed as fast as he could, but Paris was too quick for him, and before he could well get round to the bush, which was about ten yards from the brink of the ravine, had come to a stand, his ears pricked, his tail wagging like lightning, and his whole frame in a seeming state of ecstasy. "I expected that he had got a hare under the bank, and as the situation was in favour of a shot, I ran towards him with more speed than I should have done had I known that instead of a hare I should find, as I did, a tiger sitting on its rump, and staring Paris in the face. They were not above two yards asunder.

"As soon as the dog found me at his side, he barked, and, giving a spring down, dashed at the tiger. What happened for some moments I really cannot say; the surprise and danger which suddenly affected me banished at once that presence of mind which many boast to possess in all emergencies. However, as soon as my fright had subsided, I began, like a person waking from a dream, to look about, and saw the tiger cantering away at about a hundred and fifty yards' distance with his tail erect, and followed by Paris, who kept barking." The tiger, arriving at a thick cover, disappeared, and the plucky little cocker returned to his dismayed master.

## THE LABRADOR SPANIEL.

This dog presents an appearance intermediate between the Newfoundland and the land spaniel. As a swimmer and diver he is almost unmatched. The Labrador spaniel may be considered in the light of a "public character." A number of *Saunders's News-Letter* vouches for the fact:—

"PEELER, THE DOG OF THE POLICE.—During a recent in-

vestigation relative to the manner in which the policeman came by his death at Kingstown, a little active and inquisitive dog, of the Labrador breed, was seen from time to time during each day running in and out of the room, as if he took a personal interest in the inquiry. The dog was admired, and a gentleman in the police establishment was asked to whom it belonged. 'Oh,' said he, 'don't you know him? We thought every one knew Peeler, the dog of the police.' The gentleman then proceeded to give the interrogator the history of this singular dog. It appeared from the story, that a few years ago poor little Peeler tempted the canine appetite of a Mount St. Bernard, or Newfoundland dog, and was in peril of being swallowed up by him for a luncheon, when a policeman interposed, and, with a blow of his bâton, levelled the assailant and rescued the assailed. From that time, Peeler has united his fortunes with those of the police: wherever they go, he follows; whether pacing with measured tread the tedious 'beat,' or engaged in the energetic duty of arresting a disturber of the public peace. He is a self-constituted general superintendent of the police, visiting station after station, and, after he has made his observations in one district, wending his way to the next. He is frequently seen to enter a third-class carriage at the Kingstown Railway, get out at Black Rock, visit the police-station there, continue his tour of inspection to Booterstown, reach there in time for the train as before, and go on to Dublin to take a peep at the 'metropolitans;' and having satisfied himself that 'all is right,' return by an early evening train to Kingstown. He sometimes takes a dislike to an individual, and shuns him as anxiously as he wags his tail at the approach, and frisks about the feet, of another for whom he has a regard. There is one man in the force for whom he has this antipathy; and a day or two ago, seeing him in 'the train,' he left the carriage and waited for the next, preferring a delay of half an hour to such company; and when the bell rang, with the eagerness with which protracted joy is sought, he ran to his accustomed seat in 'the third class.' His partiality for the police is extraordinary; wherever he sees a man in the garb of a constable, he expresses his pleasure by walking near him, rubbing against and dancing about him; nor does he forget him in death, for he was at his post in the funeral of Daly, the policeman who was killed in Kingstown. He is able to recognize a few in plain clothes, but they must have been old friends of his. Wherever he goes he gets a crust, a piece of meat, a pat

on the head, or a rub down upon his glossy back, from the hand of a policeman; and he is as well known amongst the body as any man in it. We have heard of the dog of Montargis, the soldier's dog, the blind beggar's dog, and the dog of the monks of St. Bernard, and been delighted by stories of their fidelity and sagacity; but none are more interesting than 'Peeler, the dog of the Police,' 'whose heart, enlarged with gratitude to one, grows bountiful to all.'"

#### THE SETTER, OR LAND SPANIEL.

The setter partakes of the peculiarities of the pointer and spaniel, and, as the former dog derives its name from its habit of standing still and pointing at any game it may discover, the setter is so called because of its custom of "setting" or crouching when marking down its game. There are several varieties of setter. Respecting the common Old English Setter, an authority on such matters gives the following as the points the thoroughbred animal should possess:—"A moderately heavy head, but not so much so as in the pointer; the muzzle not so broad nor square in profile, the lower being nearly rounded off, but the upper being still nearly a right angle. The eye is similar to that of the pointer, but not so soft, being more sparkling, and full of spirit; the ear long, but thin, and covered with soft silky hair, slightly waved. The neck is long, but straighter than that of the pointer, being also lighter, and very flexible. The back and loins are as strong as those of the pointer, the latter also being rather longer; the hips also are more ragged, and the ribs not so round and barrel-like. The tail, or 'flag,' is usually set on a little lower, is furnished with a fan-like brush of long hair, and is slightly curled upward towards the tip; but it never should be carried over the back or raised above the level of its root, excepting while standing, and then a slight elevation is admired, every hair standing down with a stiff and regular appearance. The elbow, when in perfection, is placed so low as to be fully an inch below the brisket, making the fore-arm appear very short. The hind feet and legs are clothed with hair, or 'feathered,' as it is called, in the same way as the fore-legs, and the amount of this beautiful provision is taken into consideration in selecting a dog for his points."

The setter has its peculiarities respecting water. To get through a day's work creditably, it should be enabled to wet the whole of its body every half-hour or so. Moreover, it cannot do without water to drink so long as the pointer, though



having drunk its fill, it can endure heat and fatigue much longer than the pointer. In wet or very cold weather the setter is to be preferred before the pointer, the body of the former being securely protected by a flowing coat, while the latter is short-haired; consequently, in warm weather the pointer is preferable. The setter hunts by "body scent," as it is called, in contradistinction to the power possessed by the beagle, harrier, &c., who follow the foot-prints of their game, or hunt by "foot-scent."

Mr. Bell, in his "British Quadrupeds," relates an anecdote of the setter, that at once settles any question that may arise as to the animal's intelligence:—

"By far the most interesting, and, if I may so employ the term, amiable animal I have ever known, was a bitch of this kind, formerly belonging to my father, which he had from a puppy, and which, although never regularly broke, was the best dog in the field that he ever possessed. The very expression of poor Juno's countenance was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared to be always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her; and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals as well as to her human friends. A kitten which had been lately taken from its mother was sent to us, and on Juno's approach showed the usual horror of the cat towards dogs; but Juno seemed determined to conquer the antipathy, and, by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance, advancing or receding as she

found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required, she completely attached the kitten to her; and as she had lately lost her puppies, and still had some milk left, I have often seen them lying together before the fire, the kitten suckling her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a spaniel bitch of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, Juno would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest tenderness. Poor Busy, the mother, also a good-tempered creature, as soon as she had discovered the theft, hastened of course to bring back her little one, which was again to be stolen on the first favourable opportunity, until at length the two bitches killed the poor puppy between them, as they were endeavouring each to pull it from the other; and all this with the most perfect mutual good understanding. Juno lived to a good old age, an unspoiled pet, after her master had shot to her for fourteen seasons."

The Scotch setter stands higher on his legs than the English or Irish breed, and its hair is somewhat longer. The Irish setter much resembles the English, but has thicker legs, and "is distinguished," says a modern writer, "from its English relative by a certain Hibernian air that characterizes it, and which, although conspicuous enough to the practised eye, is not easy of description." Russia claims a setter of its own, an animal whose hair is long and woolly, and generally so matted that the true form of the dog is not clear to the casual observer. It is slower in its movements than the other breeds, but is possessed of a much more delicate scent, and is pronounced by sportsmen who have had opportunities to test and compare their merits, that in its peculiar way the Russian setter is unsurpassed. The muzzle of this dog matches that of a Scotch terrier for hairiness; and its feet are likewise covered with hair, which serves as an important protection in long and rough travelling.

#### THE RETRIEVER.

Like the pointer and the setter, this dog derives its name from its special utility—that of "retrieving" and recovering

game that has fallen at a distance after being shot. In height the retriever measures from twenty to twenty-four inches, and is powerfully built. Its colour is almost invariably black, and its fur of a moderate length and curled. There are many breeds of retrievers, but the most favourite are those derived either from the Newfoundland dog and setter or from the water-spaniel and terrier. A smaller retriever is produced by the beagle and terrier, and for stealth and quiet the smaller is superior to the larger sort in wild-game shooting.

As the animal is not born a retriever, but merely comes in its puppyhood into its master's hands an intelligent dog of promising parentage, some pains must be taken to teach it its business. It must be taught, as its first lesson—how dreadfully hard it must come to the uproarious little puppy—never to bark in business hours. Such an impropriety would disturb the game in the neighbourhood, and be to the sportsman the unlucky means of saving their lives. It must be taught not to eat the game as soon as it finds it, but to bring it straight to its master, and lay it at his feet. Being sent for a thing, it must be charged with the errand over and over again till it performs it, or it may be apt to infer that you are not very particular about the recovery of your game, and—especially if it be tired—shape its behaviour accordingly.



THE POINTER.

“A moderately large head, wide rather than long, with a high forehead and an intelligent eye of medium size. Muzzle

broad, with its outline square in front, and not receding, as in the hound. Flews (i.e. the overhanging lips) manifestly present, but not pendant. The head should be well set on the neck, with a peculiar form at the junction, only seen in the pointer. The neck itself should be long, covered in its upper outline, without any tendency to a dewlap or a ruff, as the loose skin covered with long hair round the neck is called. The body is of good length, with a strong loin, wide hips, and rather arched ribs, the chest being well let down, but not in a hatchet-shape, as in the greyhound, and the depth in the back ribs being proportionably greater than in that dog. The tail, or stern as it is technically called, is strong at the root, but, suddenly diminishing, it becomes very fine, and then continues nearly of the same size to within two inches of the tip, where it goes off to a point, looking as sharp as the sting of a wasp, and giving the whole very much the appearance of that part of the insect, but magnified, of course. This peculiar shape of the stern characterizes the breed, and its absence shows a cross with the hound or some other dog." This, according to Stonehenge, is a description every true-blooded pointer should answer, and, according to the same authority, white dogs with lemon-coloured heads are to be preferred before all others.

How faithful this dog is to its peculiar instinct will be found illustrated among the "Stories of Intelligent Dogs" in another part of this volume. That it has considerable contempt for anyone less enthusiastic in the chase than himself the following incident furnished by Captain Brown will show:—

"A gentleman having requested the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, was informed by him that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds; but if he frequently missed them, the dog would run home and leave him. The pointer was accordingly sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his new master happened to be a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched, till at last the dog became careless, and often missed his game. As if seemingly willing, however, to give one chance more, he made a dead stop at a fern-bush, with his nose pointed downward, the fore-foot bent, and the tail straight and steady. In this position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to him, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backwards and for-

wards. At last, out sprang a fine old blackcock. Bang, bang, went both barrels—but the bird escaped unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and, instead of dropping to the charge, he turned bodily round, placed his tail between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and set off as fast as he could to his own home."



THE KING CHARLES SPANIEL.

This well-known animal, to be really a fine specimen, should not exceed six or seven pounds in weight. It is not wanting in courage or hunting instinct, but, as may be naturally supposed of a dog leading so refined a life, its endurance is very limited. It is a wonderfully clever little creature, and the amusing tricks recorded of it may be counted by scores. I prefer, however, giving my readers an instance of spaniel sagacity wherein was exhibited something better than fun—curious and wonderful affection. As regards the truth of the anecdote, I need merely add that it is related by Mrs. S. C. Hall:—  
 . . . "The King Charles named Chloe was my grandmother's favourite. She was a meek, soft, fawning little creature, blind of one eye, and so gentle and faithful, refusing food except from the one dear hand that was liberal of kindness to her. Chloe's puppies were in great demand, and it must be confessed her supplies were very bountiful—too bountiful indeed, for out of the four, which she considered a proper number at a birth, two were generally drowned. My grandmother thought that Chloe ought not to raise more than two. Chloe believed that she

could educate four, and it was always difficult to abstract the doomed ones from the watchful little mother. It so chanced that once, after the two pups had been drowned by the stableman, poor Chloe discovered their little wet bodies in the stable-yard, and brought them to the live ones that remained in the basket. She licked them, cherished them, howled over them, but they still remained damp and cold. Gentle at all other times, she would not now permit even her mistress to remove them, and no stratagem could draw her from the basket. At last we suppose Chloe felt it was not good for the dead and the living to be together, so she took one of the poor things in her mouth, walked with it across the lawn to the spot where a lovely red-thorn tree made a shady place, dug a hole, laid the puppy in it, came back for the other, placed it with its little relative, scraped the earth over them, and returned sadly and slowly to her duties."

The Blenheim spaniel is, when thorough bred, smaller even than the King Charles. Like the latter, to be of value it should possess a very short muzzle, very long silky ears falling close to the head, and touching the ground as the dog walks. The legs should be covered with long glossy hair to the toes, and the tail should be well "feathered," as the fanciers say. The eyes of both these dogs are always extremely moist. The hair covering the whole body should be slightly "wavy," but should not curl.

The Maltese is another dog of the "toy" school. It is remarkable for the extreme fineness, gloss, and length of its hair. Maltese dogs barely exceeding three pounds in weight have been known to measure fifteen inches in length of hair across the shoulders. As its name implies, it originally came from Malta. It is among the rarest of our canine pets.

#### THE TERRIER.

No dogs are so well known in England as these, and it may be safely said that there is scarcely a mongrel, be he ever so thorough a castaway and vagabond, but has terrier blood in his lean body. The more he has of it the better for him, especially if he have a living to pick up, and a lodging to procure, and no master to help him. The dog with anything of the terrier about him is sure to be a shrewd dog—a more or less knowing reader of the human countenance, a quality by no means to be despised in a houseless dog; it often—especially when he finds himself late on a bitter winter night, with no

better sanctuary against the north wind and the snow—procures the poor animal a lodging from a human pedestrian, who, trudging along home to his bit of hot supper and comfortable bed, is unable to resist the imploring eyes, and the meekly insinuating wag of the tail. For my part, I must own to a



feeling of considerable satisfaction when one of these houseless creatures so makes up to me. I comfort myself with the reflection that I must carry about with me an air of charity and goodwill, and am the better assured of it that it is a dog that reveals it. I believe that there was never yet so consummate a hypocrite but that a really clever dog would find him out. At the same time, I am bound to state my conviction that, giving effect to my vanity, I have several times been taken in by artful dogs—dissipated canine scoundrels that have been locked out, and that ungratefully and without the trifling acknowledgment of a wag of the tail, bolt off as soon as the gate is opened in the morning.

The English terrier is not a large dog. It seldom weighs over ten pounds, and very frequently less. It is square-chested, and its fore-legs are particularly muscular. Its muzzle is sharp, its forehead high, and its eyes large, bright, and intelligent. Its coat is sleek and smooth. The colours of the pure breed are black and tan, the value of the animal much depending on the richness of the two tints. To be perfect it should have a small patch of tan colour over each eye; its nose and palate should be black.

It is a very busy, intelligent, fussing little animal, but not

particularly courageous. If a dog is wanted to rout out a rat colony, no dog can so effectually set them scampering as the English terrier. Killing them, however, is a business which this dog declines. While the rat runs, the dog will run after it, but when the rat stops, so does the dog, and at a respectful distance, too. Should the rat show fight the English terrier takes to his heels.

Not so his cousin, the bull terrier. He it is that delights in carnage, and is never so thoroughly happy as when he is literally up to his eyes in rats in a rat-pit. His courage is wonderful. As many as five or six savage rats at one time have been seen clinging with their sharp teeth to the ratter's lips and nose and eyebrows, but the dog has never once winced nor paused in his attack. It is curious, too, how little of bull-dog blood goes to furnish a dog with this contempt for pain on the one hand, and fierce desire to inflict it on the other. It is not too much to say that the most valuable of bull-terriers in London have been independent of the bull-dog for six or seven generations. Some of these dogs, while weighing no more than six pounds, will be matched to kill large rats in a minute each, and that for an hour together.

The Scotch terrier is a quaint-looking, clever little dog, almost as remarkable for its animosity to vermin as the bull-terrier. Its colours are, as a rule, the same as the English terrier; mingled with grey. It was this dog that in ancient times was used in the cruel sport of "badger-drawing." There is, as says a popular writer, "A peculiar breed of Scotch terriers, called the Dandy Dimmont, in honour of the character of that name in Scott's 'Guy Mannering.' These dogs are of two colours; one a light brown, with a reddish tinge termed 'mustard,' and the other a bluish-gray on the body, and tan on the legs, denominated 'pepper.' These little animals are very courageous; although they often exhibit no proof of their bold nature until they have passed the age of two years, appearing until that time to be rather cowardly than otherwise. This conduct is supposed to be occasioned by their gentle and affectionate disposition. The legs of this variety of terrier are short in proportion to the length of the body, the hair is wiry and abundant, and the ears are large, hanging closely over the sides of the head."

The "Skye" is certainly the oddest terrier of the family. It would be worth inquiring how it is that this dog is so con-

stantly losing himself. That this is the case, any one taking ordinary notice of window-bills and placards must have discovered. It can't be that the dog's extraordinary value tempts the dog-thief, for many dogs allowed as much freedom as the Skye, are of much more value, and are but seldom "lost or stolen." Is it that the poor creature's vision is so obstructed by his hirsute furniture that he can but dimly make out where he is going? Is it that he is a stupid blundering dog, who really doesn't care which way he goes, or what becomes of him? Or is he a dog of so much intelligence and of such an inquiring mind that he is impelled to investigate any and every odd matter that may turn up in the course of a morning's walk?

It is generally regarded as a "toy" dog, and is usually clever at learning tricks, and displays considerable affection. It is, however, the largest, or, rather, the heaviest of the "toys," and can seldom be obtained weighing less than ten or twelve pounds. When of pure breed the legs are very short, and the body extremely long in proportion to the length of limb; the neck is powerfully made, but of considerable length, and the head is also elongated, so that the total length of the animal is three times as great as its height. The "duo-claws" are wanting in this variety of domestic dog. The hair is long and straight, falling heavily over the body and limbs, and hanging so thickly upon the face, that the eyes and nose are hardly perceptible under their luxuriant covering. The quality of the hair is rather harsh and wiry in the pure-bred Skye-terrier, for the silky texture of the generality of "toy" Skyes is obtained by a cross with the spaniel. It is easy to detect the presence of this cross by the scanty appearance of the hair on the face.

#### THE POODLE.

This is certainly an intelligent dog, and it is possibly on this account, because it is capable of performing extraordinary tricks, that its master is at considerable pains to bestow on it an extraordinary appearance. That the dog should be subjected to such indignity, however, is no wonder, when we see the same spirit actuating mountebanks, acrobats, and other "performing" specimens of humanity. Since Signor Jacko cannot possibly turn that tremendous number of somersaults without he wears a girdle of spangles, and a gorgeous star or crescent on his forehead, it is no wonder that he renders his

performing poodle hideous by shaving off its coat, leaving nothing but a few rags about its throat and toes.

There are few doggy tricks the poodle cannot be taught to perform, in the water as well as on land. He is a cunning rascal. Jessie, in his "Gleanings," mentions a poodle belonging to a friend of his, for whom correction was found necessary; he being sometimes rather unruly, the gentleman bought a whip, with which he corrected him once or twice when out walking; on his return he left the whip on the hall table, and in the morning it was missing; having been found concealed in an out-building, and, as before, used when occasion required, in correcting the dog, it was once more missed; but on the dog, who was suspected of having stolen it, being watched, he was seen to take it from the hall table, in order to hide it as before.

"There was a story when we were in Heidelberg," says the "Dublin University Magazine," "going about of a certain student who had a remarkably fine white poodle, that used daily to accompany his master to the lecture-room of a professor, who was not very remarkable for the distinctness of his vision; he would regularly take his seat upon the bench beside his master, and peer into his book, as if he understood every word of it. One wet morning, the lecture-room, never, at any time, remarkable for its fulness, was deserted, save by the student who owned the poodle. The dog, however, had somehow happened to remain at home. 'Gentlemen,' said the short-sighted professor, as he commenced his lecture, 'I am sorry to notice, that the very attentive student in the white coat, whose industry I have not failed to observe, is, contrary to his usual custom, absent to-day!'"





THE SHEEP-DOG.

## STORIES OF INTELLIGENT DOGS.

There is such a host of them that the difficulty is where to begin. There are celebrated water-dogs, which have saved folks from death by drowning; and celebrated fire-dogs, that have rescued human beings from that most terrible of all deaths, burning. There are wide-awake men's dogs, trained to poach and to commit petty larceny in a way worthy of the treadmill; and blind men's dogs, trained to pilot their helpless masters through the most crowded thoroughfares, to carry their contribution-box, and to appeal imploringly with their eyes for a copper. There are dogs who fannily sham combat with Mr. Punch; and real warrior dogs, who have been through all the perils of the battle-field, and returned home scarred invalids. There are—

But this is not a catalogue, says the reader; the list you have already furnished is quite long enough: we already know there are such dogs as you have mentioned; what about them?

First, of all about a sheep-dog; and that the reader may have not the least hesitation in accepting it as strictly true, I may mention that Mr. Hogg—the Ettrick Shepherd—was the dog's master. He gave a drover a guinea for the animal, because, "notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance, I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance."

"He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what eagerness and anxiety he learned his evolutions. He would try every way deliberately, till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when I once made him to understand a direction he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him he often astonished me, for often, when pressed hard in accomplishing the tasks that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty.

"On one occasion, about seven hundred lambs, which were under his care at feeding-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions, across the neighbouring hills, in spite of all that he and an assistant could do to keep them together. The night was so dark that we could not see 'Sirrah' (the dog's name), but the faithful animal heard his master lament his absence in words which of all others were sure to set him most on the alert, and without more ado he silently set off in quest of the recreant flocks. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companions did not fail to do all in their power to recover their lost charge. They spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles round; but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they find the slightest trace. They had nothing for it, day having dawned, but to return to their master and inform him that they had lost the whole flock of lambs, and did not know what had become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view we concluded it was one of the divisions, which Sirrah had been unable to manage till he arrived at that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the entire flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left to himself from midnight till the rising sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, he could not have effected it with greater promptitude."

The same gentleman likewise narrates a story in which a sheep-dog, through over zeal, brought his master to the gallows. The man had resolved to make an adventure in the crime of

sheep-stealing; and having selected some sheep from the flock of a former master, he and his dog commenced driving them away; but before he had got them off the farm, he, whether from the voice of conscience or the terror of possible consequences, countermanded the execution of the project, and drove the sheep back again. He called his dog away, and, mounting his pony, rode off at a gallop. But halting at the distance of three miles, and looking round, he there saw the stolen sheep at his heels, with his dog in their rear, driving them before him at a furious rate. The young man, as soon as he recovered from his amazement, severely whipped the dog for his disobedience, and then again rode off. The dog, however, was evidently quite in the dark as to what he had been whipped for, for after trotting on before the pony some distance, he once more slipped behind, and speedily fetched up the unlucky sheep, sweating and panting from the rate at which they had been made to travel. By this time day was beginning to dawn, and the owner of the dog, feeling that it would be impossible for him to make a defence against such overwhelming evidence, and seeing that he could not wash his hands clean of the stolen property, disposed of the sheep, for which he was shortly afterwards condemned to death.

Despite the opinion of certain writers, that the greyhound is a silly dog—that “his flat forehead and elongated snout are emblems of stupidity”—there are not wanting instances to prove that he at times shows himself as shrewd as any of his canine brethren. The well-known Mr. Youatt tells a story corroborative of this. Two greyhounds were concerned, and their chief weakness was, that whenever and wherever they saw or scented meat, they felt bound at any risk to possess themselves of it and devour it. This was a serious matter, not so much on account of the value of the plunder, as that its inordinate consumption made the dogs fat and lazy, and altogether unfit for coursing. Adjoining the kennel there was a room in which was suspended an iron caldron, in which the dog's-meat was cooked. It would have been supposed that the meat once in the pot, and the pot surrounded by a blaze, the cook might safely take his departure to attend to his other duties. Such a course, however, could not be followed, inasmuch as the theft of the boiling meat was certain to be the result. One dog would rear against the side of the pot, pat open the lid with his paw, and, taking any projecting scrap of the joint within his teeth, whip the whole out and on to the

floor, and as soon as it was sufficiently cool it was eaten to their hearts' content. "This plan having been discovered, the lid of the boiler was furnished with an iron rod, passing under the handle, and tied to the handle of the boiler on each side. Only a few days elapsed before the dogs had learned to gnaw the cord asunder, and to help themselves as before. Iron chains were then substituted for the cords, and the meat cooked in safety for nearly a week. But the ingenuity of the dogs was not to be baffled. They continued to raise themselves on their hind legs, and by applying their strength at the same moment, pushed the boiler fairly off the fire, and set it rolling on the floor; when, although the iron chains prevented their getting at the meat, they were enabled to lap up the broth as it streamed on the floor."

The above-mentioned dogs evinced so much unswerving determination and defiance of burns and scalds, that in all probability they were not of genuine greyhound breed, but indebted for their courage to a dash of bull-dog blood. For this blending of speed with pluck and endurance, the sporting world is indebted to Lord Offord, who was the first to try this crossing with his greyhounds. That the result was perfectly satisfactory may be gathered from the following incident, printed a short time back in a sporting newspaper:—"A gentleman of Worcester, paying a visit to a friend a few miles distant, took with him a brace of greyhounds, for the purpose of a day's coursing. A hare was soon found, which the dogs chased for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the party who pursued; but after a very considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the former had caught the hare, as no marks of violence were discovered on her."

An anecdote proving that too implicit confidence may be placed in a dog's sagacity, is related by Mr. Wood. That gentleman was at the time a school-boy at Oxford, and, in the warm weather, adopted the healthful custom of bathing. While so engaged, however, on one occasion, along with his mates, a thief was observed stealing off with the wearing apparel of the entire company, and it was only after a smart and interesting chase that he was overtaken and properly ducked for his pains. Although on this occasion they recovered their garments, they could scarce help reflecting on what would have been the result if the thief had been too nimble

for them, and set about devising some means of protection for the future.

There happened to reside in the neighbourhood a great dog—half mastiff, half blood-hound—called Nelson. The lads had observed how satisfied the haymakers were to leave their jackets and dinners even in the charge of a little cur-dog, and so resolved to press Nelson as store-keeper.

We took Nelson with us, being the only dog that we knew, and when we had undressed we put him in charge. He laid down in the most exemplary manner, and doubtless would have made an excellent guardian had he not been disturbed by an unexpected incident. The field was full of cows, and they, seeing a great dog in the field, felt aggrieved and summoned a council. In a very few minutes the whole body of cows set up their tails and charged down upon Nelson. He lay in some perplexity till one or two of them almost poked him with their horns, when he lost his calmness of demeanour and dashed at the nearest cow. His teeth, however, were nearly gone from old age, and the cow easily shook him off. There was then a grand battle, in which our clothes seemed likely to be trodden to pieces, so we were forced to take them up and swim across the river with them, and deposit them on the opposite bank, where there were no cows. We then got Nelson away and took him over; but we never afterwards trusted a big dog to take care of our clothes."

The same authority tells a singular dog-and-lamb story. The dog was not of the sheep-herding breed, but a great spotted Danish dog, commonly used to accompany carriages. "One of these animals was of a very playful disposition, and particularly rejoiced in chasing sheep, although he never hurt them. He was one day amusing himself in this manner, and making a flock of sheep scatter in all directions, when a black lamb turned round and looked him in the face. The dog was quite taken aback, and remained irresolute, until the black lamb began to dance about and play with him. This generosity of disposition quite overcame the dog, and he slunk away with his tail between his legs, and seemed thoroughly confused. Presently his new-made acquaintance began to challenge him to a game of play, by cutting all manner of capers round him. By degrees the dog regained his composure of mind and accepted the challenge. Off they went, tumbling over each other and playing like a couple of kittens. They ran off at such a pace, that the boy who was in charge of the flock began to be

anxious about his lamb, and went to fetch it. The lamb, however, preferred the company of its new friend to that of the boy, and refused to come. The owner of the dog then tried to assist the shepherd by calling off the dog, but the latter paid no more attention to his master than the lamb did to the shepherd. For more than a mile and a half did these two strange playfellows continue their sport; and, as they described a large circle in so doing, the owner of the dog and the shepherd were enabled to cross a stream, by means of a plank, before the dog and lamb came up. When they came to the bridge, the shepherd, after repelling several attempts on the part of the lamb to force the passage, succeeded in securing it with his crook, and prevented its escape by tying it up in his plaid. Finding his companion thus subducted, the dog reluctantly obeyed the commands of his master, and slowly followed him from the spot, while the lamb made every effort to follow the dog, and tried to gain its point by jumping into the stream. This adventure had rather a singular effect on the dog, for he ever afterwards abstained from chasing sheep."

Many curious stories might be told about bull-dogs, but, unluckily, they are, as a rule, of a most shocking and barbarous character, and to repeat them would be but to gratify the brutal-minded, and shock those of harmonious intellect. The following—the shortest, and really one of the least sanguinary of the number—will serve as a specimen. Scene: a bull-ring, Birmingham. Period: forty-five years ago.

"Mr. Jackson's dog, Billy, having been declared the victor, a gentleman, well known for his extensive betting transactions, stepped up to where the dog's master and his friends were collected round the exhausted Billy. 'I'll wager fifty pounds to ten,' said the gentleman, 'that he don't pin another bull within two hours of this.' 'Pshaw,' replied Mr. Jackson, 'you would lose your money, sir. He could do it with his front paw lopped off.' 'I'll wager five fifties to five tens he don't,' laughed the gentleman. 'Done!' replied Mr. Jackson; and calling for a cleaver he at a blow lopped off a paw, and, a fresh bull being provided, the gallant 'Billy,' without a moment's hesitation, limped to the charge on his three legs. The applause of the crowd was tremendous. 'I'll double stakes that he does the trick on two feet,' exclaimed the delighted Mr. Jackson. 'Done!' said the gentleman; and again the cleaver was called into operation, and poor Billy's front props reduced to stumps. Still the brave dog was nothing daunted, and tackled

his bull as bravely as ever. The cheers were deafening. 'I'll once more double stakes that he finishes him with no feet,' roared Mr. Jackson. The wager was accepted, and, to the astonishment of all present, the poor creature hobbled to the bull and made good his grip, thus winning for his master little short of a thousand pounds." Good old times!

The bull-terrier, next to the bull-dog, is more remarkable than any other of the canine race for courage and unflinching endurance of pain. It is this creature that is so famous for its extermination of rats, and though, when full-bred, it weighs no more than six or seven pounds, it has been known to destroy fifty rats, each weighing nearly, or quite, a pound, in less than half an hour. One of the most celebrated of this family was a little creature whose weight was only five pounds and a half, and who during his life was supposed to have killed at least five thousand rats, the weight of which may be safely computed at a ton and a half. He lived till a good old age, and died the death of a ratter. "He happened to hear or to smell a rat which was in a cage in another room; and, being chained in an adjoining apartment and unable even to see the rat, he chafed and fretted himself into such feverish agitation that he died a short time afterwards, although allowed to kill the rat."

The behaviour of one of these ratting dogs in the rat-pit was some time ago described by a writer in "Fraser's Magazine," and is so humorous, and at the same time so graphic, that I will present the reader with an abridgment.

"At last Pincher is produced and handed over to his second in the pit. He is a very lean dog, with a great development of rib and jaw, calm and self-possessed, not in the least nervous or excited, but treating the whole affair as a matter of business. From the very arms of his 'second' he looks down on the rats with an eye professional and critical, settling in his own mind what particular sewer they were bred in, making a rough estimate of their average size and condition, and comparing them, considered as a lot, with the last batch he disposed of. On the signal being given, Pincher is placed on the floor, and immediately plunges his snout into one of the rat-heaps. For a few seconds there is a steady sound of snap, crunch, crunch, snap, showing that he is doing good business; after which he raises his head a moment for breath, and then, thinking he has done enough for the present in that quarter, transfers his attention to the next heap. By this time the rats are fully alive to the fact of their position, and are running

about with considerable liveliness, promoted in some degree by the attendant who stirs them up with his foot. And now I perceive in Pincher a want of generalship which makes me very much inclined to back time, if I knew how to do it. Instead of steadily sticking to one heap, and finishing it off before he begins on another, he allows himself to be seduced into desultory dashes at loose and unattached rats which sometimes lead him a long chase, and entail on him a considerable waste of time and breath. I am afraid the excellent dog has never read Coleridge's useful little book on Method.

"Meantime the clock, as Bon Gaultier says, is 'ticking onwards,' and the tale of rats is far from complete. The floor is strewn with the jerking bodies of the moribund, but the living still muster pretty strong in the corners, and dodge between Pincher's legs with provoking activity, and now the excitement becomes perfectly savage. The backers of time, who were at first a little despondent, are in high feather, as the minute-hand approaches the fatal point, while the supporters of Pincher bang the sides of the pit with the frantic energy of despair, and stimulate their champion with yells of 'Hi, Pincher!' 'Ah, Pincher!' 'Yah, Pincher!' 'Hurrah, Pincher!' Pincher himself looks as if it had dawned on him that he has overrated himself. Still he buckles to his work dogfully, and chops, and snaps, and crunches, with the persevering pluck of a bull-terrier and a Briton. But no, my Pincher; it is not to be done—on this occasion, at least. The decisive word is uttered; time is up. One more victory is added to the triumphs of that calm old vanquisher of dogs and men; one more laurel is turned round his bald brow. Time is the victor by nine rats; and Pincher the vanquished leaves the pit a sadder and a wiser dog. As I go out I see him at the bar in conversation with a rough Scotch-terrier. He is evidently telling him how, after the sixty-fourth rat, he knew he had no chance, and how he never could kill rats satisfactorily in that pit."

Of course, it is only by constant attention to the breed of the bull-terrier that it is reduced to its naturally light and elegant shape, while it still retains in its blood all the "bull." The first progeny of the true terrier and the bull-dog, although decidedly far from beautiful, is excellent for activity and indomitable pluck. It was one of these that Mr. Anderson—of Lake Ngami celebrity—possessed, and in the praise of which

he is so eloquent. Here is one of the little dog's exploits. Mr. Anderson had wounded a huge rhinoceros, which somehow managed to escape a few hundred yards and then came to a stand.

"At break of day my men were on his trail. He had still strength enough to make a dash at them; and would probably have laid hold on some of them had not a small bitch (half terrier and half bull-dog, and called Venus in derision of her ugliness) caught the enraged animal by the lower lip, where she stuck with such tenacity that the rhinoceros, with all his fury, was unable to shake her off. She only relinquished her hold when her huge antagonist was fairly laid prostrate by a ball. The sagacity of this favourite dog was as great as her courage. Being now in a game country, all sorts of beasts of prey abounded, more especially jackals, which might be seen running about by dozens. In order not to frighten the elephant and other large animals, we were in the habit of encamping some little way from the water, to which Miss Venus regularly resorted to bathe and drink. On seeing a jackal, she instantly crouched, looking very timid. Reynard mistaking her posture for an indication of fear, and probably thinking that from her diminutive size she would prove an easy conquest, boldly approached the supposed victim. But he had reckoned without his host; for the instant that the cunning dog found her antagonist sufficiently near, she leapt like a cat at his throat, and, once there, the beast had no chance. She then returned to the camp, where her contented looks and bleeding jaws soon attracted the attention of the men, who immediately went on her track and brought in the jackal, who was valued on account of his fur."

"I once possessed a dog, a pointer," writes a friend of the Rev. J. G. Wood, "whose nose, sight, and instinct were well developed; and, as he was my companion for many a day, and my only friend for many months, some of his peculiarities may not be uninteresting.

"The dog could point a partridge, but would eat it too if he had a chance; and often when I could not take a day's shooting I have observed my dog doing a little amateur work on his own account. Very successful also was he in this occupation; and he frequently dined on a partridge or quail which he had gained by means of his own skill. There was no concealing the fact, however, that he was an arrant coward, and he himself was perfectly conscious of this defect. As is usual amongst

men, he endeavoured to conceal his weakness by the aid of a formidable exterior, and few who knew him not would ever venture to insinuate that he was not brave as a lion. If he happened to encounter any other dog with which he was unacquainted, he would immediately stand perfectly still, raise his tail, and keep it very firmly in one position; he would then elevate the hair on his back, and, dragging up his jowls, would exhibit a formidable array of grinders. Thus exhibiting all no means prepossessing appearance, he would merely growl whilst the other dog walked round him, and he thus frequently prevented any liberties being taken with him. No sooner had his visitor left him than his attitude would change, and with a glance as much as to say 'I did that very well,' he would jog along before me. In spite of his warlike positions, he was once terribly punished by a little terrier which resided in a butcher's shambles. Passing this locality, my dog was set upon before he had time to study attitudes or assume a *pose*, so he made good use of his legs and escaped with a few scratches.

"Now it happened that among his friends he had one which was a well-bred bull-terrier, and, after the mauling that he had received from the butcher's dog, I noticed that he was very much oftener with this friend than he had been before. The next time I attempted to take him past the shambles he refused, and retreated home. I followed him, and by dint of whistling, brought him out from his retreat, from which he was followed by the bull-terrier. The two jogged along very pleasantly and cheerfully, my dog evidently paying marked attention to his friend. When we approached the locality of the shambles, my dog ran along in front, whilst the bull-terrier followed behind, and both looked as though they were "up" to something. Opposite the shambles the terrier rushed out at my dog, which retreated with astonishing precipitancy behind his friend, who at once collared the assailant, and tumbled him over to the tune of the joyful barks of my old cur, which had evidently made with his friend the preliminary arrangements for this scene."

That dogs are capable of scheming together, and of carrying out their schemes jointly or separately, no end of evidence might be collected. A curious instance of this was once witnessed by my brother and myself. We were walking through a bye street in Islington, when there came trotting up the street towards us two ragged, mud-spattered, cross-bred curs, with "tramp" and "beggar" visibly written on their countenances. They were

young dogs, however, and their poverty was no check on their spirits, so they came rollicking along, pushing and cuffing each other, and performing such tricks as naturally suggest themselves to young and depraved minds resolved on vagabondage. Presently, however, the rather bigger dog assumed a serious deportment—a change which his companion no sooner observed than he too became suddenly grave, and the two, instead of careless canine ruffians, appeared as slow-going, journey-worn, little dogs, to whom ever so stale a paunch would be a gift for which to wag their tails till they were loose with gratitude. Presently the bigger dog left the road, and took to the pavement, along which he slowly walked, while his friend trotted ahead and then stretched himself in the shadow of the kerb, with his nose on his paws. Meanwhile, dog number one slunk along the pavement with a most cadger-like gait till he came to some private houses whose areas were guarded by railings. Down the first area the dog looked with a professional eye, paused a moment, and passed on; so with the second; but on reaching the third house, through the kitchen window of which some of the inmates were visible, he reared on his hind legs, and, crooking his front paws imploringly, there he stood for at least a minute. The folks in the kitchen, however, either did not observe the petitioner, or else, knowing him as an incorrigible beggar, did not think fit to encourage him. Anyhow, he did not get any relief, though he waited long enough to tire his mate's patience, as was evident by the latter getting up and yawning frightfully. The beggar seemed, from his experience at the stingy house, to augur ill of the entire street; so, joining his friend, they ceased to be hypocrites, and renewed the "larks" deferred by the calls of business.

Mr. Smee, in his "Instinct and Reason," tells a story in proof of the assertion that the affection of the dog is natural, and not dictated by selfish motives. Mr. Smee gives the names and addresses of the parties concerned, as well as the exact locality in many where the incident occurred. Three dogs were present, two belonging to one gentleman and the other to another gentleman. The three dogs, without the consent of their masters, started and pursued a rabbit, which finally took refuge in a burrow, when one of the dogs, carried forward by the ardour of pursuit, plunged so deeply into the subterraneous opening that retreat became impossible. "After having scratched to no purpose in the hope of extricating him, the two companions returned home in such a state of sadness and dejection as to be

noticed by their masters, who knew not to what to attribute the cause. The next day came a fresh disappearance of the two dogs, which had found a means of joining each other. They were seen to return in the evening to their respective domiciles, harassed with fatigue, to refuse every sort of nourishment, their paws bloody, and their bodies covered with earth and sweat. At first no attention was paid to what took place; but the same procedure being repeated on the next and succeeding days, and M. S. not finding his dog come home, together with the daily disappearance of his other dog, and his nightly return in such a dreadful condition, mentioned the circumstance to M. P., who declared to him that his dog had done the same thing for a week. Finally, the day following, M. S. was awakened early in the morning by the cries of several dogs who scratched at his door. He came down to see what was the matter, and what was his astonishment, when he saw his dog, which he thought lost, feeble, languid, and like a mere skeleton, escorted by its two liberators to the house of its master, and which, seeing it in his care, went to sleep tranquilly on a bundle of straw, scarcely able to move their stiffened limbs. M. S. made a search to discover the place where this touching scene had occurred. He discovered that the narrow opening into which his dog had forced itself was transformed into a large cavity, the working out of which was evidently due to the intelligence of the two other dogs."

Sporting dogs, as a whole, seem to discover much more sagacity, combined with faithfulness to their leading instincts, than household dogs. The pointer is a marvellous instance of this. The moment he falls on a scent, he lifts one paw from the ground, and stands on the remaining three, with his face, back, and tail all forming a straight line. This is his regular behaviour when the wind is as it should be, and no obstacles present themselves. This, however, is not invariably the case: an untoward circumstance sometimes turns up, and the dog is brought suddenly close to the game. The heat of the chase, however, is insufficient to disturb the pointer's sense of duty. Instantly the twitching muscles are still, and head, body, limbs, seem suddenly converted into stone. Whatever may have been the position of his body at the moment the discovery was made, that position is retained. Sometimes it has happened that when the pointer has been in the act of springing over a strong fence, he has hit upon the scent of birds lying close to it, and he has then been seen to halt suddenly on the top of the wall

or fence, with his four feet collected together and his body almost doubled up.

Some capital stories, illustrative of the undying affection of the dog for its master, are related in a little work, "The Sportsman's Cabinet," and from which the following is abbreviated:—

At Halling, in Kent, there lived a farmer of the name of Akes, who had a dog that was remarkably attached to him, and followed him about wherever he went. One day he went to Maidstone market, his faithful canine friend, as usual, accompanying him. Having occasion to stop there till late in the evening, he at last proceeded on his way home; but stopping at Aylesford, he there drank so immoderately as to be quite intoxicated before he again was on his journey home. It was at a very bad season of the year—the roads, "at the best very dangerous to a drunken man," were covered with snow—and the night was intensely cold. Having passed the village of Newhead in safety, he took his way over Snodland Brook. He had proceeded in safety, till he came to the Willow Walk, within half a mile of the church, when, by a sudden stagger, he quitted the path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand. Not apprehensive he was going astray, he took towards the river, but having a high bank to mount, and being nearly exhausted with wandering and the effect of the liquor, he was most fortunately prevented from rising the mound, or he certainly must have precipitated himself into the Medway. At this moment, completely overcome, he fell among the snow in one of the coldest nights ever known, turning upon his back, and was soon overpowered with sleep or cold.

In this situation the farmer must soon have slumbered in death; he was in a desolate country, where, in all probability, he would never have received any human help. His sole help depended upon his faithful companion, the dog; nor, in this emergency, did he prove less sagacious than the most intelligent human being could have been under the circumstances. The snow was still falling heavily, and the man would soon have been buried in it; but the dog cleared all the snow round the helpless man, so as to form a kind of wall around him. Then, rolling himself up, he lay on his master's bosom, thereby preserving the warmth and circulation of the blood; and so remained all night, doubtless without closing an eye. The next morning a person happened to be passing that way, in search of wild-fowl, and stumbled across the body of the man—

the dog still curled on his breast. Immediately on seeing the stranger, however, it ran to his side; imploring, in the most pathetic manner, his assistance for its master. The man was by this time, to all appearance, perfectly lifeless; but assistance being procured, the body was removed to the nearest village, and, various remedies being applied, he ultimately recovered, and told the remarkable story of his escape.

In gratitude to his preserver, the farmer had a silver collar made, to perpetuate the remembrance of this noble deed, which the dog ever afterwards wore. To its master's honour be recorded, that when, a little time after this event, a gentleman offered him ten guineas for the animal, the farmer indignantly refused. "So long," he said, "as he had a bone to his meat, or a crust to his bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend who had preserved his life."



POMERANIAN DOG.



MOUNT SAINT BERNARD MASTIFF.

One of the most wonderful dog stories ever related appeared some time ago in that highly respectable medical journal the *Lancet*,—a sufficient guarantee, it may be fairly assumed, for its authenticity. It is an important feature of the narrative that the owner of the dogs was a gentleman of good means, who trained the animals solely for his amusement and that of his friends:—

“Two fine dogs, of the Spanish breed, were introduced by M. Léonard, with the customary French *politesse*—the largest, by the name of M. Philax; the other, as M. Brac (or Spot). The former had been in training three, the latter two years. They were in vigorous health, and having bowed very gracefully, seated themselves on the hearth-rug side by side. M. Léonard then gave a lively description of the means he had employed to develop the cerebral system in these animals; how, from having been fond of the chase, and ambitious of possessing the best trained dogs, he had employed the usual course of training—how the conviction had been impressed on his mind, that by gentle usage, and steady perseverance in inducing the animal to repeat again and again what was required—not only would the dog be capable of performing that specific act, but that part of the brain which was brought into activity by

the mental effort would become more largely developed, and hence a permanent increase of mental power be obtained. This reasoning is in accordance with the known laws of the physiology of the nervous system, and is fraught with the most important results. We may refer the reader interested in the subject to the masterly little work of Doctor Verity, 'Change produced in the Nervous System by Civilization.' After this introduction, M. Léonard spoke to his dogs in French, in the usual tone, and ordered one of them to walk, the other to whinny, to run, to gallop, halt, crouch, &c., which they performed as promptly and correctly as the most docile children. Then he directed them to go through the usual exercises of the *manège*, which they performed as well as the best-trained ponies at Astley's. He next placed six cards of different colours on the floor, and, sitting with his back to the dogs, directed one to pick up the blue card, and the other the white, &c., varying his orders rapidly, and speaking in such a manner that it was impossible the dogs could have executed his commands if they had not a perfect knowledge of the words. For instance, M. Léonard said, 'Philax, take the red card and give it to Brac; and Brac, take the white card and give it to Philax.' The dogs instantly did this, and exchanged cards with each other. He then said, 'Philax, put your card on the green; and Brac, put yours on the blue,' and this was instantly performed. Pieces of bread and meat were placed on the floor, with figured cards, and a variety of directions were given to the dogs, so as to put their intelligence and obedience to a severe test. They brought the meat, bread, or cards, as commanded, but did not attempt to eat or to touch, unless ordered. Philax was then ordered to bring a piece of meat and give it to Brac, and then Brac was told to give it back to Philax, who was to return it to its place. Philax was next told he might bring a piece of bread and eat it; but, before he had time to swallow it, his master forbade him, and directed him to show that he had not disobeyed, and the dog instantly protruded the crust between his lips."

This, however, was not the most curious of the performances of the wonderful animals. The account proceeds—"Presently: M. Léonard invited a gentleman to play a game of dominoes with one of the animals. The younger and slighter dog then seated himself on a chair at the table, and the writer and M. Léonard seated themselves opposite. Six dominoes were placed on their edges in the usual manner before the dog, and

a like number before the writer. The dog having a double number, took one up in his mouth, and put it in the middle of the table; the writer played a corresponding piece on one side; the dog immediately played another correctly; and so on till all the pieces were engaged. Other six dominoes were then given to each, and the writer intentionally played a wrong number. The dog looked surprised, stared very earnestly at the writer, growled, and finally barked angrily. Finding that no notice was taken of his remonstrance, he pushed away the wrong domino with his nose, and taking up a suitable one from his own pieces, played it instead. The writer then played correctly; the dog followed, and won the game."

The lady whose name has already been used in connection with the King Charles spaniel story tells a pleasant anecdote of dogs working in concert, though not in so peaceable a manner as is revealed by the foregoing narrative. The lady possessed a small retriever—very pretty, but very hot tempered—named Charger, and another dog—a tremendous mastiff—named Neptune. Charger's deportment towards his big relative was no less insolent than towards the rest of the world, but the great dog was a generous fellow, and either pretended not to hear the petty abuse of the other, or else looked amused and wagged his tail.

"But," says Mrs. Hall, "all dogs were not equally charitable, and Charger had a long-standing quarrel with a huge bull-dog, I believe it was—for it was ugly and ferocious enough to be a bull-dog—belonging to a butcher—the only butcher within a circuit of five miles—who lived at Carrick, and was called the Lad of Carrick. He was very nearly as authoritative as his bull-dog. It chanced that Charger and the bull-dog had met somewhere, and the result was, that our beautiful retriever was brought home so fearfully mangled that it was a question whether it should not be shot at once, everything like recovery seeming impossible.

"But I really think Neptune saved his life. The trusty friend applied himself to carefully licking his wounds, hanging over him with such tenderness, and gazing at his master with such mute entreaty, that it was resolved to leave the dogs together for that night. The devotion of the great dog knew no change; he suffered any of the people to dress his friend's wounds, or feed him, but he growled if they attempted to remove him. Although at the end of ten or twelve days he could limp to the sunny spots of the lawn—always attended

by Neptune,—it was quite three months before Charger was himself again, and his recovery was entirely attributed to Neptune, who ever after that was called Doctor Neptune—a distinction which he received with his usual gravity. Now, here I must say that Neptune was never quarrelsome. He was a very large liver-coloured dog, with huge firm jaws, and those small cunning eyes which I always think detract from the beauty of the head of the Newfoundland; his paws were pillows, and his chest broad and firm. He was a dignified, gentlemanly dog, who looked down on the ordinary run of quarrels as quite beneath him. If grievously insulted he would lift up the aggressor in his jaws, shake him, and let him go—if he could go—that was all. But in his heart of hearts he resented the treatment his friend had received.

“So when Charger was fully recovered, the two dogs set off together to the Hill of Carrick, a distance of more than a mile from their home, and then and there set upon the bull-dog. While we were at breakfast the butler came in with the information that something had gone wrong, for both Neptune and Charger had come home covered with blood and wounds, and were licking each other in the little stable. This was quickly followed by a visit from the bristly Lad of Carrick, crying like a child,—the great rough-looking bear of a man—because our dogs had gone up the Hill and killed his pup, “Bluenose.” ‘The two fell on him,’ he said, ‘together, and now you could hardly tell his head from his tail.’ It was a fearful retribution; but even his master confessed that Bluenose deserved his fate, and every cur in the country rejoiced that he was dead.”

Jesse relates a story of a dog of a sporting tendency, and which belonged to a master of the same inclination. The gentleman, however, was a very bad shot, a failing which the dog, who usually accompanied him, took very much to heart. Once or twice missing, the hound didn't mind—that will happen to the most accomplished sportsman—but if, after banging away for half an hour, no fall of feathers resulted, the indignant brute would grow more and more angry till at last he would fly at the unlucky sportsman, and fiercely shake any part of his raiment he could catch in his jaws. “This,” says Mr. Jesse, “is much the case with my old terrier, Peter. He accompanies me when I am trolling, watches every throw with much anxiety, and shows great impatience and some degree of anger if I am a long time without taking a fish; when I do he appears delighted.”

The same authority relates an anecdote exhibiting the dog in a new and not very creditable light. Here we have the noble animal faithful unto death even to the shivering beggar, turned wolf—not a savage wolf of the wilderness, but a polite and polished wolf, growing fat on the bounty of the traveller, instead of on the traveller's carcase.

The gentlemen who related the story to Mr. Jesse were riding from Geneva to Basle, when they discovered a fine-looking dog following them. The coachman disclaimed any knowledge of the animal, which continued with the carriage through the whole of the day's journey. "When we stopped for the night, by close attendance on us as we alighted, and sundry wags of the tail, looking up into our faces, he installed himself in our good graces, and claimed to be enrolled a regular member of the *cortège*. 'Give that poor dog a good supper, for he has followed us all day,' was the direction to the people of the inn; and I took care to see it obeyed. This affair of the dog furnished conversation after our dinner. We were unanimous in the conviction that we had done nothing to entice the animal, and washed our hands of any intention to steal him. We concluded that he had lost his master, and, as all well-educated and discriminating dogs will do in such a dilemma, that he had adopted other protectors, and had shown his good sense and taste in the selection. It was clear, therefore, that we were bound to take care of him.

"He was a stout dog, with a cross of the mastiff in him; an able-bodied trudger, well formed for scuffling in a market-place. He was a dog also of much self-possession. In our transits through the villages he paid but little attention to the curs which now and then attacked him. He followed us to Basle; we assigned to him the name of Carlo, which he had already learned to answer readily; we became quite attached to him, and the affection appeared to be mutual. At Basle we told the innkeeper the story, and added, that we had now nothing to do but to take the dog to England with us, as we could not shake him off. The landlord smiled. 'Why,' said I, 'is it your dog?' 'No,' said he. 'Does he belong to any one you know?' 'No,' replied the host. 'Why do you smile then?' 'Vous verrez.' 'Well, but explain.' 'Well, then,' said the landlord, 'this dog, which belongs to no one, is in the habit of attaching himself to travellers passing between this place and Geneva. He has often been at my house before. I know the dog well. Be assured he will not go farther with

you.' We smiled in our turn: the dog's affection was so very marked.

"The next morning the dog was about as usual. He came to us, and received a double portion of caresses for past services, also some food in consideration of the long trot before him. The horses were to—we sprang into the carriage, and off we started. Hie Carlo! Carlo!—hie Carlo! Not a leg did he wag, but only his tail. Carlo—Carlo—Carlo!—The deuce a bit did he stir. He stood watching us with his eyes for a few seconds, as we rolled along, and then, turning round, walked leisurely up the inn-yard! Whilst the confounded landlord stood at his door, laughing!"

In cases where animals of totally different natures have exhibited an undoubted affection for each other—a between wolves and children, and cats and mice, naturalists, Jesse among the number, have endeavoured to explain the matter in a way more prosaic than pleasant. Of the wolf that carried off the child and tenderly nursed it in its den, and of the grimalkin caught in the act of suckling a mouse, they say that selfishness and not affection is at the bottom of it; that the savage she-animals finding themselves, through the loss of their young, or some other accident, incommoded by their teeming udders, are content to sink their animosity for their proper prey, in the relief and pleasure they experience in having their teats drawn.



## THE MANAGEMENT OF PUPPIES.

Should your canine she-pet have pups, it will be well to adopt the following directions. Don't handle them during the first week any more than is absolutely necessary. The mother will be spared considerable anxiety if you observe this. Beyond making her a comfortable bed, or, rather, supplying her with comfortable bedding material, and allowing her plenty of good food, your attentions may be spared. You must, however, be careful that excessive fondness for her progeny does not so far lead her to neglect exercise as to injure her health. No doubt she will, on the day following the birth of her family, be very loth to respond to your whistle, and would much rather stay at home and cuddle her babies than go a-walking. In this, however,—always assuming her to be a healthy animal,—she must not be indulged. Take her a short walk—say of a mile's length, and then let her return to her family. Afterwards, she may be expected to get about pretty much as usual.

Some she-dogs are averse to suckling the pups they give birth to; others will, as is the case with cats, rabbits, and other animals, eat them as soon as they come into the world. Both sorts of dog are, of course, objectionable; but, in my opinion, the last-mentioned is least so. The she that evinces no inclination to give suck to her pups, is, in all probability, physically incapable of performing that necessary function, and will remain so, to the expense and perplexity of her owner, as long as she lives; but the disposition to cannibalism is not likely to be a fixed propensity. As no satisfactory cause for the apparently unnatural act has yet been assigned, one cannot be wrong in choosing to ascribe it to benevolent, rather than to malicious motives. One thing is certain, that the animal may eat her pups once, and never, in the whole course of her life, repeat the eccentricity. Indeed, it has been remarked that such dogs are generally among the most affectionate and well disposed.

As before stated, the mother of the pups must be generously fed. Healthy pups will, after the first few days, add at least an ounce daily to their weight; and in cases where the unlucky mother has five or six youngsters, it may be easily imagined that the drain on her system must be enormous—five ounces of puppy-flesh and bone to be realized from her teats! At the same time, it must of course be borne in mind

that *discrimination* as regards feeding must be observed as scrupulously now as at any other time.

With dogs of value, especially "toy" dogs, there is a natural desire on the part of the owner to save as many of each litter as possible, and he need be in no fear but that the affectionate parent will gladly second his designs,—frequently, however, with lamentable results to all parties. Dogs of choice breeds, especially those of smaller size, are seldom particularly strong, and cram them with as much nourishment as you please, they are still unable to produce sufficient milk for the maintenance of the little troop of gluttons. You may easily ascertain if her strength is being over-taxed. While she is suckling, her countenance, instead of being expressive of unmistakable pleasure and content, will wear a nervous, jaded air, and she will from time to time "nose" among the restless suckers, as though conveying the gentlest hint in the world that they have been pulling a longish time, and now, perhaps, wouldn't mind letting mother have a bit of a rest. She does not recline easily with her progeny at her dugs, but lies along the ground and pants, as though, as is actually the case, her very life was being drained out of her. She will get up and go creeping about the house in the most anxious and melancholy way, and maternal care presently conquering bodily pain, back she will go to the kennel, to be at once seized by the hungry pups, who, of course, pull all the harder for there being little to pull at. The end of this is that the poor mother has fainting fits.

There is but one way of saving the poor animal. The fits of themselves are not imminently dangerous, but they indicate a state of such extreme weakness, that the dog may be said to be bound straight for death, unless the existing condition of things be altered. Tonics must be administered and the mother at once removed from her progeny. As to the latter, you must either bring them up by hand or provide them with a foster parent.

As a rule, the hand-raised puppy will at the end of a month be sufficiently established in life to be equal, in a certain degree, to the business of self-feeding. Its tender mouth, however, must not at first be too severely tasked. A mixture of finely-shredded meat, mixed with soaked ship-biscuit or boiled rice, is as good food as any.



## HOW TO FEED THE DOG.

Not one among our catalogue of Home Pets stands so likely a chance of being "killed by kindness" as the domestic dog; the gentle murder being rendered more easy of accomplishment through the creature himself being only too happy, not only to accept the "forbidden fruit," but most pertinaciously to solicit it. I have heard the fair owners of "lap" dogs—those unfortunate canine wretches whose diminutive size, or the fashionable colour and texture of their coats, render fit and proper occupants of the parlour and drawing-room—justify their treatment of them in the most amusing ways: one persisting that an animal of such a high order of intellect as the dog would never choose to eat anything hurtful to its constitution; another, that since wholesome meat and milk were beneficial to human beings, they must be good for dogs; another, that it might be all very well, as regarded the dog's health, to feed it on such coarse and nasty food as paunch and plain rice, but that it stood to sense that such feeding must tend to deteriorate the silkiness of "darling Floss's" coat, and render his body gross and unbearable.

This last, although, perhaps, the most ludicrous error, is most serious, because it is most common. What, however, says a sound and modern authority on this subject? "Animals not worked, but kept as favourites, or allowed only to range at pleasure, should not have any meat, or be permitted to consume any large quantity of fatty substances. Butter, fat, or grease,

soon renders the skin of the dog diseased, and its body gross. Milk, fine bread, cakes, or sugar, are better fare for children; given to the brute, they are apt to generate disorder, which a long course of medicine will not in every case eradicate. Nice food, or that which a human being would so consider, is, in fact, not fitted to support the dog in health. It may appear offensive to ladies when they behold their favourites gorge rankly, but Nature has wisely ordained that her numerous children should, by their difference of appetite, consume the produce of the earth. The dog, therefore, can enjoy and thrive on that which man thinks of with disgust; but our reason sees in this circumstance no fact worthy of our exclamation. The animal seeking the provender its Creator formed it to relish is not necessarily unclean. . . . . The spaniel which, floated with sweets, escapes from the drawing-room to amuse itself with a bone picked from a dunghill, follows but the inclination of its kind, and, while tearing with its teeth the dirt-begrimed morsel, it is, according to its nature, daintily employed. . . . An occasional bone, and even a little dirt, are beneficial to the canine race; while food nicely minced, and served on plates, is calculated to do harm. Rich and immoderate living fattens to excess, destroys activity, renders the bowels costive, and causes the teeth to be encrusted with tartar."

First, concerning the *sort* of food that should be given to house-dogs, little or big.

Meat, when allowed, cannot be of too coarse a quality; the shin or the cheek of the ox being preferable to the ribs or buttocks; it should be lean. Paunch is excellent meat for dogs, and to aristocratic bow-wows it may be given in the form of tripe. Never allow your dog to eat what is commonly known as "cat's-meat." I am loth to say a word that may work ill towards any branch of industry, but there is little doubt that the abolition of the "cat's-meat" business would be an immense benefit to the canine and feline races. Consider the long odds that exist against the chance of the horseflesh being nutritious? First, it may be safely reckoned that at least a fourth of the number of horses killed are diseased. Secondly, it is generally pitched into the cauldron almost before it is cold; and as it does not in the least concern either the wholesale or the retail dealer, whether the meat be lean or tough, very little attention is paid to the boiling. Thirdly, the retail dealer—the peripatetic cat's-meat man—as a rule, brings the meat hot from the copper, and though, perhaps, equally as a rule, yet by no means as an

exception, souces it into cold water to make it cut "firm." After these explanations, the owner of a dog may judge of the nutriment to be derived from cat's-meat:

Bullock's liver is good for dogs, not as the staple of its food, as it is laxative, but say twice a week, when its medicinal properties will be beneficial; besides that, it breaks the monotony of "paunch for dinner." It is much more laxative in a raw than a boiled state. It will be well to bear in mind that raw meat is more stimulative than cooked meat; consequently, for idic dogs the latter is preferable. Oatmeal porridge is good for dogs, so is ship-biscuit. Rice is excellent, besides being very cheap. A pound of shin of beef boiled, and the broth saved, and a pound of rice boiled the next day in the broth, will serve a hearty dog nearly a week. Persons having lap-dogs will find the keep upon rice, properly seasoned or soaked in gravy, less likely to render them gross, and their bodies inodorous, than dining them daily from the family-joint. Never give a dog warm meat; sooner or later, it will certainly enfeeble digestion.

For dogs that are ill, food should be prepared with extreme care. Sickness cannot be relieved without trouble, and in many cases an animal requires as much attention as a child. To gain success neither time nor labour must be spared. Nothing smoked or burnt, no refuse or tainted flesh, must on any account be made use of. The meat may be coarse, but it should be fresh and wholesome. Dirty saucepans or dishes ought not to be employed; and so very important are these circumstances, that the practitioner who engages in dog-practice will often surprise his acquaintances by being seen at market, or busied over the fire. Beef-tea is one of the articles which, in extreme cases, is of great service. Few servants, however, make it properly, and where a dog is concerned, there are fewer still who will credit that any pains should be bestowed on the decoction.

This is the way the beef-tea should be prepared. Take half-a-pound of beef, cut from the neck or round is better than any other part; but it does not matter how coarse the quality may be. Divest the beef of every particle of skin and fat, and mince it as fine as sausage-meat. Put it into a clean saucepan, with a pint of water, and stand it on the hob at such a distance from the fire that it will be half-an-hour before it boils. Let it boil ten minutes; set it aside to cool; skim off what fat there may be on the surface, and, without the addition of

salt or any kind of seasoning, the beef-tea is ready for your canine patients. However, we will say no more of sick dogs at present; they will be treated of presently.

Feed your dog *once* a day, and do not give him his food on a plate. That is a politeness he can very well dispense with; besides that, his health will be advantaged by a waiving of such ceremony. Throw him his meat on the floor—not on to a paved or plank floor, but on the earth. The quantity of the latter he will swallow with his meat will not hurt him; on the contrary, it will stimulate his intestines. Feed him *regularly*. Reflect on your own case, and on what an annoying, not to say painful, thing it is to be kept hungry two or three hours after your customary dinner-time, and be merciful. As to the quantity of food with which a dog should be supplied, it is impossible to direct, as, like men, no two dogs eat alike, and many a healthy little dog will comfortably stow away as much as would serve a big dog for two meals. The owner of a dog, however, may easily ascertain the wholesome limit of his dog's appetite. Set before him in a corner, where he will not be disturbed, an ample allowance, or more, and, unobserved, keep your eye on him. If he be in health, he will set to, and not abate his industry till he feels comfortably full; then he will raise his head, and move away from the remnants. Marking this, and to save him eating to repletion, as he certainly will, if allowed, you will remove what is left, and so learn what should be his regular allowance.

A large, hard bone thrown to the dog very frequently will be useful to him; not for the sake of what he may pick off it—indeed, the less there is on it the better—but to keep his teeth in order. Concerning bones generally, however, the remarks of Mr. Edward Mayhew may be studied with profit. "A dog in strong health may digest an occasional meal of bones; but the 'pet' has generally a weak, and often a diseased stomach, which would be irritated by what would otherwise do no harm. The animal, nevertheless, true to its instincts, has always an inclination to swallow such substances, provided its teeth can break off a piece of convenient size for deglutition. Game and chicken bones, which are readily crushed, should therefore be withheld, for not unfrequently is choking caused by pieces sticking in the œsophagus; though more often is vomiting induced by irritation of the stomach, or serious impactment of the posterior intestine ensues upon the feebleness of the digestion."

Concerning "scraps," too, the last-quoted authority has something instructive to communicate. "However strict may be the orders, and however sincere may be the disposition to observe them, scraps will fall; bits will be thrown down; dishes will be placed on the ground; and sometimes affection will venture to offer 'just a little piece,' which no one could call feeding. It is astonishing how much will in this way be picked up, for the dog that lies most before the kitchen fire is generally the fattest, laziest, and at feeding-time the best behaved of the company. Consequently, no dog should be allowed to enter the kitchen, for their arts in working upon mortal frailty can only be met by insisting on their absence. The dog that is well fed and not crammed should not refuse bread when it is offered. If this be rejected, while sugar is snapped eagerly, it will be pretty certain either that the animal is too much indulged, or that its health requires attention."

#### DOG-WASHING.

Dogs if properly treated will but seldom require washing. Frequent washing, especially where soap, soda, &c., is used, renders the hair harsh and rough, and much more liable to catch the dirt than the hair of the dog treated as a rule by the dry process. All that is required is a comb with a fine and a coarse end, and a stiff brush. It should be combed and brushed regularly every morning, and if it is allowed to get its coat muddied the mud should stay on till it is quite dry, when it may be dusted and brushed out without leaving a stain.

An occasional wash will be beneficial, but in the coldest weather the chill only should be taken off the water, and the yolk of an egg used instead of and in the same manner as soap. Many a thin-skinned dog, could it but speak, might tell of the agonies it had endured through the application of coarse soap to its sensitive body. His eyes smart, his skin burns, and if in the event of your not thoroughly rinsing the latter from it he attempts to finish off with a few licks of his tongue, he is made sick and ill. If egg be used all these difficulties may be obviated. As useful a lather as soap lather is produced, it does not burn the animal's skin, and if he wishes to "plume" himself, after his nature, he will not be made ill. A small dog, say a Skye terrier, will not require more than the yolk of a single egg.

Never use luke or even warm water in dog-washing; nothing

is more debilitating to the system; the animal will feel faint and weak, and not at all disposed to frisk about after his immersion. This is the worst part of the business, as it is utterly impossible thoroughly to dry the coat of a long-haired dog, and violent cold is the result.

A cold bath, which is of course altogether different from a cold wash, will not hurt a robust dog even if it be practised every morning. Here again, however, there are one or two important rules to be observed. Do not allow the dog's head to be plunged under water; it does no sort of good, and inflicts on it a certain amount of pain. Even if it be a stupid dog, and unable to keep its head above water, a very little assistance from you, applied to the nape of the neck, will effect the purpose. With the other hand the dog's coat should be stirred and roughed so that it be thoroughly saturated.<sup>d</sup>

In this case, as in washing, it is almost useless trying to dry the animal by means of the towel; dried, however, he must be, and that by his own bodily exertion. In all probability he will be much more inclined to skulk by the kitchen fire than to scamper about, in which case you must rouse him, and either take or send him out for a run. A good plan, if you live in the country, is to take him a mile or so out and then give him a dip in a brook; if he take deep offence at the proceeding, and scamper home as hard as his legs will carry him, so much the better for his health. If, however, you would try the same trick the next morning you had better pass a string through his collar, otherwise he will never be induced to approach the scene of yesterday's discomfiture.

#### PARASITES.

For the destruction of fleas a well-known authority directs as follows: "The dog must be taken from the place where it has been accustomed to sleep. The bed must be entirely removed and the kennel sluiced—not merely washed—with boiling water, after which it should be painted with spirits of turpentine. The dog itself ought to be washed with eggs and water with a teaspoonful of turpentine to each egg-yolk. After this the animal should have yellow-deal shavings to sleep on, and if they are frequently renewed the annoyance will seldom be again complained of. As, however, exceptional cases will always start up, should the tribe not be entirely dispersed the washing must be repeated, or if from want of time or other cause it be inconvenient to repeat the operation, a

little powdered camphor rubbed into the coat will abate and often eradicate the nuisance."

For fleas and other skin-biting pests Mr. Wood recommends "Persian Insect Destroying Powder" to be applied in the following manner: "First dust the dog well with the substance until every portion of him has received a few particles of the powder, and then put him into a strong canvass bag in which a handful of the powder has been placed and shake well about, so as to distribute it equally over the interior of the bag. Leave his head protruding from the bag, and put on his head and neck a linen rag in which are holes for his nose and eyes, and let the interior of the rag be well coated with the powder. Lay him on the ground and let him tumble about as much as he desires, the more the better. In an hour or two let him out of the bag and scrub his coat well with a stiff brush. In a week or so the operation should be repeated in order to destroy the creatures that have been produced from the unhatched eggs that always resist the power of the destructive powder."

Another remedy is to take the dog into an apartment where grease-spots on the floor are of no particular consequence and saturate his coat completely with castor oil. Such is applied with the hand, but it may be done with a brush. So leave it for twelve hours, and then cleanse the animal with yolk of egg and water. This, however, although an effective process, is a troublesome and an expensive one, as a small dog will require quite a pound of the oil, and a large dog, such as a Newfoundland, four or five pounds.



MANTEH DOG.

## DISEASES OF THE DOG.

Let us start with the most terrible of all, Hydrophobia; the most terrible, because, as says a celebrated dog-doctor, "of the causes or treatment of the disorder we know nothing, neither, considering the nature of the study, are we likely to learn!" Where, then, is the use of writing on such a painful subject? More uses than one, good reader. To enable you to recognize in your own pet the earlier stages of the disease, should it be unluckily so afflicted; to endeavour to demonstrate a fact which it is to be feared is too little understood, that a rabid dog is not a malicious enemy to mankind, but a poor, suffering brute, to be regarded pitifully.

The most graphic account of the commencement, progress, and termination of Hydrophobia in the dog ever written, is to be found, together with a wealth of other canine information, in a work lately published by Mr. Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S. The description is so thoroughly excellent, that I shall take the liberty of quoting it entire.

"The dog that is going mad feels unwell for a long time prior to the full development of the disease. He is very ill; but he does not know what ails him. He feels nasty, dissatisfied with everything, vexed without a reason, and, greatly against his better nature, very snappish. Feeling thus, he longs to avoid all annoyance by being alone. This makes him seem strange to those unaccustomed to him. This sensation induces him to seek solitude. But there is another reason that decides his choice of a resting-place. The sun is to him an instrument of torture, which he therefore studies to avoid, for his brain aches and feels, as it were, a trembling jelly. This induces the poor brute to find out the holes and corners where he is least likely to be noticed, and into which the light is unable to enter. If his retreat be discovered, and his master's voice bid him come forth, the countenance of the faithful creature brightens, his tail beats the ground, and he leaves his hiding-place, anxious to obey the loved authority; but before he has gone half the distance, a kind of sensation comes over him which produces an instantaneous change in his whole appearance. He seems to say to himself, 'Why cannot you let me alone? Go away—do go away! You trouble and pain me,' and thereon he suddenly turns tail, and darts back to his dark corner. If let along, there he will remain, perhaps frothing a little at the

mouth, and drinking a great deal of water, but not issuing from his hiding-place to seek food.

“His appetites are altered. Hair, straw, dirt, filth, tar, shavings, stones, the most noisome and unnatural substances are the delicacies for which the poor dog, changed by disease, longs and swallows in hope to ease his burning stomach. Still, he does not desire to bite mankind; he rather endeavours to avoid society; he takes long journeys of thirty or forty miles in extent, and lengthened by all kinds of accidents, to vent his restless desire for motion. When on these journeys he does not walk. This would be too formal and measured a pace for an animal whose whole frame quivers with excitement. He does not run. That would be too great an exertion for a creature whose body is the abode of a deadly sickness. He proceeds in a glouching manner, in a kind of trot, a movement neither run nor walk, and his aspect is dejected. His eyes do not glare, but are dull and retracted. His appearance is very characteristic, and if once seen can never afterwards be mistaken. In this state, he will travel the most dusty roads, his tongue hanging dry from his open mouth, from which, however, there drops no foam. His course is not straight. How could it be, since it is doubtful whether at these periods he can see at all? His desire is to journey unnoticed. If no one notices him, he gladly passes on. He is very ill. He cannot stay to bite. If, nevertheless, anything opposes his progress, he will, as if by impulse, snap—as a man in a similar state might strike, and tell the person ‘to get out of his way.’ He may take his road across a field, in which there are a flock of sheep. Could these creatures only make room for him and stand motionless, the dog would pass on and leave them behind uninjured. But they begin to run, and at the sound the dog pricks up his ears. His entire aspect changes. Rage takes possession of him. What made that noise? He pursues it with all the energy of madness. He flies at one; then at another. He does not mangle, nor is his bite simply considered terrible. He cannot pause to tear the creature he has bitten. He snaps, and then rushes onward, till, fairly exhausted, and unable longer to follow, he sinks down, and the sheep pass forward to be no more molested.

“He may be slain while on these excursions; but if he escapes he returns home and seeks the darkness and quiet of his former abode. His thirst increases, but with it comes the swelling of the throat. He will plunge his head into water, so ravenous

is his desire; but not a drop of the liquid can he swallow, though its surface be covered with bubbles, in consequence of the efforts he makes to gulp the smallest quantity. The throat is enlarged to that extent which will permit nothing to pass. His state of suffering is most pitiable. He has lost all self-reliance; even feeling has gone. He flies at, pulls to pieces, anything within his reach. An animal in this condition being confined near a fire, flew at the burning mass, pulled out the live coals, and, in his fury, crunched them. The noise he makes is incessant and peculiar. It begins as a bark, which sound being too torturing to be continued, is quickly changed to a howl, which is suddenly cut short in the middle; and so the poor wretch at last falls, worn out by a terrible disease." †

How Hydrophobia (literally, "dread of water," and altogether a wrong name for the disease, as it is clearly proved that when at the height of its madness the desire to drink is unabated, the ability being frustrated by physical causes) is generated is still a mystery. It is certain that the venom lies in the *saliva*, and that its application to the abraded skin of another animal, without even a touch of the mad dog's teeth, is sufficient to impart the terrible disease. Hot weather has been supposed to be favourable to the development of rabies (see Mad Dog bills issued by the police in July). But dog doctors generally agree that it is quite as prevalent in the winter. Some writers attribute it to thirst, but the reply to that suggestion is, that whereas in a well-watered country like England hydrophobia is lamentably common, in scorching Eastern cities it is unknown. Besides, the latter proposition has been set aside, at least to their own entire satisfaction, by certain scientific Frenchmen, who, with an inhumanity that makes one's flesh creep, and which may not be excused on any ground whatever, caused forty poor dogs to be shut up and kept without water till they died. The result was that they (the men, not the dogs), were enabled to show that at least not one out of forty dogs go mad through thirst. One is almost inclined to be cruel enough to wish that the biggest dog of the doomed forty had gone mad and bitten the cruel wretch who proposed the monstrous test.

Concerning the treatment of a wound caused by a rabid animal, the patient's fright should be allayed as far as possible. He should be impressed with the fact that a bite from a mad dog is by no means certain to produce hydrophobia. He must, however, make up his mind to a rather painful

treatment of his wound. Washing the part is condemned by many medical men; they opine that in the process the virus is diluted and reduced to a state to be the more easily absorbed into the system. Some recommend the cupping-glass. This, says the surgeon, only draws the blood about the wound and accelerates its mixture generally with the poison. The knife is objected to, for "in using the knife that which runs from the newly-made incision is apt to overflow into the poisoned locality and so to convey the venom into the circulation by mixing with the fast-flowing blood as it bathes the enlarged wound.

The simplest and safest mode of treatment is by burning. If it is at hand, take a piece of lunar-caustic and scrape one end of it as small and fine as a writing pencil, with this stab the wound all over. If the caustic is not forthcoming hot-iron will do nearly as well, the best instrument will be a steel fork. It must be used in much the same manner as the caustic, and it should be borne in mind that it is no tenderness to the patient to make the fork "not too hot." The hotter the better for the eradication of the poison and the feelings of the bitten person. It is well known that a burn from a substance heated only to a dull-red inflicts considerably more pain than if brought to a glowing white heat.

Some years ago there appeared in a Prussian newspaper, and since then in various European treatises on dog diseases, an account of how fourteen people were simply and speedily cured of this terrible disorder. As to the efficacy of the remedy employed, no guarantee can here be given. The reader must take it as he finds it and form his own conclusions.

"M. Maraschetti, an operator in the Moscow hospital, while visiting the Ukraine, was applied to by fifteen persons for relief on the same day, they having been bitten by a rabid dog. Whilst the surgeon was preparing such remedies as suggested themselves a deputation of several old men waited upon him with a request that he would permit a peasant who had for some time enjoyed considerable reputation for his success in treating cases of hydrophobia to take these patients under his care. The fame of this peasant and his skill were known to M. Maraschetti, and he acceded to the request of the deputation on certain conditions: in the first place, that he himself should be present and made cognizant of the mode of treatment employed; secondly, that proof should be given him of the dog that had injured the sufferers being really rabid—and then that he, the surgeon, should select one of the patients to

be treated by himself according to the ordinary course adopted by the medical profession. This might, at a hasty view, be deemed an improper tampering with human life on the part of the Russian surgeon; but when the admitted hopelessness of all remedies is recollected, the reader will refrain from animadversion. M. Maraschetti selected, as his own patient, a little girl six years old; the other condition was duly complied with; no doubt could exist of the genuine rabies of the dog, which perished shortly afterwards in extreme agony.

The peasant gave to his fourteen patients a decoction of the tops and blossoms of the broom plant (*Flor. Genista lutea tinctoria*), in the quantities of about a pound and a half daily; twice a day he examined beneath their tongues, where, he stated, small knots, containing the virus, would form. Several of these knots did eventually appear, and as soon as they did so, they were carefully opened and cauterised with a red-hot wire, after which the patients were made to rinse their mouths, and gargle with the decoction. The result was, that all the patients,—two of whom only, and these the *last bitten*, did not show the knots,—were dismissed cured, at the expiration of six weeks, during which time they had continued to drink the decoction. The poor little girl, who had been treated according to the usual medical formula, was attacked with hydrophobic symptoms on the seventh day, and died within eight hours after the accession of the first paroxysm. M. Maraschetti saw, three years afterwards, the other fourteen persons all living and in good health.

The report goes on to say that the worthy Russian doctor had, some time after, another opportunity of testing the value of decoction of broom as a remedy for the terrible affliction. In this case twenty-six persons were bitten by mad dogs, nine were men, eleven women, and six children. The peasant's remedy was administered with the following results. Five men, all the women, and three of the children exhibited the knots; those most severely bitten, on the third day; others on the fifth, seventh, and ninth; and one woman who had been bitten only superficially on the leg, not until the twenty-first day. The remaining seven showed no knots, but all continued to drink the decoction; and in six weeks all the patients had recovered.

#### FITS.

There can be no doubt that fits in a dog are often mistaken

for hydrophobia, and that many a poor beast has been thus summarily and wrongfully slaughtered. Not that fits are harmless, either to the creature or to those who may by chance come within reach of its spasmodically twitching jaws. It is a very serious malady, and its symptoms decidedly lunatic. The dog, trotting before or behind his master, will suddenly stand still and look round mazedly, and then emitting a curious cry that is neither a bark nor a howl, will fall on his side, continuing the curious noise, but more feebly. As soon as he has fallen his limbs assume a strong rigidity, but after a few moments they relax, the animal kicks violently, the eyes are wide open and staring, and foam issues from the mouth. In this condition he will eagerly bite and snap at anything that is put near his mouth. Presently his convulsions will subside, he will raise his head, and look about him, as though wondering what in the name of goodness he does lying on the pavement in the midst of a crowd of men and boys. No doubt in his present dreamy condition he sees himself surrounded on every side by danger, and is anxious to escape. This he is not long in attempting. Starting to his feet, he makes a bolt at somebody's legs, and somebody is only too anxious to skip aside and let the animal pass. He starts off. Never did dog look more mad. Never did mad dog run faster. Hi! Hi! Mad dog! Mad dog! Boys bawl, men shout, women scream, stones are thrown, and carters, secure in their vehicles, endeavour to club him, as he dashes past, with the butt-end of their heavy whips. Presently he receives a blow that stuns him, and tumbles him over in the mud, and he dies the death of a mad dog, however little he may deserve it.

"The first thing to do," says Mr. Mayhew, "when out with a dog which has a fit, is to secure the animal and prevent it running away when the fit is over. The second thing is, for the person who owns the dog stubbornly to close his ears to the crowd who are certain to surround him. No matter what advice may be given, he is to do nothing but get the animal home as quickly as possible. He is neither to lance the mouth, slit the ear, nor cut a piece of its tail off. He is on no account to administer a full dose of salt and water, or a lump of tobacco, or to throw the animal into an adjacent pond; and of all things he is to allow no man more acquainted with dogs than the rest of the spectators to bleed the animal. Any offer to rub the nose with syrup of buckthorn, however confidently he who makes the proposal may recommend that energetic

môde of treatment, is to be unhesitatingly declined. The friendly desire of any one who may express his willingness to ram down the prostrate animal's throat a choice and secret specific must be strenuously declined. Get the dog home with all speed.

Arrived home, should the fit continue, send at once for a veterinary surgeon, as any medicine you can administer will be useless—or worse, because the animal being unconscious cannot swallow, and you may chance to suffocate the creature for whose welfare you are so solicitous. Should the fit be got over, all you can do is to take care that the dog's bowels are in good working order, and keep it cool and quiet for a day or two, on low diet.

#### INDIGESTION.

From this malady arises the majority of the complaints that afflict dog-kind. All kinds of skin diseases are bred therefrom, and inflammation of the gums, fowl teeth, and pestilent breath, are produced from it. It is the origin of asthma, excessive fat, cough, and endless other ailments.

Luckily the symptoms are not very obscure. "A dislike for wholesome food, and a craving for hotly-spiced or highly-sweetened diet is an indication. Thirst and sickness are more marked. A love for eating string, wood, thread, and paper denotes the fact, and is wrongly put down to the prompting of a more mischievous instinct; any want of natural appetite, or any evidence of morbid desire in the case of food, declares the stomach to be disordered. The dog that, when offered a piece of bread, smells it with a sleepy eye, and, without taking it, licks the fingers that present it, has an impaired digestion. Such an animal will perhaps only take the morsel when it is about to be withdrawn; and having got it, does not swallow it, but places it on the ground and stands over it with an air of peevish disgust. A healthy dog is always decided. It will often take that which it cannot eat, but having done so, it either throws the needless possession away, or lies down, and with a determined air watches the property. There is no vexation in its looks, no captiousness in its manner. It eats with decision, and there is purpose in what it does. The reverse is the case with dogs suffering from indigestion."

The old-fashioned remedy for this complaint—at least among dog-quacks—was to shut the pampered animal in a room by himself, and give him nothing but water for two, three, or four

days. Nothing can be farther from the proper course, or more clearly display the operator's ignorance. It would seem that among these old-fashioned worthies, an impression prevailed that so long as an animal's body was burdened with fat, nothing was better for him than a course of starving—regarding the fat, indeed, as so much funded victuals, on which the animal might draw at pleasure; whereas the mere existence of the overloaded sides is evidence sufficient that the dog's stomach is weakly and unable properly to perform its functions; and surely it requires no profound inquiry to discover that a weak and infirm stomach is in much worse case to be trifled with than one strong and vigorous, albeit lean as French beef.

The best mode of treatment is to diet the animal on sound and plain food, taking care that moderation is observed. If he has been in the habit of eating at any and every hour in the day, divide his daily portion into three, and for the first two or three days give him a meal morning, noon, and night. After that his allowance may be cut in two, and only two daily meals given—one at noon and the other before he retires to rest at night. Dog-fanciers generally agree that a dog should be fed but *once* a day.

While thus dieted the animal should have unlimited exercise in the shape of running or walking. I think it as well to mention the shape, as I have heard of a lady whose dog was ill from indigestion, and to which exercise was recommended. At the end of a week the creature's health didn't improve, and the doctor was puzzled. "Is your ladyship quite sure that it has the two hours' daily exercise ordered?" "Quite sure, doctor." "Pray does it run by the side, or walk sluggishly?" "What? walk? Fido walk this nasty weather? How could you think me so cruel, doctor? The pretty fellow is driven through the parks in the *brougham*." A cold bath, of the sort described elsewhere in this book, is good for a dog suffering from indigestion, as well as tonic sedatives and vegetable bitters.

As an ordinary stomach-pill for the dog, Mr. Edward Mayhew recommends the following compound:—Extract of hyoscyamus, sixteen grains; sodæ carb., half an ounce; extract of gentian, half an ounce; ferri carb., half an ounce. To be made into eight, sixteen, or twenty-two pills, according to the size of the indisposed animal, and two to be given daily.

With very old dogs indigestion is accompanied by alarming appearances. The stomach becomes inflated to a degree almost incredible. As the digestive organs are worn out a cure in

such a case cannot be expected, still relief may be given. Liquid, but strengthening food, such as beef-tea, should be given. A weak solution of chloride of lime, or the liquid potassa, is as good medicine as any. You had better, however, before administering it, let a veterinary surgeon see the dog, that he may instruct you as to the strength and quantity of medicine to be given at a dose.

It may be as well here to give some instruction as to the proper way to give physic to a dog. To give it to a squalling, kicking, refractory child is bad enough, but, in ordinary cases, to see "Sambo" or "Floss" taking its medicine is a sight that would make the fortune of a farce could it be properly put on the stage. It is usually a job for an adult individual, the animal operated upon weighing from eight to twelve pounds: there must be two to hold its feet, one to open its jaws and keep them open, and the other to force the medicine down the patient's throat. The result is that the poor fellow grows dreadfully alarmed and excited, no doubt fully believing that the four ruffians about him are bent on his destruction, and expecting every moment to be dragged limb from limb. Indeed, I have no doubt that a stranger dropping suddenly on the interesting group would have much the same impression. If it is a pill that is to be administered it sticks in the patient's throat, and perhaps a quill-pen is caught up to "push it down." If so the result is certain; how it would be with a human being under such circumstances may be shrewdly guessed, but with a dog the effect is inevitable. Then there is a pretty consternation among the four doctors. If it is a draught, the jaws are held open and the liquid poured in; but there it remains at the back of the mouth, not a drop going down the throat, and the patient's eyes growing wilder and wilder every moment. "Let him go," says the tender-hearted person at the fore-legs, "he is being suffocated," and that he may have no hand in the murder he lets those members free, whereon the patient makes the best of his fore-claws on the jaw-holder's hands, and he lets go; and all the time and struggle and sixpenny draught have gone for nothing. By the bye, it should be added, that, funny as this may read, it is a dreadful business for "Sambo," who would, doubtless, if he knew the nature of his ailment—indigestion, dropsy, mange,—cheerfully endure it, or anything else short of hydrophobia, rather than submit once more to the dreadful physicking.

All this fuss, however, may be avoided. There are several



DALMATIAN, OR PLUM-PUDDING DOG.

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“A small dog should be taken into the lap, the person who is to give the physic being seated. If the animal has learnt to fight with its claws, an assistant must kneel by the side of the chair and tightly hold them when the dog has been cast upon his back. The left hand is then made to grasp the skull, the thumb and fore finger being pressed against the cheeks so as to force them between the posterior molar teeth. A firm hold of the head will thus be obtained, and the jaws are prevented from being closed by the pain which every effort to shut the mouth produces. No time should be lost, but the pill ought to be dropped as far as possible into the mouth and, with the finger of the right hand, it ought to be pushed the entire length down the throat. This will not inconvenience the dog. The epiglottis is of such a size that the finger does not excite a desire to vomit; and the pharynx and œsophagus are so lax that the passage presents no obstruction.

“When the finger is withdrawn the jaws ought to be clapped together and the attention of the creature diverted. The tongue being protruded to lick the nose and lips will certify that the substance has been swallowed, and after a caress or two the dog may be released. Large brutes, however, are not thus

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easily mastered. Creatures of this description must be cheated, and they fortunately are not as naturally suspicious as those of a smaller kind. The dog bolts its food, and unless the piece is of unusual size is rarely masticated. The more tempting the morsel the more easily is it gorged; and a bit of juicy or fat meat, cut so as to contain or cover the pill, ensures its being swallowed. Medicine which in this manner is to be administered ought to be perfectly devoid of smell, or for a certainty the trick will be discovered. Indeed, there are but few drugs possessed of odour which can be long used in dog practice, and even those that are endowed with much taste cannot be continually employed.

“Fluids are perhaps more readily given than solids to dogs: To administer liquids the jaws should not be forced open and the bottle emptied into the mouth, as when this method is pursued the greater portion will be lost. The animal's head being gently raised, the corner of the mouth should be drawn aside so as to pull the cheeks from the teeth. A kind of funnel will thus be formed, and into this a quantity of medicine equal to its capacity should be poured. After a little while the fluid will, by its own gravity, trickle into the pharynx and oblige the dog, however unwilling it may be, to swallow. A second portion should then be given in the like way, and thus little by little the full dose is consumed. Often dogs treated in this fashion swallow a draught very expeditiously; but others will remain a considerable time before they deglutate. Some, spite of every precaution, will manage to reject the greater part, while others will not waste a drop.

“Two pieces of tape, one passed behind the canine teeth of the upper, and the other in like manner upon the lower jaw, have been recommended. The tapes are given to an assistant, who pulling on them forces the mouth open and holds it in that position. In certain cases this may be adopted for pills; indeed, every stratagem will be needed to meet the multifarious circumstances that will arise. For ordinary circumstances, however, the practice is not to be commended, and should never be embraced when drinks are to be given: the animal cannot swallow while the jaws are held asunder; but for solids the plan answers better. There are several objections, however, to be urged against its constant use. The operation is violent, and the restraint it necessitates not alone prevents the poor animal deglutating fluids, but also terrifies it, and on the next occasion it will be more resistful. Difficulties therefore increase

and the dog generally is not long before it baffles the efforts to confine it. Moreover, unless the assistant be very well up to his business his steadiness cannot be depended on, and the hand often is wounded by the teeth of the patient."

## PARALYSIS.

This is another result of over-feeding, and before all others affects those pets which are so pretty, so interesting, that freedom of the dining and breakfast rooms is accorded them. The consequence is they have never done eating. In just as many meals as the family partake of they participate, and that almost without the knowledge of a single person at the table; that is, without a single person being aware that at each meal the dog eats as plentifully as himself. Each one is ready to declare that "Fido" has only had "the least bit in the world," and that—allowing, of course, for the extravagance of common parlance—is true as regards each individual's experience. The secret, however, is that from each Fido has only received one—or two—of the "least bits in the world," but then the persevering little mendicant has been the round of the board and obtained, perhaps, six or seven contributions. He grows fat, monstrously fat, he is such a funny little barrel of a dog it is quite ludicrous to watch him.

Some fine day, however, the "funny little barrel" is discovered floundering about the carpet, seemingly well enough in all other respects, but with his hind legs trailing and benumbed and evidently useless for locomotive purposes. The dog is hurt, been squeezed in a door, or had some piece of heavy furniture thrown down on his loins! All a mistake; therefore do not blame John or Mary for the calamity, or give them warning for "concealing the truth." The truth is patent: the poor beast is paralyzed in its hind legs.

To cure this, have prepared the following prescription:—  
Ol. Ricini, 4 parts; Ol. Olivæ, 2 parts; Ol. Anisi, q. s.; mix.

Administer this with a cathartic pill every day till the limbs are restored to their healthy action, and for a few days afterwards. Do not, however, be induced by the easy cure of the first attack to renew the patient's unnatural mode of feeding. If you do, he will certainly be again attacked, and again and again—the chances of recovery diminishing with every attack, till there comes one that defies all the medical skill in the kingdom.

## DISTEMPER.

It unfortunately happens that this ugly disorder is not easy of detection in its early stages. Sometimes it starts with watery eyes and a short cough; at others, by the same sort of desire to be alone and secluded, and the same peevishness that heralds the all-dreaded disease, hydrophobia, marks its advent. If, however, in addition to these or any other unusual symptoms, there should be a redness about the eyelids, and the dog's body should feel dry and feverish, you may make up your mind as to what is about to happen.

As to the origin of distemper, doctors disagree. Some—in fact, nearly all canine physicians of the old school—assert that it is contagious. Modern men of science declare that such is not the case. The old school doctrine, too, was that every dog *must* have distemper, as infallibly as that every child has measles and hooping-cough. This also is denied, and not without sound proof by the wise men of the nineteenth century. "Cold, wet, bad food, foul air, excessive exertion, fear, &c., are grouped together and put forth as causes of this disorder; but it has yet to be proved that these accepted terms have any connection with it. Dogs that are starved, neglected, or cruelly tortured; animals that are judiciously fed, properly housed, and sensibly treated—as well as favourites that are crammed, nursed, and humoured—are equally its victims; and those that are most cared for fall most frequently, while those that are least prized most generally survive. If, therefore, privation or exposure be of any importance, the fact seems to infer their tendencies are either to check or mitigate the evil."

The symptoms the dog may exhibit during the prevalence of the disease are wonderfully numerous. There is not a single inch of his body, from his head to his tail, but may seem to be the part suffering especially. The eyes sometimes, indeed generally, are very bad. Indeed, it is by these organs that the owner may tell whether his dog is really cured of distemper, or whether the disease, instead of taking its departure, is merely at rest to break out immediately with renewed fury. It will frequently happen that after the dog has exhibited a few of the milder characteristics of the disease it will disappear even more rapidly than it developed itself, and, better than all, leave the patient much better than it found him. His eyes look brilliant and transparent, his nostrils are dry and comfortable, his coat clean and glossy, and his spirits not only high, but actually

boisterously unruly. He does not shiver, and eats like an Arctic wolf. The dog's master is rejoiced, and in the height of his satisfaction he speaks scornfully of the disease that lately afflicted his pet. "Pshaw! this is distemper, is it, that people make such fuss about? Why, it is nothing at all; if anything, just a salutary ailment that clears the system and sets the dog up with a new stock of health." Softly, good sir. Does your dog, that grew so wofully thin over that "salutary" ailment, grow fat? It is not sufficient that the diminution ceases; does he increase in bulk *visibly* and day by day? Look under the upper eyelid; is it clear and healthy, or thickly marked with minute red veins? Unless these two questions can be answered satisfactorily, do not say your dog is well; and if within a week, or even within a month, he should grow suddenly and dreadfully ill, and, after exhibiting a complication of perplexing symptoms, die, do not attribute the death to fits, to some physical injury, or to the malicious and poisonous designs of your servant or neighbour. The simple truth is, the supposed poisoning was nothing but the second stage of distemper.

As before stated, the eyes sometimes suffer very much during this disorder. The pupils seem to fade and blanch, the lids are nearly closed, and the dog seems blind. Possibly it is. Its lungs may be affected. On applying the ear to the animal's chest a harsh wheezing may be detected, denoting something very wrong in the interior. The poor creature is constantly shivering and has a wearying cough. A viscid matter impedes the passage of breath through the nostrils, and the paws are ever busy tapping and rasping at the unfortunate nose, sometimes coaxingly and sometimes irritably, as though the poor wretch felt aggrieved that this, his leading organ, should serve him so. Besides these there are many other dreadful symptoms, a description of which would look so far from pretty in print that I must leave them for the dog-owner to discover.

Six weeks is the average continuance of the attack, though the owner of the animal will know before that time if it will live or die. The following are bad signs. Steady dwindling of bulk, while at the same time the patient has a ravenous appetite. A *very* harsh and *very* inodorous coat, the latter leaving a taint on the hand that is passed over it. The tongue furred, almost lead-coloured, and red and dry at its tip and edges. All these things are ominous. So is a prevalence of vermin in the dog's fur, especially if fleas or other parasites appear very suddenly and swarm in great number. The

worst symptom of all is when the breath is exceedingly hot and foul, and when the belly and the extremities feel cold to the touch. Even then, however, so long as it keeps on its legs and is able to walk there may be a chance of recovery.

"During the recovery from distemper, small and delicate animals, terriers and spaniels, are very liable to faint. The dog is lively, perhaps excited, when suddenly it falls upon its side and all its limbs stiffen. A series of these attacks may follow one another, though generally one only occurs; when numerous and rapid there is some danger, but as a general rule little apprehension is to be entertained. The fainting fits are of some consequence if they exist during a sickening or maturing of distemper. In pups that have not passed the climax of the disease they are not unseldom the cause of death; but even in that case I [Mr. Mayhew] have never been convinced that the measures adopted for the relief did not kill quite as much or even more than the affliction. When the symptom is mistaken and the wrong remedies are resorted to, the fainting fits will often continue for hours or never be overcome. When let alone the attack does not last, as a rule, more than a quarter of an hour, and under judicious treatment the consciousness almost immediately returns. When the fainting fits occur during the progress or advance of the disease, that is, before the symptoms have begun to amend, it is usually preceded by signs of aggravation. For twelve or twenty-four hours previously the dog is perceptibly worse; it may moan or cry, and yet no organ seem to be more decidedly affected than before. I attribute the sounds made to headache, and, confirming this opinion there is always some heat at the scalp. The uncertain character of the disease renders it a difficult matter to lay down laws for its treatment; there can be no doubt, however, that food and exercise have much influence over the complaint, in whatever shape it may appear. Everything sweet and everything fat must be rigorously withheld. Skim-milk even is preferable to new, and ship-biscuit to be chosen before wheaten bread. If these two latter articles can be procured a more wholesome dish of bread and milk may be prepared with them than with any other. Boiled rice may be given in considerable quantity, moistened—and this is the extreme limit as regards animal food—with broth from which every particle of fat has been skimmed. Whatever the sop consist of let it be cold before offered to the sick animal."

Should the disease appear to be conquered your care of the

animal must not cease. Its diet must still be scrupulously regulated, and the following tonic pill prepared:—Disulphate of quinine, one to four scruples; sulphate of iron, one to four scruples; extract of gentian, two to eight drachms; powdered quassia, a sufficiency. Make into twenty pills and give three daily. This is Mr. Mayhew's prescription, as indeed are all the others contained in this chapter.

It will sometimes happen in distemper cases that the animal, irritated beyond control by the violent itching of a particular member,—either of its feet or tail,—will commence to nibble at it with his teeth. Nor will he stop at nibbling, but proceed to downright gnawing. A dog has been thus known to consume the first two joints of his tail. Applications of nauseous drugs to the itching parts are sometimes recommended as a preventive, but the best remedy is to encase the offending member in a socket of leather, of the same substance say as gentlemen's boot-tops are made.

With regard to the animal's eyes, however bad they may appear, do not meddle with them. According to the best authority all water, either warm, tepid, or cold, every kind of lotion, or any sort of salve or powder, will do harm, either by weakening or irritating the organs of sight. Nature, if left to herself, will probably restore the animal's eyes to their former perfection, but any meddling with them will certainly put it to great pain and not improbably destroy the sight, or at least leave on the eye a white seam to remind you of your folly.

#### LAWS RESPECTING DOGS AND DOG-KEEPING.

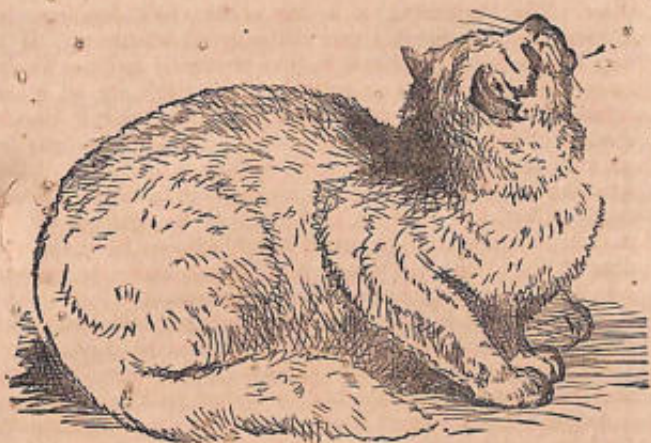
The keeping of vicious or destructive dogs, except under proper precautions, is illegal, and the owner of the offending animal is liable for the damage done unless it can be clearly shown that the fault lay with the party injured. Measures of precaution may be enforced against dogs suspected to be savage. If a man have a dog which he suspects to be of a savage nature and addicted to bite, and he allow it to go in a frequented place without being muzzled or otherwise guarded, so as to prevent its committing injury, he may be indicted, in England, as for a common nuisance. If the dog be of a ferocious kind, as a mastiff, it has been held that it must be muzzled, and it will be no defence in an action of damages against the master that the person injured trod on the dog's toes, for he would not have trod on them if they had not been

there. The harbouring of a dog about one's premises, or allowing him to resort there, will warrant indictment. If a dog known to his proprietor to have previously bitten a sheep be retained by him, the proprietor will be liable for all other injuries even to any other animals, *e.g.*, a horse ("Burn's Justice of the Peace," vol. ii., p. 333). An interdict may be granted against a dog going loose pending a discussion of the question as to whether or not he ought to be killed. Many local police Acts contain provisions as to shutting up or muzzling dogs during the prevalence of weather likely to produce hydrophobia; and where such do not exist the subject may be dealt with by a magistrate at common law. Formerly the common law of England held that it was not larceny to steal any of the baser animals, in which class all dogs, except those of value, were included; but by 7 & 8 George IV. c. 29, dog stealing was declared to be an offence punishable by fine. This Act was repealed and new regulations of a more stringent kind made by 8 & 9 Vict. c. 47. By that enactment dog-stealing is a misdemeanour punishable, on summary conviction, for the first offence by six calendar months' imprisonment and hard labour, or fine not exceeding twenty pounds above the value of the dog. The second offence is an indictable one punishable by fine or imprisonment and hard labour not exceeding eighteen months, or both. Similar punishment is provided for persons having in their possession dogs or dog-skins, knowing them to be stolen.

The duty charged on every dog over six months old and not used for the care of sheep or cattle, is twelve shillings per annum. Any number of greyhounds may be kept by paying an annual tax of £9, and any number of hounds by paying £39. 12s.



BEYER TERRIER.



## CATS.

### THE WILD CAT.

THAT the wild cat was in ancient times plentiful in Britain, and moreover set down in the category of beasts of chase, is proved by the fact that in a charter granted by Richard II. to the Abbot of Peterborough, permission is given him to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. Except, however, in certain forests in Cumberland and Westmorland, it is now seldom or never met in England; and even in the districts mentioned, and where some few centuries back it abounded, it is a rare thing to meet a wild cat. In Scotland, however, and certain parts of Ireland it is still occasionally found. The following narrative, furnished by Mr. St. John, will demonstrate the sort of creature it is to encounter:—

“Once, when grouse shooting, I came suddenly, in a rough and rocky part of the ground, upon a family of two old and three half grown wild cats. In the hanging birch woods that bordered some of the highland streams and rocks the wild cat is still not uncommon; and I have heard their wild and unearthly cries echo afar in the quiet night as they answer and call to each other. I do not know a more harsh and unpleasant cry

than the cry of the wild cat, or one more likely to be the origin of superstitious fears in the mind of an ignorant Highlander. These animals have great skill in finding their prey, and the damage they do to the game must be very great, owing to the quantity of food which they require. When caught in a trap they fly without hesitation at any person who approaches them, not waiting to be assailed. I have heard many stories of their attacking and severely wounding a man when their retreat has been cut off. Indeed, a wild cat once flew at me in a most determined manner. I was fishing at a river in Sutherlandshire, and in passing from one pool to another had to climb over some rocky and broken ground. In doing so I sank through some rotten moss and heather up to my knees, almost upon a wild cat who was concealed under it. I was quite as much startled as the animal herself could be when I saw the wild looking beast rush out so unexpectedly from between my legs with every hair on her body standing on end, making her look twice as large as she really was. I had three small sky-terriers with me, who immediately gave chase and pursued her till she took refuge in a corner of the rock, where, perched in a kind of recess out of reach of her enemies, she stood with her hair bristled out, and spitting and growling like a common cat. Having no weapon with me I laid down my rod, cut a good sized stick, and proceeded to dislodge her. As soon as I came within six or seven feet of the place she sprang right at my face, over the dogs' heads. Had I not struck her in mid-air as she leapt at me I should probably have got some severe wound. As it was, she fell with her back half broken amongst the dogs, who with my assistance dispatched her. I never saw an animal fight so desperately, or one so difficult to kill. If a tame cat has nine lives a wild cat must have a dozen."

The colour of the wild cat is more uniform than that of the domestic species. On a ground colour of pale reddish-yellow are dark streaks extending over the body and limbs, forming pretty much the sort of pattern exhibited on the tiger's robe. From the back of the neck to the spine a line of very dark spots extend to the tail, which is short and bushy, and has a black tip. The feet and insides of the legs are yellowish gray. In the female—which is smaller than the male—the colours are not as distinct. The medium size of a full-grown male wild cat is as follows:—Length of head and body, 1 foot 10 inches; length of head,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches; length of ears, 2 inches and

an eighth; length of tail 11 inches. The wild cat affects rocky and densely wooded districts, living in holes or in hollow trees. According to Mr. St. John a wild cat will sometimes take up its residence at no great distance from a house, and entering the hen-houses and out-buildings carry off fowls or even lambs in the most audacious manner. Like other vermin, the wild cat haunts the shores of lakes and rivers, and it is therefore easy to know where to lay a trap for it. Having caught and killed one of the colony the rest of them are sure to be taken, if the body of their slain relative be left in some place not far from their usual hunting ground, and surrounded with traps, as every wild cat who passes within a considerable distance of the place will to a certainty come to it.

The wild cat of Ireland would seem to be quite as savage a fellow as his Scotch cousin. In Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West" is a story of one of these animals which was killed after a severe battle. It was of a dirty grey colour, double the size of the common house cat, and with formidable teeth and claws. It was a female, and was tracked to its burrow under a rock and caught with a rabbit net. So flimsy an affair, however, was scorned by the fierce brute, which speedily rent a hole with its teeth and claws and was about to run off, when the lad who had set the snare seized it by the neck. He was a brave lad, and there was a tremendous fight, the wild cat being finally dispatched by a blow of an iron spade. The lad, however, was so terribly wounded as to necessitate his removal to an hospital, where he for some time remained under terror of lock-jaw.

The wild cat is more plentiful in the wooded districts of Germany, Russia, and Hungary, than in any other parts of Europe. It is found also in the north of Asia and in Nepal.

Beside the true wild cat there are other species of *Felis* who, on account of their resemblance to the tiger, are called tiger-cats. They are found in all parts of the world with the exception of Europe. The largest of this family is the Rimau-Dahan, an inhabitant of Sumatra. When full grown it measures over seven feet from the nose to the tip of its tale, which appendage, however, monopolizes three feet six of the whole. It is nearly two feet high at the shoulders. Its colour is light grey, striped and spotted with jet black. One of the first specimens of this tiger cat seen in England was brought here by Sir Stamford Raffles, who procured two of them from the

banks of the Bencoolen river. "Both specimens," writes this gentleman, "while in a state of confinement were remarkable for good temper and playfulness; no domestic kitten could be more so, they were always courting intercourse with persons passing by, and in the expression of their countenance, which was always open and smiling, shewed the greatest delight when noticed, throwing themselves on their backs and delighting in being tickled and rubbed. On board the ship there was a small dog who used to play round the cage and with the animals, and it was amusing to observe the playfulness and tenderness with which the latter came in contact with his inferior sized companion. When fed with a fowl that died he seized the prey, and after sucking the head, and tearing it a little, he amused himself for hours in throwing it about and jumping after it, in the manner that a cat plays with a mouse before it is quite dead. He never seemed to look on man or children as his prey; and the natives assert that when wild they live chiefly on poultry, birds, and small deer."

The Colocolo is another tiger-cat. It is an inhabitant of Guiana, and though not more than a third the size of the Rimau-Dahan, is a most formidable enemy to the smaller animals of the forests which it inhabits. It is related by Mr. Wood that a specimen of this creature was shot on the banks of a river in Guiana by an officer of rifles, who stuffed it and placed the skin to dry on the awning of his boat. As the vessel dropped down the river it passed under overhanging boughs of large trees on which rested numerous monkeys. Generally when a boat passed along a river the monkeys which inhabit the trees that border its banks displayed great curiosity, and ran along the boughs so as to obtain a close view of the strange visitant. Before the Colocolo had been killed the passage of the boat had been attended as usual by the inquisitive monkeys, but when the stuffed skin was exhibited on the awning the monkeys were horribly alarmed, and instead of approaching the vessel as they had before done, trooped off with prodigious yells of terror and rage. From this universal fear which the sight of the animal occasioned to the monkeys, it may be conjectured that the Colocolo is in the habit of procuring its food at the expense of the monkey tribes.

Of the tiger-cat of Africa, the Serval may be taken as the type. It is about two feet long, exclusive of the tail which measures nine inches, and is a foot in height at the shoulders.

Its upper parts are clear yellow, and its under parts white, and its entire body is spotted with black. Among the natives it is known as *bosch-katte*, or bush cat. It is an inoffensive creature, not easily irritated, and behaving generally like our own familiar grimalkin.

America has several tiger-cats, foremost amongst which may be mentioned the Ocelot. Two of these animals were kept at the Tower of London at the time when that ancient fortress counted a menagerie among its other attractions, and of one of these Mr. Bennett gives the following description:—

“Body when full grown nearly three feet in length; tail rather more than one foot; medium height about eighteen inches. Ground-colour of fur gray, mingled with a slight tinge of fawn, elegantly marked with numerous longitudinal bands, the dorsal one continuous and entirely black, the lateral (six or seven on each side) consisting for the most part of a series of elongated spots with black margins, sometimes completely distinct, sometimes running together. The centre of each spot of a deeper fawn than the ground-colour external to them; this deeper tinge is also conspicuous on the head and neck, and on the outside of the limbs, all of which parts are irregularly marked with full black lines and spots of various sizes. From the top of the head between the ears, there pass backwards, towards the shoulders, two or more, frequently four uninterrupted diverging bands, which inclose a narrow fawn-colour space with a black margin; between these there is a single longitudinal, somewhat interrupted, narrow black line, occupying the centre of the neck above. Ears short and rounded, externally margined with black, surrounding a large central whitish spot. Under parts of the body whitish, spotted with black, and the tail, which is of the same ground-colour with the body, also covered with black spots.”

This animal is a native of Mexico and Paraguay. Its home is the gloomiest depths of the forest, where all day long it lies quiet but, as night advances, comes out to prey on birds and small quadrupeds. It is said to be a particularly cunning creature, and sometimes, when other stratagems to replenish his larder have failed, to stretch himself all along the bough of a tree and sham death. The monkeys of the neighbourhood have no greater enemy than the ocelot; therefore, it is only natural that when they find him dead they should be much rejoiced, and call together their friends and relations to see the pretty sight. The treacherous ocelot is, however, meanwhile

keeping sharp watch through a tiny chink of his eyelids, and when the rejoicing is at its highest up he jumps, and, before the monkey-revellers can recover from their fright, at least a couple will feel the fatal weight of his paw.

There are several ocelots—the painted, the grey, and the common, among others. In captivity few animals are more surly and spiteful until they grow thoroughly well-acquainted with their keepers, or others who court their notice. There is, however, one weapon keener than the sharpest sword, more potent than the Armstrong gun, more powerful than all the gunpowder and bullets ever made, and yet so simple that the boy yet in pinafores may direct it: to this weapon the suspicious tiger-cat succumbs, and the name of this weapon is KINDNESS. So armed, the Rev. J. G. Wood conquered a body of ocelots exhibited at the menagerie. He says, "Several of these animals, when I first made their acquaintance, were rather crabbed in disposition, snarled at the sound of a strange step, growled angrily at my approach, and behaved altogether in a very unusual manner, in spite of many amicable overtures.

"After a while, I discovered that these creatures were continually and vainly attempting the capture of certain flies which buzzed about the cage." So I captured a few large bluebottle flies, and poked them through a small aperture in the cage, so that the ocelot's paw might not be able to reach my hand. At first the ocelots declined to make any advances in return for the gift; but they soon became bolder, and at last freely took the flies as fast as they were caught. The ice was now broken, and in a very short time we were excellent friends; the angry snarl being exchanged for a complacent purr, and the suspicious, lurking movement for a quiet and composed demeanour. The climax to their change of character was reached by giving them a few leaves of grass, for which they were, as I thought they would be, more anxious than for the flies. They tore the green blades out of my hand, and retired to their sleeping-house for the purpose of devouring the unaccustomed dainty undisturbed. After this, they were quite at their ease, and came to the front of the cage whenever I passed."

#### ANTIQUITY OF THE CAT AS A HOME PET.

Although cats appear to have been known in all parts of the world from the most remote age, nowhere do they seem to have held so high a position as in Egypt. Says an ancient

scribe, "In Egypt the cat was held in the greatest veneration, and when it died a natural death it was actually mourned for with demonstrations of grief appointed for the event, and that if the death were caused by malice the murderers were condemned to be given over to the rabble to be buffeted to death." And elsewhere we read that "Cambyses, who succeeded his father Cyrus as king of Persia, about the year 530, availing himself of the regard of the people for their favourite animals, when he invaded Egypt to punish Amasis for an affront, made himself master of Pelasis which had before successfully resisted his arms. The stratagem he adopted was certainly an ingenious one; he gave a live cat to each of his soldiers instead of a buckler, and the Egyptian soldiers rather than destroy these objects of their veneration suffered themselves to be conquered." Mourief mentions that an insult offered to a cat by a Roman was once the cause of an insurrection among the Egyptians, even when the fact of their own vanquishment could not excite them to rebel. If other evidence were wanting, the enormous quantity of cat relics discovered in Egypt, buried with as much care as though they had been grandees of the land, or preserved by the tedious and expensive process of embalming, would afford ample proof of the esteem in which the Egyptian cat was held.

The Turks are great admirers of cat kind. When Baumgarten visited Damascus he found a spacious hospital whose sole inmates were sick cats and their nurses; and when he inquired as to the origin of the institution he was informed that Mahomed, when he had once lived there, brought with him a favourite cat which he kept in the sleeve of his garment and carefully fed with his own hands, taking off his sleeve rather than disturb the repose of his pet; therefore his followers paid superstitious respect to these animals, and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were found to be sufficient.

In this and the sister kingdom the cat has been held in high respect since a very early age. "Our ancestors," says Pennant, "seem to have had a high sense of the utility of this animal. That excellent prince Howel Dda, or Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him, among his laws relating to the prices, &c., of animals, to include that of the cat, and to describe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, twopence. It was required besides that it should be perfect in its senses of

hearing and seeing, be a good mouser, have the claws whole, and be a good nurse; but if it failed in any of these qualities the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece, and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. This last quotation is not only curious, as being an evidence of the simplicity of ancient manners, but it almost proves to a demonstration that cats are not aborigines of these islands, or known to the earliest inhabitants. The large prices set on them (if we consider the high value of specie at that time) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies so fast, are almost certain proofs of their being little known at that period."

It was the custom of Cardinal Wolsey, to accommodate his favourite cat with part of his regal seat, and this even when he held audiences or received princely company. Petrarch, the great Italian poet, made a home pet of grimalkin, and after its death paid it the questionable honour of embalming, and placed it in a niche in his studio. Godefroi Mind, the celebrated painter, and who was styled the "Raphael of Cats," from his making them his almost constant study, maintained a large staff of these animals, and it is related of him that when, at one time, the hydrophobia was prevailing in Berne, so that a vast number of the cats of the city were by order of the magistrate put to death, poor Godefroi Mind was so deeply affected that he was never afterwards completely consoled. He contrived to hide his chief favourite until the panic was passed, and he always worked at his easel talking to her, and was generally found with her and her family, either on his knees or on his chair, whenever his friends entered the room.

Great, wise, sour Doctor Johnson kept a cat. The doctor's cat once fell sick, and refused its diurnal cat's-meat. In the midst of his distress on pussy's account, he discovered that the dainty feline appetite might be tempted by an oyster. Acting on the hint, he went out and bought oysters for his cat, and continued to visit the oyster-stall every day till the animal grew well.

The poet Gray had a cat that came to an untimely end. She, however, was not allowed to go the way of other cat-flesh—to be put into a hole and thought no more of. So much affec-

tion had the poet for his pet, that he composed to her memory the following verses:

ON THE DEATH OF MY FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A VASE OF GOLD FISH.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest arts had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

The conscious maid her joy declared;  
The fair round face and snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
The ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,  
She saw, and purr'd applause.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish;  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize—  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish!

Presumptive maid! with looks intent,  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
Malignant Fate sobby and smiled,  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled—  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mew'd to every watery god  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No dolphin came, no mermaid stirr'd,  
No cruel Tom nor Susan heard,—  
A fav'rite has no friend.

Learn hence, ye beauties undeceived,  
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold;  
Not all that tempts your wondering eyes  
Nor heedless hearts, is lawful prize,—  
Nor all that glitters gold.

In ancient times, much as the cat was esteemed in England, it was certainly viewed with quite as much awe as admiration. One is apt to smile when he reads that in Egypt, when the family cat gave up the ghost, it was customary for the entire household to shave off their eyebrows as a token of their poignant grief; but surely this was not nearly so absurd as to regard grimalkin as the most favourite form assumed by the prince of darkness when he happened to have business on the face of the earth. If there lived in any part of the country a solitary woman, who through ripe age had become wrinkled

and lean and wizen-faced, it was to her the people looked when a cow died, or a child took the croup, or the apple-trees were blighted. The old woman would be watched, and if it were discovered that the companion of her solitude was a cat, especially a *black* cat, no further evidence was required. She was a witch without a doubt; well versed in the black-art—thanks to the teachings of the black cat—and capable of performing equestrian exercise on a broomstick, or by a glance of her poor old bleared eyes of killing a cow at a longer range than could be accomplished by the most perfect of modern rifles. This seems like a joke now, but, in sober earnest, there *was* a time—Matthew Hopkins was then alive—when on no better proof of witchery than above given, many a grey-headed man and woman has been strangled by drowning or consumed by fire.

Sailors are very superstitious as regards cats. Should the ship cat be inclined for fun, and scud and bustle and rush about as cats will, old mariners will wag their heads and whisper of a coming storm. Nor may the landsman laugh at Jack Tar; for how often may we hear—especially if grandmother is on a visit—"see the cat is washing its face; we shall shortly have rain."

Our forefathers, in the wisdom which distinguished the "good old times," were firm believers in the medicinal properties of the cat; and any part of the animal, from the tip of its nose to the extremity of its caudal appendage, was considered efficacious in the cure of diseases. If, for instance, a person has a whitlow on the finger, he will find a sure remedy by acting as follows:—Of course it is understood that the whitlow is caused by a worm; then all you have to do is to put your forefinger into the ear of a cat for a quarter of an hour every day, and in a few days, by this means, the worm which causes the whitlow will not be able to wriggle, and, of course, if the worm cannot wriggle, it *must* die, and the finger will then soon get well! To the ingenious discoverer of the above remedy we are perhaps indebted for the following "certain cure" for epilepsy:—Take a penknife, cut the vein under a cat's tail, take *three drops* of blood therefrom, put it into a glass of water, swallow it quickly, and in a few days all disease will have vanished! To prevent weak eyes:—Take a black cat's head, burn it to ashes, and blow a little of the dust in the eyes three times a day. Be careful in performing any of the above operations, for if a person swallow a single cat's hair he will immediately go into a fainting fit!

In the apothecaries' shop-windows of a century or two ago might have been seen a label, on which was inscribed, "*Axungia cati sylvestris*." This, dear reader, simply meant that wild cat's fat might be obtained within, as a certain cure for lameness, epilepsy, &c.

There appears to be little doubt, however, that as a minister to certain of the ills to which flesh is heir, the cat is not to be despised; especially in cases where electricity is of good service. The electrical character of the cat is a very well ascertained fact. A cold bright day is the best time to convince oneself of the truth of this. Not only will a crackling be heard, and a spark seen, but, if the experiment be properly conducted, a positive shock may be obtained. The animal should be placed on the knees, the operator placing one hand on its breast, while the other hand is engaged stroking the fur of her back. In a short time crackling will be heard, and sparks seen, and the person stroking the cat experiences a smart shock above the wrists. I do not state this on my own experience—I have tried it several times but never with any decided success. I am convinced, however, that the fault lay with me and not with the cat. The Rev. J. G. Wood attests that the above given directions, if faithfully followed, will be followed by satisfactory results, and gives an instance of the electricity of the cat as exhibited in his clever and interesting cat "Pret." If a hair of her mistress's head were laid on Pret's back, the cat would writhe about on the floor and put her body into violent contortions, and would endeavour with all her might to shake off the object of her fears. Even the mere pointing of a finger at her side was sufficient to make her fur bristle up and set her trembling, though the obnoxious finger were at a distance of six inches from her body."

The same gentleman goes on to express an opinion that on account of the superabundance of electricity which is developed in the cat, the animal is found very useful to paralyzed persons, who instinctively encourage the approach of a cat and derive a gentle benefit from its touch. Those who are afflicted with rheumatism often find their sufferings alleviated by the presence of one of these electrically gifted animals.

#### ORIGIN OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

The origin of the domestic cat is not at all clearly ascertained. By many writers it is asserted to be a variety of the wild cat of Europe and Northern Asia; and a talented writer

in a series of popular books, published originally in 1836, lays down the law as follows:—"In this case" (the case of the cat) "unlike that of the dog, there is no doubt which is the original head of the domesticated stock. The wild cat of the European forests is the tame cat of European houses. The tame cat would become wild if turned into the woods. The wild cat at some period has been domesticated, and its species has been established in almost every family of the old and new continent." This argument is, however, not completely correct. The tame cat will certainly "become wild" if turned into a forest; that is to say, it will cease to be gentle and respond to the slavish epithet of "puss;" but really it is no more a *wild cat* than when it dozed on the hearth-rug and drank milk from a saucer. One of the chief points of distinction between the wild and domestic cat is found in the comparative size and length of their tails. In the domestic cat, the tail is long and tapers to a fine point, whereas, in the wild cat, the tail is short and bushy and blunt. Again, the domestic cat is invariably of smaller size than the wild animal, and it is well known that the effect of domestication on animals is to increase their bulk.

The celebrated naturalist, M. Rüppel, discovered in the weedy and bushy regions of Ambukol, west of the Nile, a cat whose size was that of the medium-sized domestic cat, or about one-third smaller than the European wild cat, and having a longer tail than the animal last mentioned. The hair of this animal was long and in colour a blending of dirty-white and yellow. It was M. Rüppel's opinion that this cat was descended from the domestic cat of the ancient Egyptians, now to be traced in the cat-mummies and their representations on the monuments of Thebes. The domestic cat is "le chat" of the French, "Gatto" of the Italians, "Gats" of the Spanish and Portuguese, "Katze" of the Germans, "Kat" of the Dutch and the Danes, "Cath" of the Welsh. It is worthy of remark that all these names are the same as the Latin *Catus*, and this is somewhat in favour of all northern and western Europe having received the cat through Roman navigators, and we are thus brought nearer to Egypt and its probable origin.

Rüppel believed that the Egyptian cat and that which is familiar to us were identical, and Temminck concurs with him. Professor Owen, however, declares emphatically against this doctrine, and gives as the reason this—that in the Egyptian

cat the first deciduous molar-tooth has a relatively thicker crown, and is supported by three roots, whilst the corresponding tooth both of the domestic and wild cat of Europe has a thinner crown and only two roots.

Mr. Bell, in his "History of Quadrupeds," handles the cat question with the same masterly hand as every other he touches. With regard to the favourite belief that the common wild cat is the father of the tame, he states his belief that there are many reasons for believing that this opinion is entirely erroneous. In the first place, he observes, the general conformation of the two animals is considerably different, especially in the length and form of the tail, which in the wild cat is strong, robust, and at least as large towards the extremity as at the base and middle, whilst that of the domestic cat tapers towards the apex. The fur, too, of the former, he remarks, is thicker and longer, and although the colours are somewhat like those which occur in some individuals of the ordinary species, there are, even in this respect, distinctions which can scarcely be considered otherwise than as essentially specific, as, for instance, the termination of the tail in a black tuft which invariably marks the wild cat.

Referring to Sir William Jardine for his opinion on the origin of *Felis domestica*, he suggests that since the introduction of our house cat to this country there may have been an accidental cross with the wild native species, by which the difference in form between the wild and tame cat may be accounted for. "The domestic cat," says Jardine, "is the only one of this race which has been generally used in the economy of man. Some of the other small species have shown that they might be applied to similar purposes; and we have seen that the general disposition of this family will not prevent their training. Much pains would have been necessary to effect this, and none of the European nations were likely to have attempted it. The scarcity of cats in Europe in its earlier ages is also well known, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries a good mouser brought a high price." Although, however, our opinion coincides with that of Rüppel, and we think that we are indebted to the superstition of the ancient Egyptians for having domesticated the species mentioned by Rüppel, we have no doubt that since its introduction to this country, and more particularly to the north of Scotland, there have been occasional crossings with our own native species, and that the results of these crosses have been kept in our houses.

We have seen many cats very closely resembling the wild cat, and one or two which could scarcely be distinguished from it. There is, perhaps, no other animal that so soon loses its cultivation, and returns apparently to a state completely wild. A trifling neglect of proper feeding or attention will often cause them to depend on their own resources; and the tasting of some wild and living food will tempt them to seek it again, and to leave their civilized home. They then prowl about in the same manner as their conquerors, crouching among corn, and carefully concealing themselves from all publicity. They breed in the woods and thickets, and support themselves upon birds or young animals. Few extensive rabbit-warrens want two or three depredators of this kind, where they commit great havoc, particularly among the young, in summer. They sleep and repose in the holes, and are often taken in the snares set for their prey. I once came upon a cat which had thus left her home; she had recently kitted in the ridge of an uncut cornfield. Upon approaching she showed every disposition to defend her progeny, and beside her lay dead two half-grown leverets.

Looking towards the great Bell for an endorsement of these sentiments we are disappointed. "It is not without much reflection," says he, "that I have come to the conclusion that this opinion of their intermixture is erroneous, and has its foundation in mistaken facts." M. Rüppel is as mercilessly handled as Mr. Jardine. "The Nubian cat," continues Mr. Bell, "to which the high authority of Rüppel has assigned the origin of the house cat, is still farther removed from it in essential zoological character than even the British wild cat, to which it had been previously so generally referred; and that as in the case of so many of our domesticated animals, we have yet to seek for the true original of this useful, gentle, and elegant animal."

#### VARIETIES OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

There are not many varieties of this animal in a state of domestication, and they are nearly all enumerated by the mention of the Tortoiseshell, the Chinese, the Blue or *Chartreuse*, the Tabby, the Angola, and the Manx.

The last mentioned—the cat of Manx—is one of the most singular. Its appearance is not prepossessing; its limbs are gaunt, its fur close-set, its eyes staring and restless, and it possesses no tail, that is, no tail worthy to be so called; there

certainly is, where the caudal appendage usually hangs, a sort of knob, suggestive of amputation in early kittenhood; but it is a well authenticated fact that the Manx cat has no tail, and, so far as can be ascertained, never had one. As, says a modern writer, "A black Manx cat, with its staring eyes and its stump of a tail, is a most unearthly looking beast, which would find a more appropriate resting place at Kirk Alloway or the Blocksburg than at the fire-side of a respectable household. So it might fitly be the quadrupedal form in which the ancient sorcerers were wont to clothe themselves on their nocturnal excursions."

The Angola is one of the most beautiful of cats. Its form is ample, its fur long and silky, and its tail remarkably full and brush-like. These cats are very intelligent, and, according to Mr. Wood's experience, possessed of capacious stomachs. While that gentleman was staying at a café in Paris, he made friends with a huge Angola that used to sit on the tables and assist the Englishman in the consumption of his biscuits. She devoured them with such apparent relish that Mr. Wood ordered her a plate of almond biscuits for herself. The plate was speedily emptied and replaced by another; this too was leisurely cleared, the Angola's eyes still beaming with expectation rather than satisfaction. Her worthy patron had, however, settled the point that Angola cats will eat almond biscuits—a very great quantity of them, and was in no humour to experimentalize further.

Hiertro dello Valli makes mention of a cat discovered by him in Persia which exactly answers the description of the Angola. "There is," he says, "in Persia—particularly in the province of Charragan—of the figure and form of our ordinary ones but infinitely more beautiful in the lustre and colour of its skin. It is of a grey blue, and as soft and shining as silk. The tail is of great length and covered with hair six inches long, which the animal throws over its back after the manner of a squirrel."

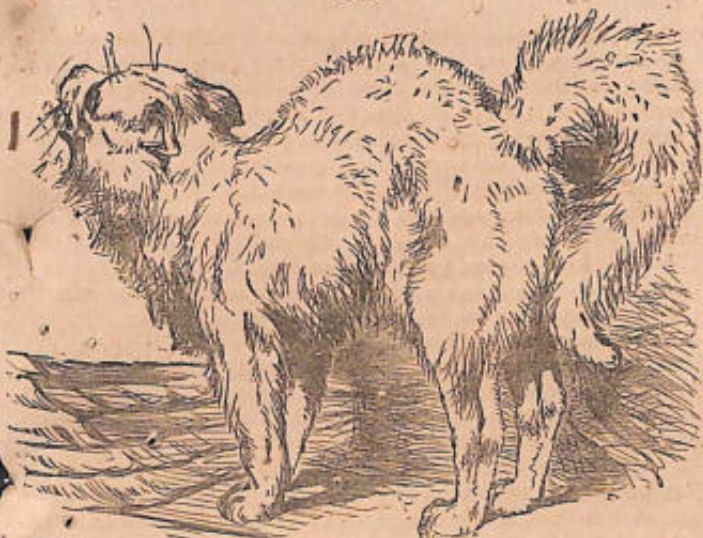
The Chinese cat is of largish size, has fine glossy fur, and is remarkable for its pendulous ears. Some assert that this is not properly a cat at all but a "Samxee," whatever that may be. Bosman, writing about the Chinese cat's drooping ears, remarks: "It is worthy of observation that there is in animals evident signs of ancestry of their slavery. Long ears, long and fine hair, are effects produced by time and civilization, whilst all wild animals have straight round ears." His re-

marks would seem to apply only to such animals as, when in a wild state, depend in a measure for their safety on their acute hearing, but when reduced to domestication, and consequent non-reliance on their own exertions, an exquisite ear is no longer necessary, and so the organ from sheer laxity falls out of shape. The rabbit is a good instance of this, as are lap dogs of various sorts; but it cannot be so said of the cat whose ears after centuries of domestication are as stiff and alert as those of her ancestors, who ran wild in a wood and listened for the stealthy footfall of the rabbit or the rustle of the bird. So it is again with the horse, and evidently because that in domestication they have as much need of their ears as when in a wild condition.

The tortoiseshell, or Spanish cat, may be known from its colours—white, black, and reddish brown—and from its elegant and delicate form; the blue, or Chartreus, cat by its long slate coloured fur, and the bushiness of its neck and tail. It is generally supposed that the "Tabby" coloured cat has a shorter domestic pedigree than any other.

It is the fashion to ascribe to the cat very few good qualities. She is said to be selfish, cruel, greedy, and without an atom of affection; indeed, to be in disposition the very reverse to the dog. Popular opinion may be said to be fairly summarized in the following effusion of a modern writer:—"I do not love the cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you; turning back, as off he goes, a staring vindictive face full of fury and unforgiveness, seeming to say, 'I hate you for ever.' But the dog is my delight. Tread on his tail or foot he expresses for a moment the uneasiness of his feelings, but in an instant more the complaint is ended. He runs around you, jumps up against you, seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as he was not intentionally hurt; nay, to make himself the aggressor he begs by whinings and licking that his master will think no more of it."

So much against the cat; now for evidence in favour of the maligned animal, not hearsay evidence but that derived from practical experience and furnished by living witnesses.



## STORIES OF REMARKABLE CATS.

The writer has, in his time, made the acquaintance of some queerish cats. When quite a little boy there was attached to our house a gaunt black and white cat, whose sole recommendation was that he was a magnificent mouser; nay to such lengths would he carry his passion for hunting as regularly to haunt a ditch that existed in the neighbourhood for the purpose of pursuing and capturing water-rats, which class of vermin it dispatched in a manner that at once secured the death of the rat and himself immunity from the rat's teeth. Seizing the animal by the back of the neck, the cat, by a sudden wriggle, threw himself on his back, at once transferred the custody of the rat from his mouth to his fore-paws, holding it neatly behind the shoulders, while with his hind talons he cruelly assailed the unlucky animal's loins and ribs till it ceased to struggle. I have stated that the cat in question was attached to our house, and that certainly was the extent of his intimacy, for he was attached to nobody residing there. Myself he particularly disliked, and although he never considered it beneath his dignity to steal any article of food from me, would never accept my overtures of friendship. I have reason to believe that his special dislike for me arose out of a

pair of boots possessed by me at that period. They were creaky boots, and fastened with laces. Whether it was that the creaking of the articles as I moved about the room in them reminded him of the squeak of rats, and whether, not being a particularly tidy boy, the before-mentioned laces were sometimes allowed to trail rat's tail wise, aggravatingly heightening the illusion, I can't say; I only know that as sure as I happened to allow my small feet to swing loosely while seated at breakfast or dinner, so surely would the black and white cat, if he were in the room, make a sudden dash at the hated boots, giving my leg a severe wrench in his endeavour to fling himself on his back for the purpose of tearing the life out of them after his own peculiar mode.

My enemy was, however, finally subdued, and in rather a curious way. Some one bought me one of those difficult musical instruments known as a mouth organ, and delighted with my new possession I was torturing it as I sat on a seat in the garden. Suddenly there appeared in a tree just above my head my foe, the black and white cat, with her tail waving from side to side, her eyes staring, and her mouth twitching in an odd sort of way. I must confess I was rather alarmed, and in my nervous condition I might be excused if I construed the expression of the cat's countenance to intimate "Here you are then with another hideous noise, a noise that is even more suggestive of rat squeaking than your abominable boots; however, I've caught you by yourself this time, so look out for your eyes." I did not, however, cease playing my organ; my enemy's green eyes seemed to fascinate me, and my tremulous breath continued to wail in the organ pipes. Slowly the black and white cat descended the tree, and presently leapt at my feet with a bound that thrilled through me, and expelled a scream-like note from my instrument. But, to my astonishment, my enemy did not attack me; on the contrary he approached the offending boots humbly, and caressed them with his head. Still I continued to play, and after every inch of my bluchers had received homage from the cat's hitherto terrible muzzle, he sprang on to the seat beside me, and purred and gently mewed, and finally crept up on to my shoulders, and lovingly smelt at the mouth-organ as I played it. From that day hostilities ceased between us. He would sit on my shoulders for half an hour together and sing, after his fashion, while I played, and I had only to strike up to lure him from any part of the premises where he might happen to be.

There used to come to our house a young man who played the trombone, and having heard the story, insisted that there was nothing in it—that all cats liked music, and that savage as was our cat to strangers, he would be bound to conquer him with a single blast of his favourite instrument. Next time he came armed with the terrible-looking trombone, which our cat no sooner saw than—as I now knew her nature better than any one else could—she took a violent dislike to it. Placing our cat in a favourable position, the young man blew a blast on the trombone; the effect was, as he prognosticated, instantaneous, though not perfectly satisfactory; the brazen note was immediately responded to by one equally loud from our cat, who appeared to regard it as a challenge to combat, and thickened his tail and bared his teeth accordingly, at the same time swearing and spitting dreadfully. I need not say that the trombone player was discomfited, while my fame as a cat-charmer was considerably augmented.

Apropos of cat charming, I have a vivid recollection of once "charming" a cat to within an inch of getting myself thoroughly well thrashed. There lived in our neighbourhood a kind-hearted old gentleman who was good enough to take a fancy to my ungrateful self and would frequently invite me—he was a bachelor—to dine with him. The dining part of the business I had not the least objection to, but after dinner, when we had chatted till he fell into a doze, it became to a boy nine years old rather tedious. It was on one such occasion that I behaved so disgracefully. The old gentleman was nodding, with his slippered feet crossed easily before the fire, and a fat tortoiseshell cat, his property, lay along the rug placidly asleep too. Had I been a good boy I should have sat still and turned the leaves of "Fox's Book of Martyrs" till my friend awoke. But I was not a good boy. I felt myself like a martyr, doomed to the dreadful torture of sitting still. I felt in my pocket for a top-string I had there, and for a minute or so amused myself by bobbing the button at the end of the string on to the nose of the tortoiseshell cat, till I had roused that lazy animal to a state of extreme irritability. This sport after a while grew tame, so I shifted the string and allowed it to dangle within an inch of my host's feet. Really it was done with scarce a thought, but the result was rather astonishing. The tortoiseshell cat, who all the time kept her eye on the tormenting string, no sooner saw it at a distance convenient to spring at, made a bound, and missing the cord fiercely embraced one of the slippered

members with ten of her talons. For the moment I was too frightened to weigh the possible consequences of laughing, and laughed outright, which, with the sudden bound the old gentleman gave, so alarmed the tortoiseshell cat that she flew towards the door like a mad cat. I doubt, however, whether its utmost agility would have saved it from the tongs with which its outraged master pursued it, had I not ashamedly explained the matter and begged forgiveness.

I have at the present time about my house a cat that came into my possession under rather singular circumstances. Before we knew her we had a cat that gave perfect satisfaction, was a good mouser, and an affectionate mother. In the rear of our house there is a shed commonly used as a wood store, and frequented at least once a day. It is by no means a secluded place, and the door, through a weakness in its hinges, is constantly ajar. One morning there was discovered in the shed not only a strange she cat but a strange kitten with its eyes open, plump, and about a fortnight old. The strange cat made no attempt to stir when the maid entered, but lay suckling her baby, and looking up with an expression that said as plainly as cat language could, "a persecuted cat and her kitten, at your service; don't drive us out, that's a good creature." More singular still, before the person appealed to could consider the case, our own cat peeped into the shed, and after deliberately walking up to the refugees and giving them a kindly touch with her nose, walked back to the servant and commenced to rub against her, purring the while as though to manifest her goodwill towards the strangers, and to recommend a favourable consideration of their case. So they were taken in.

As soon, however, as the novelty of the affair wore off, it began to dawn on us that we did not require a "housefull" of cats—though for that matter the four lived happily enough together. Which should we get rid of? The strange cat's kitten was too big to drown and too little to send adrift, our own "Topsy" and her daughter must of course be retained, so there was nothing left but to send away the strange she cat. She was rather a good looking cat, and that, coupled with her known cleverness, gave us good ground for supposing that she would soon find another home. It appeared, however, that we did not give her credit for being nearly so clever as she was.

It was arranged that she should be conveyed in a basket to a certain square about a quarter of a mile distant, and there left to seek her fortune. To the best of everybody's belief this

arrangement was carried out to the letter; therefore the amazement of the entire household may be easily imagined when on reference being made to the cat-cupboard to see how Topsy and her two young charges were getting on, to find no Topsy at all,—only the strange cat and the two kittens. How the cheat had been accomplished it was impossible to say. That Topsy was not the cat placed in the basket was vouched for by two witnesses—one of whom had held the basket-lid open while the other pushed the animal in. Perhaps in my own mind I have little doubt how the business was so muddled, but I know that in certain quarters there exists a belief either that by some sort of witchery the strange cat put on so Topsical an appearance as to deceive her would-be smugglers, or that after she was basketed she managed to sneak out, and either by persuasion or force induced the unlucky Topsy to take her place.

However it came about, the result is that the strange cat alone reigns at our house to the jealous exclusion of all her species. No one, I believe, has any particular affection for her, but that circumstance is not observed to prey on her mind or to interfere with her appetite. She devours her rations with the air of a cat who is conscious that she has earned them, and as though she is aware, and rather gloried than otherwise in the knowledge that she is regarded as a cunning and manœuvring beast, who first by hypocritical representations induced an honest cat to obtain for her a situation, and who afterwards ungratefully contrived to push out her benefactress and progeny and install herself in their place.

In the form of a letter, a friend of the Rev. J. G. Wood furnishes that gentleman with some interesting particulars of two commercial cats of his acquaintance. "I must now tell you something about our Mincing Lane cats. Their home was the cellar, and their habits and surroundings, as you may imagine from the locality, were decidedly commercial." We had one cunning old black fellow whose wisdom was acquired by sad experience. In early youth he must have been very careless; he then was always getting in the way of the men and the wine cases, and frequent were the disasters he suffered through coming into collision with moving bodies. His ribs had often been fractured, and when nature repaired them she must have handed them over to the care of her 'prentice hand,' for the work was done in rather a rough and knotty manner. This battered and suffering pussy was at last assisted by a younger

hero, who, profiting by the teachings of his senior, managed to avoid the scrapes which had tortured the one who was self-educated. These two cats, junior and senior, appeared to swear (cats will swear) eternal friendship at first sight. An interchange of good offices was at once established. Senior taught junior to avoid men's feet and wine cases in motion, and pointed out the favourite hunting grounds, while junior offered to his mentor the aid of his activity and physical prowess.

"Senior had a cultivated and epicurean taste for mice, which he was too old to catch; he therefore entered into a solemn league and covenant with junior to the following effect. It was agreed between these two contracting powers that junior should devote his energies to catching mice for the benefit of senior, who in consideration of such feudal was to relinquish his claim to a certain daily allowance of cats' meat in favour of junior. This courteous compact was actually and seriously carried out. It was an amusing and touching spectacle to behold young pussy gravely laying at the feet of his elder the contents of his 'game bag;' on the other hand, senior, true to his bargain, licking his jaws and watching junior steadily consuming a double allowance of cat's meat.

"Senior had the rare talent of being able to carry a bottle of champagne from one end of the cellar to the other, perhaps a distance of a hundred and fifty feet. The performance was managed in this wise. You gently and lovingly approached the cat, as if you did not mean to perpetrate anything wicked; having gained its confidence by fondly stroking its back, you suddenly seized its tail, and by that member raised the animal bodily from the ground; its fore-feet sprawling in the air ready to catch hold of any object within reach. You then quickly bring the bottle of wine to the seizing point; pussy clutches the object with a kind of despairing grip. By means of the aforesaid tail you carefully carry pussy, bottle and all, from one part of the cellar to another. Pussy, however, soon became disgusted with this manoeuvre, and when he saw a friend with a bottle of champagne looming, he used to beat a precipitate retreat."

The rev. gentleman before quoted had at one time in his possession a marvellously clever little cat, which he called "Pret," and concerning which he relates a host of anecdotes. From them are culled the following:—

"Pret" knew but one fear, and had but few hates. The

booming sound of thunder smote her with terror, and she most cordially hated gridding organs and singular costumes. At the sound of a thunder-clap poor Pret would fly to her mistress for succour, trembling in every limb. If the dreaded sound occurred in the night or early morning, Pret would leap on the bed and crawl under the clothes as far as the very foot. If the thunder-storm came on by day, Pret would jump on her mistress's knees, put her paws round her neck, and hide her face between them.

She disliked music of all kinds, but bore a special antipathy to barrel-organs; probably because the costume of the organ-grinder was displeasing to her eye as his doleful sounds to her ears. But her indignation reached its highest bounds at the sight of a Greenwich pensioner accoutred in those grotesque habiliments with which the crippled defenders of their country are forced to invest their battered frames. It was the first time that so uncouth an apparition had presented itself to her eyes, and her anger seemed only equalled by her astonishment. She got on the window-sill, and there chafed and growled with a sound resembling the miniature roar of a lion. When thus excited she used to present a strange appearance, owing to a crest or ridge of hair which used to erect itself on her back and extend from the top of her head to the root of her tail, which latter member was marvellously expanded. Gentle as she was in her ordinary demeanour, Pret was a terrible cat when she saw cause, and was undaunted by size or numbers.

She had a curious habit of catching mice by the very tip of their tails, and of carrying the poor little animals about the house dangling miserably from her jaws. Apparently her object in so doing was to present her prey uninjured to her mistress, who, she evidently supposed, would enjoy a game with a mouse as well as herself; for, like human beings, she judged the character of others by her own.

This strange custom of tail-bearing was carried into the privacy of her own family, and caused rather ludicrous results. When Pret became a mother, and desired to transport her kittens from one spot to another, she followed her acquired habit of portage, and tried to carry her kittens about by the tips of their tails. As might be supposed, they objected to this mode of conveyance, and, sticking their claws in the carpet, held firmly to the ground, mewling piteously, while their mother was tugging at their tails. It was absolutely necessary to release the kittens from their painful position, and to teach

Pret how a kitten ought to be carried. After a while, she seemed to comprehend the state of things, and ever afterwards carried her offspring by the nape of the neck.

At one time, when she was yet in her kittenhood, another kitten lived in the same house, and very much annoyed Pret by coming into the room and eating the meat that had been laid out for herself. However, Pret soon got over that difficulty by going to the plate as soon as it was placed at her accustomed spot, picking out all the large pieces of meat, and hiding them under a table. She then sat quietly and placed herself sentry over her hidden treasure, while the intruding cat entered the room, walked up to the plate, and finished the little scraps of meat that Pret had thought fit to leave. After the obnoxious individual had left the room, Pret brought her concealed treasures from their hiding-place, and quietly consumed them.

Clever as Pret was, she sometimes displayed a most unexpected simplicity of character. After the fashion of the cat tribe, she delighted in covering up the remnants of her food with any substance that seemed most convenient. She was accustomed, after taking her meals, to fetch a piece of paper and lay it over the saucer, or to put her paw in her mistress's pocket and extract her handkerchief for the same purpose. These little performances shewed some depth of reasoning in the creature, but she would sometimes act in a manner totally opposed to rational action. Paper and handkerchief failing, she has been often seen, after partly finishing her meal, to fetch one of her kittens, and to lay it over the plate for the purpose of covering up the remaining food. When kitten, paper, and handkerchief were all wanting, she did her best to scratch up the carpet, and to lay the torn fragments over the plate. She has been known, in her anxiety to find a covering for the superabundant food, to drag a table-cloth from its proper locality, and to cause a sad demolition of the superincumbent fragile ware.

A year or two since, the budget of the Imperial Printing Office in France, amongst other items, contained one for cats, which caused some merriment in the legislative chamber during its discussion. According to the "Pays" these cats are kept for the purpose of destroying the numerous rats and mice which infest the premises and cause considerable damage to the large stock of paper which is always kept there. This feline staff is fed twice a day, and a man is employed to look

after them: so that for cat's meat and the keeper's salary no little expense is annually incurred; sufficient in fact to form a special item in the national expenditure. Of these animals a somewhat interesting anecdote is related.

It appears that near to the Imperial Printing Office is situated the office of the Director of the Archives, and the gardens of the two establishments are adjacent. In that belonging to the latter gentleman, were kept a number of choice aquatic birds, for whose convenience a small artificial river had been constructed. Their owner suddenly discovered one day that his favourites were diminishing in a mysterious manner, and set a watch to ascertain the reason. Soon it was discovered who were the marauders—the cats! The enraged Director, acting in the spirit of the law, thought he had a perfect right to shoot and otherwise destroy these feline burglars whenever he found them on his grounds, and accordingly did so. Traps were set, and soon half-a-dozen cats paid the penalty of their crimes.

The keeper of the cats also, by this time, found that the muster at meal times was much scantier than usual, and reported to his superior, the Director of the Printing Office. At first, the workmen were suspected of killing them; but the appearance, one day, of a cat with a broken snare round its neck, put the keeper on a fresh scent, and ultimately led to the discovery of the truth. The Director thereupon complained to his brother official, who only replied by pointing to the thinly tenanted pond, and saying that he would not have his birds destroyed if he could help it. The result was that a fierce hostility reigned between the two establishments, until an arrangement was made by their respective heads. By this treaty it was stipulated that the Director of the Imperial Printing Office should, on his part, cause every outlet by which the cats gained access to the gardens of the Director of the Archives to be carefully closed, and every means taken to prevent such a contingency; while on the other hand, Monsieur, the Director of the Archives, agreed never to molest any cat belonging to the Imperial Printing Office, who should, by some unforeseen accident, obtain admittance into his garden. And thus, by this famous treaty, the horrors of civil war were averted!

A curious instance of the attachment of animals totally dissimilar in habits, is related in the *Leisure Hour* as follows:—

“A lady of the writer's acquaintance was once walking amid the scenery of the Isle of Wight, when she observed a

little kitten curled up on a mossy bank in all the security of a mid-day nap. It was a beautiful little creature, and the lady gently approached in order to stroke it, when suddenly down swooped an hawk, pounced upon the sleeping kitten, and completely hid it from her sight. It was a kestrel. Our friend was greatly shocked, and tried to rescue the little victim; but the kestrel stood at bay and refused to move. There he stood on the bank, firmly facing her; and all her efforts to drive him from his prey failed. The lady hurried on to a fisherman's cottage, which was near at hand, and told of the little tragedy with the eloquence of real feeling. But the fisher-folk were not so disconcerted, and, laughingly, said,—‘It is always so; that hawk always comes down if anybody goes near the kitten. He has taken to the kitten, and he stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep.’

“The case was so remarkable, that the lady inquired further into its history, and learned that the kitten's mother had died, and that the fisherman's family had suddenly missed the little nurseling. After some time they observed a kestrel hawk loitering about the cottage. They used to throw him scraps of meat, and they observed that he always carried off a portion of every meal, dragging even heavy bones away out of sight. His movements were watched, and they saw that he carried the stores to the roof of his cottage. A ladder was placed, some one ascended, and there, nestling in a hole in the thatch, lay the lost kitten, thriving prosperously under the tender care of its strange foster-father. The foundling was brought down and restored to civilized life; but the bandit protector was not disposed to resign his charge, and ever kept at hand to fly to the rescue, whenever dangerous ladies threatened it with a caress.”

That a long course of domestic drill is insufficient to win a cat from its native savagery is proved by the following scrap, lately culled from the *Swansea Herald*:—

“A fight of more than ordinary interest took place on the bank of the canal near Kidwelly Quay, a few days ago. A domestic cat, making her usual walk in search of prey along the embankment, was attacked by an otter of no small dimensions, and was in an instant tossed into the middle of the canal, and there had to fight, not for the ‘belt,’ but for her life, in an uncongenial element. But very soon they were observed by some sailors and shippers, employed not far from the scene of contest, who hastened to witness the strange occur-

rence. Either from fear of the men, or of its formidable antagonist, the otter relinquished its hold, and poor puss safely landed amidst hearty cheers and congratulations. But puss, not being content with the laurels she had won in the first contest, went out again on the following day, and, strange to say, the old combatants met again, and the otter, with undiminished pluck, attacked the cat on land. The contest became very severe, but ultimately the otter was glad to regain its watery refuge, and leave puss the victor the second time, without suffering very considerably from an encounter with such a formidable foe."

Next comes the story of a traveller-cat, derived, like the preceding, from a newspaper source:—

"In a parish in Norfolk, not six miles from the town of Bungay, lived a clergyman who, having a cat, sentenced it to transportation for life, because it had committed certain depredations on his larder. But the worthy gentleman found it far easier to pronounce that sentence than to carry it into execution. Poor puss was first taken to Bungay, but had hardly got there when she escaped, and was soon at home again." Her morals, however, had in no way improved, and a felonious abstraction of butcher's meat immediately occurred. "This time her master determined to send the hardened culprit away a distance, which, as he expressed it, 'she would not walk in a hurry.' He, accordingly, gave her (generous man!) to a person living at Fakenham, distant at least forty miles. The man called for her in the morning, and carried her off in a bag, that she might not know by what road he went. Vain hope! She knew well enough the way home, as he found to his cost, when, directly the house-door was opened the next morning, she rushed out, and he saw no more of her.

"The night after, a faint mewling was heard outside the minister's dwelling, but, not being so rare an occurrence, no attention was paid to it. However, on opening the door next morning, there lay the very cat which he thought was forty miles away, her feet all cut and blistered, from the hardness of the road, and her silky fur all clotted and matted together with dust and dirt. She had her reward. However her thievish propensities might annoy him, the worthy vicar resolved never again to send her away from the house she loved so well and exerted herself so nobly to regain."

There is a capital story told of a monastery-cat, which,

albeit an old one, will very well bear telling again. Perhaps, indeed, the secret of its freshness lies in the seasoning—like many another dish.

The legend runs thus:—In a certain monastery, in which a cat was kept, the cook, one day, on laying the dinner, found one of the holy inmate's portions of meat missing, although he thought he had cooked the proper quantity; still the good man was willing to believe he had miscalculated, and, without making any ado about it, supplied the deficient dinner. Next day, however, the same thing happened again—another monk's meat was gone. The cook began now to suspect treachery, and resolved to watch. On the third day he took particular care in apportioning the dinners, which were cooked, and about to be served up, when he heard a ring of the gate-bell, and hastened out to answer it. On his return, he discovered one of the dinners was gone; but how, or by whom, it was taken he could not imagine. He determined to discover the thief, and next day took the utmost precaution in seeing that the number of dinners was quite correct. When all was ready to dish up, the bell rang again. This time, however, he did not go to the gate, but only just outside the kitchen, and, peeping through the door, he saw the cat jump through the window and, seizing a piece of the meat, make his exit from the same way as rapidly as he entered. So far the mystery was solved; but who rang the bell? The next day the vigilant cook found that this part of the performance was also played by the ingenious *felis domesticus*, whose *modus operandi* was first to jump at the bell-rope and pull it with its paw, then, watching the cook out of the kitchen, to swiftly spring through the window, seize the meat, and then, as swiftly, out again.

The cook told the story of the feline thief to the monks, and those holy brethren, in full conclave assembled, after hearing the evidence, came to the resolution that the cat should enjoy uninterrupted the fruits of its predatory art so long as it chose to practise it; and that the wondrous tale should be published abroad. The result of this decision was that for a considerable time visitors continually poured to the monastery, and were, for a small fee, admitted to witness the excellent comedy, which paid for the extra rations of the cat, and put a little money into the pockets of the monks as well.

It is a curious fact that in countries liable to earthquakes the cat is able to predict the coming event; and a very singular

Instance of this occurred at the great earthquake at Messina. A short time before that awful catastrophe, a merchant living in the town noticed that, in the room in which he was sitting, two cats were running about and scratching at the floor and doors in a very excited manner. He opened the door and drove them out; but they only scampered off to the next door, and there began scratching again in the same way. He was convinced that they wanted to get fairly out of the house; so the owner opened the other doors leading to the street, at all of which, while he was unfastening them, they exhibited the utmost impatience. Struck with their uneasiness, he determined to follow them and endeavour to find the cause of it. Once out in the street, they rushed off in a frantic state through the town, out of the gates, and never stopped till they were some distance out in the country. The merchant, who had followed them quietly, at last found them in a field, still very excited and scratching at the ground with their feet. In a few minutes the first shock of the earthquake came, which buried, in its angry jaws, many of the houses in the town, that belonging to the merchant amongst the number.

#### DISEASES OF CATS AND THEIR CURE.

To cure a cat of her ailments it is in most cases necessary to administer physic in some shape or another. This at the very outset is enough to daunt at least nine-tenths of the lady cat-owners in the kingdom. "As difficult as giving pills to a sick cat," is a familiar way of illustrating the extreme hardship of any task, and yet when properly managed a sick cat may be made to take pills or any other drug without risk of a severe scratching on your part, and danger of a dislocated neck in the part of suffering Grimalkin.

If the cat and yourself are on good terms, you will experience no difficulty in approaching her, whatever be her bodily condition. Have ready a large cloth—a crumb cloth for instance—and wrap the patient therein, wising the cloth round and round her body so that every part of her except the head is well enveloped. Any one may then hold it between their knees while you complete the operation. Put on a pair of stout gloves, and then with a firm hand open the animal's mouth wide. Do not attempt to pour down the cat's throat too much at a time, or your object will be frustrated. A small spoon should be used, and no more poured into the mouth at a time than may be easily swallowed.

Be very careful to cleanse the fur of the animal's face and neck of any phisic that may have been smeared thereon. The cat of all things dislikes a dirty coat, and as the nastiness of the medicine will prevent her licking herself clean she will about in a miserable condition, and one that will probal counteract the good effects of your doctoring. After the d has been swallowed you may unswathe the patient and turn her into a quiet room, where there is something soft for her to lie on, and a cheerful fire. Do not offer her any food for at least two hours after the administration of the phisic.

Diarrhœa is a very common complaint with cats. It may be known by the animal's becoming thin, by her coat being dirty, and by her dull eyes. Unless this be checked, dysentery will set in, and the cat's life be sacrificed. An ounce of fresh mutton suet, dissolved in a quartor of a pint of new milk, will, if the malady be taken in <sup>the</sup> <sup>earliest</sup> in its earlier stage, effect a speedy cure. The milk should only be warm enough to melt the shredded suet; and if it be too ill to lap, put one or two spoonful into its mouth every two hours. If the scouring not abate, a spoonful of chalk mixture, with eight drops tincture of rhubarb, had better be given.

Cats are sometimes attacked by fits of delirium. The animal may be discovered with staring eyes and bristling fur, rushing here and there in a way most terrible to see. Generally finishes by plunging into the darkest corner it can find,—into a lumber-room or the coal-cellar may be,—and will there remain to die unless attended to. There are several remedies for this disorder, but that advised by Lady Cust is certainly the most efficacious. "Take a sharp pair of scissors and slightly slit one of the ears, but not to disfigure the cat; it must be in the thin part of the ear. Have ready some warm water and hold the ear in it, gently rubbing it and encouraging blood to flow; a few drops give relief. The most timid lady need not fear to perform this slight operation, as during the attack the animal does not feel, nor does it resist in any way, but I always use thick gloves in handling animals myself, I recommend them to others. When the attack is over, keep the cat quiet, as you will observe it is very nervous after, and alarmed with the slightest sound; and let its food be rather less in quantity, and less nutritious in quality, till it is past the time of fits."

The lady above quoted makes some interesting remarks on the subject of grass eaten by cats. "Cats will never prosp

about grass to eat! I have long observed and been convinced of this; and was ridiculed for my opinion when I asserted it, even by some learned members of the Zoological Society, who would not believe that grass was necessary to the tribe in general, or that they would even eat it, until they witnessed the voracity with which it was devoured after deprivation of it for a few days. I am perfectly certain it is essential for the maintenance of health and life in that species. In the first place it cools the blood, preventing humours, and contributes to the healthy condition of the skin, rendering the fur fine and glossy. It has also a material effect on the general health. Every one must have observed the constant grooming bestowed on the coat, and the rough nature of the fur. Consequently, the loose hair is conveyed to the stomach and intestines, where it remains in balls or long rolls, causing dulness and loss of appetite, and ending in death. The hair swallowed adheres to the rough grass and is then expelled, or if the mass is too large (as is often the case in the moulting season, especially with Angora cats), it will be thrown up: long rolls of hair with grass, perfectly unlike any other substance; and the animal that a few days previous was dying, will now be relieved, and take its usual course."

The spring and autumn cats are frequently afflicted with a disease resembling chicken-pox in the human subject. The face and throat are the parts chiefly attacked, the hair falls out, and the animal's appearance is very miserable. Rub the face with flour of brimstone mixed with hogs' lard.

When the cat has kittens never be so hard-hearted as to sweep off at one sweep the whole of her little family. There is no animal on earth that exhibits more affection for its progeny than the cat. It will go hungry that its young ones may eat, and will face the most terrible dangers in their behalf. If her kittens are taken from her, she goes for days stalking about, a thin and wretched cat, filling the house with her melancholy howls. Therefore be merciful. If the entire litter must be destroyed take them away one at a time, allowing a day or two between. Motherless kittens may be reared by hand by mixing new milk with brown sugar and feeding them with this mixture several times a day. The best substitute for the succulent licking afforded by the mother's tongue is a soapy lather squeezed nearly dry.

"Cats," writes Lady Cust, "have a very dangerous com-

plaint, which I call distemper, though it is different to distemper in dogs. I do not think it occurs more than once, and it is well it does not, as it requires every care and attention to save the life of the sufferer. Sometimes it begins with constant vomiting of a bright yellow frothy liquid, diarrhoea then comes on, which ends in dysentery. If you give the yellow vomiting, give the small dose of salt and water before named; in this case it will act as an emetic. When the stomach is cleared, then, as the vomiting will continue from irritation, and reduce the strength to the last degree, very painful to witness, stop it as soon as you can, by giving half a teaspoonful of melted beef marrow, free from skin. This dose is generally sufficient; but if it is not, another half-spoonful may be given in half an hour. To allay vomiting and irritation, I have never seen this simple remedy fail in either the human or animal subject. I have tried it upon all species of carnivora with equal success: the former should take it upon toast, with salt without pepper, overcoming the great repugnance it causes in sickness."



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