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Justice to the Animals

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some great distinction between property in that bit of England—that little square of the Earth's surface—on which your house stands and the house itself, and all that is in it?

And, frankly, dear Lady E—, I would not agitate these questions in England, save perhaps privately, and, if I had the chance, in conversation with public men and leaders, for the land question in England is pregnant with Revolution; but in my own country, and now, when a whole race of landowners are being expropriated, and some half a million of landowners being put in their place, and when the great ranches and grazing grounds seem about to be split up and divided, and pass away into private ownership, I think the interests of all of us, of the whole Nation, are bound up in an impartial examination of this great land question, and in the removal of the discussion from the obscure world of strife between parties and classes, and of interests, vested or emerging and clamorous—its removal, I say, into the saner and clearer region of first principles.

These ideas have been in the back of my mind almost as long as I can remember. What has pushed them into the front of my mind, and right out into print, has been partly this present stage of the agrarian revolution, and partly the repeatedly contrasted spectacle of the hundreds of thousands of waste acres between Dublin and Kilkenny roamed over by his Majesty the Bullock, and the swarming humanity of the back streets of Dublin, cut from the Earth, suffocating, starving, disappearing into abysses that go straight down to Hell, and all in order that that potent quadruped may expatiate and walk at large over his wide domains.

It is *Homo versus Bos*, and I go with with my kind.

JUSTICE TO THE ANIMALS.

DEAR SIR,—I know you are a dog lover, so I venture to hope you will give me a patient hearing.

[Surely: surely, dear G. H., Who have a better right than the doggies to address us in this ALL IRELAND REVIEW, out of the Hell into which man has thrust him. Let the Friend of man speak—ED.]

For years, since I was a young girl, I have had the deepest horror of vivisection, as most cruel and unjust to all animals, and degrading to doctors and students alike. Latterly my attention has been again called to this practice, and in response to a small subscription, Mr. Pirkis, the chairman of the League, sent me a number of leaflets and books dealing with the subject. I can truly say I never went through more painful reading. One pamphlet by an eminent doctor I tried to read three times, and at last did so; a nightmare of horror. Mr. Pirkis begged me to write for them, and I hastily wrote the little paper which I now enclose. He approves of it, and I told him that if useful as a leaflet he might use it, but if suitable I should like to find it a place in an Irish paper. I hope to send you Dr. Bell Taylor's pamphlet in a few days. It is the most valuable testimony against the practice published. Is your charming paper open to these subjects? If so perhaps you will publish this, the cruelties described are chiefly taken from the *Spectator* of some years ago, also from Dr. Bell Taylor's descriptions

and Miss Power Cobbe's indignant protest. I have avoided horrors as far as possible, but I think some of these cruelties ought to be known to the Irish public. The indignation of the working men here is intense. Sometimes their dog is the only pleasure they have.

Yours,

G. H.

"THE NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE."

"VIVISECTION."

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union."—

BURNS.

Years ago, it was the writer's pleasant task to take a young girl, aged eleven, through the National Gallery—an only child, accustomed to green fields and a quiet home, the contrast between the country stillness and the noise and bustle of London had awed her into unusual silence. A silence not broken as we passed through the galleries, though the beautiful pictures were duly pointed out to her, no response rewarded me, till we reached the Land-seer collection. Then as "Dignity and Impudence," "High Life and Low Life," and "The Dogs' Parliament" caught her attention, I was startled by her wild cry of joy; in an instant I was alone, while she ran from picture to picture, her excitement growing greater with the remembrance of home friends and companions. This was like her dog Billy. "There was poor black Jet." "Here was Mr. Moore's Needle, there the gamekeeper's Irish setter." At last I overtook her, as she paused before "The old Shepherd's chief mourner." She became very grave as I told the story. "This dog was the poor shepherd's loving companion and wise helper, gathering the sheep and driving them home, finding the stray lambs, watching them beside his master, in the long evenings of summer, in the cold winds of March, in the winter snow. His faithful friend and servant in life. In death, the 'old shepherd's chief mourner.'"

"It is astonishing how deeply I can cut into the back of a shepherd's dog 'before he turns restive.'"—*From a Vivisection's evidence before the Royal Commission.*

Again, we hear a voice describing how he won a dog's love, and then proceeded to mutilate him slowly—"first cut off his ear, then his paws; first the dog looked at him, then licked his hand; finally, it took days of cruelty to change his love to hatred."

Another vivisection comes forward—"He starved two dogs to death, giving water to one; the other added thirst to its sufferings; the object avowed was to see which lived the longest."

A third cruel voice is heard—"He performed a terrible operation upon a poor animal; he then brought in her puppies. 'Love is stronger than death.' In her mortal agony, the mother's instinct revived, she licked the puppies with the greatest affection." Another, for some unexplained purpose, "baked dogs slowly to death."

The cold testimony which describes the uneasiness of the dogs when first brought into the torture chamber is then added. "They went from one doctor to another, trying in vain to

enlist their sympathy and protection." "One dog escaped from the operator twice, and, leaping into a student's arms, he pleaded for mercy, as only a dog can plead. He was dragged back again, and the cruel work completed." Such is the vivisectionist's account of his doings. In the words of the greatest voice ever heard on this earth, "Out of thine own mouth I judge thee." That Divine Teacher included in His message of love the weakest of God's creatures. "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them"; and, again, "Not one of them is forgotten before God"—

"The National Canine Defence League exists to protect our dumb friends. Surely the dog is one of God's best gifts. His faithful service is too often rewarded with hunger, neglect, and blows; yet his love and gentleness fails not, even under the vivisectionist's knife. The life of a dog has passed into a proverb. The League seeks to prevent their hard life ending in tortures, such as may be approached, but cannot be equalled, even by the cruelties which the Red Indian inflicts upon his hapless captive."

Leaflets and all information can be had gratis from

G. J. KNIGHT, Secretary,
National Canine Defence League,
151 Strand, London, E.C.

If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast

I consciously have injured, but still loved

And cherished these, my kindred.

—Shelley.

[The birds and the beasts have many lovers, the insects, so far, very few.—ED.]

SPORT! OTTER HUNTING.

This was a kind of sport (!) which, when I was a boy, I used to assist at, in the beautiful Valley of the Lee, and always in the early morning, when "the rosy-fingered Heos, daughter of the Dawn," was pouring over Ireland her daily miracle of unbought and unpurchaseable beauty.

In the midst of this Heaven we were accustomed to let Hell loose; the fierce, well-scarred otter hounds in savage chase after their poor little cousin-german, who never did any of us any harm, only sought to catch a salmon for his breakfast by hard work and strenuous pursuit, just as most of us were doing agreeably, leisurely, and in the way of play.

"Dick Barter," of Blarney, was the Master of our otter-hounds, a well-torn pack; for the poor little cousin-german, the water-dog, had the courage of all his race, and, when brought to a stand, would turn and fight for his life, like the best of us. Poor little beast!

And, I think, what first directed my attention to the water-dog's side of this controversy between himself and "Dick Barter" and the hounds was a history of a pet otter given me by a friend long ago—now the poor little aquatic cousin of the Friend of Man used to follow him about, just like a dog; and was as fond of him as a dog, or fonder; and how, when he happened to be away from home for a longer time than usual, the poor little beast became unhappy in his mind, and refused food and died.