professionally engaged, I entered the market, in which I found about 280 arrant curs, all wearing very odd-looking wire nose-gear, which, projecting about two inches beneath their lower jaws, gave their mouths the appearance of being what is called "underhung."

Dogs were barking—dogs were yelping—dogs were squealing in all directions. Several were surrounded by a crowd of spectators, silently gaping down at them. In one direction I saw a fox-dog—retained by a string tied to the oaken horse-[illegible]—on his hind legs, pawing with both feet to get to another dog about twenty yards off, that appeared equally anxious to come to him. On the ground there lay panting a large, coarse-looking Newfoundland dog; near him a basket of fat puppies whining; behind them a woman [illegible]ing one of the family in her lap. A servant-maid, as she kept strolling about, was leading, as if it had been a child, an Italian greyhound. One sandy-coloured dog, little bigger than a very large rat, and with cropped ears which made him look as sharp as a flea, I was assured was a year old. Near him stood a dog barking to get at his master, dressed in a blouse, who had not only tied him to a post, but who every now and then "sacrebleued" him for barking. Beside him, looking at the