

Moral—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. What makes the most noise, is not always the most solid and advantageous.

JOHN.

Who is John?

Of beauty none to much; of courage enough and to spare; of love unbounded; of patience even as Job; of constancy like Plymouth Rock. After such a recommendation it is needless to say that John is a dog. With such a record he could not be a man. It were expecting too much. He is moreover a skye-terrier and well bred and well born at that.

When a certain orator of Greece announced his intention to deliver an eulogium on Hercules—An eloguim on Hercules! cried out a Spartan, Why! who ever blamed Hercules?

It were as needless to eulogize John as Hercules. Both were works of supreme supererogation.

We have said that "of beauty" John had "none to much." We must modify that assertion in the interest of truth. John was beautiful in his ugliness, his beauty was his ugliness, and as his ugliness was unbounded, such was his beauty. We do not speak paradoxes we speak simple truth. John was beautifully ugly. All skye-terriers are.

Art had attempted to assist John in his ugliness and had succeeded. It had cut off his ears and shortened his tail, so that when John stood still (which was seldom) it was difficult to tell, which was his head and which was his tail. You would have been as little surprised to see him walk backwards as forwards. Had he done so, his stump of a tail would have done duty for a nose, and any attempt to wag on its part would have been mistaken for snuffling. Taking a birds-eye view of John, it was impossible to say, which was the end to go first. You had only to keep still and await developments. Those who did not wish to loose their character as prophets always do so.

When John lay down on the floffey mat at the foot of his master's stairs, he became a mystery. Which was dog and which was mat was never rightly deter-

mined. Had not John been as smart as the skye-terrier he was, he would have had sore bones. He would have been too often trodden upon. The fault would have been in John's configuration and general get up, not in the trespassers want of circumspection.

It is on record in the State paper office of Dogdom, that John's eyes were once seen. They were taken for two diamonds, accidentally fallen into a moss bank. Since that time they have been known to exist from tradition only, not from actual observation.

Theologically considered John would be said to be of the genus dog, species-terrier, sub-species Isle of Skye. Our own convictions after contemplating the summer clouds would give him a more exalted origin. As with Momus, we should expect to find that he had dropped from the clouds, and that the Olympic gods were playing the same kind of a joke on men in the one case as in the other. Earth appears to have been the avant-door-step on which the Olympics were accustomed to throw all their "queer jokes." When Vulcan was kicked out for his personalities, he broke his leg. Thereupon, as legs are secondary considerations in blacksmiths, as in tailors, he turned anvil ringer. When our Skye-terrier came from the clouds, he broke all four legs, and they were very badly set, if we may judge from their crookedness, and as staight legs are out of place with Skye-terriers, he became a Skye-terrier. His legs would have done equally well for a crab.

We have said, that John's love was unbounded. We said so advisedly, and we say it again, but he had a queer way of shewing it. To the cat his love consisted in biting her hind leg, when she tried to escape his caresses, which were generally meant for her neck just back of the head. But then John's teeth were so beautifully white and sound and even, that to be bitten by them was almost a privilege. To his master, John's love consisted in entering his room unintroduced and unexpected; if his master were asleep in the arm chair so much the better. John knew his opportunities and how to improve them. Ordinarily John bounced into the room, as if shot from a mortar like the "artiste" in the circus, though