

eagle poising himself for a moment as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirl-wind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

These predatory attacks and defensive manœuvres of the eagle and the fish-hawk, are matters of daily observation along the whole of our sea-board, from Georgia to New England, and frequently excite great interest in the spectators. Sympathy, however, on this as on most other occasions, generally sides with the honest and laborious sufferer, in oppositison to the attacks of power, injustice and repacity,—qualities for which our hero is so generally notorious, and which, in his superior, *man*, are certainly detestable. As for the feelings of the poor fish, they seem altogether out of the question.

When driven, as he sometimes is, by the combined courage and perseverance of the fish-hawks, from their neighbourhood and forced to hunt for himself, he retires more inland, in search of young pigs, of which he destroys great numbers. In the lower parts of Virginia and North Carolina, where the inhabitants raise vast herds of those animals, complaints of this kind are very general against him. He also destroys young lambs in the early part of spring; and will sometimes attack old sickly sheep, aiming furiously at their eyes.—*Wilson's Ornithology*.

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### The Lace Merchant's Dog.

Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and had thus made for his master upwards of one thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened upwards of 30 years since. One of these industrious

beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined in extreme poverty to engage in trade. He preferred that of merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the greatest profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger he smuggled into France in the following manner:

He trained an active spaniel to this purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog of the same hair and same shape. He then rolled the lace round the body of the dog and put over the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace being thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox he would say to his docile messenger: "Forward my friend." At these words the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Malines of Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required—Such was the success of the smuggler, in less than five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous; a mischievous neighbour betrayed the lace merchant, and notwithstanding his efforts to disguise the dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend? Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at any one gate, he saw them at a distance,