

them for one moment without a thrill of horror;" and in his arguments against the practice, citing his own experience, "He knew that in these experiments animals were baked to death in slow ovens, that others were frozen in ice machines, that they were flayed alive without anæsthetics, and that they were starved to death,—handsome full-grown dogs, having been deprived of food for three weeks together until they perished in agony."

It was also shown that a Dr. Werthein, of Vienna, in experimenting, had been known to kill twenty-five dogs by pouring turpentine over them and then setting fire to it, and that the same eminent physician has been known to partially boil five other dogs, and that several of his victims survived for days in unutterable suffering.

Other statements made at this enquiry went to show that in some of the veterinary schools no less than seven horses a week were sacrificed in the practice of vivisection, sixty-four operations being performed upon the same horse, the eyes were cut out, the ears cut off, the tail docked, the teeth punched out, the stomach opened, and frequently these partially dissected animals were reserved from day to day for further torture, or when all but dead were handed over to the younger students to practice easy experiments upon.

The following is copied from a work recently published, entitled "Vivisection and Experiments on Living Animals," by James Macauley, A. M., M. D., Edinburgh. "During three campaigns," says Dr. Hoggan, "I have witnessed many harsh sights, but I think the saddest sight I ever witnessed was when the dogs were brought up from the cellar to the laboratory for sacrifice. Instead of appearing pleased with the change from darkness to light, they seemed seized with horror as soon as they smelt the air of the place, divining apparently their approaching fate. They would make friendly advances to each of the three or four persons present, and, as far as eyes, ears and tail could make a mute appeal for mercy eloquent; they tried in vain. Even when roughly grasped and thrown on the torture trough a low complaining whine at such treatment would be all the protest made, and they would continue to lick the hand which bound them till their mouths were fixed in the gag, and they could only flap their tail in the trough as their last means of exciting compassion. Often when convulsed by the pain of their torture this would be renewed, and they would be soothed instantly on receiving a few gentle pats. It was all the aid or comfort I could give them, and I gave it often. They seemed to take it as an earnest of fellow-feeling

that would cause their torture to come to an end—an end only brought by death."

If the above revelations of cruelty were not removed beyond the possibility of a question, it would be impossible to accept them as having occurred, but they are undoubtedly too true. But it is worthy of remark that in the medical schools of France and Germany these experiments are much more largely practised than in English speaking countries.

#### IN A GERMAN LABORATORY.

A most intelligent dog I took,  
Affectionate, full of caressing grace,  
With something of human love in his look,  
And such a trustful, half-human face.

Had learnt tricks, too—would give you a paw  
Where a brother-man would offer a hand,  
Right or left, as you ask him; could understand  
Your speech—it might almost fill one with awe.

Seeing how near to mankind, yet how far  
These dumb and pitiful creatures are;  
How all their faith and belief and love  
Is centered in Man as a Lord above.

And looking into his eyes for awhile—  
For knowledge is precious and gained through pain—  
I bound him down with a pitying smile,  
And deftly removed the left lobe of his brain.

And then, with all that I had of skill,  
I healed it again, so that presently,  
Though lame and sick, in his love for me  
The creature strove to obey my will.

And when I asked him to give me a paw,  
He gave me the left first, but when for the right  
I asked, his maimed brain failing him quite,  
Gave the left—and I thought I had touched on a Law.

So I persevered, and the brute again,  
With a loving, sorrowful look of pain,  
Brought the left paw over the helpless right,  
And I marked the effort, with deep delight.

And having pushed knowledge so far, again,  
I divided the opposite lobe of the brain,  
And the poor brute, though willing to offer a paw,  
Could no longer obey—and I grasped a Law.

Later on, still athirst for knowledge, once more  
I carved the weak brain, as I did before,  
Till the poor dumb wretch, as he lay on his side,  
With a loving look regarding me, died.

Poor brute! he lies dead for knowledge, and I,  
If I grasp not the clue, yet I may by-and-by.  
Strange how weak Man is, and infirm of will,  
For sometimes I see him and shudder still!

LEWIS MORRIS.

It is a matter of literary gossip that the Poet-Laureate's mantle will shortly fall on the shoulders of Lewis Morris, (the writer of the above lines,) owing to the increasing infirmities of Lord Tennyson.

The highest mountain in the world is said to be Mt. Hercules, in New Guinea, soaring to the altitude of 32,786 feet.