

Such pig fanciers would no doubt like to have Berkshires. The following is from the *American Farmer* :—

"Pigs," it is said, "are a happy people." We may talk disparagingly about living like a pig, but it is nevertheless true that to live like a pig is to live like a gentleman. Although it is not permitted by the order of Nature that a pig should laugh or even smile, he enjoys the next blessing of humanity—the disposition to grow fat. How easily he goes through the world! He has no fancy stocks to purchase—no bank notes to pay—no reconstruction meetings to attend—no political caucuses to hold! He has no occasion to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act, or to have his estate confiscated to defray the expenses of the war—no income tax to pay. Free from all the troubles that disturb the country, he is unconcerned about national affairs, as was the man who was awaked in the earliest light of morning by being told day was breaking: "Well," said he, as he turned again to his repose, "let it break—he owes me nothing."

The pig is the personification of independence. He acknowledges no law save that of his stomach. He is no teetotaler. Give him a chance, and he will drink ale or wine unto drunkenness, and in those countries where grapes grow, if they come into the vintage, they get drunk with eating grapes, for which he has an intense liking, and often does terrible damage in vineyards. The worst of the matter is, that the animal so riots and revels among the vines that he destroys and tramples down many more grapes than he can eat, and does irredeemable damage. If the lees of wine be mingled with their food, they will grow fat without measure.

In China, they have a proverb that every gentleman works for his living except the pig. In Illinois, a few years ago, he was made to work. When a chimney was to be built, or a cabin to be daubed, a hole was dug in the earth of sufficient dimensions, and water poured into it—the hogs called, and a few grains of corn thrown into the hole, when the hogs plunged in, and soon prepared the lump of clay for the hand of the dauber.

It is rather remarkable that the Irishman and the negro hold much the same opinion of the pig. Both consider the pig as the only gentleman, for he does no work; all his meals are brought to him; eating, drinking, and sleeping are all he has to do; and the more he eats, drinks, and sleeps, the better his duty is performed. But then the motives for the opinion are widely different. The negro, that is the negro slave, thinks that the very summit of human felicity is to do no work. This is likely to be the case, for he has no motive for work, and therefore only looks upon his daily work as a terri-

ble task, which he is bound to evade in every possible way. Therefore the pig is his ideal of enjoyment; he does no work—he eats and he sleeps.

But the opinion of the Irishman is founded on more rational grounds. The pig, in his opinion, is a gentleman, and ought therefore to be treated as such. Does not the pig pay the *rent*, and sure isn't he a gentleman to do that? So the pig has the full range of the cabin, and pokes his nose just where he pleases. Indeed, he is often better off than his master's children, for he is never in want of a meal, and the food which he gets is precisely that which he ought to have, namely, Potatoes; while the children get the same food, which is *not* the proper food for man taken by itself. The pig has no care, and no fear for the morrow. He continues to enjoy himself until the knife is at his throat, and even then he knows nothing about his coming death until he is actually in the hands of his slayers, who probably do not inflict on him more pain than the children suffer when flogged by paternal or maternal authority, or when pumelled by larger boys.

A pig, in Ireland, is often the saving of a family, and his inquisitive snout, peeping out of a cabin door, should be considered a mark of prosperity rather than a sign of decreasing finances.

Pigs are an obstinate race, and are not easily driven. Boys generally succeed better than men in driving pigs, always excepting Irishmen, whose treatment of pigs is a perfect art. An Irishman never seems to drive a pig, but coaxes him along. A little push one way, a little pull another, a whistle, a few endearing expressions, and the pig trots comfortably along, giving no trouble "at all, at all." If a pig is very obstinate indeed, and utterly refuses to go where he is wanted, the Irishman manages him by putting his nose in the direction he is intended to take, and then pulling his tail. The result is evident. The pig imagines he is wanted to come backwards, and therefore with the perversity of a porcine nature runs forward as fast as he can. This method is generally used in getting pigs on board ship, where they evince much dislike to the planks on which they are required to walk. The Chinese also make use of the tail-pulling process when they wish their pigs to enter the bamboo cages in which they transport them when fat.

There exists perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice done him by man than the pig. We see him gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling, and we begin our treatment of him by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose. Having thus barbarously deprived him of

the power of searching for and analysing his food, we then generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a pen.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or a snort he starts if you approach him: and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright, twinkling little eye. But with pigs, as with mankind, "idleness is the root of all evil." The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment, nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily he greets its arrival. Having no business or diversion, nothing to occupy his brain, the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his faculties, enables his stomach to become the ruling power of his system, a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig thus treated gorges himself, sleeps, eats again, sleeps; awakens in a fright, screams, struggles against the blue apron, screams fainter, turns up the whites of his little eyes, and dies!

It is very amusing to watch the pigs when "ringed," as their behaviour is not at all that which ought to be expected of them. Indeed they seem to be actuated by the oriental ideas of fatalism, and after struggling as much as they can, they give up the matter as hopeless, and resign themselves to their fate. When they are about half grown, a man armed with a coil of rope, a pair of pincers, and the rings, one for each pig, enters the pen and seizes one of the pigs by the ears. The aggravated animal instantly proceeds to remonstrate most audibly at the proceeding, and sets up a series of ear-piercing screams. But screaming is of no use, and he is dragged out of the pen. A rope with a slip-knot is now thrust into his mouth, the knot is drawn close, and the pig is held in a kind of curb. He is now thrown down, the point of the ring inserted into the cartilage of his nose, and the end turned over with a pair of pincers, until it nearly meets. The ring is now complete, and when the pig tries to root or grub up the ground the pointed end curves round and pricks his nose, so that he is warned to cease. During his struggles, his cries are loud and incessant; but the moment the point enters the nostril, piggy exchanges his squeals for a series of half-satisfied grunts, and probably says to himself, "Oh, is that all? I thought I was going to be converted into pork or lard at the least, and perhaps salted afterwards. Who cares for rings?"

A pig is a more clever animal than is generally supposed; that is, if he can find a chance of exercising his abilities, and is left tolerably to himself. We remember