ANIMAL SAGACITY.

EDITED BY MRS. S. C. HALL

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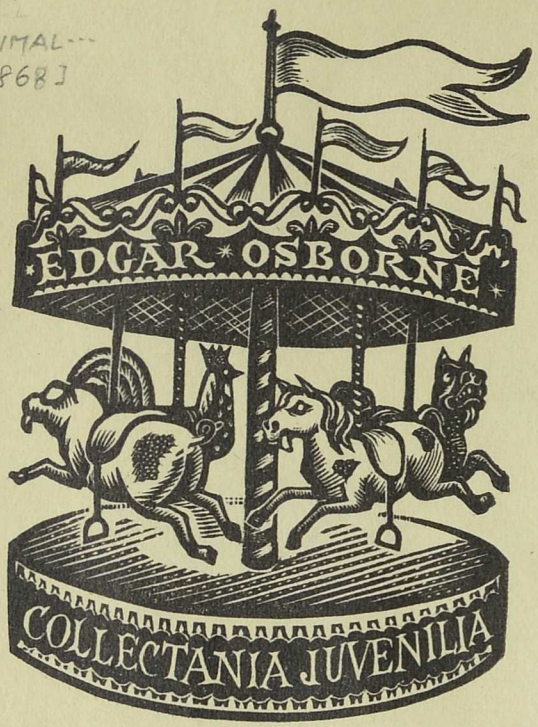

Jeanie McKay
Christmas 1873.

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TO A DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

ALEXANDER HOME-LYON.

To YOU, my dear little friend, I "dedicate" this book. You will know the meaning of the term, when you grow older. You can learn much from the anecdotes herein recorded; they may be to you, and to others, as the seed that fell on good ground.

At least, I can profit by the occasion, to convey to

you assurance of my love; of my hope and my faith in your future; and also my earnest prayers, that God may teach to you, and to all who are to be the hereafter of the World, the great lesson, that happiness can be obtained only by making others happy; and that none can be esteemed or honoured by men, or loved by God, who are not considerate and "merciful" towards the meanest thing He has created.

Bear in mind then, my dear little friend, now and ever, the lines of the Poet,—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made, and loveth, all."

You will find in this pretty volume much that will at once please and teach you: for many and valuable are the lessons we learn from "the lower world;" from those who owe much to Nature, and little to education; although I need not tell you, there is no animal so debased that it can be taught nothing, and certainly none that can be

considered incapable of affection. They cannot, indeed, do all that men and women, or even children, boys or girls, can do; their faculties being far more limited. Yet you will read in this book some instances in which, what is called Instinct, has surpassed what we term Reason; or that has, at all events, been exercised in a manner to us unaccountable, when judged by the senses and the intelligence accorded to man.

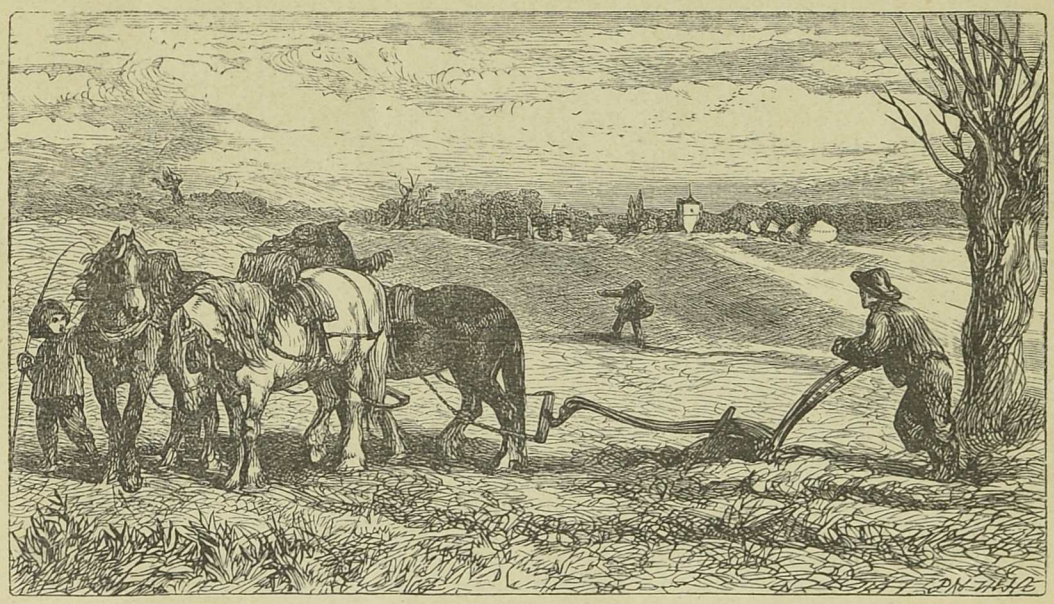
The main purpose of this book will be accomplished, if it impress on the minds of young readers, the duty and the pleasure of treating all animals with considerate sympathy; and that means something more than mere humanity, my dear little friend: it infers a thoughtful care, not alone to the necessities, but to the comforts, of dependents; and it teaches to regard pets not as mere sources of amusement, but as objects whose happiness ought to be studied. Coarse and heedless persons may abstain from causing animals to suffer, and may even be kind to them from interested motives; but CONSIDERATE

SYMPATHY goes very far beyond that. You will better learn what it is, from the anecdotes recorded in this book, than from any definition or explanation I can give you; while the truths herein advanced will be more strongly impressed on your mind by the very beautiful engravings which so amply illustrate the volume I am pleased to dedicate to you.

A. M. H.

November, 1866.

CONTENTS.



THE THREE BEARS.

EVERYONE, I think, remembers good Mr. Andersen's story of the "Three Bears," and how enraged one of them was when he inquired, "Who's been sitting in my chair?" I like that story much; it was a cheerful, merry story, but certainly not as true as that which is narrated here.

I can conceive nothing more cruel than the conduct of the sailors; but you shall hear what they did, and judge for yourselves. It is recorded in Captain Phipps' voyage to the North Pole.

The ship was icebound, and, early one morning, the man at the masthead sung out that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and directing their course towards the ship. They had, it was supposed, been enticed by the blubber of a sea-horse, which the men had set on fire; and which was burning on the ice, at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the children were nearly as large as the parent; they ran eagerly to the fire,

and drew out of the flame part of the flesh of the sea-horse which remained unconsumed, and devoured it.

The sailors threw upon the ice great pieces of the flesh, which they still had. These the poor bear, with all a mother's unselfishness, carried away, and divided between her cubs, keeping a small share for herself. She returned for the last piece, and as she was carrying that away, the men levelled their muskets at the cubs, shooting them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the mother—but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling men, to have seen the affection shewn by the poor beast for her expiring young. Wounded as she was, she crawled to where they lay, carrying to them the food she had brought away, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; when she saw they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. Her moans were piteous when she found she could not stir them; she went off, and when at some little distance, looked back and moaned; as they continued motionless she returned, and smelling round them, moaned while licking their wounds. She went off a second time, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind, still moaning, but her poor cubs could never follow her any more. So she returned to them, and with signs of the greatest fondness, went from one to the other, caressing, trying to raise them up, howling their death-chant all the time.

Finding at last that they were lifeless, she raised her head

SHE-BEAR AND HER CUBS.

toward the ship ; there was no longer the moan of lamentation, but the deep and angry growl, fierce and terrible, of resentment against the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between the cubs, and died licking their wounds.

MISS BRUIN.

I can testify to the deep affection which a dear little black bear bore to its friends, and particularly to the man who brought it to me from America. A very warm-hearted person there hearing that I was fond of pets—which I certainly am—sent me over a little bear ; he had found it in the woods when it was quite a baby ; it had been "mothered" by a Newfoundland dog, and was as tame, as gentle, and affectionate, as any dog could be ; but fancy !—what could I do with a bear ? We were living in the country at that time, and though Miss Bruin was gentle and affectionate to us, she made nothing of hugging cocks and hens, and cats to death, and leaving them there.

I do not think the animal intended to destroy their lives, for she seemed to do it all in play. She tried very hard to get to the stable, and never saw a horse without evincing a great desire to have a game with it, which not even my pony reciprocated, for when Miss Bruin would snort at the door of the loose box, or knock sturdily at it with her great stumping paws, the poor pony trembled all over, and evinced symptoms of terror and distress

—that of course, made her out of favour wtih the groom, who frequently threatened her with the horsewhip—she would then shamble off as fast as possible, and lay down at the hall door.

She was also on bad terms with our great dog Juno; indeed they once had what might be called a stand-up fight, which was put an end to by the cook beating both with the copper-stick; and when they were separated, it was discovered that Miss Bruin had been bitten in the ear, and that Juno had suffered from some sharp scratches on the neck.

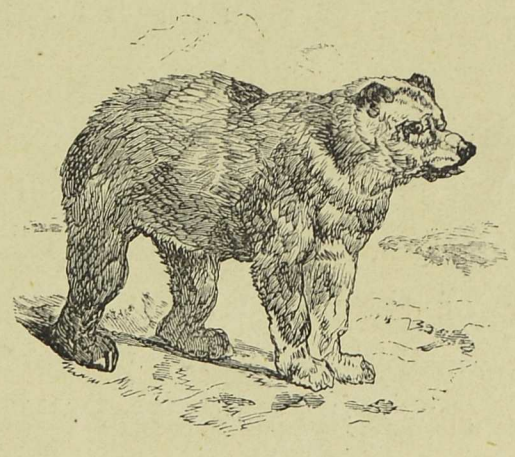
Miss Bruin was very fond of children, but all the "chits" in the village were afraid of her. From actual want of occupation, she would claw the gold fish out of the pond, and look at their dying agonies on the grass with an expression of great gravity; indeed, even in play she always looked grave—and her small eyes had very little light in them. She was most faithful and affectionate to us, but was by no means popular, either with the servants or our village neighbours; and, fond as I am of both birds and animals, I would not keep a pet which was a nuisance to others—this resolution obliged me to give away my cockatoo, who would scream; and a parrot, most clever and noisy of all parrot creatures—what however could I do with poor Miss Bruin?

She moaned like any captive, when chained up, and beat her head against the wall; but if at liberty she would eat up all the sugar in the house, and drink all the cream in the dairy, and then insist on lying before the drawing-room fire. She was as full of play as of affection; but I assure you "bear's play" is not very

pleasant. At last we thought Miss Bruin would be happier with other bears in the Zoological Gardens. The man who brought her over said, "She'd never take to bears, she loved humans," but we did not believe him. She was put in the bear-pit, and the old inhabitants were very kind to her, but she sulked in a corner, and only evinced happiness when her friend went to see her. She would then play and eat; he was however obliged to go to Liverpool for a month; and when, on his return, he went to see Miss Bruin, she was dead.

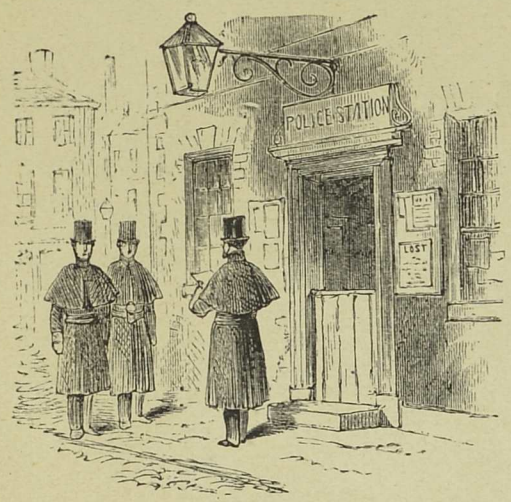
She did love "*humans*" better than bears.

A. M. H.

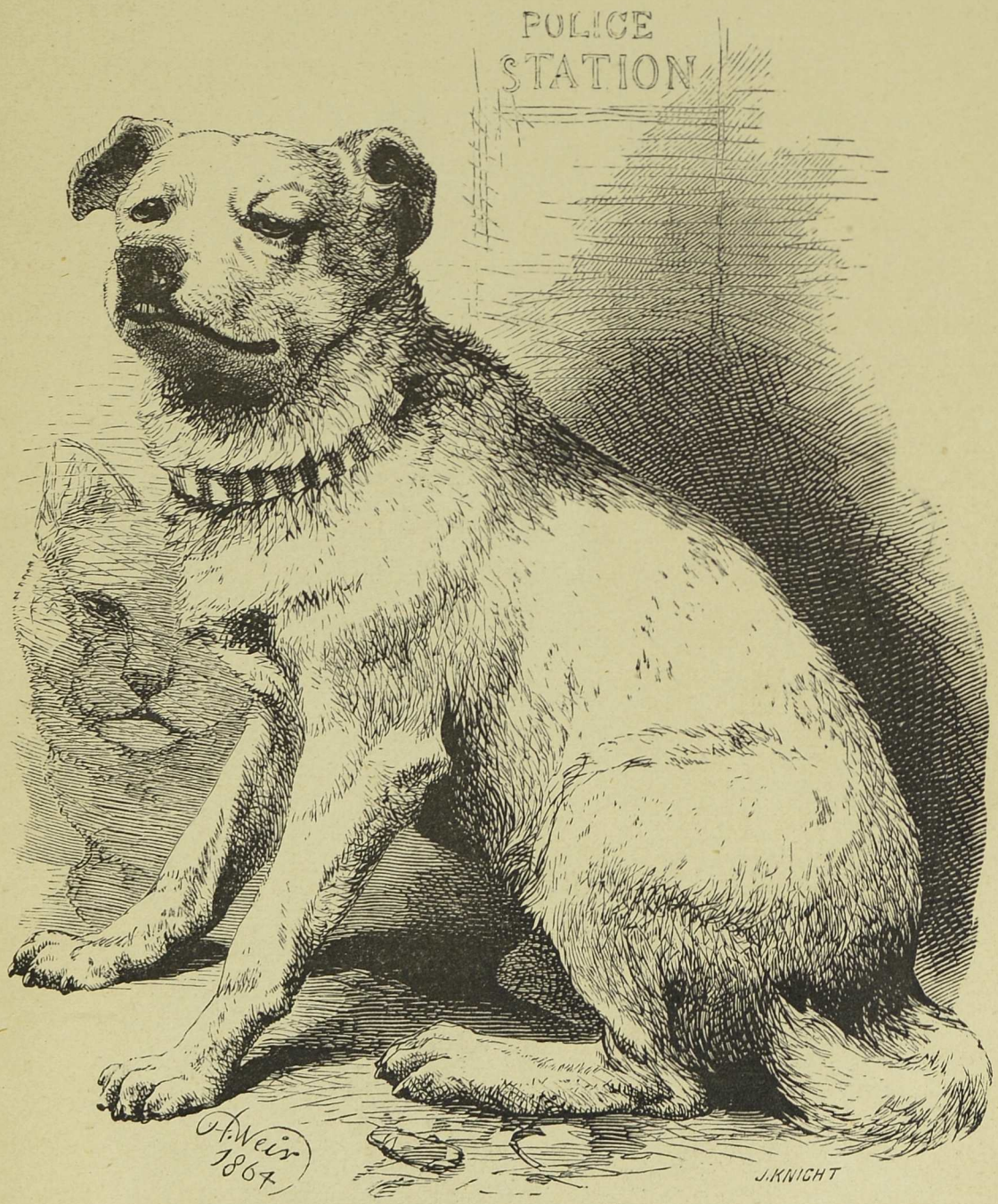


"CHARLIE," THE WHITE SERGEANT.

On the wall of the reading-room of Bow-street Police-office hangs the portrait of a remarkable dog. This dog, an old starved, homeless animal took up his quarters one day in August, 1857, on the steps of a seldom used door connected with the office. Now, as neither dog nor man had a right to loiter in that doorway, the superintendent gave orders that it should be made to "move on;" but, as certain as he was driven off on the one day, so certain was he to be seen in his old quarters on the next.



The men of the division at last got so attached to the dog, that he was never told to "move on" any more, but took up his quarters inside the station, and, after being named "Charlie," was considered a member of the police force. "Charlie" seemed to understand the responsibilities of his position. At a quarter to six o'clock every morning, the first day Relief is paraded in the yard of the station, previous to setting out on duty at six. At that hour, and, in short, at every parade, day or night, "Charlie" was always present, marching up and down in front of the line



"CHARLIE," THE WHITE SERGEANT.

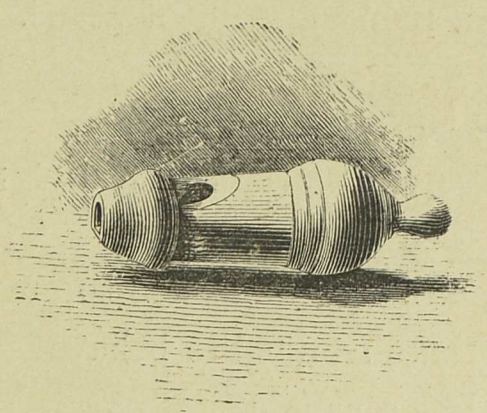
these noise-makers, he quickly dispersed them by snapping at their heels. If he came upon any boy gambling at "pitch and toss," he would wait till the money fell upon the ground, and then rush forward and roll himself over it, guarding it securely until relieved of his charge by a policeman, whom he would follow to the nearest cat's-meat shop, well knowing that he would be rewarded. When the cry of "Fire! was shouted in the yard of the station, "Charlie" barked his loudest, and, if the time happened to be night, ran through all the bedrooms of the station, tugging at the bedclothes and barking with all his might; and when the men, appointed for the purpose, went off to the scene of the conflagration, he ran in front of them, clearing the way by his incessant barking.

At the Victoria Cross presentation, in Hyde Park, 2,500 of the police were on the ground. "Charlie" had been detained at the station, having been accidentally shut into a room. As soon as he was set free, he made for the park, and, working his way through the immense crowd of spectators and police, took his place at the head of his own division. Previous to leaving the station, his armlet had been buckled round his neck; and as he sat, stiff and erect as an old soldier, in front of the long line of constables, her Majesty, as she passed along the park, was pleased to honour "Charlie" with a smile.

The thieves, and other bad characters, feared and disliked "Charlie." They knew, whenever they saw him, that a constable could not be far off. One night, when a constable was taking a prisoner through the Seven Dials, he was attacked by a man, who

attempted to rescue the prisoner. Suddenly "Charlie" appeared on the scene, and seized the would-be rescuer, but "Charlie" being old and almost toothless, the man detached himself from his grip and made off, followed by the dog. A constable, some few streets off, seeing a man running, pursued by "Charlie," at once knew that something was wrong, and the would-be rescuer was speedily apprehended. At an early hour one morning, a constable, while passing a narrow lane off the Strand, was knocked down by two men. "Charlie," who was at a short distance behind, seeing the assault, ran across the Strand to the station in Somerset House, and seizing the sergeant on duty there by the great-coat tail, led him to the constable's assistance, who was found to be severely wounded, and who might have been killed outright but for "Charlie's" sagacity.

After performing his duties as sergeant faithfully for nearly eight years, poor old "Charlie" (he must have been at least twenty years of age) died in front of the mess-room fire, where, during his illness, he had been carefully nursed, for he was beloved by all the men of the F Division.



TOMMY'S CLEVER TRICK.

Tom was a noble, handsome cat,
And as before the fire he sat,
Washing his whiskered nose,
Who would have guessed such dreadful claws
Were hid beneath those velvet paws,
To scratch us if he chose ?

His fur was always soft and sleek,
And then he looked too grave and meek
To scratch, or fight, or steal.
You seldom saw him frisk or play—
He sat before the fire all day,
Curled round just like a wheel.

He was so lazy, that the mice
Would scamper from him in a trice ;
And then he was so fat.
But Tom, although he looked so grave,
Was sometimes tempted to behave
Just like a naughty cat.

TOMMY'S CLEVER TRICK.

The milk or cream was often missed,
And Tommy's mistress never guessed
That he could be the thief.
Betty declared she did not know
Where upon earth the milk could go ;
It was beyond belief.

The milk-jug had a narrow neck,
And there was not a single speck
Of milk or cream about ;
But Tom had learnt a clever trick,
And Betsy, though she was so quick,
Could never find it out.

It happened on a certain day
The milk-jug stood upon the tray,
And tea was rather late ;
And Tom, who always had his share,
Jumped on the table from a chair,
He really could not wait.

The narrow neck ne'er puzzled him ;
The milk was far below the brim,
But Tom knew what to do ;
Down in the milk he dipped his paw,
With wondering eyes his mistress saw
The open window through.

Tom licked his milky paw, and then
He quickly popped it in again,
As if it were a spoon !
And as he drew it in and out,
Though not a drop was splashed about,
The milk was gone quite soon.

In walked his mistress. Tommy fled
Beneath the couch to hide his head,
And trembled as he sat.
" Oh, Tommy," said his mistress kind,
" You drank the milk, but never mind,
You are a clever cat."

Betsy came in ; with mirth and fun,
Her mistress told what Tom had done,
And Betty laughed outright.
But then she wished to fetch a stick,
And beat him for his naughty trick ;
She said 'twould serve him right.

" No, Betty, no, it must not be,
He drank the milk so cleverly ;
We will forgive him that.
Another time we must not leave
Temptation here to make him thieve,
For he is but a cat."

So never after, from that day,
Did Betty leave upon the tray
The milk to vanish so ;
But sometimes when the tea was o'er,
The jug was placed upon the floor,
Tom's clever trick to show.

With wondering eyes the children saw,
As in and out he dipped his paw,
The milk fast disappear ;
And then they clapped their hands with glee,
And laughed outright so merrily,
'Twas startling to hear.

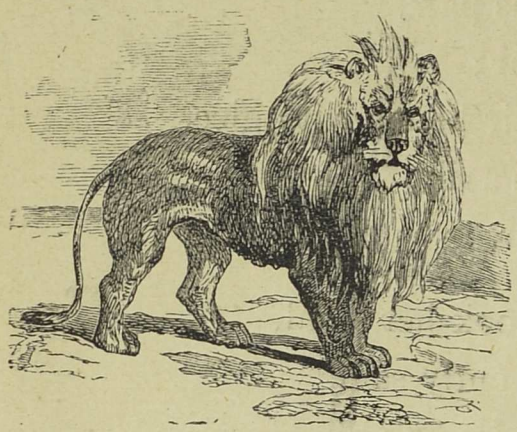
Then Tommy's mistress shook her head,
And with grave voice she gently said,
"Poor pussy does not know ;
But children who are taught to feel
How very wrong it is to steal,
Must never pilfer so.

"*'Tis quite as bad to take away*
The milk or sugar from the tray
As money from a purse ;
And children who can be so sly,
May, when they're older, by-and-by,
Perhaps do something worse."

SUSANNA MARY.

THE LION; THE KING OF THE FOREST.

Most of my readers will have heard of that wonderful pie in which, when the crust was cut, were four-and-twenty blackbirds. But six years ago, a more wonderful dish appeared on the table of Mr. Sanger, who had then, in his establishment in Edinburgh, the finest collection of lions in the kingdom. He invited a party of gentlemen to dinner, adding as a post-script to the card of invitation, "A splendid lion tart among the *entrées*." The day of dining came, the company assembled, course followed course, till at last two attendants entered the room, bearing a gigantic tart on a salver of corresponding size, and placed it before the giver of the feast. The crust was removed, and suddenly above the edges of the dish appeared half-a-dozen pairs of little yellow paws, followed by half-a-dozen tiny, towsy, yellow heads. Mr. Sanger had kept his word. The dish contained six lion cubs, born but a few days previously. After the little strangers had been duly fondled and admired, the trainer of the lions, who was one of the guests, put the youthful kings and queens of the forest into his pockets, and carried them off to their mother,



SAILOR AND LION

who no doubt was wondering at the time where her children had got to.

When the lion has been brought under the dominion of man, he becomes strongly attached to those who treat him with kindness. An instance of this is related of one that was kept in the menagerie of the Tower of London. He had been brought from India, and on his passage was given in charge to one of the sailors. Long before the ship arrived in the Thames, the lion and Jack had become most excellent friends. When "Nero," as the lion had been called, was shut up in his cage in the Tower, he became sulky and savage to such an extent that it was dangerous, even for the keeper, to approach him.

After Nero had been a prisoner for some weeks, a party of sailors, Jack being among the number, paid a visit to the menagerie. The keeper warned them not to go near the lion, who, every now and then turned round to growl defiance at the spectators.

"What! old shipmate!" cried Jack, "don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad!"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted it on the head, and it rubbed his hand with its whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah!" said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators who stood petrified with astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; *he* don't forget an old friend."

R. P. S.

DANCO.

A remarkable instance of the lion's docility was witnessed some years ago in a menagerie at Brussels. The den of a large lion named Danco required some repairs. The carpenter to whom the job was entrusted, on seeing the lion in the same cage as that in which he was to work, started back in terror.

"I can't go in beside that beast," he said.

"But," replied the keeper, "I will take him to the lower end of the cage while you refit the upper."

Upon this, they entered the cage, and the carpenter fell to work. For awhile, the keeper amused himself with Danco, but being wearied, soon dropped into a sound slumber. The carpenter worked on meanwhile without fear, relying confidently on the keeper for protection from the beast he so much dreaded. Having repaired the lower part, he turned to ask the keeper's opinion of his work. To his horror, he saw the lion and his keeper sleeping side by side. The lion awoke at the sound of the carpenter's voice, and glared at him fiercely, and after a warning growl which seemed to say, "Don't you come too near my master," it placed its paw on the keeper's breast, and composed itself once more to slumber. To the carpenter's intense joy, some of the attendants came up and awoke the keeper, who did not appear the least alarmed at his position, but shaking the lion's paw, led it off to another cage, and permitted the trembling carpenter to complete his work without further apprehension.

DANCO AND HIS KEEPER.

THE LION AND SPANIEL.

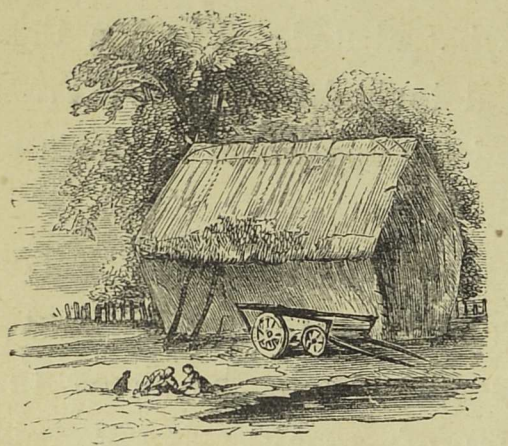
A pretty black spaniel was one day put into the den of one of the largest and fiercest lions in the Tower of London. The little animal threw itself on its back, trembling and holding up its paws, as if imploring mercy. The huge beast turned it over with one paw, and then with the other, and seemed to court its acquaintance. The keeper then brought a portion of the lion's dinner and placed it in the cage. The lion held back from the food, and the dog tremblingly ventured to eat, his fear being somewhat abated. The lion then advanced, and they finished the meal lovingly together. From that day they became firm friends, and the dog would lie down to sleep under the very jaws of the lion.

In about a year the spaniel died. For some time the lion seemed to fancy that his little pet was asleep. He stirred it gently with his nose, but when he found his efforts vain, he shook the place of his confinement with roars of agony. Many vain attempts were made to remove the remains of the spaniel; the keeper tried to tempt the lion with savoury food, but he would not touch it. Sometimes, in his agony, he would grapple the bars of his cage, and when quite spent, would stretch himself by the body of his little friend, gather it to him with his paws and press it to his bosom. "For five days," so ends this beautiful story, related by Mr. Brooke, "he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, or admitting any comfort, till one morning he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on all that remained of his little friend." R. P. S.

GIPSY AND THE CHICKENS.

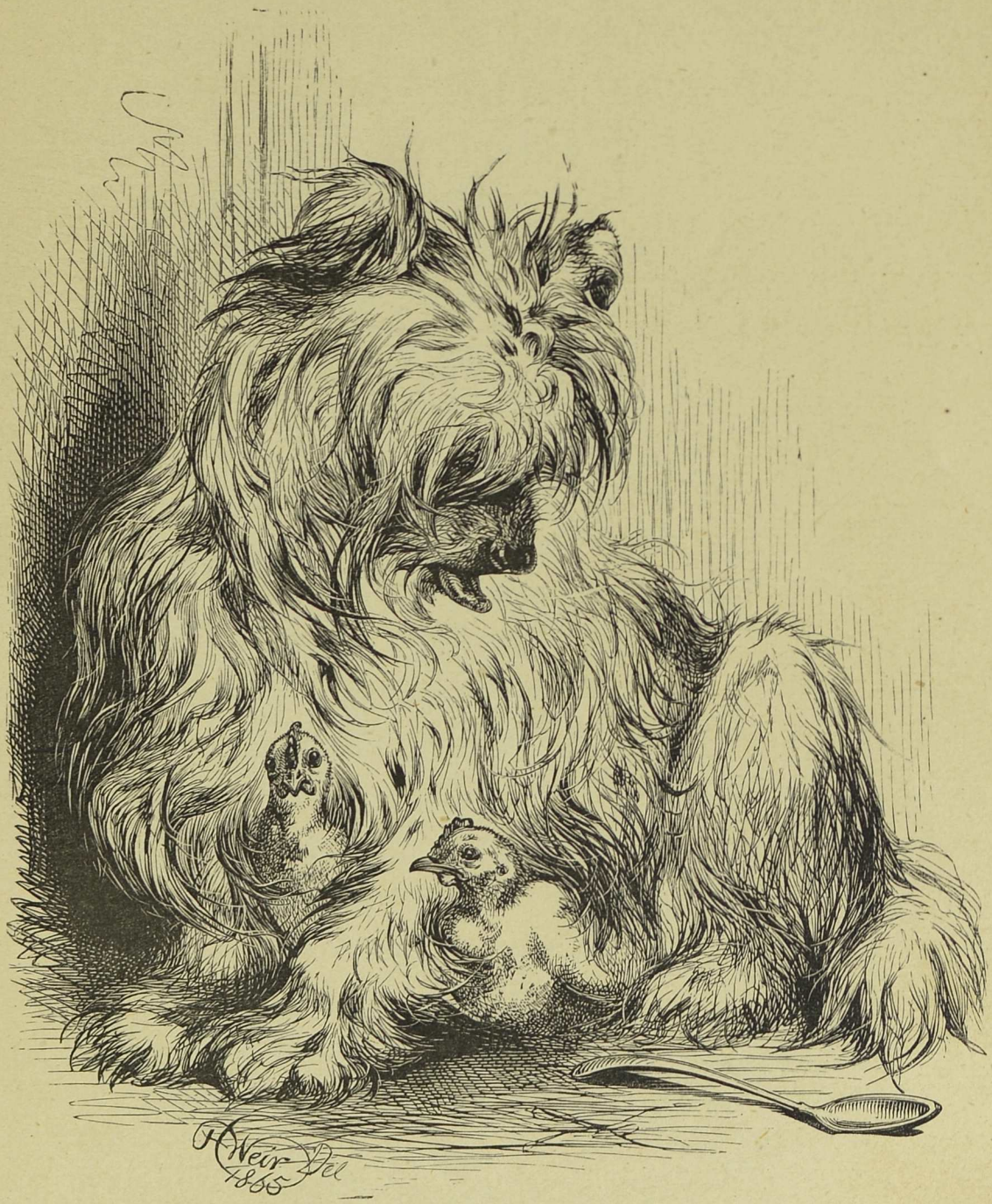
I AM sure my young friends, while admiring pretty Gipsy—and her unusual nurslings, will want to hear all I have to tell about them.

Gipsy lives at Cookham, on the banks of the beautiful Thames.



Gipsy belongs to that particular tribe of dogs called "Skye" terriers; very sagacious dogs they are; with large heads, and very large eyes, though you seldom see *them*, as the hair acts as a veil, and keeps off the wind and dust; those, who having pets, think it a duty—as I hope you and I do—to take care of them, will sponge their eyes every morning with cold water, and then wipe them quite dry; this preserves their sight; they should also be combed once a-day, with a wide-toothed comb, and when washed, every hair should be dried; dogs who are not well dried, after washing, are certain to become rheumatic; suffer much pain, and die young. And now I must tell you how it was that Gipsy came to adopt these two little chickens—who look as if they had not been attended to by their natural mother.

A not very wise hen made a nest behind a haystack at Cookham. I do not think she could have been wise, for she made



GIPSY AND THE CHICKENS.

her nest in the cold month of February; she might have laid her fifteen or sixteen eggs in the warm hen-house, if she had remembered that in the bleak month of March her poor little chickens must find their way out of their shells. Only two came forth at the proper time ; poor puny things, with hardly sufficient down to cover their tiny bodies; and the farm-servant, fearing they would die of cold, brought them to the cook, requesting her to keep them warm. She was a good-natured woman, and to keep the chickens warm and out of danger, she put them in a little basket on the chimney-piece, and fed them there. Gipsy, the dog of the house, was, of course, curious to know what the new pets were, who kept up such a low, soft, chirping; and wondered why the cook boiled and chopped up an egg for them for several mornings. Her curiosity was soon gratified, for the chickens throve famously, and were permitted to run about the kitchen. Instead of being envious or jealous, Gipsy drew them towards her with her paws, laid herself down upon the hearth, licked them, and, as it were, nursed them for hours ; doing it daily, until the head-nurse—cook—found it necessary to shut the pets up, as Gipsy licked off their feathers, as fast as they grew. Poor doggy! she thought chickens required the same treatment as puppies!

But Gipsy was not going to relinquish her charge ; she had adopted the chickens, and resolved to do her duty, according to the best of her ability. She soon discovered their place of concealment, contrived to get them out, one at a time, took them to the hearth, and fondled them as before ; the chickens did not

thrive under this process, and so cook, fearing mischief to them, took them away again, and placed a heavy weight upon the basket, thinking that would prove an effective barrier ; but Gipsy went coolly, next day, to the basket, and after several vain attempts, at last succeeded in releasing her pets, and then took them as before to the hearth.

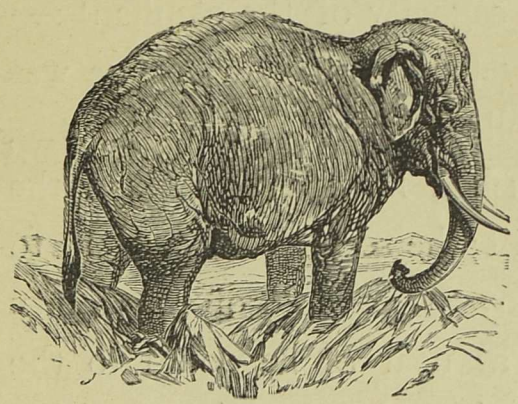
Milder weather came, and the chickens were turned into the farm-yard ; they continued inseparable, and for a long time were much fonder of the kitchen, than of any other place.

Gipsy was sometimes guilty of hunting fowls, but she never molested the children of her adoption. A. M H.

COOKHAM CHURCH.

THE ELEPHANT.

SOME years ago there came to the Scottish town, in which I was residing, a menagerie, to which I was a frequent visitor. Among the animals were two African elephants, named Sambo and Massa. I never entered the menagerie without a pocketful of cakes for them; and whenever I came before their cage they recognised my presence by a joyous shake of their trunks. We soon became very great friends. Sambo and Massa did many strange tricks. This is one of them:—



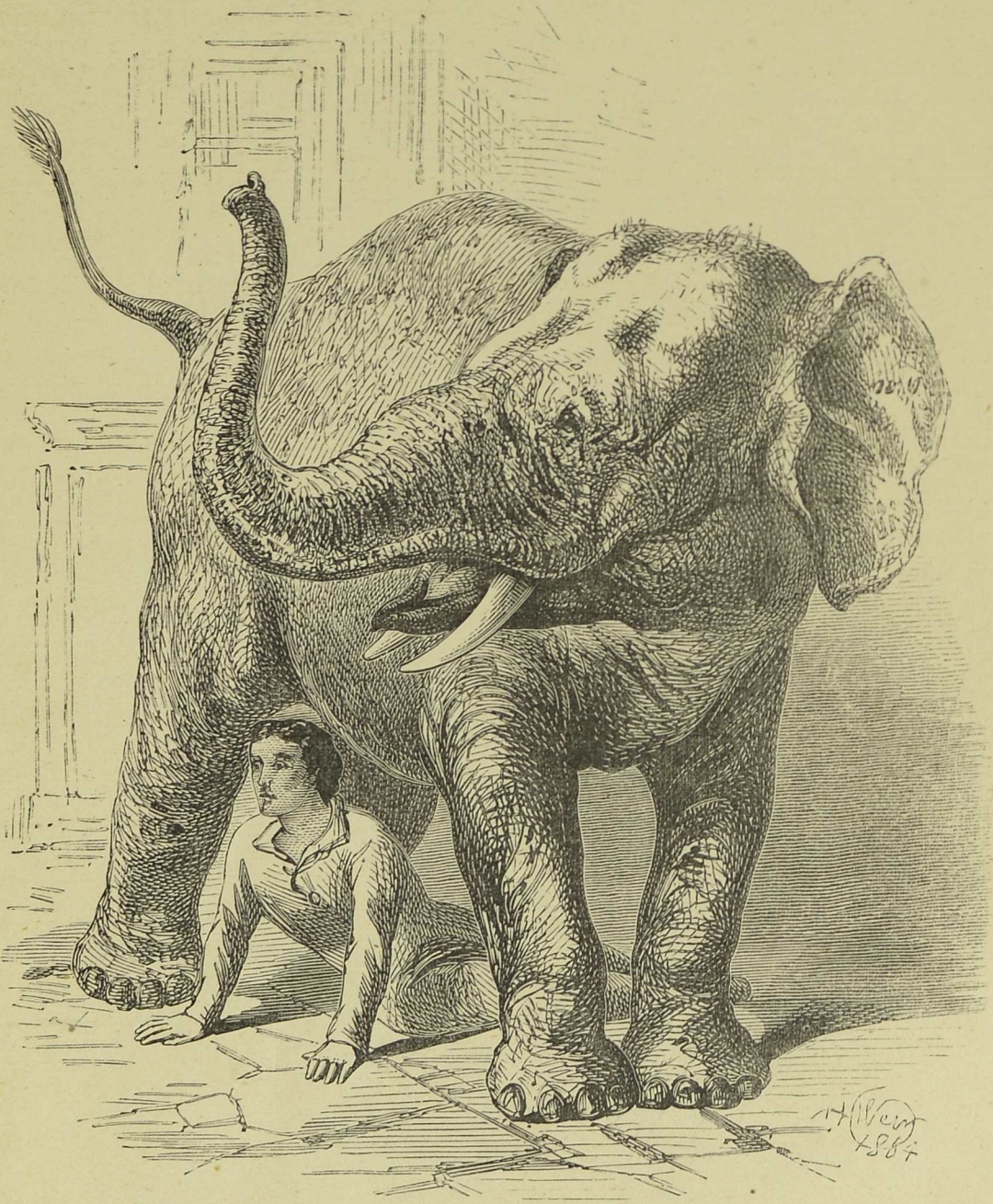
Their keeper, unseen to them, borrowed a coin from one of the company, and placed it in a box ; the cage was then opened, and either Sambo or his mate came out, took the coin from the box, walked round the company, and gave it to the person from whom it had been obtained. Five years after I met one of my friends, Sambo, in a menagerie at the east-end of London, and right glad he was to meet me again. We luncheoned together, the dishes consisting of biscuits and Norwich bun.

The trick the elephant performed with the coin was through the sense of smell, which all elephants possess in great perfection. They

are particularly fond of sweet perfumes. The large elephant, in the Jardins des Plantes, at Paris, was occupied in taking the cake offered to him by the public, when suddenly he drew in his trunk, and followed along the railings of his enclosure a lady who carried a bouquet of flowers. The lady, noticing the movements of the elephant, held the bouquet within his reach, he immediately seized it, and, after inhaling its perfume for a second or two, returned it to the lady in the most polite manner.

The following story illustrates the sagacity of the elephant :— At the exhibition of wild beasts at Exeter Change, an orange was flung into the elephant's cage, and rolled into the adjoining one, which was empty. The elephant pushed his trunk through the bars, but was unable to reach the fruit; he seemed for a time to consider what means he should employ to get hold of the dainty morsel; stretching forth his trunk, as near as he could to the orange, he blew it with such force against the opposite partition that it bounded back to his feet, and was immediately secured.

When M. Lally was Governor of Pondicherry, in the East Indies, all the elephants died through scarcity of food, except one, which was a great favourite, in consequence of his kindness and sagacity. This animal was wandering one day through the town when a man, who had committed a theft, sought refuge from his pursuers under the belly of the elephant. Pleased with the man's confidence, the animal faced about to the crowd, and would not allow anyone to approach. Even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, could not prevail upon him to give up the thief.



THE ELEPHANT AND THIEF.

For three hours the elephant stood on guard, when the Governor, hearing of the affair, came and pardoned the thief. The animal seemed to understand what had happened, for, after the man whom he had protected had embraced him, he became tame in an instant.

In the elephant, gentleness and kindness are combined with sagacity. I saw an elephant in the collection of the late Mr. Wombwell, of which the keeper told me the following story :— The huge animal, while drawing a large caravan along one of the roads leading to London, I think the Kent Road, came upon an infant crawling in its way. The elephant stopped, gently lifted the little one, and removed it to the side, beyond reach of the wheels of the caravan.

God has given us dominion of every living thing that moveth upon the earth. Let us reign over them as merciful kings, not as cruel tyrants.

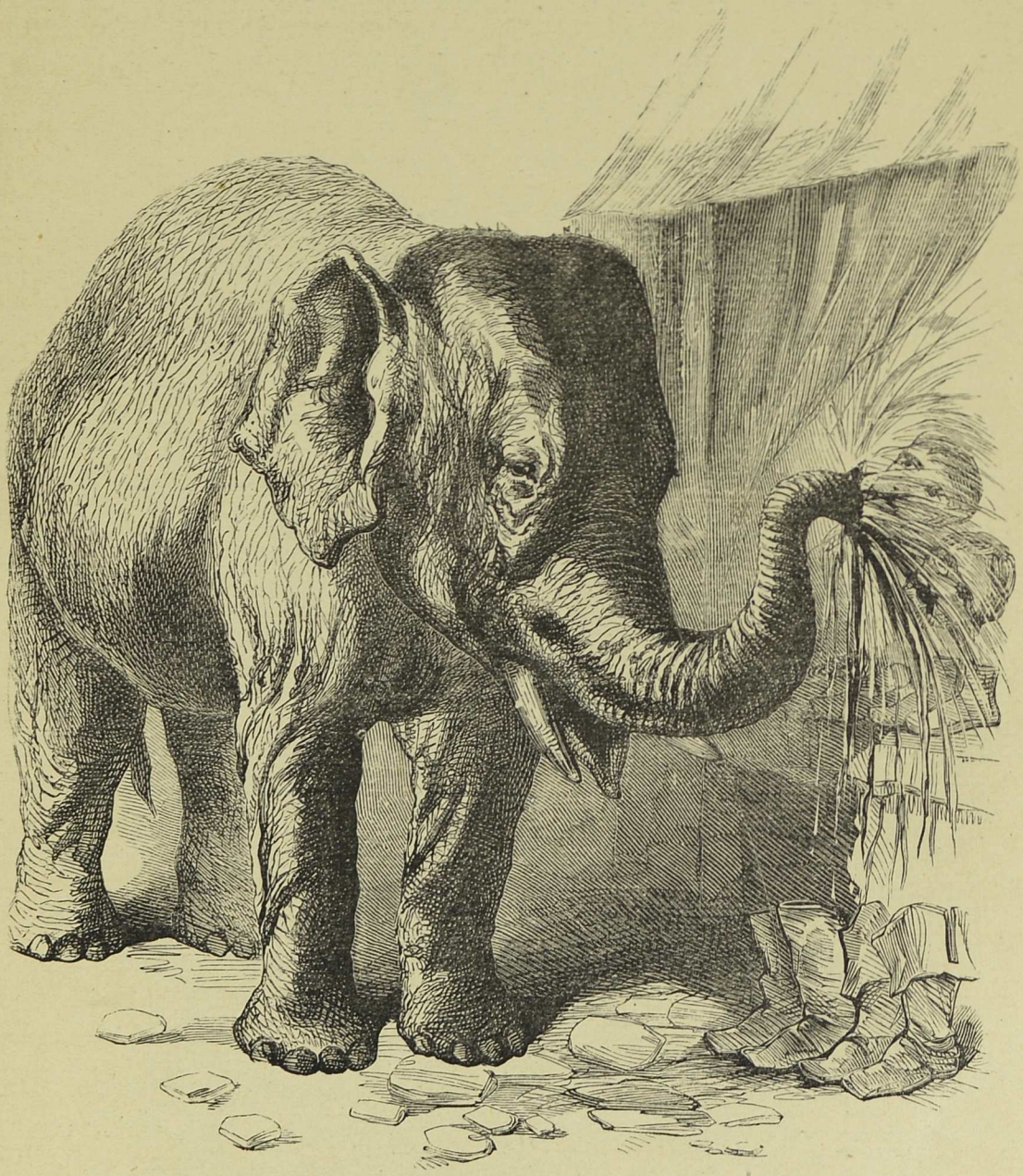
The Rajah Dowlah, in the East Indies, rode one day on his favourite elephant, followed by his train of nobles, to hunt in the neighbourhood of Lucknow,—a place whose name now brings sad thoughts to many an English heart. The hunters had to pass through a valley to which many sick persons had been brought by their friends, to try the healing effects of fresh air and sunshine. As the train approached the place where the sick people lay, their attendants took to flight, leaving their helpless patients to their fate. It would have been easy for the Rajah to have turned aside, but he thought it would afford him fine sport to trample the sufferers down, so he ordered his driver to urge the elephant to its full speed. The

animal stepped forward nimbly, but instantly halted on reaching the first of the sick people. "Stick the beast in the ear," exclaimed the heartless ruler. Again and again did the driver strike the elephant with his sharp goad, but it would not move from the spot. The kind and sagacious animal seeing that the sufferers were unable to move out of his way, and that no one came to help them to do so, gently took them one after the other with his trunk, and laid them to one side, and so passed on to the hunting-ground; rebuking, by his noble conduct, the inhumanity of the heartless savage whom he carried on his back.

Kind and gentle as the elephant is, yet he will not bear being provoked, and, when he has an opportunity, he will punish his tormentors, as the two following stories will show:—

Two cobblers dwelt in a town in which a merchant owned an elephant, whose conduct was so gentle that it was allowed to walk about the streets. One day, passing the stall of some cobblers, they pricked his trunk with their awls, and enjoyed the manner in which it showed the pain they had caused. The animal might easily have killed them on the spot, but he seemed to think them almost beneath his notice. However, he went off to a neighbouring puddle, filled his trunk with the dirty water, walked back to the stall of his tormentors, and treated them to such a muddy shower-bath, that, in future, they did what all wise cobblers have always done, they "stuck to their lasts," and gave up the pricking of elephants' trunks.

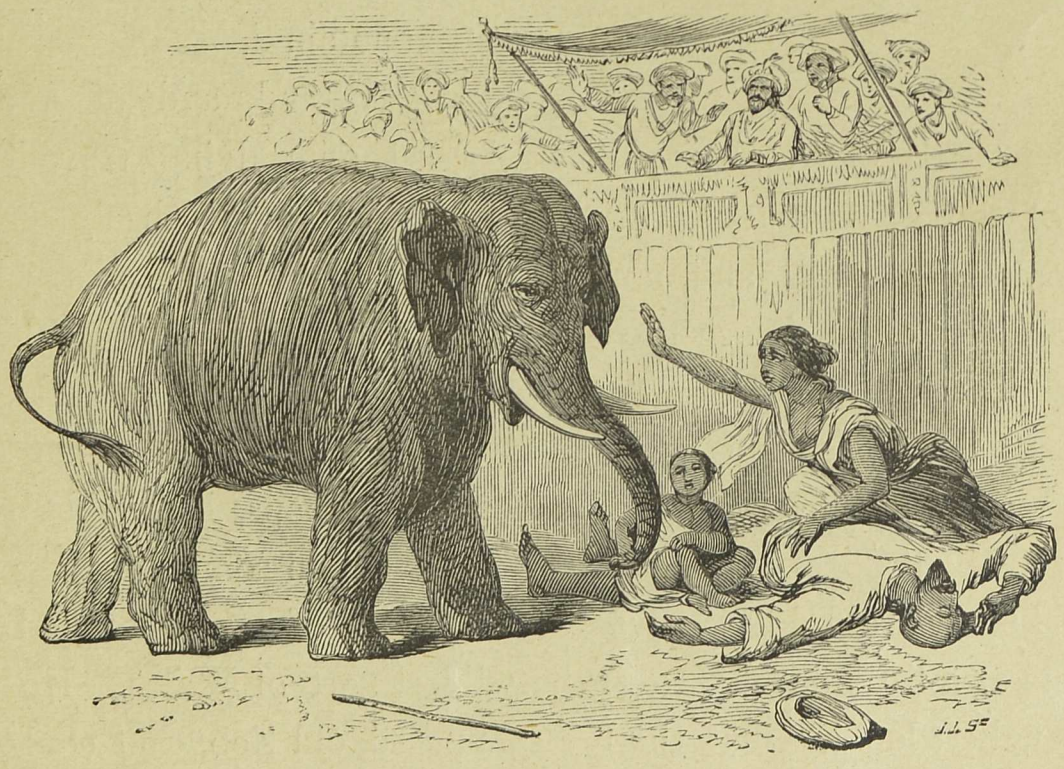
Terrible, at times, is the elephant's revenge. In one of the cruel



THE ELEPHANT AND COBBLERS.

elephant-combats, in the presence of the King of Oude, a strong animal, goaded to madness by his keeper, turned on him and killed him. Instantly a woman, with a child in her arms, ran to where the body lay, crying out, "Savage beast! you have killed my husband, now kill me and his son!" The elephant showed signs of remorse. He took his foot off the body, and stood by with a downcast head, respecting the woman's grief. "Let the woman lead the elephant away," shouted the King, "he will attend to her." The woman called to the huge animal, and he followed her like a pet lamb. From that day he would have no other keeper but her.

R. P. S.



OLD ZEB.

So many capital stories have been told already about the intelligence and fidelity of dogs, that it is rather difficult to narrate any new ones fit to stand beside them. I cannot say anything new about those wild, fox-like dogs which band themselves together to hunt tigers, and even lions; or the dogs which wander without a master throughout the towns of Asia, asking charity by their howlings and half-famished looks; or of those noble mountain-dogs of Switzerland, of Scotand, and of Wales, which seek out and rescue benighted and dying travellers; or of those fine mastiffs, English and Spanish, which fly at the throats of robbers and murderers, and pin them down while the officers of justice secure them; or of those shaggy old sheep-dogs that can manage a flock as well as any shepherd. Yes, I think I can tell something about one of the latter, which I am sure the reader has never yet read, although, perhaps, if he has read much about dogs, he will be sure to have seen something like it.

I knew an old dog, he was fifteen years of age, that had his home at a little farmhouse in the wildest part of Wales. He was the ugliest-looking, but the best-tempered, old Zeb, that could be

THE SHEPHERD-DOG'S AFFECTION.

seen anywhere throughout the Principality. We called him Zeb, as short for Zebra, which name he got in the first instance, from the number of stripes on his coat.

Zeb was a clever linguist, for he knew both English and Welsh; his master speaking to him always in the latter, and his pretty young mistress always using the former, language.

There were eight men-servants and four maid-servants on the farm, but his master would have sooner parted with the best of them any day, than have lost old Zeb, toothless and half-blind though he was. I will just give you one day in Zeb's life, that you may see of what value he was to his master.

In the morning he would by himself conduct a flock of sheep to some nice sweet grass that was growing on the mountain-side, about two miles off. The sheep would go on as orderly before him as if they were soldiers, and he were the sergeant ; not one would straggle out of the regular track, for the deep bark of Zeb was terrible to the sheep, although he had no teeth—of which fact the sheep were probably ignorant. Then Zeb, having seen them in their accustomed place, would scamper down the hill again, and take his seat on an old horseblock that stood in the farm-yard, from which he could see what the flock was about. They seldom wandered from the spot to which they were taken, but if they showed any signs of doing so, away Zeb would rush with all his might, barking until the hills echoed again, and when he reached them, he would first scatter them in all directions by his indignant growls at their ungrateful behaviour, and then

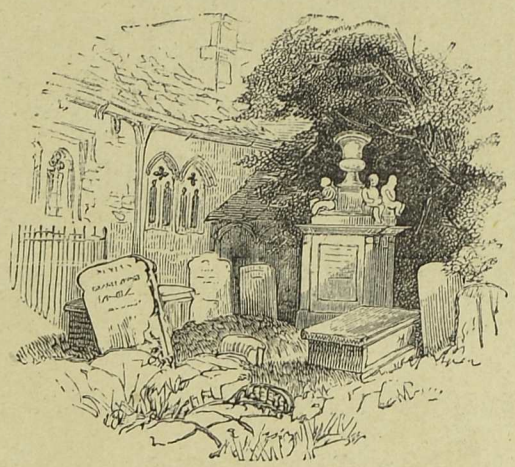
collect them altogether once more. After this exhibition of spirit, he would return to his old post of observation, but more slowly this time, as if he would make the sheep know that he could be with them in a minute, if they were inclined to transgress again. As a rule, he always went up at dinner-time to see how they were getting on, and when his master came into the farm-yard, old Zeb would be there wagging his tail, as much as to tell him the sheep were all right. In the evening, without being told, as soon as he saw the men come in to supper, he would go off to the hill, and the sheep, seeing him coming, would collect together and watch him all the way up. They did not offer to move until Zeb arrived; he would have been very angry with them if they had done so; but when he took his position in the rear, then they orderly descended.

This was old Zeb's work with the sheep; but he had great work also with the tramps, particularly with the drovers, who allowed their little black cattle to stray in at the yard gate. Wouldn't Zeb have them out in a trice, if they were so unfortunate, and wouldn't he give a sound lecture to the drovers, who could not do their work any better than that? It was part of his work also, to see that the ducks and geese did not get into the fields of standing corn. His master had but to cry, "Hi, Zeb," and away the faithful creature would rush, until, what between his deep barking, and the cackling and screaming of the geese, the little homestead was quite in an uproar.

This was Zeb's daily life for many years, but at last he got

quite blind and feeble, and the last time I was at the farm, there was a little stone slab, in among the pines at the farm-yard gate, pointing out the place where faithful old Zeb was buried. I feel sure, that had he survived his master, he would have mourned for him as any true shepherd-dog always will.

The grief which this faithful creature is capable of is well told in our illustration, where the dog is seen with wistful, sorrowful face, watching by the bedside of his master, who lies dead in a poor hut. Many stories could be told of dogs who could not be got to leave the room where their poor masters were lying. The shepherd of Mr. Reuton, of Lammerton, in pursuing a sheep that had run down the steep bank of Blackadder Water, fell into the river, and was drowned. His dog, however, who was with him at the time, returned home the next morning, and led the poor shepherd's widow to the spot, holding her by the apron. The body was found, and the dog followed it to the grave. He died of grief a few days afterwards. D. J. E.



THE CHAFFINCHES AND THE NEST.

"For what will you sell me your pencil-case, Taylor?" asked one boy of another, as they were leisurely sauntering home from the village school, one fair Spring afternoon.

"Sixpence," was the answer.

"I haven't got sixpence, but I'll tell you what I'll give you; a chaffinch's nest—a real beauty."

"Agreed; when will you get it?"

"To-morrow, if you'll promise to take the trouble to get lame Ralph to walk with you as far as your house, for half-an-hour."

"All right. I'm off now. Good-bye."

Taylor walked directly home; but his companion, Ned Locke, went a little way out of the town, till he came to a small cottage with a pretty garden. At the door, a lame boy, of about nine years, was standing, leaning on his crutches.

He seemed pleased to see Ned Locke; it was a rare thing to get a visit from one of his robust friends and former schoolfellows. Since Ralph had become lame, through a fall from a ladder, he had not had much of the company of his healthy young friends.

THE CHAFFINCHES' NEST.

After greeting him, Ned said, "Let's have a look at your chaffinches, Ralph!"

"I'm almost afraid to go near them, Ned, now the hen's sitting. But we'll creep down, and try to get a peep at them."

Ralph led the way, hobbling on his crutches, down the long garden at the back, where some young apple-trees stood. From one of them issued continuous melody.

"Listen!" said Ralph, his pale thin face flushing with delight.

"Yes, but I want to see them!" said Ned.

"Oh, don't terrify them away," said Ralph, anxiously. "Look, I wouldn't do anything to disturb them for five pounds. Ned, if you will climb the wall and stand straight up, I think you can see the pretty hen-bird on the nest."

Ralph watched him wistfully as he began to climb the wall. In a moment or two, Ned said in a whisper, "Yes, there they are, regular beauties! Isn't he singing away!"

It was indeed a lovely sight. There, among the delicate blossoms, was the beautiful little nest, in which Dame Chaffinch was patiently sitting upon the pretty tiny eggs, while her faithful mate was perched on a branch close by, cheering her with some of his sweetest notes. It was a sight to awaken admiration, but not such envy as arose in Ned's heart. If he had dared, he would there and then have ruthlessly driven the happy birds away, and robbed them of their treasure.

"I must wait a bit," he muttered to himself, as he descended from the wall.

"Aren't they pretty? I should love to be able to get up and see them," said Ralph. "Mother and I prize them very much; we are quite thankful that they chose our garden to settle in."

"Yes; it's very nice to have them here. I wonder you don't take the eggs and string them up: they look so pretty."

"Oh, Ned, I wouldn't touch them. The poor birds would die of grief."

"Not they," said Ned, "they don't feel anything. I say, Ralph," he added, "can't I go home this way over the end wall?"

"Yes, if you like," answered Ralph, little suspecting that he only wanted to familiarize himself with the way, that he might enter the garden by stealth on the morrow.

Before going, he asked Ralph where his mother was, and learned that she went out to work every day except Saturday, which Ned considered favourable to his plans. She was a poor widow, and Ralph was her only child.

The next day at noon, Ralph was surprised by a visit from Fred Taylor. The weather was fine, and he asked Ralph to come and stroll along the road towards the town. The boy was still more surprised and gratified; and he asked endless questions about school-life, and hoped he would soon be strong enough to return to school himself, though he was lame.

They stayed out about half-an-hour, and then Ralph returned to his home, cheered and much livelier than usual. During the still sunny afternoon, he went out in the back-garden, to enjoy being near his chaffinches; but what was his surprise to see them

both fluttering among the trees, uttering cries of distress! They had been robbed of their home and treasures.

Poor birds! there was no mistake about it. Ralph leaned heavily on his crutches, bowed his head, and wept at the distress which he could not alleviate, for the loss which was utterly irreparable. He longed for his mother's coming, to see if she could do anything; but when she came she was powerless to do anything, and her distress quite equalled Ralph's. What was theirs, though, compared to that of the birds themselves, upon whom night was settling down, and who had no soft warm resting-place as usual? Tender-hearted little Ralph could not bear to think of going to bed and leaving them homeless and shelterless.

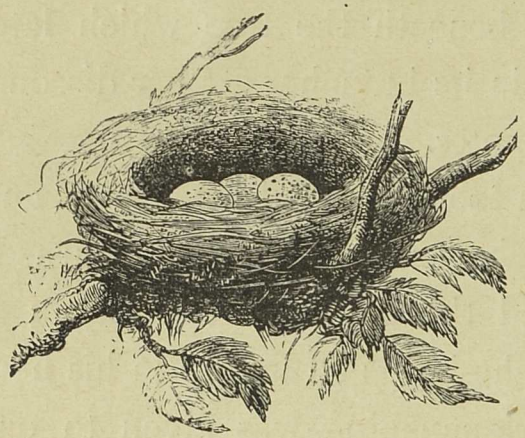
The next day brought him fresh cause for grief; the poor little hen-bird lay dead beneath the tree which lately contained her happy home; and in its branches sat her disconsolate mate, uttering most mournful notes.

By-and-by Ralph took the dead bird away, and buried it; and the solitary chaffinch went away, and returned no more. Ned Locke had obtained the coveted pencil-case; and Fred Taylor had got the chaffinches' eggs strung up in his home. The nest—that marvel of workmanship—was given to one of his younger brothers, who eventually pulled it to pieces, and scattered it to the winds.

Ralph found out who was the depredator, and sorrowfully reproached him, until Ned Locke felt the sincerest regret for what he had done. He offered to save up his money, and buy lame

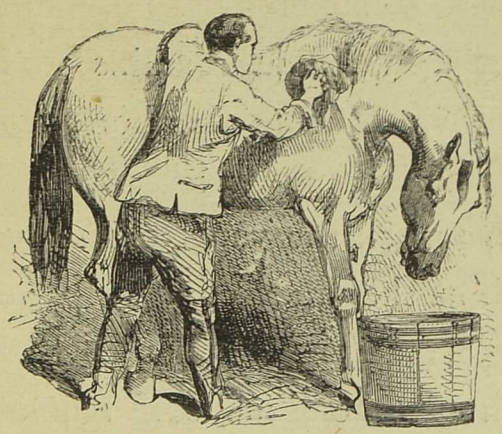
Ralph a canary, or any other bird he might choose ; but Ralph declined the offer, saying it would not mend matters. All the money in the world, and all the skill of man, could not restore that lovely little nest to the blossomy tree, the eggs to the nest, and the happy birds to both. Truly, the destruction was utterly irreparable. Boys, think of this before you attempt to disturb a bird's-nest, and spare the innocent creatures pain, and yourselves regret.

NELSIE BROOK.



THE WHIP OF STRAW.

It is very pleasing to know that in the present day, the saying is fast passing into a proverb, "A good coachman needs no whip." When we think of the kindness of the Divine Being in giving man



such a noble, such a majestic, and, withal, such a loving creature as the horse, to be his helper amid scenes of pleasure and of toil, of conflict and of peace, it is indeed a return the most ungrateful, when such a good and patient creature receives the treatment it has so long received in England.

It is now, we are glad to say, becoming the rule to see what kindness can do with horses instead of cruelty. Of this, a very good illustration recently came under our notice.

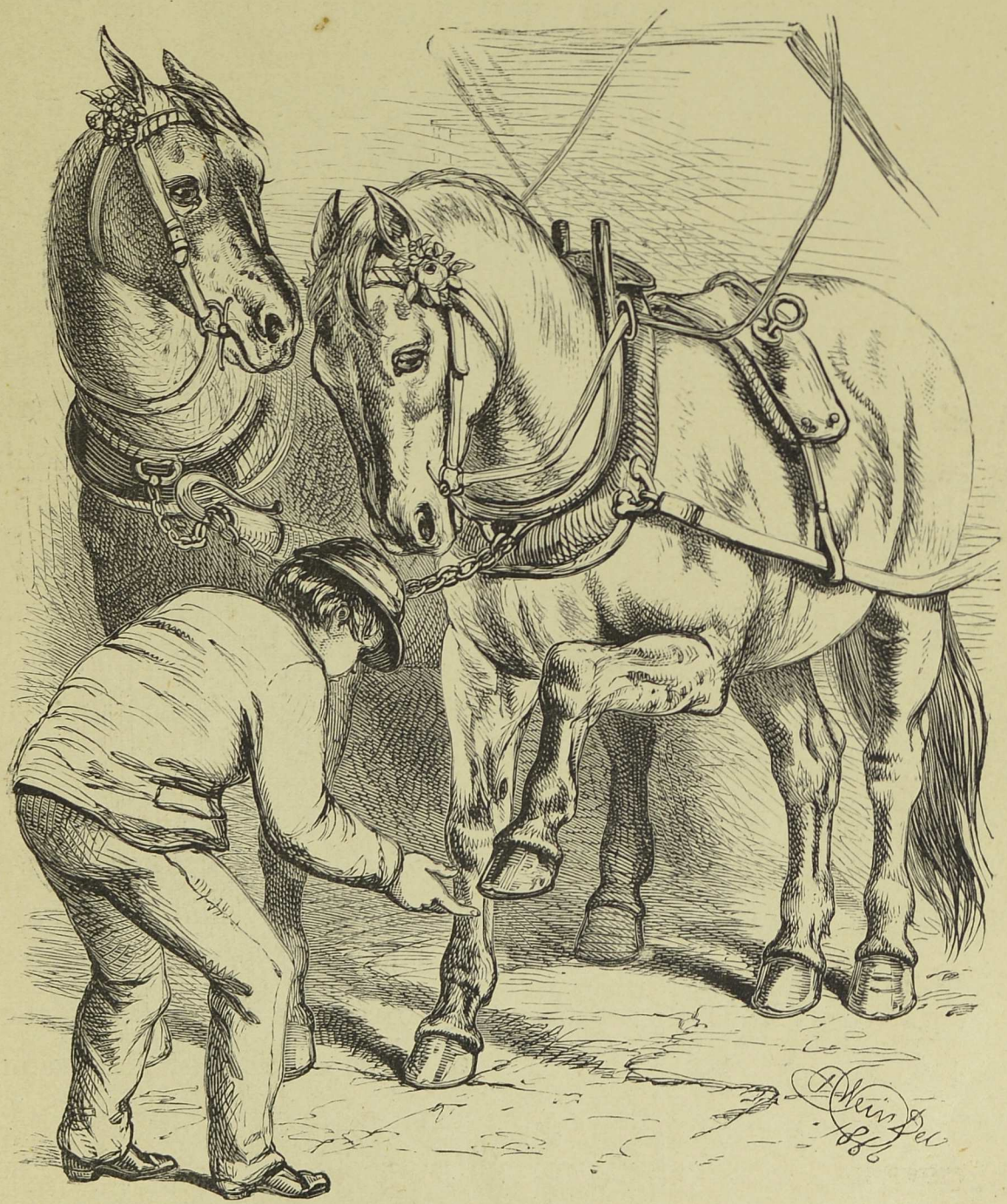
One day last summer, a driver belonging to the Great Northern Railway Goods Station, had occasion to pass through the Quadrant Road, Highbury New Park, to deliver a parcel. Upon nearing one of the houses, he was seen by a lady in the window, who immediately said to some friends staying with her, "Here comes the kind driver; do come and see what power he has over his horses." The friends accordingly came to the window, when

Benjamin Smithson, the driver in question, was asked by the lady "to shake hands" with his horses. With great good humour he at once complied. Standing in front of the pair of horses, he called out, "Tom! shake hands;" when instantly the near horse lifted up his right foot, and, after a good shake, the driver said, "Now, Tom, the other!" up went the foot instantly. The driver then went in front of the other horse, when a similar scene occurred.

Perhaps, however, the most pleasing incident remains to be told. Retreating backwards several yards from the horses, he cried out, "Now, Tom, turn round, and come on!" Instantly the horses pulled away at their load, turned the van right round, without the slightest need of so much as the crack of a whip, and followed the clever driver, as the dog would the shepherd. Such an instance shows clearly how much can be done with animals, but especially with the horse, simply by the power of kindness. "The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is doing a good work in the *punishment* of the *cruel;* but would it not be an equally good work if they would *reward* the *kind?* Men like Benjamin Smithson richly deserve their "MEDALS," or "Certificates of Honour."

A horse, who had evidently been well-treated by his driver, was one day seen to run up a hill, although he had a cart behind him heavily laden with building materials, the driver merely running in front and playfully calling out, "Come along, Bob!"

There may now be seen in the Caledonian Road, a little pony



"NOW, TOM, THE OTHER FOOT!"

who is managed entirely without a whip, his driver carrying a bit of straw in his hand instead. The little pony obeys the voice of his master with the docility of a dog. He has but to say, "Tom, come here a little;" or, "Tom, a little further;" and pony, just as if he could do every thing but say "Yes" in reply, instantly does what he is told. Upon the driver being asked if he did not sometimes use a whip, he replied, "Oh, sir, if I were to use a whip, he would *feel* it;" meaning that little pony would be as much hurt in mind as in body, by being treated so.

The policemen of London are very vigilant in cases where poor horses are driven, that from wounds or general weakness, are in an unfit state to be out of the stable, and they deserve the best thanks of those who are interested in the prevention of cruelty to animals.

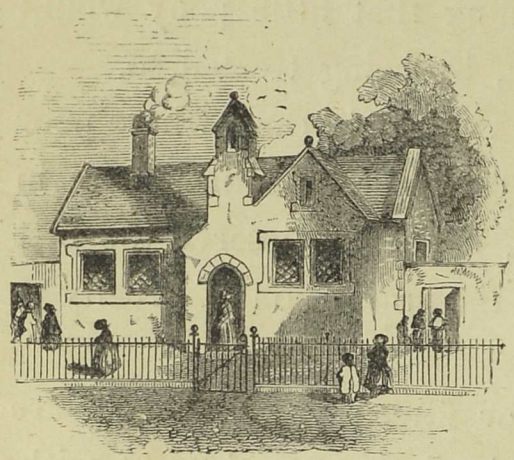
Young drivers, boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age, are sometimes among the most cruel "whips" that can be met with. Although the horse may be running at his utmost speed, and willing with the generosity of his nature to go yet faster, yet not content, his driver thoughtlessly and cruelly lashes him, until he is fit to drop with agony! And yet if the driver were thrown out, the poor horse would suddenly stop still, and avoid trampling upon the cruel boy who had used him so shamefully.

We trust our young readers—who are all of them, no doubt, ambitious to become drivers—will always remember the words we want to hear more and more frequently repeated, "A good coachman needs no whip."

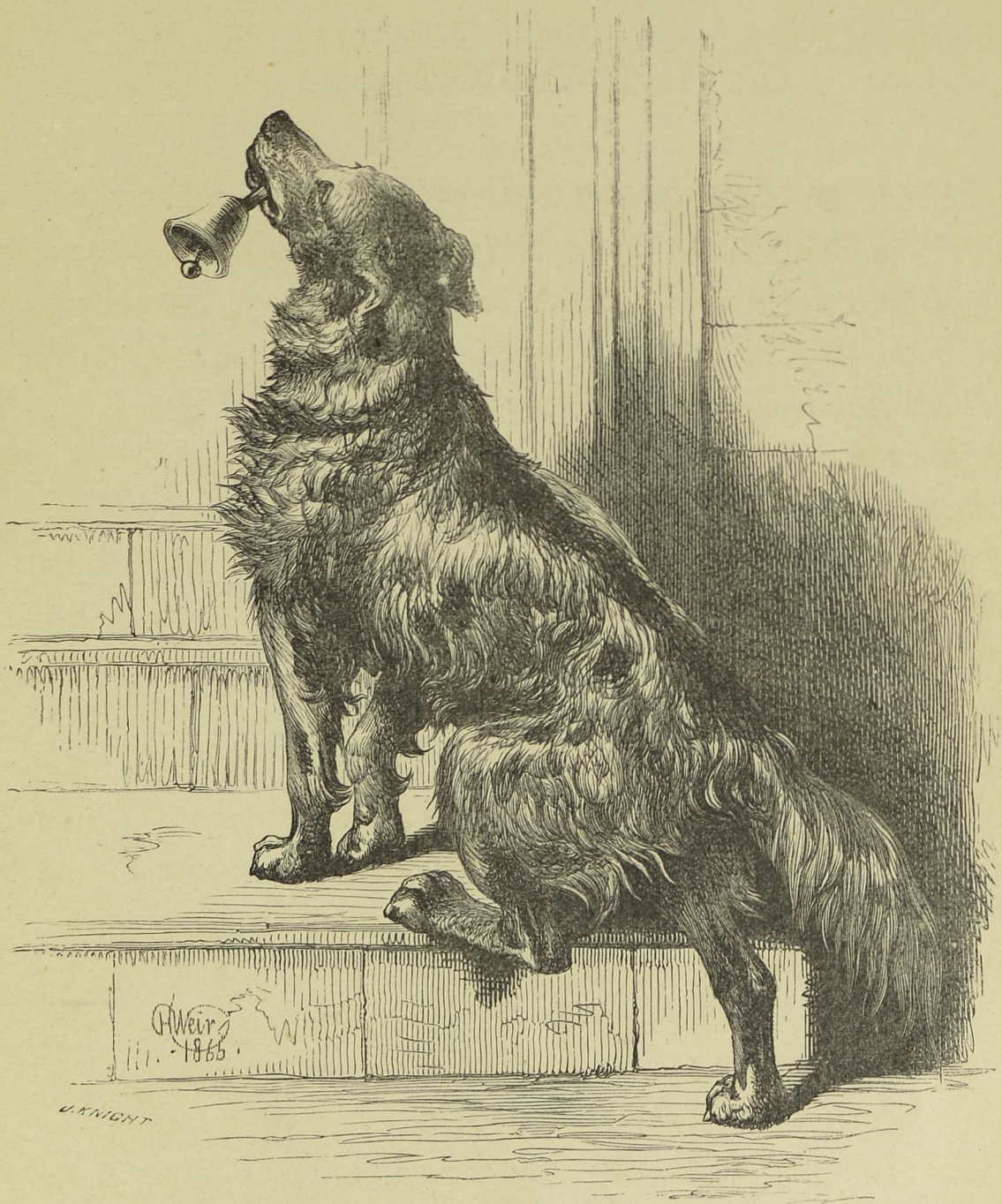
D. J. E.

FAITHFUL CHUM.

CHUM is a dog of renown, although we have no startling incidents to state of him, such as have given celebrity to many dogs. But those trustworthy and companionable qualities which make the dog man's friend, are ever worthy of mention, particularly when they have, as in this case, been trained and developed by kindness.



Many of the Sunday-school children at Evesham when they have their annual treat, would not think the sports complete unless they had a favourite playfellow named Chum on the grounds, to add to, and share their festivities. Chum is a handsome black retriever, belonging to Mr. Dodwell, and his education and training has been so carefully attended to, that his intelligence was very remarkable. When Chum was no more than a year old, he had not only learned to be obedient and grateful and watchful, but he made himself of use in various ways. By day he is mostly fastened up in a backyard to guard the premises, and though this often makes dogs very fierce, and Chum's bark is as loud and ready as a watch-dog's should be, he is by no means savage. His love and gentleness to all whom he knows is very



CHUM AND THE BELL.

marked. At night he is allowed to have the range of the lower part of the house, and there is a hand-bell, with a leather thong to it, that stands by the hob of the kitchen-grate. At six o'clock in the morning, Chum will take the thong of this bell in his mouth, and go upstairs, and ring it at all the bedroom doors; along a passage, and so rouse the apprentices and others. Of course, at first he was taught to do this, and exercised in it, but it was very remarkable that he should do it afterwards of himself, and know the right time. Probably hearing the sounds of footsteps in the street, is the way he judges of the time.

This incident, and many amusing tricks of this sensible dog, were related by an eye-witness in the April number, 1865, of the "Band of Hope Review," and being read by a working-man in the "Black Country," he made a visit to Bengeworth, the district of Evesham, where Chum lives, to see for himself whether the statement was correct, and then he saw how Chum did the work of an errand-boy between the two shops belonging to Mr. Dodwell, carrying a basket in his mouth, and delivering letters and parcels from the lower to the upper shop. Also, when told to make haste back, how he always refused to remain; so that when asked, he runs to the door, beating with his foot to show that he must not stay; how the one word "*Mine*," uttered in reference to any bit of meat put before Chum is quite sufficient to prevent his taking it, but how, as soon as he understands that the interdict is removed, by the word "*Yours*" being said, he will instantly take it.

These, and his sportive ways, so gratified the visitor, that he said, "The half has not been told about Chum."

At family worship the dog knows his place under a chair, and remains in profound quiet while it lasts. On Sabbath-days, the closed shop and the extra quiet, seems to dispose him to rest and quietude, so that he is then never troublesome with his frolics. Sometimes on other days, his gaiety is very great.

When he was a puppy, he was taught to jump up and take off a cap or hat from the head of the wearer, and as he became a large dog this was rather a startling kind of amusement, but a word was enough to check him, and it was amusing the gentleness with which he would replace the cap.

When scolded for any impatience, or other fault, the way in which he will droop his head, and lift his paw as if asking forgiveness, is a lesson to children to confess their faults and receive admonition meekly. Take him altogether, Chum is as diligent, brave, intelligent and loving a dog as ever lived.

The writer never saw *contrition* so marked in one of his race, as one evening when Chum for a moment lost his temper. He was no doubt tired of carrying things from the house to the other shop, and was lying down comfortably before the fire, at his master's feet. His mistress passed him, and the skirt of her dress touched his face ; he lifted up his head impatiently, and gave a little low growl, something like a saucy threat. "Oh, Chum, you unkind dog, to behave so to me," said his mistress. Chum reared himself instantly, and looked round the room, as if confused.

"Bad dog," said his master, gravely ; then sitting on his haunches, Chum raised one of his fore-paws, and rested it on his master's knee, while he dropped his head and ears nearly to the ground. If ever penitence was expressed by a dumb creature, Chum showed it then, while his paw on his master's knee, was like a hand uplifted to ask pardon.

I thought, in his attitude and look, I had seen all the changes of feeling that an intelligent child might experience, who had done wrong ; first shame, then sorrow, then entreaty. Of course, Chum was forgiven, and then having gratefully fondled his master and mistress, he stretched himself, and slept comfortably, as wise and honest a dog as any in England.

His good nature to children is so well known, that the little urchins in the street all love the faithful Chum, and it afforded no small amusement to two persons walking in Bengeworth one day, to hear a little boy reprove one younger than himself, for being afraid of the dog.

"What's the matter ? Don't you be afeard ! It's only 'Chum Dodwell ;'" thus dubbing the dog with his master's name.

Chum is also very contented, for though he is a merry playful dog, he has to be tied up in the yard all day long, and that must be unpleasant to him, but he submits cheerfully, and though he has a loud bark, and a stern growl for intruders in the yard, yet his eyes fill with a loving gleam when any of the family pass him, or say a word to him.

Chum is a dog that tries to improve, and every day to learn

something more. It is very amusing to see him sit on a stool with a hat on his head, and a stick between his paws ; his honest black face looking keen and grave. In this attitude he will sometimes mind the shop, giving a short bark like a call when any one comes in. Indeed, many of the people in the town of Evesham where Chum lives, say, " He can do everything but talk."

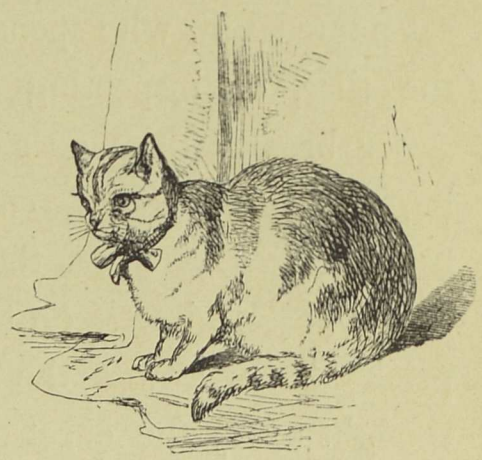
Now all these fine qualities shown in a dumb creature, are not only very interesting, but very instructive. Many boys and girls might learn obedience, gratitude, fidelity and industry from Chum, and, if it is right to " seek truth where'er 'tis found," there is wisdom in noticing what is excellent in those dumb creatures whom God, in His mercy, has put under our care, and of whose treatment at our hands, He will require an account.

We have very little claim to be called reasonable creatures, if we are not kind and merciful to our dumb friends and companions.

C. L. B.

SAGACITY OF CATS.

Numerous books have been written about dogs, horses, and other animals, but it remained for Lady Cust to write a pretty little interesting book about cats. In this work, she says, "The Almighty formed every creature 'for the service of man;' and with the gift of dominion over every living thing, it became man's duty, as well as his interest, to study and investigate their *capacities* to serve Him, and, in return for these services, it was surely meant that he should also study their diseases, attend to their comforts, and not ill-use them."

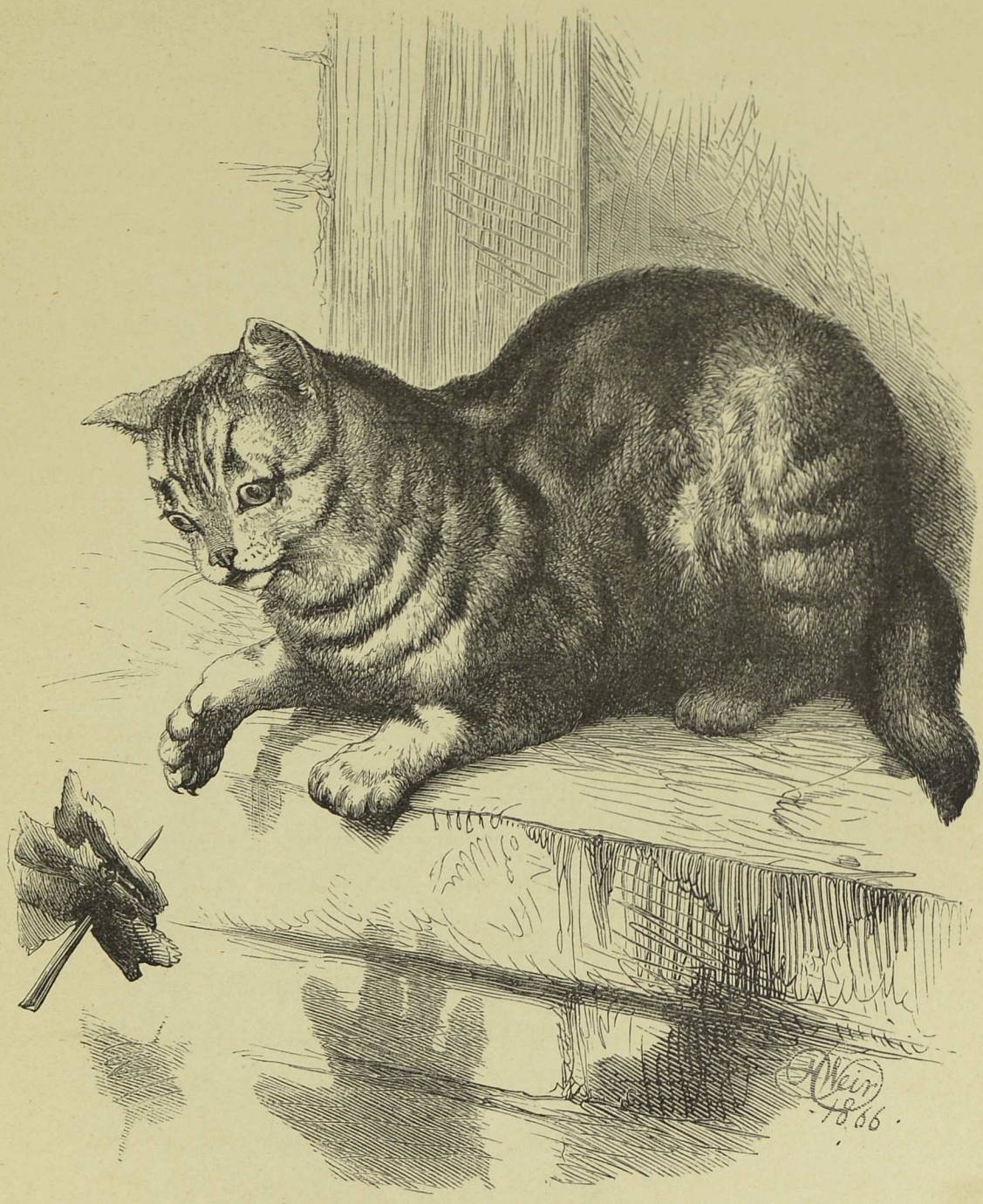


A cat, apart from the service it renders, is also a cheering companion, and the study of its habits always give delight. The picture on the following page is the faithful representation of a scene witnessed by the artist. He was passing through Peckham, and following closely behind a cat's-meat-man, saw him throw the skewered meat up to a first-floor window, at which sat a cat, who caught it with his paw, and disappeared inside the house to devour it at his leisure.

"Well, that's wonderful!" said the artist.

"Oh! not at all, sir," replied the meat-man; "Tom does that every day. I used to ring the bell, and hand the meat in at the door, but one day, Tom got so impatient when the door was not opened quickly, that he popped out of the window there, and mewed to me, as much as to say, 'Pitch my dinner up here,' and I did so, and have done so ever since."

London cats seem to know the exact minute, at which the meat-man will make his appearance in the street. I have a black cat named Bill, who spends the most of the day in rambling over the tiles, or inspecting the stalls of an adjoining stable-yard. After breakfast, he goes off upon his tour, and in vain shall I go into the garden and call, "Bill, Bill!" he comes not at my summons. But when the hour of 2 P.M. approaches he comes home, places himself on the mat behind the outer door, and with pricked ears awaits the coming of the meat-man. I one day thought to try the effect of not allowing Bill to get to the mat at his proper time. He had sat all the forenoon at my side, showing no desire to leave me, but when the cat's-meat-man's time of coming drew near he began to wander up and down the room uneasily. After doing this for a short time, he nudged my ankles with his head. I pretended not to understand the cause of his uneasiness. Again he poked my ankles with his head, and more vigorously than before. Still I heeded not. The meat-man rapped at the door, and the sound caused Bill to crook his back, and mew in a most extraordinary manner. Still I heeded not, until Bill roused me from my apparent neglect of his entreaties, by grinding my right



"PITCH MY DINNER UP HERE."

foot with his teeth in a style that made me leap from my chair, and open the door as speedily as I could, but not too soon for Bill.

The following is one of many instances of the sagacity of the cat. Mr. Jonathan Couch tells us that there was a small cupboard in his father's house, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table ; and the door was secured with a lock, which, from age and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked ; but accident led to the detection of the offender. On watching, very carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table; and by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges.

Nine hundred years ago cats were held in such esteem, in Southern Wales, that Howel the Good, the king of that country instituted laws respecting them. One of these was that, "If any person stole the cat that guarded the granaries of the Prince, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, with its fleece, and lamb.

R. P. S.

AFFECTION OF THE SHEEP.

WHENEVER I see those poor Italian boys who have been wiled away from their native country, to pipe to the people of a strange land, a certain shepherd boy rises up in my memory, who, six hundred years ago, as he watched his flock on the hills that look down on Florence, spent his leisure in piping to the sheep, and making sketches of a favourite ewe or lamb, "with a stone slightly pointed, upon a smooth clean piece of rock." This little boy, Giotto Bondone, became the greatest of Italian painters, and ever took delight in portraying the gentle creatures in whose company he had passed his boyhood.

The sheep is not so sagacious as many other animals, but none can excel it in its affection for its young. Mr. Collet, of Evesham, some time since was walking with a lady through the meadows of Upper Slaughter, in the county of Gloucester. The path lay within about one hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow. Mr. Collet and his companion had gone about half-way over the fields, when an ewe came up to them, bleating very loudly, and then ran off towards the brook.

ITALIAN SHEPHERD-BOY.

Three times did the ewe come to them, bleating, and then running towards the brook ; but Mr. Collet continued to walk on, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when for a fourth time the ewe came after them, and seemed more earnest, if possible, than before. He then followed the ewe towards the brook, and when she saw him advance she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times.

When they came to the brook, the ewe peeped over the edge of a hillock into the water, looked up in his face, and bleated in the most piteous manner. Mr. Collet stepped forward, and looking down saw her lamb standing close under the bank, with the water nearly over its back. He instantly drew it out, and the ewe looking up at him, uttered several sounds very different from those she had uttered before, evidently expressive of her gratitude.

Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has written many wonderful and beautiful stories about sheep ; among these is one of an ewe and her dead lamb, whose body was left in the field. For the first eight days he visited her every morning and evening, and never found her above two or three yards from the dead lamb. She eyed him long ere he came near her, and kept stamping with her foot to frighten away the dog who got a regular chase twice a-day as he passed by. The weather grew fine and warm, aud the dead lamb soon decayed ; but still the affectionate and desolate mother kept hanging over the poor remains with an affection that seemed ever to increase. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it

every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time, until at length every remnant of the lamb vanished, mixing with the soil, or being wafted away by the winds. This story shows strongly the deep motherly affection of the sheep; but surely it would have been an act of humanity if the shepherd had removed the dead lamb.

This same writer tells a singular story of the affection of a sheep for the place of its birth. It was born at Harehope in Tweeddale, and sold, and driven to a farm in Glen Lyon, upwards of one hundred miles distant. In process of time she produced a lamb, and then it seems that the memory of her early days rose before her, and she determined to revisit the scenes of her youth, She had never travelled the road, except when she was first driven from home, yet she set off with the lamb following her, and which she was often obliged to hurry on by impatient bleatings. She was heard of in various places, she was always pursuing the direct road, she was nine days on the journey, and at length safely reached her native farm, where she died of old age in her seventeenth year.

What a shocking sight it is to see some drovers hurrying the timid and gentle sheep along, by setting on their dogs to chase and terrify them, until they sometimes drop half-dead with fright and exhaustion. The Italian shepherd boy whom you see in the picture, piping to his flock, in the bright southern sunshine, never *drives* them to field or fold. He walks before them, playing his pipe it may be, and they follow after him. It is a well-known

fact that when foreign sheep are sent over to this country they refuse to be driven, but whenever the drover places himself at their head, they go willingly in whatever direction he may choose to go.

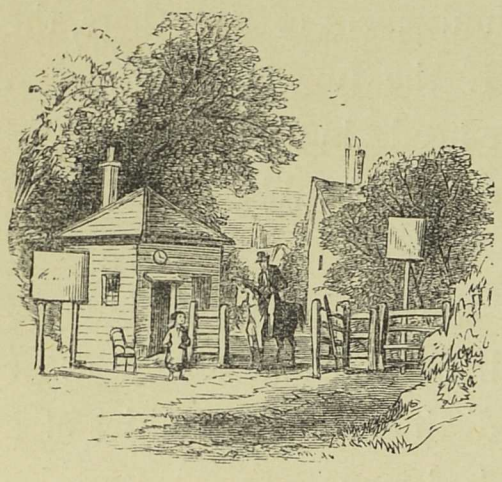
Sheep are very fond of music. Joseph Haydn, when a boy, went on a tour with some companions through the Apennines. One of the party carried his flute with him, and one day, as he sat on a hillside, and played for the amusement of the others, the sheep came crowding round him. If the tune was slow and mournful, the sheep would droop their heads, but when he played a lively strain, they drew close to his side, and rubbed their necks against his legs to show their delight.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Kind and tender usage to dumb animals is one of the most distinguishing qualities of a good man; cruelty characterizes a wicked man.

ABEL SUNNYSIDE.

ROVER'S ONE FAULT.

SOME years ago I had a pretty little fancy dog, named Rover, (though some of the family called him Carlo,) who had many good qualities, and several amusing tricks. He would sit up and beg very prettily, and seemed to take so much pleasure in doing it, that without being prompted, or wanting anything to eat, merely to attract attention, Rover would frequently sit on his haunches and shake his fore-paws, to our great entertainment.



He was a very kind little dog, and as there lived a cat in the house with him, he cultivated the most friendly feelings with pussy, so that the words "cat and dog life," when used to denote a quarrelling spirit, quite lost their significance in our house.

It happened that puss had a very nice little kitten, but she was rather a careless mother to it, and often went wandering away out of the house for many hours. Rover evidently pitied the kitten, for he would take it in his fore-paws and lie down with it to keep it warm, and so in reality did as much to rear it as the neglectful mother. The consequence was that the kitten grew so

fond of Rover, that she soon took no notice of puss, except to try to drive her away from the rug when she came, and as it was found impossible to cure the old cat of her wanderings, she was given to a farmer who wanted an outhouse cat, and the kitten grew up entirely under the fostering of little Rover. I must add that he was very particular in one part of the education of his charge. Being a very honest little dog, it was quite enough to say, pointing to any eatables on the table or before the fire, "Rover, good dog, take care of that;" and then if the kitten ventured to lift her paw to it, he would bark at her in a way so different to his usual indulgent deportment, that it not only called the attention of the household to the kitten's dishonest attempts, but scared the little creature so that she soon learned better manners.

There was one very curious trick he had. When we took him out for a walk and he did not like to go, or wanted soon to return home, he used to hold up one of his hind legs as if he was lame, and hop along on three legs. The first few times that he did this he was carried a few paces, when to our surprise he resented being treated like a baby, and jumped down, walking quite well. Fearing he really was in pain, we went back home with him; but it was soon found ont that it was a pretence of his, or done for fun, so that at length when we said, "Ah! you have been shamming," he would hop on his three legs in great glee.

I am sorry to say, though Rover was so careful to teach his little friend, the kitten, what was right, he was not without faults

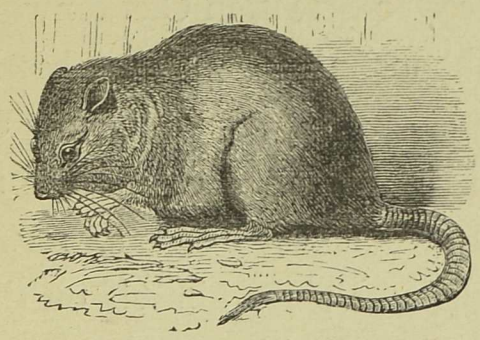
himself. He had a habit of barking, not in anger, but from excitement, that was very annoying. He was punished for this by being tied up, and his look of contrition was very great, as he sat up with the chain to his collar, begging to be released. Sometimes it would seem as if his fault was quite overcome, but the appearance of any one he disliked (and unfortuately, he had taken a great dislike to a man who lived near) would excite him, and his bark was really deafening. Poor little merry Rover! this habit made him some enemies.

He was never known to bite, and he was an excellent house-dog, most faithful, winning, and affectionate; but his barking obstreperously was not forgiven. Once we found him three miles off, in a shed, in punishment; that time we rescued him, and then we tried, by tying him up, to break him of his bad habit. He was threatened by a person he had barked at, and the man took him away and put him in a dark, damp cellar, and tied him to a large weight. How sad poor Rover looked in his prison! It would have been well for him if he had learned wisdom and restrained his bark. One man in a rage once said he would kill him; whether the cruel threat was fulfilled or not, certain it was that Rover having walked out with his mistress one day, on a road that he knew well, and had traversed many scores of times, was suddenly missed, and never afterwards heard of, though a reward was offered for him, and every effort made to regain him. The children of the family mourned for him as a friend, and it is a grief to me that I do not know his fate. C. L. B.

ROVER IN PRISON.

SAGACITY OF THE RAT.

The rat, it must be confessed, is not a popular candidate for favour; when he turns up his cunning, mischievous, little face, and with a shake of his whisker, and a glance of his quick, bright eye, asks why he should not have a place among the other creatures treated of in this book? Well, it is quite right that he should have a place *here*, and if as a rule he would but keep to his own place in the world, and not push himself forward where he is not wanted, he would not have been called such hard names. Many people, as well as animals, are disagreeable, the moment they are out of their place; but that should not blind us to their real value while they are faithfully doing what they were intended to do, however humble their work may be. A chimney-sweep is a most valuable member of society, so is a street scavenger, but if either were to go into the Queen's drawing-room, and think that was the best place for him, he would be as much out of his place, as when the rat gives up the work of sweeper and scavenger in the drains, and takes the parlour or drawing-room for his abode.



Down in the drains, the rat is one of the most useful of little

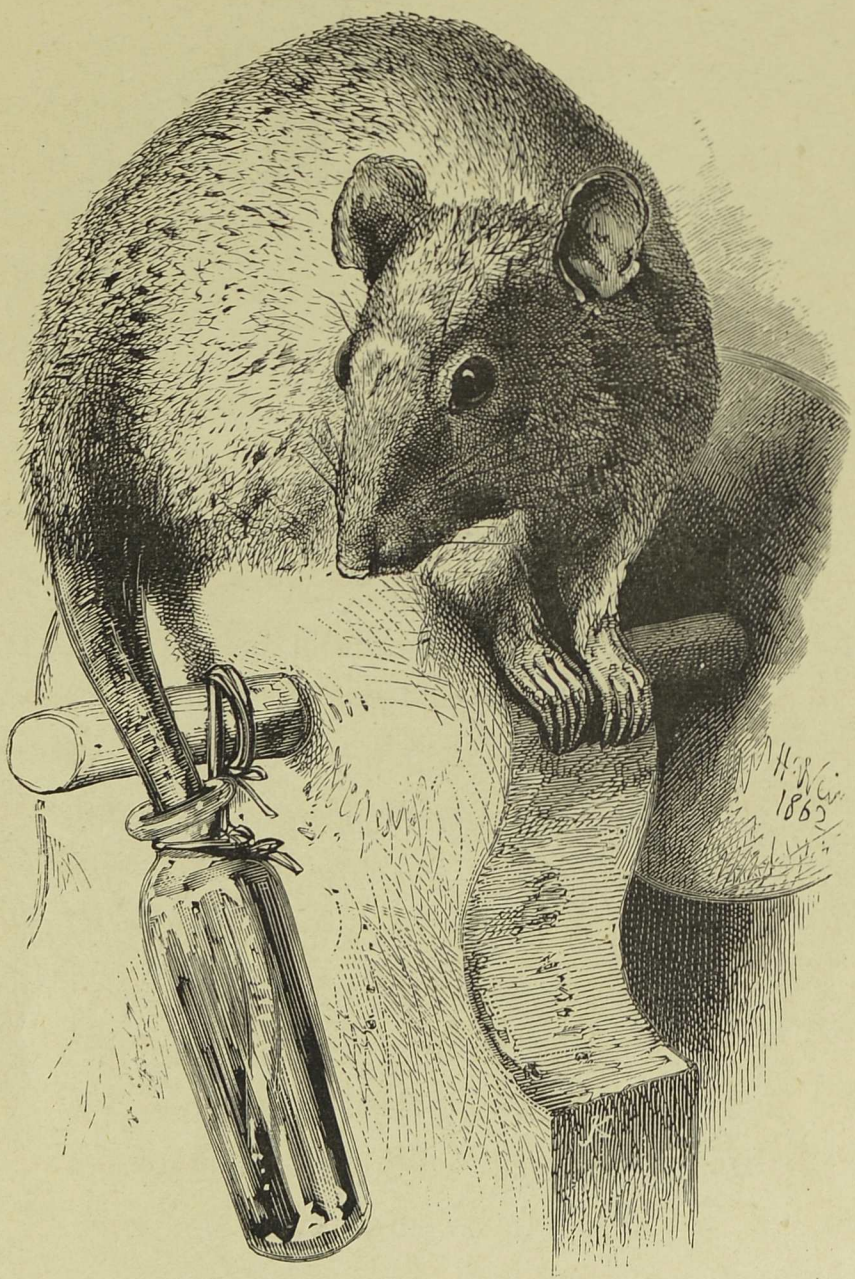
creatures, and means should be taken to keep him there, like a good little servant always at work; for, whenever he shows his face elsewhere, unless he has left behind him a troop far more diligent than himself, something is pretty sure to go wrong.

Of the great ingenuity and cleverness of the rat, there are also many stories. There are few better, however, than the one which our illustration so well tells by itself.

Mr. Bramhall, a silversmith, of Gloucester Street, in Clerkenwell, was for some time unable to find out the manner in which a bottle of oil, which used to hang near his lathe, was always somehow or other being robbed of its contents. He at last determined to watch, and one day, while thus doing, what was his amazement, to see a fine rat emerge from his hole, and place himself on the edge of the lathe. Still greater was his astonishment, however, when he presently saw the rat pop its tail into the bottle, then draw it out and lick off the oil. It continued at this feast, until nearly every drop of oil was extracted from the bottle, and then made off!

There is little doubt that out of sight, and in concert with his companions, the rat displays the same clever instincts, to which so many, who have watched his movements, have borne witness. They seem to exist under something like discipline, the young to the old, as the following fact will prove:—

A gentleman, on one occasion, stood watching for a little while the operation of rat-catching in an old schoolroom. Three rats had come out of a hole in the floor, near to which the trap was



THE RAT AND THE OIL-BOTTLE.

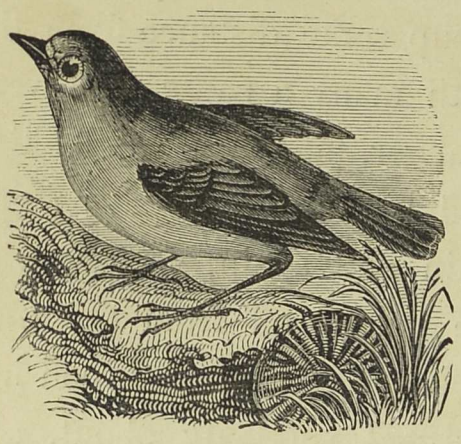
placed, and one after another was caught and killed, the rats being very young. After a pause of some minutes' duration, a rather startling incident occurred. A large, old rat, not unlike a small rabbit in size, came out of the hole, attended by six or seven smaller ones of the same age as those which had been caught. The young ones smelling the cheese wherewith the trap was baited, would have made for it at once, but the old rat immediately prevented them, and by some authority he evidently possessed, got them together into a group some distance from the trap. There he left them, while with many a pause, and very warily he approached the place of danger, his quick eye looking at every arrangement of the trap, and his nostrils rapidly palpitating. He walked all round it, again and again, sniffing with every breath he took. Presently, he veered off from the trap, and made his way to the spot on which one of his own brood had been killed. He gave one sniff, turned suddenly about, and rejoined the brood of young ones, which had remained huddled up together, where they had been left. The old rat seemed to tell them what had happened, for without the slightest sign of going near the trap, the whole company filed off, went down the hole, and the rat-catchers saw them no more.

It is evident from this fact, that disorderly as the rats seem, when they are quarrelling behind the wainscotting of old buildings, that something like discipline is maintained amongst them when the aged are present.

D. J. E.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

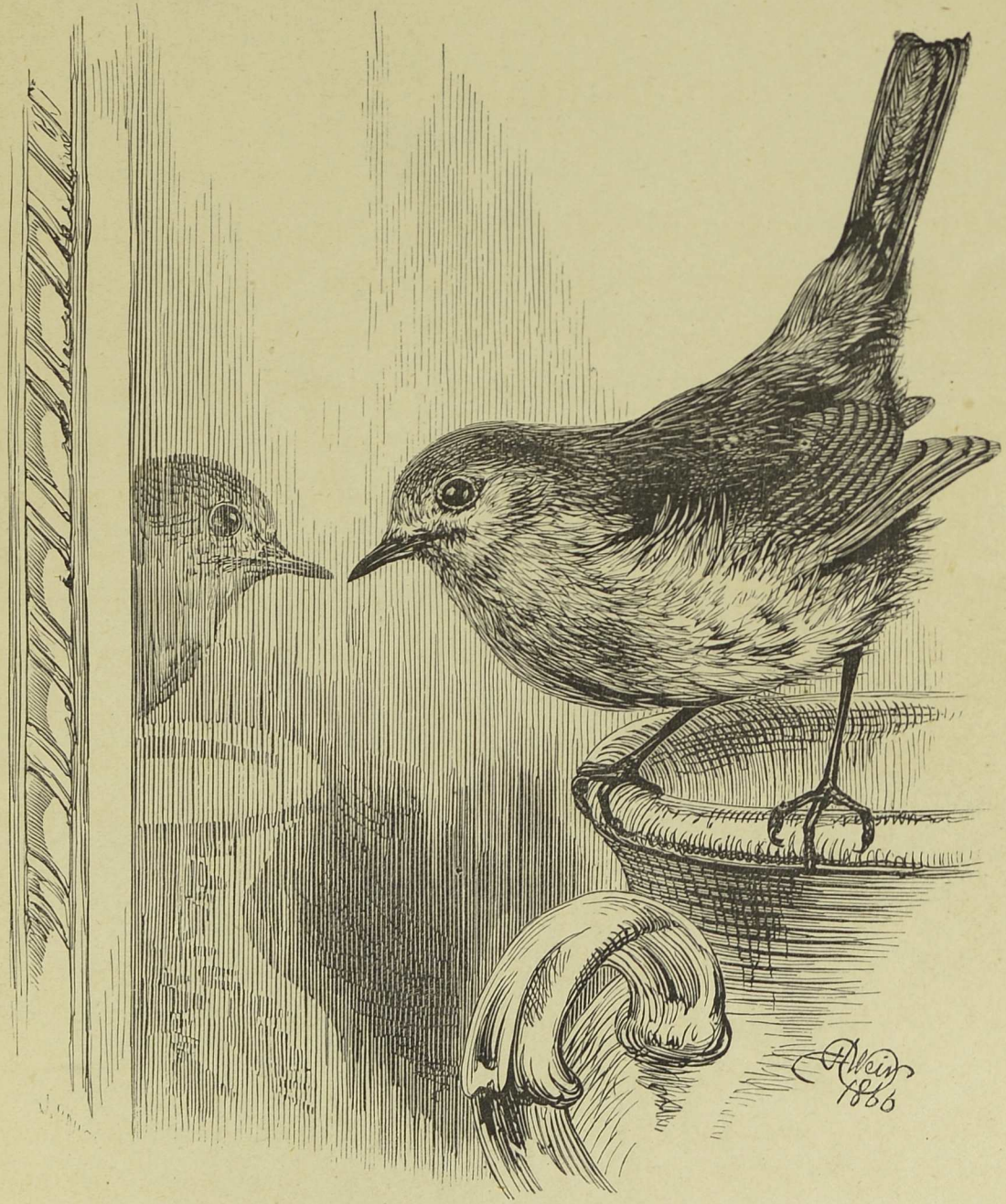
Robin is always a favourite wherever he goes, and in England, as in every other country he visits, he is called after some familiar name. In Denmark, he is known as Tommy Liden, in Norway, as Peter Ronsmad, and in Germany, as Thomas Gierdet. Who can hear the words, Robin-Redbreast, spoken without recalling the old story of the pretty babes, deserted by their cruel uncle, who, poor things, went wandering, hand in hand, up and down the wood, waiting for the man who never came back from the town as he promised to do, and bring them bread.



"Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief."

And thus they perished without one kind friend to drop a tear over them, and thus they lay exposed to the night-dews and the winds,

"Till Robin-Redbreast painfully,
Did cover them with leaves."



ROBIN AND LOOKING-GLASS.

Whether Robin ever did or did not shroud the bodies of the two Babes in the Wood with leaves, I will not pretend to assert, but I will say that Robin is a first-rate fellow, for he is not only kind to his wife and family, but he also displays strong attachments to mankind. Some say, that because he flies into our houses, and perches up and down our rooms, that he is a bold, impudent bird. He certainly is very bold when either snake or hawk attempts to plunder his nest, but I think the reason he hops in at our doors and windows is, that he trusts implicitly in our doing no harm to him.

Master Bob, in the picture on the previous page, is quite a musical genius. I hope he is living yet, hopping about the banks of the Dee. A few months ago, he called on two young ladies near Chester, who are very fond of playing the piano, in order to listen to their music. He did not ring the bell when he paid his visit, but flew in through the open window, perched on the instrument, and accompanied the performers with music of his own composing. He also took delight in looking at a robin which he saw in a pier-glass, never thinking but that it was another robin as trustful as himself. On the following day, he paid a second visit, and made himself quite at home. He would fly on to a stick held out to him, suffer himself to be carried about the room, and did not object to being tossed up and down, holding on firmly all the while to the perch.

I have read some beautiful lines, written by a gentleman, who attended public worship in Bristol Cathedral, on another musical

Redbreast, who for fifteen years inhabited the cathedral, and received its subsistence from the hands of the verger. During the time of Divine service, it usually perched on the side of one of the mitres of the organ, and accompanied the solemnity by warbling forth its own expressive song of thankfulness and praise.

The robin shows his confidence in man, by the strange places in which he builds his nest. "In the winter of 1855," says a writer in the *Church of England Sunday Scholars' Magazine*, "two little robins came regularly to feed in a garden in Hampshire. In the spring of the following year, they were seen constantly flying in and out of the porch of the garden-door, and to the great delight of the children of the house, were found to be building their nest in a small watering-pot, which hung about four feet from the ground. This porch was the receptacle for the children's garden-tools and playthings, and one of these, almost daily in use, hung on the same nail with the watering-pot. During the time of hatching, the parent-bird came regularly at a certain hour to be fed. So much accustomed were they to young faces, and so tame had they become, that when the watering-pot was taken down to exhibit the young ones to juvenile visitors, robin and wife, with food in their mouths, would sit in a laurel-bush close at hand, and wait till the exhibition closing, permitted them to feed their family.

During this last summer a beautiful sight was witnessed by many persons in Peckham. In the Fernery of Mrs. Cash, of the Rye, a pair of robins built their snug little nest. Whether the

THE ROBINS' NEST IN MRS. CASH'S FERNERY.

robins *knew* that Mrs. Cash and her daughters, being members of the Society of Friends, would be sure to treat them with kindness, I cannot tell ; one thing is certain, the birds became so tame that they would, even whilst seated on the nest, eat food handed to them by their admiring friends. By the kindness of Miss Newman, and the pencil of Mr. Weir, we are able to give our friends an engraving of the mother as seen when feeding her young ones.

When I last visited the Crystal Palace, I saw scores of robins, seated on the trees and iron-girders, listening to the organ. These gentlemen with the red waistcoasts have, without asking permission from the directors, taken up their abode in the vast building, and heed not the wintry storms that rage without. I need not say they never pay for their "reserved seats."

Perhaps more wonderful still is the story of a robin that quartered itself in the sitting-room of a shoemaker at Bishop's Cleeve. It took up its abode on the mantelpiece, and built its nest behind a tea-pot, on which, having laid its eggs, it used occasionally to sit, and was not the least put about by the presence of the family or strangers. It used to feed off the same dish with the shoemaker. Robins have taken up their abode even in stranger places than behind old tea-pots, and in watering-cans. They have built nests in saw-pits; on the beams of blacksmith's bellows, and in the rigging of ships, sailing with them when they went to sea.

But the most astonishing thing, I have to record of Master Bob, is his affection for, and familiarity with, man. I have read of many persons who, by whistling a call-note, would gather robins around

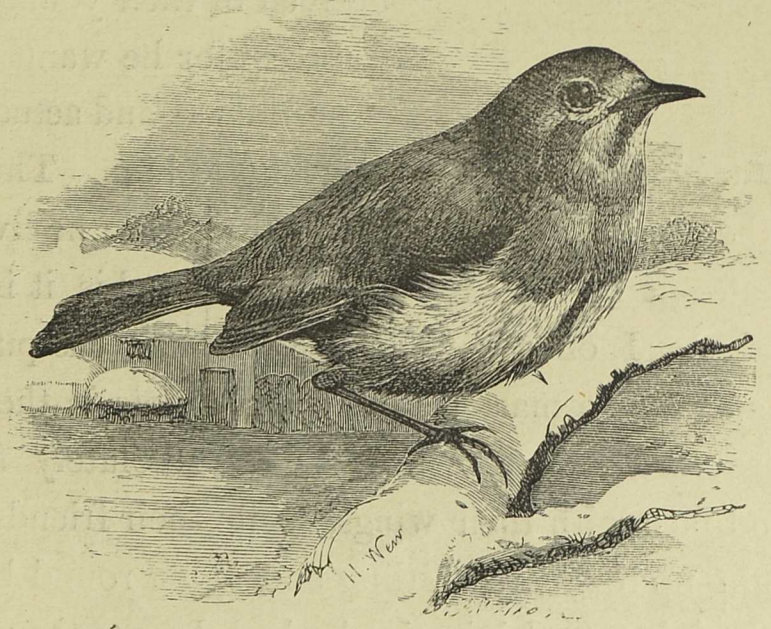
them, enticing them to perch on their shoulders, and feed from their hands. Mr. Burritt tells us that Mr. Fox of Tregedna, near Falmouth, who, by persevering kindness, has so won the affections of the small birds, that they fly and hop about him when he calls, and Mr. Samuel Gurney, on visiting Mr. Fox, "was perfectly astonished, on walking out into the garden, to see, on his sounding a whistle, the birds come fluttering round him. One robin was actually so tame, that it picked a piece of bread out of Mr. Fox's mouth." I hope every one will read, who has not already done so, the verses which James Montgomery, "the Christian poet," wrote on a robin-redbreast, that came to his prison-window every day, when he was confined for truth's sake in York Castle, cheering the dreary hours by its presence and its song.

I have said Master Bob will defend his young brood against any enemy. One summer day, a hewer of granite, belonging to Dalbeattie, was plying his vocation at Craignaie quarry, when he was attracted to a certain spot by the cries of a bird in distress. Hurrying to the place, he saw that an adder, twenty inches long, was protruding its head over the edge of a robin's nest, built among the brushwood, and containing the poor bird's unfledged offspring. Bob was alternately coming down upon the spoiler, darting his beak into the adder's forehead, and then rising a yard or so into the air. The quarryman soon despatched the enemy. Then Bob entered the nest, and having ascertained that his children were all safe, flew on to a neighbouring branch, and piped a song of triumph and of gratitude.

While this book is being read, perhaps the snow lies deep upon the ground, and the flakes are drifting against the window-panes, and suddenly a tap comes to the window, and the book is laid down, and the children leave the bright, warm fireside, and, looking forth, see poor Master Bob hopping shiveringly about. I am sure they will not begrudge him his crumbs, and from the depths of his grateful little heart he will sing his joyful song in return—

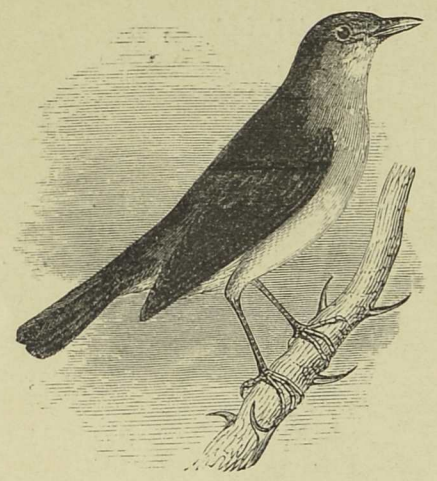
"You have thrown me a part of your store,
When hungry, and in cold despair,
May heaven to your comfort add more,
When the snow's flying fast through the air."

R. P. S.



THE DOG AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

You see with what a sad expression that great strong dog (whose name is Pilot) is regarding the little bird that, perched on his kennel, is singing with all his might. The story that suggested this picture to Mr. Weir, is so touching, that I shall endeavour to tell it exactly as I heard it.



Many a boy takes the nest of a bird without giving a moment's consideration to the consequent suffering of the parent-birds, when deprived of their young. The eggs are pretty, or he wants to bring up the nestlings—and actually commits a THEFT, by taking what does not belong to him. The little nest is as much the property of the bird, as the house he lives in is that of his parents—it is not his, and what is not his, it is surely dishonest to take. I once saw a flock of martens pursue a little lad, who had stolen a marten's nest from a hole in the cliff. The parents were foremost; screaming, nay, absolutely flapping the boy's hat and face with their wings, while their friends and neighbours brought up the rear, whirling and flying round him. I told the boy of the injury and injustice he had done to the parent-birds,

and asked him how he would like anyone to steal him from his home, and starve him to death; for he could not procure the martens the only food they lived on. The little fellow looked grieved and sorry, and after a moment, he said, "Ma'am, I will put the nest back," and off we trotted together, to restore the stolen goods, the birds following closely.

When he had replaced the fragments—such odd scraps of material—which constituted the nest, and placed the half-fledged creatures therein, the shouts and exultations of the birds were positively wonderful. One parent entered, no doubt to arrange the furniture, and see to her nestlings, while the other flew off, in search of food; the neighbours and friends, having accomplished *their* purpose, went about their own business, and left us in safety.

I saw a pair of robins, one day, on our own lawn at Firfield, absolutely beat away *Mouton*, a great Angora cat I had brought from Paris, from his seat close to a huge Portuguese laurel, because he was near their nest. He was by far too fat, and too lazy to rob a nest, and could not understand why the birds screamed at him, and struck him with their wings; he ran home as fast as he could, and did not recover his composure for a long time. Nor did he attempt to sun himself there again, for many a long day.

But the story of "the Dog and the Nightingale" is even more remarkable:—

A gentleman went, some time ago, to the house of a Mr. Webb, a large sheep-farmer, at Babraham, in Cambridgeshire; and, while

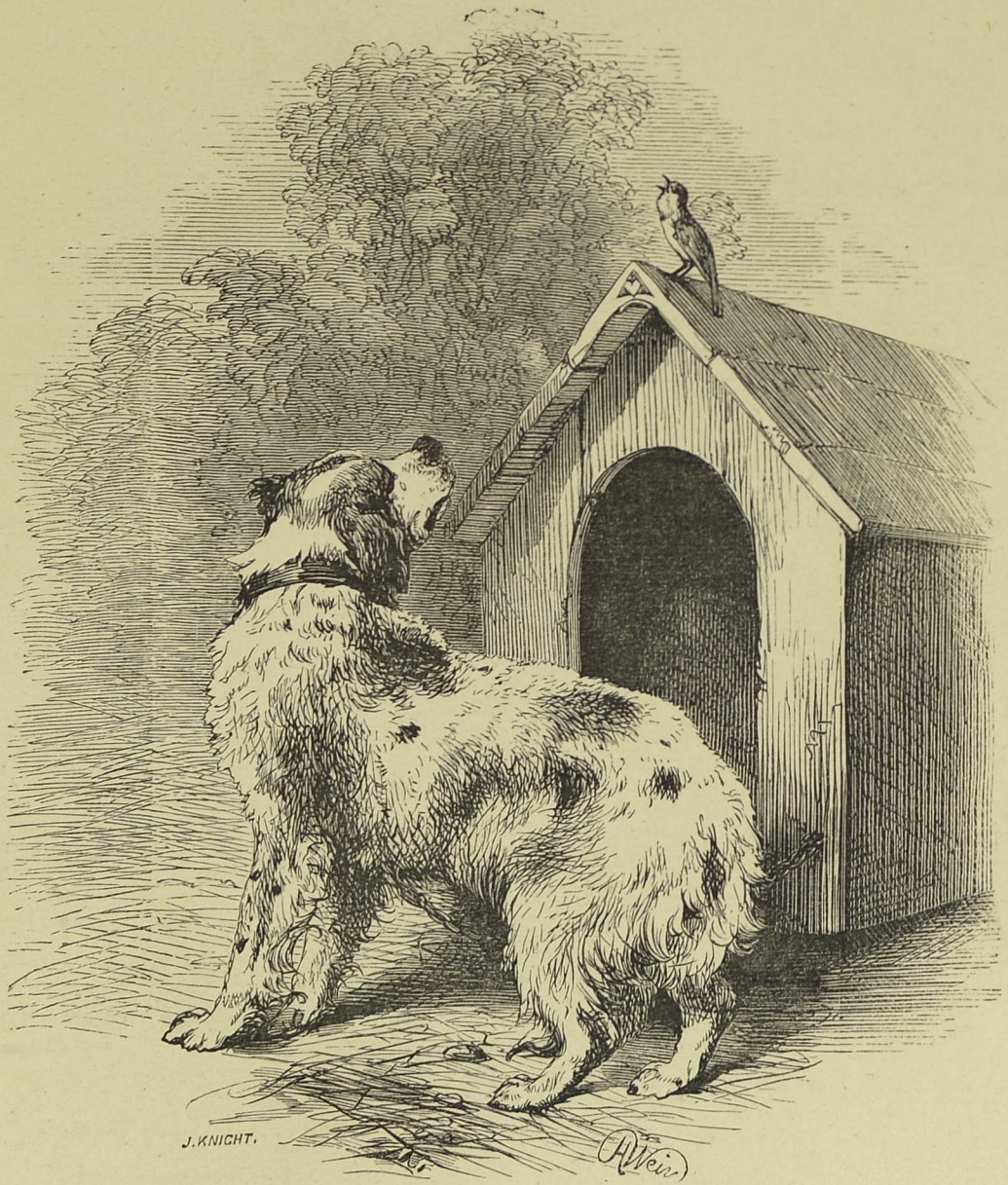
they were at dinner, he heard the "jug, jug" of a nightingale, close outside the window

On asking about it, the answer was, "Poor thing, she is only taunting the house-dog."

A nightingale "taunting a house-dog!" what could that mean?

It seems that the large dog, a species of "Newfoundland," had followed his master down the drive, past a laurel-bush, where the nightingale had built its nest. He discovered, and snapped at it, and, just missing the old bird as she flew off, devoured all the young ones. I am glad he was not my dog; for, although it was his nature, and Pilot is a very faithful animal, I do not think I could have ever liked him again. But from that moment, the bird never left the dog. She followed him when he walked, continually sitting either upon his kennel-top, or, on a bush, hard by, asking for its young ones. Actually, if Pilot followed his master into the house, the bird, usually so shy and timid in its nature, would accompany him to the very door step, and wait till he came out again,—just like an avenging spirit.

The sympathy of the family, at Babraham, was greatly excited, by the sorrow of the poor mother, who mourned for her children —a bird Rachel, who "would not be comforted, because they were not!" and they would have rejoiced most heartily, if they could have replaced the nest and the little ones. Their surprise was great that the poor bird could keep up its mournful song so long—so long as Pilot was in sight, she continued upbraiding him night and day. Sometimes, Pilot was permitted to join the family circle,



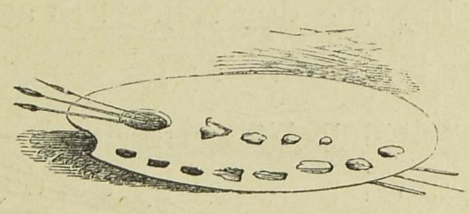
PILOT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

when they took their work or tea, on the lawn. It was his custom to ascend the front steps, and seat himself by the door of the hall ; even then the poor wailing bird would hop on the steps after the dog, and the dog never offered to molest her. For three weeks or a month, the family always knew where Pilot was by the wearisome wail of the devoted bird. Once, the sorrowful notes ceased to be heard, and Mr. Webb's family thought she was gone, but, suddenly, the musical knell was resumed, and there was the mourner on a high birch-tree across the lawn, and, almost at the same moment, Pilot was seen passing under the tree !

When Mr. Weir, the artist, and lover of animals, heard this story, he took up his pencil, and made the sketch which you will, I am sure, admire ; and, he has gone so far as to grace Pilot's face with a tear, in token of his repentance—I may call it remorse.

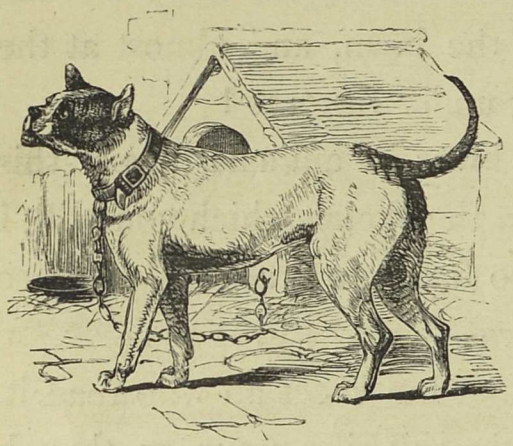
Surely, this touching incident, cannot but affect all who read it. They will feel deep sympathy for the suffering mourner, though but a bird ; and no doubt the story will influence the young to abstain from an "amusement" that causes such intense sorrow ; while their parents will surely learn hence to discourage, nay to forbid a practice, that hardens the heart, and may, therefore, be the seed of fruit that is only poison.

A. M. H.



DOGS PRESERVING PROPERTY AND LIFE.

It is always pleasant to read or listen to anecdotes which display the kind and noble character of the dog. Here are a few stories, quite as true as they are wonderful, which show what an excellent guardian he is over life and property.



Last winter, Mr. Smith, miller of Ashley, was at Brinkley, near Newmarket, on business one afternoon, and on his return in the evening, called at the Lion inn at that place, and tied his horse and cart to the rails, while he went in to see a friend. While he and his friend were conversing in the room, his dog entered, and in a very strange and unusual manner, began pawing and whining round him. In consequence of the dog's strange behaviour, Mr. Smith went out, and on looking into his cart, found that his overcoat had been stolen. Thinking that the thief might be close at hand, he turned towards the back premises of the inn, but the dog refused to accompany him, and by its gestures showed a desire to go along a road leading to some cottages. A policeman was sent for, who, with Mr. Smith, decided that they would be guided by the dog, and they set out

in the direction it had taken. After proceeding for upwards of a mile, the dog turned from the road, ran to a cottage occupied by a labourer, and scratched at the door. The officer, to satisfy his curiosity, entered, and demanded a coat which had been stolen that evening from a cart at the Lion inn. The labourer denied having taken or seen the coat, but from his confused manner, the officer suspected him, and commenced a search through the house, which resulted in the discovery of the stolen garment. The thief was marched off to the police station, and in due course of time, suffered for his evil deed.

Mr. G. P R. Pulman tells of a dog belonging to a gentleman of his acquaintance, who resides at Axminster in Devonshire. This dog was on one occasion the means of saving both life and property. It was a white bull terrier of the largest size, by no means remarkable for its beauty, but singularly docile, and strongly attached to its master, of whom it was the constant companion in the extensive journeys, which, as a commercial traveller, he was in the habit of taking. On one occasion, Mr. Pulman's friend had a call to make at a house at the entrance to Lynn Regis, and accordingly alighted from his gig for that purpose, leaving his dog on the driving-box. The horse, from some cause, took fright, and started at a tremendous rate through the town, with the reins trailing on the ground in dangerous proximity to his feet. In a few seconds, after apparently deliberating how to act, the dog leaped from the gig and seized the reins in his mouth, pulling them with all his strength, and allowed itself to be

dragged for a considerable distance, till he actually succeeded in stopping the horse by pulling it round into a gateway; he there retained a tight hold of the reins, only quitting them when some person seized the horse's head. Had not the sagacious dog done as he did, the consequences might have proved disastrous, not only to the horse and gig, but to the people in the street.

A well known authority in field sports, who writes under the name of "Craven," tells a strange story of the recovery of lost property by a little terrier belonging to a Frenchman, who resided in the town of Oswestry. After telling how the dog would make a low bow at the mention of Napoleon's name, and cut a caper of admiration at the words, "*Jeune France*," he proceeds. "It so happened that on a market-day, we (the Frenchman, "Craven," and the dog) were walking on the road leading to Llangollen. It was summer weather, and the dust lay very thick. We had walked about a mile out, and were returning into the town, when suddenly the Frenchman stopped, and said, 'At the point where we turned to come back, I dropped a franc among the dust; we will wait till *Moustache* fetches it. '*Allez*, *Moustache*, *cherchez*,'—off Moustache and search,—and off went the foor-footed messenger. An hour elapsed, and no *Moustache* appeared, and we grew tired of waiting, and the Frenchman, thinking he had lost his dog, returned disconsolate to his lodgings. The following morning I had occasion to see him early, and while in his room, there was a scratching at the door. He opened it, and, sorely travel-worn, in rushed *Moustache*, with an old leathern bag in his mouth, which,

together with some bank-notes and other money, *contained a franc-piece.* This bag was subsequently claimed by a Welsh drover, who, in riding to Llangollen fair, picked up a silver coin which his pony had kicked out of the dust, this he had put into his bag, and it was not till long after he missed it, he remembered that, while transacting his business in the fair, a strange dog had stuck closely to his heels, and followed him to his bedroom when he retired for the night."

Mr. William Youatt, who has written so much to show the usefulness and good qualities of the inferior animals, had, many years ago, a Newfoundland dog as thoroughly attached to him as these faithful animals generally are to all who use them well. It became inconvenient for Mr. Youatt to keep him any longer, and he gave him to a friend whom he knew would be kind to him. Four years passed away, during which time, he never saw his old favourite. One day, as he was walking towards Kingston, and had arrived at the brow of the hill where the gibbet of a notorious highwayman then stood, he met Carlo and the master to whom he had presented him. Carlo recollected his old master in a moment, and they made much of each other. After a short time, Mr. Youatt and his friend parted, the latter proceeding towards Wandsworth, and Carlo, as in duty bound, following him. Mr. Youatt had not, however, got more than half-way down the hill, when Carlo was at his side growling lowly but deeply, and every hair bristling. Mr. Youatt looked to the right, and saw two ill-looking fellows making their way towards him through the bushes.

Presently one of the highway robbers, for such they seemed to be, emerged from the bushes, not twenty yards in front of Mr. Youatt, but when he saw his four-footed companion, and heard his growling, which was growing louder and deeper, he and his associate speedily disappeared. The gallant Carlo accompanied his old master to the bottom of the hill, and then after an affectionate parting, bounded away to overtake his rightful owner.

Mr. Weir has, on the opposite page, illustrated a brave, but unfortunately unsuccessful attempt of a dog to save the life of a child which occurred last year.

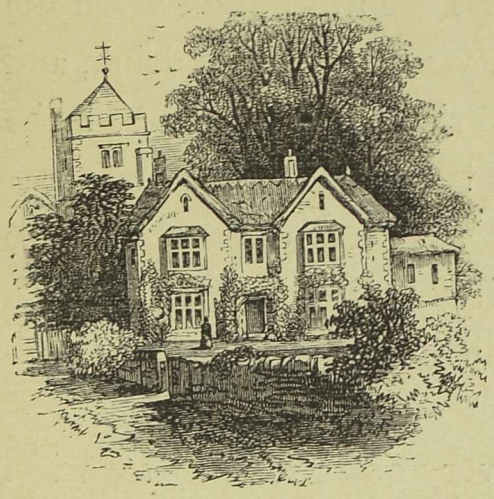
A woman who resided in a room on the ground-floor at Ashford Place, Charlton, went to market, leaving her daughter Elizabeth, who was only six years old, along with two younger children at home without any one to look after them. By some means or other, poor Elizabeth set her clothes on fire. Her screams of terror and pain attracted the attention of the neighbours, but one kind friend was there to render assistance long before them. A little dog jumped through a pane of glass into the room, and on the mother's return which took place a few minutes after the arrival of the dog, she saw him tearing away the child's blazing clothes with his mouth and paws. It is melancholy to add that the efforts of the noble dog were in vain for the poor child did not long survive the injuries she had received.

R. P. S.

THE NOBLE FIREMAN.

OUR NOBLE "FRIEND."

No wonder that the Rev. W. Wight, (late of the Harbury Vicarage, in Warwickshire) is proud of his fine dog "Friend." The sagacity and kindness to children of this splendid dog, have had publicity in that monthly picture paper for the young, the "*Band of Hope Review*;" but in a recent letter to the editor of that periodical, the Rev. W. Wight writes :—



"With regard to my 'noble dog,' as you very justly describe him, there are two facts which I believe neither you nor the Canon of St. Paul's, who has given some account of 'Friend' in his book,* are in possession of. I was in the habit of driving down in my pony carriage to Leamington, once or twice a-week. 'Friend' usually accompanied me. At Upton Hill, about two miles from Harbury, there is a beautiful spring of water, and a trough provided for cattle. On my return I used to stop at this spring, and let the pony have a drink. 'Friend' also used to have his draught, but not satisfied with that, he would likewise have a bath. In taking

* "Our Dumb Companions; or Conversations about Dogs, Horses, Donkeys, and Cats." By Thomas Jackson, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Stoke Newington. Price 5s. S. W. Partridge.

his bath, however, he stirred up the bottom of the trough so as to make the water very dirty.

"On reaching the trough one day, I found that 'Friend' had been before me, and made the water so foul that I did not like to allow the pony to drink. Looking at 'Friend' and pointing to the water, I said, 'Now, 'Friend,' remember that you never again enter that trough, until I have first been to it, and given the pony his drink; *then*, but not till then, you may have a drink, and your bath too.' From that day, 'Friend' never entered the trough, until after the pony had used it!

"Often, on a warm day, the dog has run in advance and got to the spring, but there he has always waited until I had driven up to give the pony water. Then, and not till then, did he ever venture to drink or bathe!

"On another occasion he displayed very extraordinary sagacity. A farmer at Tachbrook had given me a little dog, which I thought would be a nice companion for my great dog, and 'Friend' became quite attached to him. Unfortunately, the little dog became very troublesome at the Vicarage, and my servants complained so much, that I gave him away; but he was returned in a few days as too troublesome to be kept on any terms. A court-martial was held upon the little animal, and he was sentenced to die; and the easiest death, that of drowning, was carried out.

"Some days after this occurrence, I was walking with 'Friend' in one of my meadows, in which was the pond where the little dog had been drowned. On reaching the pond, what should we

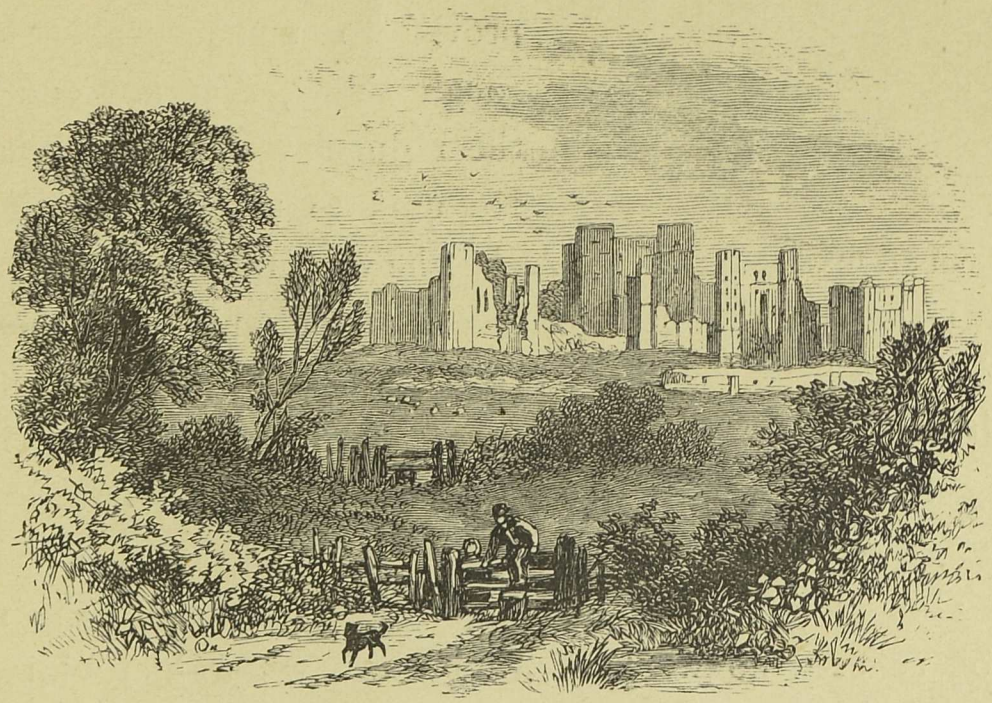
REV. WM. WIGHT, AND HIS NOBLE DOG "FRIEND."

see but the poor little thing floating on the surface. 'Friend' immediately plunged in, brought out his little companion, shook him well, then laid him down on the grass, carefully surveyed the body for some time to see if life was there, or likely to come there. At length, finding the little creature was dead, past all hope of recovery, 'Friend' once more took it up, carried it some little distance, scraped out a large hole, then put the little creature into it, took his last view of his little friend, covered him over decently, and then returned to me.

"These incidents took place under my own eye, and I have not varnished them in any way."

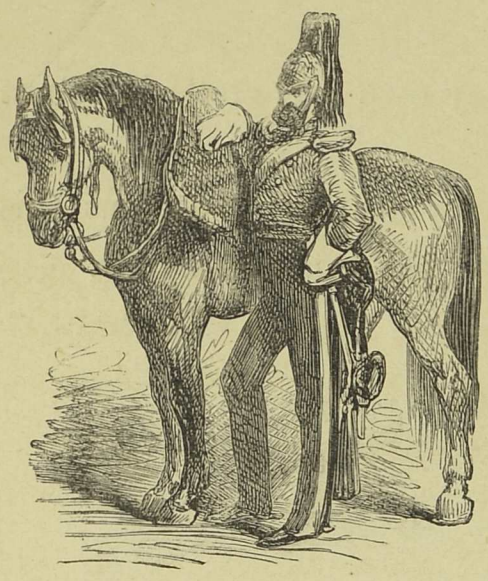
Not only in Harbury, but in the adjacent parishes was this noble dog deservedly popular, both with children and adults.

UNCLE JOHN.



DOCILITY AND AFFECTION OF THE HORSE.

WHAT animal is more useful to man than the horse? If by kindness we obtain his confidence and affection, he works most willingly for us, and understands all that we require of him. Only when he has been ill-trained or is treated in an ignorant or cruel manner will he shrink from his work and become stubborn.



The power of kindness is well exemplified in the case of a horse in the depôt at Woolwich, which proved so unmanageable to the rough riders, that not one among them durst venture to mount him. He used to throw and injure his riders in all manner of ways. At last he was pronounced "incurably vicious," and on that account was to be sold out of Her Majesty's Service. Colonel Guest, knowing the good, as well as the bad qualities of the animal, got permission to transfer him into the riding troop. This being done, the Colonel determined to try a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted; he had him led daily into the riding-school, suffered no whip even to be shown to him while there,

but patted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other manœuvre ; and, when he proved obedient, rewarded him with a handful of corn or a piece of bread. In this way, and in a very short time, was the "*incurably* vicious" horse, not only tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet, that a little child might ride him. No horse in the school was so obedient to the word of command. In fine, so great a favourite did he become that his master gave him the name of "The Darling."

How well does the horse repay all the care and attention we bestow on him. On a February evening, in the year 1830, Mr. Smith, Supervisor of Excise, at beauly, was proceeding home, from a survey of Fort Augustus, and to shorten his journey by a distance of sixteen miles he took the hill road—if a beaten track through the heather may be so called—between Drumnadrochit and Beauly. The higher that he ascended the deeper lay the snow upon the mountain path, and at length Mr. Smith lost all idea of his route. To proceed or to return were both equally difficult and dangerous. In this dilemma he loosened the reins, and allowed the horse to choose his own course. The animal went on slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glenconvinth, both horse and rider suddenly sank in a drift of snow several yards deep. Mr. Smith was stunned by the fall, and on recovering consciousness, found the faithful animal licking the snow from his face. Fortunately in the fall Mr. Smith had retained hold of the bridle, and through this circumstance the horse had succeeded in dragging him out of

the drift, and to a considerable distance from the edge of the ravine. Wonderful as the foregoing story is, the following is perhaps still more so.

In February, 1844, Samuel Fretwell, who was a carman with Mr. Smithers of London, while going to a hayloft up a ladder, on gaining the last step, overbalanced himself and fell to the ground, where he remained for two hours in an insensible condition. During the time he was lying there, some persons who had missed him, called to him, but received no answer. Near where the injured man lay, locked in a stable, was an old horse that, through kind treatment, had become much attached to him. The animal hearing him moaning for such a length of time contrived, by kicking with its hind legs, to burst the door open, and going to his injured master, caressed him in the most affectionate manner, and catching hold in its mouth of a macintosh which he had on, dragged him to the manger. He was enabled to lay hold of the horse's mane, and by this means he got up and made his way home.

Horses sometimes form strange friendships, not only among themselves, but with animals whose habits are quite different from their own. A captain in the regiment of Beauvillier had a horse belonging to his company, which being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left who ate with him. These two four-footed nurses drew the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before him, and also did the same with the oats, which he was then able

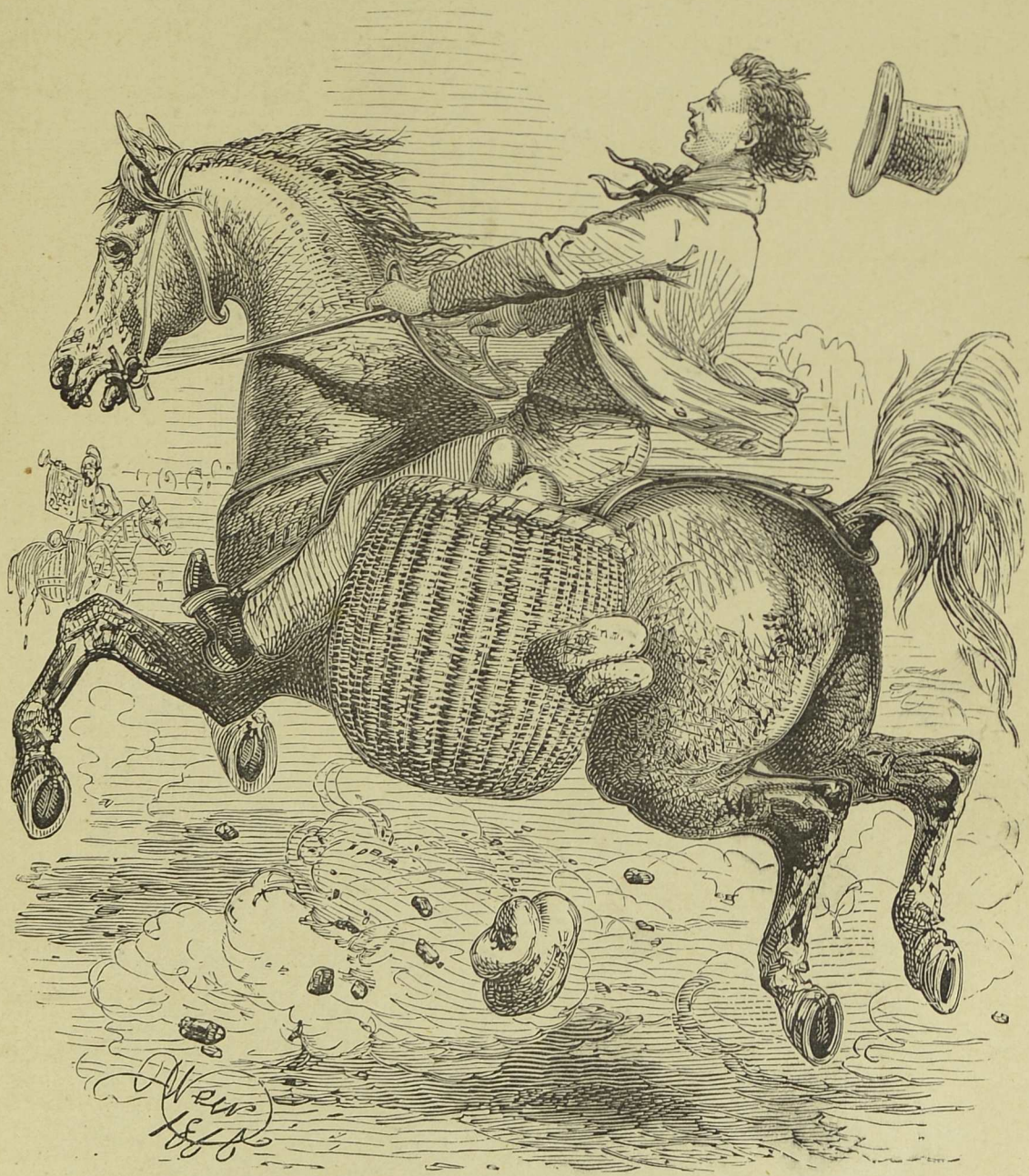
to eat. A celebrated race-horse formed a strong friendship with a sheep. He used to lift it into the manger to share his fodder and would allow no one to molest it. Chillaby, an Arabian horse, whom only one of all the grooms dared approach, was very much attached to a lamb, and his little pet used to employ itself in butting away the flies from him. Another famous Arabian horse grew very friendly with a cat, which sat upon his back, or nestled as closely to him as she could ; and when he died, she pined away and died also.

A most pathetic example of the attachment of the horse is recorded in the annals of the Peninsular War. The trumpeter of a French Cavalry corps had a charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which in return showed its affection by its docile conduct. But this charger was unruly and useless to everybody else. On being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to an officer, he refused to perform his evolutions, and had to be restored to his former master. At last the corps to which the trumpeter belonged was defeated, and in the retreat he was mortally wounded. Many days after the engagement, his body was found, guarded by his faithful charger, who had never quitted the side of his dead master, but had stood sentinel over the body, scaring away all danger.

When found, the poor horse was in a sadly reduced condition, through loss of blood, but chiefly, from want of food, and so great was its grief, that even after the trumpeter had been buried, it required great persuasion to prevail upon it to eat.

A somewhat similar incident occurred in Dublin, about sixty years ago. A farmer who lived in the neighbourhood of the city, bought at a sale of cast-off horses an old troop-horse, which had become unfit for regimental service. The animal being of a quiet disposition, the farmer mounted his daughter on it, and sent her daily to town with milk. On one occasion she unluckily arrived opposite the Castle when the soldiers were relieving guard. The horse hearing the music, to which he had so often listened in days gone by, broke from the girl's control, and champing and snorting, bore his astonished rider and her clattering milk pails into the yard, where, amid the laughter of all present, he took up his position in the very centre of the ranks.

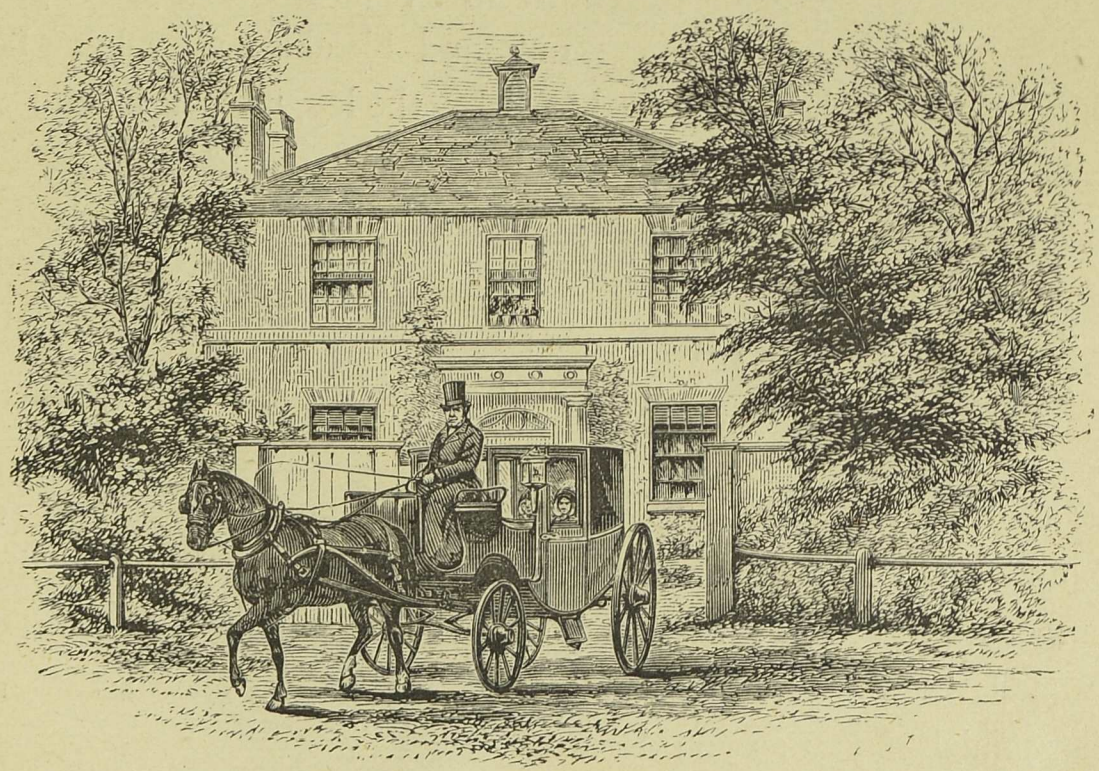
It is wonderful to see how the horse, when once properly instructed, never forgets what he has been taught. There are many amusing instances of this ; as in the case of the old charger which a London baker had purchased, and on which he rode when supplying his customers with loaves and hot rolls. Passing one morning the gate at Hyde Park, the trumpet sounded for the regiment of Life Guards to fall in ; no sooner did the sound assail the ears of the old charger, than away he darted into the park—off flew the baker's hat, out jumped the loaves from the panniers; in vain did the baker try to restrain his headstrong speed. In a few seconds he found his horse had placed him in the front rank of the Guards. The baker tried in every way to get him to quit the position, but all to no purpose.



THE OLD CHARGER AND THE BAKER.

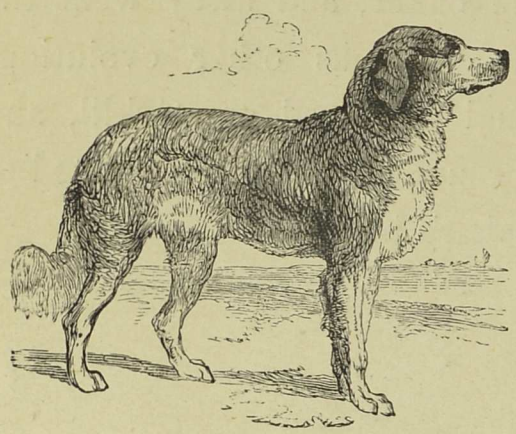
The soldiers were enjoying the grotesque appearance of the baker and his horse, when one of the Guards recognised the animal. and informed his comrades, that some years ago it belonged to the regiment, but had been sold on account of infirmity. Several of the officers kindly greeted their old companion; and the Colonel, to carry on the joke, gave the signal to advance. Away once more went the baker, and away went the remaining contents of the panniers. Various other evolutions were performed, in which the animal displayed great skill, and it was only when the retreat was sounded, that it consented to resign itself to the guidance of the baker's bridle.

R. P. S.



FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

"I do not like dogs," said Edwin Bright to his friend Conrad Grey. "I was once bitten in the leg—that is—almost bitten; and I have hated them ever since."



"Did the dog fly at you without provocation?"

"No, I cannot say it did; two or three of us fellows used to pitch stones at its kennel as we went to school, and sometimes the stones hit him; and one day he sprang out, and his chain must have been longer than usual, for he caught me by the leg, and, if it had not been for my boot, he would have had a piece out!"

"If a boy flung a stone at you, what would you do, Edwin?" inquired Conrad.

"Why, thrash him, to be sure!"

"And yet you bear ill-will to the whole canine race, because the dog did with his teeth, what you would have done with your fists. No one should keep a vicious dog unmuzzled, and no one should be so cowardly as to provoke a dog that, being chained, cannot defend itself; were it not for the danger that so frequently attends the bite of an angry dog, I should say—I wish that dog had punished you as you deserved."

A FAITHFUL MOURNER.

Edwin looked at Conrad, and Conrad nodded his head, as much as to say, "I mean it." After a pause, he said, "let us sit down, and I will tell you some facts about dogs, which, if they do not make you like them, will, at all events, compel you to respect them.

The two lads sat down on a natural mound that was backed by an absolute jungle of nut-trees. I daresay both would have been very glad if it had been nutting-time, but the trees were only just bursting into bloom; a small insignificant blossom it is, giving no promise of its delicious future; teaching us that we must not despise what seems to us "small and insignificant;" without these poor blossoms we should have no nuts!

"You know my uncle Ned?" questioned Conrad. "Well, he told us this, and we all thought it worthy of remembering, as a proof of dogs' fidelity. It occurred about seven years ago, during the Italian war. A dog of the African breed, which belonged to General Espinasse, lurked for months about the spot where his master was killed; and though often taken away even to some distance, the faithful animal constantly returned, and always to the same spot. Now this, as Uncle Ned said, occurred in Italy, and the dog was of the African breed, but the spirit of fidelity animates the whole canine race, sometimes in a lesser, sometimes in a greater degree.

"What I now tell you occurred at Portree, in the Isle of Skye.

"A young man, named Norman, died of fever. When he was buried, his dog followed him to the churchyard, and was with

great difficulty removed, and taken to his poor master's father's house—quite six miles from the spot where he was interred. The next morning he had disappeared; the mourning family looked at each other and said they were sure he had gone to seek his master. And that was quite true.

"The poorer classes, I must tell you, in both Scotland and Ireland, bury their dead in very shallow—or what we should consider very shallow—graves, and when the dog was followed to Portree, it was seen that he had not only torn away the earth, but actually 'gnawn' away the wood of the coffin, so that he could look on the face he loved so well; and there the dog was found, eagerly looking into the grave, whining and calling to his dead master to come forth. Many went to see the faithful animal on guard, and all felt and appreciated his devotedness. I do not know a stronger instance of canine attachment.

"I saw in some publication last year an account of a dog that *died* on his master's grave, in one of the London churchyards; but the Skye dog's memory was as wonderful as his attachment, for he walked *six miles* to that lonely grave."

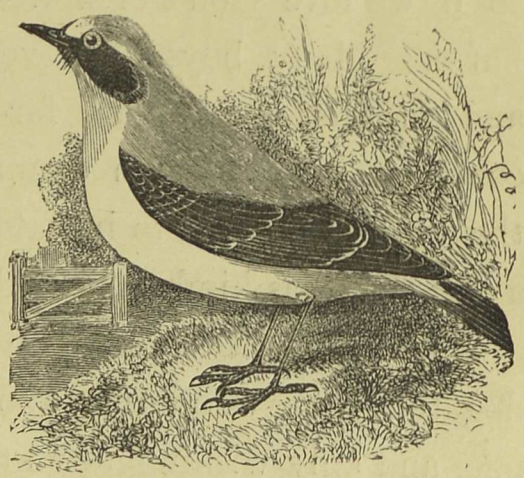
"Well," said Edwin "that was a faithful dog, I would not have stoned him."

"But how do you know," answered Conrad, "that the dog you stoned was not as faithful?"

A. M. H.

A DOG THAT WAS KIND TO HIS FELLOW.

WHEN boys are cruel to animals, do they ever think how much the poor animals suffer, or how they would like to suffer themselves? When they give a dog abuse, do they ever think how they would feel if some strong fierce man were to kick and beat *them* in the same way?



Some boys and girls are cruel without knowing it, they do unkind things to the animals about them, without remembering that God has given to cats, and dogs, and birds a sensibility to pain as to human beings, and that they can feel as acutely as themselves. Perhaps they have not been taught to think about the sufferings of animals, and, not having very kind hearts, or very thoughtful heads, they ill-use them without caring about it; but no really tender-hearted child could hurt any creature without feeling pain. It is very beautiful to be kind and loving, very beautiful to wish that all about us, whether men, or women, or children, or only the dumb animals, should be happy and free from pain and trouble;

very beautiful, never willingly to bring distress or pain upon any living thing. A wise poet has said :—

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He *made, and loveth all!*"

And this is quite true ; we do not hurt that which we love : so if we love God's creatures, we shall never wilfully do them harm. Many boys, however, seem to delight in cruel sports; and in this respect are far behind some animals, who, on the contrary, give them an example of kindness and humanity that they would do well to imitate. I will relate to these a tale of a dog that was kind to his fellow.

Three thoughtless, cruel lads caught hold of a poor harmless dog that was wandering about the streets, doing no harm to any one, and only wishing to go through the world as quietly as possible. The Dog might have bitten them if he had been as cruel as themselves, but he did not, he let them hold him fast, and did not even growl when they began to pull him about and tease him, only wondering, in his patient way, what they wanted with him, and when they would let him go. An old tin can, battered out of shape and in holes, lay in the road, and the sight of it suggested to one of the boys a wicked amusement. He proposed to the others to tie it to the tail of the unoffending dog, and then to let

him free, that he might run off, while they should follow him with cries and shouts. Such a piece of cruel fun was irresistible to these boys ; their hearts were hard, and at once they did as was proposed. A stout string was procured and tied fast to the can, and afterwards to the poor dog's tail, and then, with pelting of stone and loud outcries, they chased him up the street. The can banged and rattled, rattled and banged, behind the frightened creature, and the faster he ran the more the can rattled. Such a noise, so near to him, he had never heard before, and it seemed to him that this strange banging, rattling can must be a living enemy, clutching him fast behind. If he wanted to stop a moment, on the boys came, and with laughter and shouting drove him before them, and on the can went also, pursuing him with its strange noise. Wild with fear, he ran through street after street ;—the boys were left far behind at length, but the can remained, its horrible din and clatter always in his ears. What could he do ?—Where could he go, to be rid of this strange enemy ?—the poor excited, frightened animal did not know,—there seemed no help for him ! At last, when half-dead with fright and exhaustion, for he had run a long way, he saw sitting in a quiet corner a great Newfoundland dog, Perhaps he knew the dog, and recognized a kind acquaintance ; perhaps he was quite a stranger to him ; but however that may be, he made his way to him, and with piteous cries and an imploring look asked his help. If the Newfoundland dog had been like the boys, or only half as cruel, he

would have snarled at the poor fellow, and driven him away; but instead of that, he let the persecuted creature come quite near, looked at him compassionately a moment, and then, seeing what was amiss, began to gnaw at the string that held the can fast to his tail; it was soon severed, his companion was free,—with a joyful bark he tossed the can in the air in evident triumph! Which was the nobler,—the Newfoundland dog, or the boys?

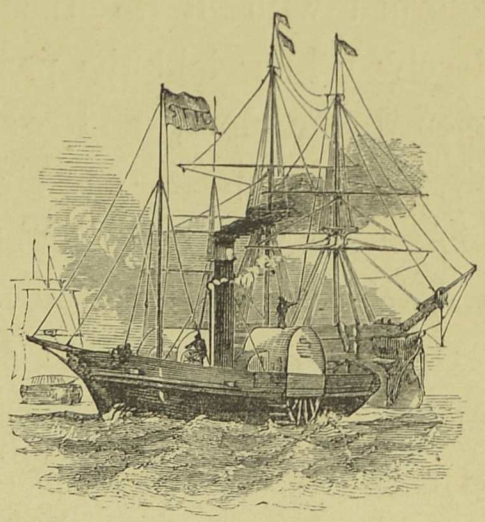
If the boys had happened to see the dog's kind act, I think they would have felt ashamed; they ought to have been so, at least, and to have taken a lesson from him in sympathy and goodness. If we see any animal in distress or want, we should try to assist it all we can,—and not laugh at its misery, or make its pain worse for our sport.

E. S. O.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

DANDIE; OR, THE DOG THAT REASONED.

A GENTLEMAN in Edinburgh had a clever Newfoundland dog called Dandie. Amongst other accomplishments he had been taught to take a penny in his mouth, and run to a certain baker's shop every morning, bringing back with him a loaf of white bread, which the baker gave him for the penny. This bread he was allowed to eat. You may imagine the pleasure with which he would start away every day with the penny in his mouth for the favourite loaf! One morning a friend of his master's, who had frequently seen him going and returning on this errand, thought to play him a trick. Instead of a good penny he put a bad one in his mouth, and away went Dandie delighted as usual,—rather more than usual, indeed, for two loaves in one day were a wonderful pleasure. The shop reached, up went Dandie's paws, and down went the penny on the counter. "Now for the loaf!" thought the expectant dog. But—no,—the baker looked at the penny curiously and suspiciously, turned it about in his hands, shook his head, and gave poor Dandie the money back again,—and no bread! I daresay the baker smiled a little to him-



self, too, thinking that some one had been making fun of the dog, and was not far off enjoying the frolic. As you may suppose, Dandie did not smile,—*his* smile, a wag of the tail, was not forthcoming ; it was a very serious matter to him that a penny should no longer be able to buy a loaf. He stood a moment thinking, for dogs can think, and to a certain extent reason very wisely, and then, with the useless penny in his mouth, he returned with it to the house of the gentleman who had deceived him, laid the penny at the feet of the servant who opened the door, and walked away with more than a look of disappointment—an air of contempt. If he could have spoken, he would no doubt have said, "Tell your master he is a deceiver, and I will never take any more pennies from *him*."

Dogs, like human beings, seem sometimes to be capable of repentance or change of character. A sheep-dog named Rover, belonging to a gentleman in California, was so very wild and savage, that instead of protecting the sheep and lambs, he was more than suspected of devouring some of them himself. Anxious to get rid of him, the gentleman had him taken to San Francisco, to be lost in the streets. A great many dogs run wild about this city and get their living by eating whatever is thrown out to them, and like the dogs of Constantinople are useful scavengers in that warm climate. Rover was strong and bold, and soon made himself conspicuous among his wild companions, but whether he repented his former misdeeds, or whether there was something good in his nature that had not been able to be developed before, he now

DANDIE'S CONTEMPT.

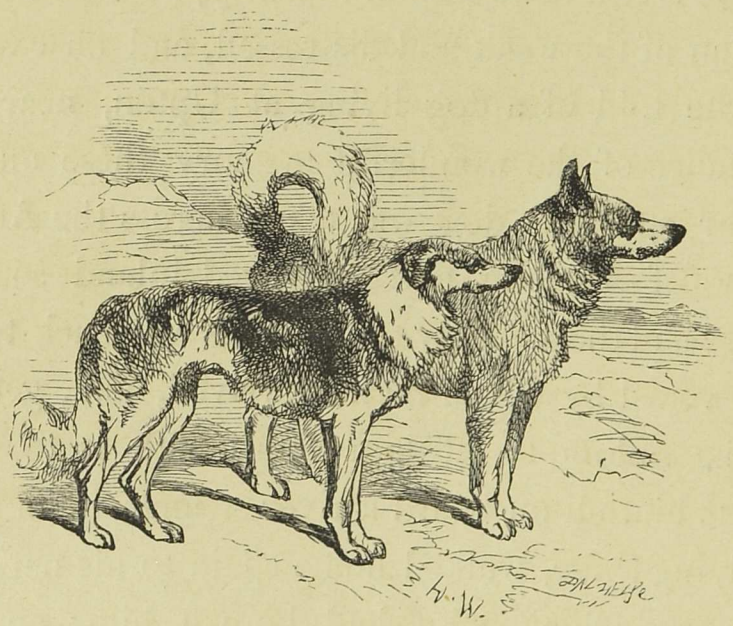
became the protector of the weak instead of the destroyer, and the gentleman was much astonished on visiting the city some time after, to find that Rover was looked upon by the inhabitants as a dog of wonderful affection and tenderness. He had taken under his protection a poor miserable dog that was too weak to get his own living, and helped him to procure food, refusing to eat himself till his companion was satisfied. He also fought his battles for him, and the two dogs were always to be seen together, Rover taking the part of guardian on all occasions. In awhile the weaker dog died, and Rover mourned long and sincerely for him, as was apparent from his melancholy aspect. Some time afterwards, however, he formed another attachment, and this time it was a lame dog that he took under his protection, caring for him as he had done for the weak one before, to the admiration of the people of San Francisco. He is still to be seen in that city, with his limping friend,—the guardian of the weak and distressed, and an example to all.

An anecdote told of a dog living at Upton, near Gloucester, gives an instance of the wonderful memory these animals show. About a year ago this dog was taken across the Atlantic to the United States of America, and conveyed inland some hundreds of miles. He had the sagacity to make his way back to New York, to find the vessel by which he had arrived, and, getting into it, to induce the sailors to let him return with it to Bristol. At Bristol he put himself on board a river steamer bound to Gloucester, and, arriving there, walked home again to his native Upton, to the astonishment of all who had known him; and had never

expected to see him again. Who can tell what were the thoughts and anxieties of the poor dog on his long return voyage? And how ardently he must have longed to see again either the place from which he had been conveyed, or some person living there, —most likely the latter, as dogs are most affectionate, and much more attached to persons than places! How great, too, must have been his joy when he arrived. It is to be hoped he found kind friends to receive him, and make much of the dog who liked England so much better than America, and those who had been good to him in past years, better than strangers.

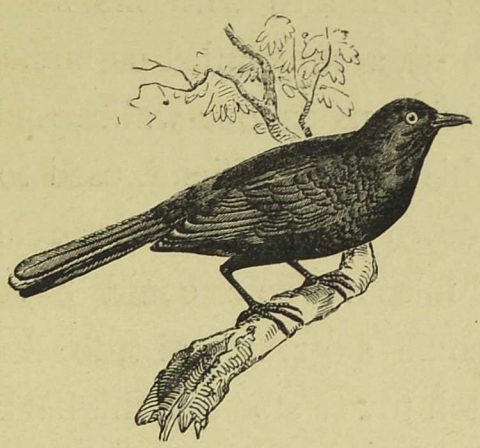
Dogs are very sagacious creatures, and never forget a kindness shown to them. They are very useful to man in a variety of ways, and should always be treated with consideration and kindness.

E. S. O.



THE CAT AND THE BLACKBIRD.

I AM very fond of cats, and once was the owner of a fine fellow named Tom, a grey cat with green eyes. He was the largest and the strongest of home-bred cats I have ever met with. From his youth upwards, he was always fond of being in the open air. He would sit for hours by the side of the pond, studying, I suppose, the habits of the ducks and ducklings; or he would take a tour of inspection round the yard, to see how the chickens were getting on: he seemed anxious to play with them, but their mothers strongly and suspiciously objected to that.



What made me love Tom so much was, that he was always trying to make friends with every living thing he met, and he seemed to hope that all wished to do the same with him. He stood in no fear of even the largest dogs, who seldom dared to annoy him ; and if two or three set on him, he would seek the nearest tree, which he ascended more rapidly than the most skilful gymnast, and, sitting on a lofty branch, gazed down complacently on his baffled assailants.

He was a most affectionate cat. When evening set in, if he

discovered that all the family were not at home, he grew very uneasy, and as soon as the outer door was opened, in answer to his repeated mewings, he set off to meet those who were absent. A private path, of a mile in length, extended between our cottage and the high-road, and on a wall at the place where they joined, Tom took up his position. No matter how dark the night might be, as soon as he heard our approaching footsteps he mewed a welcome, leaped down, and after rubbing our ankles with his head (that is a way in which a cat shakes hands), accompanied us home.

In the day-time he frequently went with us in our walks, and he and our little Skye terrier, Flory, his beloved friend, used to romp about us, and run races up and down the road, to the great amusement of the passers-by. I think if Tom could have handled a pencil he would have become a great artist, for he seemed fond of scenery. A ruined watch-tower stood at the back of our cottage, and up the ivy which covered it he used to climb, and look across the blue waters of the Forth, to the lofty ranges of the Highland hills.

Although Tom had many opportunities, I never knew him do an injury to chicken or duckling. Cats and certain other animals are said to be natural enemies. I don't think they are; but of one thing I am sure, and that is, that we should never do an injury even to the meanest living thing. Be merciful to them all. Remember the promise of the Saviour, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

THE CAT AND BLACKBIRD.

A friend who resides at Champion Park, Denmark Hill, has in her possession a dark, handsome, and intelligent tabby cat, who is known by the familiar name of Beddie. This lady has also a large collection of thrushes and blackbirds, and finches, and robins, and other birds, whose songs and chirpings cheer and delight her all day long. I am certain she has hundreds of these birds. How many cages do you suppose she has? I do not think you need try to guess, so I will tell you how many. She has none at all! They live free and unmolested in her garden and shrub-berries. Instead of destroying them, she encourages them to come and stay with her, for she knows that they will protect her fruits and flowers from worms and insects, and she loves to hear their songs of thankfulness and praise. In summer, the crumbs from the table are their portion; and in winter, when the trees are leafless and the ground covered with snow, and the streams bound with frost, no bird, to use a beautiful Irish saying, "ever goes away from that lady's door, with a tear in its eye." In that inclement season, they are liberally supplied twice a-day with bread, potatoes, or rice. As birds require to drink as well as eat, three flower-pot saucers are placed along the border of the grass-plot in the garden, which are always kept filled with water. One of these saucers which stands opposite the dining-room windows, and close to the spot where the birds come to take their breakfasts and dinners, is especially patronized by those thirsty little fellows, the sparrows. The thrushes and blackbirds are very fond of bathing,

and into the saucers, or, as they have been very properly named, "The Birds' Drinking Fountains," they go, and dip heads under the water, splash it over and around them with their wings, and never seem to tire of the cooling luxury.

The cats of the neighbourhood also patronize these fountains and seem thankful for the refreshing draught. The lady's own cat, Beddie, a thoroughly spoiled pet, who disdains water when offered her in-doors, laps from the saucers with evident relish. Madam Beddie passes the sunny days of summer under the shrubs near the house, seldom stirring from her shady retreat, except when she comes forth to accompany her mistress or others of the family in their walk round the garden; and, as she walks by their side, she indicates in her own fashion, how delighted she is to be with them. Beddie is the gentlest of cats, and I suppose the birds about Champion Park know that she is so, or else how could a certain little bird have dared to do what he did?

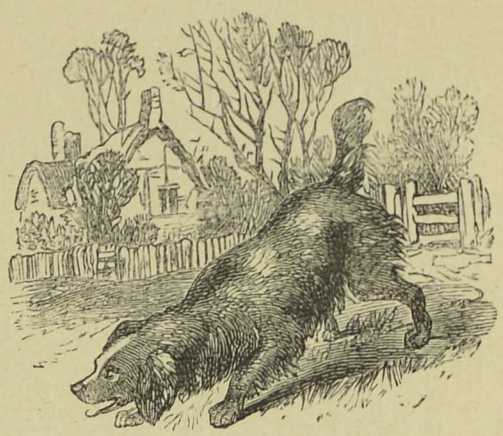
Looking forth from her window, one day last summer, the lady saw a sight that astonished and pleased her; and Mr. Harrison Weir on the opposite page, has made a drawing of what the lady saw; which, I am sure, will astonish and please the readers of this book. Beddie was allaying her thirst at one of the saucers, and on the rim at her right side was perched a blackbird, enjoying, without any sign of fear, the cooling drink. When the bird had satisfied itself it flew away; Beddie kept on lapping for a minute or two longer, and then betook herself to her shady summer-house among the shrubs.

R. P. S.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

DON AND SAMBO.

THE late Sir William C—— was well known by his friends as a lover of dogs. His anecdotes about them were almost without limit. A few years before his death the writer became acquainted with him when abroad, and he related to her the following account of a spaniel named Don, of whom he had evidently retained from boyhood a most affectionate remembrance. His own words shall be given as nearly as possible:—"My dog Don," said he, "was given to me when I was about nine years old; he was young, and an animal of remarkable intelligence and loving disposition. I had no companions at home of my own age, but Don became to me brother, sister, friend, and valet. From morning till night, and from night till morning, we were never parted; and were both of us too well satisfied with each other's friendship to care for any other. He slept by my bedside, and knowing, either from observation or intuition, that it displeased my parents if I were not down to breakfast by nine o'clock, he would never give me any peace if I remained in bed after a certain bell had rung at half-past eight. He then went and fetched up



my boots in his mouth, always placing them neatly by my side.

"At one o'clock another bell summoned us from the garden to prepare for dinner, when Don regularly marched into the kitchen, and received from the housemaid a small can of warm water, which he carried to my room; my hands being usually in too grimy a condition for cold water to be effectual in cleansing them.

"Whatever might be my pursuit at the moment, Don would either share in it, or accommodate his mood so as not to disturb me. Only one thing he rebelled against, and this was my leaving him for ever so short a time, and our life being a very regular one it was seldom necessary; he was allowed to walk with us to the secluded little church we attended, and to hide himself away under the seat of the high pew during the service.

"We had another dog named Sambo at this time, who was quite a character in his way; but who seldom took any notice of Don or me when we met him. He lived in the stable-yard, which was also the residence of some poultry, on whom Sambo bestowed his affection to an amusing degree, evidently regarding them as his own peculiar charge. Don had a dash of mischief in his nature, which was apt to be called forth by the sight of these creatures; causing him to give chase to them in a most uncivil manner. On these occasions Sambo would dart forth to their rescue, flying at Don with angry eyes and bristling hair, and never ceasing the pursuit till he had chased him from the yard. So completely did the poultry look upon him

SAMBO AND HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS.

as their champion, that, if Don's head appeared at the gate, they would quickly gather round Sambo, cackling, as if calling on him for protection. For some cause unknown, some of the young cocks behaved in a very rough way towards one of the old ones ; but in Sambo the ill-treated bird had always a friend in need ; for he took refuge on the fine dog's back ! Sambo, looking as grave as a judge, would not allow any of the other Cochins to molest his rider. At last the two dogs seemed to come to an understanding that each should go quietly in his own path in life without further provocation, and Sambo was left to the quiet enjoyment of his poultry friends' society.

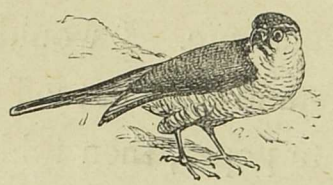
"But trial was at hand for Don and me. When I was eleven years old, it was decided I was to go to Eton. Thither poor Don could not accompany me. Separation must come at last ! After being told the news, I rushed out to a favourite seat in the garden, and there unburdened my heart to Don. The animal looked up into my sorrowful face as though he understood all about it, and nearly upset my manly efforts not to cry, by raising himself into a begging attitude, as if to implore me not to leave him.

"The day of parting arrived. The trial was harder for him than me. I went to companions, he was left alone. But for some days I could think only of Don. My mother wrote me word he kept wandering about in search of me, whining piteously, and refusing comfort. A thought struck me. I would send Don a letter in a language he could understand ! I cut off a lock of my hair, and sewed it in a sheet of note paper, then folded, sealed, and directed

it to Don. My mother opened it and laid it before him. Don sniffed at the curl instantly, and became greatly excited. He barked, threw up his head, then, seizing the paper and curl in his mouth, he hastened off to his mat in my room. There he lay down with his paw jealously laid on his treasure, guarding it as a miser would his gold. For several days he continued thus. If any one tried to touch it, he would growl angrily, and even give a snap at the fingers that persevered in the attempt. My mother alone was made the exception ; with her he was always gentle and submissive, but when she stroked his head, and placed her hand on his beloved letter, he looked up in her face with an expression that almost brought tears to her eyes. At last she bethought herself of making a little bag, and, putting the letter inside, she tied it round his neck. Then, beguiling him from the room, she had the door kept shut to prevent his returning thither. By degrees he grew more like himself, but his reception of me when I returned home for the Easter vacation I have never forgotten. He bore our after separations more philosophically than the first, as though comprehending the force of the old adage, that "what can't be cured must be endured."

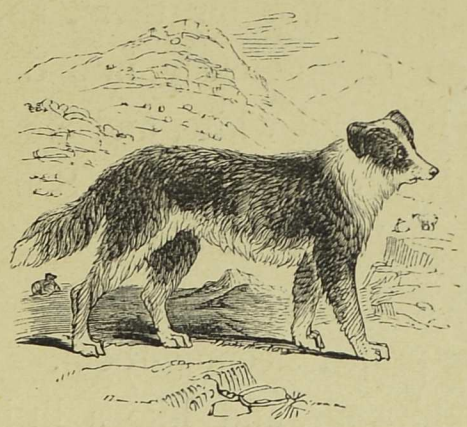
Don lived to be old, but our affection for each other never diminished to the latest moment of his existence.

E. B.



JACK, THE SHEPHERD DOG.

ONCE a-year, when I was a little girl, I used to visit an aunt of mine who lived at the most delightful farm-house imaginable. It was built of warm red bricks, and roofed with purple tiles, and its walls outside were draped to the very roof, with jasmines and roses, and with a great horizontal-branched pear-tree that bore the most splendid fruit. All round the house were pleasant play-places; the garden, the hen-yard, the stack-yard; and all the long summer's day I was never weary of watching the flowers bloom, and the hens chatter and strut, and sun themselves, and of sitting among the hay-stacks with Jack, the shepherd dog, my sole play-fellow, at my feet. Jack was a faithful old servant, who had helped to herd many a flock of sheep. In winter's snow, and summer's glow, had paced many a mile over plough and grass-land to do his duty. He had taken a fancy to me, perhaps, because I had taken a fancy to him—poor old dog! and had patted him and spoken to him kinder words than he had been accustomed to. Many a garland have I woven for poor Jack's back. And many a biscuit and piece of bread given him out of my pocket, put there for his special delight, and many a time has he fetched me my hat and handkerchief



that I had left behind among the hay, or ran after the stones I threw in play, hither and thither, for him to seek and bring to me. But no matter what he might be doing for me, when twilight came on, Jack would leave my side, and run to the hen-yard to perform a duty he never neglected. My aunt was proud of her family of fine hens, and had quite a variety of them. A large and convenient hen-house had been built for them, and every night they were expected to go harmoniously into this roosting place. But my aunt's hens, yellow and white, and black and brown, and speckled grey, had notions of their own. Some of them liked the hen-house as a roosting-place, some did not, and even Chanticleer with his fine speeches, and fine tact, could not persuade them all to follow him to their proper sleeping-room.

One Bantam hen was especially troublesome, and like a little gipsy of a hen, preferred sleeping in the open air, to being under the shelter of the best hen-roost that was ever built, and, night after night, Queen Mab, as she was called, flew into an old nut-tree, and, tucking her disobedient little head under her wing, went to sleep there. While Mab was alone in her fancy, my aunt let her have her way, but presently some young Cuckoo-hens also refused to sleep as respectable hens should, in their comfortable roost, and mounted the nut-tree with Queen Mab. But this could not be allowed. My aunt was proud of her Cuckoo breed, and very unwilling to lose any of her family, and so many hens in one tree might attract robbers. They must be made to sleep in the roost. But who was to drive them there?

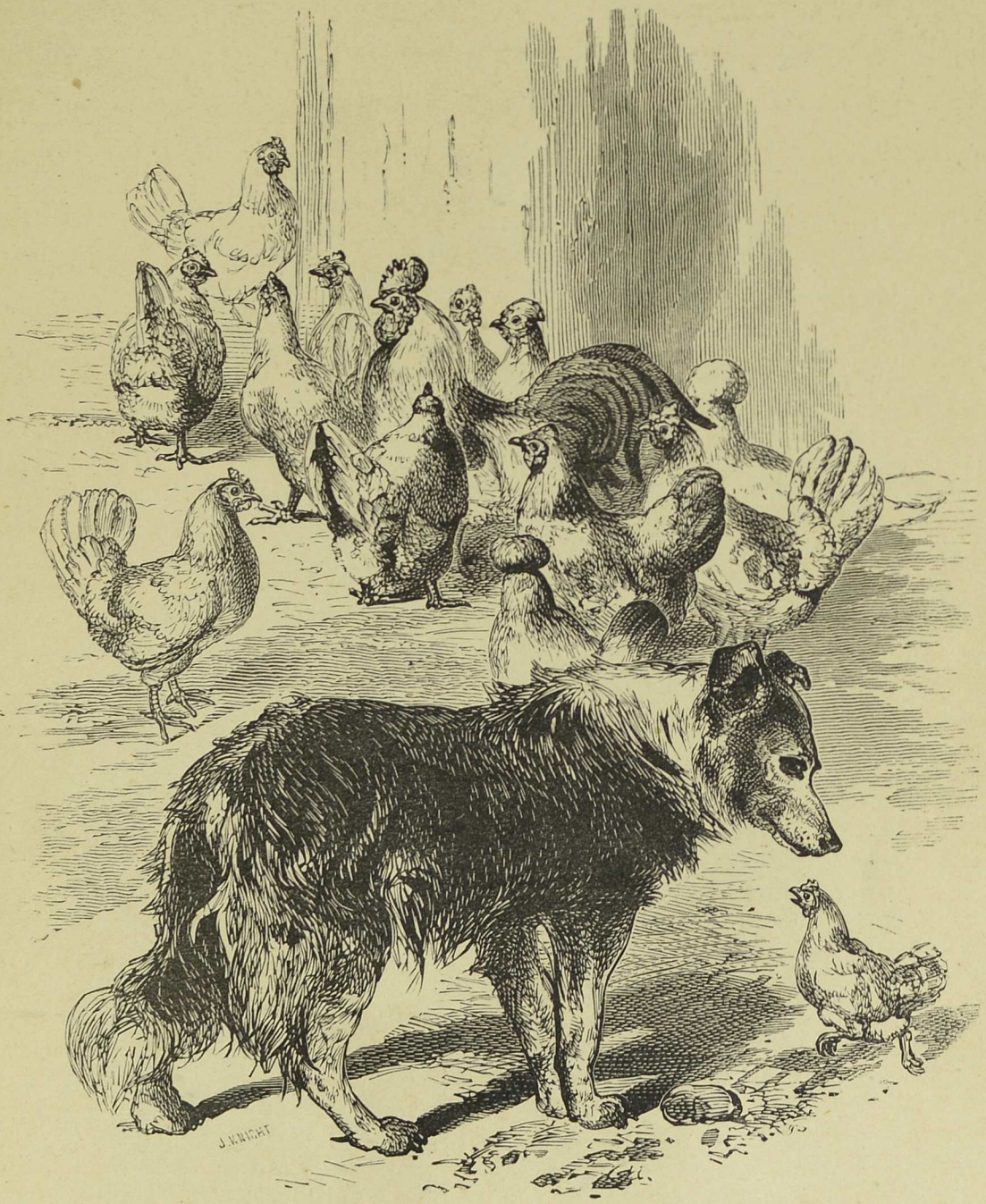
Hens are very obstinate creatures, and the fluttering, and prating and scolding there was among them, when I tried to help my aunt in driving them towards the roost, was something both to see and hear! We made them go there at last, but it became very troublesome, when after a week's endeavours, they were as wild and unwilling as before to obey rules, and my aunt even began to talk of selling the disobedient hens. Then Jack came to help us. He had watched for some evenings, our noisy efforts to house the fowls, and no doubt thought he could manage them much better, so one night he took my place, and to our great amusement, collected the whole family into a group, just as he did his sheep, and then drove them all very quietly but determinedly towards the hen-house. There was much surprise among the feathered ladies at first, and not a little chattering and scolding, and Chanticleer himself took the proceeding a little in umbrage, walking along with unwilling paces among his many-coloured wives, with a look that said "Why do you trouble *me? I* have always behaved well." But Jack persevered, and saw them all, Queen Mab included, safely within the roost. Then he turned to us, as though he could say "I have done my duty, now do yours," and my aunt turned the key in the door, and made her hens secure.

That was the beginning of Jack's usefulness in this way, but every future evening, he gravely set about the same duty, and without any assistance brought every hen to obedience and good behaviour. Queen Mab was always the last, however, and now and then would erect her feathers, and set up her wings at him

as though she would fight for her liberty, the bold little creature! But it was all of no use. To the roost she had to go, and after a time she learnt to be wiser, and to submit like the rest. It was very droll to see Jack marshalling his little procession of hens, and I think he enjoyed the work himself, particularly his triumph over Queen Mab. There was a blink of fun in his grey eyes, when he had done, that told me this, as he would return to me, gently wagging his tail, to let me know that he was quite ready for another romp, if it were agreeable to me. It is now many years since Jack was laid in his grave, at the foot of the great apple-tree in the orchard. But he left more than one to regret him. My aunt mourned the loss of the faithful guardian of her sheep and fowls, and I mourned, with some childish tears, the loss of a pleasant companion and loving playfellow.

Poor old Jack! faithful and affectionate, his memory is green and fresh in our hearts as the grass upon his orchard grave.

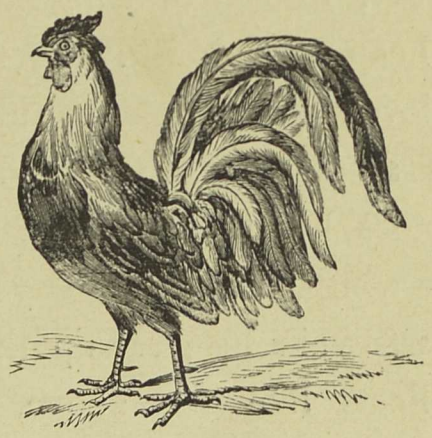
E. S. O.



JACK IN THE POULTRY YARD.

POOR MEGGY'S GRAVE.

A LADY, who resides near Highgate Hill, had, a few years ago, three very fine fowls ! a hen and two cocks, one white, and the other brown. These two cocks grew very jealous, and had frequent battles as to which should be the sole lover of Meggy, the hen. Whitey, at last, proved the victor. How deep was the affection he bore to Meggy, the sequel will show.



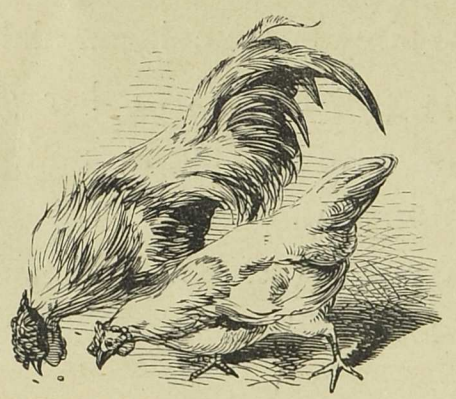
Time rolled away happily over their heads, loud was the crow of Whitey in the early dawn, proudly all the day he stalked, erect as a grenadier, by her side, ever on the watch for any dainty pickings that might have fallen among the gravel ; but at last poor Meggy died, and was buried in a little grave. After her death the mateless Whitey became inconsolable. With drooping feathers he took his position above her grave, and remained on the spot without once leaving it, until at last he was one morning found dead upon it.

I know of another very striking instance of the power of affection among the fowls of the air, that have been domesticated

to add to the comfort, or pleasure of mankind. A lady had a pair of beautiful pea-fowl, which were the pride of her poultry-yard, and were very fond of each other. It happened unfortunately, however, that a fox found his way, one night, to the pea-hen's perch, and carried her off. The robber however had been disturbed in his flight, for the body of the pea-hen was found on the following morning, in the hedge at the bottom of the orchard. It was brought home, and I am sorry to say, instead of being buried, as Meggy was, it was flung upon a heap of rubbish. In the meantime, the peacock, missing his beloved companion, paraded in anxious search, about the yard till at last he discovered her remains. Hoping I suppose to restore her to animation, by his warmth, he covered her with his wings, for three days, without ceasing, till finding all his efforts vain he gave up the attempt.

Facts like the above, show us that if such affection exists among the animals, which minister to our uses and delight, that independent of our duty, to be kind to all God's creatures, we should also be kind to them, seeing how affectionate they are among themselves.

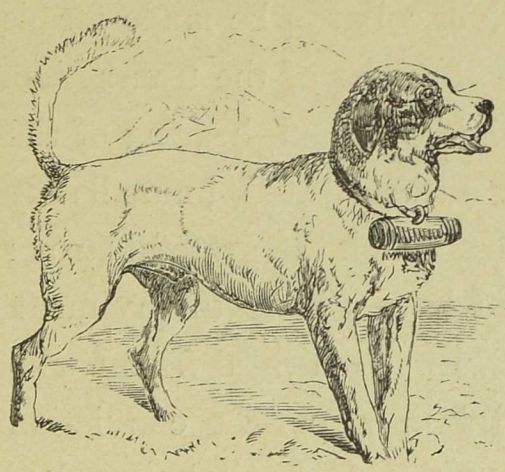
R. P. S.



POOR MEGGY'S GRAVE.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

The *Sportsman's Cabinet* informs us that:—"Mr. H. Hawkes, a farmer, residing at Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market. On returning at night with his dog,



who was usually at his heels, he took his way over Snodland brook. The snow fell so fast that he lost his way, and being exhausted, fell down, and turning upon his back, was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold. His faithful dependent first scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a sort of protecting wall around his helpless master, then mounted upon the exposed body, rolled round and *laid upon his master's bosom*, for which his shaggy coat proved a most seasonable covering and eventful protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning, a person who was out with his gun, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman by actions of the most significant nature, to come near the side of his

master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face the countenance was immediately recollected, but the frame appeared lifeless. Assistance was procured to convey the body to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when, a pulsation being observed, every possible means was instantly adopted to promote his recovery. After a short time the farmer was sufficiently restored to tell the story we have related, and in gratitude for his miraculous escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction.

"A medical gentleman in the neighbourhood, hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, 'so long as I have a bone to my meat, or a crust to my bread, I will divide it with the faithful friend who has preserved my life;' and this he did in a perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog, in covering the most vital part, had continued the circulation, and prevented a total stagnation of the blood by the frigidity of the elements."

Only those who live among the mountains can properly behold the terrors of winter, when the snow drifts down into the glens and hollows, when trees and precipices and deep pools are hidden from the sight, and when sheep and shepherd often perish together. Then does the sagacity of the dog display itself in the highest manner, of which the following fact is a good illustration :—

Mr. John Cobb, farmer at Tillybirnie, near Brechin, during a severe snow-storm, had gone with his dog Cæsar to a place where

A "BOSOM" FRIEND.

his sheep in such weather were wont to take shelter. This spot was overhung by some precipitous rocks, called the Ugly Face. The dog scented the sheep, which were hidden deep beneath the snow, and Mr. Cobb was about to return home and bring his servants to rescue the sheep, when an avalanche of snow rolled down the cliffs, and buried him and his dog.

He found all his endeavours to extricate himself from this fearful situation useless ; and at last, worn out, fell asleep. His dog, however, had contrived to work its way out, and returned home next day about noon. By whining and looking in the faces of the family, and then running to the door, it showed that it wished them to follow it. They accordingly did so, accompanied by a number of men provided with spades.

When they reached the spot where Mr. Cobb was the dog began to scrape away the snow which had fallen since the previous afternoon, and in doing so fell into the hole by which it had effected its escape. The men instantly began digging, and by nightfall found Mr. Cobb quite benumbed and standing upright. Fortunately life was not extinct, and he soon recovered. Cæsar lived to a great age, and when he died his master sorrowed as if he had lost a favourite child.

One fact more, showing the strong attachment of a dog for its master, for which I am indebted to Mr. Dibdin. A dog whose master was necessitated by business to leave home frequently, always moped about during his absence. Whenever it was convinced that he was on the road home, it made its way out of the

house, and met him generally about two miles from town. It played and frolicked about him till it obtained one of his gloves, with which it ran at its greatest speed home, entered the house, laid the glove down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When it had sufficiently amused itself in this manner, it darted once more out of the house to meet its master, and ran before him till he reached home.

Years rolled on, and both master and dog grew old and infirm, and incapable of far journeys and dancings round gloves. The poor dog, though blind, still recognised its master and its affection for him seemed to increase with his age. The old man, after a short illness, died. The dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, and did his utmost to prevent the undertakers from removing the coffin from the house. After this, it began to pine away rapidly, and was evidently verging towards its end.

One day, a stranger entered the house, and it rose to meet him, greeting him by rubbing its head against his legs. Its master, when old and infirm, had worn ribbed stockings for warmth. This gentleman wore stockings of the same kind. The dog, from this resemblance, thought its master had returned, and began to display its joy; but, upon further examination, finding its mistake, it retired into a corner, and in a short time expired.

Who could be harsh or unkind to a race of animals so useful and so affectionate towards us ?

R. P. S.

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