

MUNT LOUISA'S CHOICE
PRESENT

HORSES & DOGS

BY HERRING
AND LANDSEER



PARKINS & CO. LTD
25, OXFORD STREET

Arthur Richmond -
With Aunt Deops' love. Christmas 1896

24
Nov

Sent to John by Connie
Oct. 6th 1933.



AUNT LOUISA'S
CHOICE PRESENT.

COMPRISING

FAMOUS HORSES.
NOTED HORSES.



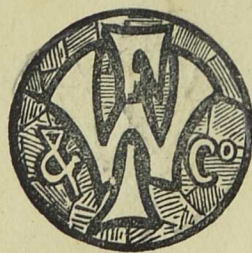
FAMOUS DOGS.
NOTED DOGS.

BY

HERRING AND LANDSEER.

TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES PRINTED IN COLOURS BY J. BUTTERFIELD.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS.



LONDON:

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,

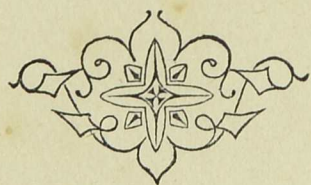
BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND ARMSTRONG.



PREFACE.

THESE famous pictures of Horses and Dogs, by Herring and Landseer, having ceased to be copyright, the Publishers are enabled to offer them in their present form to their young Readers; trusting that the influence for good which they are thought to have exercised over grown-up people, by their beauty and significance, may extend in a yet larger circle, and have an abiding power for good, by inspiring children with kindness and affection for our four-footed friends.



FAMOUS HORSES.

FAMOUS HORSES.

THE CAVALRY HORSE.

WHO does not love horses? All boys and girls, I am sure, from little baby who delights in watching the "Gee-gees," as he calls them, to John and Mary, who ride on their little Shetland ponies by papa's side. They will all like to look at these pictures, and read about the horses they see in them.

This is a Cavalry Horse. "Cavalry" means soldiers who fight on horseback. This horse belongs to a brave soldier, who fought for us in India and in the Crimea. Look at its eye; how full of courage it looks. It loves the sound of the trumpet, and will keep in its place, and do all it ought to do at every trumpet call, even if it has no rider. We were in India once just before a great battle, and we saw what is called a review on the great plains there. A review is like playing at war; the soldiers go through all the movements that they would make in a real battle. Well, there were a great many soldiers there, and in riding very hard one of them was thrown off. The horse had no rider, but he did everything the other horses did, and was in his place all through the review. We know a horse which was in a great many battles; he belongs to a friend of ours who is a brave soldier. This horse went through the war with Russia, and now, on grand occasions, he wears medals, like the good soldier he is; and when the brave men who fought in those wars had a dinner at the Alexandra Palace, Arab was sent there for people to see. He quite knows that he is admired, and tosses his head when you look at his medals. He is a bay horse—that is, of a reddish-brown colour. The horse in the picture is white, you see. It is very gentle, as all brave boys and horses are.



THE FARMER'S HORSE.

THIS is the Farmer's Horse Rufus. He carries his master to market at a good pace every market day, and sometimes a little way after the hounds when there is a meet near the farm.

Dash, the dog by his side, is a great friend of his; they are generally to be found together, and Rufus is also very fond of the cat, which always sleeps in his manger; but when he wishes to eat some oats, he takes her gently by the skin of the neck and drops her into the next stall till he has had a good feed. He is very glad to see her back again when he has had his dinner.

Now I must tell you a story about a farmer's horse. The farmer lived close by the New Forest—a great wood near the sea, in Hampshire. Nearly five miles off, across the sea, is the Isle of Wight. The farmer went one day to a town there, called Newport, and bought a horse. He put it into a passage-boat and took it across to his own farm, where it was turned into one of his fields. But next morning it was gone, and no one had seen it; he looked everywhere for it, but could not find it, so he thought it must have been stolen.

Soon after, the farmer had to go again to the Isle of Wight, and he called on the man from whom he had bought the horse to tell him of his loss. To his great surprise, the man said,

“The horse is not lost; it came back to us the next day! it swam across the water to its old home.”

The animal had swum nearly five miles to return to his dear master. Then his master gave the farmer back his money, and said he could not send away such a faithful friend.

We think Rufus would do just the same if his master sold him. Do not you?



THE SHOOTING PONY.

YOU will see at once that this is a picture of a Shooting Pony. His name is Jumper; and he is so tame and fond of his master, that he will come at a call or whistle, and rub his head against his master's shoulder, and push his nose into the pocket of his shooting-jacket, to see if he can find a lump of sugar, of which he is very fond, and which he often finds there.

He enjoys going out shooting as much as his master and Rover do; and when he feels the keen fresh October air, he tosses his mane and prances about; and when Rover runs and jumps up at him, he puts down his nose in the most friendly way.

His master is very fond of Jumper—and, indeed, he well may be,—for, once he had an accident with his gun, which went off and shot him; and while he lay on the grass unable to move, Jumper went off home as fast as he could, while Rover sat by his poor young master to watch and take care of him.

When Mr. Grey's brother saw Jumper coming up the carriage drive very fast without his rider, he guessed something had happened; so he jumped on the pony's back, and laid the rein on his neck, and Jumper took him at once to the place where his master lay. Was not that good of him? And I must tell you also—it is quite true—that Jumper opened the latch of the gate into the grounds himself, as he often did if he found it shut.

It was very lucky for Arthur Grey that he had such a clever pony; for the place where his gun went off was very lonely, and he might have lain there for hours without being found.

But, then, Arthur had been very kind to him. He never spurred him, or whipped him hard, or made him play Polo; and he talked to him, and petted him, so Jumper loved him, as all things will love us if we are kind to them.





THE POSTMAN'S HORSE.

THIS is the Postman's Horse. In London, postmen walk; they do not want horses, but in country places where the houses are a great way apart, and the postman has to go down long lanes and over moors for many miles, he must of course ride. He goes to many scattered villages and to country houses, and cottages far from the wayside.

The squire sends a leather bag for his letters, of which he keeps one key, and the post-office has another. The post-office people put in his letters and lock them up, and they cannot be taken out again till the squire unlocks the bag himself. The postman has his own bags also, and he carries back the squire's with the letters to go by next post.

The postman, you see in the picture, is gone into the servants' hall for a glass of ale, and has left the letter-bags on the steps. But they are quite safe, for Punch, his dog, is taking care of them; and we do not think that the horse would let any one come near them, if Punch warned him by barking—he would kick out at once. The Postman's Horse is named Jock; for the postman is a Scotchman, and Jock is much the same name in Scotland that John is with us.

Jock is a faithful animal and loves his master. Every one who lives in that part of the country is glad to see Jock, who carries (we hope) good news on his back: letters from little boys at school to papa and mamma, and some from grown-up sons and daughters far away, to their dear parents. Ah! Jock does not know that he carries both sorrow and joy on his back.

At Christmas he will be sure to bring pleasant letters—to say that the boys are coming home for the holidays; and, we hope, bringing a good report from their masters; then I am sure mamma will be glad to see the Postman's Horse.



THE DRAY HORSE.

THE Dray Horse, Dobbin, is a very strong animal; as, indeed, he ought to be, for he and his companions have to pull a great weight — casks of beer are very heavy, you know.

We think he looks tired now; he has just been taken out of the shafts. Look how still he stands. But, perhaps, he is afraid of treading on the ducks; for horses are very kind animals generally, and are careful not to hurt anything. In this they set a good example to children.

The Dray Horse, poor fellow, does a great deal of hard work very patiently, and is grateful for a good feed when his work is done. Man would sadly miss this useful animal, which helps him so much in his work, if horses were to die off.

The ducks, standing safely by Dobbin's great hoofs, put me in mind of a story about a horse, which Gilbert White tells us in a pretty book he wrote.

A horse and a hen lived together in an orchard, where they saw no animal but each other, except the birds. The fowl would go up to the horse with a friendly cackle, and rub itself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down at it as if he were pleased, and would move with the greatest care so that he might not tread on his little friend.

Horses also become much attached to each other. There is a story told of two cavalry horses in the old French war, one of which was shot in battle. The horse accustomed to fight by his side, would not eat—was always turning his head as if looking for his companion—pined away and died.

This Dray Horse is very fond of the animal that is put next to him; and they work much better together, than when they are used apart. It is pleasant to know that so much affection is shown by animals.



THE BROUGHAM HORSE.

PRINCE, our Brougham Horse, is a very handsome animal, and is much admired when he trots in the park. He is very good-natured, and is great friends with Trim, our dog. I must tell you a story about them.

Trim once, running in a thicket, caught his foot in a snare set for rabbits. After a great deal of pulling he broke the snare, but a great piece of wire remained on his leg, and he could only limp along on three paws. In a paddock close by Prince was feeding. Trim ran up to him and barked. Prince put down his head to the dog, who licked his face, and then held up his hind leg with a pitiful whine. Prince instantly tried to take off the wire with his teeth—quite understanding, you see, what his friend meant—but the poor horse could not get it off. Luckily, the groom came up—wondering what the horse and dog were doing—and took off the wire; but, you see, Prince kindly did the best he could.

Horses feed on corn and hay, beans, and white peas, and clover, &c., &c.; but they are all better for a feed in a fresh green meadow occasionally.

When the horse dies, his skin makes leather; and every part of him is of use.

The horse is found all over the world, and is a good friend to man. We ought always to treat him kindly.

This story is taken from "Jesse's Gleanings."

NOTED HORSES.

NOTED HORSES.

THE HUNTER.

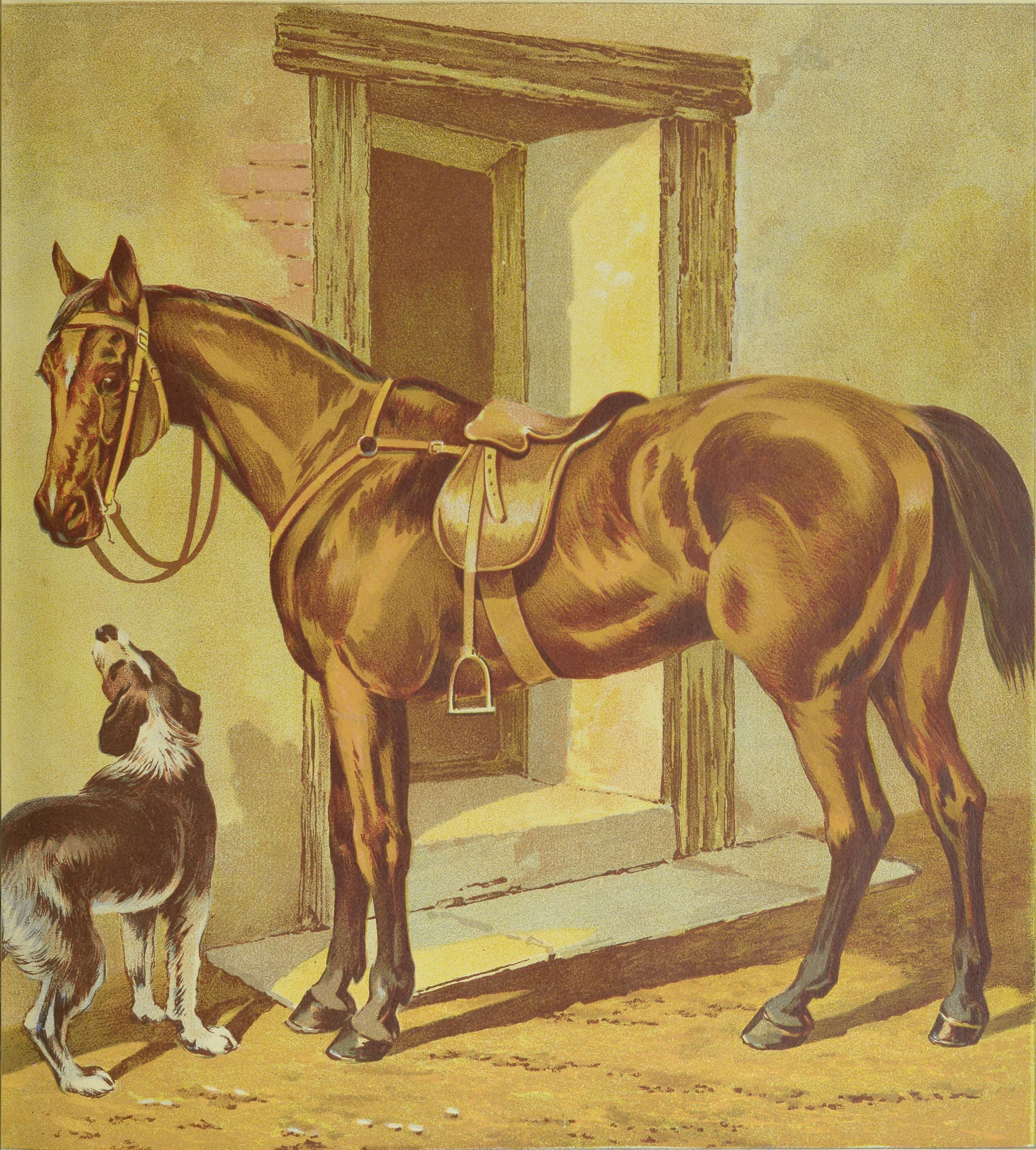
THE Hunter is one of the finest horses we possess. His beauty, speed, and courage must win every one's admiration. He loves hunting as well as his rider does, and leaps over fences and streams and five-barred gates in great style. Has Mamma ever taken you in the carriage to a Meet of the hounds? If she has not, ask her to do so; then you will see the Hunters pawing the ground and tossing their heads, impatient to be off after the fox, which the hounds are finding in the cover.

This is a picture of Papa's Hunter. His name is Nimrod. He is so called because Nimrod, Papa says, was the first hunter we ever heard anything about. He is a dear old fellow—our Nimrod—a great deal better, I dare say, than his namesake. He is very gentle and kind, and will even let me—Tom—ride him, and I am only five years old.

Once in going over a very stiff fence, he had the misfortune to fall, and Papa was thrown out of his saddle and hurt. Nimrod soon got up, and stood by dear Papa quite still, till the people came to pick him up and take him home; then poor Nimrod followed with his head down, looking quite dejected and sorry, as if it were his fault; and when Papa rode to hounds next time, Nimrod showed his joy just as well as I could.

Trim, our favourite dog, is very fond of Nimrod. Once when Papa went hunting in Leicestershire, and took Nimrod with him, Trim was so vexed that he would not eat, and fretted so that we feared he would die. But one day I took the poor sick dog with me into Papa's room, where a picture of Nimrod was just hung up. Trim was delighted: he wagged his tail, and jumped at the picture, and barked; and when I ran and brought him some meat, he ate it directly. From that time he seemed quite satisfied if I took him to see the picture once a day till Nimrod came home.*

* A fact mentioned in "Jesse's Gleanings."



THE RACE HORSE.

—:O:—

THIS is the "favourite" for the next Derby Day; at least I think so. He is a beautiful creature, and as fleet as a deer. Look how graceful he is!

I hope he will win the next race. He likes racing very much, and he is so proud that it would nearly break his heart not to win, though he is too good and gentle to do as that spiteful Race Horse did I have heard about, who, finding another horse getting up to the winning-post before him, flew at the poor winner, and bit his shoulder. Our "Harold" would not do such a spiteful thing.

And yet I wish people would not run races in the way they do now. I should like the good horses never to be spurred, but to try of themselves and by their natural speed to outrun each other.

A swift horse is sometimes of great service to men. When the Americans were wishing to be free, in the year 1775, a man called Paul Revere had to ride a great distance in a very short time, and the freedom of his country depended on the swiftness of his horse. He said to his friend who lived in Charleston, "Keep a look-out, and if the British are going to march, hang a lantern up in the church tower, and I will ride very fast and tell the people everywhere to be ready to fight." So he kept his horse saddled. At midnight he looked out, and saw a light in the church tower; he mounted directly, and galloped away and away:

"The fate of a nation was riding that night."

He told all the people to be ready; and so, when the British soldiers came, the Americans were ready to fight with them and drive them away; which they could not have been if Paul Revere's horse had not been a good one. I think that good horse did much better than any racer that has ever won the Derby.

When you are big enough, ask Mamma to read to you the beautiful poem called "The Ride from Aix to Ghent."



THE BARON'S CHARGER.

—:o:—

THE Baron's Charger is a noble horse. He will go with his master to battle, and do his duty as bravely as his rider.

This horse lived a long time ago. His master, the Baron, had to fight for his King against wicked men who were in rebellion. The King had his faults, as every man has; but it was very wrong of those who made the people fight against him and against each other. Civil war—that is, when soldiers fight against their own countrymen—is a terribly wicked thing, and should never be. And this war, of which I tell you, did no good in the end, though for a time it seemed to do so.

The poor Baron gave all his money, and his life too, for the King; and his horse did all he could too. Look! in the picture he is waiting for his rider, and perhaps saying in his way a kind good bye to the faithful dog, which will be left behind to watch over the lady and the children.

By-and-bye his master will mount him, and they will ride to Marston Moor, and fight for King Charles. But it will be of no use, for though the soldiers who are against them are not braver than the King's, they have a leader who is a great general, and will be sure to beat. His name is Oliver Cromwell.

So the rebels win the battle, and the Baron's Charger carries his wounded rider off the field, but not far. The Baron falls off—he is so much hurt—and then his charger stands still by him with drooping head, till, finding that the Baron neither speaks nor moves, he trots off at last, and returns to the castle, where the empty saddle tells the tale that the Baron has died for the King he loved.





THE SCOTCH CART HORSE.

—:o:—

THIS is a picture of quite a different kind of horse, but he is as good and faithful as the Baron's charger of old was.

He is "Sandy," the Scotch Cart Horse, and he is ready to toil very hard for his master.

The farm where Sandy lives and works is in Scotland—the country where there are great mountains and big lakes: a beautiful land, but not as rich as England. The Scotch Cart Horse has very steep hilly roads to travel over; but he is used to it, and does not mind.

The farm bailiff's children are very fond of Sandy—they often save a bit of their oatmeal cakes to give him; and they are delighted when their father sometimes puts them on the old horse's back, and lets him walk a little way with them.

This Cart Horse once belonged to another farmer in the neighbourhood, and, quite without meaning to make mischief, told a fine tale of his master.

You will say, How could a horse tell tales? he can't talk! Well, this is the way he did it:

The bailiff drove him into the town, with some hay or some calves for market, I forget which, and every time Sandy came to a public house, he stopped short! Then the bailiff saw that the horse's former master had been in the habit of drinking at every public house he passed; and Sandy, expecting that his new driver would do just the same, stopped as he had been used to do at every alehouse.

Poor horse! he did not know, as men do, how wicked and foolish it is to drink too much. Pure water is enough for Sandy—though, if he had a heavy load to draw, and a long way to go, I have heard that a little porter would help him along.



THE PARK HACK.

—:0:—

THE Park Hack is a good riding horse, and is generally a handsome animal; he can trot fast and well, but has not the speed of the hunter or race horse.

The horse in the picture is waiting to carry his master into the Park. He is a riding horse with "fine manners," Tom the Groom says. He will look very well in the Row. He is never put into harness to draw carriages, and perhaps never will be till he is quite old.

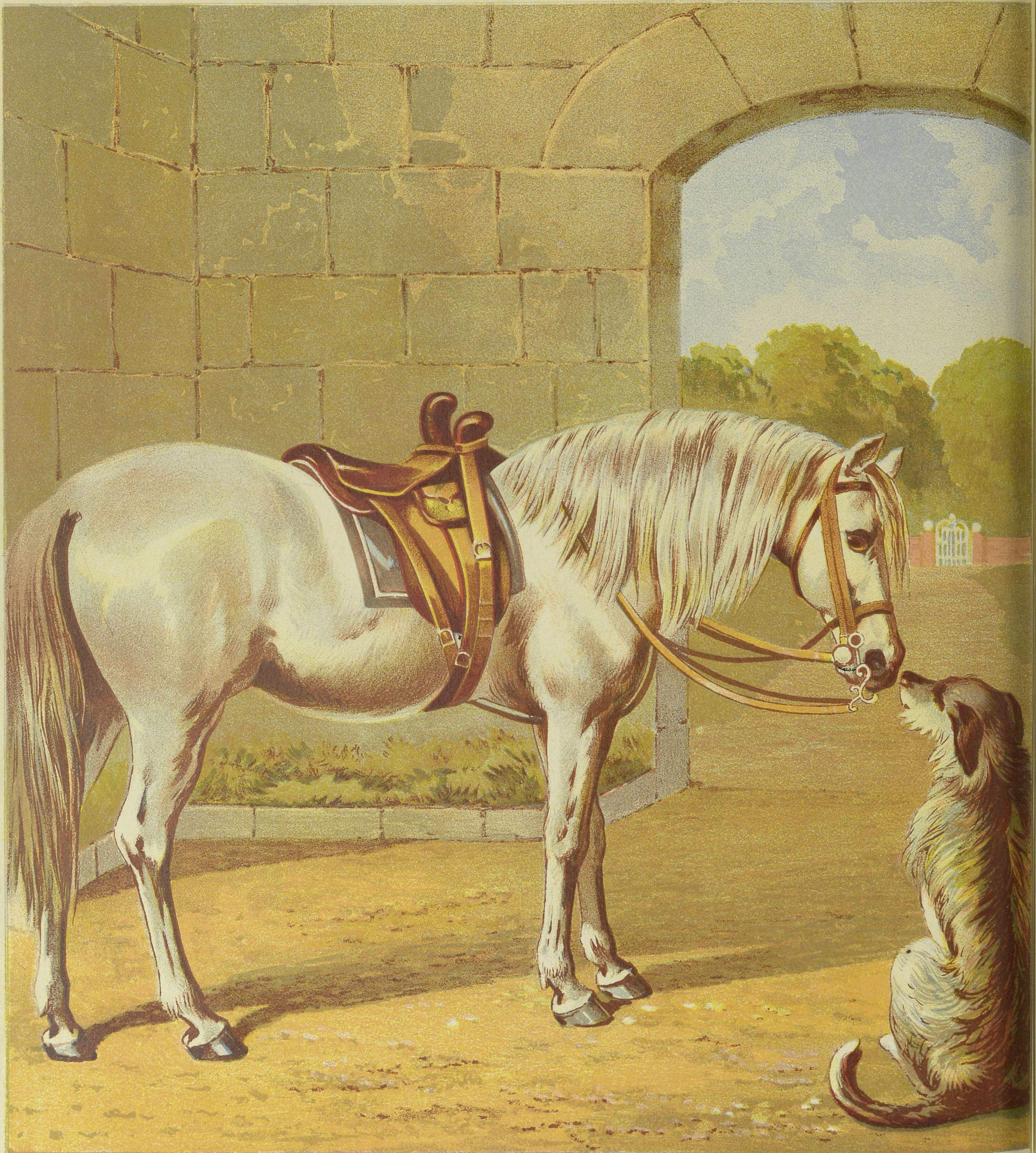
His master is very fond of him, and calls him "Paris," which I think is a good name for him; for Paris, the Prince of Troy, was very handsome and much admired, and so is this Paris. I am afraid he is very conceited. He looks as if he were; but he is a good horse in spite of that. He is very fond of his master, and is good-tempered and courageous.

When first he came to London from the country, he was half afraid of the omnibuses; but Tom, who took him out to exercise, soothed him, and rode him to the place at Hammersmith where omnibuses stand, and led him up to them, and showed him that they were quite harmless things.

At one time the puffing of the railway engine used to startle Paris; but now he is used to it, he will stand quite quietly when the train comes in.

This beautiful horse is most carefully groomed; he has a skin shining like satin, and his eye is full of fire and intelligence. He is very fond of the Shetland Pony that carries his master's little son, and is never so happy as when they are in the Park side by side; I think also he loves little Alfred, and would let him ride him if his Papa allowed it, without throwing him off.

His master is very careful of him, and does not like any one to ride Paris but himself, for fear of his delicate mouth being hurt.



THE LADY'S PALFREY.

—:0:—

THIS is a picture of the Lady's Horse, or Palfrey, as it used to be called in former days.

It is a charming animal, gentle and quiet, and yet spirited and courageous. Sister Mary loves him very much. She rides very well, and he knows her hand on his bridle, and her light weight on his back. He whinnies when he hears her footstep near him, and will go gently up to her, and rub his nose against her arm. She pets him very much—carries sugar in her pocket for him; and after luncheon often takes a nice piece of bread to the stable for him; then she pats him, and even kisses his face; while he quite returns her affection.

He is as tame as the Arab horse is, which is brought up in the tent of his master with the children, and is just like one of the family; but I do not think he is quite as clever as his cousin of the sandy deserts; though Mary says that he is, and that he understands all she says to him. He is ready to take her out now; the side-saddle is on, you see.

In former days there were no side-saddles. Generally ladies rode on a pillion—that is, a sort of cushion—behind their husbands, or brothers, or groom; for their seat was very unsafe in a man's saddle. But by-and-bye there was a Queen in France who was a very clever woman, though she was also a very wicked one; and she loved riding on a horse by herself, and yet did not wish to ride like a man; so, partly by herself and partly by an Italian saddle-maker whom she employed, the side-saddle was invented. But it has been much improved since then. This Queen's name was Catherine de Medicis.

I think Queen Elizabeth, who lived at that time, must have had a side-saddle from France when she rode to review her troops at Tilbury.

Are you not glad we have side-saddles now, and that ladies and little girls can ride by themselves, instead of being mounted behind their brothers, as they would have been in the days when the Lady's Horse was called a Palfrey?



FAMOUS DOGS.

FAMOUS DOGS.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

See frontis

HERE is a wise Dog laying down the law. We called him Snow, because his fur is as white as snow-flakes. He has never been known to do an unjust thing since we have had him. Indeed, the way in which he barks at bad people, and tries to defend helpless little ones from being hurt, proves that he is quite worthy of the place he fills—in grandpapa's chair!

How wise he looks! and a little cross, too, as if he were vexed that all Dogs are not as good as himself, and that there are so many troublesome Cats about.

He is quite ready to lay down the law to them all; and if he could speak—as we all wish he could—I think he would lay it down thus: “Dogs, be honest and faithful; do not steal bones; and love your master. Pussies, try to be like us Dogs; don't scratch, and make loud noises; catch mice, and keep in your place.” While to little children Judge Snow's law would be: “Be kind to your four-footed friends; give a faithful Dog a bone, and a biscuit now and then; and never let Baby hurt him by pulling his tail! The great law is to be kind to everything that the good God has made.”

HAFED.

HAFED is a noble hound, of whom we are all proud; he is so gentle, strong, and fleet. Even baby loves Hafed, and will often lie down by his side, and put her little head on him, and go to sleep; and Hafed will remain without moving till she wakes.

Hafed is much loved by papa and mamma, because he once did a wonderful thing. When our brother George was very little, he, one day, ran away from nurse, and went out of the gate, and down the lane which leads to the common, where some gipsies had their camp. These wicked people, seeing that he had nice clothes on, stole him and hid him in their tents.

Luckily, Hafed had run after him. When the good hound saw that his little playfellow was shut up crying, by an old woman, he barked very loud; and as he was a valuable Dog, no doubt the gipsies tried to catch him, and tie him up; but he escaped, and went home as fast as he could. He found papa in the grounds, and he barked, and pulled at his arm, trying all he could to make his master understand that George was lost. But papa did not know what the Dog meant, till nurse came crying to tell him that she could not find the little boy.

Then he guessed what Hafed meant, and said, "Find, good Dog!" and Hafed led him straight to the common, but by that time the gipsies were gone. However, Hafed soon scented out the way by which they had travelled, and never ceased running till he had led papa, and some men who had joined him in the village, to the place where George was.

Thus the little boy was found, and brought home, and Hafed was wild with joy when papa patted and praised him, and mamma did the same. He did not let George out of his sight for some time afterwards. The wicked gipsies were put in prison, of course, and we have called Hafed "The Children's Friend" ever since.



LOW LIFE.

DOGS, like children, grow like those they live with. That is why Toby, the butcher's Dog, is not at all like Judge Snow. He certainly is a vulgar Dog—not because he lives in a butcher's shop in the village, but because he has such rude ways. Look at his tongue put out, and his eye winking, as if he were making fun of us! I don't think he cares the least whether we think him a vulgar dog or not! I am not sure that he does not think it fun to make us laugh at his rudeness.

But Toby is not a bad Dog, though he does put out his tongue. He takes great care of his master's shop, and never touches the meat himself if he is ever so hungry. He is taking care now of the butcher's mug and pipe; and if any one offered to touch them, Toby would fly at him. The mug and pipe look as if they belonged to himself, don't they? Perhaps Toby fancies they do, and that he is very like his master, whom he thinks the grandest man in the village, and whom he loves with a faithful love that nothing can change.

Low life has its virtues. Toby is, as we have said, honest and faithful. He has, also, a great deal of courage. He is afraid of nothing—not even of a great bull.

Once, as the butcher was coming home from market, where he had sold a great deal of meat, and had put a good deal of money in his pocket, some thieves met him in a lonely place, and tried to take his purse from him. He would have been robbed, and perhaps very much hurt, only Toby happened to be with him, and flew at the men so fiercely, and bit them so hard, that they were obliged to run away; for Toby did not care for their kicks or blows when he was fighting for his dear master.

Ever since that time the village people have rather spoiled Toby, so he has grown a little impudent. Once a high wind blew off an old gentleman's hat in the village; Toby picked it up in his mouth, and ran away with it, and the gentleman ran after him and called him back; but Toby made him go a great way before he put the hat down. The children laughed, and Toby thought it fun; but his master beat him for that rude trick.





HIGH LIFE.

FIDO is a lady's pet, though he is a large Dog; he is a very gentle elegant creature, very different from our friend Toby. He is always beautifully clean, and unable to put up with the rough ways of common Dogs like the village curs.

His very bark is gentle, and never uttered without cause. When he jumps up to caress his mistress, he does so gracefully, and he is very obedient. But he is not as clever as "Good Doggie," or "Toby the Village Dog;" in fact, I think, a little more fun and freedom might be good for him; but he is quite content to live in my lady's chamber, and watch over her safety by day and night, and he does with very little play.

He has the good qualities of all Dogs. He is very faithful and obedient; his chief fault is being a little dainty. He will not eat Dogs' biscuits; he prefers chicken to mutton, and likes lumps of sugar when he can get them.

I am not quite sure that he is as happy as if he were left to follow his instincts—that is, his natural ways—more. But habit has made him content to be shut up a great deal, to be taken out for a walk only once a day tied to a string, and for a drive in the carriage afterwards, instead of racing about in the woods and fields chasing his prey.

But poor Fido is very glad when his mistress goes out of town. He does so very much love the country, where he can run about without a string, and even sometimes have a bit of fun chasing a Cat!

Fido loves his mistress very much; he would not let any one hurt her. Once a great wild cow chased her in a field; then Fido ran between the lady and the fierce animal, and dared its sharp horns in defence of his dear owner. The cow, perhaps frightened at his loud barking, turned and went off.

Fido was much praised and petted for his courage, and has often heard his mistress tell the story of his brave action.



GOOD DOGGIE.

DON deserves to be called "Good Doggie," for he is very obedient. He will stand up and beg whenever he is told; and he does all sorts of funny tricks which he has been taught.

Sometimes we put a piece of biscuit on his nose, and say, "Trust"—then he will stand quite still, holding the biscuit where we placed it; and I think he would not move for a longer time than we have ever tried him, till we say, "You may eat it," then he tosses the biscuit off his nose, and catches it when it falls, and eats it.

Sometimes he lies down, and pretends to be so fast asleep that nothing will wake him. We may pull his tail and his ears, and push him, and he will not stir. Of course, we do not hurt him—poor Dog—it is only pushing and pulling in play. But when we say, "Police! here is the Police!" he jumps up, and runs away as fast as he can.

He can jump through a hoop as the clown does at a circus, and will fetch and carry anything that he is told.

Now, I am going to tell you a very strange story about him, which is quite true. Our elder brother, when he was at home, went to church both on Sundays and prayer mornings, and he used to take Don to the church door, and tell him to wait there till he came out, which the Dog always did. By-and-bye our brother went away on a long journey, and left Don with us to be taken care of. On Sunday, Don went to church with us, and waited at the door as he had been used to do; but we did not go to the service on Wednesday and Friday mornings, because we were in the school-room. However, we found out that Don went all by himself—starting as soon as he heard the bell, and waiting till the people came out, when he ran home at full speed. "Was he not a good Doggie?"



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THIS is a picture of Aunt Mary's Dog. He is named Alick, but he is such a conceited Dog, and seems to think so much of himself, that we call him Alexander the Great.

Do you know who Alexander the Great was? I will tell you. He was a young King—very brave and clever, and he fought with great nations, and conquered them, and made himself their master. So people called him "Great."

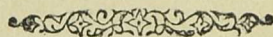
Now, there lived at that time in Greece a very strange man. He chose to be very poor—to go with bare feet, and to live in a tub—and he said very rude things to people. But as he knew a great deal the Greeks thought him very wise; so Alexander went to see him. He found Diogenes sitting outside his tub, enjoying the sunshine. "Can I do anything for you?" asked the King. "Nothing but stand out of my sunshine," said Diogenes. Alexander turned to his courtiers, and said, "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

I think he was pleased that the wise man should be so easily contented. But Diogenes might have been civil, and thanked the King for his wish to do him good; and I don't think it was wise to live in a tub—do you?

Alexander conquered all the great countries in the world at that time, and then complained because there were no more to conquer! But he did some good. He had the people he conquered taught many things, and ruled them well.

Now, the cross old man in the tub did no good to any one; for to be content in such a home, when he could by honest work have lived in a house, was foolish; and if his example were followed, the world would be a very sad place.

Do you not think that the Dog in the picture looks like Alexander talking to the wise man?



NOTED DOGS.

NOTED DOGS.

SUSPENSE.

DO you know what to be in suspense means? It is to wait for anything you very much wish, and are not sure of getting; as, for instance, if Mamma has been asked to let you go out to play on the lawn with Bruno, and you do not know what she will say—whether it will be “yes” or “no,” and you wait, thinking the time long, till your brother or sister, who is gone to ask her, comes back with the answer;—that is being in suspense. You stand looking anxiously in the direction John or Anna will come; while Bruno, quite as anxious as you are, waits at the door, as you see in the picture. He wonders when it will be opened, and he shall be let bound out; he is half afraid it will not be opened at all. He and you are in suspense.

Bruno is a noble hound, and I think he loves all his master's children dearly. He takes the greatest care of them—walks by them gravely if any one is seen coming towards them, or plays merrily with them on the grass if they wish it—bounding about, but never hurting even the baby.

Sometimes they put the baby on Bruno's back, and pretend he is a horse; and the good dog walks very carefully and gently with his little rider.

But to strangers or robbers he is very terrible. He could kill a man easily by catching him by his throat. Luckily, he is very good tempered, and does not wish to hurt anybody; he would only fly at people if they were going to rob his master or hurt the children.

Poor old fellow! we hope Mamma will let the children go out, and not keep him much longer in suspense.

Bruno will sit at the door just in the same manner when he is waiting for Papa to come home; and he seems to know quite well when to expect him, though he cannot read the clock.



THE SPANIEL AND PHEASANT.

—:o:—

THIS is Beau, our Spaniel. He is the best tempered and most clever dog I ever saw. When October comes, and the poor pretty pheasants are shot, Beau is always longing to go out shooting with papa. If the morning is rainy, he stays quietly at home; he knows that papa will not go out. If it is fine, he gets very restless, when the time comes for his master to start, and tries to draw him out by the flap of his coat. If papa means to go shooting, he opens the hall-door, when Beau directly runs off to the keeper's lodge, which is a great way off. The keeper knows when he sees him that it is a signal for him to take the dogs up to the house, and Beau then runs back, much pleased, to his master.

He is very sweet tempered, and if any one were cruel enough to beat him, he would not be angry, but would think he had, perhaps, deserved to be punished, and would lick the unkind hand.

Look how he is waiting for his master to take up the pheasant: he has not hunted for himself, but for the sportsman he loves to please. Have you ever heard the poet Cowper's pretty verses to his spaniel, which was called Beau—our dog is named after him. Cowper wanted to get a water-lily out of the river Ouse, but he could not reach it, and so he walked on without it; but Beau had seen his master try to get it, and as they came back from their walk, he plunged into the river, bit off the lily, and swimming on shore with it, dropped it at his master's feet. The poet was so pleased that he wrote a poem about it, which ends with these lines:

“ Charmed with the sight, ‘The world,’ I cried,
‘ Shall hear of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

‘ But chief myself I will enjoin
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.’ ”



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

—:O:—

DO you know what the Humane Society is? It is a number of people banded together to save human lives. They reward those who bring people out of the water or from under broken ice. This society keeps boats and drags and men by the Serpentine and the other large pieces of water in London, and it is the duty of the men to take men, women, and children who fall in, out of the water, and try to save their lives. Now I am sure you will say that Nelson, the fine Newfoundland Dog in the picture, deserves to be called a distinguished member of this society, for he seems to think it is his first duty to save people from drowning.

I dare say you remember how, a very little while ago, a child fell into the river off the Embankment, and would have been drowned, only a fine Newfoundland, walking with his master, saw him fall, sprang into the water after him, and with great difficulty pulled him out.

The Humane Society sent to ask the name of the gentleman who had saved the child, but he very properly said it was not he but his dog who deserved thanks, and he sent his dog's name instead of his own.

Our Nelson in the picture once saved his master's little boy from drowning. The children were all at play on the bank of the river, much closer to it than they ought to have been, and in running races, little George, looking back at Frank who was chasing him, fell into the stream. The children were dreadfully frightened, and poor little George must have been drowned, if Nelson had not sprung in after him, and brought him out.

Ever since that time his Mamma has been very fond of Nelson; indeed, all the family are, and he is careful not to let the little ones go too near the river again. Every one feels that they are quite safe when the good dog is with them. I think he deserves to be called—A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.





THE BLOODHOUND.

—:O:—

OSCAR is a magnificent Bloodhound. Strong, sensible, obedient, and savage, he can track and follow his prey as no other dog can; and he is very fierce and terrible when angry, or set on by his master. In former days, men were sometimes pursued by their enemies' bloodhounds. There is a story of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, being chased by John of Lorne, his enemy. The King had two followers with him. To confuse their pursuers, he and they went different ways; but, unluckily, Lorne had with him a bloodhound which had once belonged to the King, and which, of course, tracked and followed him unflinchingly.

Bruce did not know what to do. He heard the near bay of the hound, which would be sure to find him; but, luckily, just then he came to a stream, and at once plunged into it, and walked along its margin in the water. Now, running water holds no scent; so when the bloodhound came to the stream he could not tell which way Bruce had gone, and the King in this way escaped from him.

Oscar would follow as cleverly, we are sure. If you want to find any of the family who may be walking in the grounds, you have only to hold a glove, or anything belonging to them, to Oscar's nose, and say "Find," and he will lead you to the place where they are.

He has one fault. He is very jealous. He loves sister Lucy very much, and when she is walking with us he takes her whole hand in his mouth, without hurting her, and walks by her side; but he will not let any one else walk with her; he growls angrily if they try to do so.

His bay is very deep and musical; we like to hear it, and to look into his grand face; above all, when he is lying down and looking as gentle as he does in the picture.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

—:O:—

WE are sure every one will see that Cæsar, our noble mastiff, is Dignity, and Fan (our sister's little pet) is Impudence.

Just as you now see them in the picture they are very often to be seen. The great dog is tender and good to the little one, while Fan is rather teasing. She will jump round him and bark at him, and even bite his ears; but he only shakes her off, and seems to think it is the mere idle play of a puppy, which, if dogs ever laughed, would deserve to be laughed at by him.

But a great village cur was not so amiable; one day he flew at Fan when she began playing off her tricks on him. Her alarmed bark was heard by Cæsar, who at once hurried to the spot. The cur, hearing his heavy trot and deep bay, dropped Fan and ran off; while Cæsar growled a mild reproof to his impudent little friend, and took her safely back to the kennel.

Cæsar once saved his master's life. The gentleman was travelling in North America with his faithful dog. He stopped at an inn to sleep, and was going to bed, but Cæsar pulled him back with a deep growl, and would not suffer him to enter it. The gentleman was sure his grand old dog did not act from mere folly; so he called the landlord, and they were just going to look in the bed, when they heard a strange rattling noise (which, no doubt, Cæsar had heard before); and it proved to be a rattlesnake between the bed clothes. If the gentleman had got in, it would, no doubt, have bitten and killed him. How Cæsar knew that the strange sound showed some dangerous creature was there, I cannot tell. No doubt, by the wonderful instinct God has given to the dog.



RETRIEVER AND WOODCOCK.

—:0:—

THE Retriever is just bringing a Woodcock, which his master has shot, out of the rushes. No one could have found where it had fallen but him. The retriever is a very sagacious (that is, sensible) dog.

Mr. Jesse, in a pretty book he wrote, tells us a story which shows how intelligent the retriever is. A gentleman was out shooting one day by the side of a hill, attended by a keeper; he wounded a hare, which ran through one of several holes made at the bottom of a stone wall. The keeper sent a favourite old retriever after it. The dog jumped over, caught the hare, and returned with it in his mouth to the wall. But he could not jump back again with such a load in his mouth. So he put the hare down, and pushed it with his nose as far as he could through one of the holes in the wall. Then he jumped over again, dragged the animal through the hole on the other side, and brought it to his master.

My brother's retriever can understand nearly everything one says to it. If George leaves his gloves or stick at home, he has only to tell Carlo to go and find it, and the good dog will run off wherever he is told, and bring back whatever he was sent for. Once George hid a shilling under a stone in the road, and sent Carlo back for it. The dog arrived in time to see a poor woman pick it up; she had moved the stone with her foot, and seeing the shilling, of course took it. The dog barked and sprang on her, caught hold of her red cloak, and dragged her along, till her cries brought his master to the spot. On hearing her complaint, he guessed the cause of Carlo's anger, and asked her if she had picked up a shilling? She said "yes." He then explained that the dog thought it was his master's property, and wanted to get it from her. She gave it up at once. My brother put it between Carlo's teeth, and bade him give it to the woman; when he at once obeyed, and gave it to her with a friendly wag of his tail.



Bsl

