

retire without any haste, allowing the females and young to go on ahead carrying the plunder. Their retreat is, as a rule, deliberate and orderly, the baboons being quite ready to do battle with any animal *except* man on the plains, and instantly becoming the assailant of man himself when they get the advantage of position. Brehm was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by the dog-faced baboons. "These self-reliant animals," he writes, "are a match even for men. While the screaming females with young ones fled with all haste over the crest of the rock beyond the range of our guns, the adult males, casting furious glances, beating the ground with their hands, sprang upon stones and ledges, looked down on the valley for a few moments, continually growling, snarling, and screaming, and then began to roll down stones on us with so much vigour and adroitness that we immediately saw that our lives were in danger and took to flight. The clever animals not only conducted their defence on a definite plan, but they acted in co-operation, striving for a common end, and exerting all their united strength to obtain it. One of our number saw one monkey drag his stone up a tree that he might hurl it down with more effect; I myself saw two combining to set a heavy stone rolling."

The wars of the Constantinople street-dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically, they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of animals ought to be, but usually is not. It has for object either defence or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat-dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbours to the cannibals of the Congo. This civilised and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct. Certain streets and quarters belong to the particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals. In some streets each heap of refuse, on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown, belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up its puppies on it, and looks on it as a home. "There were three sweet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople, and thought its dogs the most interesting native inhabitants. If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish," an invasion is planned into a richer neighbourhood, where the rubbish-heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dust-bins—of a wealthier class of inhabitants promise to yield better results. All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organised, but of the rough-and-tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate. Not unfrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defence is successful. This is always conducted by a *levy en masse*, even the puppies joining in the fray. It is observed that it is only serious invasion which causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street come up to expel him. According to Turkish tradition, these street-dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat the Devil. Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, and Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch-enemy, and preserved the first man. Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loaves of bread, and stepping out into the road, throws them in a dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street.

No vertebrate animals show the same organisation for wars of plunder and defence as the baboons, or the territorial instinct of the street-dogs; but there are several species which exhibit these instincts in a minor degree, and in some cases act under the orders of officers. The troops of wild-horses of America are led by the master-stallion; when attacked by pumas, or expecting to be "stampeded" by another troop, they are said to form a ring, with the mares and foals inside. The pack of "red-dogs" in the Indian hills follow the lead of old hounds, probably because their skill in scenting is more accurate. The Indian wolves have been observed to divide forces, part keeping the dogs in check, while others attack the sheep. Bison, when chased, leave the largest

bulls as a rearguard; but this may be due to their greater weight and inferior speed. Indian wild-boars often defend the sugar-cane fields in which they have taken up their quarters against the natives who desire to cut them, retreating into the last patch, and rushing out if the men come near. In this case it is the males who do the fighting, and there is no combination to protect the territory which they desire to hold. But no wild animals have developed their powers of combined attack and defence in so creditable a manner as the baboons. Their motives—"defence, not defiance"—are irreproachable, and their methods deliberate, courageous, self-reliant, and effective. The advantages of size and sex carry corresponding duties; and Brehm justly remarks that there is probably no other male animal which runs into danger voluntarily to rescue a young one of its own species.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THREE GENERATIONS OF LUNATIC CATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR,"]

THE alternations of temper in household cats are often sudden and violent, their spit-fire ways being doubtless due to the imperfect character of their domestication, no other domestic animals being descended from a more ferocious ancestry. It is not strange that the normal characteristics of their ancestors should break out. Not a few children have fits of fury like those of our savage forefathers, and not a few kittens have still more furious fits like those of the British wild-cat. But besides all this, domestic cats are subject to mental disorder which would tend to be combined, as they are in man, with vile temper and outbursts of rage. The seven instances in the same family group that are about to be mentioned, concur in supporting the belief indicated by the title to these remarks, though some of them, especially the first, might be considered cases of the, so to speak, normal attacks of fury just described, if they were taken separately.

The founder of the mad family is (1) 'Phyllis'; her offspring are (2), 'Tessie,' and (3) and (4); the offspring of 'Tessie' are (5), (6), and (7). 'Tessie' is now destroyed; 'Phyllis' still lives and produces a litter quarterly. The male parents are of course unknown. As a rule, only one kitten of a litter has ever been kept. My information is through letters from five different persons. The evidence is either first-hand, or else the report of first-hand evidence collected for me. I have also received verbal accounts.

(1), 'Phyllis,' belongs to Mrs. Butler, of Ewart Park, Northumberland, now residing at 8 North View, Wimbledon. When 'Phyllis' was a kitten she had wild fits, tearing round and round the room, "swearing" horribly, and fighting with teeth and claws any one who tried to pick her up. Her temper is now very unequal and often vile. Her offspring are (2), (3), and (4).

(2), 'Tessie,' daughter of 'Phyllis,' was always ill-conditioned and unfriendly; only one person, a servant, had any hold over her. She was pronounced "very nervous." Her kitten went mad so often that her owner got a bad name among her friends as a cat-provider, so 'Jessie' was destroyed.

(3), son or daughter of 'Phyllis,' was given to a bachelor (an Admiralty official) as a pet. After a while the landlady of his lodgings declared it to be "a horror." It was so strange in its ways that she felt that "the devil was about" when the cat was near her; it was not like other cats. It plunged its head in the milk, it broke every egg it could get at, and was very skillful in getting at them, all out of pure mischief, for it ate very little; it destroyed all victuals such as chops, or else hid them. The servant described the climax of its career by saying that the cat at last took it into its head to walk sideways, with its hind feet on the ground and fore-feet up on the wall, in so uncanny a manner that the landlady, suddenly seeing its performance, dropped a saucepan she was holding and screamed aloud with fright. She afterwards contrived to get it killed.

(4) is now a kitten less than a month old, a lovely little thing, but it claws and spits like an old cat. Under this same head I will quote a generalised description of many of 'Phyllis's' other kittens: "they all inherit their mother's temper and are charming little faries in their youth; they settle down afterwards, and are all good mousers." I have heard of at least one that had fits of fury like her mother.

We now come to the offspring of 'Tessie' (2).

(5) was given to C. and his wife when about six months old. Two months later the family, being then abroad, received news from their servants of alarming strangeness in the ways of the cat. It had been left for a moment quietly sleeping in the kitchen when they heard a peculiar sound, and found the cat moaning and scratching along the basement passage; then it dashed up the stairs and, jumping up, struck its head against the wall at the head of the stairs; it rebounded and rushed downstairs, foaming at the mouth, and disappeared. After long search they found it in the larder, hidden behind the bread-pan, crouched against the wall, and there it remained all day quite exhausted. The next attack took place a fortnight later, again without any warning. The cat began by moping about the kitchen, and eventually jumped up the wall, knocking its head with violence against a high shelf, foaming at the mouth, and it again hid itself, but this time in the scullery. The third attack was ten days later, and of a similar kind, with foaming at the mouth, and it was even wilder than before. Instructions were accordingly sent to destroy the cat.

(6) was given as a kitten of one month old to Mrs. M., a sempstress at Wimbledon. It behaved normally for three weeks. Then it was seized with a mad fit, and tore with "lightning speed" round and round the room, trying to run up the wall, and it knocked its head against the ceiling, uttering no cry nor sound. It did not rush at any one, but appeared to be trying to get away from everything. This went on for ten minutes, and then it became quiet and much exhausted. After three days another similar fit came on, and then a third and a fourth. A workman who was temporarily living in the house took a fancy to the kitten, and when Mrs. M. would keep it no longer, begged to have it in his room, where it seemed happy and at home. Next day it had a still wilder attack than ever, and quite terrified its new owner, so it was killed.

(7) was given to Mrs. J., who was very fond of it. It was quiet and very meek, but began after a while to continually bend and press its head downwards against the ground, in such a position that it seemed about to take a somersault. Just before it died it ran round the room, bumping its head against things as though it were blind. "We helped its death as it seemed so unhappy." The current story among members of Mrs. J.'s family was peculiar, but not wholly incorrect, namely, "that the kitten was gentle and affectionate, and stood on its head and purred till it died."

FRANCIS GALTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The chance has now come for England to show whether the expressions of respect for the true kernel of the Monroe doctrine and liking for the American people, which have been so much in evidence for the last few weeks, are sincere or merely a cloak to timidity. If you view our moderate intervention in Cuba with favour you will show the sincerity of your professions, but if you should join the other European nations in a protest against it you would show that you felt nearer to them than to us. It is now thirty years since the United States has been engaged in a war, and, in my opinion, an explosion of some kind cannot much longer be deferred. Even the kindergartens are teaching "patriotism" of the fervid type. The quarrel with England over Venezuela was simply an instance of grabbing at the first thing in sight, though partly for the sake of tickling the Irish voters, but, should the occasion arise, you will see just as much jubilation at the idea of a war with Spain or France. Let me add in conclusion that I am a proponent of a close alliance between the United Kingdom and the United States. Such a combination could insure the peace of the world indefinitely.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. WARREN SMITH.

Pinole, Contra Costa County, California, March 8th.

THE TRANSATLANTIC CATTLE TRADE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Canadian bullocks, before they were excluded three years since, were worth 20 per cent. more than similar bullocks

south of the Dominion line, and for this reason only, that the cattle of the United States were scheduled for port slaughter under the Act, and Canadians had, therefore, a monopoly value for store purposes in Great Britain. These cattle slaughter Acts, immensely popular though they be with our farmers, are yet permanently crippling agriculture in Great Britain. It is a misfortune that their incidence is not the subject of a report by a select Committee of Parliament. Every ton of imported dead meat has left ten tons of farmyard fertilisers on a foreign shore. In a climate such as England has, so mild by contrast with America, a ton of imported American maize will put on such an amount of excess flesh as will pay all the freight charges on that ton from Illinois to Essex. The question of feeding cattle is chiefly a question of keeping up the animal heat in the system; that heat, if not fostered by the atmosphere, must be stoked up by extra food. If this is the case, no fat cattle for slaughter should come across the Atlantic, nor any dead meat. America's supplies should come as stores, the ships which bring them should be ballasted with maize to be fed here. To accept imported stores from Ireland, while excluding them from America, is to draw from a source always tainted, and to cut off that supply which is of all the most pure. The cause of cattle exclusion is lung-plague (pleuro). Six thousand pairs of lungs, their possessors attracted from every State west of the Mississippi River, can be inspected daily in the Chicago abattoirs; there is not a tubercular lung discovered in the year in all those vast slaughter-houses,—Swift's and Hammond's, Armour's and Nelson Morris's. Poor depleted Essex and Lincolnshire could make farming profitable if only those farmers might buy a three-year-old lean bullock of good quality in Chicago (live-weight, 1,100 lb.) for three cents per pound (£7); the freight feed, insurance, and handling charges on which bullock would bring the price at Colchester to £12. Instead of which, if his forage is abundant, the Essex farmer buys an Irish store of 750 lb. live-weight for £12 and thus in his competition with the American feeder, starts in the handicap with 350 lb. the worst of the weights. What these islands require is the addition of vast numbers of heifers to their agricultural reserves. We should import stores, but especially breeding cattle and the maize, and if the season requires, baled hay also to feed them. In our climate, not hot in summer, not cold in winter—herein is the secret of an immense advantage in meat production which we have over the continent of North America, an advantage we deliberately sacrifice by Act of Parliament. From this standpoint every carcass imported is a wrong resulting from indiscreet legislation. The excess value of the "offal"—the "fifth quarter"—in Deptford over its value in Chicago is quite one-half the freight charges on the live bullock from Chicago; the loss of weight by evaporation on a carcass killed in Chicago is fully 4 per cent., say 50 lb. in weight or £1 in value; and further, if we look at a bullock as an invaluable machine for fertilising the soil, its value here for six months is not overstated at fifty shillings, whereas in Iowa or Nebraska this natural value is nil.

If Scotland were permitted by law to buy American stores, England being prohibited, and if this raw material of beef could be bought 33 per cent. net cheaper by the Scotch farmer marketing in Chicago, than by the Norfolk farmer marketing in Cork, then clearly the farmer of the Lothians feeding for the London market would undersell the farmer of Norfolk. And if this is the case, how also can the British farmer feeding for the London market compete with the Illinois farmer feeding for that same market if he of Illinois has admittance to that vast cheap Chicago market where fourteen thousand live cattle pass the weigh-bridges in a single day, a market from which his British competitor is excluded by British legislation? However more cattle within the country, more stores and cheaper stores, this is a view of a possible future for British agriculture which, however logical, has, I believe, scarcely a single advocate in Parliament or the Press.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MORETON FREWEN.

London, April 2nd.

[We publish Mr. Moreton Frewen's letter, but we cannot accept his facts. They are, we believe, denied by the Agricultural Department. We confess that we should see with regret the extension of a trade which causes so much acute suffering to the animals.—Ed. Spectator.]