



HUMANITY
TO ANIMALS

**Approved
by the
Royal Society for
Preventing Cruelty to
Animals.**

HUMANITY
TOWARDS
THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

Anecdotes and Observations,

INCULCATING THE
HUMANE AND PROPER TREATMENT

OF
THE INFERIOR ANIMALS:

*Addressed more particularly to very youthful minds, and
calculated, it is presumed, to exert a beneficial influence
upon the character in after-life.*

BY
HENRY EAST,

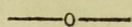
FORMERLY HEAD-MASTER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY'S CENTRAL SCHOOL,
LONDON.

He liveth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

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CONTENTS.



PART I.

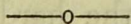
PAGE.

On Keeping Birds and other Animals for Amusement.....	9
1. The Bird, including the Robin's Story of his own Life and Death.....	10
2. The Dog.....	24
3. The Cat.....	30
4. The Mouse.....	34
5. The Rabbit.....	35
6. The Donkey.....	36

PART II.

General Observations and Reflections with Anecdotes of various Animals, illustrating their sagacity and intelligence, sympathy with their own species, their attachment and value to man.....	39
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INTRODUCTION.



THE aim or design of the following unpretending little work, whatever may be thought of its execution, is one which cannot fail to commend itself to every well-constituted mind, as well as every feeling heart.

It may puzzle both the philosopher and the divine fully to explain the fact, but, fact, it unquestionably remains, that among all the unlovely features exhibited by fallen human nature in early life, not one is so generally—we had almost said—universally precocious in its development as cruelty to dumb animals.

—————“The Spring-time of your years
Is soon dishonour'd, and defiled in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas, none sooner shoots
If unrestrain'd into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty—most dev'lish of them all,”

Cowper.

Meekness and inoffensiveness in the subject afford no protection, but rather seem to incite to the commission of this vice; and very often it is practised by way of affording sport to the youthful perpetrator. Probably there are few if any of us who have not witnessed on the part of one or more of our playmates and schoolfellows the

“spinning a chafer” as it is termed, impaling, that is, a poor unoffending insect upon a pin or needle thrust through the body that its sufferings may cause it to twirl or spin—while its tormentor holds it forth and gazes at it with evident glee and satisfaction. Happily there are instances in which keen self-reproach has been subsequently induced and the hardening process arrested. Still there can be little doubt if we were to watch the progress of such a boy, we should generally find he grew up to be a cruel unfeeling man, ill-treating his dog, his donkey, his horse, or whatever animal might come under his care.

Hard indeed must be the heart that can take delight in—we might add—that does not at once revolt at the bare mention of this and such like wanton and brutal practices; the exhibition of which is in truth we would hope somewhat less frequent than it was in past times.

For these reasons,—while we most seriously and earnestly deprecate and condemn them, it is not our intention to dwell upon them except in general terms. A more useful purpose will we conceive be attained by guarding our youthful readers against that of which they stand in greater danger—and to which their attention has been less frequently directed.

The primary object, in short, of the few simple anecdotes and remarks contained in these pages will be to shew that much suffering is and may often be, most unintentionally caused to our common domestic animals and particularly to the pets we love and desire to cherish

by mere want of thought, or by ignorant and injudicious treatment. While this portion of the subject, specially adapted as it is to the most juvenile reader, will occupy a prominent position, it will be also, further, our anxious endeavour throughout, to induce a proper regard to the inferior animals committed to our charge from the consideration of their great value and utility to man, though unable to plead their own cause with him—to excite an admiration for and interest in them,—and lastly, to lead to the conviction that our own conscious happiness and dignity will be greatly promoted by the cultivation of humane, kind and considerate feelings towards them.

So truly, so unspeakably important does the writer deem the ends contemplated, that should but very partial success attend his humble effort—should even but one needless pang be saved or one additional modicum of comfort and enjoyment be imparted to the poor dumb creature—and, especially, should but one youthful human heart be softened and improved, he will deem himself most amply rewarded for his time and trouble.

March, 1857.

PART I.

ON KEEPING BIRDS AND OTHER LIVE ANIMALS FOR AMUSEMENT, &c.

Now my dear young Friends, perhaps when you get a little older you may feel a wish to keep a little Dog, Rabbit, Mouse, or Bird. I will therefore at once tell you, that unless you can make up your minds to bestow a very great deal of your time and care on them as long as they live, it would be very wrong and even cruel of you to attempt to take under your care any one of them. Remember you must not trust to others to attend to and feed them, you must do it or see it done *yourself*, and if they suffer anything from neglect, the fault—and a very serious one it is—is yours.

A Bird-dealer in London once told me that more than a thousand poor little Birds and Mice die every year through neglect, that is they are starved to death in their little prison houses by thoughtless cruel children, who after a few days or weeks get tired of them and forget to feed them. Is not this shocking to think of?—Do then my little friends consider for a very, very long time, and be quite certain in your own minds that you shall be able to bestow all the care and attention required of you before you take any one of these little favorites under your care.

I would have you remember that all Birds require to be looked to every day, they must never be without food or water. Rabbits and Mice require feeding twice or three times a day, and with two or three sorts of food. Be sure when you purchase any live Animal you ask the

sort of food necessary to give it, and have it written down, in case when you get home you should have forgotten it. A great many poor little Birds die from having wrong food given to them.

About the year 1841 I was acquainted with a little boy, who having had a Canary-bird presented to him by his aunt, and being of a kind, affectionate disposition, went immediately to a Bird-shop and bought a Robin to give to a younger sister that she might have a pet as well as himself. They both attended to it, but they had it only three days, as on the evening of the third day it was found dead in its cage. They were grieved and almost inconsolable at the loss, and George (which was the little boy's name) with a view to afford some consolation to his sister took the poor dead bird to be stuffed, that it might be preserved in a little glass case. But what was his surprise and sorrow when the Bird-stuffer accused him of cruelty; and told him that the poor little thing had been "starved to death."

This indeed was literally and truly the case, and I think it quite worth while, in order to impress the subject as deeply as possible on the minds of my readers, to give the exact particulars how the sad affair happened, and the Robin shall tell his own story. We will call it—

A LITTLE ROBIN'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN LIFE AND DEATH.

In a hole which time had made in a wall covered with ivy, my father and mother built the nest in which I was born. Sheltered from the wind and rain, in a garden belonging to a gentleman who never allowed the birds to be shot at or their nests to be robbed on his premises, no place could be better chosen for the purpose.

When a month old, I left my nest and began to hop about the garden and look for food. During the first week my father and mother occasionally brought me

worms, fruit, or other suitable food ; after which time I had to seek my own living. From the first night of my being able to fly from tree to tree, I had slept in a branch of ivy which ran up and covered the back of a large summer-house, and a nice snug comfortable bed it was. Although I must tell you that on two or three evenings, just as it was getting dark, I was very much frightened by a large white owl, who would perch himself on the ivy very near me, and screech most horribly for several minutes. However no harm happened to me beyond being very much terrified, and with this exception I passed my time very happily from day to day for about three months, seldom going out of the garden, which I considered my home. One evening, however, I had, all on a sudden, a very restless uncomfortable feeling come over me which I could not at all account for, I was not ill, but I felt no inclination to go to my usual bed, and kept fluttering about from tree to tree, unable, though I knew not why, to find any spot to please me. In the morning I became still more uneasy and fidgety ; I was dissatisfied with the food I found in the garden and scarcely ate anything all day.

Well, this restlessness continued for three days and nights, during which I never went back to my own comfortable bed on the summer-house, but wandered about all day till it grew dark, and then fell asleep on some cold comfortless spot. On the fourth morning I awoke almost before day-break, indeed some of the stars were still beautifully shining in the sky ; when I felt the strangest sensation I had ever yet experienced. I was sitting on my perch, the slender branch of a cherry tree, when in a moment something within me (which I afterwards learned was the voice of nature or instinct) seemed to say to me, " Little Robin, get thee out of this garden, leave thy present home, and go to a wood that I will shew you. Spread thy wings at once, and fly, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and stop not in thy flight until I shall tell thee to do so."—Well, I felt

constrained to obey, without asking the reason why or wherefore, and accordingly very soon set out. I travelled on and on for many long days through fields and lanes, resting only just sufficient time to get food necessary to keep myself alive. I felt indeed no inclination to stay at any of these places, although they appeared likely enough to supply food and comfort. But late one evening I reached a very large and lonely wood, far from the dwellings of man, and, strange to say, I had here no difficulty, as at other times, in finding a bed, but flying straight to a large hollow tree which grew on the skirts of the wood, I found myself in a moment in a snug little corner, where, putting my head under my wing, I was soon fast asleep. On opening my eyes in the morning the same kind voice (instinct) whispered to me—"Little Robin, rest thyself and be happy, this wood is thy present home." All my restlessness and uneasiness had left me, I looked around and saw the bushes and hedges, some covered with hips, haws, and blackberries, others with blossoms which would soon produce them. These supplied me with food in abundance, while a beautiful spring of water, to quench my thirst, rippled all along one side of the wood. In this peaceful and happy spot, where I found everything to please and gratify me, I remained many weeks. But at length the summer and autumn passed away, and cold winter came; the leaves fell from the trees; the hips and haws were nearly all gone, or had become shrivelled and dry; the brook began to freeze, and the ground, upon which the snow sometimes fell, became often hard as a stone. I began then seriously to fear lest I should perish with cold and hunger. I went to bed once more, though of course very anxious and unhappy. But now again on my waking in the morning kind nature was by my side—though unseen—whispering in my ear—"Fly back without delay to the habitation of man, and seek thy first home in the garden." I now listened and understood her voice more readily, and lost no time in proceeding on my travels towards my former

place of abode. I suffered many hardships on my way, but was truly thankful when I at last reached my first and dearest home. I went direct to my comfortable bed in the ivy, and all my troubles were soon forgotten in a sweet sleep. I was up early in the morning, for having had no supper over night, I felt rather hungry. I went hopping and flying about to all my old well-known spots; but the winter having now fully set in food was not very plentiful even here. I managed, however, to find just enough for my wants from day to day for some little time, until there came a heavy fall of snow, which covered the ground to a great depth. I now really thought I should die from hunger and cold, and this certainly must have been my fate, had it not been for a kind little girl who every morning and evening brought me out crumbs and pieces in abundance. All the return I could make for her kindness was to sing her my winter song. This I never failed to do in my best manner, perched on the wall of the garden near enough for her to hear me, and she seemed very much delighted with it.

But now comes the sad and melancholy part of my life. Three whole days had passed away and I saw nothing of my little provider and preserver. It was Christmas time, and she had no doubt left home to spend the holidays. One morning, therefore, being very hungry indeed, I ventured out of the garden in search of food, when I was caught in the snare of a Bird-catcher, taken up to London and shut up with a number of other poor little prisoners, in a close cage in a small dark shop, kept by a dealer in birds in a dirty and unhealthy part, called the Seven Dials. When I was first put into the cage, two poor little Sky-Larks were lying dead at the bottom of it. They had no doubt died pining for liberty.

I passed a whole month in this place, suffering the greatest anxiety and misery. I had plenty of food, it is true, but liberty was dearer to me than all beside. Oh how I thought my poor heart would break, when the dread feeling came over me that I was a prisoner for life,

never again to see my dear home in the garden or the wood. How I remembered every little quiet spot, every tree, every bush where I had gaily hopped and cheerfully sung. But I was not to pass my life in the Bird-dealer's shop. One morning a young gentleman came in, and after looking round into almost every cage, at last fixed on me, and bought me as a present to his younger sister. I was put into a small cage by myself and hung up in a warm room called the nursery, by the side of a Canary-bird. It was quite dark when I was hung up in this my last home. I went to sleep in my little prison house without looking for food or thinking about it ; but what was my wretchedness in the morning to find nothing but hard seeds in my cage, such as Canaries live upon and other birds, which have beaks formed by nature to crack them ; I tried for many hours, but my poor little soft beak could not break or penetrate one of them. I at once saw that if no other food should be given me, the most painful of all deaths, starvation, must be my sad lot. My mistress was a very kind little girl, but she unhappily thought all birds would eat the same food that she had been accustomed to give to the Canary. She would come to my cage many times during the day, talk kindly and soothingly to me, and call me her "dear little Bobby." Little did she imagine what dreadful pain I was enduring. The last time she came to me I spied some bread and butter in her hand, and how did my sinking heart momentarily beat for joy, in the hope and belief that she would give me a few crumbs. I hopped and fluttered about from side to side of my cage, turning my eye up to her with a last beseeching look. She was just about to offer me a morsel, when her brother drew back her hand, saying "bread would do me harm, and she must not give it me." She left the room, never again to see me alive. I felt my eyes grow dim, and my strength fail. I was just able to creep to the corner of my little prison, and take a last drop of water before I died.

Now I cannot for a moment suppose that any of my

young readers would willingly inflict suffering on a poor little helpless bird, which looked to them for food and protection, yet this story of the Robin will show you how liable you are, without at all intending it, to cause much suffering and even death from being ignorant how you ought to feed and treat these pretty and interesting little creatures when under your care. It also suggests to me that I should say something as to the selection of a Bird, to keep in a cage, to those who, though they may not now possess one, may be thinking of obtaining one for the sake of his sweet and cheering song.

In the first place, then, take no bird whatever into the confinement of a cage after it has acquired the habits and tasted for any considerable time the sweets of freedom. You may easily know which these birds are, if you are going to purchase at a bird-dealer's, by seeing the poor creatures incessantly beating their wings against the wires of their cage, in which way many of them fret themselves to death. And if they are procured for you from the woods or fields, remember, therefore, that the younger they are the better. In the next place I would say, whatever bird you may select, do not let your choice be either the Robin Redbreast or the Lark—particularly the Sky-Lark. With regard to the Robin, I trust I need not say much more, after the story you have just read, to induce you to spare him the imprisonment in which he is so wretched. It is of course true that when you have learned what food suits him, you may avoid giving him that which is improper for him, and which he cannot eat. But then you also find, and let me beg of you first to think on this for a moment—you can in some respects have him under your care while he is at liberty, that is you can preserve his life and contribute to his comfort quite as well, and far more agreeably to himself, by regularly feeding him with crumbs at your door or parlour window, where he will not fail to come when times are hard with him—that is when the cold severe weather sets in, and will as certainly reward you by paying

for his meal with a song far sweeter than any he could produce behind the prison bars of his cage. And if you have read what the little Robin says in his story about that singular feeling or impulse which led him first to the wild woods during spring and summer, and afterwards irresistibly impelled him to leave these woods and seek the habitations of man when winter approached, you have learned that it is instinct which brings him to your door or window, a guiding principle implanted in his breast by the great God who is the creator and preserver of birds as well as of men. And you may consider therefore that when the pretty Robin comes and perches himself upon your window-sill or door-step and turns his expressive black eye upon you, it is truly God your Heavenly Father speaking to you through the poor little bird, and asking you to relieve the wants of his own little bird and save it from starving.

I cannot but think then that in so treating and providing for the dear little Robin Redbreast, observing the joy and gratitude beaming in his eye, and listening to his song on the neighbouring tree or housetop, you will have infinitely greater pleasure than in putting him into a closely-barred prison.

If so, you will be interested in the following lines, which, with the pretty reply of the Cottager's Daughter, will serve to impress the subject, I trust, both on your memories and hearts.

When the leaves had forsaken the trees
And the forests were chilly and bare,
The brooks were beginning to freeze,
And the snow waver'd fast through the air,

A Robin had fled from the wood,
To the snug habitation of man—
On the threshold the wand'rer stood,
And thus his petition began.

"The hips and the haws are all gone
 I can get neither berry nor sloe,
 The ground is as hard as a stone,
 And the streamlet is stopp'd in its flow.

Then pity a poor little thing,
 And throw me a part of your store,
 I'll fly off in the first of the spring,
 And ne'er come to trouble you more."

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER'S REPLY TO THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

"Little bird with bosom red
 Welcome to my humble shed,
 Daily near my table steal
 While I eat my scanty meal,
 Doubt not (little though there be)
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee,
 Well rewarded, if I spy
 Pleasure dancing in thine eye."

And in casting out your crumbs for your favourite Robin, never mind if some stray Sparrows get a part, as most likely indeed they will. God takes care even of the despised Sparrow, and so do you take care of him. On purpose let there be a few more crumbs than the Robin wants—that the Sparrows may share in the meal without his suffering by it—and in order that you may be the more induced to do this, and to think better of the Sparrow than you may have been accustomed to do—I must, before I pass on, tell you a very pleasing incident about him. A person who kept a Canary-bird, was in the habit of hanging his cage outside his door, almost all the summer. A Sparrow saw him there, and no doubt considering he was much worse off and less happy than himself, kindly tried all he could to comfort and cheer him. He would come regularly every

day, bring him some food and sit near his cage, twittering, *i.e.* talking to him for a considerable time. We cannot but regard this as an act of considerate and disinterested kindness in the Sparrow.

But I was going to say something about the Lark—more particularly the Sky-Lark, to persuade you not to imprison him either.

It is quite true that the Sky-Lark is one of the most delightful singing-birds we have. But then there can be no doubt that it is also one of the most—if not the most uneasy and unhappy in confinement.

Certainly it is less able to pour forth its melody in a small close cage, than any other of our feathered songsters. If you have ever seen him before he rises from the ground, and if you have not, I must tell you, that he never when in freedom sings upon the ground, but pours forth his joyous ecstatic notes as he rises in a spiral direction into the air, his notes appearing to increase in tone and sweetness as he rises higher and higher and gets nearer and nearer to the blue sky over his head ;—a canopy or ceiling he admires far more than the roof of a wire or wooden cage—for in the latter he cannot rise or fly at all, but only mope about and think of other larks, his brethren and sisters who are at liberty enjoying themselves in the way they like best. Poor fellow ! I have told you he never sings upon the ground when in freedom in the fields, and when he is induced to do so in confinement, it is by a sort of deception put upon his instinct—that is, he is tantalized by putting into his cage a piece of green turf, while standing on which he looks and stretches himself upward, in the vain expectation of seeing his mate, and begins his song while under this deception. For it is known that

“The daisied lea he loves where tufts of grass,
Luxuriant crown the ridge ;—there with his mate
He founds the lowly house of wither'd bents,
And coarsest spear-grass.”———

Let not then my young readers ever be guilty of the

cruelty of confining a Sky-Lark, but wait to hear his melodious and cheerful song until they can hear it in the open fields of the country, which they may do from the earliest part of the spring almost all through the summer; and it may form a good inducement to early rising, there being no time better for hearing it than the early morning.

The address of the Poet to birds of song in general, is especially applicable to the Sky-Lark.

“Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround Heaven’s gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beam of day
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
You remind us likewise that we should raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise.”

The Wood-Lark and Tit-Larks are sweet and excellent songsters also, but though the former will sometimes sing while sitting in a tree, yet even he seems greatly to prefer doing so while on the wing; and the latter, the Tit-Lark, does not *begin* his song until he has reached some height above the ground.

I plead therefore earnestly and specially for the Larks, that my young friends will have pity upon them, and, so far as they are concerned, refrain from gratifying themselves by depriving of liberty and inflicting so much suffering on these interesting little birds.

I confess, indeed, I scarcely know how to recommend any one of our feathered songsters for confinement. Still I am willing to admit that when properly fed, and very kindly and judiciously treated, some of them may lead a tolerably comfortable and happy life. I have certainly seen Canaries who appeared truly joyous and happy in their cages. But then it is to be remembered they were born and bred there. Yet, even with other birds, such as the Goldfinch, the Linnet and others, it is to be borne in mind that they have a warm habitation, and (of course I mean when those who keep them do as

they ought to do) can always depend upon plenty of nice and wholesome food when they want it, and that they are exempt from many dangers, which birds in the field are exposed to, from the trap or gun of the youthful sportsman, the fierce hawk, and very cold winters. For I must tell you, that in unusually severe weather, I have often seen small birds frozen to death against a tree or a post. It would indeed almost seem as if they were sensible of all this, for we find that their gratitude and affection, when very kindly looked after, will prompt many of them to sing in their cages nearly all the year round, while we know, that with few exceptions, when wild in the fields and woods, their songs are not heard for more than about ten weeks of the year. Remember, I say, prompted by their gratitude and affection, for I still must adhere to my opinion, that they really enjoy themselves, on the whole, much more in freedom, even if they should meet with occasional perils and hardships.

There are some considerations, which might perhaps render the Goldfinch, next to the Canary, as suitable a little pet as any, if adopted when very young.

In beauty of plumage, by which (I must explain to my very young readers) I mean the pretty colours of his feathers, and I might add, the elegance of his shape, as well as the sweetness of his song, he is equal to almost any, (excepting of course the Nightingale, which is difficult to rear). But the reason why I recommend him, is, that it has been found that he is very affectionate in his disposition, and like the Canary, will become very fond indeed of those who feed and attend upon him. This alone must prevent him from being altogether miserable. For it is with birds as with children when they love those about them, they can never be quite unhappy, though denied many things they fancy they should like.

There was once a Goldfinch kept by a lady at Chelsea, who would kiss or caress with his little beak the finger of his mistress whenever it was presented to him, through

the wires of his cage, in the fondest manner imaginable ; and which always shewed the greatest joy and pleasure when his kind protector and provider came near his cage. I will therefore give you a few short directions as to feeding him, &c , which will also apply to the Canary and the Linnet. All three, the Goldfinch, Linnet, and Canary, are hard-beaked Birds, that is, their beaks are formed in such a way as to enable them to crack almost any kind of seed. A mixture of Canary, Rape, Hemp, and Flax seed is the proper food for them, of these they must have a constant and abundant supply, plenty of water, and occasionally a spray of chick-weed, groundsel, or plantain. On such provision they will be sure to do well. You must be careful, also, never to place the cage in a draught, or to hang it out of doors, or in the window, without some covering as a shield against the burning sun.

Lest however you should misunderstand me, let me not omit to say again and again, that I do not think *anything* can compensate the bird for the loss of his liberty, and that my principal object therefore in all these directions and suggestions, was not to induce any of my young readers to keep birds in a cage at all, but to give to those who now possess them, or may be about to obtain one, a few hints, by attending to which, they may be saved from inflicting much needless suffering. I earnestly entreat them therefore, not to forget these hints after they have read them, but act upon them and advise all their young friends to do the same.

But before I entirely dismiss the subject of Birds, I must not neglect to beg of my young friends, never to go Birds' Nesting, and never to buy either the nests or eggs, which cruel thoughtless boys have taken. The trouble and anxiety occasioned to the poor Birds, who built the nest with so much care and pains, cannot be described. Suppose for instance, from the time necessary to prepare another house, and bring up their young after the eggs are laid and hatched, it should get to be late in the year, before their little ones are fully fledged (that is, clothed

with feathers) and the cold weather should set in and kill them; and this is not at all unlikely, all owing to their being robbed of their first nest. Whether, with regard to Swallows and Martins, it is from such cruel boys knocking down their first nests and destroying their eggs I know not, but these pretty interesting birds (whose constant attention to their young ones you must all of you have witnessed) have been known to be obliged to leave them behind them to perish, because they were not old enough to fly with their parents to a warmer climate at the proper time, at the time, that is, when God by instinct tells all Swallows and Martins to leave the cold northern countries for warmer, and when however painful to the father and mother they must go or all the family would perish together.

Nor will it, I think, be inappropriate to introduce here a few remarks (which my young readers may possibly remember as they grow up to manhood) on the indiscriminate use of the gun, by which so much suffering is often wantonly and unthinkingly occasioned. I mean both as to the kind of birds thus deprived of life, and the season chosen for shooting them.

I would say, then, in the first place, that I consider it perfectly unjustifiable and wicked, for the sake of amusement merely, to deprive any creatures of life, which while they are inoffensive and some of them positively useful to man while living, are either wholly unfit or next to valueless as food when killed. This will apply to Swallows, Martins, and Swifts (which are often destroyed in this way), and most of our smallest Birds, such as the Robin, the Wren, the Tom-Tit, or Tit-Mouse, the Goldfinch, the Bullfinch, the Nightingale, indeed we may include all our smaller singing-birds. And there is one bird, which though belonging to a species often used for the table, the following little incident should, I think, induce all to spare, I mean the Carrier Pigeon. The fact came within my own knowledge.

A gentleman residing at Clapham having received

intelligence of the serious illness of his wife while on a visit 50 miles from their own house, prior to leaving home arranged with his two daughters, that if on his arrival he should find their mother in a dangerous state, he should send off to them a Carrier Pigeon which he took with him for the purpose. This bird he knew would perform the distance in little more than an hour, and the young ladies were immediately on the receipt of such intelligence to proceed to join their parents. The gentleman finding his wife's death fast approaching, instantly let the Pigeon fly, but when the poor bird was within two miles of its home it was (as was afterwards discovered) unfortunately shot. In consequence, the lady died, without the consolation of seeing her children on her death bed, and her daughters were rendered almost inconsolable at being thus deprived of the satisfaction of being with their mother at such an affecting period.

If ever you should possess a gun then, my young friends, spare the Carrier Pigeon, lest you should stop his flight (which is by no means unlikely) on some similarly urgent and important errand.

But what I still more particularly here wished to press upon you was to refrain from shooting any parent bird while tending its young, or in the breeding season, which I may tell you may be considered as extending from March to August. When I lived on the sea coast of Sussex, I was in the frequent habit of rambling along and under the cliffs of Beachy Head, a favorite resort of several kinds of sea fowl, who flock there in great numbers to lay their eggs and hatch their young. On these occasions I have often picked up more than a dozen poor little half-fledged birds lying dead on the beach, which there can be no doubt had, after waiting in vain for the return of their parents, in the agony of their hunger thrown themselves out of the nest. For I have myself seen numbers of the old birds shot while conveying food in their mouths from the sea to their nests on the cliffs.

No true sportsman, nor any man with a spark of humane feeling in his bosom, will knowingly shoot at the parent birds while rearing their families.

These remarks and anecdotes will I trust be sufficient to interest and impress the minds of my very youngest readers in regard to Birds ; I shall therefore say nothing more about them in this part of my book, but proceed now with some observations and anecdotes respecting

THE DOG.

Though a little Dog will not require quite so much of your time and attention as the other pets I have named, still you must not forget to feed him once or twice a day, and never let him be without either milk or water to drink. Dogs suffer very much from thirst. Almost every one is fond of a little Dog, he is such a kind and faithful little fellow. It is well known that the Dog will suffer any amount of hardship rather than be separated from a kind master or mistress, and only think how watchful and patient he is as the poor blind man's guide.

Perhaps the anecdotes I am now about to relate to you, may not so greatly surprise you, or appear so remarkable as many others you may have read or heard of, but when I assure you they are perfectly true in every particular, I do think they will interest you more than others which are founded on fiction. The first relate to an old Shepherd and his Dog, who were well known to me.

About twenty years ago there lived in a little hut, at the foot of the Southdown Hills, an old man who had been a Shepherd on the hills for more than sixty years. He was very poor and badly off, three shillings and sixpence a week allowed by his Parish was all he had to keep him ; his only companion was an old Dog he called Bob. Poor Bob, like his Master, led a very hard life, that is, he was nearly half starved. A gentleman who was one day passing the hut, and who lived in the next

village, in order to test Bob's faithfulness to his Master, induced the old Shepherd to let him take Bob home with him. Bob had as much as he could eat and drink of everything nice, a warm comfortable bed at night, and indeed was treated with every possible kindness. After keeping him a fortnight, the gentleman thought he would take him out for a walk, but Bob had no sooner got outside the door than he scampered off as fast as he could back to his miserable home and poor old Master. About six months after this, poor Bob was seen one morning standing in the gentleman's garden, looking very sorrowful and much thinner than usual. On the door being opened he walked into the parlour, laid himself down, and staid very contentedly all night. The next morning Bob was taken back to the hut, and the gentleman then heard for the first time, that the old Shepherd had been dead and buried more than a month. So you see not all the kindness and all the good food and comforts bestowed on poor Bob, could induce him to forsake his poor old Master while he lived.

I will just add, because I think it will give you pleasure to know, that the gentleman took poor Bob home with him, kept him, and treated him very kindly till the faithful animal died of old age.

The second anecdote I have to relate will show you that I have myself personally a very strong reason for thinking well of Dogs, since there can be no doubt that the extraordinary sagacity and instinct of my own little Dog on the occasion to which I am about to refer, were, under Providence, the means of saving my life. It happened as follows :—

On a Christmas eve, in the year 18³6, the Vicar of the Parish where I resided (Eastbourne, in Sussex), was taken suddenly ill, and as he was very anxious that his church should not be closed on the next day, which was Sunday, as well as Christmas day, I offered to go to a Clergyman living at a Village six miles across the Downs, to ask him to come over and do the duty for him. It

was just getting dusk when I started. I took my little Dog and also my gun with me. On my return home I was overtaken by a violent snow storm. In a few minutes the Downs were covered with snow ; no trace of a path could be seen, and I soon lost my way. It was now very dark, I had given up all hope of being able to reach home that night, and was trying to find one of the caves (made by the Shepherds on the side of the hills, to screen them from storms), where I could creep in and wait for daylight. While standing on the top of one of the hills, considering which way to turn, I fancied I heard some one's voice. I listened for some time, but not hearing it again I concluded the sound must have come from some of the wild animals, such as the Weasel and Pole Cat, which roam about at night in search of food.

On getting to the bottom of the hill, however, I came close to two men standing in the dell, who, on seeing the gun in my hand, immediately drew back ; they had probably heard me talking to my Dog, or might have seen my shadow on the top of the hill.

I will repeat to you faithfully the conversation I had with them :—"Well, my friends," I said, "this is a miserable night, and what is worse I have unfortunately lost my way ; if you will go with me and show me the village of Jevington, I will give you half-a-crown." The tallest of the two replied, "Follow your nose along the dell, and keep the wind to your left ear. You may keep your half-crown, we have something better to mind," and off they walked. I had left them nearly half-an hour, and was proceeding along the dell, when my little Dog, who had been constantly on the watch, became very uneasy and fretful, looking up in my face and whining sadly. I took him up to carry him (he was a very little Dog), but he would not stay in my arms. Shortly after this, on my coming to a narrow and darker part of the dell, he became still more anxious and fretful. I turned and listened several times, but could neither see or hear anything save the large flakes of snow that fell

thick and heavy on us, and the whistling, or rather screaming of the wind. Concluding, therefore, that my little companion was afraid of the storm, I began to scold him, when, in a moment, with a fierce sharp bark, he dashed behind me. I turned in an instant, and found that the two men I have alluded to were within three yards of me, and as their faces were full towards me, I could see they belonged to the gipsy tribe, and also that they had in their hands large clubs, or what the Sussex people call bats. They had of course, unperceived and unsuspected by myself, been following me all the time, and I have no doubt whatever that the Dog knew it well, although it was impossible for him to see them. I immediately presented my gun at them, on perceiving which they said, before I could speak, "We have come to show you the way to the Village." I said, "Walk on then before me, and the first man that stops short, or turns upon me, I will shoot." After walking in this way for at least three miles, that is with the men about eight yards before me, and my gun pointed towards them, on reaching the top of one of the hills, a number of lights became visible some distance off. The tall man called out, "That's Jevington, so now you have done with us, where's the money you promised?" "Oh!" I replied, "You refused it once, and as I feel certain your intention was to come suddenly upon me, knock me down, rob and perhaps murder me, I will give you nothing, and if you are not off I will alarm the Village, and have you taken up." (You must not forget I had my gun with me, or I should not have had so much courage.) So they left me, uttering fearful oaths, and as they went one of them said, "You may thank your brute of a Dog for your life." And I think you will agree with me that this was truly the case. I cannot describe to you the distress and anxiety of the poor little fellow during the time the men were walking before us; he never ceased barking and whining, and with the courage of a Lion (although not much bigger than a

Kitten), kept constantly dashing forward and biting at the men's legs, returning again close to my side, looking up in my face, and howling so piteously that I am not ashamed to say I could scarcely keep from crying. But I may as well finish my story. I had not proceeded far in the direction of the lights which we saw on the hill, when all at once some misgiving came over my mind. I stood still and considered for a moment. "It must be near midnight (I thought), all the lights from the cottages must have been out long since. What then can these lights be?" Remembering that my late companions were Gipsies, it forcibly occurred to me that they must proceed from some Gipsy camps. And this there can be no doubt was the case, for on turning in another direction I in a short time found myself in a lane which I knew led to Hailsham wood, on the hill side of which hordes of Gipsies constantly pass the night. I was truly thankful I had got off the Down, and was once more in the main road. I reached my home one hour past midnight, by which time my poor little dog and I had been wandering on the Downs nearly six hours, in one of the bitterest nights and heaviest snow storms known for many years. I had to carry him for the last three miles, as every step he took he was buried in the snow. I really thought he would have died, but I gave him a nice basin of bread and milk for his supper, made him up a warm bed, and allowed him for once to sleep by the parlour fire, and the next day I was pleased to see him as well and happy as ever. Poor little Frolic (I forgot to tell you my little Dog's name before) he has now been dead many years, but I often, very often, think of him.

The Newfoundland Dog is a noble animal, requiring and richly deserving plenty of food as well as kind treatment.

He is a most suitable companion in long country excursions, having often proved an efficient protector both on land and on the water. Probably you have heard of a fine dog of this species who saved the lives of so many

persons when in danger of being drowned, that he acquired the name of "a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." And most undoubtedly we might well express the wish, that the actions of all men and boys towards dogs and other dumb creatures, rendered them as worthy of becoming Members of that excellent Society formed for "Preventing Cruelty to Animals," as the conduct of this noble dog rendered him to be enrolled a Member of the Humane Society. Let all my young readers take care they never deserve this reflection, but rather look forward to the period, when they may have the honor of aiding with their time and money, those who labour to remove this disgrace from their fellow men.

The anecdotes which have been related of the sagacity of the dog, as well as of his extraordinary fidelity and attachment to his master, are extremely numerous and interesting; but as I intend in the second part of my book to give a collection of anecdotes relating to these and other qualities, as exhibited by other animals as well as the dog, I think it will be better to give them altogether then. I will therefore now only tell you further concerning the dog, that the Shepherd's dog is thought to be superior to all others in instinct and sagacity, the Spaniel in affection, patience, and grateful remembrance of kind treatment, the Terrier in activity and courage, considering his small size, the Pointer in acuteness of smell, and the Mastiff and Newfoundland in strength. There are numerous other varieties, but you are not so likely to meet with them as those I have mentioned.

Nearly all of them have however shown strong affection for man, affection which nothing could subdue or alienate; and I shall close all I have for the present to direct your attention to, respecting this favourite and useful animal, by a quotation from an admirable writer on the subject (Mr W. J. Broderip). "Yes, dogs are honest creatures, and the most delightful of four-footed beings. For affectionate though hum-

ble companionship, nay friendship ; for the amiable spirit that is on the watch to anticipate every wish of his master ; for the most devoted attachment to him in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, an attachment always continued unto death, and frequently failing not when the once warm hand that patted him is clay-cold ; what, we had almost said *who*, can equal these charming familiars ? Your dog will, to please you, do that which is positively painful to him. Hungry though he be, he will leave his food for you ; he will quit the strongest temptation for you ; he will lay down his life for you. Truly spake he who said, ‘Man is the god of the dog.’”

“Of all the conquests over the brute creation that man has made, the domestication of the dog (which I did not tell my young readers is descended from the savage wolf) may be regarded as the most complete, if not the most useful ; it is the only animal that has followed him all over the earth. And yet to see how these noble animals are treated by savages, civilized as well as uncivilized ; kicked, spurned, harnessed to heavy carriages,* half-starved, cudgelled, they still follow the greater brute that lords it over them, and if he condescends to smile upon them, how they bound in gladness ; if in a moment of forgetfulness he caresses them, they are beside themselves with joy !” Truly we may add—if “Man be the god of the Dog”—most un-godlike is the conduct of man towards his devoted creature.

THE CAT.

We must now say a few words about poor Pussy, and I shall first endeavour to interest my very youngest readers in the subject.

* Since this was written (and chiefly we may observe in consequence of the exertions of the benevolent Society to which we have just alluded) the law for putting an end to this cruel practice has been passed.

I do not know a prettier or more amusing animal than a little Kitten ; I could watch for hours its playful happy ways, it seems almost impossible that any one could be found so cruel as to treat such pretty little creatures unkindly, but I am sorry to say I know too well that they are very often greatly ill-used. Many children will worry them dreadfully, by pulling and dragging them about, and if they happen to get a scratch, will lose their temper and shamefully beat the poor little things. A Kitten is a very meek, gentle creature, and will never hurt any one unless ill-treated or provoked.

I have often heard some very pretty verses sung in our infant schools, commencing

I love litle Pusssy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she will do me no harm ;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food,
And Pussey and I will be gentle and good.

Many persons think that the Cat is only fond of the house and its home, and is not capable of any attachment to the person, but this is not strictly and invariably true, as I know myself of several instances where the Cat has shown much affection for individuals. One, in particular, I well remember, although it occurred many years ago. A number of boys, when crossing a field in the country, found a poor little half-starved Kitten, which I have no doubt had been taken out by some cruel person who had got tired of it, and purposely lost. (This is a shameful and cruel practice, and I feel persuaded that nine out of ten of these poor creatures thus turned adrift are torn to pieces by Dogs, tortured to death by unfeeling boys, or die of starvation.) The little savages, for I can call them by no better name, soon began to tease and ill-treat the forsaken, helpless creature, when to escape death it ran up a high tree. A kind little boy, whom I knew well, happened to pass at the time, he climbed up the tree, amidst a shower of sticks and stones, which

hurt him severely, caught the Kitten, took it home with him, showed it every kindness, always feeding it himself, indeed he cherished it as a treasure for several years. After this kind-hearted boy left school, he was employed to mind Birds in the fields. I have often gone up to him when so employed, when his protégée, Little Crop, as he called it (some brute in human form having cut off its ears when very young), was always his companion. She would leave home with him at six o'clock in the morning, stay all day with him in the fields, and return with him at night. The boy had several brothers and sisters, but Little Crop was never known to follow any one of them even a yard from home. I am sorry I cannot tell you the end of Little Crop, as I then left that part of the country; I have no doubt, however, she continued attached to her protector; and quite sure, unless he died first, she had a comfortable home and kind master to the last.

Cats are remarkably cleanly in their habits, and never seem so much in their proper place as when slumbering on the rug, by the parlour-fireside. Here they thoroughly enjoy themselves, while they certainly give an additional and inviting air of comfort to the scene.

They are the watchful guardians of the store-room, the dairy, and the granary, against the depredations of rats and mice.

We have already said that Cats do not usually attach themselves so much to any particular individual as the Dog; we have however related one example of such attachment, and others might be found. There is indeed an instance on record of affection and fidelity in a favorite Cat, scarcely to be exceeded by any animal. Having lost her master by death, she would not quit his body, while in the house, and when removed, the faithful animal followed the body to the grave, and would go every day for a very long period and lie upon the spot for several hours, indeed she would never leave the grave until driven away. And we may safely say that Cats, as

well as the playful Kitten, will always show marks of fondness to those who treat them kindly and properly, and never injure any one that does not tease or injure them. Yet if we talk of the ill-usage of Dogs, what shall we say of the treatment which Cats too often experience. We have already made some allusion to it, but we may add, that they really appear to be thought by many persons, legitimate objects of persecution. As Mr Broderip (whom I before quoted) observes—"Not only the gardener and the gamekeeper, who have some grounds for their enmity, but the school boy almost everywhere looks upon them as having been brought into the world for the express purpose of being shod with walnut shells, thrown off the church tower with blown bladders tied to their necks, sent to navigate the horse-pond in a bowl, there to withstand the attacks of a fleet of water-dogs, and finally killed by his terrier, whilst the murderous cat-skinner only sees in them subjects appointed to be flayed alive."

One very recent fact, as atrocious and revolting perhaps as any on record, is related in the last Annual Report of the Royal Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals.

"In the neighbourhood of Wakefield, a man, of the name of Robert Leake, inveigled a Cat into his premises, and having seized it, he deliberately bit off the nose of the unfortunate animal, thus mutilating and destroying it."

These are their open enemies, but they have their secret foes also, for there are still to be found persons who ignorantly cherish the absurd notion of the connection of the poor Cat with witchcraft—and not a few nurses who believe they suck the breath of infants, &c.

However, as my young readers are in no danger, I trust, of entertaining these notions, I shall not further allude to them, but close for the present my notice of the Cat by entreating all my readers to become, not its

persecutors or tormentors, but its protectors from the ill-usage of others.

THE MOUSE.

A little white or coloured mouse is a very pretty knowing-looking little animal, and although naturally extremely timid, if you are kind and attentive to him, will soon recognise you, and become so tame as to allow you to take him out of his house, and place him on the table, upon which or even in your hand he will contentedly walk and run about without trying to escape. You must give him some nice warm wool for a bed, a little bread and milk every morning, and take care there are always plenty of oats in his cage.*

Perhaps you would scarcely suppose that so diminutive an animal as the mouse (which is indeed the smallest of British quadrupeds, or four-footed animals), should be affected by music, yet there can be no doubt of the fact. A great Naturalist long ago asserted it. But it has since been repeatedly proved. Dr Archer, of America, states,† “that one evening, immediately on his beginning to play his flute, he saw a mouse creeping from a hole, and come forward to the chair on which he was sitting. On ceasing to play it ran back to its hole, but returned again when the flute was resumed.” The Doctor adds, “the appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it crouched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy. It was always differently affected as the music varied from the slow and plaintive to the brisk or lively, &c. &c.”

The nest of the harvest mouse is very curious, it is perfectly round, about the size of a cricket ball, and

* Mr Bingley, who kept a female harvest mouse, states, that it preferred flies and other insects to any other kind of food he could give it.

† Extracted in substance from a little work published by the Religious Tract Society on Quadrupeds.

though filled with little mice, often to the number of seven or eight, may be rolled over without their being turned out. The hole at which the mother enters to feed them can scarcely be perceived.

In Norway, and other parts abroad, mice have been known, when their numbers had greatly increased so as to make food insufficient, to travel in search of it many miles across extensive countries, not being stopped by rivers, which they cross in a very ingenious manner. They have indeed such large families, and multiply so rapidly, that it becomes necessary sometimes to destroy large numbers of them, or they would consume food required for man. Care should be taken, however, not to cause them needless suffering by the infliction of a lingering death. And this leads me to condemn the Hutch Trap, as it is called, which takes the mouse alive. This trap being usually set in some dark corner out of sight, is very often forgotten, and the poor mouse caught in it left to perish by a slow lingering death. If my readers have occasion to set mouse-traps, let them be of a kind that will kill the intruder at once.

THE RABBIT.

The rabbit is a pretty, quiet, interesting, and inoffensive animal; and many children and young persons find much amusement in keeping it, and rearing the families, which are often very numerous. They require, however, perhaps in some respects more care and attention than almost any other animal kept in confinement. Yet from the hutch being usually placed in some out-house, even a regular and proper supply of food is not always attended to. They require to be fed twice a-day with different sorts of food, namely, oats, bran, some green-meat, such as cabbage-leaves, thistles, &c.; slices of turnips and a little hay are

also proper and necessary for them to make them thrive.

So much care and attention indeed does the rabbit require, and so very often does it suffer and die in confinement from neglect, that I confess I am by no means anxious to recommend any of my young friends to attempt the charge. If they have opportunity, let them rather visit a rabbit-warren towards twilight, when they all come out of their holes to feed, and they will be much amused by witnessing their playful antics, which show that the rabbit also prefers and enjoys his liberty.

THE DONKEY.

There is perhaps no animal so useful, all things considered, to the poor man, as the donkey. Almost any sort of food satisfies him, he cares little how he is lodged at night, and he does not mind what kind of work he performs for his master. Yet he is constantly beaten and ill-used. It is difficult to make the little cruel urchins believe, or the men either, who bang these poor animals about so unmercifully, that they would work or go at all without this sort of treatment. Nothing however can be more erroneous than this notion. Like all other animals the ass or donkey (as he is more commonly called) will work best for those who treat him kindly. If well treated, instead of showing themselves unwilling to work, or do what is required of them, donkies have been known to go cheerfully, and even to run to their work.

From a little book, entitled "Kindness to Animals," I take the following statement: "It is a remarkable fact, that at Ostend, when the market women, who are there particularly kind and lenient to their donkies, come from the country with vegetables and other articles for sale on a market day, their donkies are put all together

into a barn or large stable : and when the door is opened after the market is over, they all scamper away, and never stop till they reach each its proper owner in the market place, ready and willing to carry their mistresses home, and whatever else they may choose to lay on their backs." There are also, in the same work, several other very excellent remarks and cautions to those who keep these useful animals, to look to the saddle, collar, and other parts of the harness, to see that it fits well, otherwise it is apt to rub and hurt them very much—and to take care that they are not, as they too often are, too heavily loaded. I have myself often seen their slender legs trembling and shaking as if they would break under their heavy loads.

If you ever ride one at the sea-side, or elsewhere, do not allow the boy who goes with it to prick it, which he sometimes will do with a sharp instrument to urge it to go beyond its speed. Every kind-hearted boy or girl would enjoy their ride far more if they thought that the poor beast that carried them went along easily and comfortably to himself, than if they knew he was ill-used and made unhappy.

The donkey (though he may sometimes appear so under long ill-usage) is by no means a stupid animal. He has shown great sagacity in the performance of his work for those who treat him well, and has been found in several respects to exceed in this quality many other animals supposed to be far superior to him. And as for being stubborn and vicious, the continued ill-treatment, the numberless cuffs and blows he too often meets with, whatever he does, are enough to spoil the best temper, and to make him kick and plunge when he otherwise would not do either. I do not believe any donkey would who was kindly and properly treated, for we know by nature he is remarkably patient and meek. No animal perhaps so much so.

Your Divine Saviour Jesus Christ chose the Ass to ride upon in public, when he might have had the finest horse in the world. He did not despise it ; so I trust none of my readers will do this, but treat it well themselves, and try to induce others to do the same.

PART II.

The preceding portion of this little Work having been designed and adapted for the most juvenile capacities, it is my purpose in this second and concluding part (conformably with my preface) to add a few observations, accompanied and relieved by appropriate anecdotes which may require to be read and explained to the juniors by the elder members of the family, or more advanced pupils of the school, while it is hoped they may prove neither uninteresting nor uninstrusive to the latter.

Man claims for himself far superior intelligence to the brute species; and it is not the intention of the writer to dispute this. He also undoubtedly possesses capabilities for a higher kind of happiness than appears to be conferred on any of the inferior creatures. But, then, this latter consideration alone ought to prevent him from ever depriving them of any portion of that which they are qualified to enjoy. Nor can we doubt that to do so, must be highly displeasing to our common Creator and Benefactor. Had we no positive revelation on this point we might have been assured of it by the ordinary exercise of our reasoning powers. But we find that repeatedly, and emphatically, in the word of God, is the kind treatment of animals inculcated and cruelty condemned and reprobated, while the most insignificant of them is not overlooked, but expressly cared for by our Divine Parent. The passages are indeed too numerous and long to give entire in these pages, the following chapters and verses may be referred to, and it is hoped they will be so, as well as attentively and thoughtfully read.

KINDNESS ENJOINED.

Deut. xxii. 4 v. xxv. 4 v. Levit. xxii. 27 and 28 v. Exodus xxiii. 12 v.

CRUELTY FORBIDDEN.

Deut. xxii. 6 v. Exodus xxiii. 19 v.

THE CARE OF THE ALMIGHTY.

Matthew vi. 26 v. x. 29 v.

We find too, that not only is the conduct of the inferior animals towards man marked by a lasting affection and the most devoted and valuable service, when in a domesticated state, but that among themselves, both in a wild and domesticated condition, they often read to us a

lesson of kindness and sympathy, which might well shame many of our more highly gifted race.

A few instances of the first class have been already briefly alluded to in the former part of this Work, but it is my purpose now, availing myself of the assistance of other writers, some of whom may not be accessible to my younger readers at any rate, to give a sort of classified selection of the most remarkable cases of both kinds, which may be regarded as authentic. And in this I must at once acknowledge myself much indebted to a somewhat copious and admirable treatise, entitled "The Passions of Animals," by C. P. Thompson.

The first quality of which I shall furnish evidence may be termed,

COMPASSION OR SYMPATHY IN SUFFERING.

"This feeling (Mr Thompson observes) so highly characteristic of benevolence and kindness of heart in the human race, is most powerfully felt in the animal world." And he goes on to point out, that in many manifestations of it, there have been displayed powers, superior to, and very dissimilar from mere brute instinct.

A wounded Crow (for instance) left in a field, is soon surrounded by other Crows, seeking to help it in its difficulty and misfortune.

A Swallow accidentally entangled in its nest by a piece of thread, was immediately assisted by numerous other Swallows, who flew violently against the thread, with the view of breaking it and liberating their distressed brother.

Elephants entrapped in pit-falls have been helped out by others.

When a pig is caught in a gate all the rest come round it and try to render it assistance.

If a Chamois Doe be killed with a young one at its side, it is stated by the hunters that others of the flock adopt the orphan. As regards Birds, I have already

instanced the kind attention of a Sparrow to a caged Canary which he considered needed sympathy and consolation. It is also related that many Birds have been known to take charge of the young of another, even when they had their own family to feed and care for.

Swallows have been observed to adopt and provide for the young Birds whose parents have been shot or otherwise killed.

A Dog which had had his broken leg set by a Surgeon, shortly after the occurrence took another Dog, who was suffering from a similar disaster, to beg for him similar relief, which the Surgeon benevolently rendered, receiving the thanks of both friends on their departure from the surgery—thanks most unmistakably expressed in the eye and by the tail.

But even to those of a different species this compassion and sympathy have been shown.

A traveller driving into the inn yard at Hungerford, ran over a Newfoundland Dog, and hurt his leg. While the injury was being examined, a Raven stood by, looking on. As soon as the Dog was tied up under the manger, the Raven visited him, took him bones, and attended him with the utmost care and assiduity, so that one night when it had been shut out, it nearly pecked a hole through the door to gain admission to its suffering friend.

But I must not omit two most striking and interesting incidents related of the Elephant, in which the object of sympathy and solicitude was Man.

The Baron de Lauriston relates, that "when an epidemic disorder was raging at Lucknow, and the road to the palace was covered with the sick and dying, the Nabob came out of the palace upon his Elephant. His slaves made no effort to clear the road, or prevent their poor suffering fellow creatures from being trodden on and killed, but the more compassionate beast of his own accord lifted some out of the way with his trunk, and stepped with so much care among the rest that none were hurt."

The other instance occurred at Seringapatam. "An Artilleryman fell off from the part of the gun on which he was sitting, in such a position that in a minute the hinder wheel of the gun carriage must have passed over him. The Elephant which was stationed behind the gun saw the danger, and without any command from its driver, instantly lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it in that position till the carriage had passed clear over the man."

These instances may, I think, suffice under this head; I will therefore proceed to that of

FIDELITY AND ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

In these qualities the Dog, although far from being alone, must be allowed to stand pre-eminent. The strong language of Mr Broderip, in his 'Zoological Recreations,' which I have already quoted, is echoed by almost every writer on Zoology, yet, strong as it is, it must be allowed to be fully borne out by well-attested facts. We can only make a limited selection of these.

The Rev. T. Young relates an affecting case of a Shepherd's Dog in Scotland. "A Shepherd had driven part of his flock to a neighbouring fair leaving his Dog to watch the remainder during that day and the next night, expecting to rejoin them the following morning. Unfortunately, however, when at the fair, the Shepherd forgot both his Dog and his Sheep, and did not return home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was, whether the Dog had been seen. The answer was 'No.' 'Then he must be dead,' replied the Shepherd, with a tone and gesture of anguish, 'for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge.' He instantly repaired to the heath. The Dog had just sufficient strength remaining to crawl to his master's feet and express his joy at his return, and almost immediately expired."

The following is extracted from the respectable little work on British Quadrupeds, published by the Religious Tract Society, to which I before alluded:—

“ Among the Grampian mountains there are glens chiefly inhabited by Shepherds, and the pasture on which their flocks range extends in every direction for many miles. It is the daily business of the Shepherd to visit successively the different extremities of his pastures, and to turn back any of the flock that may be straying to those of his neighbours. It is a common practice with the Highlanders to accustom even their very young children to the rigours of the climate, and on one occasion a Shepherd took with him an infant of about three years old. To have a more extensive view, he ascended a summit at some distance, and as this was too fatiguing for the child, he left it at the foot of the mountain, charging him not to stir till his return.

But scarcely had he reached the top, when one of the mists came on, which frequently fall so rapidly on these mountains as in a few minutes almost to change day into night. He instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the darkness and his own agitation, he missed his way, searched in vain among the morasses and cataracts of the mountains, and was at length overtaken by night. At last, as he wandered on, he came to the verge of the mist, and found by the moonlight that he was within a short distance of his cottage. Further pursuit now appeared fruitless and dangerous, and he returned home, having lost not only his child but his Dog, who had faithfully attended him for years. At the break of day the Shepherd, accompanied by several of his neighbours, went forth in quest of the child, but without success. On returning to the cottage, at the approach of night, he found that his dog had been home, and had instantly left it on receiving a piece of cake; and so it was for several successive days. He therefore determined to remain at home one day, and on the dog departing, as usual, with his cake, he followed him, to

ascertain the cause of so strange a procedure. The dog now led the way to a cataract, the banks of which almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presenting a spectacle at once astonishing and appalling, and down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents it proceeded, and at last entered a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent. It was with difficulty that the Shepherd followed, but on entering he beheld, with feelings that cannot be described, his child, eating the cake the faithful Dog had just brought."

The next instance I shall give is one mentioned by Mr Jesse, of a little Terrier or Cur, belonging to a poor cottager.

"This poor woman was returning from the market town, some distance off, and perished in a snow storm by which she was overtaken. So deep was the snow-drift that her body was not discovered till three days afterwards, when the dog was found lying close to his mistress, with the basket of eatables untouched. It was then remembered, unhappily too late, that the faithful animal had been in the village on the evening of the snow storm, and by whining and pulling at their clothes had in vain endeavoured to induce some of the poor woman's neighbours to afford her relief."

A singular manifestation of affectionate attachment, combined with a prescience almost human in its character, occurred in the case of a large and handsome Pointer in my own father's family, which had, by-the-bye, in the course of his life rescued my brother and saved his life from the attack of a savage sow. Feeling (for it is evident he did feel) that he was about to die, he walked suddenly into the sitting-room where we were all assembled, and deliberately went round the entire circle, beginning with the oldest member of the family down to the youngest child, gazed fondly and sadly into each face, and then

immediately went out into the orchard and lay himself down to die.

We must not omit to mention the dogs of St Bernard, which have saved the lives of so many travellers, when unable to extricate themselves from the snow by which they are often overwhelmed in that region, and but for these dogs would inevitably perish.

The services of the Newfoundland Dog in saving persons from various disasters, have been already alluded to in the former part of our book—we will now give one striking instance as the last we shall adduce respecting the Dog under this head.

The following is related by Mr Jesse, one of our most pleasing writers on Natural History, and whose works abound with such interesting anecdotes.

“Mr H. Hawkes, a farmer, residing at Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market. On returning at night with his dog, who was usually at his heels, he again stopped at Aylesford, and as is too frequently the case upon such occasions, he drank immoderately and left the place in a state of intoxication. He took his way over Snodland brook, in the best season of the year a very dangerous road for a drunken man. The country was now covered with a deep snow. He narrowly escaped falling into the river, but having lost his way, and being exhausted, he fell down into the snow, turning upon his back, and was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold. His faithful dependant, who had closely attended him at every step, first scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a sort of protecting wall around his helpless master, then mounted upon the exposed body, rolled himself round and laid upon his master's bosom, for which his shaggy coat proved a most seasonable covering and eventual protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning, a person who was out with his gun, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to

approach the spot ; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman by actions of the most significant nature to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face, the countenance was immediately recollected, but the frame appearing lifeless, assistance was procured to convey it to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when a pulsation being observed, every possible means was instantly adopted to promote his recovery. After a short time the farmer was sufficiently restored to relate his own story, as already recited, and in gratitude for his miraculous escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction."

But we must now proceed to adduce examples of these qualities in other animals, and we will begin with one, in which it would be perhaps the least expected.

In a newspaper entitled the Kelso Mail, there is an anecdote told of the Ass, which has been scarcely surpassed for affection combined with sagacity.

"T. Brown, residing near Howick, travels the country as higgler, having an Ass the partner of his trade. From suffering under a paralytic affection, he is in the habit of assisting himself on the road by keeping hold of the crupper of the saddle, or more frequently, of the tail of the Ass.

During a recent severe winter, whilst on one of his journeys, near Rule Water, the old man and his ass were suddenly plunged into a wreath of snow. There they lay long, far from help and ready to perish ; at length the poor ass, after a severe struggle, got out, but finding his unfortunate master absent, he eyed the wreath for some time with a wistful look and at last forced his way through to where his master lay, when placing his body in such a position as to afford a firm grasp of the tail, the honest higgler was thereby enabled to take his accustomed hold, and was actually dragged out by the faithful beast to a place of safety."

Even the fierce Buffalo has given proof of strong and intelligent attachment to its keeper.

"A boy, eight years of age, was herding some Buffaloes in a wood, near Dessa Gilang in India, when he was seized and dragged away by a Tiger. At the cries of anguish uttered by the boy, two Buffaloes immediately came running up, one of which attacked the Tiger with such success, that he released the boy, and seized the Buffalo above the knee joint, on which a fight ensued between the Buffalo and the Tiger, which ended in the flight of the latter. In the meantime the other Buffalo had placed himself above the body of the boy, which was lying on the ground, in such a way as to cover it entirely and to protect it against a second attack of the Tiger. The life of the boy, although he was severely wounded by the Tiger, was not despaired of."

The affectionate attachment of the Elephant is so strong, that when in an unguarded fit of rage he has killed his keeper, he has been known to die of grief.

And the Horse often shews himself capable of strong regard for his master, when kindly treated. This is remarkably manifested in the horses of the Arabs, who treat them almost as their own children, and which affection is fully repaid by the grateful animal, both to his master and his family.

And that the Mule will manifest affection and gratitude for kindness shewn to him, we find from the following recent and interesting case.

GRATITUDE IN A MULE.—We were shown a wonderful proof of the efficacy of a little kindness and care in the case of a Mule, which came to Balaklava in the baggage train of the Sardinian army, and having been terribly knocked about, and very severely hurt on board ship during a rough passage, was left by them for dead on the sea-shore. The boatswain of H.M.S. Rodney, happened to pass where the wretched animal lay bleeding but still alive, and with the blessed instinct of humanity, he stopped to help the sufferer. He raised the dying

head, and gave the parched throat some water, and by and by he brought some food. In a day or two the Mule was able to crawl ; and to make a long story short, when I saw him yesterday he was fat and strong and sleek, still covered with sores, which are in a fair way to heal, and following his friend, Mr Collins, the boatswain, precisely like a dog. In and out into the huts, among the workmen, wherever his business on shore calls him, may be seen the boatswain and the attendant Mule ; and when he recovers from his scars, he will be one of the finest and handsomest Mules that we have out here.—*Mrs Duberly's Campaign in the Crimea.*

But I must hasten to give a few instances of sagacity and intelligence, which might indeed be multiplied almost without end.

SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

Perhaps the case of Sir John Warrington's Dog Bungay, may deserve a prominent place here—as related in Warren's Illustrations.

“ This Dog was frequently sent alone from Bath to London, carrying in a basket slung round his neck packages and letters, calling for refreshment at the houses in the way, which his master was accustomed to frequent, and then pursuing his journey to Court, where his fidelity and sagacity ensured him a hospitable reception. On one of these expeditions, Bungay unfortunately fell into the hands of a party of beggars, who emptied his basket, carried him off and sold him to the servants of the Spanish Ambassador, but he was afterwards recovered by his master. Among other useful offices which he was accustomed to perform, he frequently went from the Manor House, at Kelwelsten to Bath, for two bottles of wine, which the Vintner would carefully pack up in the basket suspended from his neck. One day, on his return with his load, when he had only performed the half of his journey, the handle of the basket unfortunately broke, and the whole apparatus fell of course

to the ground, but as Bungay never lost his presence of mind, he quickly discovered a method of completing the errand on which he had been sent. One of the bottles he immediately conveyed into a secret part of an adjoining hedge, and taking the other in his mouth, travelled home as fast as he could. Having delivered this, he posted back after the remaining one, which he conveyed to Kelwelsten, in a similar manner."

Mr Broderip, after giving the weight of his authority in favor of the opinion that the domestic Dog is derived originally from the Wolf, observes :—

"From whatever source the Dog be derived, he is one of the most sensible of four-footed animals. Gifted with a retentive memory, he applies his power of observation to the regulation of his conduct so skilfully, that the result has very much the appearance of reasoning; if indeed, it may not without violence be considered as the exercise of that faculty."

One, or two of his stories, or incidents, in support of this, we must insert.

"We remember to have been particularly struck with the behaviour of a Dog that had lost his master. We were walking down a hilly field, whose path terminated at a stile, which opened upon a road, running due east and west. This road was cut at right angles by another road running northward. A Dog passed with his nose close to the ground, keeping the downward path till he arrived at the stile, through which he squeezed himself, and with his nose still down, he first hunted busily along the eastern branch and then along the western. He now retraced his steps, and when he came nearly opposite to the northern road, he lifted his head, looked about him for a moment or two, and then set off along that road as fast as he could go, without putting his nose to the ground, as if thinking within himself, he is not gone that way—nor is he gone *that* way, therefore he must have gone *this* way."—An operation of the mind very like a syllogism.

The next we should have liked to give at length, as humorously related by the writer, but we must considerably curtail it, and just briefly state that a dog of the Turnspit breed, named "Toby," was so attached to his master, a worthy and kind-hearted clergyman, that he would not be prevented following him to church ; where, creeping quietly into the reading desk, he would remain till his master had concluded the service. It being found, however, that the proceeding created a smile in the countenance of some of the worshippers who observed it, the clergyman decided that Toby must be forcibly confined at home during service. He was accordingly locked up in the stable on Sunday morning—but he scrambled through the shut window, glass, lead and all, and trotted up the aisle after his annoyed master as usual. On the following Saturday, after he had performed his duties—that is, turned the spit and roasted the meat for dinner (which was eaten cold on Sunday) he was shut up in a wood-hole, in which there was no window—and where, notwithstanding his piteous howlings, he was allowed to remain till Sunday was over. This answered once ; but the next Saturday, as the hour came round for Toby to resume his post at the spit, he was nowhere to be found, though the cook's emissaries searched the whole neighbourhood for him. However, when the worthy clergyman entered his desk on the Sunday, as he was adjusting his hassock, he caught the eye of Toby twinkling at him out of the darkest corner. Mr Broderip observes, "Now if this was not *calculation* on the part of Toby, we know not what else to term it ; and we could refer our readers to well-authenticated stories *in print*, as our dear old nurse used to say when she was determined to silence all incredulity, that go as far and even farther to show that these animals can calculate intervals of time."

In the year 1840 a Patent Mangle Manufacturer in Edinburgh possessed a Newfoundland dog of most extraordinary sagacity.

One day being left in a room with the door closed,

and after remaining a long time, no one opening the door, he became impatient and rang the bell. When the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope.

The same dog would take a penny (which was frequently given him for the purpose) to a baker's shop, and purchase bread for himself. A gentleman who was in the habit of doing this was met in the street by the dog, when he said to him, "I have not a penny with me, but I have one at home." Shortly after his return home, a noise was heard at the door, and the dog sprang in to claim his penny. But this was not all, the penny was a bad one, and being refused at the baker's, the dog immediately returned, knocked at the gentleman's door, laid down the penny at the servant's feet, and walked off seemingly with the greatest contempt. He would also store up his money in some secret place, that he might take it when wanted for bread. But perhaps the following is still more marvellous:

A mangle had been sent away from the warehouse in the absence of the dog, in a cart, to be delivered at a distance. His master walking out with him in the same direction, suddenly missed him from his side; and shortly after, proceeding on the road, met the cart coming back towards Edinburgh, with the dog holding fast by the reins, and the carter in the greatest perplexity. He stated that the dog had overtaken him, jumped into his cart, examined the mangle, and then had seized the reins of the horse and turned him fairly round, and would not let go his hold, although he had beaten him with a stick. On his master's arrival, however, the dog quietly allowed the carter to proceed to his place of destination.

The horse has shown great sagacity, and is remarkable for a tenacious memory, in respect to roads he has before travelled. Benighted travellers have often availed themselves of this, by trusting entirely to their horse; who if he have ever been the road before, however long the interval, will seldom go wrong.

In a work entitled "the Menageries," the Editor states :

We knew a horse which, being accustomed to be employed once a week on a journey with the newsman of a provincial paper, always stopped at the houses of the several customers, although sixty or seventy in number. But further, there were two persons on the route who took one paper between them, and each claimed the privilege of having it first on the alternate week. The horse soon became accustomed to this regulation ; and although the parties lived two miles distant he stopped once a fortnight at the door of the half-customer at Thorpe, and once a fortnight at that of the other half-customer at Chertsey—and never did he forget this arrangement, which lasted for several years."

An instance has been already given of sagacity (combined with affection) in an ass. We may here mention one, which when carrying his mistress to her place of worship, or when carrying out an invalid, would pass steadily on along a road, in which at other times he was regularly accustomed to stop at several places, and if gates came in his way he would open them in the cleverest manner imaginable.

While living on the Sussex Coast I had myself a very fine donkey, presented to me by Osgood Hanbury, Esq., which was a remarkably docile and knowing animal. He was the constant companion of my children in their rambles on the Downs, and on these occasions seemed to think he had a right to share in all the eatables and drinkables, and would do so most readily, whether cakes, apples, oranges, sweetmeats, milk, beer, or even tea, ginger-beer being the only exception. With this he was thoroughly disgusted, in consequence of the cork, which had been expelled from the bottle with the usual loud report, having struck him on the nose. This he never forgot ; but would quickly march off whenever a ginger-beer bottle was produced. But his cleverness and cunning were more especially shown in the following

incident : His lodging place at night was a small open shed, whence he had free access to a yard, but not of course to the kitchen garden, which adjoined it. The latter was separated from the yard by a wall, and door, fastened securely, as we imagined, by two bolts and an ordinary latch. We were however surprised to find that the door had been unfastened during the night, while the foot-prints of the donkey on the garden walks and beds too plainly told who had been the trespasser. Still we could hardly suppose he could have drawn the bolts and let himself in, especially as the upper bolt was fixed at a considerable height. This however proved to have been the case : for my bed-room overlooking the yard and garden, I one night watched at the window, and distinctly saw Master Donkey, reared on his hind legs, unfastening the upper bolt with his nose or mouth. He then withdrew the lower one, lifted the latch, and walked quietly into the garden. In a few minutes I further observed him returning to his shed with a large bunch of carrots, which he deposited in his shed, and then went back (not certainly to bolt), but to latch the door ; after which he leisurely set about munching his silyly acquired booty. Before putting a final stop to these proceedings, I gave several of my neighbours, who were incredulous upon the subject, an opportunity of witnessing them. And at these times his sagacity was further evinced by the fact that he would never commence his operations until after the light had been extinguished at the bedroom window.

USEFULNESS.

As regards the usefulness of most or all of the Animals of which we have been writing, the valuable services rendered by them to man, in all ages and in all parts of the habitable globe : we deem it unnecessary to dwell upon so universally admitted a fact by any lengthened remarks, or specially to illustrate it by anecdotes. The

youngest of our readers have either witnessed or heard of this too frequently to render it needful, and as to those who have mingled much in the busy scenes of life, it will be sufficient to ask them to imagine, notwithstanding railways, what would be the condition of civilized man without the Horse, the Ox, the Cow, the Sheep, the Dog, the Ass, the Mule, and as regards some countries, we may add the Elephant and the Camel.

Indeed it is probable that throughout the entire animal world, whether quadruped, bird, fish, or insect, the creature has not been made which is not, or might not become in some way or other, serviceable to man, conducive to his sustenance, health, comfort, or happiness ; and it is a wise and kind arrangement of Providence, that those animals most easily tamed and domesticated are at the same time, in general, the most sagacious and intelligent. In drawing my observations to a close, I would impress upon all my readers, that as violence and impatience are allowed to be, in all cases, worse than useless, in the first process of taming and subjugating any animal to our use, so in their subsequent management gentle, though firm treatment is ever most successful, indeed necessary, in order to retain their submission and active service. From selfish motives then, in addition to those higher and better feelings which my previous anecdotes and observations upon the subject were, I trust, calculated to induce, I earnestly appeal to my readers of a mature age, henceforth to treat the brute creation more kindly and considerately.

And to my very young friends, before I part with them I would just tell them, as I have purposely devoted a considerable portion of the first part of my book to Birds, and to exhortations to cherish kindly feelings towards them, whether in captivity or at large, that during the winter months, when I lived in the country, I never forgot any of these interesting creatures who paid me a visit. I always had a corner in my garden kept swept from the snow. I had a small basket which

we called the bird basket, hung in the kitchen passage, into which the servants and any of the family could shake the crumbs and scraps without trouble. I generally collected sufficient every evening to give a good supper to thirty or forty poor little half-starved birds, including Sparrows, Greenfinches, Yellowhammers, Goldfinches, Tom-Tits, and poor little tender Robin Redbreasts. And that I really have every reason to think that most of the little Birds I fed, knew me, and am quite certain they knew what the basket meant, for I have on many occasions stood it on the ground, with the food in it, placing over it a light cloth. In a few moments they would have it off. Sometimes four or five master Sparrows would be tugging on one side and four or five on the other, so that as fast as one party pulled it nearly off, the other would have it on again, which was amusing and laughable beyond description ; the moment however it was off, they would tumble over each other by dozens into the basket after the food.

And having thus alluded to my kindness towards the dumb creatures, truth requires that I should not conceal from you what gives me inexpressible pain on reflection, that in my school-boy days I committed many acts of cruelty.

For my pleasure and amusement I have chased, and deprived of life, the beautiful Moths and Butterflies as they gaily and happily fluttered over the daisy and cowslip meadows. I have knocked down the little busy Bee when sipping honey from the sweet wild flowers. I have pelted and killed the poor harmless Frogs as they lay with their little bright eyes just above the water in the ditches and ponds croaking, that is singing, their summer's evening song. I have gone to the woods and robbed the little Birds of their young. I have whipped down the poor Batmouse when flitting round the ricks and barns of a summer's night in search of food. I have hunted and destroyed the merry chirping Grasshopper by day and the beautiful shining Glowworm by

night. Yes—these were the cruel practices of my own boyish days, respecting which I again assure you that, although nearly forty years have passed away, I never think of them without feeling deep shame and sorrow; while conscious, however, that it was not really from a love of cruelty that I committed these sad acts. The fact is, the sufferings of the poor little animals and insects seldom or never occurred to my mind; I thought only, or chiefly, of my own pleasure and amusement. Still this reckless disregard to the pain I was inflicting was selfish and sinful, while the remorse and unhappiness its remembrance occasions only render me the more earnest and anxious to deter others, if possible, from a similar course.

I will therefore suppose that you have read, or heard read to you, most or all of the anecdotes and observations I have addressed to you, and that you have made up your minds to think kindly of the brute creation; and that if ever you should take any live animals under your care, you will be very kind and attentive to them, so that they may never suffer anything from your neglect. Well, this is a very proper and good resolution, but let me affectionately ask and advise you not to stop here; I would have you take every opportunity of talking about it to all your friends and acquaintances; tell them what poor dumb animals are made to suffer from thoughtless children and cruel people, and don't forget to tell them that cruelty is a very, very great sin. You may also, without any impropriety, talk about it to your servants, or any grown persons you may know; a word spoken in season by a kind little child, often finds its way very quickly to the heart. As I am fully convinced that more than half the acts of cruelty committed by children are done from sheer thoughtlessness, and not from a love of cruelty, it is impossible to tell how much good you may do, and from how many pangs of suffering you may be the means of saving hundreds of poor inoffensive animals.

Do then, my little readers, every one of you, at once become the animals' Friend and Protector, resting assured you will meet your reward, and that the love of doing good to those who cannot plead their own cause will produce in your mind many tranquil delightful feelings, to which you would otherwise be strangers.

In wishing you good-bye, I would have you not to forget that a very wise and kind man once said—

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
The man or child who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

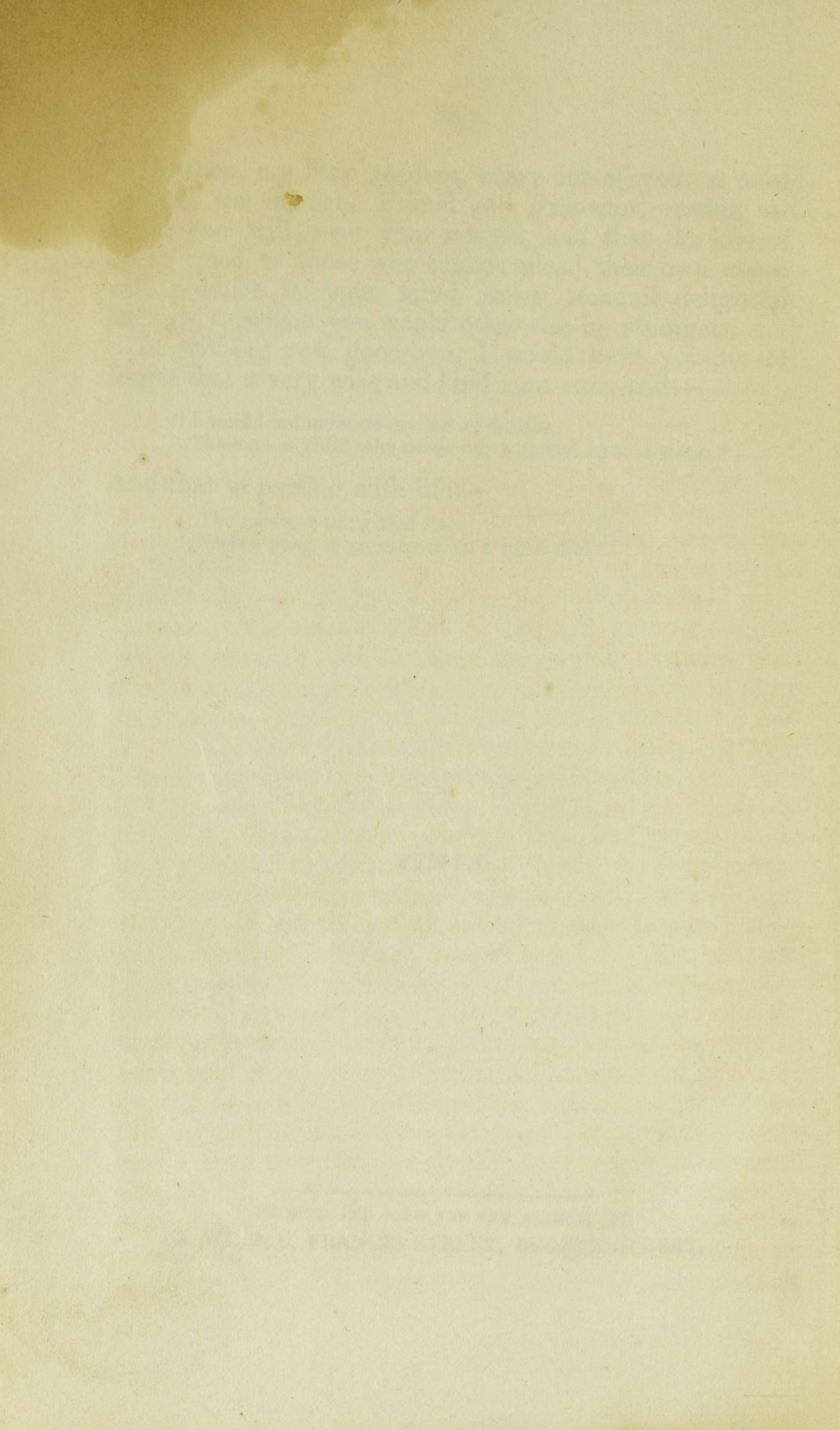
And that in parting with life—

"The meanest thing that lives
Feels a pang as great as when a giant dies."

FINIS.

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