

From the "Sportsman's Cabinet."—It begins by treating on the possibility of breeding between dog and wolf, and goes on to say—"That every chance might be afforded for the success of this experiment, so industriously made, a she-wolf, taken from its wild state of nature in the woods when only three months old, was shut up in a large court surrounded by a high wall, with an Irish Greyhound of the same age. To this court no other beast whatever could have access, and within it was proper shelter for their individual or joint retirement."

"They were equally strangers to their own species, and knew no person but the man by whom they were fed. In this state they were kept together for three years, that the result of the experiment might be more fully known and confirmed. During the first twelve months they perpetually played together, and had every appearance of being exceedingly fond of each other; the second year disputes constantly arose, but more particularly about their provisions, though supplied in great plenty: it was remarked that such always originated with the wolf. When meat and bones were given to them on a large wooden platter, the wolf, instead of seizing either, instantly drove off the dog, then laid hold of the edge of the plate so dexterously as to allow nothing to fall, and carried off the whole. She has been seen to run in this manner with the dish in her teeth five or six times round the court, and never set it down unless to take breath, devour the meat, or to attack the dog when he approached. The dog was at all times evidently stronger than the wolf, but as he was less ferocious a collar for his neck was found necessary for the preservation of his life. By the expiration of the second year these combats became more frequent, and the result of each more serious, in which state a collar was found equally necessary for the wolf, who in every successive dispute was worse used than before. During the whole of the two years not the least tendency to venery could be observed in either the one or the

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*It is said that Buffon had an Irish Greyhound
that killed a male wolf that was shut
up with her!*

other; at the end of the third year these sensations became perceptible in each, but produced no marks of affection in either. The state they were in, instead of rendering them more peaceful and accomodating to each other, only seemed to promote new cause of contest, and excite more frequent opportunities to renew their quarrels. Discontented howlings and roarings of disappointment were incessant, they never approached each other but to fight, and at the end of three weeks were both completely emaciated. In this eternal warfare and struggle for superiority they fought with such determined desperation that the wolf was killed in the contest. Upon the death of his companion the dog was set at liberty, but was obliged to be shot, owing to its ferocity."

The second story is taken from "Two Years in Canada," by Major Strickland, written in 1825:—"I loaded my gun with ball, and in company with Dennis and his father started off for the place where Master Bruin had been seen. I took Neptune with me, a remarkably fine Irish Greyhound, one of the most powerfully-built dogs of that breed I had ever seen, and well he proved his strength and courage this day. After proceeding nearly two miles, Neptune raised his head and looked around; in the next instant he was dashing along in full chase of Mr. Bruin, who was making the best of his way up the hill. We joined the chase with alacrity, but not in time to witness the set-to between these savage opponents; for while we were gaining the brow of the hill a desperate fight was going on only a few yards from us, Neptune sometimes having the best of it, sometimes Bruin. I found it impossible to fire for fear of killing the dog. We then tried to pull him off, so as to enable me to shoot the bear: this we found equally difficult, the dog had such fast hold of his throat; he was, indeed, perfectly furious. With the aid of the dog, &c., &c., the bear was slung to a pole alive, and the homeward march began. I had great difficulty in keeping the dog off; he would rush in every moment, in spite of all I could do, and seize poor Bruin by