



by  
Harrison Weir

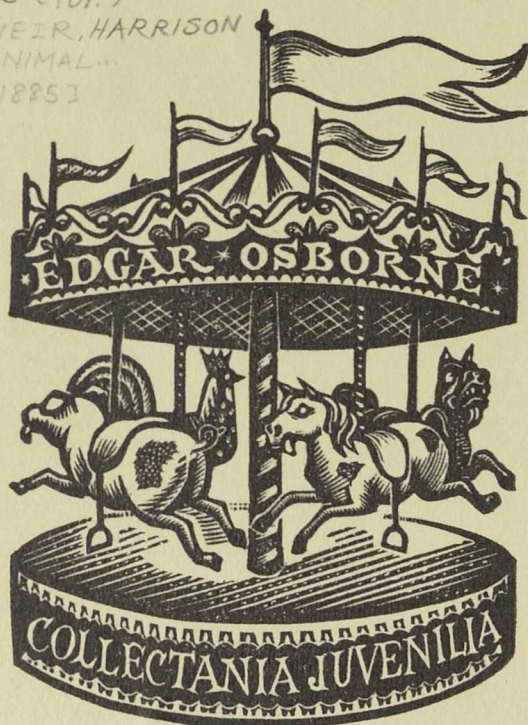


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WEIR, HARRISON

ANIMAL...

[1885]



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Dora

With Father's love

Novas 1893 -























ANIMAL  
STORIES,  
Old and New;  
told in  
Pictures and Prose.  
by Harrison Weir

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS



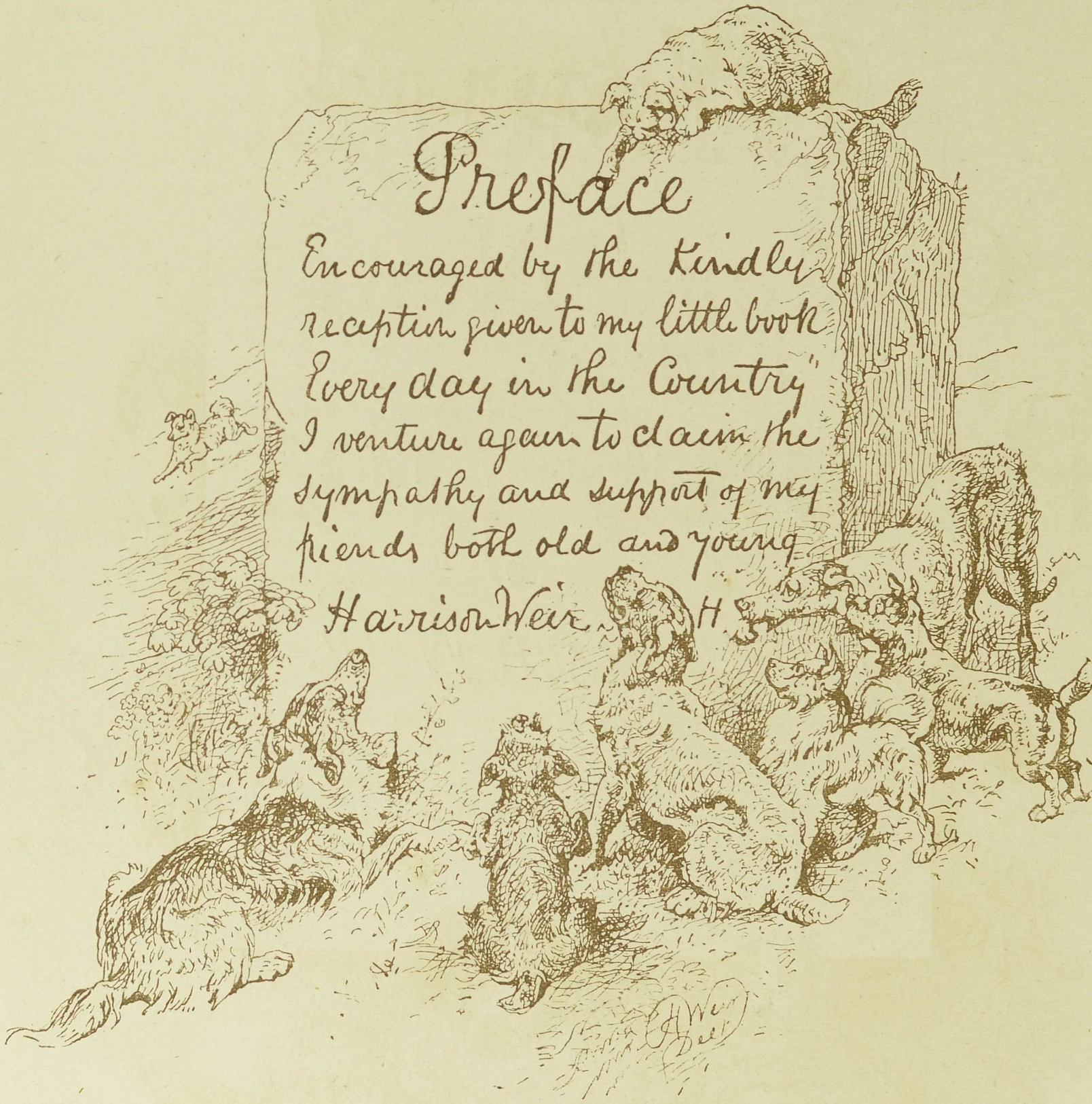
LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON.

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# Preface

Encouraged by the kindly  
reception given to my little book  
"Every day in the Country"  
I venture again to claim the  
sympathy and support of my  
friends both old and young.

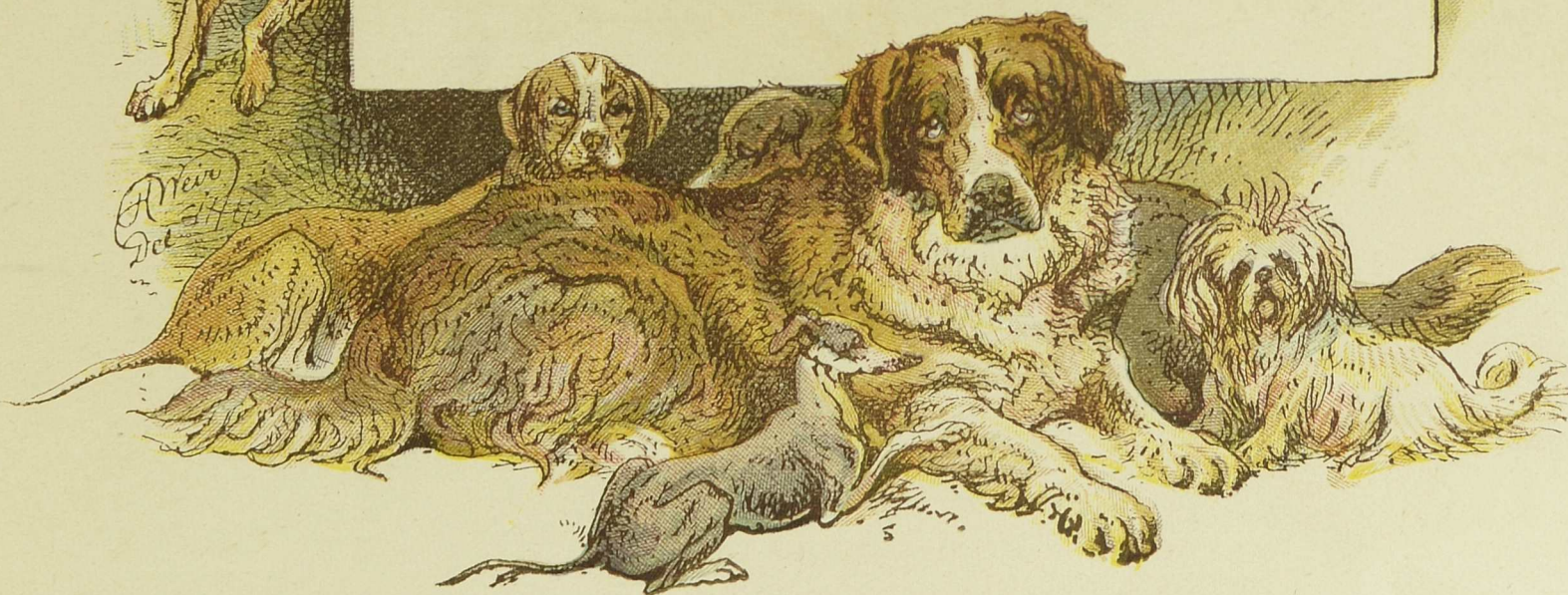
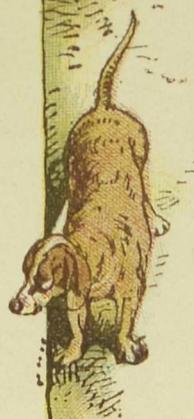
Harrison Weir. H. S.





## DOGS.

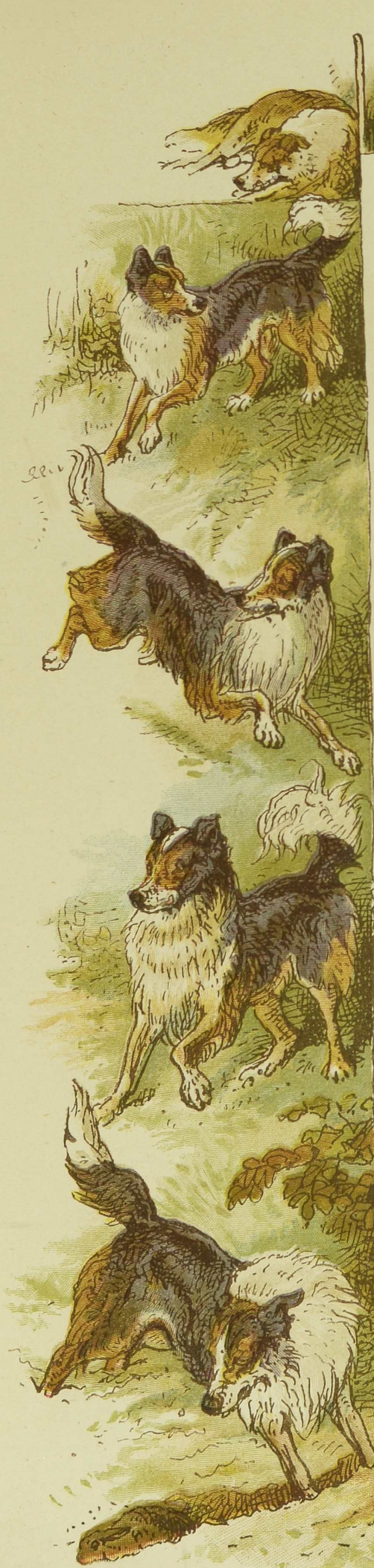
NOR only in this, but in remote ages, the dog—of all animals—has been most the associate of man: in hunting, as guard, as the protector, as helper; in fetching, in carrying, as companion in his loneliness; and his friend unto death. It may be from this long domestication, that he has imbibed a peculiar knowledge of the thoughts, actions, wants, and wishes of the human race. That he is not only able to understand their language, but at times apparently seems to read their very thoughts, is an undoubted fact, for he will often act on his own responsibility, apparently with the knowledge that it would be that which his master would do under the circumstances. Whether this is from instinct or reason, I shall leave my readers to determine. His love of home is such that he will travel, in various ways, hundreds of miles to reach it, taking routes before entirely unknown to him. Instances of this are by no means rare. Yet it is not always love of his master that causes him to journey on, regardless of distance, fatigue, and suffering, nor does he confine his affections to one for life. In proof, I give the following instance:—



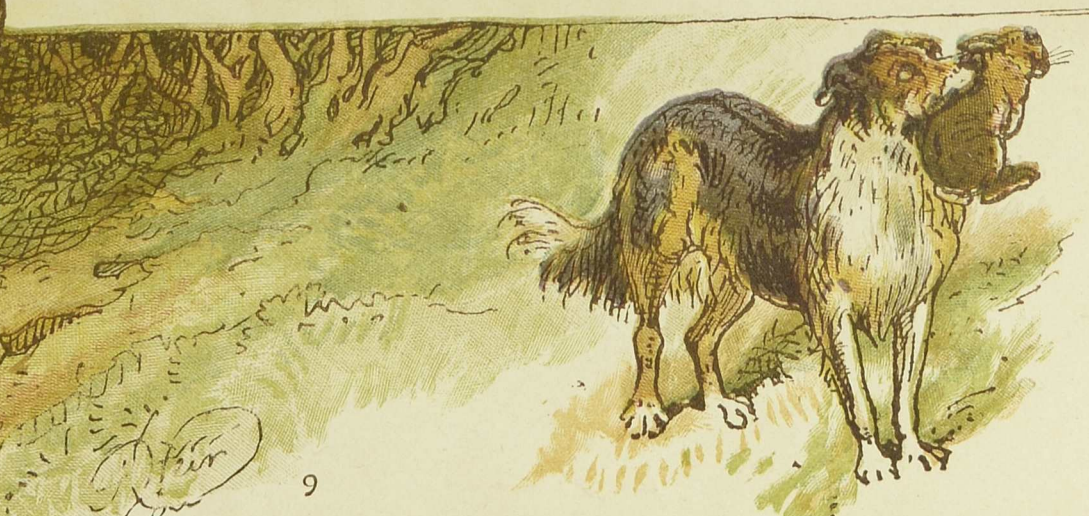




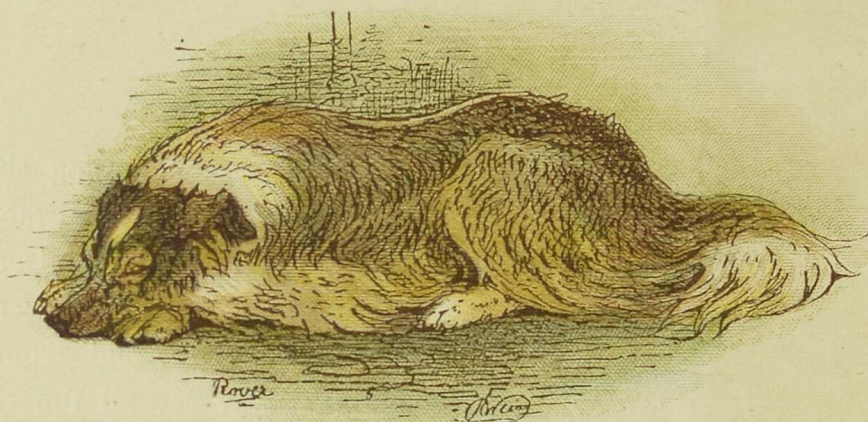




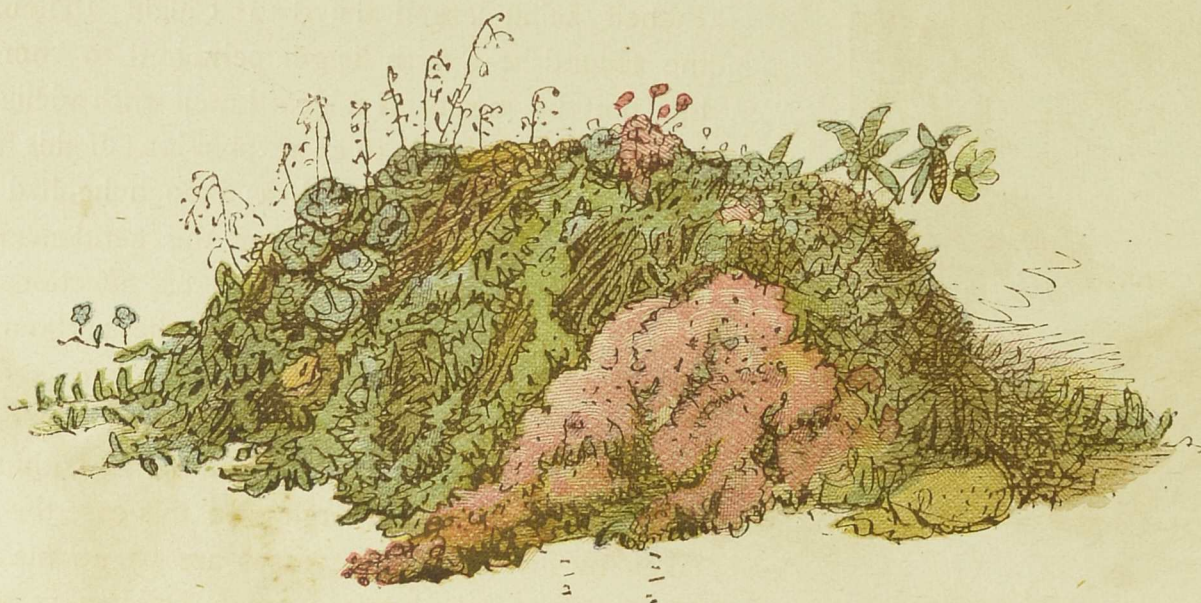
Several years ago, I was at a dog show in Yorkshire. In the Collie class, one dog in particular attracted my attention, for the reason that not only was he very handsome, but that he expressed so much pleasure at seeing me, that every time I passed that way he bounded about with delight, endeavouring to reach me with his paws. After going that way several times, I determined to buy him if the price were reasonable, and finding it so, made the purchase. I left the show, and the Collie was sent after me to London, where, from the first day of his arrival, he followed me about in my walks. He was my constant companion, and seemed to watch for every opportunity of pleasing; he apparently understood what was said in conversation, as from time to time he would look up with an expression of delight, or wag his tail as he laid at my feet; he would work by signs, as well as by word. One evening, being out with him, a rabbit came from a wood into a field; a rough road parted the two. Rover was by my side. I lifted my left hand, and waved it. Away he went along the lower part of the field. I pointed up; he then ran beside the hedge until he reached the top, when he stopped and looked round. I waved my right hand; he took along the top of the field, then again waited. I then beckoned to him gently; he advanced slowly. When he came to the part of the road where I had seen the rabbit drop into a wheel-rut, I put up my hand; he stopped; I then pointed downwards; he understood in a moment. He looked cautiously round, and then came stealthily forward. Another half minute, and he had caught the rabbit and came bounding towards me with it scarcely hurt. After I had taken it from him, he was almost beside himself with delight, having done the catching so cleverly. The expression of his face was almost human, and told almost as much as though he had been gifted with speech.







On one occasion I left him behind for some days, having to go to London on business. After a day or two he became restless, and then set off to the station at Tunbridge Wells, getting into the train for London on its arrival. He was taken out and brought back, but the next day he tried again to follow me by getting into the guard's van, so he was tied up until my return. What renders his great attachment the more singular, was, that before I bought him, he had been sold, and also given away, but would not stay, going home eighty-five miles to his former owner. In fact, so certain were those who knew the dog that he would come home, even from London to Yorkshire, that several wagers were laid that he would do so. And yet he from the first seemed quite contented to stay with me, and was the most affectionate and loving dog I ever had until the time of his death. A mound of earth covered with flowers in my garden, marks the spot where he rests.

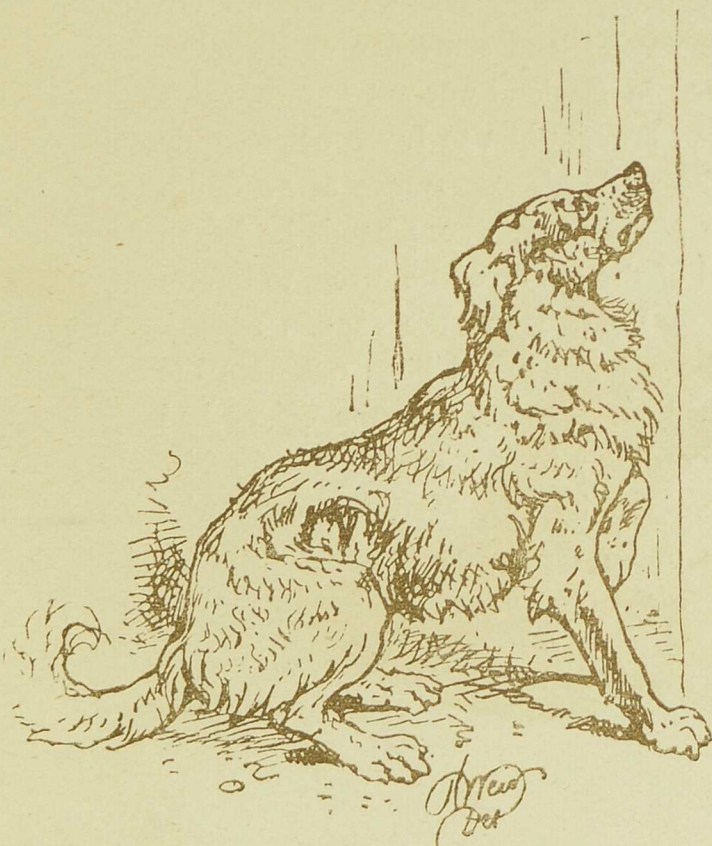




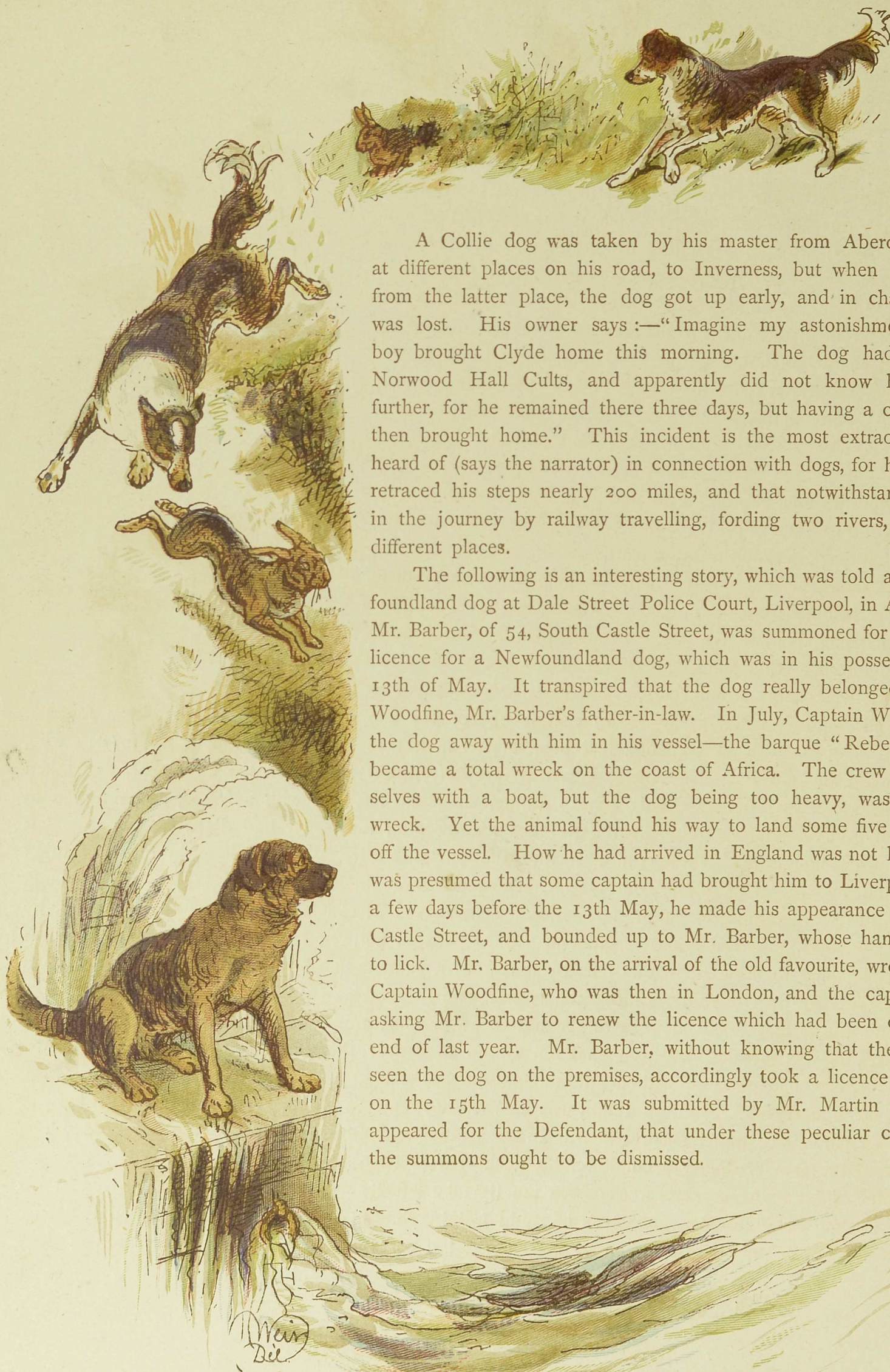


The Rev. James Hall relates the following :—

In visiting one of the churchyards here (Edinburgh), I found a dog had been buried in it through the affection of his master, who, being a man of property, had travelled on the Continent, and taken his dog to Rome, where he left him with a friend, and returned to Edinburgh. Six months after his owner had departed, the animal it seems, leaving the Imperial City, set out alone in quest of him ; and, tracing his route through Italy, over the Alps, and through France, he at length arrived at Calais. Though often prevented by the sailors, he was at length permitted to come on board a vessel at this port by means of a gentleman who wished to have him, though by this time reduced to mere skin and bone, having had nothing but what he could steal or pick from dunghills by the way. On the passage from Calais to Dover the gentleman was attentive to the dog, and thought he had gained his affections, when to his surprise, a few yards before they entered the harbour, the creature jumped overboard, and swimming ashore ran off as fast as he could. The collar on his neck told to whom he belonged ; and in less than six weeks from the time he left Rome, this faithful animal arrived at his master's house in Edinburgh. In this case the dog followed the route taken by his master, but cases are by no means uncommon of dogs finding their way home through country in which they have never travelled before.







A Collie dog was taken by his master from Aberdeen, staying at different places on his road, to Inverness, but when fifteen miles from the latter place, the dog got up early, and in chasing a hare was lost. His owner says:—"Imagine my astonishment, when a boy brought Clyde home this morning. The dog had been near Norwood Hall Cults, and apparently did not know his way any further, for he remained there three days, but having a collar on was then brought home." This incident is the most extraordinary ever heard of (says the narrator) in connection with dogs, for he must have retraced his steps nearly 200 miles, and that notwithstanding breaks in the journey by railway travelling, fording two rivers, and visiting different places.

The following is an interesting story, which was told about a Newfoundland dog at Dale Street Police Court, Liverpool, in August, 1874. Mr. Barber, of 54, South Castle Street, was summoned for not having a licence for a Newfoundland dog, which was in his possession on the 13th of May. It transpired that the dog really belonged to Captain Woodfine, Mr. Barber's father-in-law. In July, Captain Woodfine took the dog away with him in his vessel—the barque "Rebecca"—which became a total wreck on the coast of Africa. The crew saved themselves with a boat, but the dog being too heavy, was left on the wreck. Yet the animal found his way to land some five or six miles off the vessel. How he had arrived in England was not known, but it was presumed that some captain had brought him to Liverpool, for only a few days before the 13th May, he made his appearance at 54, South Castle Street, and bounded up to Mr. Barber, whose hands he began to lick. Mr. Barber, on the arrival of the old favourite, wrote to inform Captain Woodfine, who was then in London, and the captain replied, asking Mr. Barber to renew the licence which had been out from the end of last year. Mr. Barber, without knowing that the officer had seen the dog on the premises, accordingly took a licence out for him on the 15th May. It was submitted by Mr. Martin Brown, who appeared for the Defendant, that under these peculiar circumstances the summons ought to be dismissed.





The foregoing will, I think, be amply sufficient to show the wonderful power possessed by the dog of discovering the way to his home, not only through tracts through or over which he has travelled on foot, but by other means also, and reaching his destination by traversing country he never could possibly have seen. Dogs have been known to return to their homes, having been sent thence long distances in close hampers. If the dog's attachment to his home is great, his love for his master is still greater and more lasting, watching his look, his action, and may almost be said reading his very thoughts. An uncle of mine had a black and white short-tailed Sheep dog, which was marvellous in this respect. As she laid before the fire, she would now and then open one eye and look at him, and seem to listen to what was being said. On one occasion, without altering the tone of his voice in the least, he said, "We will go to Tunbridge Wells this evening, but I shall not take Watch," he continued speaking of other matters when, in a few minutes, Watch got up, shook herself, and then, after looking her master full in the face, slowly sauntered out of the room. We started for Tunbridge Wells, and not seeing Watch anywhere, concluded that she had gone to her place in the barn. After going across two fields, just on the other side of a stile, there stood Watch, patiently waiting to go with us to Tunbridge Wells, and one could tell by the expression of her face that she had heard what was said, and so made off to meet us part of the way on. Every night and morning, she went to fetch the cows in without being told, and was always right as to the time. Another occasion, on our coming in from walking, she jumped over the white palings in front of the house. My uncle said, "Watch, you must not do this; you dirty the white palings. Go round to the back way." Watch, as far as I could learn, never attempted to jump the palings afterwards. At driving cattle or sheep, she knew her business so well as to need no directions, save telling to bring them in, or home as might be desired. My uncle bought her of a drover, and had her several years, during which time she was all that a dog could be to her master. Yet, strange to say, one day she was missing, and from what we learned afterwards, it appeared that she had gone off with her former master, he having been in the neighbourhood. She never returned, but was afterwards seen once at a fair about twenty miles distant. If her former master had not visited the locality, there is but little doubt she would have proved faithful and true to my uncle, who was almost inconsolable at her loss; though, as he said, he would not wish for her back, as she had only left him for the one that named and taught her.

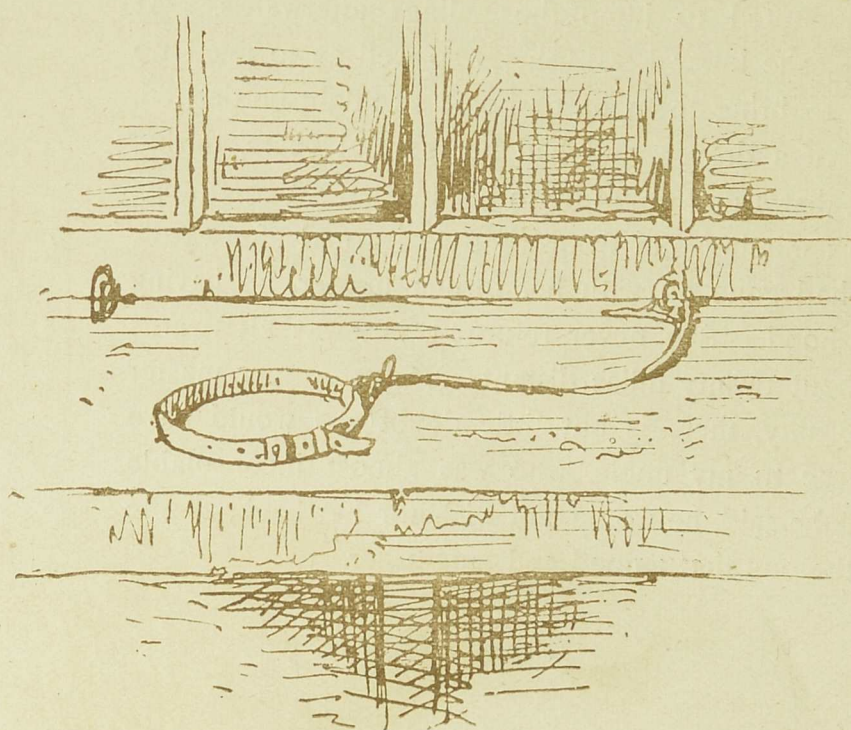


U. M. W.  
1886





In London, some of the "Fancy" dogs are trained to go home. I once bought a very beautiful red and white silky-haired Terrier. I kept it a few days indoors, then took it for a walk. No sooner was it outside the door, than it ran off, but I called out and a man stopped it. So I brought it back. After a week or two I tried it again, when it started off the same as before; only this time it got away. Shortly afterwards I saw the dog sitting on a bench at a dog dealer's, washed and combed to perfection. Evidently he knew me, for he shut both eyes, and looked upwards; I suppose thinking that as he could not see me, I could not see him. I told the dog dealer the story, and further that I did not care to have the dog again. He laughed, and said, "Why, sir! he knows his way all over London, he does! He were trained to it! Him as I bought him of, keeps a selling of him in the streets, or anywheres! Though I never bought him afore, I knows it's true!" When I went that way a few days after, the dealer told me that he had slipped his collar, and was gone.





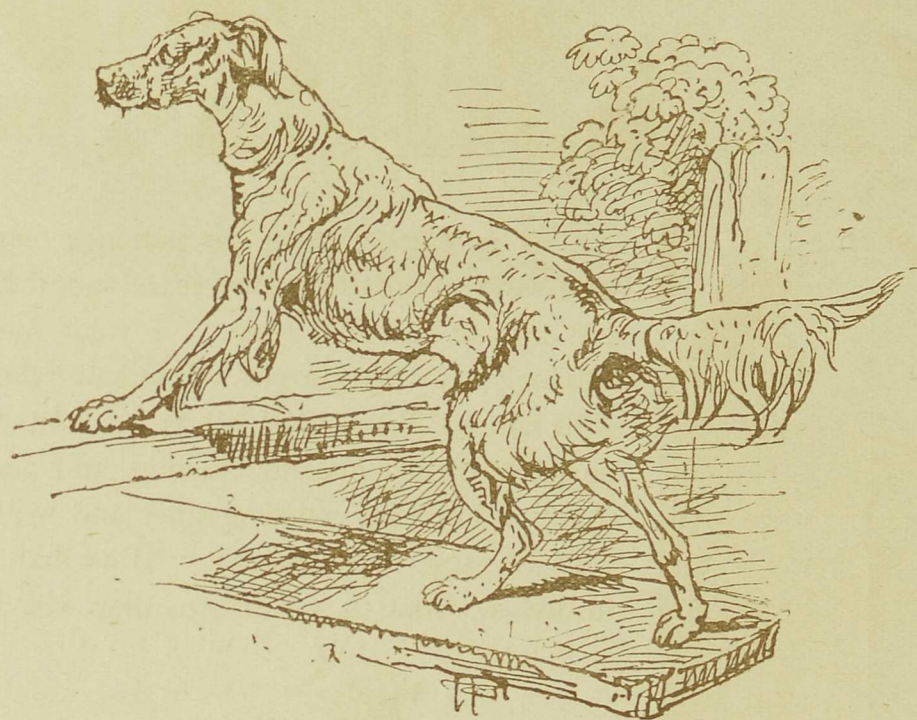


The way some dogs implicitly obey their master's directions, is indeed remarkable ; and that not from any fear, for the reason that they have never been illtreated. I have had several dogs that would lie down when told, and not move away unless permission was given. I once went, with a black and tan Terrier, to see a friend, and told the dog to lie down at the door. After a while, my friend and I went into the garden, and I left by another way. Finding my dog did not return, I went back for her, and there she was at the front door, awaiting patiently for me. Though they had tried to drive her off home (which was but a short distance) several times, she always returned to the door, and laid down on the steps. Another time I was out with my Collie dog Rover, when, as I was going to see several broods of young pheasants, I told him to lie down and wait. I was gone three hours, but on my return there he was looking steadily in the direction of the way I had gone ; and although he could see me coming for some distance, he never moved beyond wagging his tail, until I came up, and patting him, told him "he was a good dog, and to come along."

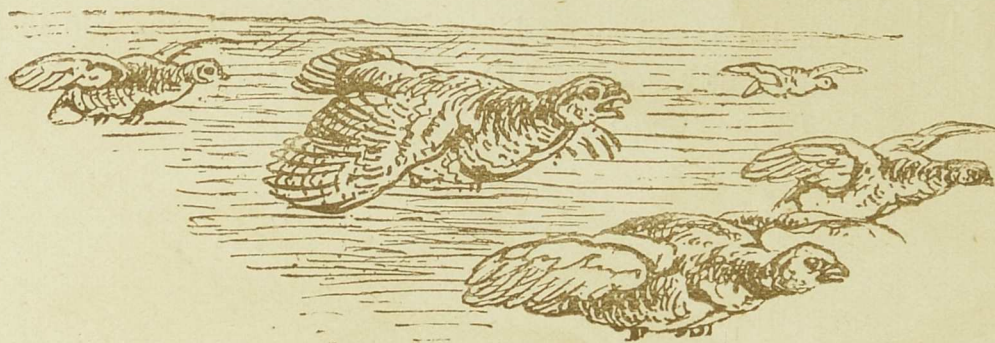
A friend of mine, Mr. Alexander Courthope, had a beautiful Sheep dog, which used to go with him to church, until he came to the last stile, when he was told to lie down and wait, which he did until the Service was over. One Sunday, Mr. Courthope, meeting some friends at the church, went another way home. At supper-time no dog came in as usual. Next morning, and still no dog. Mr. Courthope then thought of offering a reward for him, until then he had forgotten that the poor loving creature had been told to lie and wait ; being told where he was, he sent a man to bring him home. True enough, there was the dog, but he would not follow the man, nor let him touch him, so his master went and told him to come home, on which he rose and bounded round about him with great joy, having laid in the one spot nearly thirty hours. After that he generally got out of the way when he saw any preparation making for church.



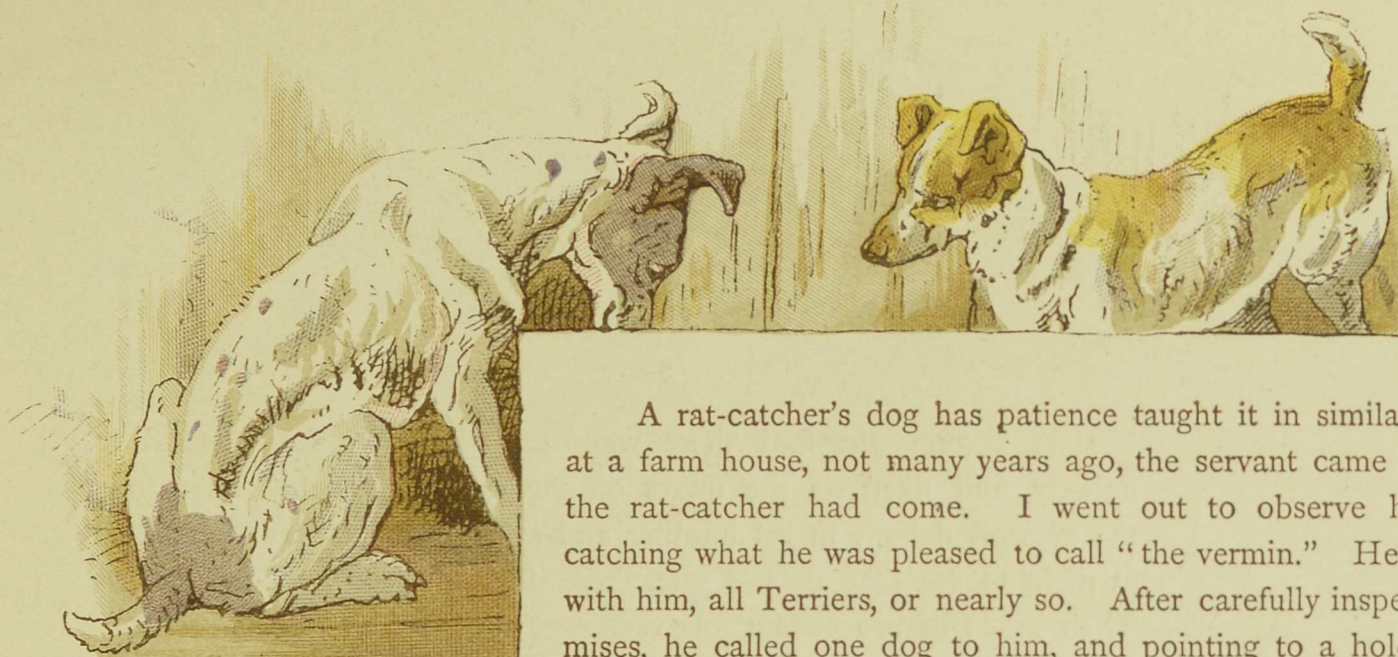




What a dog has been trained to, he generally considers to be a part of his life and duty. Being out for a walk with a friend of mine, he was accompanied by a beautiful yellow and white Setter, named "Nell." As we walked the dog scampered and galloped about and around us, until we approached a stile. The dog, seeing that it was our intention to go that way, mounted the stile to pass over, when suddenly she stopped on the top with one foot uplifted. She had got a point. "There," said my friend, "she will stand until I speak or sign to her." "How beautiful she looks," said I. "If she will stand as you say, I will stay and watch her, and do you go home and get your gun." He went to his house, some three fields off, got his gun, and one for me. The dog never moved the whole time, excepting gently lowering her fore foot. On seeing we both had guns, she then advanced slowly over the stile. We followed, when a covey of partridges rose, of which we got two brace; whereupon the dog seemed in a frantic state of delight, as though she felt rewarded for all her patient caution by the result.

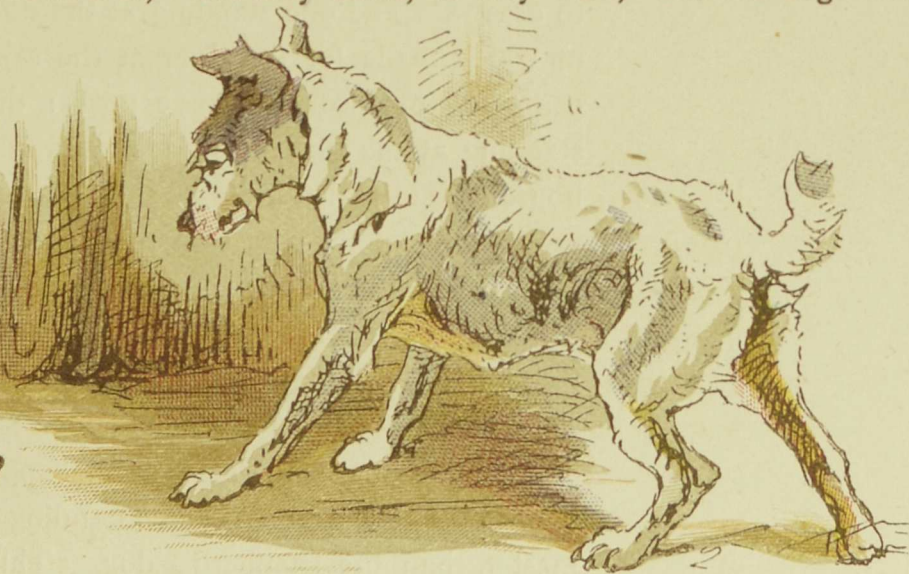






A rat-catcher's dog has patience taught it in similar way. Being at a farm house, not many years ago, the servant came in to say that the rat-catcher had come. I went out to observe his tactics for catching what he was pleased to call "the vermin." He had five dogs with him, all Terriers, or nearly so. After carefully inspecting the premises, he called one dog to him, and pointing to a hole said, "Mind that !" Then he called another and made him sentry at another hole, with the same instructions to "Mind that !" The several ferrets being turned in, "out they came, in they went," but the dogs never moved

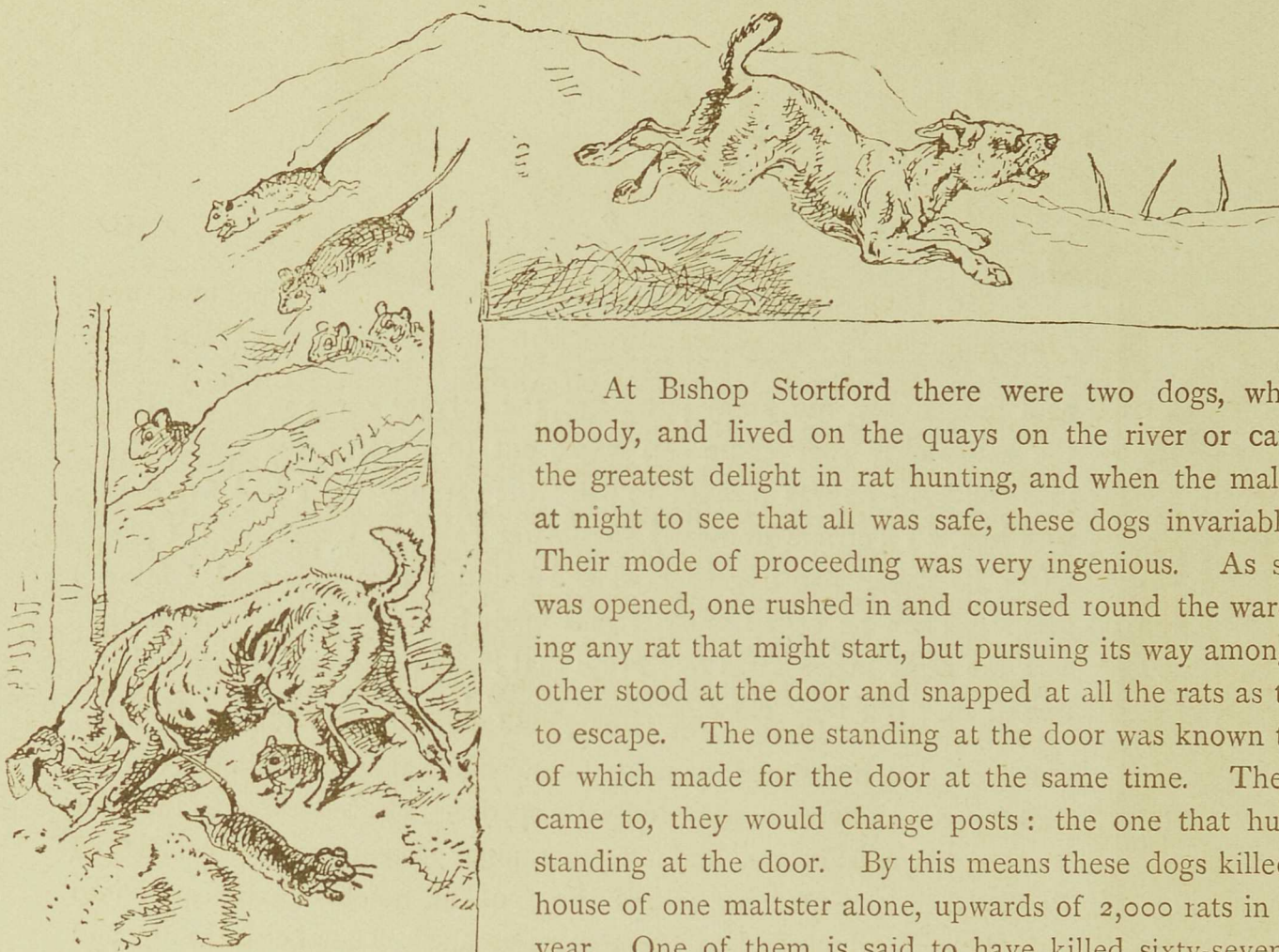
A. Wein 1884



beyond lifting one or both ears a little when the ferret showed itself. Presently a large rat rushed out ; "Tim," a white dog, caught him, then immediately took his position the same as before, without a sound. Every now and then one or other of the dogs caught a rat ; still there they sat, quietly and patiently, hour by hour. A low whistle or two, and the ferrets came out, and were taken up ; another, and the man with his dogs was gone. Doubtless these dogs, though trained as they were, enjoyed the occupation, and possibly felt their usefulness.

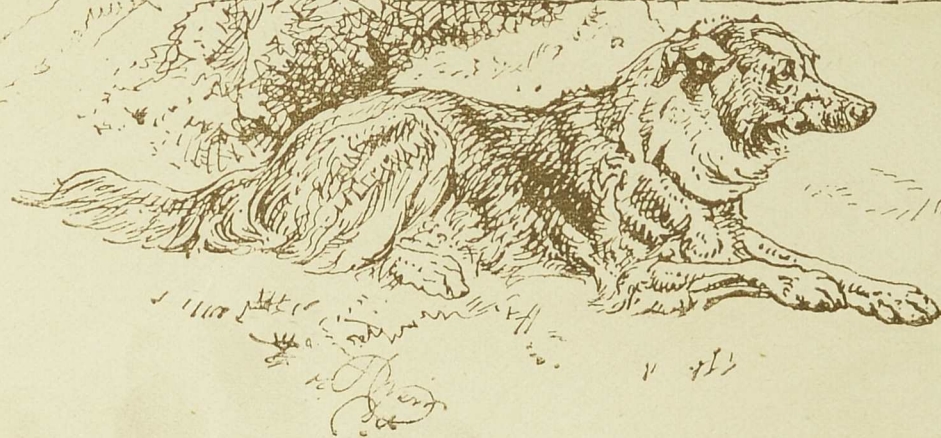




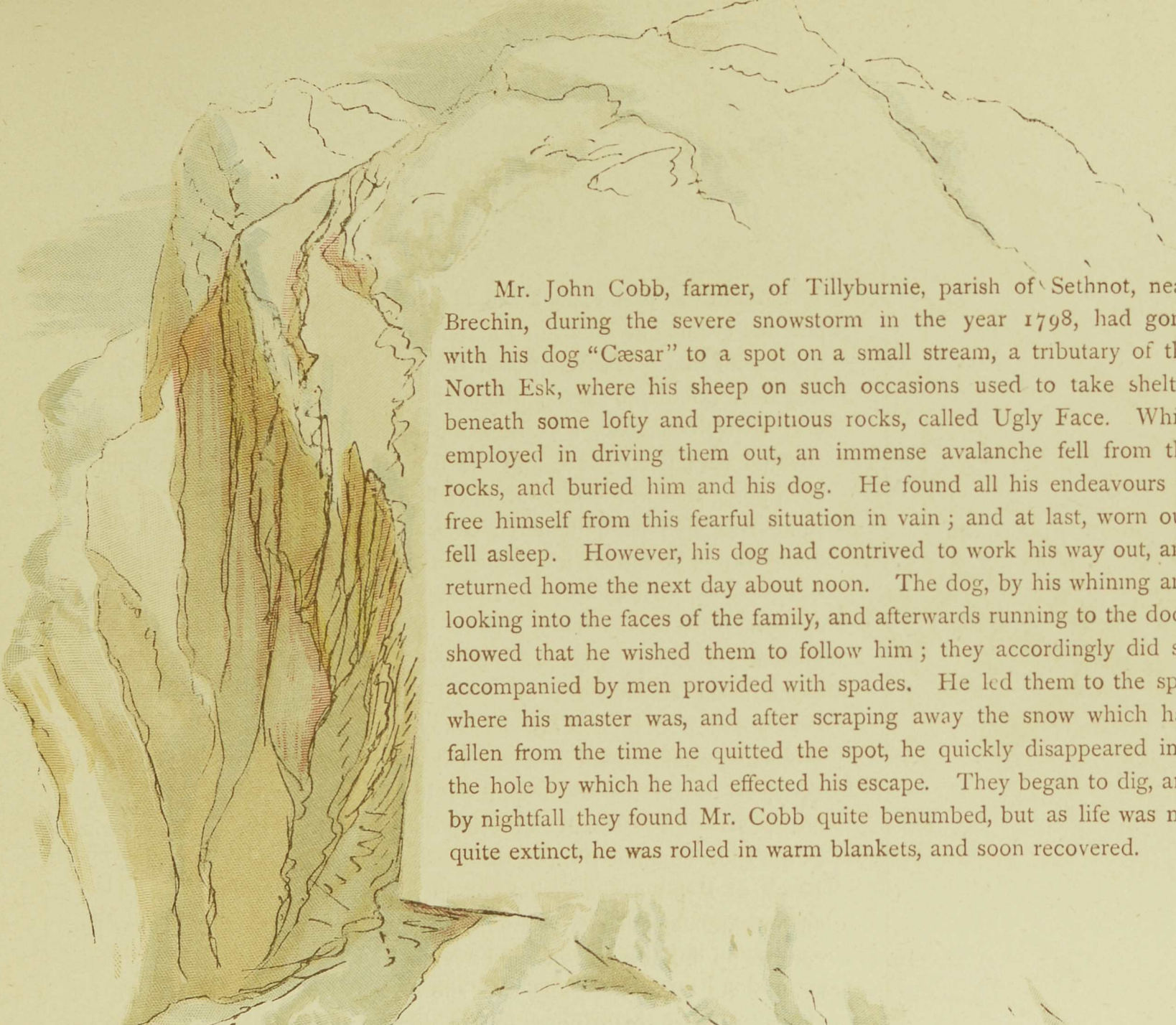


At Bishop Stortford there were two dogs, which belonged to nobody, and lived on the quays on the river or canal. They took the greatest delight in rat hunting, and when the maltsters went about at night to see that all was safe, these dogs invariably followed them. Their mode of proceeding was very ingenious. As soon as the door was opened, one rushed in and coursed round the warehouse, not chasing any rat that might start, but pursuing its way amongst the malt; the other stood at the door and snapped at all the rats as they endeavoured to escape. The one standing at the door was known to kill six rats, all of which made for the door at the same time. The next room they came to, they would change posts: the one that hunted before now standing at the door. By this means these dogs killed, in the malting-house of one maltster alone, upwards of 2,000 rats in the course of the year. One of them is said to have killed sixty-seven in five minutes. They seemed to pursue the sport simply for amusement.

Possibly no breed of dogs become of more real service to man—through its training and also its instinct—than the Sheep dog. The shepherd may go and leave his flock to the care and watchfulness of his dog, without any fear of anything happening wrong during his absence, and no dog has a better understanding (if I may use the word) with his master, than the shepherd's dog. This may arise probably from their being so constantly alone together on the hills, and the unwearied attention and supervision required by the flocks, both for man and his partner. The shepherd's work is never done. It is the dog and he, and he and the dog, night and morning, morning and night. All weathers, in driving rain or drifting snow, there is the flock still to be looked after. Lost sheep are found by the sagacious Collie, and sometimes it has been the shepherd himself that has had to be rescued by his faithful helper. Of this the following story is proof.—









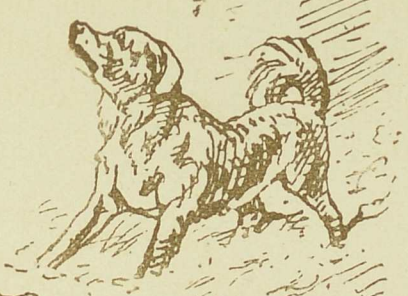
Mr. John Cobb, farmer, of Tillyburnie, parish of Sethnot, near Brechin, during the severe snowstorm in the year 1798, had gone with his dog "Cæsar" to a spot on a small stream, a tributary of the North Esk, where his sheep on such occasions used to take shelter beneath some lofty and precipitious rocks, called Ugly Face. While employed in driving them out, an immense avalanche fell from the rocks, and buried him and his dog. He found all his endeavours to free himself from this fearful situation in vain ; and at last, worn out, fell asleep. However, his dog had contrived to work his way out, and returned home the next day about noon. The dog, by his whining and looking into the faces of the family, and afterwards running to the door, showed that he wished them to follow him ; they accordingly did so, accompanied by men provided with spades. He led them to the spot where his master was, and after scraping away the snow which had fallen from the time he quitted the spot, he quickly disappeared into the hole by which he had effected his escape. They began to dig, and by nightfall they found Mr. Cobb quite benumbed, but as life was not quite extinct, he was rolled in warm blankets, and soon recovered.



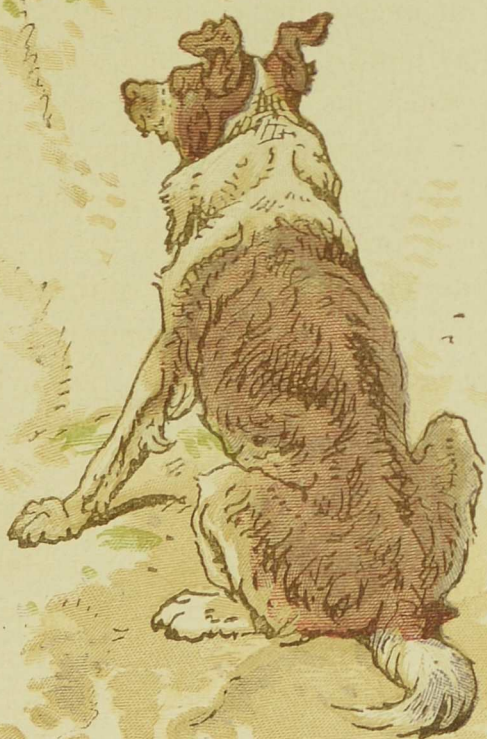




About the year 1796, a Mr. Henry Hawkes, of Halling, Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market, he set off to walk home as was usual with him. Having passed the village of Newstead, he took his way over Snodland Brook, which at the best season of the year is a very dangerous road, and now the whole face of the country was covered with deep snow, and the frost was intense. He had, however, proceeded with safety till he came to the Willow Walk, when, by a sudden stagger, he quitted the path. Not apprehensive that he was going astray, he turned towards the river, when becoming exhausted, he was most fortunately unable to proceed. At this moment, completely overcome, he fell among the snow in one of the coldest nights ever known. Turning on his back he was quickly overpowered with sleep—the usual concomitant of cold—when his faithful dog, who had closely followed him, scratched away the snow so as to throw up a protecting wall around his person; then, mounting on his master's body, he rolled himself round on his breast, for which his shaggy coat provided a seasonable covering during the inclemency of the night, as the snow continued to fall all the time. The following morning, Mr. Finch, who was out with his gun in search of water fowl, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach it. Upon his coming up the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself to get off the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman by significant gestures to come to the side of his master. Upon wiping the ice from his face, he instantly recognised the farmer, who appeared lifeless. Assistance was procured, and the body conveyed to a house close by, where by warmth the farmer was restored and able to relate his own story as given above. A gentleman offered ten guineas for the dog, which Mr. Hawkes refused, saying, "That so long as he had a bone of meat, or a crust of bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend that had saved his life."

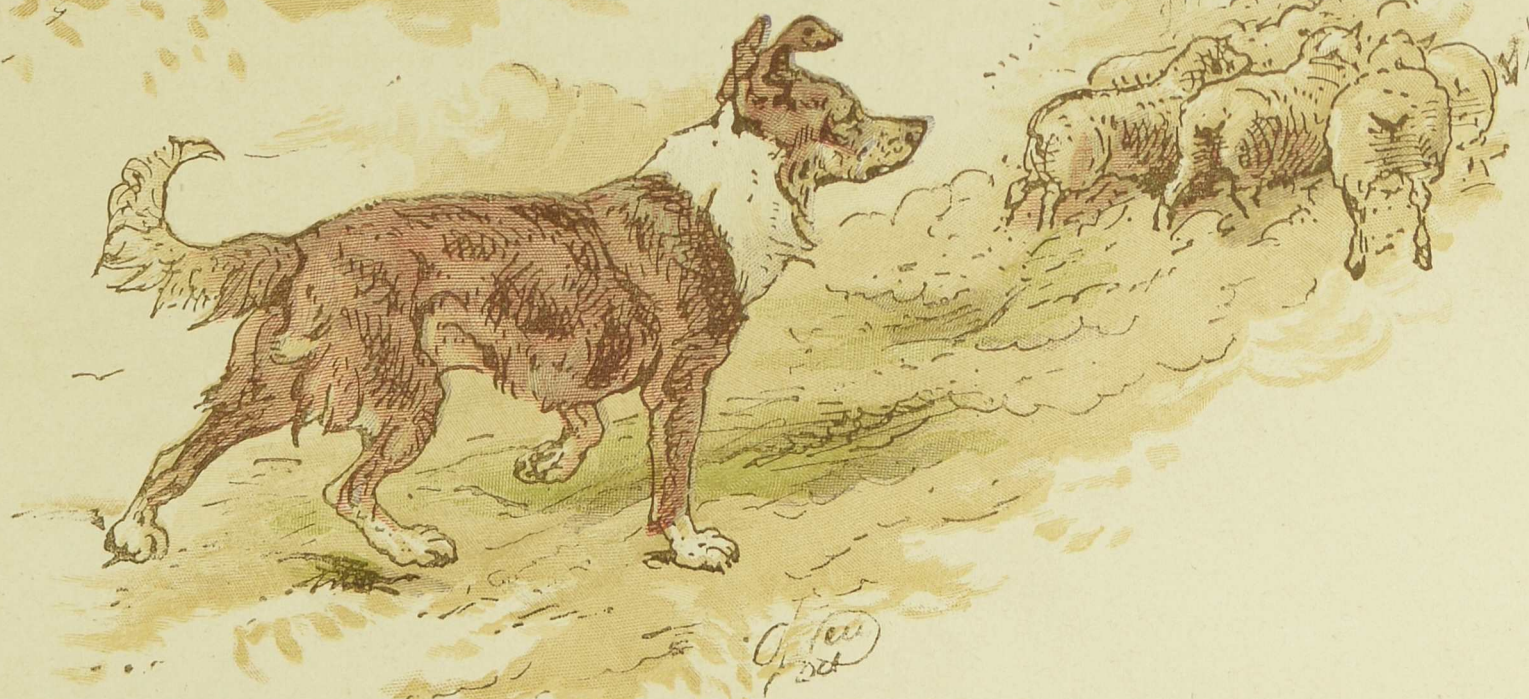





Numerous are the stories of the sagacity of the Sheep dog in tending, knowing, finding when lost, seeking, bringing the flock, or part of it, of which he and his master had the care. Two instances of this are worthy of note. The first is that of a Daresbury farmer's dog :—

A dog belonging to Mr. Percival, farmer, Daresbury, was sent to a field to bring a number of sheep to the house. The animal set out for the field, but instead of bringing the sheep home, drove them to the "Norton Arms" Hotel, Latchford, as he had been in the habit of doing when Mr. Percival sent sheep there for sale. Thinking the dog was unusually long in returning, a search was made, but neither dog nor sheep could be found. Mr. Percival, suspecting the animal had driven the sheep to Warrington, harnessed his horse with the intention of proceeding to the "Norton Arms," to inquire if the sheep were there, when, as he was nearing the town, he met his dog, which was driving the sheep home. He discovered that when it reached the sale-yard, one of Mr. Taylor's men told the dog that that was not the day appointed for the sale, and that it must take the sheep back. This the dog lost no time in doing, especially when it met its master on the road, who, ominously shaking his head, repeated the instruction just given to the animal. It should be stated that when Mr. Percival returned home later in the day, he found that the sheep had been safely driven into the field at Daresbury, and that not one of them was missing. No doubt the animal thought the time had arrived when Mr. Percival should send more sheep to the sale, the regular period for doing so having long since passed.

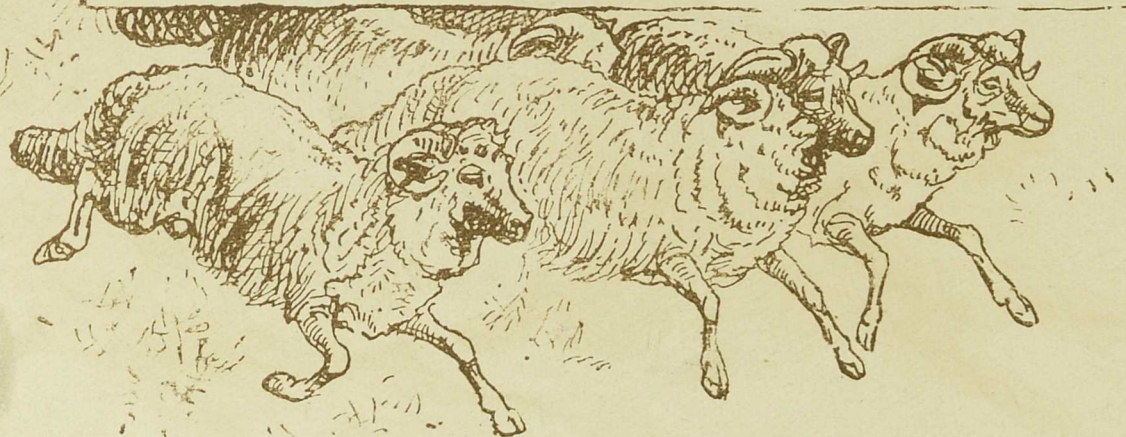






Yet this is not so singular as the well-known power the Sheep dog has of selecting certain animals from a large flock, separating them from the others, and driving them to any particular spot to which he has been directed by his master. The following is one of the most remarkable cases on record :—

Mr. C. Hancock, the celebrated animal painter, is related by a correspondent of *The British Workman* to have witnessed a wonderful instance of canine sagacity, whilst once staying with Lord Kinnaird, at his seat in Scotland. His lordship expressed a wish that Mr. Hancock should see some of his prize sheep, which were then feeding with some hundreds more on the brow of a hill, about three miles from the house. Calling his shepherd, he kindly asked him to have the prize sheep fetched up as quickly as he could. The shepherd whistled, when a fine old Sheep dog appeared before him, and, seated on his hind quarters, evidently awaited orders. "What passed between the shepherd and the dog I know not," Mr. Hancock observed, "but the faithful creature manifestly understood his instructions. 'Do you believe that the dog will bring the sheep to us out of your flock?' I asked. 'Wait awhile, and you will see,' said his lordship. The dog now darted off towards the sheep, at the same time giving a significant bark which immediately called forth two younger sheep dogs to join in the mission. Accustomed as I was to the remarkable sagacity of Collie dogs, I was amazed at what now took place. On one side of the hill was a river, on the other side a dense forest. One of the younger dogs, on arriving at the foot of the hill, turned to the left, while the other darted off to the right hand. The former stationed himself between the sheep and the river, while the latter stood between the sheep and the forest. The old dog now darted into the middle of the flock, when the sheep scampered right and left, but were kept at bay by the two watchers. The old dog speedily singled out the particular sheep desired, and in a few minutes the three dogs were quietly driving them towards us. Within about an hour of receiving the instructions from the shepherd, the dogs brought the sheep up to the door of the mansion.







That dogs may be taught tricks of various kinds is well known. Strutt gives a drawing of a dog, sitting on his haunches begging, taken from the Bodleian MS., finished A.D. 1344. In A.D. 1614 there is mention made of "dogges that dance the morrice," without any indication of the performance being a novelty. Strutt also says, A.D. 1801, "Dancing dogs, in the present day, make their appearance in the public streets, but their masters find but very little encouragement." He further states that "at the commencement of the last century, a company of dancing dogs was introduced at Southwark fair, by a puppet showman named Crawley." Even to the present, dogs may be seen performing on the stage at certain places of amusement, though beyond showing by special training what the dog is capable of, I cannot help thinking but that much time has been lost that might have been spent more profitably. The matter is entirely different when we teach a dog of our own, which in many instances makes it pre-eminently useful.

An old friend of mine, an artist, Mr. Dean Wolstenholme, had a Terrier that picked up a variety of tricks almost without teaching. He would dive in the water after a penny, beg, wait with a piece of bread on his nose till told he might have it, besides fetching, carrying and hiding. Once when out for a walk with my friend, he showed the dog a penny, when, after walking some time, we came to an apple stall. Wolstenholme bought a pennyworth of apples. In paying the old woman, the penny fell from his hand; the dog picked it up. He took it from him and gave it to the old woman, who placed it with others under a cabbage leaf on the stall. After a while, he sent the dog back for the first penny. Soon the dog returned with a penny in his mouth. The next day we learned that the dog had only returned as far as the apple stall, jumped on it, upsetting most of the fruit, and, selecting his penny, ran off.



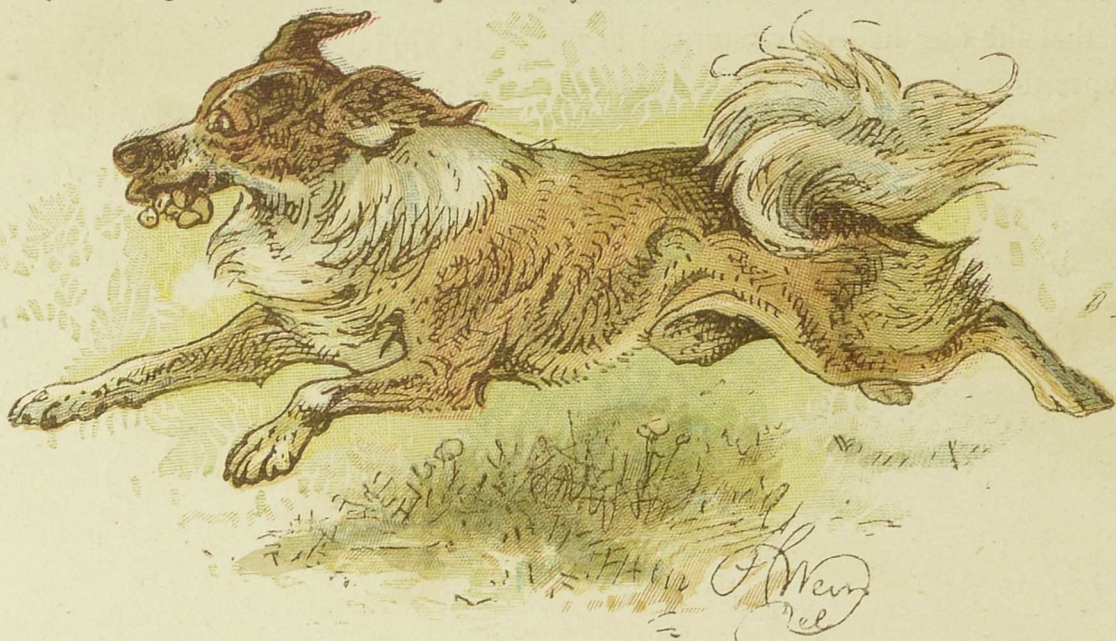
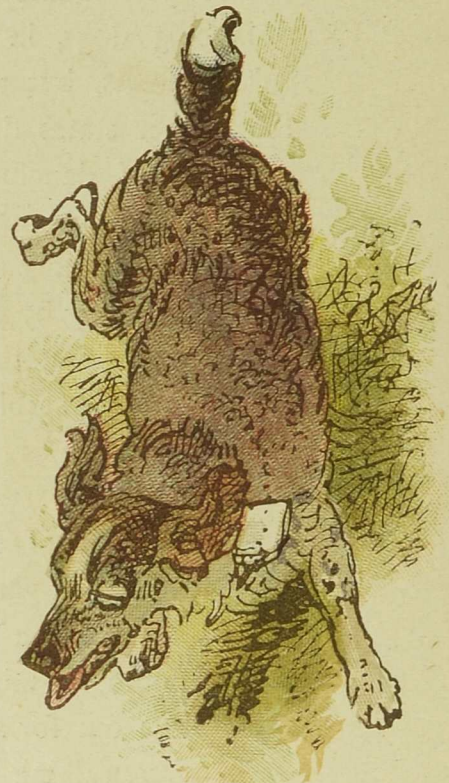




Dogs have been trained to be of use in various ways. A Mr. Fisher, a fishmonger at Peckham, had a black and tan Terrier, that when out with his fish van he used to send home, with a note for fish to be sent to any of his customers that wished to purchase other than that he had with him. Also, Mr. Ellis, of Brenchley, has at this time a liver-coloured and white Spaniel, that is generally left at home when he goes about his farming business. If he is wanted, his housekeeper writes a note, ties it on the dog's neck, and tells him to take it to his master. He invariably finds him. On one occasion the dog waited outside a cottage a considerable time for him to come out, though it could be seen by the marks of his nails on the door he had been scratching it in his endeavours to attract notice, or to get in to his master.

A gentleman writing from Tasmania, relates the following to his friend in England :—

“Did I mention in yesterday's record an instance of the good sense and fidelity of my dog ‘Quiz?’ I found, after starting for town, and when nearing the lodge gate, that I had left my wristbands, with a pair of gold wristlets attached to them, on my toilet table. Wishing to have them without walking back to the house, I wrote a request to that effect to M——, and telling ‘Quiz’ in simple tones to take this to the young missis, he darted off, delivered his credentials, and speedily brought me what I wanted. My reliance upon him is so great, that I have (while Mrs. B—— was with us) sent him to her with a roll of bank-notes received in changing a cheque for her in town, and on asking her when we met afterwards at dinner if she received her remittance, have been answered by her, as if it was a matter of course, ‘Oh, yes ; “Quiz” delivered it quite safely.’”








In *Land and Water*, a story of animal instinct is told respecting a Scotch Terrier, belonging to a lady at Exeter. "Donald," who is considered a very clever dog at fetching and carrying, upon one occasion, when he was out with his mistress and her nephew, the latter, observing that the dog did not follow, turned round and called, "Donald, Donald," but seeing him in the distance looking and not attempting to follow, caused him to go to where the animal was standing to find the reason of his not answering to the call. The cause was very evident, as when he came to where the dog had stopped he found him standing over a gold locket, which had become detached from his mistress's guard only a few moments before unobserved by her.


A similar case came under my own notice many years ago. Two ladies were walking along a country road. One of them unconsciously dropped her pocket-handkerchief from her muff. A gentleman had just passed, but his dog, who was rather behind his master, noticed the handkerchief, took it in his mouth and ran after the ladies with it. Whether he gave it to the rightful owner I know not, but he would not stay to be patted and caressed for his trouble, but came bounding back as if he had done nothing uncommon,







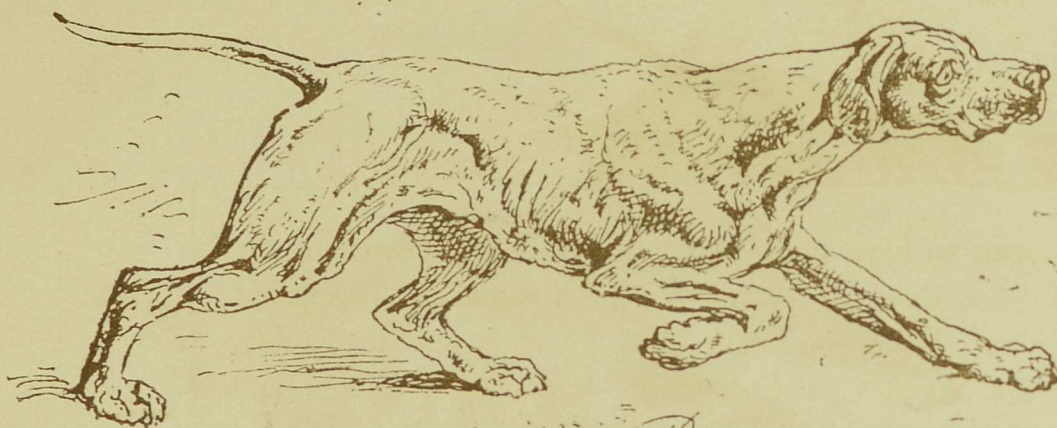
The next seems to have more than instinct, and appeared in the June number of "The Band of Mercy," 1883. A gamekeeper went out without his shot belt. When some miles from home, he said to his dog, "Go and fetch me No. 6." The dog went home, went to the shed where the belts hung, and then barked for help. The mistress handed him No. 1. "No!" Then No. 2. "No!" And so on to No. 6, which he seized at once with great alacrity, and made off. This to me appears very wonderful, and is quite on a par with the anecdote of the Collie fetching the prize sheep for Mr. Hancock to see.



A cousin of mine, Mr. B. P. Wood, had a very bright nice-looking little red dog, of no particular breed, yet he had a great affection for his master. As soon as he entered the house of an evening, on his return from Town, the dog would run to the door to meet him, with many extravagant signs of delight. He then gave the dog his gloves, which he took, and by jumping on a chair, he laid on the table. On his going into the sitting-room, the dog ran to the corner and brought him his slippers, and if he dropped anything would immediately pick it up and give it to him. When he saw that his slippers were on, he would ring the bell for the servant to bring up the tea, during the taking of which he would stand up on his hind legs expectant of a reward. My old friend James Fahey, the well-known landscape painter, had a dog that acted in a similar way when he went home.

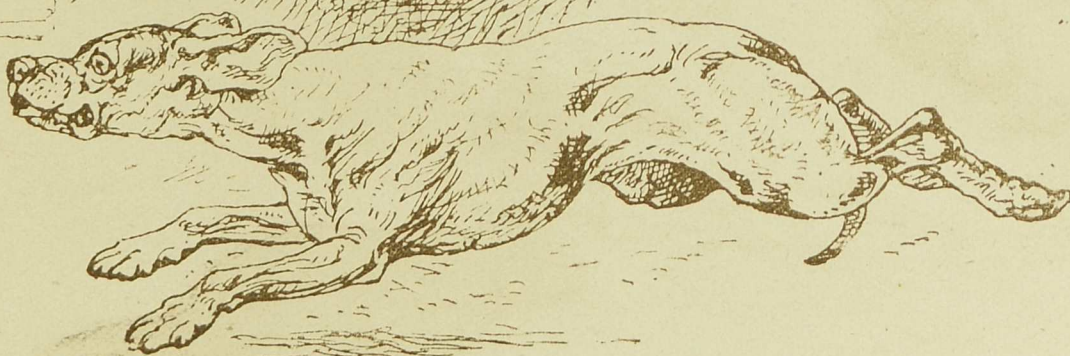
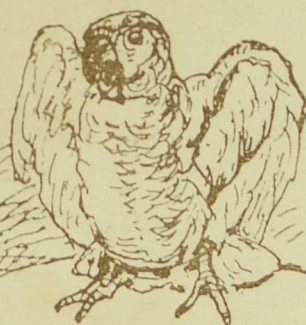






Dogs seem to be particularly tenacious of a scolding. I have heard of a Terrier, caught in the act of stealing a bone, which was given to him after being admonished, and yet he would not touch it.

A curious incident appeared in the columns of *Land and Water*:—If a story we read the other day is to be relied on—and our authority is an unimpeachable daily journal published in a rare old city of the West country, famous for its sportsmen and port wine—shooting-men who still use Pointers and Setters had better eschew parrots. A gentleman living near the south coast had a fine Pointer, of which he was very fond, the dog being staunch, with a good nose, reliable, and well trained. One day, however, the family received an addition in the shape of a parrot, brought over seas by the sailor son of the housekeeper. When first the dog came into the housekeeper's room, he stopped at the doorway, and pointed at the gay bird perched on the outside of its cage at the other end of the room. The parrot, not at all daunted by the dog's professional attitude, left its place and came mincing across the room "with many a flirt and flutter," and squared itself in front of the Setter. The two confronted each other for a second, and then the bird remarked impressively, "You're a rascal!" The dog was for a second transfixed with horror at the unprecedented phenomenon of his "game" so roundly abusing him in the human tongue. It was too much for him; he had never "blinked" his game before, but now his tail sunk between his legs, and he slunk away. From that day a valuable dog was spoiled, for the Pointer would never point a bird again. This must have been very laughable, and no doubt the consternation of the Pointer was indeed great.







Dogs often form singular attachments, not only to other dogs, but also different animals, and even birds. I will give here a few instances.

A gentleman lately residing in Edinburgh had a Highland Terrier, called "Wasp." When this dog was about ten months old, it happened that a cat kittened in his box, and used there to suckle her young progeny (four in number) without molestation. After the kittens began to lap milk, however, the Terrier expelled the old cat from her retreat, and thenceforward shared with the kittens his own provisions. He was also a considerate nurse as frequently to carry them out to a green belonging to the premises, from whence, after gamboling about for a few hours with them, they were carried back by him to his wooden domicile. This practice he continued for about three months, during good weather, but never in cold or wet, after which the young cats were taken from him. After their removal, to the astonishment of the family, poor "Wasp" grew dull, moping, gradually becoming worse until he died.

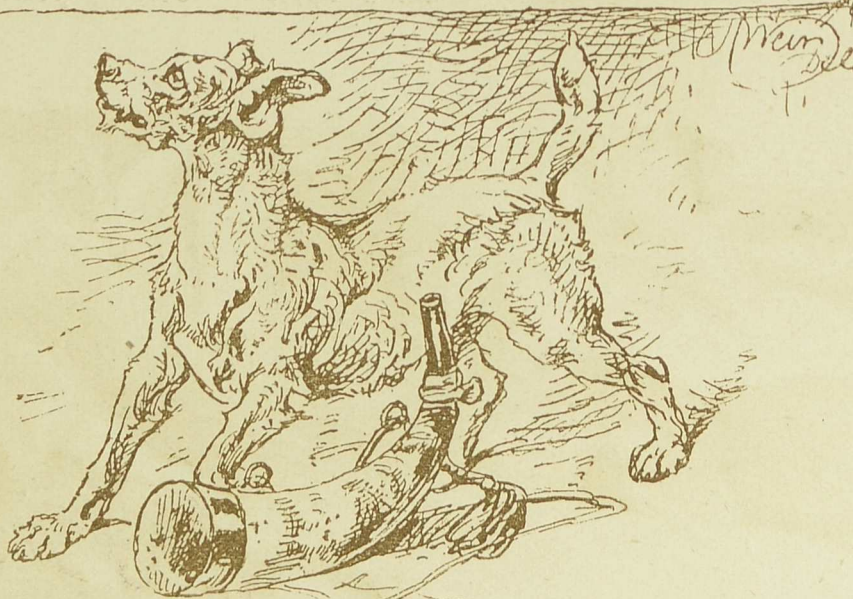






Writing of Pointers calls to mind a fine old Spanish Pointer, "Don," that a relative of mine had. So fond of sport was this dog, that he would go out with anyone that carried a gun. Well and thoroughly would he work as long as the sportsman killed his game. At the second miss the old dog would look round and stare at the would-be marksman; if he missed after that, he would run home, and no whistling or calling would ever make him turn his head, nor slacken his pace.

Captain Brown says of the Terrier:—"My grandfather had a Terrier called "Lassie," his constant companion, which was very sagacious. One day he went to dine at Maxwellton (Sir Robert Lawrie's), and the Terrier was kept out of the dining-room; she wandered through the house, and in a little while a strange sound of knocking was heard upon the stairs. Sir Robert went out to see what it meant, and found her coming down the steps with great difficulty, dragging a powder-horn which she had found hanging in Sir Robert's room, and which she must have removed from its place with much trouble. He let her alone to see what she would do, when, with the belt in her teeth, she trailed the horn into the room and laid it down at her master's feet. It was his property, and had been borrowed some time before by Sir Robert.







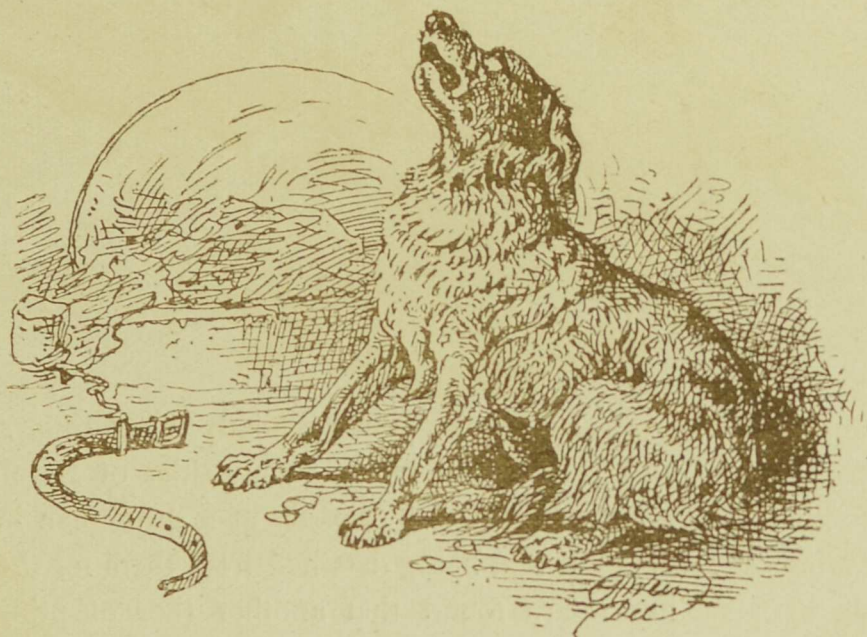
An uncle of mine had two dogs, a Terrier and a Beagle. The latter was chained to a kennel, placed in the cow-yard under a shed, the Terrier being at liberty. Yet it generally went and ate and drank with the Beagle, for which it evidently had a strong liking. One day a complaint was made by a neighbour of these two dogs hunting his woods of a night. My uncle said that could not be, as the Beagle was chained up, and only the Terrier was loose. Still the gamekeeper persisted they did, for he had seen them; but belonging to a friend of his master's, he did not like to shoot them. Accordingly a watch was set, when the Terrier was observed to go to the Beagle, who slipped his head out of the collar, and both ran off. Chase was given, whereupon the Beagle ran back, and lifting the collar up with his nose, thrust his head into it, and immediately sat down, looking as innocent as it was possible to conceive.

Among the tricks of performing dogs, I remember one which was most amusing. A Poodle slipped his collar and ran off, when another appeared and put his head in, and sat down with a vacant stare. Presently the other returned, with the hope of again putting in his head. The comic expression of both dogs, tickled the risible faculties of the onlookers immensely.

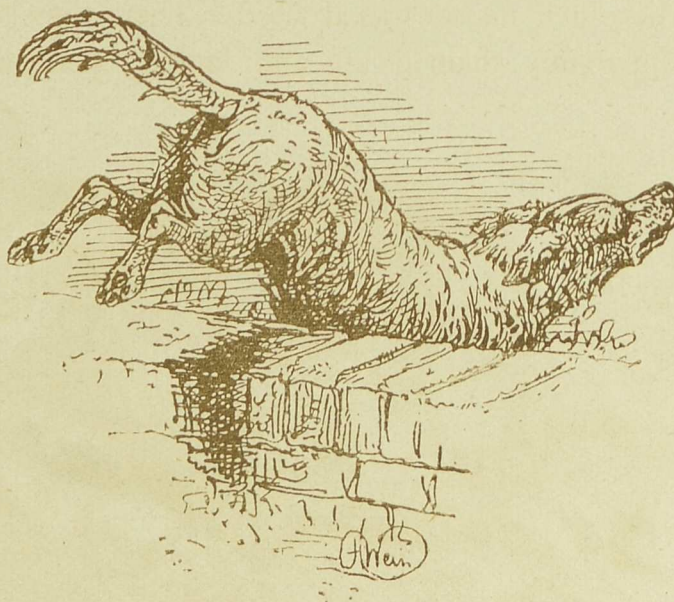
There are other similar cases on record, one of which I shall mention hereafter. Dogs have been trained to slip their heads into their collars, a story being told me of a poacher whose dogs ran home directly they saw a keeper, and so were pointed to, as never having been off the premises, when their master was accused. There they sat in their loose collars, apparently chained up, and looking perfectly innocent.







I am indebted to Mrs. Paterson, of Tunbridge Wells, for an analogous story. Many years ago, in a district in Norfolk, the winter nights were made disastrous to the farmers by the ravages on their flocks of a large dog. Strong and swift, the marauder evaded detection, and within a large radius no sheep-owner escaped loss. Watch was kept, and suspicion fell on a dog belonging to a neighbouring gentleman. But the clue seemed to fail, for the animal was always chained at night, and equally secure in the morning. At last, however, the kennel was visited at midnight ; the dog was missing, having slipped his collar. Towards dawn, however, he was seen to return, approach his kennel stealthily, and, with marvellous dexterity, slip his head into the strap. The next night it was tightened, but the dog again escaped. His master opened the collar, and awaited the culprit's return. In the early morning he came back, examined his collar, saw the hopelessness of evading detection, and uttered a cry—weird, painful, and full of despair. Then he turned, leaped the wall, and fled. Whither? That mystery was never solved, for with that hopeless wail, the creature had bidden farewell to his home, and disappeared for ever.





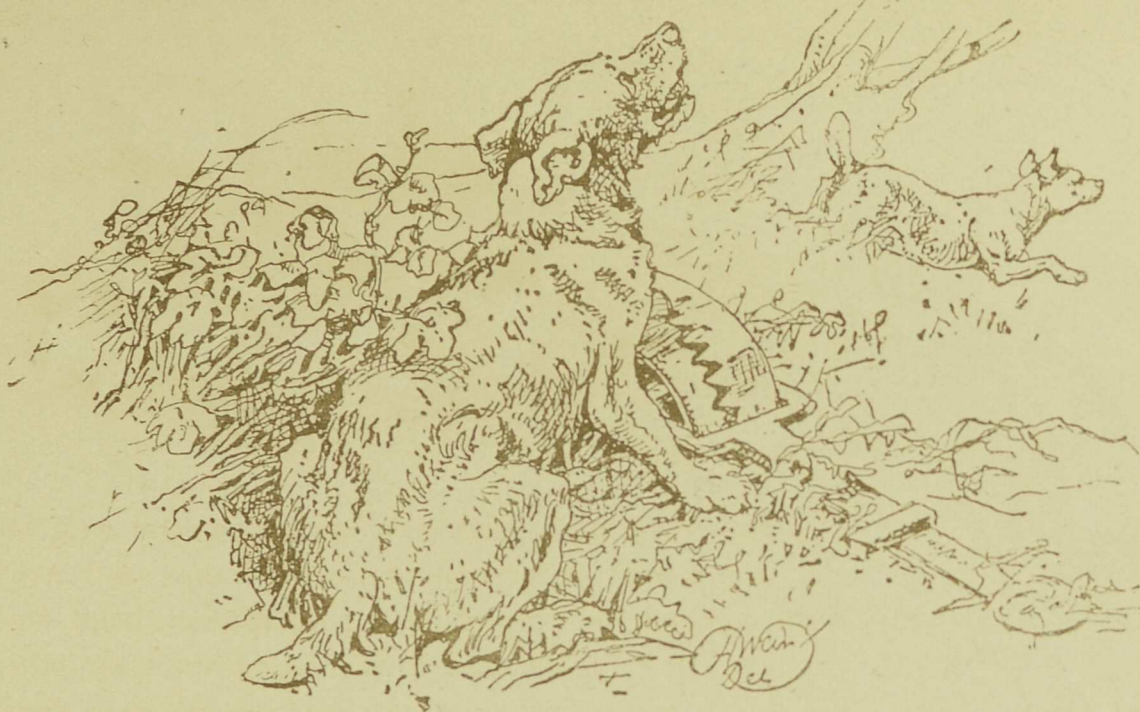


The following is peculiarly interesting, and well worthy of note, and is recorded in the "Curiosities of Nature and Art" In 1805 a small mongrel, the property of a gentleman in Truro, having a litter of puppies, and being detained from them for the space of four days, upon her return found that another (her offspring in a former litter, and then about seven months old) had adopted the little ones as her own ; and though she had never born puppies herself, actually suckled her adopted children, and so copiously was the virgin nurse supplied with milk, that she alone nourished and reared the whole litter, while their own mother abandoned them.

Many well-authenticated cases have been known of dogs rearing kittens, rats, and even hedge-hogs, but the *Wilts County Mirror* tells a story of another kind of fondness. Mr. Taylor, of Wraggleton Farm, has a Bull-terrier which lately gave birth to a litter of fine puppies, which were, however, destroyed, much to the concern of the mother, who suddenly evinced a most extraordinary fancy for a diminutive porker attached to the establishment. She entirely took possession of it, taking it into her kennel and suckling it in a manner which evidently affords "piggy" much satisfaction ; and certainly his sleek coat and general comfortable appearance says much for the nursing of his foster-mother. At the termination of his eventful life, will he be pork or dog ?







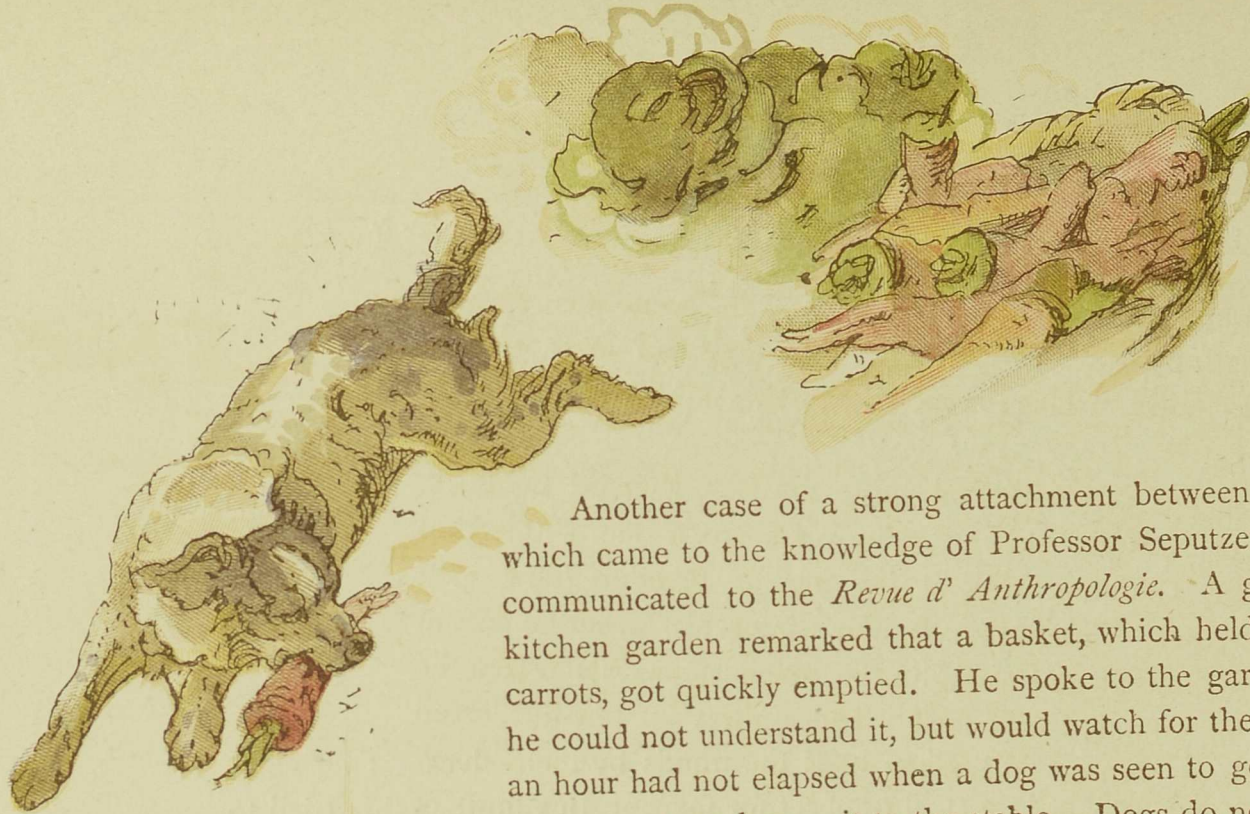
Two Terriers used to hunt the woods by themselves. One night one was caught in a steel trap, set for foxes. In vain the other tried to extricate him, when, finding the trap beyond his strength, he set off home and brought assistance.

Two Spaniels, mother and son, were hunting in a wood, when a gamekeeper shot one; the son ran away, but soon returned and laid down beside his mother, when he was found by his owner and taken home, but from that time he refused all food, and soon after he died of grief.

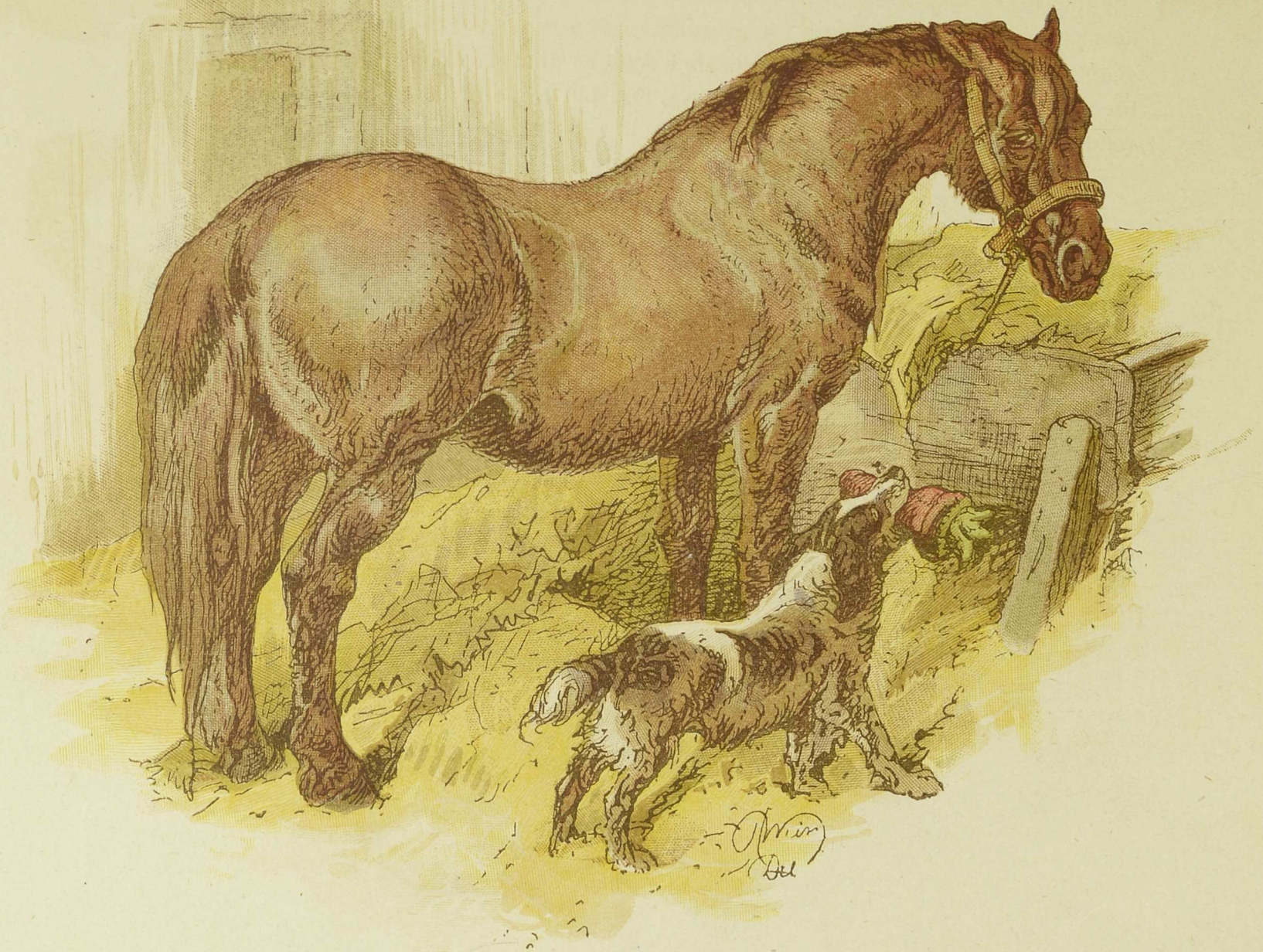
At Stanmer, in Sussex, a Pointer that was chained to his kennel took a great fancy to a duck, and put some of its food in front of it, when after a while the duck would enter the kennel of the Pointer, and rest there; ultimately she there built her nest, and hatched out sixteen young ones, which, like the mother, also took refuge in the kennel with the dog, who seemed delighted with his company. When they disappeared, as young ducks often do, one or two at a time, the poor dog used to walk about his kennel, peering about and looking in vain for his little playmates. It was a most melancholy sight to see him.







Another case of a strong attachment between a horse and a dog, which came to the knowledge of Professor Seputzenberger, and by him communicated to the *Revue d' Anthropologie*. A gentleman owning a kitchen garden remarked that a basket, which held a quantity of fresh carrots, got quickly emptied. He spoke to the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when a dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further watch was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion ; with wagging tail he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no difficulty about accepting it. The gardener seized a stick, and was about to avenge this act of too complacent good-fellowship, but his



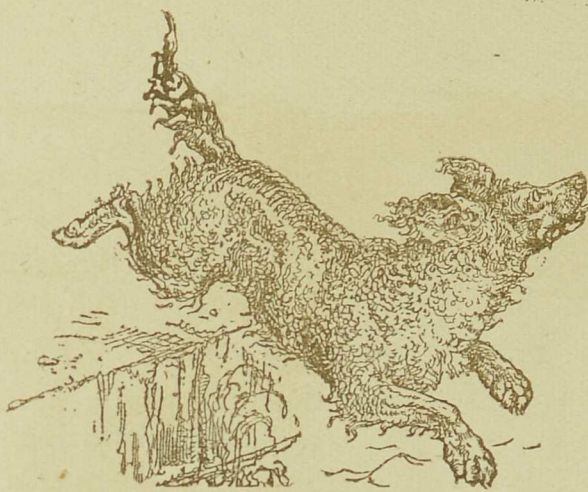


master stopped him in order to watch further. The scene was repeated until all the carrots had disappeared. The dog had long made a favourite of this horse. There were two in the stable, but the other received not a carrot.

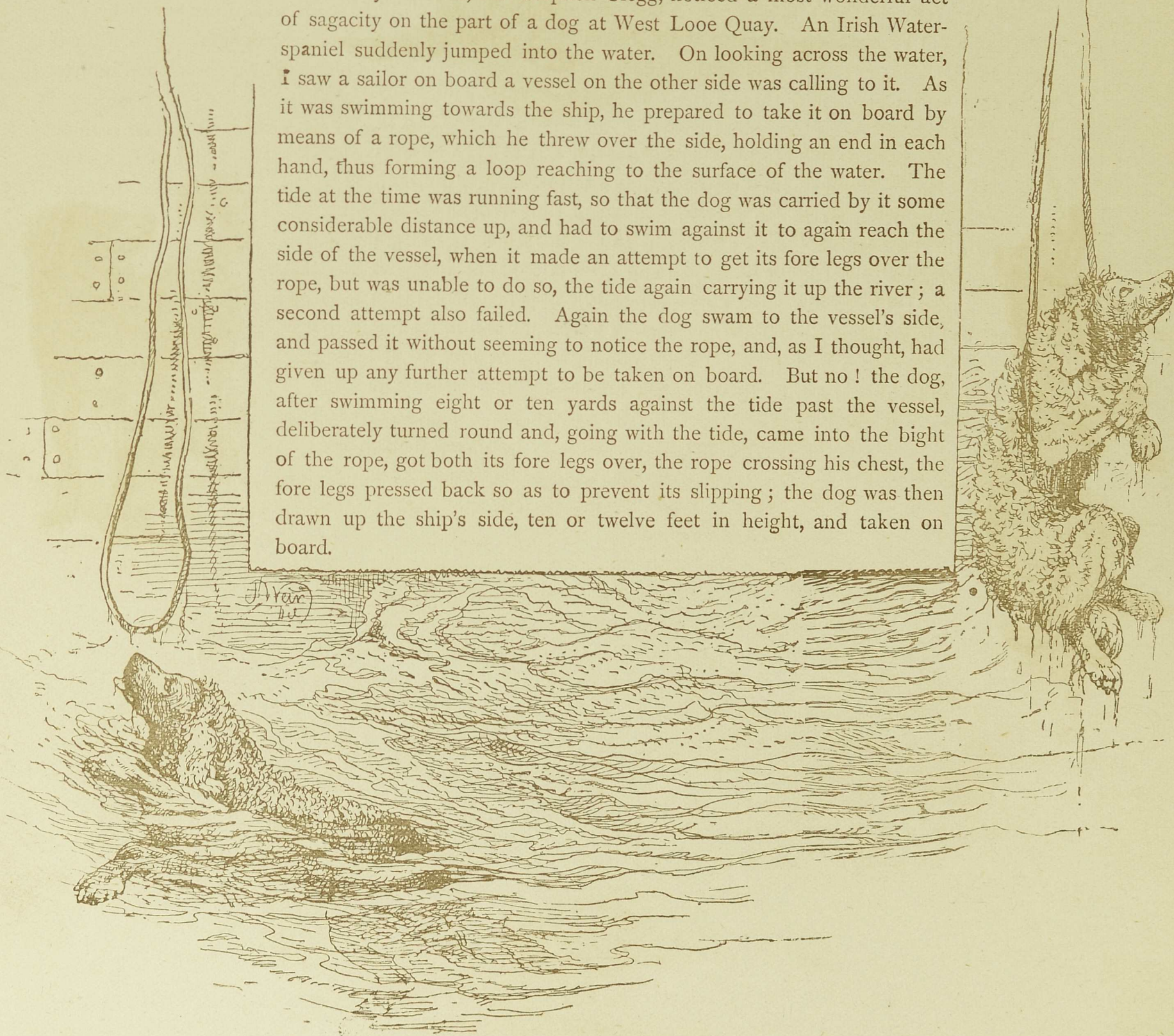
Speaking of the Yarmouth Water-dog, the Rev. Richard Lubbock, in his "Fauna of Norfolk," says: "Many years ago, a dog of this kind was kept at the Draining Mill, at the top of Breedon (now spelt Brigdon) Water, near Yarmouth. In the winter his favourite pursuit was to go out by himself and search in the rough stones which face the Breedon wall, for wounded wild fowl. These always, if possible, creep into some nook or corner. When the wind was north-east, and many ducks in the country, he sometimes carried home eight or nine fowls of various kinds in the same morning. After leaving one at the mill with his master, he returned of his own accord to the place where he took it, proceeding regularly in his search, and every time recommencing exactly where he left off. As he travelled to and fro upon the marsh wall, he would, if unloaded, wag his tail and acknowledge the notice of any one who spoke to him; but no sooner had he obtained booty, than he seemed to consider himself the guardian of a treasure, and to distrust every one. As soon as a man appeared coming towards him, he left the wall, and crossing a wide dyke, betook himself to the marshes, and went the longest way home."







An eye-witness, Mr. Stephen Clegg, noticed a most wonderful act of sagacity on the part of a dog at West Looe Quay. An Irish Water-spaniel suddenly jumped into the water. On looking across the water, I saw a sailor on board a vessel on the other side was calling to it. As it was swimming towards the ship, he prepared to take it on board by means of a rope, which he threw over the side, holding an end in each hand, thus forming a loop reaching to the surface of the water. The tide at the time was running fast, so that the dog was carried by it some considerable distance up, and had to swim against it to again reach the side of the vessel, when it made an attempt to get its fore legs over the rope, but was unable to do so, the tide again carrying it up the river; a second attempt also failed. Again the dog swam to the vessel's side, and passed it without seeming to notice the rope, and, as I thought, had given up any further attempt to be taken on board. But no! the dog, after swimming eight or ten yards against the tide past the vessel, deliberately turned round and, going with the tide, came into the bight of the rope, got both its fore legs over, the rope crossing his chest, the fore legs pressed back so as to prevent its slipping; the dog was then drawn up the ship's side, ten or twelve feet in height, and taken on board.

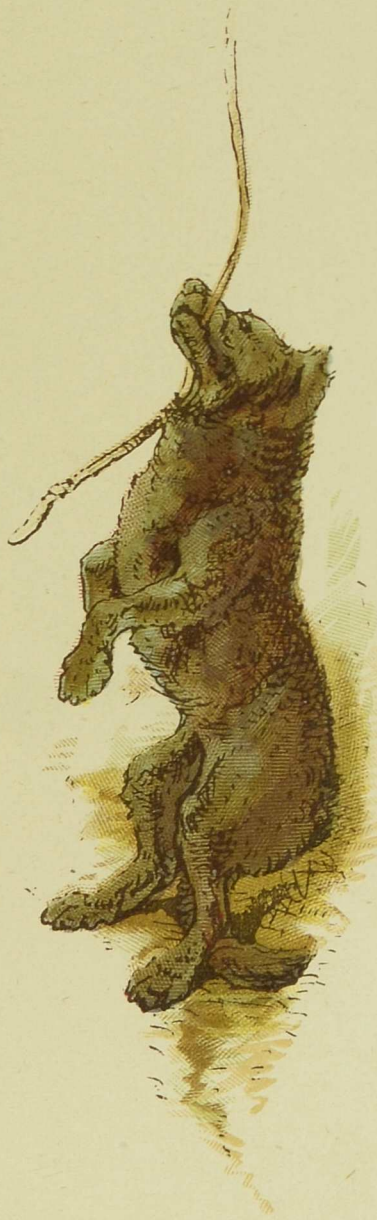






*The Scotsman* mentions a well-trained Retriever, a variety that can be easily taught, but not a breed of dog of an inventive nature. A merchant in Portland Place, Leith, at present—1880—possesses a very sagacious dog. The animal, a black Retriever, on receiving a half-penny runs behind the counter, places the coin near the till, and then makes his way to a bell-rope in a room adjacent. The bell is rung, but on the animal returning for the biscuit, the master informs him that he did not hear the ring. “Oscar” immediately returns to the room, and tugs at the bell till there is little reason to doubt the summons. After all, it is only on hearing that the biscuit is “paid” that the dog will eat it; and, as showing animal sagacity, it may be stated that on a recent Saturday a biscuit was laid on the floor, when “Oscar” was informed that it was not “paid.” When the premises were opened on Monday, the biscuit was found untouched.

Some dogs are apparently ready for any emergency, as a quotation from the *Kentish Express* will show. A short time since, the children of Mr. Norman, of Guildhall Street, were playing on the Lees, when the youngest (a little girl of two years) unfortunately fell over the cliff. A dog belonging to Mr. Norman, which was with the child, seeing the accident, rushed down the face of the cliff, and caught the child by the clothes just as she had reached a rock from which she must have fallen a sheer depth of about thirty feet. The sagacious animal held the child by the clothes with his mouth, and placed one of his feet over her for protection, waiting until a gentleman who witnessed the accident rescued the child, evidently greatly to the delight of the dog.



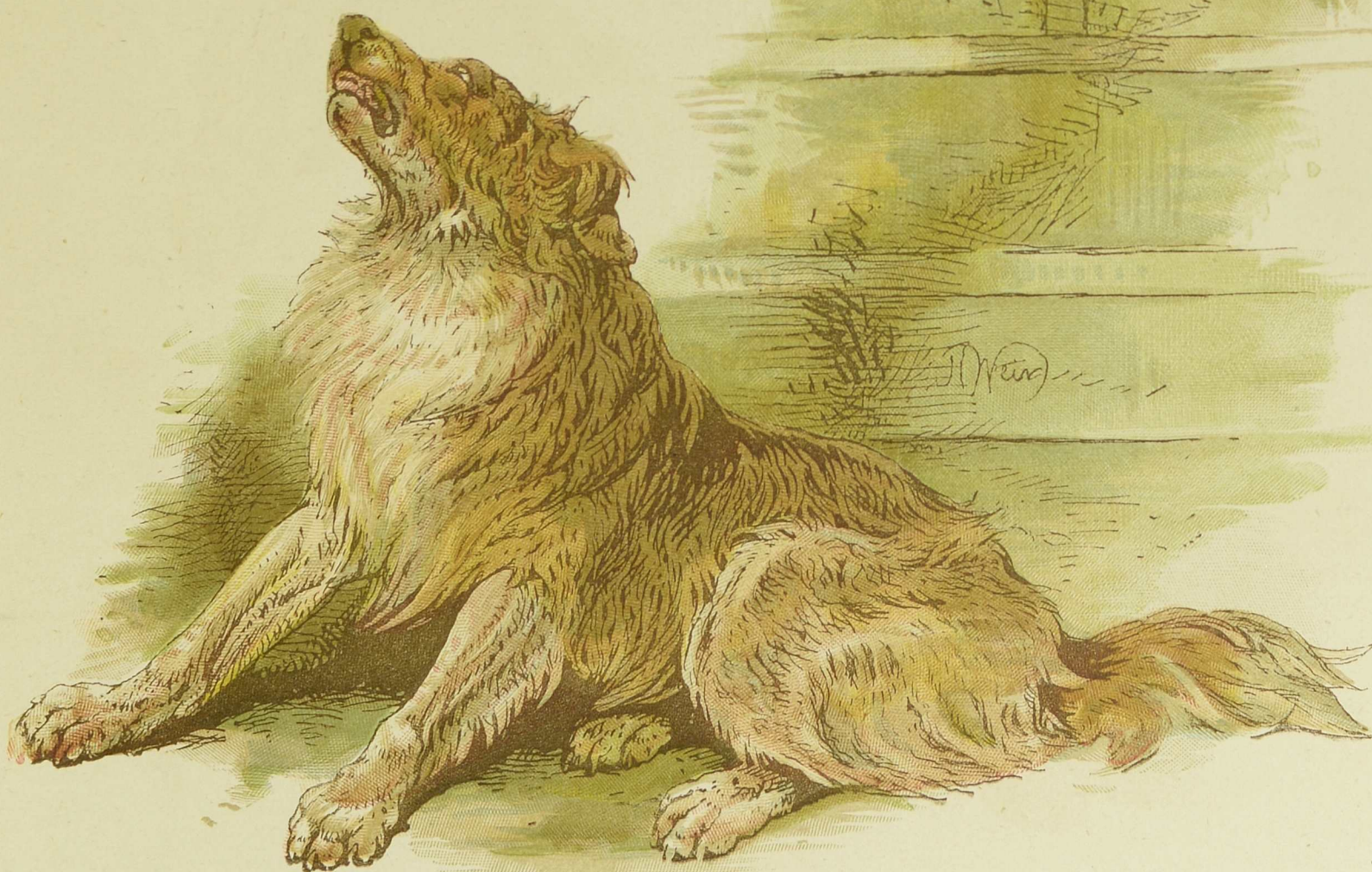




It has often been stated that dogs can count, otherwise how is it that they know which is Sunday? I had a dog that used to go to the door every day in the week to wait for the man that brought the meat, and yet he never took up that position on a Sunday. In *Land and Water*, 1875, there is an anecdote which bears on the faculty of the dog in the way of counting. A gentleman on a visit to Scotland, came across some men who were washing sheep. Close to the water where the operation was being carried on was a small pen, in which a detachment of ten sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the performance, his attention was called to a Sheep dog lying down close by. This animal, on the pen becoming nearly empty, without a word from any one, started off to the main body of the flock and brought back ten of their number, and drove them into the empty washing pens. The fact of the bringing exactly the same number of sheep as had vacated it he looked upon at first as a strange coincidence, a mere chance. But he continued looking on, and, much to his surprise, as soon as the men had reduced the number to three sheep, the dog started off again and brought back ten more; and so he continued throughout the afternoon, never bringing one more nor one less, and always going for a fresh lot when only three were left in the pen, evidently being aware that during the time the last three were washing he would be able to bring up a fresh detachment.



Again, can a dog appreciate music? It is said that in many instances harmonious sounds have evidently a soothing effect, while others have the reverse. My Collie "Rover" would creep to the piano, and, resting his head against it while it was being played, seemed to enjoy the music much, often wagging his tail with visible satisfaction. Yet if a discordant note was sounded, he would jump up and howl piteously. Another Collie I had, named "Leo," could never bear the sound of the American gong clock when it struck. If in the kitchen at the time, he would rush out, or if the door was closed would howl loudly until the clock had ceased striking. I have known this dog walk up to a young lady that was a stranger, and place his head on her lap, looking in her face while she was singing, and yet when the song was ended, going away immediately





Mr. Sewell, of Wanstead, Essex, in early life owned a Pointer, called "Basto"—the very name seems gone by and obsolete. The dog was exclusively devoted to his master, and it was always noticed that by the strange perception which some manifest, he became aware, in his distant kennel, beyond sight and hearing of the house, whenever Mr. Sewell returned home after an absence. His excitement was so intense that he was always released from his chain, and allowed to greet his master; between whiles he never frequented the house. On one occasion he was wanted just as "Basto" had made a point. Many hours afterwards a farm labourer called at the house to say that "Basto" was standing motionless in the field, just as he had been left in the morning. The master was worthy of the dog, for he went personally to release him from his post.

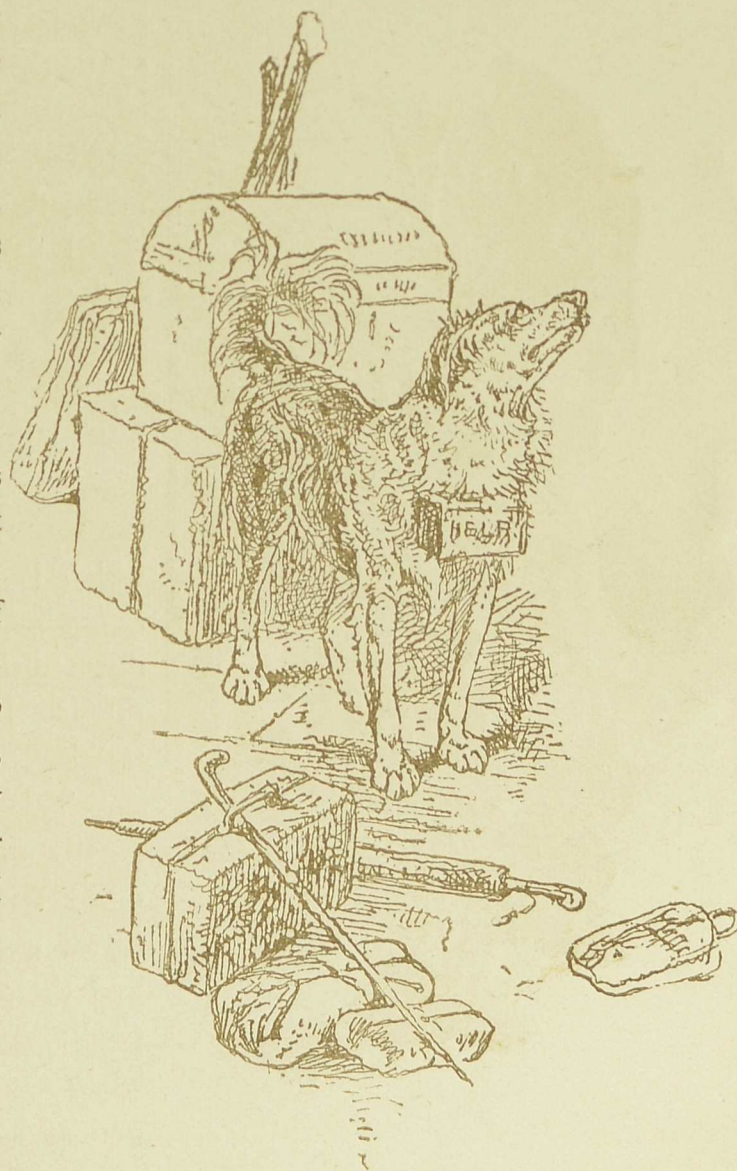




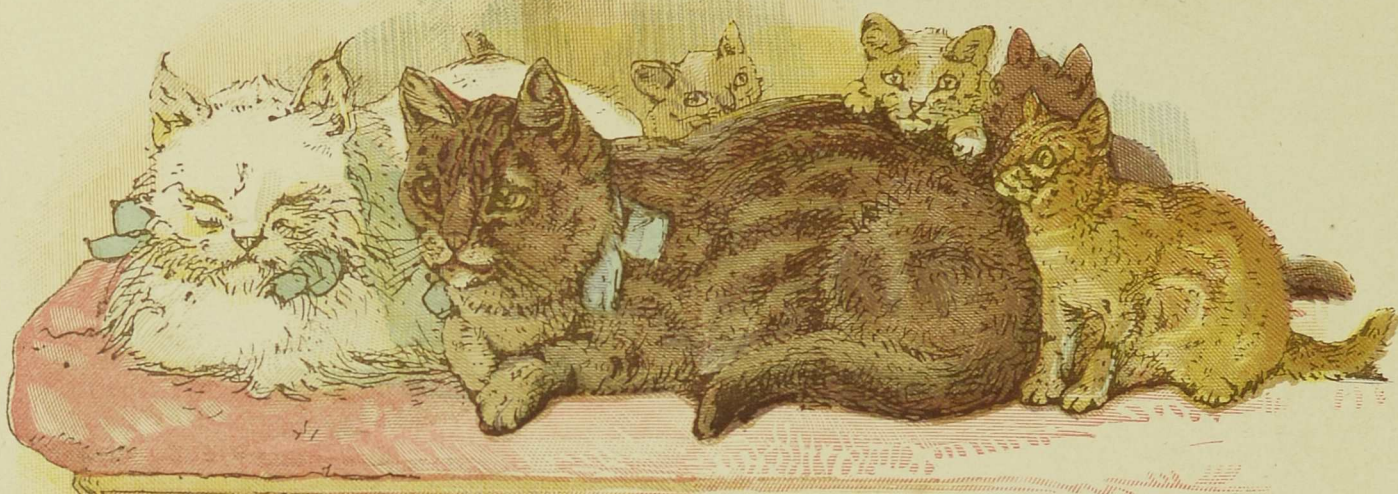


The usefulness of dogs has been tried in many and divers ways, but perhaps none more so than that of "Help," the Railway Dog as he is called, because he travels over the different lines of railway in the United Kingdom collecting money in a box attached to his neck, the proceeds of which are for the Orphan Funds of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. He is a black and white Scotch Collie. "Help" is said to resemble very much the dog of Robert Burns, "Luath." He is active and intelligent, and seems to understand his duties, and often is the bearer of a considerable amount in silver and copper. His head-quarters are at the rooms of the Society in the City Road, London.

I could fill many and many more pages of the doings of the dog both big and little, but other animals also deserve notice, and perhaps are equally deserving. The dog, however, has always held the highest position, and there is every reason to think that it will be maintained. For my own part, for intelligence, I have found that cats are nearly, if not quite, their equals in some respects, though possibly deficient in others. For a great number of years I have been a lover of cats; so much so, that I instituted the first Cat Show held at the Crystal Palace, with the hope of leading others besides myself to study more closely their habits, peculiarities, nature, and affectionate tendencies. Of their intelligence, many of the stories that I shall put before my readers, I think will carry conviction with them.







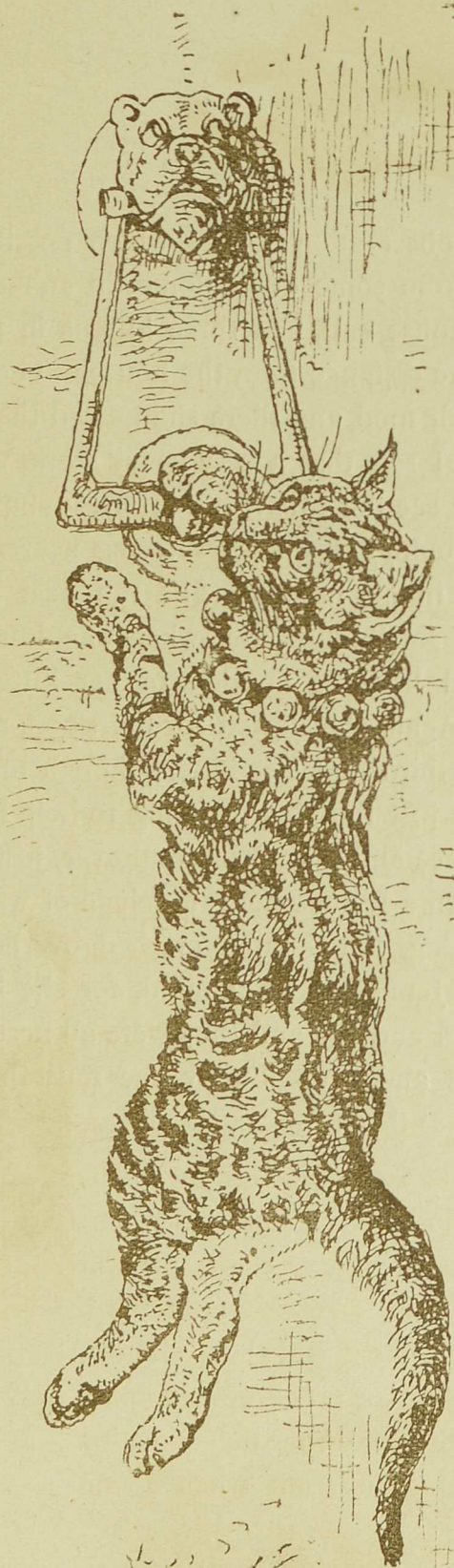
"Cats never attach themselves to individuals" has been so often stated, and, as often is the case with regard to other matters, by persons who know nothing of the subject, and by persons who have never kept a cat in their lives, but simply, parrot-like, repeat what they have heard, without first testing its truthfulness. From a number of years' knowledge of the cat, its ways and habits, I am quite certain that it *does* attach itself to persons, and that in a remarkable degree, almost, if not quite as much so, as the dog, for like that sagacious animal they have been found dead on their loved one's grave, having seemingly died of grief. As regards myself, I am fond of both dogs and cats, though I must admit that after the experience of years of having both as companions and pets, I think I give the preference to the cats for their gentleness, affection, sagacity, watchfulness, and knowledge of their surroundings, setting apart their great love for those to whom they take a liking, which they often do for one person only in a household of many, though that may not be the one by whom they are fed.

I have but two cats at the present time. Both are "out-door" cats, kept in my poultry yard on account of the rats. I generally go every day to feed my fowls, and there, waiting for me, I invariably find my cats. They follow me from place to place, even out on the highway or in my garden, keeping all the time close to my legs, and whenever I stop they generally rub themselves against me; perhaps one will run up my back and sit on my shoulder. When I reach my orchard, which is not far, and where more fowls are kept, they still follow. Sometimes, when I stand still, they will climb the apple-trees, jumping down directly I move off, and they often nearly throw me down by running between my legs, or suddenly getting in front when I am walking.

This to me is not in the least singular as regards these two cats. Nearly all that I have had have acted in a similar way. One, a red-tabby she-cat, "Lillah," which I bought at the Crystal Palace Cat Show, used to clamber to my shoulder when I went into the garden, and there would sit purring as I walked in and out of the vineries, poultry-houses, and even along the road until I returned to the house, when she would jump off and never attempt to enter with me unless I enticed her to do so.







Other cats had their fancies. One, a blue-tabby, "George," would go to rest with no one but my youngest daughter. A black-tabby, "Jettie," would leave all others for the room of my youngest son. A blue-tabby, "The Old Lady," came up to my bedroom door every morning, and often sat on my shoulder while I was painting a picture, or went to sleep on my knees.

At one time I had six cats, and each had their "likes and dislikes." They would rest only with the one they regarded most, and no inducement of food or fondling would have any effect in alluring them from their devotion to that person.

The truth of this character of the cat is fully corroborated by numbers of persons who have kept cats, and with whom I have conversed on the subject. Depend upon it, gentle reader, if you make up your mind not to like cats, cats will not like you, nor will dogs or any other animal, if not kindly treated. Cats like to be talked to and cossetted quite as much as dogs. To my thinking no animal moves with more grace than a cat, nor have more gentle ways, and yet few are more misunderstood. Their instinct and sagacity is indeed great, which I think is due often to their observation, I might say is almost marvellous.

One night I was sitting at work after my family had retired for the night, when, about twelve o'clock, I heard a knock at the front door. "Well," thought I, "they shall knock again, whoever they are, coming at this late hour." Presently another and another knock. I went to the door and opened it, when in walked my cat! "Master George" purred, and then ran upstairs to my daughter's room. That cat had never been *taught* to knock at a door, but HAD noticed that when there was a knock at the door, it was opened; so HE jumped and knocked. Having found he was right, he did it several times afterward. This is not an isolated case. I have had many cats that have knocked for admittance, and so have my friends, and none have been *taught* so to act.

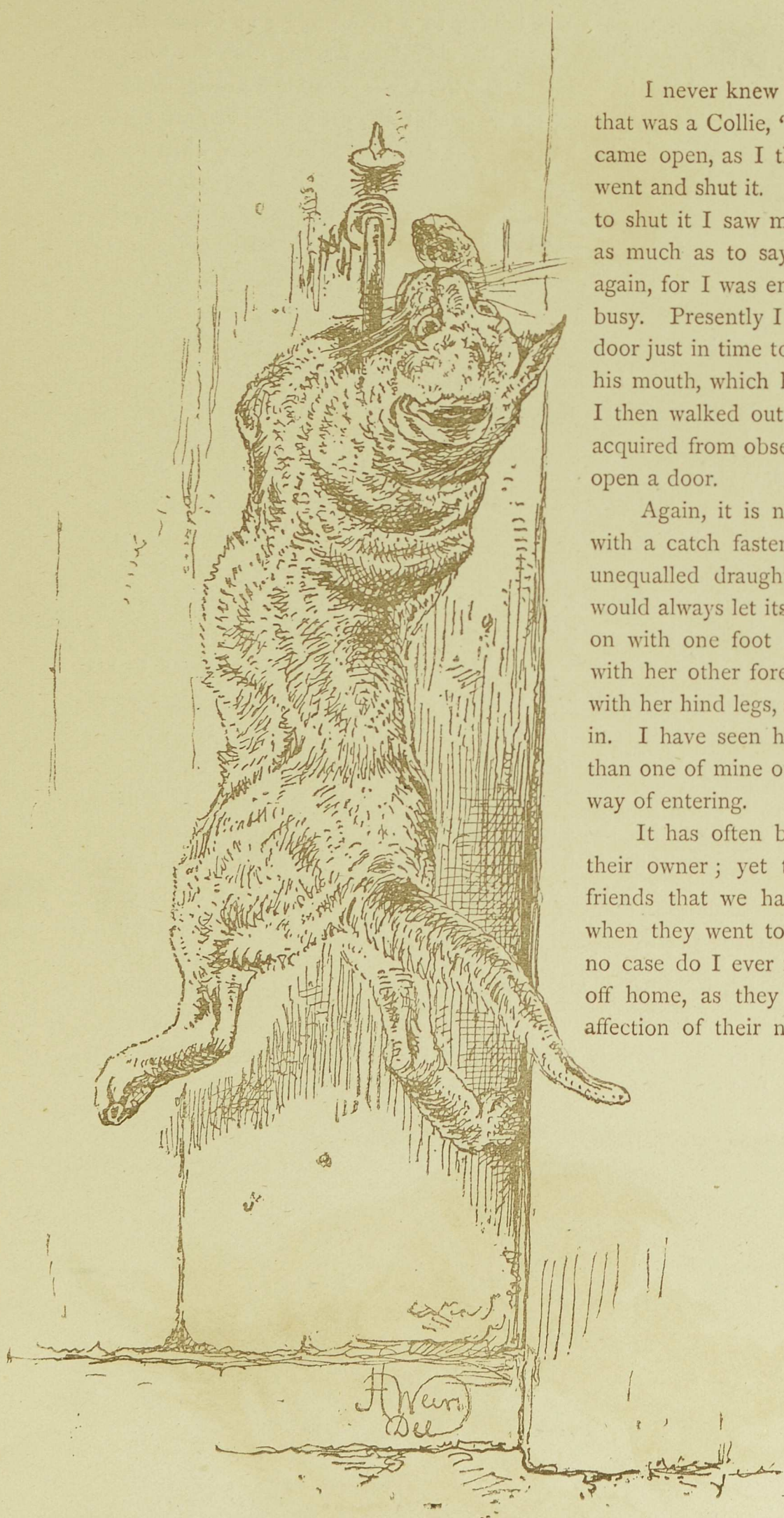




Again, another instance of the observation of cats, which possibly in this respect is not far different from some other domestic animals. A grey and white cat, "Jenny" (a house cat), had three kittens in the hollow stump of an old ash tree, some distance from the house. There from time to time, she took them their food, and there she nursed them. One day, looking from the window, I saw that a very heavy storm was approaching, and also, what should I see but Mistress "Jenny," running across the meadow as fast as she could, and on her drawing nearer, I saw that she had one of her kittens in her mouth. She ran past the window and put the kitten into a small outhouse, when she immediately hastened back and returned bringing another of her kittens, which she put in the same place. Again she started for the wood, and then shortly appeared bringing the third and last kitten, though more slowly, seemingly very tired. I was just thinking of going to help her, when she suddenly quickened her pace and ran for the outhouse, just as a few drops of rain began to fall. In a few moments a deluge of water was falling, the lightning was flashing, the thunder crashed overhead and rumbled in the distance, but "Jenny" did not mind, for she had her three kittens comfortably housed, and she and they were all nestled together in an apple basket, warm and dry. Surely she must have known, by instinct or observation, that the storm was coming.







I never knew but one dog open a door without teaching, and that was a Collie, "Roy." One day being in the vinery, the door came open, as I thought, from the wind blowing strongly; so I went and shut it. Again it came wide open, and as I approached to shut it I saw my dear old doggie "Roy," looking in wistfully, as much as to say come out for a walk, but I closed the door again, for I was engaged in hybridising some plants, and so was busy. Presently I saw the handle of the door turn; I ran to the door just in time to see that Master "Roy" had got the handle in his mouth, which he was turning so as to open it, which he did. I then walked out with him, to his great delight. This he had acquired from observation, as no one had ever shown him how to open a door.

Again, it is no uncommon thing for a cat to open a door with a catch fastening. My old friend, Mr. Thomas Scott, the unequalled draughtsman of portraits on wood, had a cat that would always let itself in at the back door by jumping up, holding on with one foot in the handle, then pressing down the latch with her other fore foot; she then pressed against the door-post with her hind legs, and so opened the door, got down, and walked in. I have seen her do this, and I have seen others, also more than one of mine own. None of these cats were ever taught this way of entering.

It has often been said that cats love the place more than their owner; yet this can scarcely be the case, when several friends that we have known have taken their cats with them when they went to the sea-side or some watering-place, and in no case do I ever remember their losing them by their running off home, as they OUGHT to do if what is urged against the affection of their nature be true.



Years ago, when I was talking to a friend living at Peckham, we were in his front garden, when the side-door leading from the front to the back, "blew to." His cat, "Fred,"—a beautiful brown tabby—was just outside. Finding the door shut, the cat pushed against it with his paws to open it, but he could not do so. He sat down, when I said to my friend, "Now, what will 'Fred' do?" I had scarcely spoken, before "Fred" got up, went to the door, put his left fore paw under it, pulled it vigorously TOWARDS him, as it opened outwards; another smart tug, and the latch slipped, and "Fred" passed in. He had never been taught this.

Cats have been known to ring the dinner bell, and this trick is not unfrequent. I take the following from "Household Words": One day the cook in a monastery, when he laid the dinner, found one brother's portion of meat missing. He supposed that he had miscalculated, made good the deficiency, and thought of it no more till the next day, when he had again too little at dinner-time by one monk's commons. He suspected knavery, and resolved to watch for the thief. On the third day he was quite sure that he had his meat cut into the right number of portions, and was about to dish up, when he was called off by a ring at the outer gate. When he came back there was again a monk's allowance gone. Next day he again paid special heed to his calculations, and when he was on the point of dishing up, again there was a ring at the gate to draw him from the kitchen. He went no further than the outside of the kitchen door, when he saw that the cat jumped in at the window, and was out again in an instant with a piece of meat. Another day's watching showed that it was the cat also who, by leaping up at it, set the bell ringing with her paws; and thus having, as she supposed, pulled the cook out of the kitchen, made the coast clear for her own piratical proceedings. The monks then settled it in conclave that the cat should be left thus to earn, for the remainder of her days, double rations, while they spread abroad the story of her cunning. So they obtained many visitors, who paid money for good places from which to see the little comedy; and they grew the richer for the thief they had among them.

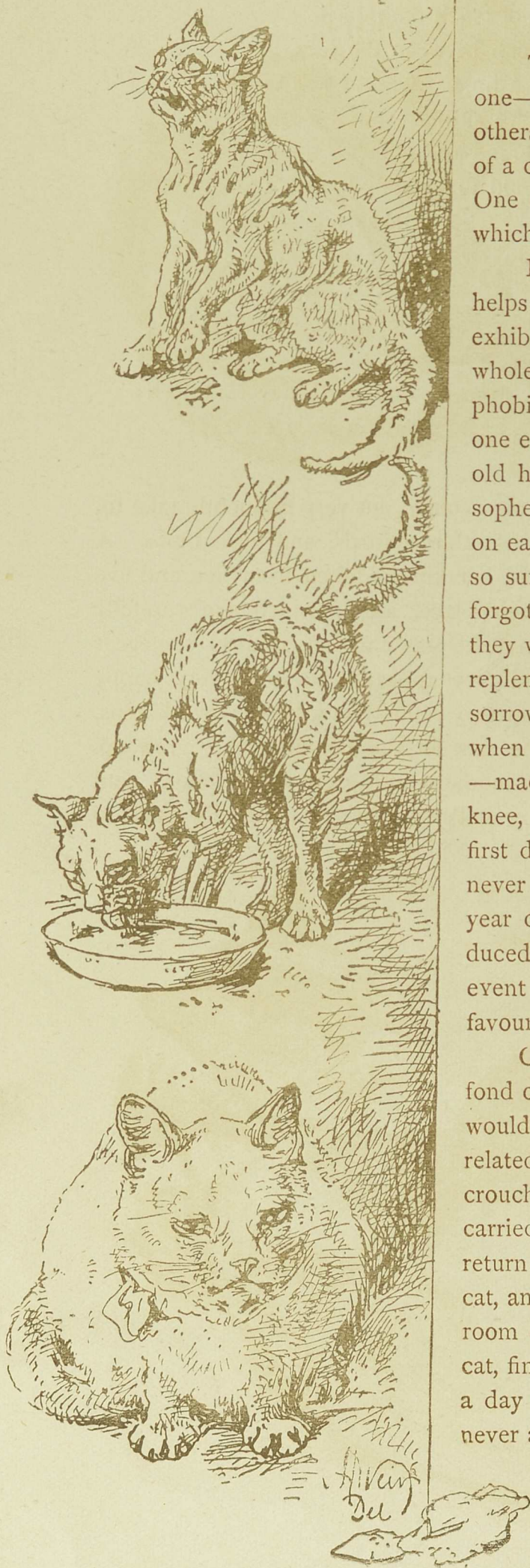




It is no unusual thing for a cat, if it cannot reach the milk in a jug, to put in its paw, taking as much milk as it can between the toes, and then lick it off. I have seen this done many a time. Once I was very much amused with three of my cats, who were sitting around a quart mug that was rather more than half full of bread and milk. First one put in its paw, and carried as much as it could to its mouth, then the next, and so the next, in fair rotation, each taking its turn as regular as three hammermen do when beating consecutively a piece of red-hot iron. However, in a few minutes, "Dolly," the elder, thought "Tommy" was getting rather too much, so she gave him a pat, which had the desired effect, being that of making him look at her each time before he put in his paw after that. "Brownie," the third, never got chastisement; this, I think, was because he was such a little cat, consequently he had a much smaller paw.







There are some who have a horror of certain animals. I knew of one—a strong man—who would cry out with fright if he saw a toad; others with mice, and I have known several who said they were afraid of a cat, yet more than one of these have ultimately kept a cat as a pet. One of my relatives disliked cats exceedingly, and yet now keeps one, which is indeed a spoiled pet.

I give an extract from the "Life of Sir David Brewster," which helps to show this peculiarity of human nature in a strong light. "He exhibited much of it in connection with the lower creation. The whole canine race he looked upon as imbued with probable hydrophobia, while cats, he declared, gave him an electric shock each time one entered the room. A favourite cat having been introduced into the old house, it one day trotted into the forbidden precincts of the philosopher's room, looked straight at him, jumped on his knee, put a paw on each shoulder, and kissed him as distinctly as a cat could. He was so surprised at her audacity, and so touched by her affection, that he forgot to feel the electric shock; his heart was won—from that time they were fast friends, and every morning the cat's breakfast-plate was replenished by his hands. One day she disappeared, to the unbounded sorrow of her master; nothing was heard of her for nearly two years, when pussy walked into the house neither hungry, thirsty, nor footsore—made her way without hesitation to the study, jumped on her master's knee, placed a paw on each shoulder, and kissed him exactly as on the first day. The joy of the reunion was quite touching, although it was never known where she had been during her aberrations; and when, a year or two after, pussy was obliged to be shot, owing to disease produced by over gastronomic indulgence, the distress produced by the event was so great, that by mutual consent we never had another favourite."

Cats' attachments are often of a singular character. If they are fond of anyone in particular, they will often carry food to them, as they would to their own young. Many cases are on record of this. One is related of a lady who, going out one day, saw a poor half-starved kitten crouching close by the door. She stooped and, taking it up gently, carried it indoors, gave it some milk, and went for her walk; on her return she gave it some more. The kitten grew into a fine handsome cat, and became devotedly affectionate, going every morning to the bedroom door to be let in. The lady unfortunately became very ill; the cat, finding her mistress unable to come down, used two or three times a day to take food up and lay it close to her on the bed. This she never attempted to do after her mistress became convalescent.





Not only do cats love their own young, but very frequently take to, nurse, and cherish the offspring of other animals, and even birds. A fine blue-tabby-and-white cat had her kittens taken from her, and five young squirrels were put in their place, all of which she carefully suckled and brought up. I saw the cat and her squirrel proteges when they were full grown, and they appeared to be a very happy family. Another cat brought up two young rats with her own kittens, also two in number, nor did the rats forsake her after they grew up, but remained with their foster-mother, and grew quite tame, until they were unfortunately killed by a Terrier dog that casually came to the house.







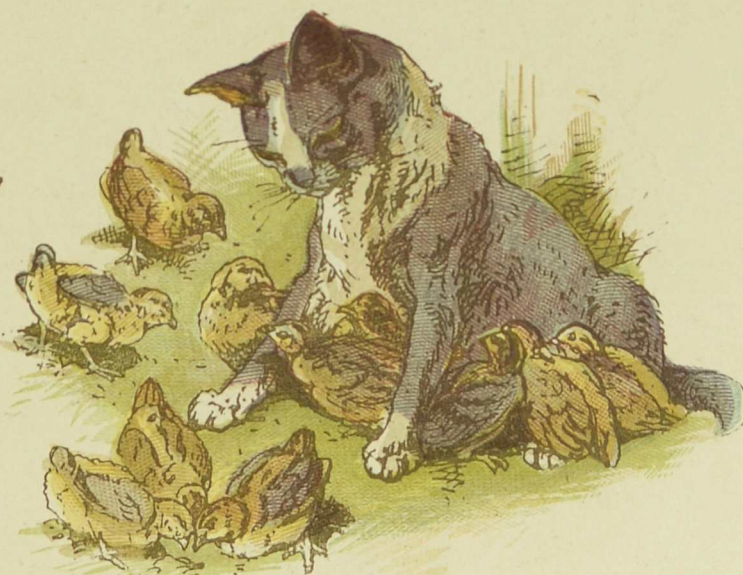
Possibly the strangest story of the maternal peculiarities of a cat occurred at Tonbridge not long since, where a cat took a strong liking to some young goslings, and tried to attract their attention by various ways and means, sometimes by putting meat in front of them ; at another, she would take bread, and seemed thoroughly delighted when they partook of the same with evident relish ; after which she would lie in the sun, the goslings nestling closely to her for warmth, though at times she somewhat disturbed them and their comfort by licking them over, to their evident surprise, they not understanding such process of washing, usually moved further off, until by degrees they got used to her gentle and well-meant, though to them singular caresses. As they grew older, it was an odd and most ludicrous sight to see them gathered round their "Mamma," only her head just appearing from amongst a pile of down. Even when she had some little ones of her own, the young geese would visit her, and seemed to be holding a friendly converse, possibly about bygone times.



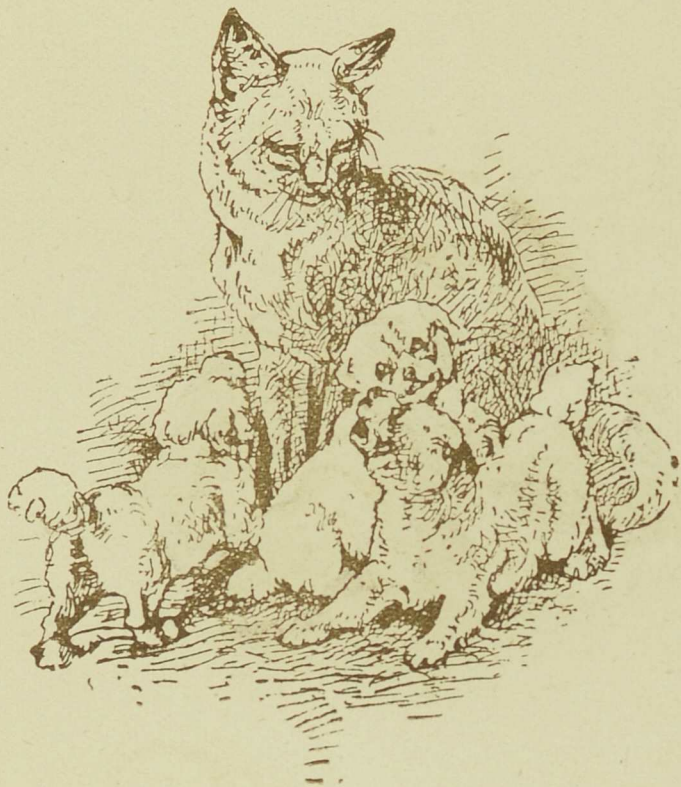


The same attention has been bestowed by a cat on a brood of young chickens, deprived by accident of the fostering care of the busy careful mother that guided their early life. The old cat, "Nell," took note of all their "outgoings" and "incomings," and was often seen walking about the poultry-yard the chickens following her in dumb obedience, as though she were their veritable mother, and when she sat down, would scratch about in close proximity, and when tired would seek rest and warmth by huddling about her, all seemingly asleep in the sun.

Another cat took her kittens into a pigeon loft, and was seen suckling her young, with a white fantail pigeon standing playfully pecking at one of her ears. One of my cats made a nest for her kittens between two hens sitting on their nests. All went on well until one of the hens hatched out her chickens, when she tried to drive off the cat, but in this she was not successful, and met with such a rebuff that she took her chickens to more comfortable and peaceful quarters.







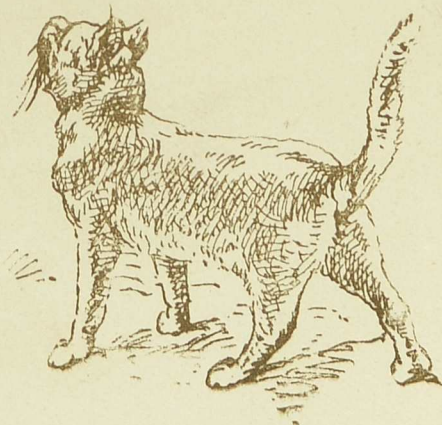
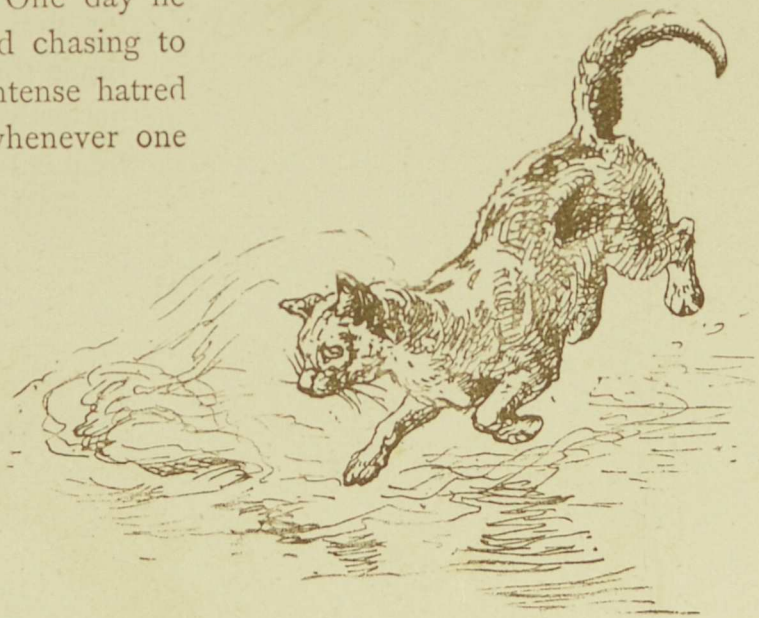
It is no uncommon thing for a cat to bring up puppies. One of the prettiest sights of that sort I ever saw, was a tortoiseshell cat with three beautiful white Maltese puppies playing around her, that she had reared.

Mr. Cooper states, in *The Animal World*: It used formerly to be said, when man and wife lived unhappily, that they lived a "cat and dog life;" but in the present day it is not always a truism. Some friends of mine residing at Brixton, have a half-bred Skye Terrier and a tabby cat, both females. The cat has a pennyworth of cat's meat bought every day. When "Tabby" has her portion given her she carries it into the little garden, and always leaves a piece of it for "Gyp," sometimes even burying it if the dog is absent; "Tabby" then goes to the friend she is so fond of, and mews in a peculiar way that "Gyp" understands, who trots off and quietly eats the portion saved for her, which is put in a particular place that the dog knows. I think the Skye Terrier is generally amiable. I have one that is on perfectly friendly terms with three cats that we have in our house, frequently lying quite close to one, and going to sleep side by side.





Another correspondent writes thus : We have a cat, which is, of course, very superior to any kept by our neighbours. We took it with us this summer to the seaside, terribly afraid all the while lest he should leave us and return home. But no ! he was far too happy for that. He had spent all his life in a town, and had never before seen the sea or a farmyard. Now he could enjoy both. He would go for hours on to the beach, walking along by the edge of the waves, and finding the greatest pleasure in being chased by them. But the extraordinary thing I wish to notice about this cat is this. In the field by our house was a flock of sheep. Day after day would "Wowski" (that was our cat's name) go into the field and drive the sheep into a corner, they all the while obeying him as implicitly as if he had been a dog. As soon as they were collected he would keep sentry for a few minutes, and then leave them. One day he tried to do the same with some cows, but they preferred chasing to being chased. From this time he acquired the most intense hatred of cows, which showed itself by growling and spitting whenever one dared approach him.







Pigs are not generally considered interesting, and by some are thought stupid; still kindness, firm and yet gentle training, has produced some very clever, if not useful, results. I remember years ago (I scarce care to say how many), seeing a performing pig at Camberwell Fair, called "Toby," for which sight I also remember to have paid the large sum of one penny. On going in, we stood in a circle, some cards were produced, and "The Learned Pig" came from behind a curtain. The cards were thrown on the floor, and he was told to pick out any number named and carry it to the person calling such number. This he did, generally with much accuracy, being only wrong twice. More cards were thrown down—letters of the alphabet this time—when he immediately spelt "vittels" and ran behind the curtain with a joyful grunt, and the show was over.

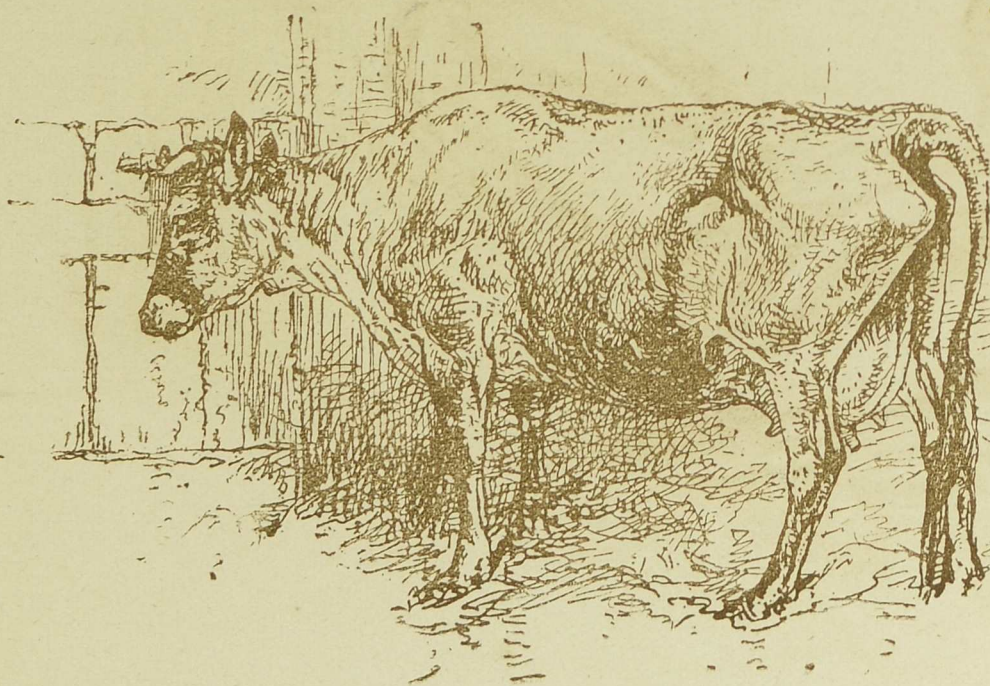




There are numerous stories of horses showing great intelligence, though it is not my intention at present to mention more than the extraordinary love of home they possess. Turn a horse loose miles away, and he immediately gallops off to his home, often leaping both hedges and ditches to arrive there more quickly. About thirty-five years ago, I was benighted in a country entirely unknown to me, and, having mistaken the road, was lost in one of the darkest nights I ever remember. I trotted on for some time on my borrowed nag, though he seemed to go somewhat unwillingly, when fortunately I came to a road-side cottage. On enquiring, I found I was many miles out of the right road. What was to be done? The man's directions were lucid, but the way was dark. I said good night, and then did that which I should have done before—let the horse have his own way. He turned round, and after walking a short distance broke into a trot, and in about three-quarters of an hour brought me to my friend's door.

Horses frequently know how to open their stable doors, and to let themselves out. I had one that would keep shaking the door of the loose box in which he was kept, and by that means he got the bolt out of the socket, when he would at once go to the corn bin and lift the lid with his nose, when the pleasure of a plenteous repast was generally his reward. I subjoin an anecdote of a still more clever cow.

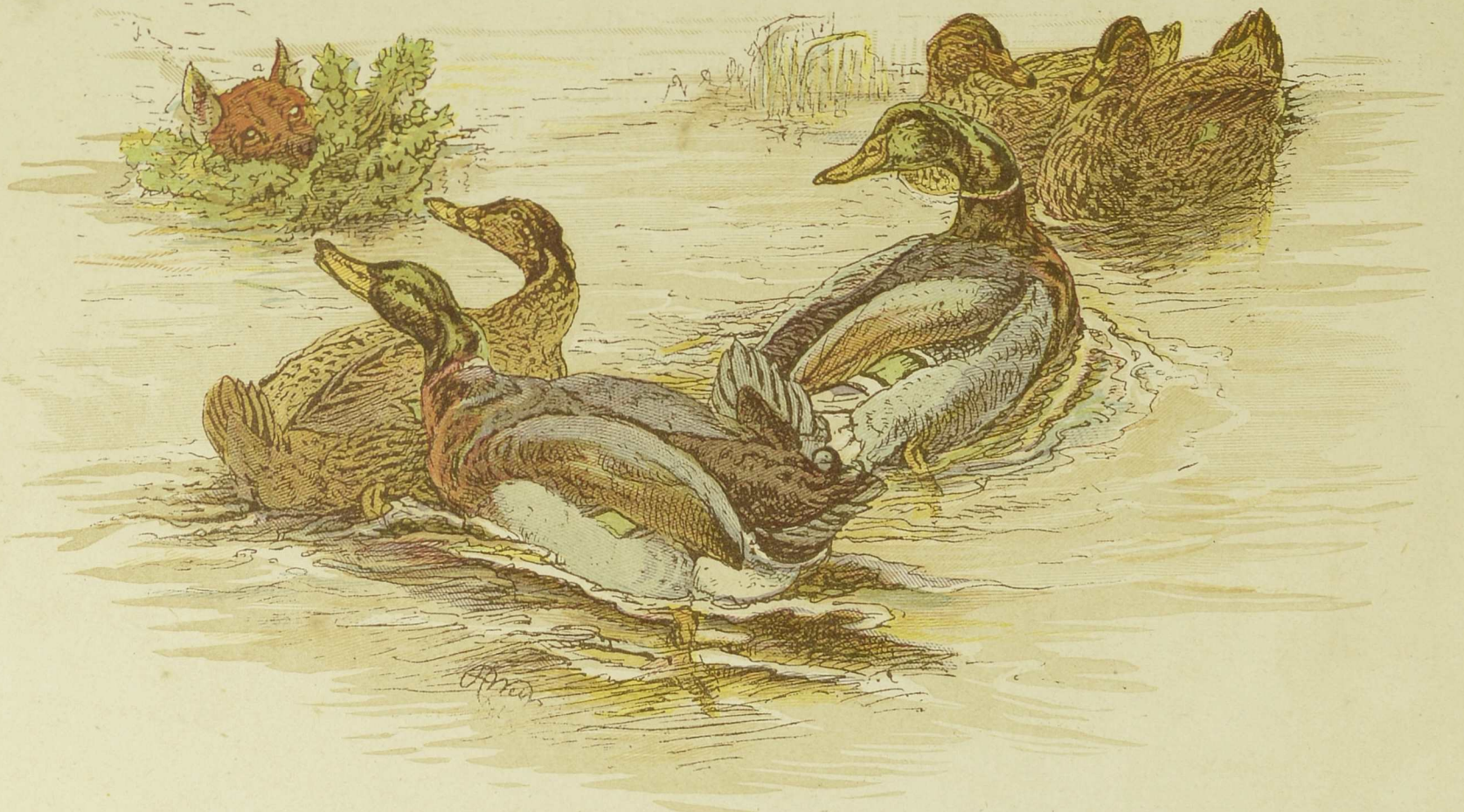
A Jersey cow I had, used also to open the half-door of the cow-house, which was bolted inside, by putting her horn behind the bolt and so drawing it back, when she would walk forth with a countenance betraying the utmost simplicity, unless she saw that she was watched, when she immediately desisted, and began to chew the cud as though she was quite content to be where she was.





Perhaps of all animals the fox is the most cunning, though he is approached very closely by the rat. Both are equal to any kind of stratagem to obtain either what they desire, or to extricate themselves from a difficulty. Here is a scheme by one of the former, and evidently a well-planned one too, if true, for getting a somewhat substantial meal.

A hungry fox was extremely anxious to possess himself of one or more of a small flock of ducks which were swimming on a broad stream. But there was no way of getting at them. They were more at home on the water than he was, and, the banks being open fields, they caught sight of him too soon, and were on their guard. At length he bethought himself of a ruse. Breaking off a small leafy bough, he gently let himself down into the river, holding the branch in his mouth in such a way that the leaves concealed his head, which was the only part above water. In this way he allowed the stream to drift him slowly towards the coveted ducks, who suspected nothing, and even sailed up to the bough to examine it. The flock showed more than one mallard the less next day.



















by  
Harrison Weir