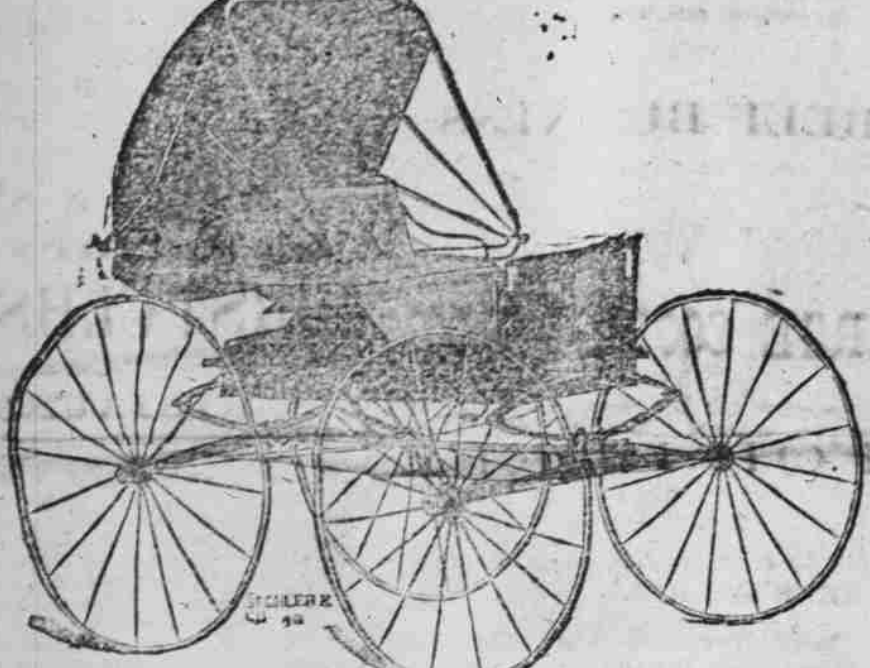


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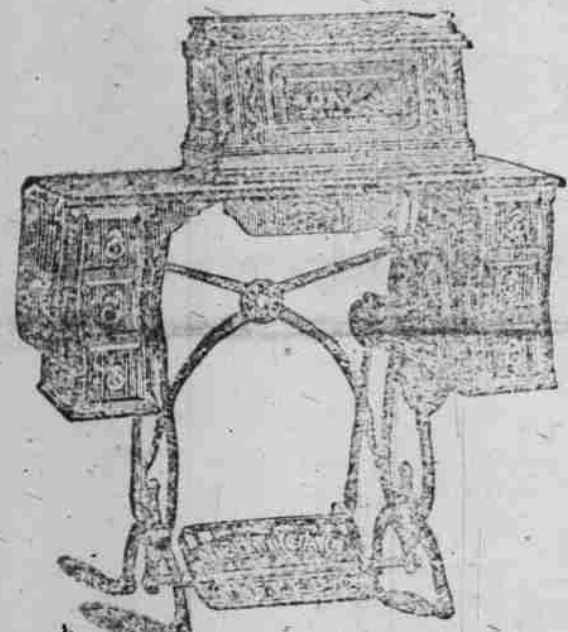


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DOGS DISCUSSED.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY W. H. NEAVE. CHAPTER II.

A critical scrutiny of the dog tribe clearly develops innumerable diversities of traits and instincts, that peculiarly and wholly belong to them; some are wonderful, but none truly admirable except a seeming one, namely, fidelity to his master. In multifarious varieties and salient points of distinction, such as size, shape, hair, color, special and separate instincts and grades of weight, from one pound up to two hundred and fifty pounds, there is found no approach to comparison with them, in the whole animal creation, except in the one point of countless diversity of varieties. In this respect, snakes, monkeys and parrots may approximate them. The keen, special instincts, etc., which distinguish the several breeds do not alter nor lessen the evil and disgusting nature, shared in common, by all kinds of dogs. The dog is the most perfect specimen of the loafer and parasite that lives; the flattery and sycophantic acquiescence of

THE HUMAN TOADY is thin and transparent in contrast with the easy assumption and smooth winning sycophancy of the dog; and in this lies the secret of the average man's strong love for his own particular dog and his equally strong aversion to all others.

All men are, more or less, susceptible to the flattery of entire servility; and on this weak point of humanity the cunning canine gets his grip. He elicits, by instinct, to live as a parasite, without labor, just as his human prototype, the man of leisure, the gentleman loafer, or sponge, does; and, like the biped boot-lick, he submits to every sort of indignity meekly, fawns the foot that kicks, and licks the hand that smites him; but, as the man toady vents his pent-up rage at humiliation endured, by assuming airs of haughty arrogance towards his social inferiors, domineering over and brow-beating them, so does the dog get even by war on all other.

MEN AND DOGS. In fact he wars on and tyrannizes over all animals, except those whose scope, that he feels sure he can bully, mangle or kill. But, unlike his human duplicate, he clings to his master in adversity; though, whether from low reasoning powers, force of habit, or the promptings of gratitude, is an insolvable problem. But that he

WATCHES AND GUARDS his master's property and premises, from the promptings of gratitude and fidelity, (as is averred by his defenders) is absurd and a total misconception. He has no thought of *men of honor*; and when he roars and rushes at people entering on, or even near his owner's premises, he then only vents rage on any human being, as a compensatory salve for his wounded pride in object submission to his master and family. Even the cowardly fice, bench-leg, yellow-cur and

MONSIEUR NONDECHITS lie in wait, inside of fences at night, to gratify their impotent malignity, in trying, by furious yelping, to startle and scare all people passing by on the side-walk; and all of you can testify, by your own experience, how well they succeed in bouncing the heart up in the month so to speak, by a sudden, unexpected outbreak of noisy fury at your feet, as you pass in lone silence and self-cogitation.

But when this irrepressible, inevitable dog animus of unparalleled pugnicious insolence is properly trained and disciplined, dogs may be made sentinels of to watch and warn, though the value of this dog-service is much over-rated by most people.

EXPERT BURGLARS, and even chicken and garden thieves care but little for dogs; poisoned meat kills them, and squirts from syringes charged with spirits of ether or ammonia, quietly fit them for easy and noiseless decapitation. Strong, well-secured doors and windows with some arrangement for bell-ringing in the sleeping-room, which the ingenuity of necessity can devise in multifortuity, with revolver and shot-gun ready at hand, are a hundred-fold more effectual for present use and a wholesome caution against similar attempts in the long future. The inherent

PUGNACITY OF DOGS, cruel, malignant and destructive towards all animals, even of their own kind, is in more or less force, common to all of them, as before remarked; and even the individual instincts that give hounds, setters, pointers, etc., such value to sportsmen, are only inexorable impulses to kill innocent, inoffensive animals, such as deer, rabbits and birds, and which instincts, after long and careful training, with constant, watchful direction by the sportsman, enter to his amusement only, as is clearly implied by his appellative. Even the

RAT KILLING propensity of the terrier is merely instinctive ferocity in that direction

and is gratified regardless of whether rats are pets or pests to man. And so it is with the individual instincts of all kinds of dogs; untrained and unrestrained, they are all bad, and the highest tribute of praise can only say, in truth, that some good to man may be elicited from the evil that is now in them. As the aforesaid cannot be gained, a stunning corollary steps forward, saying: "the toleration of dogs, more especially the culture and protection of them by man, is literally doing a (vast) evil that (a very little) good may come."

But to resume, operative instincts, susceptible of training, are limited to pure breeds, or at farthest half-breeds, take for instance, two specimens of the latter; the bull-dog crossed with the terrier produces a dog with the full and clear instincts of both, and with the courage of the bull-dog as strong, but modified in its ferocity by the gentler nature of the terrier; so a cross of pure gray and blood hounds produces a dog named

THE LURCHER possessing the speed of the one and the scent of the other, undiminished. The powers of this dog are so transcendent, in the chase, that he is proscribed by the legitimate "sporting world" of England, and is only surreptitiously bred and used by poachers. But bull-terriers, lurchers, and all other half-breeds must stop at that point, for further crossing only brings forth mongrels with instincts mixed, blurred and worse than useless, and with all the worse qualities of the dog nature intensified.

Now, prior to a contemplation of the lower and utterly abhorrent *sui generis* traits of the dog, let us find out how he has stood in public opinion all over the world in times past and present. From the aggregate of this general estimate I, of course, exclude the infatuated regard of nearly every man for his own dog; which is often so egregiously as to impel him to curse, strike or even shoot his best friend for merely

KICKING HIS DOG regardless of cause; and even to regard with more favor, his unenvenomed brutish toady, than his neighbor's child, which it has wantonly worried, and yet pass for a humane and Christian being!

For evidence of the general and unmitigated detestation of mankind of the dog, let us first turn to the pages of

SACRED HISTORY. In II Kings, Chap. viii, verses 11, 12 and 13, we read: "And the man of God (Elisha) wept. And Hazael said, why weepest thou my lord? and he (Elisha) answered, Because I know the evil thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strongholds wilt thou set on fire and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child. And Hazael said, but what is thy servant a dog that he should do this great (wrong) thing?" Comment on this or Bible research for more evidence on this point is superfluous.

It would now be "the correct thing" according to usage, to air my historic lore, and meander awhile through the shades of the

PROFANE HISTORY of "ye olden times;" look in among the ancient Egyptians; interview the polished Greeks and oracular Romans; confab with the testy Gauls, the rude Britons, the warlike Goths and adventurous Norsemen. Reference might also be made to the "Arabian nights entertainments, in which dogs are dealt some deadly digs; but some might object to evidence drawn from such a source, averring the *over*, profanity of the work; and I admit that as a history, it is very profane indeed, "but time and space" (not to say paucity of knowledge) forbid; so we might as well skip from the times of the Prophet Elisha, to our own. In Asia, north-eastern Africa, and south-eastern Europe of to-day, when a man is accented of anything mean, vile or malignant, his prompt interrogative reply and deprecative appeal, invariably is, "Am I a dog that I should do this foul thing?" The German language teems with abusive epithets from man to man, but that which conveys the very acme of implacable insult is "Du Hund" the English of which is simply

THOU DOG. The French are more expert and prolific in devising expressions of derision and insult than any other people, and yet their superlative term of insult, uttered through clenched teeth, in a voice thick with the intensity of concentrated hate, is "Chien," (dog). In this country and England, to call a man a "bear, a bull-head, a fox, a monkey, a mule, a sheep, or by any other animal's name, even donkey or hog, may irritate in some cases and only evoke a self-complacent smile from others; but to call a man a dog or the son of a dog, fills him with a deadly fury more potent, certain and dangerous, than the epithets "liar" or "thief" would cause—generally speaking.

This is a plain everyday truth, with which every man, and even boys, are conversant, that dog ap-

plied to man, is the most extreme term of reproach and abuse; and as such, is of universal and unquestioned acceptance. Hence, the obvious deduction is, that the dog is the generally acknowledged synonym and substance of utter baseness.

A full and specific investigation of the peculiarly dogish attributes which cause this wide-spread aversion will be made in next chapter.

A Good One on Vance. [Washington Letter in Baltimore American.]

Southerners enjoy pranks and jokes more than any other class of people. The Southern United States Senator can enjoy a practical joke to an extreme equal to any schoolboy, but one was played upon Senator Vance, of North Carolina, a few days ago, which taxed his patience. Senator Vance is a lover of the weed, and chews from a roll of tobacco leaves which looks like a wad of manifold paper. Usually when he is on the floor of the Senate he leaves his roll of tobacco on his desk, and very often when he is writing picks it up and bites off a quid without looking at it. He left his desk for a few moments day before yesterday, and went over to the other side of the chamber to talk to a New Englander. A Senator who sat near the desk occupied by Mr. Vance saw the roll of natural leaf and substituted a roll of manifold paper, which in color, form and size greatly resembled it. Mr. Vance returned to his seat in a few minutes and resumed writing. He is a little nervous and not very careful about his person. Shortly he was noticed to reach over his left hand grasp the roll, and push it quickly into his mouth. His massive jaws went down upon the roll of paper with a crash but they stuck. The Senator grew red in the face, took his eyes from his paper and let them rest upon the carpet while a suspicious look overspread his countenance. Slowly he drew the roll from his mouth, looked at it, then turning around to see if anyone saw him, dropped it quietly into the cuspidore. A faint titter arose from the seats about him, but the Senator looked hard upon his paper and continued to write.

A Valuable Receipt. Here is a good receipt for building up a town and keeping it in a flourishing condition: Grit, Push, Snap, Vim, Churches, Colleges, Morality, Enterprise, Harmony, Advertising, Cordiality, Cheap Property, Healthy location, Good country tributary. Talk about it. Speak well about it. Help to improve it. Advertise in and read the town papers. Patronize its merchants. Faith exhibited by good works. Welcome competition in business. Welcome manufacturers. Welcome railroads. Welcome macadamized streets and plenty of shady trees. Make things bright and attractive. Help all public enterprises. Elect good men to office. Speak well of its public-spirited, enterprising citizens, and be one of them yourself. Remember that every dollar invested in permanent improvements is that much on interest. Always cheer up the men who go in for improvements.

Trading a Sister for a Wife. Nearly seven years ago, in Union County, N. C., Alfred Godfrey and his wife were living together, apparently happily. The nearest neighbors were Rufus Porter and his sister Susanna. As time rolled on the fact was disclosed that a strong attachment had been formed by Godfrey for Miss Porter and that Rufus Porter entertained similar tender feelings towards Mrs. Godfrey. A trade was finally proposed. Porter was to take Godfrey and some property as a bonus and Godfrey was to take Miss Porter. This was carried out with the consent of the women, and everything moved on peaceably and lovingly. A few years ago both families moved to Mecklenburg county, amicable relations having prevailed between them. At times the two families lived on the same plantation. It was not until last week that the tranquility in their domestic bliss was disturbed and their households divided. Some one had a warrant issued for their arrest, and the case was brought before a magistrate on Tuesday. The warrant was not served upon Porter, he having run away. The case was heard and the parties were bound over for the action of the Criminal Court. While those who had been tried and bound over were in charge of the constable, Godfrey made his escape and has not since been heard from.

Jube Early's Nigger Joe. [Boston Traveller.] One of the best known characters in Lynchburg, Va., is "Jube Early's nigger Joe." Joe is an old negro with all the dignity of a body servant of the slavery days, and his affection for the General amounts to worship. Jube owned Joe before the war, and owns him still. Joe never having been freed, scorned to accept what he says does not belong to him, and saying as long as Mass Jube is alive Joe is his slave, and would shoot quicker in defense of the negro than anybody else. He has given Joe carte blanche to buy what he likes in the town, and has instructed storekeepers, no matter what Joe wants, or how much it will cost, to give it to him and send the bill to his master. Sometimes Early gets rather the worse for whiskey, and then a comical sight is seen. Joe follows him like a dog, and when the General gets very drunk Joe will say: "Mass Jube, you mus' come home."

"Why, you black rascal, what do you mean? I'm your master."

"Yes, Mass Jube, when you're sober; when you're drunk I see massa."

"Well, I reckon you are right, old man. I'll go home with you."

A small girl of Boston, in a composition describing different nationalities, wrote: "Chinaman—Color yellow; habits, eats rats and smokes opium; occupation, washing and ironing. Negro—Color, black; habits, likes liver; occupation, beats carpets. American—Color, white; habits, eats beans and fish balls Sunday mornings; occupation—builds churches and school-houses.

A woman in England who had been posted by her husband got even with him by printing the following: Notice—J. Mary Sanders, never contracted any debts in the name of William Sanders as the name of Sanders is not good enough to get credit on. Mary Sanders.