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'A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.'
From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.

FROM CHARLES L. HILDRETH, IN 'MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.'

Out of the haze that floats across the long vanished years, starts the shape of one I loved with the fresh, unworn love of childhood—a devoted friend whose loyalty no neglect, no selfishness, no injury could shake: who voluntarily took upon himself the office of guardian over a little prankish boy, at whose ear the unseen imps of mischief ever stood whispering temptation; who too often bore the burden and the punishment of my small sins, and who crowned his brief existence with the glory of perfect self sacrifice. Such a friend was Trusty, my black and white retriever.

I had been strictly forbidden to play with matches. Generally speaking, I successfully resisted the malign fascination that fire exercised over my fancy—as it does, I think, with most children. But one hapless day the temptation of a box full of matches on the mantel shelf was too much for my moral strength. I struck the first match timorously, the second and third with progressive recklessness, conjuring up visions of my own proud self as the leader of a torchlight procession—Trusty, meanwhile, sitting at my feet with eager eyes and open mouth, waiting the moment when his turn should come to take a part in the fun, whatsoever it was to be.

One of the blazing matches in falling touched my skirt, and in an instant the light fabric was aflame. Stupefied with terror, I could neither move nor cry out. Not so Trusty. Bounding to the open door he poured forth a torrent of wild shrieks; then, apparently despairing of help from that quarter, he sprang back to where I stood, he seized the blazing garment in his teeth, and actually tore the greater portion of it from my body. He was still at work, when some members of the family entered.

I was severely, though not dangerously, burned; but it was otherwise with Trusty. In his efforts to save me from the consequences of my own disobedience he must have inhaled the flame. He was found in a corner, moaning feebly. They placed him tenderly upon the bed beside me; and there, in the act of licking the hand that

had slain him, he died. Trusty's death was my first profound grief, my first knowledge of the dark browed visitant, poppy crowned, who comes one day to all men and dogs alike.

All animals are living hieroglyphs—
All made in love, and made to be beloved.

To this poetic sentiment, I feel the need of at least one exception—the bull-dog. He is a disgrace to caninity; a sour, cross-grained savage, whose very tenacity of purpose—his one boasted trait—is the moiest irrational obstinacy. And 'tel maitre, tel chien,' in a neighborhood where bulldogs abound, the wise man will put his watch into his inside pocket, and keep a wary eye for footpads.

I had no very warm regard for the greyhound either, though he is unquestionably

a gentleman; polished, equable, withal somewhat of a *petit maitre* in his sleek, shining coat, mouse color by preference, or black if more serious minded. He is not particularly brilliant, mentally; his affections are moderate, and his respect for humanity by no means profound. Upon his family escutcheon there is a dark stain; for once upon a time an ancestress was guilty of a mesalliance—*horribile dictu*—with a common, vulgar bulldog. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that from this peasant strain in his blood he gets his physical strength and endurance.

The bloodhound has a noble physique, wholly admirable to those who take note solely of 'external presentation.' His tawny coat, his powerful limbs, his deep chest and iron jaws, his tireless persever-

ance, his undaunted courage—these, doubtless, are traits that inspire respect. But he has been engaged in too many nefarious deeds to invite confidence or affection. He was once a professional thief taker.

Jack baffled the hounds and jeered at the men,
The blood dogs and tipstaves ne'er saw Jack again—

says the old Tyburn song. Yet darker tales are told of the bloodhound, tales only whispered now, and haply nearly forgotten by the present generation though recorded in the pages of history and poetry, tales of

The far-off bay of the murderous hound,
Tracking the blood of the desperate wretch.
Too often have human ears hearkened with sick despair to

That terrible cry, like a minstrel bell
Rung miles away for prayer—
and felt in shrinking nerve and flesh
—the grip of the demon hound.

The bloodhound is a butcher by instinct. He would rather kill than not. Through generations of his race, man has trained him to murder, inbreeding his worst traits carefully and scientifically. When he turns and rends his master, in the pure blood lust which has been forced into his brain by man, he is merely following the line of his education—nothing more.

There is a painting of Ansdell's—'The Scotch Gamekeeper'—which has a peculiar attraction for the lovers of setters. The dark coated dog with his forepaws upon the knee of the keeper, looks far more intellectual than the wearer of the bonnet, who returns his affectionate, questioning gaze

Wi' stupid eye o' toad or frog.
'I love you,' says the gaze; 'I don't know why. I am aware that you are dull, self-opinionated, coarse, cruel. Have I not seen you beat the remains of life out of a poor, wounded bird, which, in the performance of my duty, I have brought to you? Do you not compel me to pursue and help you to destroy these innocent feathered creatures? Have you not forced the instinct into my very blood?

'Ready to Start for the Moors,' by the same artist, is an inspiring picture. Emer-



'READY TO START FOR THE MOORS.'
From the Painting by R. Ansdell.



'TRUSTY.'
From the Painting by T. H. Hinckley.

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