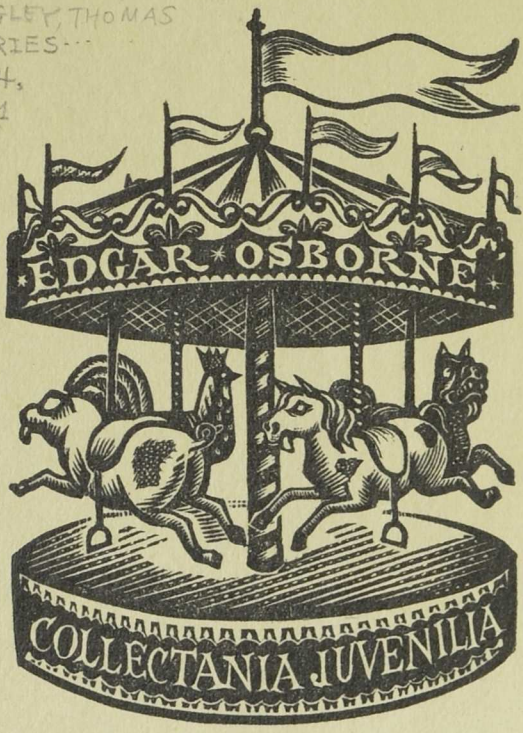
Bingley's

STORIES FOR CHILDREN



STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

"AT HIM, CÆSAR!"

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STORIES ABOUT DOGS:

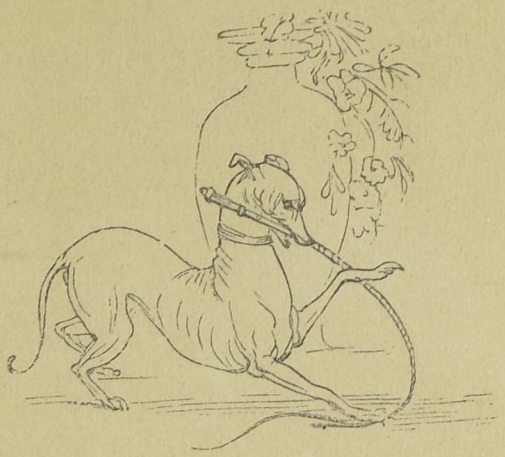
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

INSTINCT, SAGACITY, AND FIDELITY.

BY THOMAS BINGLEY,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF SHIPWRECKS," "STORIES ABOUT INSTINCT," &C.

WITH PLATES BY THOMAS LANDSEER.



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TO

FRANK, HARRY, AND JOHN,

These Tales,

TO WHICH THEY LISTENED WITH

SO MUCH INTEREST,

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

UNCLE THOMAS.

TWO WORDS BY WAY OF PREFACE.

The recollection of the delight which in my boyhood I experienced from listening to Stories about Dogs, and my love for an animal to whose sagacity and fidelity mankind is so largely indebted, prompted me to undertake the present little volume.

A work on such a subject cannot fail, I am sure, to be acceptable to my young readers, enhanced as it is by the series of beautiful illus-

trations from the pencil of THOMAS LANDSEER, whose talents in the characteristic delineation of animals are universally admitted to be of the very first order.

T. B.

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STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

FIRST EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS TELLS ABOUT THE DOGS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD; ALSO, ABOUT THE ESQUIMAUX DOGS, WHICH ARE USED AS HORSES; AND THE DOGS OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

"Good evening, Uncle Thomas! we are come to remind you of your promise to tell us some more of your amusing stories. We were all so interested with those you told us yesterday; that instead of going to play to-day, we staid at home and learnt our lessons, that we might have time to come up to listen to you this evening."

"Very well boys, I am glad to see you, and will do what I can to amuse you. Let me see—I

think it was STORIES ABOUT DOGS I promised to tell you to-night—Was it not?"

"Yes it was, Uncle Thomas. If you recollect, we saw farmer Jobson's great dog swimming about in the mill-pond, and you said you would tell us about the dogs of St. Bernard, which often save travellers from perishing among the snow."

"True, I recollect now, boys; but can you tell me where the St. Bernard is yet!"

"O yes, uncle! Frank found it out on the map of Switzerland. It is a very high mountain, one of the Alps, is it not?"

"Yes it is, my boy. I am glad to hear that you sought it out on the map, Frank, and that you showed it to John and Harry; because now that you have once seen it, and listened to the stories I am going to tell you about the monks who live in the convent, and their faithful and sagacious dogs, I am sure that you will never be at a loss to find it again."

"No, I am sure we shall not, Uncle Thomas; but I wonder how people can live so high up in the air. Our geography book said it was 10,000 feet high."

"The convent is, I believe, reckoned to be about 8,000 feet from the foot of the mountain, over which is one of the most dangerous passes of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy. It is said to be the highest inhabited spot in the old world, and is tenanted by a race of monks, who spend their lives in watching over the safety of such travellers as the calls of business or of pleasure may cause to ascend into these high and desolate regions, on their way to more fertile scenes. The door of the hospitable convent is open to every comer, the good monks delighting to afford shelter and refreshment to every stranger who presents himself, the only claims to their sympathy and kindness being that he is cold, weary, or benighted. But besides thus kindly administering to the travellers' wants within doors, they devote themselves to the fatiguing and dangerous task of searching for unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by sudden storms, and who might perish but for this charitable succour.

"The poet Rogers has a graphic and touching account of these pious men, and of their singular residence:—

I sat among the holy brother-hood
At their long board. The fare indeed was such
As is prescribed on days of abstinence,
But might have pleased a nicer taste than mine ;
And through the floor came up an ancient crone,
Serving unseen below ; while from the roof
(The roof, the floor, the walls, of native fir)
A lamp hung flickering, such as loves to fling
Its partial light on Apostolic heads,
And sheds a grace on all. Theirs Time as yet
Had changed not. Some were almost in their prime ;
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sat
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay, as free from guile
As children, answering and at once to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth ;
Mingling at intervals with rational talk
Music ; and gathering news from them that came
As of some other world. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean waves,
When on his face the experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands—
Then all was changed ; and sallying with their pack
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings. ' Anselm, higher up,
Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
And now, as guided by a voice from heaven,
Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence,

Whose can it be but his who never erred?
A man lies underneath! Let us to work!—
But who descends Mount Velan? 'Tis La Croix—
Away, away! if not alas, too late.
Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
Faltering, and falling, and but half awaked,
Asking to sleep again.' Such their discourse."

"But, Uncle Thomas, I wonder how people venture to cross the mountain during the winter, or when the weather threatens to be stormy."

"During the winter the people who are chiefly exposed to the storms are smugglers and pedlers; but even at other times the most experienced travellers are sometimes overtaken by severe weather. Often after days of cloudless beauty, when every thing around is calm and peaceful, the glaciers glittering in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron shedding brightness on the scene, a storm suddenly comes on, the drifting snow covers up the pathway and renders the roads impassable. It is then that the services of the monks and their attendants are most wanted. They sally forth accompanied by their dogs, and though the traveller may himself be overwhelmed in a snow-wreath,

these noble animals discover him by their acute scent, and immediately scratch away the snow, and thus offer him at least a chance of escape."

"What sort of dogs are they, Uncle Thomas? Are they the same as farmer Jobson's?"

"The dog of St. Bernard, or Alpine spaniel, far exceeds every other spaniel in size and strength. In general he stands two feet high at the shoulders, and measures upwards of five feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. He is covered with thick curled hair, and excels every other race of dogs in beauty and sagacity as much as in size and strength.

"After being some years accustomed to assist travellers, these dogs seem to become endowed with almost human intelligence. One of them, named Barry, had, it was reckoned, in twelve years saved the lives of forty individuals. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, away scoured Barry, barking and searching all about for any person who might have fallen a victim to the storm. When he was successful in finding any one, if his own strength was insufficient to rescue them, he ran back to the convent

in search of assistance. One day he found among the snow a little boy whose mother had been killed by an avalanche. By dint of coaxing, Barry managed to get the little fellow to mount on his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent."

"Oh! Uncle Thomas, I think I have seen a print of Barry carrying the little boy."

"I dare say you may, Harry: there is a French print of it, which I bought when I was last in Paris. After a long and faithful service, poor Barry was pensioned for some time at Berne, by the prior of the convent. After its death its skin was stuffed, and is now deposited in the museum of that town."

"How I should like to see Barry, Uncle Thomas!"

"He was doubtless a fine fellow, Harry. The dogs, however, do not always escape like Barry, to spend their last days in ease. Both men and dogs are frequently lost in the snow-wreaths, or overwhelmed by avalanches. Do you know what an *avalanche* is, John?"

"I believe I do, Uncle Thomas. It is a heap of snow or ice, which gets loosened from the sides of

the mountains, and slides into the valleys, carrying every thing before it—is it not?"

"You are perfectly right. Well, a few years ago—I think it was in 1825—three of the domestics of the convent accompanied by two dogs, descended some distance on one side of the mountain. As they were returning, accompanied by a traveller whom they were conducting to the shelter of their hospitable roof, they were overwhelmed by an avalanche. Every one of them perished, except one of the dogs. It was saved only by its prodigious strength, after having been repeatedly thrown over and over: of the poor victims none were found, till the heat of the returning summer melted the snow of the avalanche."

"What a terrible thing, Uncle Thomas!"

"Dreadful indeed! One of the dogs on another occasion saved the lives of twenty-two persons. He was a very sagacious animal, and used to wear a medal round his neck in commemoration of the event."

"A dog with a medal, Uncle Thomas! How very strange that is!"

"Yes, a medal, boys; and I am sure he deserved

it a great deal more than many men who wear them to commemorate the part they took in some sanguinary battle. This noble dog perished in attempting to guide a poor traveller to his anxious family in the valley beneath. During a severe storm, the Piedmontese courier arrived at the convent, and as he knew that his wife and family were anxiously looking for his arrival at home, the monks in vain endeavoured to check his resolution to pursue his journey. They at length furnished him with two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the faithful and sagacious creature I have just told you about. In their descent they were overwhelmed by two avalanches, which almost instantaneously destroyed the whole party. The family of the poor courier, who were anxiously toiling up the mountain in search of him, also perished in the same manner.

"As if they were conscious of their high duties, the dogs roam about alone both day and night in these desolate regions, and if they discover a traveller exhausted by cold and fatigue, will lie down upon him to impart warmth, and at the same time

bark and howl for further assistance. They are sometimes supplied with a small flask of spirits, which is suspended from their necks, to which the fainting man may apply for support.

"Notwithstanding all the exertions of these faithful dogs and their kind and devoted masters, it sometimes happens that travellers perish in the snow. Besides those who suffer by avalanches and sudden storms, many fall victims to other causes. In these high regions the snow forms and falls in small particles, which congeal so soon and so hard, that they do not attach and form flakes in descending; and instead of consolidating beneath the pressure of the feet of the traveller, the snow rises around him like powder and he sinks to his middle at once, or whirlwinds called *tourmentes* raise the snow in clouds, conceal the pathway, and he loses his way, or falls over some precipice. When their bodies are discovered they are carried to a building called *the Morgue*, which is attached to the Convent and which is appropriated to their reception. In this dreadful place they lie to be owned by their friends. As they are generally frozen when they are discovered, and at such an ele-

vation evaporation goes on very rapidly, the bodies dry up without the usual decay, and the features generally retain their freshness and firmness for a couple of years; of some the clothes have remained even after eighteen years.

"If you saw the view from the western end of this dreary building, boys, you would wonder how any human being could exist amidst so much sterility and desolation. Patches of snow cover the sides of the mountains, which sweep down to the lake, on the other side of which rises a pinnacled mountain called the *Pain de Sucre*, or sugar loaf, whose rocks and snows add to the wildness of the scene. Nothing is visible but masses of snow, except here and there where the dark face of the rock penetrates its pallid covering, seeming to frown on the inhospitable scene, and serving by the contrast to render it still more dreary. It made me shudder, boys, though spring was well advanced when I was there. I wished I was again safe at the foot of the mountain, and was glad to hurry away from it to resume my station at the ample fire of the hospice, and listen to the cheerful conversation of the simple-hearted monks."

"Such large and strong dogs must be very useful to the inhabitants of other countries which are almost always covered with snow, are they not, Sir?"

"Well, Harry, I am glad you asked that question, because it enables me to set you right on this point. The St. Bernard dog is not found anywhere but on the Alps, and though your supposition was a very natural one, when you consider the matter you will find that it is not so well fitted for the duties of those northern regions as it might at first seem. It could draw the sledges, to be sure, but, from its size and heaviness, it could not do so very far or very fast. It could fight the bear too, very well, but then it never could overtake the rein-deer on which the very existence of some of these northern tribes, the Esquimaux, for instance, depends."

"True, Uncle Thomas, I did not think of that; but what sort of dogs have the Esquimaux got?"

"The Esquimaux dog is smaller than the Alpine spaniel, being generally under two feet in height. They are of various colours, and are very fierce snarling creatures. Yet for all that they are very

useful, assisting their masters in the chase, and bearing their burdens over the trackless snows of these dreary wastes. When an Esquimaux wishes to travel, he yokes a number of dogs to a sledge, mounts it with his family, and off he goes. Captain Parry, an adventurous sailor, who went out on a voyage of discovery to the Northern seas, tells us all about the Esquimaux and their dogs: I dare say I can find the place in his Journal, where he describes the manner in which they are employed in drawing the sledge. Ah! here it is; will you read it for us, Harry?"

"With pleasure, Uncle Thomas. I do like so much to hear about dogs; they are such faithful, useful creatures!"

"When drawing a sledge, the dogs have a simple harness of deer or seal-skin, going round the neck by one bight (loop), and another for each of the fore-legs, with a single thong leading over the back, and attached to the sledge as a trace. Though they appear at first sight to be huddled together, without regard to regularity, there is, in fact, considerable attention paid to their arrangement, particularly in the selection of a dog of

peculiar spirit and sagacity, who is allowed, by a longer trace, to precede the rest as leader, and to whom, in turning to the right or left, the driver usually addresses himself. This choice is made without regard to age or sex; and the rest of the dogs take precedence according to their training or sagacity, the least effective being put nearest the sledge. The leader is usually from eighteen to twenty feet from the fore part of the sledge, and the hindmost dog about half that distance; so that when ten or twelve are running together, several are nearly abreast of each other. The driver sits quite low, on the fore part of the sledge, with his feet overhanging the snow on one side, and having in his hand a whip, of which the handle, made either of wood, bone, or whalebone, is eighteen inches, and the lash more than as many feet in length: the part of the thong next the handle is plaited a little way down to stiffen it and give it a spring, on which much of its use depends; and that which composes the lash is chewed by the women, to make it flexible in frosty weather. The men acquire from their youth considerable expertness in the use of this whip, the lash of which

is left to trail along the ground by the side of the sledge, and with which they can inflict a very severe blow on any dog at pleasure.

" Though the dogs are kept in training entirely by fear of the whip, and, indeed, without it would soon have their own way, its immediate effect is always detrimental to the draught of the sledge; for not only does the individual that is struck draw back and slacken his trace, but generally turns upon his next neighbour, and this, passing on to the next, occasions a general divergency, accompanied by the usual yelping and showing of the teeth. The dogs then come together again by degrees, and the draught of the sledge is accelerated; but even at the best of times, by this rude mode of draught, the traces of one-third of the dogs form an angle of thirty or forty degrees on each side of the direction in which the sledge is advancing. Another great inconvenience attending the Esquimaux method of putting the dogs to, besides that of not employing their strength to the best advantage, is the constant entanglement of the traces by the dogs repeatedly doubling under from side to side to avoid the whip; so that, after

running a few miles, the traces always require to be taken off and cleared.

"In directing the sledge, the whip acts no very essential part, the driver for this purpose using certain words, as the carters do with us, to make the dogs turn more to the right or left. To these a good leader attends with admirable precision, especially if his own name be repeated at the same time, looking behind over his shoulder with great earnestness, as if listening to the directions of the driver. On a beaten track, or even where a single foot or sledge-mark is occasionally discernible, there is not the slightest trouble in guiding the dogs; for even in the darkest night, and in the heaviest snow-drift, there is little or no danger of their losing the road, the leader keeping his nose near the ground, and directing the rest with wonderful sagacity. Where, however, there is no beaten track, the best driver among them makes a terribly circuitous course, as all the Esquimaux roads plainly show; these generally occupy an extent of six miles, when, with a horse and sledge, the journey would scarcely have amounted to five.

"If they discover a traveller exhausted by cold and fatigue, they lie down upon him to impart warmth, and bark and howl for assistance."

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"On rough ground, as among hummocks of ice, the sledge would be frequently overturned, or altogether stopped, if the driver did not repeatedly get off, and by lifting or drawing it to one side, steer clear of those accidents. At all times, indeed, except on a smooth and well-made road, he is pretty constantly employed thus with his feet, which, together with his never-ceasing vociferations, and frequent use of the whip, renders the driving of one of these vehicles by no means a pleasant or easy task. When the driver wishes to stop the sledge, he calls out 'Wo, woa,' exactly as our carters do, but the attention paid to this command depends altogether on his ability to enforce it. If the weight is small, and the journey homeward, the dogs are not to be thus delayed; the driver is therefore obliged to dig his heels into the snow to obstruct their progress, and having thus succeeded in stopping them, he stands up with one leg before the foremost cross-piece of the sledge, till, by means of laying the whip gently over each dog's head, he has made them all lie down. He then takes care not to quit his position, so that should the dogs set off, he is thrown

upon the sledge instead of being left behind by them.

"With heavy loads, the dogs draw best with one of their own people, especially a woman, walking a little way a-head; and in this case they are sometimes enticed to mend their pace by holding a mitten to the mouth, and then making the motion of cutting it with a knife, and throwing it on the snow, when the dogs, mistaking it for meat, hasten forward to pick it up. The women also entice them from the huts in a similar manner.

"The rate at which they travel, depends, of course, on the weight they have to draw, and the road on which their journey is performed. When the latter is level, and very hard and smooth, constituting what, in other parts of North America, is called, 'good sleighing,' six or seven dogs will draw from eight to ten hundred weight, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, for several hours together, and will easily, under these circumstances, perform a journey of fifty or sixty miles a day. On untrodden snow, five-and-twenty or thirty miles would be a good day's journey. The same number of well-fed dogs, with a weight of

only five or six hundred pounds, (that of the sledge included,) are almost unmanageable, and will, on a smooth road, run any way they please, at the rate of ten miles an hour. The work performed by a greater number of dogs is, however, by no means in proportion to this, owing to the imperfect mode already described of employing the strength of these sturdy creatures, and to the more frequent snarling and fighting occasioned by an increase of numbers."

"Very well indeed, Harry! If you just pay a little more attention to your stops, you will in time be an excellent reader. You see what a useful animal the Esquimaux dog is, and how impossible it would be for these people to exist without their dogs. Though they are described as extremely ill-tempered and snarling, this seems to be more the effect of the harsh and unkind treatment which they receive from their half-civilised masters than of their natural disposition. One which is kept at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and is regularly fed and kindly treated, is good-tempered and likes to be caressed even by strangers."

"What! Uncle Thomas, have they *dogs* at the

Zoological Gardens? I thought that only wild animals, such as lions, tigers, and elephants, were kept there."

"That they have, John, and a very fine collection of dogs they are. When I go to the Gardens, I very often spend more time admiring the dogs, than any of the other animals. There is one so like the arctic fox, that, but for the difference of colour, he might be mistaken for that animal."

"Which is that, Uncle Thomas?"

"It is the Mackenzie River dog, a very lively and elegant animal. His hair is very fine and silky, and, like many wild animals in cold countries, it changes colour on the approach of winter. It is a very gentle animal, and is used by the Hare Indians, who live on the banks of the Mackenzie River, in chasing the moose-deer over the snow. But gentle and docile as they seem, the Mackenzie River dogs in the Zoological Society's collection are still shy and wild. One of them, which was allowed at first to run about by the side of a gentleman connected with the Society, was for some time quiet and tractable. One day, however, he suddenly darted off and endeavoured to

escape, and was only retaken after a sharp chase, something like a fox-hunt.

"But, boys, I must not detain you any longer to-night. I see it is getting late: it is time you were away home. To-morrow I hope to be able to tell you something more amusing. I am afraid these last stories have not been quite so interesting as I could have wished."

"We have been *delighted*, Uncle Thomas. We are only sorry it is so late, that we cannot wait to hear more. We did not think it was half so late. Good bye, Uncle Thomas; good bye!"

SECOND EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS TELLS ABOUT THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, AND RELATES MANY STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF ITS WONDERFUL SAGACITY AND INSTINCT.

"Well, boys, I am glad you have come early to-night, as I have some long stories to tell you."

"Oh, very well, Uncle Thomas; we are very happy to hear that. But mama bid me say that she was afraid we troubled you too much by coming so very often."

"Not at all, Frank. Give my love to mama, and tell her that it gives me quite as much pleasure to tell you the stories, as it gives you to listen to them. I love to tell stories to good boys, and I have such a store left that there is no fear of their being exhausted."

"Thank you, Uncle Thomas. You are so kind!"

"Stay, boys, stay. If we go on bandying compliments, I am afraid we shall hardly get through all the stories I intended to tell you to-night. But

before I begin I must show you a picture which I have in my portfolio. It is an engraving of a Newfoundland dog pulling a boy out of the water."

"Oh, Uncle Thomas! But is the little boy drowned?"

"No, Harry, he was not drowned, thanks to the readiness and sagacity of the fine dog which came to his rescue. The little fellow had gone to the pond to sail his tiny ship, and in leaning down to pull it out of the water, he overbalanced himself and fell headlong into a deep pool, and would certainly have been drowned but for Sancho's assistance. His screams alarmed his mother, she ran to the spot, and had the satisfaction to receive her dear little son, uninjured, though terribly frightened."

"How fortunate that the dog happened to be at hand!"

"It was, indeed. I have heard another story of the same kind."

"Pray do let us hear it, Uncle Thomas."

"One day, as a girl was amusing herself with an infant at Aston's Quay, near Carlisle Bridge, Dublin, and was sportively toying with the child,

it made a sudden spring from her arms, and in an instant fell into the Liffey. The screaming nurse and anxious spectators saw the water close over the child, and conceived that he had sunk to rise no more. A Newfoundland dog, which had been accidentally passing with his master, sprang forward to the wall, and gazed wistfully at the ripple in the water, made by the child's descent. At the same instant the child reappeared on the surface of the current, and the dog sprang forward to the edge of the water. Whilst the animal was descending, the child again sunk, and the faithful creature was seen anxiously swimming round and round the spot where it had disappeared. Once more the child rose to the surface; the dog seized him, and with a firm but gentle pressure bore him to land without injury. Meanwhile a gentleman arrived, who, on inquiry into the circumstances of the transaction, exhibited strong marks of sensibility and feeling towards the child, and of admiration for the dog that had rescued him from death. The person who had removed the babe from the dog turned to show the infant to this gentleman, when it presented to his view the well-known fea-

"The dog seized the child by the arm, and, with a firm but gentle pressure, bore him to land without injury."

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tures of his own son! A mixed sensation of terror, joy, and surprise, struck him mute. When he had recovered the use of his faculties, and fondly kissed his little darling, he lavished a thousand embraces on the dog, and offered to his master a very large sum (500 guineas) if he would transfer the valuable animal to him; but the owner of the dog (Colonel Wynne) felt too much affection for the useful creature to part with him for any consideration whatever."

"That is quite astonishing, Uncle Thomas; it almost seems as if some dogs could act with the intelligence of human beings."

"The Newfoundland dog, to which both these stories refer, is, perhaps, the noblest animal of the whole race. In sagacity he is little if at all inferior to the Alpine spaniel. When of a good full-sized breed, he measures upwards of six feet from the muzzle to the point of the tail, and stands nearly three feet in height. He seems to take delight in bearing the burdens and watching over the safety of man. Nothing pleases him so much as being employed, carrying a stick or basket for

miles in his mouth, guarding his charge with most unflinching courage and integrity. While engaged in his master's work, no personal insult can induce him to forego his charge. If his assailant is puny and insignificant, he despises it, passes on, and forgets the injury; but if he deems it a worthy antagonist, having discharged his duty, he returns and takes terrible vengeance.

"A gentleman who lived at a short distance from a village in Scotland, had a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was sent every forenoon to the baker's shop in the village, with a napkin, in one corner of which was tied a piece of money, for which the baker returned a certain quantity of bread, tying it up in the napkin and consigning it to the care of the dog.

"At about equal distances from the gentleman's mansion there lived two other dogs; one a mastiff, which was kept by a farmer as a watch-dog; and the other a stanch bull-dog, which kept watch over the parish mill. As each was lord-ascendant, as it were, over all the lesser curs of his master's establishment, they were each very

high and mighty animals in their way, and they seldom met without attempting to settle their precedence by battle.

" Well, it so happened that one day, when the Newfoundland dog was returning from the baker's with his charge, he was set upon by a host of useless curs, who combined their efforts, and annoyed him the more that, having charge of the napkin and bread, he could not defend himself, and accordingly got himself rolled in the mire, his ears scratched, and his coat soiled.

" Having at length extricated himself, he retreated homeward, and depositing his charge in its accustomed place, he instantly set out to the farmer's mastiff. To the no small astonishment of the farmer's family, instead of the meeting being one of discord and contention, the two animals met each other peacefully, and after a short interchange of civilities, they both set off towards the mill. Having engaged the miller's dog as an ally, the three sallied forth, and taking a circuitous road to the village, scoured it from one end to the other, putting to the tooth, and punishing severely, every cur they could find. Having

thus taken their revenge, they washed themselves in a ditch, and each returned quietly to his home. They never met, however, without a renewal of their old feud, fighting against each other as if such a league had never been formed."

"Really, Uncle Thomas, I can't think how the Newfoundland dog told the mastiff what he wanted. Have dogs a language of their own, do you think?"

"That is a question, John, which I am not able to answer. That they have not what may properly be called a language is plain enough; that is, they have no fixed sounds by which to communicate their thoughts or their wishes to each other; but that they can make themselves intelligible to one another, cannot be denied. Philosophers have speculated about it, John, but we are still quite as much in the dark in regard to it as we are about instinct.

"The faculty by which animals communicate their wants to each other is, however, so singular, that I must tell you another story illustrative of it. At Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where the poet Milton passed some of his early days, a gentleman from London a few years ago took posses-

sion of a house, the former tenant of which had removed to a farm about half a mile off. The new tenant brought with him a large French poodle, to take the duty of watchman, instead of a fine Newfoundland dog, which went away with its master, but a puppy of the same breed was left behind, and he was incessantly persecuted by the poodle. As the puppy grew up, the persecution continued. At length he was one day missing for some hours, but he did not come back alone; he returned with his old friend the large house-dog, to whom he had communicated his hardships, and in an instant the two fell upon the unhappy poodle, and killed him, before he could be rescued from their fury.

"I have a great many more stories about dogs communicating their ideas to each other, but I think I have told you enough for the present. There is one story, however, which is so curious, from the fact of the aggrieved animal travelling a very long distance in search of assistance, that I cannot pass it over.

"A gentleman from Scotland arrived at an inn in St. Albans, on his way to the metropolis, hav-

ing with him a favourite terrier-dog; and being apprehensive of losing him in London, he left him to the care of the landlord, promising to pay for the animal's board on his return, in about a month or less. During several days the dog was kept chained, to reconcile him to the superintendence of his new master; he was then left at liberty to range the public yard at large with others. There was one amongst his companions which chose to act the tyrant, and frequently assaulted and bit poor Tray unmercifully. The latter submitted with admirable forbearance for some time, but his patience being exhausted, and oppression becoming daily more irksome, he quietly took his departure. After an absence of several days, he returned in company with a large Newfoundland dog, made up directly to his tyrannical comrade, and, so assisted, very nearly put him to death. The stranger then retired, and was seen no more, and Tray remained unmolested until the return of his master.

"The landlord naturally mentioned a circumstance which was the subject of general conversation, and the gentleman heard it with much asto-

nishment, because he suspected that the dog must have travelled into Scotland to make known his ill treatment, and to solicit the good offices of the friend which had been the companion of his journey back, and his assistant in punishing the aggressor. It proved to have been so; for on arriving at his house in the Highlands, and inquiring into particulars, he found, as he expected, that much surprise and some uneasiness had been created by the return of Tray alone; by the two dogs, after meeting, going off together; and by the Newfoundland dog, after an absence of several days, coming back again foot-sore and nearly starved."

"What a pity it was that the mastiff and the Newfoundland dog continued enemies! Do dogs that once fight always hate each other?"

"No, boys, I am happy to say they do not, as I can prove to you by an instance. One day a Newfoundland dog and a mastiff, which never met without a quarrel, had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier of Donaghadee, and from which, while so engaged, they both fell into the sea.

There was no way of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. The Newfoundland being an expert swimmer, soon reached the pier in safety; but his antagonist, after struggling for some time, was on the point of sinking, when the Newfoundland, which had been watching the mastiff's struggles with great anxiety, dashed in, and seizing him by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely to shore. Ever after the dogs were most intimate friends; and when, unfortunately, the Newfoundland was killed by a stone-waggon passing over his body, the mastiff languished, and evidently lamented his friend's death for a long time."

"The Newfoundland dog seems to be a capital swimmer, Uncle Thomas. How is it that he swims so much better than most other dogs?"

"Partly from the construction of his foot, which is what is called webbed; that is, a thin skin stretches between the toes, as you see in the duck's foot. It is thus enabled to make its way with so much more ease in water than those whose feet are not so formed. Besides, in taking to the

water naturally, as we say, it only follows an instinct with which the Creator has endowed it, no doubt for the wisest and best purposes.

"Most of the stories which I have to tell you about the Newfoundland dog turn upon his saving persons from drowning. I remember a curious one, in which his zeal to save his master was the cause of his losing a bet, which I think will amuse you.

"A Thames waterman once laid a wager that he and his dog would leap from the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other. He jumped off first, and the dog immediately followed; but as it was not in the secret, and fearing that its master would be drowned, it seized him by the neck, and dragged him on shore, to the no small diversion of the spectators."

"There is a story, Uncle Thomas, which you once told me about a gentleman slipping into a river, and being drowned, but who was brought on shore by his dog, and recovered by the kind treatment of some peasants. I tried to repeat it to John and Harry, but as I found I could not get on, I pro-

mised to ask you to tell it to them. Will you have the kindness to repeat it to us, Sir?"

"Oh! I recollect the story you mean, Frank. I will repeat it with pleasure, as it affords a very fine instance of sagacity.

"A native of Germany, when travelling through Holland, was accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog. Walking along a high bank which formed the side of a dike or canal, so common in that country, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water. As he was unable to swim, he soon became senseless. When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a cottage, surrounded by peasants, who were using such means as are generally practised in that country for restoring suspended animation. The account given by the peasants was, that as one of them was returning home from his labour, he observed, at a considerable distance, a large dog in the water swimming, and dragging and sometimes pushing something that he seemed to have great difficulty in supporting, but which, by dint of perseverance, he at length succeeded in getting into a small creek.

"When the animal had pulled what it had

hitherto supported as far out of the water as it was able, the peasant discovered that it was the body of a man. The dog, having shaken himself, began industriously to lick the hands and face of his master; and the peasant, having obtained assistance, conveyed the body to a neighbouring house, where the usual means having been adopted, the gentleman was soon restored to sense and recollection. Two large bruises with the marks of teeth appeared, one on his shoulder, and the other on the nape of his neck; whence it was presumed that the faithful animal had seized his master by the shoulder and swam with him for some time, but that his sagacity had prompted him to let go his hold, and shift his grasp to the neck, by which means he was enabled to support the head out of the water. It was in the latter position that the peasant observed the dog making his way along the dike, which it appeared he had done for the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile before he discovered a place at which it was possible to drag his burden ashore. It is therefore probable that the gentleman owed his life as much to the sagacity as to the fidelity of his dog."

"That was very wonderful, indeed. I am sure the gentleman would love his dog so!"

"He ought to have done so, Harry, and I dare say loved and cherished him to the end of his life. It is not every one who can write such an epitaph on a favourite dog as the great Lord Byron did, but I dare say many a one has loved his dog quite as much. I will show you the epitaph by-and-bye, but I must first tell you about a dog which, by a wonderful exercise of instinct, returned home from the continent, after the loss of his master.

"A young gentleman purchased a large Newfoundland dog before embarking at a port in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh on a tour on the continent, intending to make it his guardian and companion during his journey. As he was bathing in the river Oder with two of his countrymen, he was unfortunately carried away by the force of the stream, and was drowned. When the dog missed its master it began plunging and diving everywhere in search of him; but at length, wearied out and unable to find him, it returned to the bank, and followed the gentleman's clothes to his hotel. After his portmanteau was made up and sent off to England the faithful animal disap-

peared, and its loss was mentioned with regret in letters from Frankfort, both from the interest which the case of the young gentleman had excited, and also from the singular sagacity of which the dog had given many proofs.

" At the distance of two or three months after this disastrous affair, the young gentleman's friends were surprised at receiving a visit from the person from whom he had bought the dog, and being informed that it had returned home, but in so worn-out and emaciated a state, that it had since been hardly able to move.

" The circumstance of the dog's return from such a distance excited a good deal of curiosity, and inquiry was immediately set on foot to ascertain how it had travelled. It was ascertained that no ship from the continent had arrived at any of the neighbouring ports, so that it was concluded that this remarkable animal had found its way from Frankfort to Hamburgh, and, embarking on board of some ship for Newcastle or Hull, had travelled thence by land to Edinburgh. The friends of the young gentleman gladly received it under their protection, and showed it all the kindness which its attachment and sagacity so well deserved."

"We know not what to think, Uncle Thomas. Your stories are all so wonderful, that every succeeding one seems to outdo its predecessor."

"Why, Frank, I might go on all night relating such stories, but I must stop for the present. But before you go, John shall read for us the epitaph which Lord Byron inscribed on a pedestal which he raised over his dog Boatswain. It is written, to be sure, in a very bad, misanthropic spirit, but it contains the expression of a great mind for a faithful and attached canine friend. The monument is placed in a conspicuous situation in the garden of Newstead. The verses are preceded by the following inscription :—

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
Boatswain, a dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808

" When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been ;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
While man, vile insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power ;
Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey,
November 30, 1808."

"Very good, John. Now, boys, to task your ingenuity, I will give you a Charade, which you can think over till next time we meet, when we shall see which of you can solve it. It was written by Professor Porson, during an evening walk in the neighbourhood of a country village.

My first, though the best and most faithful of friends,
You ungen'rously name with the wretch you despise:
My second—I speak it with grief—comprehends
All the good, and the great, and the just, and the wise·
Of my whole, I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day."

"Oh, I know it, Uncle Thomas!"

"Very well, Frank, I shall hear your solution to-morrow, if you please. Good night!"

THIRD EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS TAKES THE BOYS TO WALK BY THE RIVER-SIDE, SHOWS THEM HIS DOG ROVER SWIM, TELLS THEM SOME STORIES ABOUT THE AFFECTIONATENESS OF THE WATER-SPANIEL; AND ABOUT THE WILD INDIAN DOG AND THE SCOTCH TERRIER.

"THE weather is so fine, boys, that I don't think we can do better than take a walk this evening. Which way shall we go? Oh! here comes Rover! We shall, if you please, go down the river-side. I wish to show you what a nice swimmer Rover is."

"Oh! very well, Uncle Thomas. I want very much to see him swim. The stories you have told us, have made me so fond of dogs, that there is nothing I like so much as watching their occupations."

"Uncle Thomas, shall we take this stick with us to throw into the river for Rover to fetch?"

"No Harry, that is unnecessary, I can use my own stick for that purpose."

"But suppose, Uncle Thomas, that Rover does not bring it back again? I am afraid you can't walk well without your stick?"

"Don't alarm yourself about that, master Harry, I wish I could reckon on every thing as securely as on Rover's fetching me my stick again. Come along."

"What sort of dog do you call Rover, Uncle Thomas?"

"A water-spaniel, Harry. Shall I tell you the distinctive marks of the water-spaniel, so that you may know it again whenever you meet it?"

"If you please, Uncle Thomas."

"The water-spaniel is generally about the size of an ordinary setter. Its form is elegant, and its aspect mild and sagacious. It is covered with short silky hair, which is arranged in small and beautifully crisped curls, and its ears are long and silky. It is generally of a dark liver-coloured brown, with the neck and legs white; but it has sometimes these markings black instead of brown. It is fond of the water and swims well, and from

the ease with which it can be taught to fetch and carry, is a most valuable assistant to the sportsman when he engages in wild-fowl shooting.

"It is also very faithful, and is, perhaps, one of the most affectionate of its race. A story has just occurred to me, which illustrates this. But stay, we are getting on too fast; I am almost breathless already. I think we had better sit down on this rustic seat for a little, while I tell you the story. Rover! Rover! we must not allow him to get too far a-head."

"Shall I whistle for him, Uncle Thomas?"

"Yes! do so, John. See, he knows it at once. Here he comes. Down, Rover! down, sir!"

"A few days before the overthrow of the infamous Robespierre, whose ferocious character superadded so many horrors to the French Revolution, Monsieur R——, a magistrate, had been condemned to death on the pretence of his having been found guilty of a conspiracy. Monsieur R—— had a water-spaniel at that time about twelve years old, which had been brought up by him, and had scarcely ever quitted his side. The unhappy man was cast into prison, and in

the silence of a living tomb was left to pine in thought under the iron scourge of the tyrant who, if he extended life to those whom his wantonness had proscribed even till death became a prayer, it was only to tantalise them with the *blessing* of murder, when he imagined he could more effectually torture them with the *curse* of existence.

" This faithful dog, however, happened to be with him when he was first seized, but it was not suffered to enter the prison. It took refuge with a neighbour of its master's; and that posterity may judge of the terror in which Frenchmen existed at that period, it may be mentioned, that the man received the poor dog tremblingly, lest his humanity for his friend's dog should bring him to the scaffold! Every day at the same hour the dog returned to the door of the prison, but was always refused admittance. It, however, generally passed some time at the door, seeming to derive satisfaction from even this distant approach to its master. Such unremitting fidelity at last won even on the hard and callous heart of a porter of a prison, and the dog was at length allowed to enter. The joy of both master and dog was ex-

treme, it was difficult to separate them; but the jailor, fearful lest his condescension might compromise his own safety, carried the dog out of the prison. The next morning it again made its appearance at the prison door, and the jailor again admitted it for a short time. This was repeated for some time, and when the day arrived on which Monsieur R. was to receive sentence, in spite of the guards which guilty power, conscious of its deserts, had stationed around, the dog penetrated into the hall, and crouched itself between the legs of its unhappy master, whom it was about to lose for ever!

"The fatal hour of execution arrives; the doors open; his dog receives him at the threshold! his faithful dog *alone*, even under the eye of the tyrant dared to own a dying friend! He clings to his hand undaunted. 'Alas! that hand will never more be spread upon thy head, poor dog!' exclaimed the condemned. The axe falls! but the tender adherent cannot leave the body; the earth receives it, and the mourner spreads himself upon the grave, where he passes the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour,

meantime, unhappy at not seeing the dog, and guessing the asylum he had chosen, steals forth by night, and finding it, caresses it, and brings it back. The good man tries every means that kindness could devise to make it eat; but in a short time the dog escapes and regains his favourite place! Every morning for three months the mourner returned to his protector merely to receive his food, and again hastened to watch over the ashes of his dead master! and each day he was more sad, more meagre, and more languishing.

"His protector at length endeavoured to wean him; he tied him; but what manacle is there that can ultimately triumph over nature? He broke or bit through his bonds; again returned to the grave, and refused to quit it more. It was in vain that all kinds of means were tried to bring him back. Even the humane jailor who had witnessed the strength of his attachment, used to carry him food; but he refused to eat it. His affection for his master seemed to strengthen as his frame became weaker; and some time after he had ceased to take any nourishment, he was observed incessantly to employ his enfeebled limbs

in digging up the earth which separated him from the being he had loved and served. Affection gave him strength, but his efforts were too vehement for his powers; his whole frame became convulsed—he shrieked in his struggles—his attached and generous heart gave way—and he ceased to breathe with his last look turned upon the grave."

"Poor fellow! That was a very strong instance of affection, Uncle Thomas."

"Very strong, indeed. But come, we must proceed with our walk—Rover is impatient at the delay."

"O see! Uncle Thomas, Rover has jumped into the river! He seems to be chasing something. What can it be?"

"Water-rats, I suppose, boys. He generally has a hunt after them hereabouts. I think there must be a colony of them in the neighbourhood. Do you see all those holes about?—"

"He has caught one, Uncle; see he is swimming towards us with the rat in his mouth."

"Ah! there it is, and a very large one too! But we must keep moving. Rover has had enough of rat-hunting for to-night. There is a story or two about the water-spaniel, and the Wild-Indian

dog, which I will tell you as we walk slowly homeward.

"About the middle of the last century, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Dijon, in France, was waylaid and murdered by two villains on his return from receiving a sum of money. The farmer was accompanied by a dog, which no sooner saw his master overpowered than it hastened to the person who had paid the money, and expressed so much anxiety that he should follow it, pulling him several times by the sleeve and skirt of the coat, that he at length yielded to its importunity. It led him to a field a little from the road-side where the body lay. Horror-struck at the sight, the gentleman immediately proceeded to a public-house in the neighbourhood, in order to alarm the country. The dog accompanied him, and no sooner did they enter the house, than the dog flew at two men who were there drinking, and seized one of them by the throat. The other immediately escaped.

"The man denied the charge, but so suspicious was the conduct of the dog, that he was thrown into prison, where he lay for three months; during which time, though he often changed clothes with

other prisoners, and endeavoured to conceal himself in the midst of a crowd, yet the animal always found him out at once and flew at him.

"On the day of trial, when the prisoner was at the bar, the dog was let loose in the court-house, and in the midst of some hundreds of people, it discovered him (though dressed entirely in new clothes), and would have torn him in pieces had it not been prevented. Though no other proof could be adduced against the prisoner, he was condemned to be broken on the wheel. At the place of execution he confessed the murder.

"The other story to which I alluded is a touching little tale of the Wild-Indian dog—a half reclaimed race possessed by the native Indians of North America. It has a remarkably keen scent, and though principally used in hunting, can be readily trained to the care of flocks and herds.

"In the neighbourhood of Wawaring, in North America, lived a person whose name was Le Fevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who, at the repeal of the edict of Nantes, had, with many others, been obliged to flee his country. He possessed a plantation near the Blue Mountains

(which cross a part of the state of New York), an enormous chain abounding in deer and other wild animals. One day the youngest of Le Fevre's children, who was about four years old, disappeared early in the morning. The family, after a partial search, becoming alarmed, had recourse to the assistance of some neighbours. These separated into parties, and explored the woods in every direction, but without success. Next day the search was renewed, but with no better result. In the midst of their distress, Tewenissa, a native Indian from Anaguaga, on the eastern branch of the river Susquehannah, who happened to be journeying in that quarter, accompanied by his dog Oniah, happily went into the house of the planter with the design of reposing himself. Observing the distress of the family, and being informed of the circumstances, he requested that the shoes and stockings last worn by the child should be brought to him. He then ordered his dog to smell them; and taking the house for a centre, described a semicircle of a quarter of a mile, urging the dog to find out the scent. They had not gone far before the sagacious animal began

" The animal conducted him to the lost child, who was found, unharmed, lying at the foot of a great tree."

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to bark. The track was followed up by the dog with still louder baying, till at last, darting off at full speed, he was lost in the thickness of the woods. Half an hour after they saw him returning. His countenance was animated, bearing even an expression of joy; it was evident he had found the child—but was he dead or alive? This was a moment of cruel suspense, but it was of short continuance. The Indian followed his dog, and the excellent animal quickly conducted him to the lost child, who was found unharmed, lying at the foot of a great tree. Tewenissa took him in his arms, and returned with him to the distressed parents and their friends, who had not been able to advance with the same speed. He restored little Derick to his father and mother, who ran to meet him, when a scene of tenderness and gratitude ensued, which may be easier felt than described The child was in a state of extreme weakness, but, by means of a little care, he was in a short time restored to his usual vigour."

"See, Uncle Thomas, what sort of a dog is that which has accosted Rover? They seem to be old friends."

"That, boys, is a Scotch terrier."

"I don't think it is a nice dog, Uncle Thomas. It is so rough and savage-looking."

"The most worthy natures, my dear boys, are sometimes found under the rudest exteriors. You must not at all times estimate the character of an animal, any more than a human being, merely from its external appearance. In the present case, for instance, the little dog which you esteem so lightly, is worthy of being held in the highest estimation. I must tell you something about it, and you will then, I think, form a very different opinion of it.

"The Scotch terrier is generally from twelve to fourteen inches in height, with a strong muscular body, and short and stout legs. He is covered with a rough, wiry, harsh, sort of hair, is extremely keen-scented, and is an active and determined enemy to every kind of vermin, as they are called, such as the fox, the badger, the polecat, &c. &c.; pursuing the former boldly into their holes, and dragging them from their concealments to the light of day. A couple of them are generally kept in every complete fox-hunting establishment, for the purpose of entering the holes

into which the fox may take refuge to drive it out. He is generally of a sandy greyish colour, and is sometimes black; but when white or parti-coloured it is a sure mark of the impurity of the breed."

"Is it a mischievous animal, Uncle Thomas? It looks very fierce."

"Quite the reverse, John. I heard of one which belonged to the Marchioness of Stafford, which having been deprived of its litter of whelps, made the singular adoption of a brood of ducklings. She was quite disconsolate at the loss of her young ones for some time, till happening to cast her eyes on the ducklings, she forthwith seized on them, and carried them to her lair, following them about with the greatest attention, and nursing them after her own fashion with the greatest anxiety. When her adopted charge, following their natural instinct, went into the water, their foster-mother exhibited the utmost alarm, and as soon as they returned to land, snatched them up and ran home with them."

"Rover would have been a better nurse for them, Uncle Thomas. He would have been able to swim about with them."

"I have seen a hen nursing ducklings, Uncle Thomas; but I never heard of such a strange alliance as the one you have just told us of."

"Instances of animals bereft of their young adopting those of another, are not uncommon, Frank; I knew a curious instance of a Scotch terrier, taking upon himself the care of a family of kittens.

"A gentleman residing in Edinburgh had a Highland terrier named Wasp, in whose box a cat kittened, and kept possession of it, finding it a very convenient place for bringing up her progeny. As soon as the kittens began to lap milk, however, Wasp expelled the old cat from her retreat, and continued to share his own provisions with the kittens. So admirable a nurse was he, that he used to carry his young charge to a plot of grass belonging to the house, and after gamboling with them for an hour or two, conveyed them back one by one to his wooden domicile. So considerate was he, that if the day was cold or rainy, he did not remove them from their nest.

"When the kittens were removed, poor Wasp became dull and moping, gradually drooping till

he died about six months after, it was supposed of grief for the loss of his young charge."

"Do you really think Wasp died of grief, Uncle Thomas?"

"I think it is very doubtful, Frank; but instances of extreme attachment have been so common, that one is prepared to believe stories which might otherwise seem almost incredible. Last time I saw my good old friend Mr. Bolton, he told me a story which happened to him more than thirty years ago. I think I can repeat it in nearly his own words:—

"I had been dining in the Tower with Lord N——, who at that time commanded a regiment on duty there, and was returning to the west-end of the town to my father's residence, when a large Scotch terrier attached himself to me in a very peculiar manner. The night was far advanced, morning indeed had dawned, we had committed no excess, and I observed with much interest the anxiety expressed by my new friend, which preceded my path, and with a growl and a snap, maintained the wall for me against the casual intrusion of persons mingling on the footway. He accompanied me

thus from Tower-hill to Bedford-square; but, on entering my house, refused to follow, and instantly disappeared. On the following morning he was at my door early, recognised me with pleasure on my first appearance, remained with me through the day, and at night left me. Sometimes he would condescend to enter the house in the evening, and would then sleep at my chamber-door; but whether he did so or not, he was ready at an early hour in the morning to receive and salute me with his caresses. In short, he was as capricious in his attentions as a fashionable husband, sometimes braving the imputation of eastern vulgarity, and being very fond; at others assuming all the coldness and indifference of a western climate. At this time my dear father died, and during many months I was obliged to take the road almost daily between his houses in town and country.

"If I remained absent from either place a second day, and my dog was not with me, as if desirous make his inquiry, he would disappear from the residence he had chosen, and visit me where he knew I should be found. If, on the other hand, he was with me, and I continued longer in one

place than was pleasing to him, he would leave me for his other home, and wait my return to it, or come back to me, just as the whim seemed to suit him. Whenever he was with me his post was beneath my chair, and he commonly gave the angry salutation of a growl to any one who approached me hastily, or with apparent rudeness. On one occasion he had been absent from me many days: on my way to London with my friend, Sir W.C., the horse took fright, ran at full speed to a considerable distance, overthrew the gig, which was broken in pieces, and left us in the midst of a wet ditch half smothered. In the instant, on emerging from this very painful situation, in spite of all our discomfort, we were irresistibly urged to immoderate laughter by the appearance of my dog journeying very leisurely along the high-road, with perfect indifference to any of the objects around him, until he heard my voice, which seemed to electrify him, and he became exceedingly troublesome with his expressions of joy and gratulation.

"If on any occasion I placed my stick, glove, or purse on a particular spot, and at any distance

of time afterwards bade him return and find it and bring it to me, he never failed in his embassy; or if I concealed any article, and pointed out to him the place, and desired him to watch there, he would neither remove from his charge, nor allow any one to touch it but myself, though I were absent perhaps for many hours.

"The end of this friendly connexion must be told to my shame. In going to the theatre with a friend, we were overtaken with a heavy shower of rain, and being dressed for the occasion, forbade my poor dog to share a coach with us. I rather fear I thrust him from me, and in an angry tone bade him begone: he left us, growling surlily, and I have never seen or heard of him since, although I frequently advertised, offering large rewards for his recovery.

"I have still some more stories to tell you about the terrier, boys; but as they all relate to the smooth-haired, or English terrier, I think I will not begin to-night.

"Well, John, have you been able to solve the Charade I gave you last night?"

"No, Uncle Thomas, I have not; I cannot

think what it is. Frank says that he knows, but he won't tell us."

"Frank is very right, John; I wanted to try your ingenuity. I wonder you have not been able to solve it, it is very simple. Harry, I see by your looks that you don't know it either, so I must come to you, Frank."

"Oh! I knew it at once, Uncle Thomas. It is CURFEW."

"Quite right, Frank. I think, however, you could scarcely fail in solving it, it is so very simple. Do you understand it now, John?"

"Oh yes! Uncle, I am astonished that I did not see it before, it is *so* easy."

"You must think better next time, John.—Good-bye, boys."

FOURTH EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS ILLUSTRATES THE SAGACITY OF THE ENGLISH TERRIER BY SEVERAL INTERESTING STORIES; ALSO THE FIDELITY AND SPEED OF THE GREYHOUND; AND RECOUNTS TO THE BOYS SOME AMUSING TRAITS OF CHARACTER IN MAIDA, THE FAVOURITE HIGHLAND GREYHOUND OF THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

"Good evening, Uncle Thomas. As we came along, we saw a man with a cage, containing a great many rats, which he had just caught. He had several dogs with him, and he told Harry that they were terriers. They were larger than the Scotch terrier we saw yesterday, and quite smooth. Were they English terriers, Uncle Thomas?"

"No doubt of it, Frank; and I dare say the man found them very useful assistants in killing rats, for, like the Scotch terrier, they delight in hunting after and destroying such animals. Did you ever hear of Billy, the celebrated rat-killer?"

"No, Uncle Thomas, we never did."

"Well, I don't know that you lose much; when

the instincts and sagacity of animals, instead of being employed for the benefit and protection of man, are turned into instruments of mere wanton amusement, the operation takes the appearance of cruelty, and ought to revolt every generous mind. I suppose I must tell you something about Billy, though, now that I have mentioned him.

"Billy was the name of an English terrier, which attracted much notice many years ago among the sporting circles, for the quickness and skill which he displayed in killing rats; on one occasion despatching one hundred in seven minutes and a half!"

"But, Uncle Thomas, where did he find so many at once?"

"Oh! they were caught for him, and put into a small enclosure, about twelve feet square. It was a disgusting exhibition, but many hundreds of people attended. It was reckoned a great feat at the time, and large sums of money were betted on the result."

"I can't think how Billy could manage it, Uncle Thomas. Why, it is upwards of thirteen in a minute!"

"The dog could not have done it, boys, had the poor rats got fair play; but the fact is, it was an unfair transaction altogether. The rats were what is technically called *hocussed*, that is. drugs had been administered to them, which made them crowd languidly to the corners of the pit, and fall almost unresisting victims to Billy's grasp.

"But come, we have more than enough of such disgraceful details. I will tell you a story about a very sagacious English terrier, named Tinker, with which I am sure you will be much more delighted.

"Tinker belonged to a respectable farmer in Hampshire, and followed him wherever he went; and as his business frequently led him across the water to Portsmouth, the dog as regularly attended him. The farmer had a son-in-law, a bookseller by trade, settled at Portsmouth, with whom a friendly intercourse was kept up; and whenever visits were exchanged, Tinker was always sure to be of the party.

"One day having lost his master in Portsmouth, after a fruitless search at many of his usual haunts, the dog trotted to his friend the bookseller, and

by whining and various gesticulations, gave him to understand that he had missed his protector, and wished to renew his search on the Gosport side, where he then lived; but the crossing of the water was an insuperable obstacle to his purpose, it being much too wide for him to swim over. His friend the bookseller, understanding his meaning, immediately gave his boy a penny, and sent him to the beach with the dog, with directions to give the ferryman the money for his passage to the opposite shore, that being the usual fare. The dog, which seemed to understand the whole proceeding, was much pleased, and jumped directly into the boat; and when landed at Gosport, immediately set off full speed home, where, finding the beloved object of his pursuit, his joy was inexpressible. Ever after that time, when he lost his master at Portsmouth, he went to the bookseller, who gave his servant strict orders always to pay his passage, and not to let him wait (he being too valuable a servant to be kept in suspense), which was constantly done, to the very great satisfaction of the dog, and high entertainment of the bookseller's customers, who viewed with astonishment

and gratification the sagacious creature undertake his nautical voyage.

"Tinker invariably attended his master and family to church, and during divine service lay quietly under his master's seat; but if the day proved rainy, he would sometimes, by following the chaise, make himself in a very dirty condition. If, however, his master or mistress said to him, 'For shame, Tinker,—you surely would not go to church in such a filthy trim?' he would immediately hang down his head, slink back, return home, and rest quietly in the barn until conscious that he could make a more decent appearance; he would then scratch at the parlour-door for admittance, where he was always, when clean, a very welcome guest."

"I think, Uncle Thomas, it was a piece of great cruelty in Billy's master to allow him to be used in the manner you mentioned."

"Yes, Harry, it was so; but don't you think that those who sat and looked on, were equally blameable?"

"I dare say they were, Uncle Thomas."

"No doubt of it, Harry; perhaps more so. Among them there were doubtless some men of

education, and perhaps of refinement too; though, if such was the case, they certainly had got into rather questionable society. It would have been more to their honour to have been engaged in calling forth feelings of kindness on the part of animals to each other, than in wantonly inciting them to one another's unnecessary and cruel destruction."

"But surely, Uncle Thomas, dogs and rats never could be brought to love each other?"

"And why not, John? Many instances have been recorded of cats and mice living amicably together. The poet Cowper kept together three hares and a cat and a spaniel; and I can tell you of an instance even more striking:—

"After a very severe chase of upwards of an hour, a fox was run to earth by Mr. Daniel's hounds, at Heney Dovehouse, near Sudbury, in Suffolk. The terriers were lost; but as the fox disappeared in view of the foremost hounds, and it being the concluding day of the season, it was resolved to dig him out, and two men from Sudbury brought a couple of terriers for that purpose. After considerable labour, the fox was caught,

and given to the hounds: whilst they were killing him, one of the terriers slipped back into the earth, and again laid. After more digging, a bitch-fox was taken out, and the terrier killed two cubs in the earth; three others were saved from her fury, which were begged by the owner of the bitch, who said he should make her suckle them. This was laughed at, as impossible: however, as the man was positive, the cubs were given to him, and the mother was carried away, and turned into an earth in another county. The terrier had behaved so well at earth, that she was some days afterwards bought, with the cubs she had fostered, by Mr. Daniel. She continued regularly to suckle the cubs, and reared them until able to shift for themselves. What adds to the strangeness of the affair is, that the terrier's whelps were nearly five weeks old, and the cubs could just see, when this exchange of progeny was made."

"That was a very singular thing, Uncle Thomas! I wonder how such different animals are taught to live peaceably together."

"Principally, I believe, by kind treatment, and being supplied with plenty of food."

"Uncle Thomas, what is the difference between a fox-hound and a harrier? I saw two packs of them yesterday, and I really could not tell the one from the other."

"I do not wonder at it, Frank, they bear so close a resemblance to each other. The harrier is, however, in general smaller and less powerful than the fox-hound. Indeed, some packs of harriers are composed entirely of the smaller dogs, drafted from a pack of fox-hounds."

"Is the harrier the same as the greyhound, Uncle Thomas, which Mr. R . . . keeps for catching hares?"

"No, John, they are two very different dogs, and are used in a very different manner. The greyhound is kept for coursing; that is, when a hare is discovered, the greyhound is made to pursue it, which it does by sight only. The harrier, on the contrary, is kept to hunt in packs; they follow the chase by scent, and are attended by the sportsmen on horseback, very much in the way in which a fox hunt is carried on.

"The greyhound, though less intelligent than some of the other races of dogs is not deficient in

attachment to his master, and it occasionally equals any of them in sagacity and fidelity.

" Some years ago, a gentleman of Queen's College, Oxford, went to pass the Christmas recess at his father's, in the country. An uncle, a brother, and other friends, were one day to dine together. It was fine frosty weather; the two young gentlemen went out for a forenoon's recreation, and one of them took his skaits with him. They were followed by a favourite greyhound. When the friends were beginning to long for their return, the dog came home at full speed, and by its apparent anxiety, its laying hold of their clothes to pull them along, and by all its gestures, it convinced them that something was wrong. They followed the greyhound, which led them to a piece of water frozen over. A hat was seen on the ice, near which was a fresh aperture. The bodies of the young gentlemen were soon found, but, alas! though every means were tried, life could not be restored. The gentleman of Oxford, who was designed for holy orders, was a person who, from his sobriety, amiable and studious disposition, and excellent genius, had given every reason to expect

that he would soon have been an ornament to his profession.

"There is another story which places the sagacity of the greyhound in a still higher light. A Scotch gentleman, who kept a greyhound and a pointer, being fond of coursing, employed the one to find the hares, and the other to catch them. It was, however, discovered that, when the season was over, the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down so as to prevent the dog from running, or jumping over dikes, &c. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together; and one day, the gentleman suspecting that all was not right, resolved to watch them, and, to his surprise, found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed, that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound

stood ready to pounce upon the game the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion after he had caught his prey."

"Is the greyhound a very swift dog, Uncle Thomas?"

"The greyhound is reckoned the swiftest of dogs. Its long thin legs and tapering body peculiarly fit it for speed. It almost equals the race-horse. In the month of December, 1800, a match was to have been run over Doncaster race-course for one hundred guineas; but one of the horses having been withdrawn from the contest, the other started alone, that by running over the ground, he might secure the prize. She had scarcely proceeded above one mile in the four, when a greyhound started from the side of the course, and eagerly entered into the contest. For the remaining three miles they kept pretty equal, and the energetic exertions of each afforded an excellent treat to the spectators. At passing the distance-post, five to four was betted in favour of the greyhound: when parallel with the stand it was even betting; at the termination of the

course, however, the horse had the advantage by a head."

"That was a very interesting experiment, Uncle Thomas, only I wish the dog had won."

"Ha! ha! Frank, so you can't bear to see your favourite defeated. There is a little dog of the greyhound species, called the Italian greyhound, of whose sagacity there are several interesting stories recorded. It is a very handsome dog, but is too small for the chase; and is, therefore, usually kept merely as an attendant on the great.

"The late Lord De Clifford returned one night from his club after his lady had retired to bed, but not being asleep when he entered her chamber, he informed her that he had won a large stake, which he placed on the table. It was at this time remarked by her ladyship that a small Italian greyhound, which always slept in the room, had been very restless and uneasy since she had entered it. His lordship, however, treated the matter lightly, and went to sleep; but not so his lady. The dog continued restless, and could not be made to remain quiet. In the course of an hour or two a man entered the bed-room from the adjoining

dressing-room, snatched up the whole of the money from off the table, and as quickly disappeared with it! He had been secreted in the chimney of the dressing-room, and made his escape by the same.

"Here is another:—

"A gentleman in Bologna had a small Italian greyhound, which used at nights to have a kind of jacket put on, to guard it from the cold. It was accustomed very early in the morning to go to a neighbouring house to visit another dog of the same breed which lived there. Before setting out, it always endeavoured, by various coaxing gestures, to prevail upon the people of the house to take off its night-jacket, in order that it might play more at ease with its companion. It once happened, when it could not get any one to do it this service, that it found means, by various contortions of its body, rubbing itself against tables and chairs, and working with its limbs, to undress itself without any other assistance. After this trial had succeeded, it continued to practise it for some time, until its master discovered it, who after that undressed it every morning, and let it out of the house. Sometimes when it made its morning call, it found the

door of the house in which its friend dwelt not yet open. In these cases it placed itself opposite to the house, and by loud barking solicited admittance. But as the noise which it made became troublesome, both to the inhabitants of the house and to the neighbours, they not only kept the door shut against it, but endeavoured also to drive it away from the house by throwing stones at it from the windows. It crept, however, so close to the door, that it was perfectly secure against the stones, and they had to drive it away with a whip. After some time it went again to the house, and waited without barking till the door was opened. It was again driven away, upon which it discontinued its visits for a long time. At length, however, it ventured to go once more to the house, and set up a loud barking; placing itself in a situation where it was both secure against the stones, and against being seized by the people of the house when they opened the door.

"After a considerable time, it one morning saw a boy come to the house, lay hold of the knocker, and strike it against the door, and it observed that upon this process the door was opened. After the

boy had been let in, the dog crept along the side of the house to the door, and took its station upon the spot where the boy stood when he knocked, and where no one who stood close to the door could be seen from within. Here it leaped several times at the knocker, till it raised it and made it strike the door. A person from within immediately called, 'Who is there?' but receiving no answer, opened the door, upon which the dog ran in with tokens of great delight, and soon found its way to its friend. Often after this it availed itself of the fortunate discovery which it had made, and its ingenuity was so much admired, that it procured it thenceforward free access to its companion's habitation.

"Our time is nearly expired, boys; but before you go I must tell you about Sir Walter Scott's Highland greyhound, Maida, a remarkably fine animal, of which the great novelist was very fond."

"A *Highland* greyhound, Uncle Thomas! Is that the same as the common greyhound you have just been telling us about?"

"No, Harry, it is a much larger and more

THE HIGHLAND GREYHOUND.

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powerful animal, and its hair, instead of being sleek and smooth, is long, stiff, and bristly. Its muscular powers fit it for enduring much fatigue. It was this dog which the Highland chieftains of former times used in their grand hunting parties.

" Maida was presented to Sir Walter by his friend Macdonell of Glengarry, one of the chiefs of the Highland clans. He was one of the finest dogs of the kind ever seen in Scotland, not only on account of his symmetry of form and dignified aspect, but also from his extraordinary size and strength. So uncommon was his appearance, that he used to attract great crowds in Edinburgh, where Sir Walter lived, to look at him whenever he appeared in the streets.

" When Sir Walter happened to travel through a strange town, Maida was usually surrounded by crowds of amateurs, ' whose curiosity he indulged with great patience, until it began to be troublesome, when a single short bark gave warning that he must be urged no farther.' Nothing could exceed the fidelity, obedience, and attachment of this dog to his master, whom he seldom quitted,

and on whom he was a constant attendant when travelling.

"Maida was a remarkably high-spirited and beautiful dog, with black ears, cheeks, back, and sides, extending to nearly the tip of the tail, which was white. His muzzle, neck, throat, breast, belly, and legs, were white. The hair on his whole body and limbs was rough and shaggy, and particularly so on the neck, throat, and breast; that on the ridge of the neck he used to raise like a lion's mane when excited to anger. His disposition was gentle and peaceable both to men and animals; but he showed marked symptoms of anger to ill-dressed or blackguard-looking people, whom he always regarded with a suspicious eye, and whose motions he watched with the most scrupulous jealousy.

"This fine dog probably brought on himself premature old age by the excessive fatigue and exercise to which his natural ardour incited him; for he had the greatest pleasure in accompanying the common greyhounds; and although from his great size and strength he was not at all adapted for coursing, he not unfrequently turned and even ran down hares.

" Sir Walter used to give an amusing account of an incident which befell Maida in one of his chases. ' I was once riding over a field on which the reapers were at work, the stooks being placed behind them, as is usual. Maida having found a hare, began to chase her, to the great amusement of the spectators, as the hare turned very often and very swiftly among the stooks. At length, being hard pressed, she fairly bolted into one of them. Maida went in headlong after her, and the stook began to be much agitated in various directions; at length the sheaves tumbled down, and the hare and the dog, terrified alike at their overthrow, ran different ways, to the great amusement of the spectators.'

" Among several peculiarities which Maida possessed, one was a strong aversion to artists, arising from the frequent restraints he was subjected to in having his portrait taken, on account of his majestic appearance. The instant he saw a pencil and paper produced, he prepared to beat a retreat; and, if forced to remain, he exhibited the strongest marks of displeasure.

" ' Maida's bark was deep and hollow. Some-

times he amused himself with howling in a very tiresome way. When he was very fond of his friends he used to grin, tucking up his whole lips and showing all his teeth, but this was only when he was particularly disposed to recommend himself.'

"Maida lies buried at the gate of Abbotsford, Sir Walter's country seat, which he long protected; a grave-stone is placed over him, on which is carved the figure of a dog. It bears the following inscription:

> Maida, Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida
> Ad januam domini, sit tibi terra levis!

"Can you translate Maida's epitaph for us, Frank?"

"I will try, Uncle Thomas."

"That is right, my boy, always try. Never let anything that is at all attainable remain undone merely from fear to make the trial. To be sure you must not expect at all times to succeed; but it is always better to make the attempt. If you try, you *may* be successful: if you don't, you never can."

"I think it is, 'Maida, thou sleepest under the marble image of Maida, at the gate of thy master. Light be the earth to thee!'"

"Very well, Frank: very well indeed!—Sir Walter himself translated it,

> 'Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.'

"I have only one more story to tell you about the Highland greyhound. I may as well tell it now, though it should detain you a few minutes longer."

"Oh! do, Uncle Thomas. We shall make all the haste we can home. It still wants five minutes to our usual hour."

"It is an old Welsh story, boys, and shows how extremely dangerous it is to give way to feelings of resentment.

"In a village at the foot of Snowden, a mountain in Wales, there is a tradition that Llewellyn, son-in-law to King John, had a residence in that neighbourhood. The king, it is said, had presented him with one of the finest greyhounds in England, named Gelert. In the year 1205,

Llewellyn one day, on going out to hunt, called all his dogs together, but his favourite greyhound was missing, and nowhere to be found. He blew his horn as a signal for the chase, and still Gelert came not. Llewellyn was much disconcerted at the heedlessness of his favourite, but at length pursued the chase without him. For want of Gelert the sport was limited; and getting tired, Llewellyn returned home at an early hour, when the first object that presented itself to him at his castle gate was Gelert, who bounded with his usual transport to meet his master, having his lips besmeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed with surprise at the unusual appearance of his dog.

"On going into the apartment where he had left his infant son and heir asleep, he found the bed-clothes all in confusion, the cover rent, and stained with blood. He called on his child, but no answer was made, from which he hastily concluded that the dog must have devoured him; and, giving vent to his rage, plunged his sword to the hilt in Gelert's side. The noble animal fell at his feet, uttering a dying yell which awoke the infant, who was sleeping beneath a mingled heap of the

bed-clothes, while beneath the bed lay a great wolf covered with gore, which the faithful and gallant hound had destroyed. Llewellyn, smitten with sorrow and remorse for the rash and frantic deed which had deprived him of so faithful an animal, caused an elegant marble monument, with an appropriate inscription, to be erected over the spot where Gelert was buried, to commemorate his fidelity and unhappy fate. The place, to this day, is called Beth-Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound."

"Good night, Uncle Thomas! good night!"

"Good night, boys! To-morrow I will tell you about the shepherd's dog. I have some long stories to tell you about it."

"We will come early to-morrow, Uncle Thomas. Good night, once more."

FIFTH EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS TELLS MANY STORIES ABOUT THE SAGACITY AND FIDELITY OF THE SHEPHERD'S DOG, AND RELATES SOME VERY AMUSING TALES ABOUT THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S DOGS.

"WELL, Uncle Thomas, you see we have kept our word, and come early to-night to hear about the shepherd's dog."

"I am glad of it, boys, for it shows that you are interested in the stories I tell you. I am going to tell you about the Ettrick Shepherd's dogs, but I must first describe the shepherd's dog to you, that you may know it when you see it."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Thomas, we know the dog very well: we often see them attending the man who feeds his sheep on the downs."

"Ah! well, I shall be very short in my description of him since you know him so well."

"The shepherd's dog, whose docility and intelligence may equal that of every other race, is gene-

rally about fifteen inches in height. His coat is long, shaggy, and somewhat waved; his tail bushy, and slightly curved. The prevailing colour is black, or dark grey: his general bearing is quiet and thoughtful; his looks might almost be said to be heavy, but his eye sparkles with intelligence, and bespeaks a spirit always ready to obey his master's commands.

"The intelligence of this animal is most conspicuously displayed on the mountain sides and extensive moors of Scotland or Wales, where the shepherd confides to his care the charge of his countless flocks. The skilful manner in which he executes his commission, is truly astonishing, and some of the stories illustrative of this, which I am going to tell you, are so wonderful as almost to exceed belief.

"Here, John, is Hogg's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' one chapter of which is devoted to the shepherd's dog, and contains the best account of that faithful and sagacious animal which is to be found anywhere. You must read it for us, if you please. Begin here:—

"My dog was always my companion. I con-

versed with him the whole day,—I shared every meal with him, and my plaid in the time of a shower; the consequence was, that I generally had the best dogs in all the country. The first remarkable one that I had was named Sirrah. He was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdained all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests never will again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was hungry and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was all over black, and had a grim face striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the Border, and, doubtless, had used him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated the captive to myself. I believe there never was a guinea so well laid out; at least I am satisfied that I never laid out one to so good purpose. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew

so little of herding, that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately, till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when once I made him to understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he very often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty. Were I to relate all his exploits, it would require a volume; I shall only mention one or two, to prove what kind of an animal he was.

"I was a shepherd for ten years on the same farm, where I had always about 700 lambs put under my charge every year at weaning time. As they were of the short or black-faced breed, the breaking of them was a very ticklish and difficult task. I was obliged to watch them night and day for the first four days, during which time I had always a person to assist me. It happened one

year, that just about midnight the lambs broke loose, and came up the moor upon us, making a noise with their running louder than thunder. We got up and waved our plaids, and shouted, in hopes to turn them, but we only made matters worse, for in a moment they were all round us, and by our exertions we cut them into three divisions ; one of these ran north, another south, and those that came up between us, straight up the moor to the westward. I called out, ' Sirrah, my man, they're a' away ;' the word, of all others, that set him most upon the alert, but owing to the darkness of the night, and blackness of the moor, I never saw him at all. As the division of the lambs that ran southward were going straight towards the fold, where they had been that day taken from their dams, I was afraid they would go there, and again mix with them ; so I threw off part of my clothes and pursued them, and by great personal exertion and the help of another old dog that I had besides Sirrah, I turned them, but in a few minutes afterwards lost them altogether. I ran here and there, not knowing what to do, but always, at intervals, gave a loud whistle to Sirrah, to let him know

that I was depending on him. By that whistling, the lad who was assisting me found me out; but he likewise had lost all trace whatsoever of the lambs. I asked if he had never seen Sirrah? He said he had not; but that after I left him, a wing of the lambs had come round him with a swirl, and that he supposed Sirrah had given them a turn, though he could not see him for the darkness. We both concluded that whatever way the lambs ran at first, they would finally land at the fold where they left their mothers, and without delay we bent our course towards that; but when we came there, there was nothing of them, nor any kind of bleating to be heard, and we discovered with vexation that we had come on a wrong track.

"My companion then bent his course towards the farm of Glen on the north, and I ran away westward for several miles, along the wild track where the lambs had grazed while following their dams. We met after it was day, far up in a place called the Black Cleuch, but neither of us had been able to discover our lambs, nor any traces of them. It was the most extraordinary circum-

stance that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life! We had nothing for it but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them.

"On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation, for it was about a mile and a half distant from the place where they first broke and scattered. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have

effected it with greater propriety. All that I can say farther is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to Sirrah that morning.

"I remember another achievement of his which I admired still more. I was sent to a place in Tweedale, called Stanhope, to bring back a wild ewe that had strayed from home. The place lay at the distance of about fifteen miles, and my way to it was over steep hills, and athwart deep glens; there was no path, and neither Sirrah nor I had ever travelled the road before. The ewe was brought in and put into a barn over-night; and, after being frightened in this way, was let out to me in the morning to be driven home by herself. She was as wild as a roe, and bounded away to the side of the mountain like one. I sent Sirrah on a circular route wide before her, and let him know that he had the charge of her. When I left the people at the house, Mr. Tweedie, the farmer, said to me, 'Do you really suppose that you will drive that sheep over these hills, and out through the midst of all the sheep in the country?' I said I would try to do it. 'Then, let me tell you,'

said he, 'that you might as well try to travel to yon sun.' The man did not know that I was destined to do both the one and the other! Our way, as I said, lay all over wild hills, and through the middle of flocks of sheep. I seldom got a sight of the ewe, for she was sometimes a mile before me, sometimes two; but Sirrah kept her in command the whole way—never suffered her to mix with other sheep—nor, as far as I could judge, ever to deviate twenty yards from the track by which he and I went the day before. When we came over the great height towards Manor Water, Sirrah and his charge happened to cross it a little before me, and our way lying down hill for several miles, I lost all traces of them, but still held on my track. I came to two shepherds' houses, and asked if they had seen anything of a black dog, with a branded face and a long tail, driving a sheep? No, they had seen no such thing; and, besides, all their sheep, both above and below the houses, seemed to be unmoved. I had nothing for it but to hold on my way homeward; and at length, on the corner of a hill at the side of the water, I discovered my trusty coal-black friend sitting with

his eye fixed intently on the burn below him, and sometimes giving a casual glance behind to see if I was coming:—he had the ewe standing there, safe and unhurt.

"When I got the ewe home, and set her at liberty among our own sheep, Sirrah took it highly amiss. I could scarcely prevail with him to let her go; and so dreadfully was he affronted, that she should have been let go free after all his toil and trouble, that he would not come near me all the way to the house, nor yet taste any supper when we got there.

"Sirrah had one very laughable peculiarity, which often created no little disturbance about the house—it was an outrageous ear for music. He never heard music but he drew towards it; and he never drew towards it, but he joined in it with all his vigour. Many a good psalm, song, and tune, was he the cause of spoiling; for when he set fairly to, at which he was not slack, the voices of all his coadjutors had no chance with his. It was customary with the worthy old farmer with whom I resided, to perform family worship evening and morning; and before he began, it was always neces-

sary to drive Sirrah to the fields, and close the door. If this was at any time forgot or neglected, the moment that the psalm was raised he joined, with all his zeal, and at such a rate, that he drowned the voices of the family before three lines could be sung. Nothing farther could be done till Sirrah was expelled. But then! when he got to the peat-stack knowe before the door, especially if he got a blow in going out, he *did* give his powers of voice full scope, without mitigation; and even at that distance he was often a hard match for us all.

"Some imagined that it was from a painful sensation that he did this. No such thing. Music was his delight; it always drew him towards it like a charm. I slept in the byre-loft—Sirrah in the hay-nook in a corner below. When sore fatigued, I sometimes retired to my bed before the hour of family worship. In such cases, whenever the psalm was raised in the kitchen, which was but a short distance, Sirrah left his lair; and laying his ear close to the bottom of the door to hear more distinctly, he growled a low note in accompaniment, till the sound expired; and then

rose, shook his ears, and returned to his hay-nook. Sacred music affected him most; but in either that or any slow tune, when the tones dwelt upon the key-note, they put him quite beside himself; his eyes had the gleam of madness in them; and he sometimes quitted singing, and literally fell to barking. All his descendants have the same qualities of voice and ear in a less or greater degree.

"The most painful part of Sirrah's history yet remains; but it must be set down. He grew old, and unable to do my work by himself. I had a son of his coming up that promised well, and was a greater favourite with me than ever the other was. The times were hard, and the keeping of them both was a tax upon my master which I did not like to impose, although he made no remonstrances. I was obliged to part with one of them; so I sold old Sirrah to a neighbouring shepherd for three guineas. He was accustomed, while I was smearing, or doing any work about the farm, to go with any of the family when I ordered him, and run at their bidding the same as at my own; but then, when he came home at night, a word of approbation from me was recompense sufficient,

and he was ready next day to go with whomsoever I commanded him. Of course, when I sold him to this lad, he went away when I ordered him, without any reluctance, and wrought for him all that day and the next as well as ever he did in his life. But when he found that he was abandoned by me, and doomed to be the slave of a stranger for whom he did not care, he would never again do another sensible turn. The lad said that he ran in among the sheep like a whelp, and seemed intent on doing all the mischief he could. The consequence was, that he was obliged to part with him in a short time; but he had more honour than I had, for he took him to his father, and desired him to foster Sirrah, and be kind to him as long as he lived, *for the sake of what he had been;* and this injunction the old man faithfully performed.

"He came back to see me now and then for months after he went away, but afraid of the mortification of being driven from the farm-house, he never came there; but knowing well the road that I took to the hill in the morning, he lay down near to that. When he saw me coming, he did not venture near me, but walked round the hill, keeping

always about two hundred yards off, and then returned to his new master again, satisfied for the time that there was no more shelter with his beloved old one for him. When I thought how easily one kind word would have attached him to me for life, and how grateful it would have been to my faithful old servant and friend, I could not help regretting my fortune that obliged us to separate. That unfeeling tax on the shepherd's dog, his only bread-winner, has been the cause of much pain in this respect. The parting with old Sirrah, after all that he had done for me, had such an effect on my heart, that I have never been able to forget it to this day; the more I have considered his attachment and character, the more I have admired them; and the resolution that he took up, and persisted in, of never doing a good turn for any other of my race, after the ingratitude that he had experienced from me, appeared to me to have a kind of heroism and sublimity in it. I am, however, writing nothing but the plain simple truth, to which there are plenty of living witnesses. I then made a vow to myself, which I have religiously kept, and ever shall, never to sell another dog; but that

I may stand acquitted of all pecuniary motives—which indeed those who know me will scarcely suspect me of—I must add, that when I saw how matters went, I never took a farthing of the stipulated price of old Sirrah. I have Sirrah's race to this day; and though none of them has ever equalled him as a sheep dog, yet they have far excelled him in all the estimable qualities of sociality and humour.

"A single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs; and it is a fact, that without this docile animal, the pastoral life would be a mere blank. Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he it is indeed that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel; always

grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship, without murmur or repining, till he literally fall down dead at his foot. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same willingness as he did for his former lord; but if he once acknowledge him, he continues attached to him till death; and though naturally proud and high-spirited, in as far as relates to his master, these qualities (or rather failings) are kept so much in subordination, that he has not a will of his own.

"My own renowned Hector was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah; and though not nearly so valuable a dog, he was a far more interesting one. He had three times more humour and whim; and though exceedingly docile, his bravest acts were mostly tinctured with a grain of stupidity, which showed his reasoning faculty to be laughably obtuse.

"I shall mention a striking instance of it. I was once at the farm of Shorthope, in Ettrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home; but both he and his master were alike sore fatigued. It had become so dark that we were obliged to fold them with candles; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out and called and whistled on him for a good

while; but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

"The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose, and inquired if Hector had come home. No; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost

any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold; but Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it; for he durst not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

"Hector inherited his dad's unfortunate ear for music, not perhaps in so extravagant a degree, but he always took care to exhibit it on the most untimely and ill-judged occasions. Owing to some misunderstanding between the minister of the parish and the session clerk, the precenting in church devolved on my father, who was the senior elder. Now, my father could have sung several of the old church tunes pretty well, in his own family circle; but it so happened, that, when mounted in his desk, he never could command the starting notes of any but one (St. Paul's), which were always in undue readiness at the root of his tongue, to the exclusion of every other semibreve in the whole range of sacred melody. The minister gave out psalms four times in the course of every day's service, and consequently the congregation were treated with St. Paul's in the morning,

at great length, twice in the course of the service, and then once again at the close—nothing but St. Paul's. And, it being of itself a monotonous tune, nothing could exceed the monotony that prevailed in the primitive church of Ettrick. Out of pure sympathy for my father alone, I was compelled to take the precentorship in hand; and, having plenty of tunes, for a good while I came on as well as could be expected. But, unfortunately for me, Hector found out that I attended church every Sunday; and though I had him always closed up carefully at home, he rarely failed to make his appearance in church at some time of the day. Whenever I saw him, a tremor came over my spirits, for I well knew what the issue would be. The moment he heard my voice strike up the psalm, "with might and majesty," then did he fall in with such overpowering vehemence, that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads, and laid them down on the backs of the seats wrapped in their plaids, and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red. I disdained to stick the tune, and

therefore was obliged to carry on in spite of the obstreperous accompaniment; but I was, time after time, so completely put out of all countenance by the brute, that I was obliged to give up my office in disgust, and leave the parish once more to their old friend St. Paul.

"It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family-circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he rarely missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt. When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more conveniency for writing with Alexander Laidlaw than at home; and I added, 'But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar.' 'Na, na,' quoth she, 'leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fallow!'

"These were all the words that passed. The

next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting. 'The deil's in that beast,' said I, 'I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning.'

"'If that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny' [bewitched], said my mother.

"The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to walk up by St. Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swam the river, and was sitting 'like a drookit hen,' on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, to a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shagged, and not far from the colour of a fox."

"There was a shepherd lad near Langholm, whose name was Scott, who possessed a bitch famed over all the West Border for her singular tractability. He could have sent her home with one sheep, two sheep, or any given number, from any of the neighbouring farms; and, in the lambing season, it was his uniform practice to send her home with the kebbed ewes just as he got them. A kebbed ewe is one whose lamb dies. As soon as such is found, she is immediately brought home by the shepherd, and another lamb put to her; and Scott, on going his rounds on the hill, whenever he found a kebbed ewe, immediately gave her in charge to his bitch to take home, which saved him from coming back that way again and going over the same ground he had visited before. She always took them carefully home, and put them into a fold which was close by the house, keeping watch over them till she was seen by some one of the family, upon which she instantly decamped, and hastened back to her master, who sometimes sent her three times home in one morning with different charges. It was the custom of the farmer to watch her and take the sheep in charge from

her: but this required a good deal of caution; for as soon as she perceived that she was seen, whether the sheep were put into the fold or not, she concluded her charge was at an end, and no flattery could induce her to stay and assist in folding them. There was a display of accuracy and attention in this that I cannot say I have ever seen equalled.

"I once witnessed a very singular feat performed by a dog belonging to John Graham, late tenant in Ashiesteel. A neighbour came to his house after it was dark, and told him that he had lost a sheep on his farm, and that if he (Graham) did not secure her in the morning early, she would be lost, as he had brought her far. John said he could not possibly get to the hill next morning, but if he would take him to the very spot where he lost the sheep, perhaps his dog, Chieftain, would find her that night. On that they went away with all expedition, lest the traces of the feet should cool; and I, then a boy, being in the house, went with them. The night was pitch dark, which had been the cause of the man losing the ewe, and at length he pointed out a place to John by the side

of the water, where he had lost her. 'Chieftain, fetch that,' said John; 'bring her back, sir.' The dog jumped round and round, and reared himself upon end; but not being able to see anything, evidently misapprehended his master, on which John fell a-scolding the dog, calling him a great many hard names. He at last told the man, that he must find out *the very track* that the sheep went, otherwise he had no chance of recovering it. The man led him to a grey stone, and said he was sure she took the brae (hill-side) within a yard of that. 'Chieftain, come hither to my foot, you great numb'd whelp,' said John. Chieftain came. John pointed with his finger to the ground. 'Fetch that, I say, sir—bring that back; away!' The dog scented slowly about on the ground for some seconds; but soon began to mend his pace, and vanished in the darkness. 'Bring her back; away, you great calf!' vociferated John, with a voice of exultation, as the dog broke to the hill. And as all these good dogs perform their work in perfect silence, we neither saw nor heard any more of him for a long time. I think, if I remember right, we waited there about half an hour, during

which time all the conversation was about the small chance which the dog had to find the ewe, for it was agreed on all hands that she must long ago have mixed with the rest of the sheep on the farm. How that was, no man will be able to decide. John, however, persisted in waiting till his dog came back, either with the ewe or without her; and at last the trusty animal brought the individual lost sheep to our very feet, which the man took on his back, and went on his way rejoicing."

"Thank you, John; I am afraid we have wearied you with these long stories."

"Not at all, Uncle Thomas. I was so interested in them, that they did not seem at all long."

"Can they be all true, Uncle Thomas? Really the shepherd's dog seems the most sagacious of the whole race."

"Some of the Ettrick Shepherd's stories about his dogs do, I confess, border on the marvellous; but, upon the whole, I consider they are all true, heightened in effect, perhaps, by his power of narration.

'Since John has exerted himself so much in

reading in those long stories of the Ettrick Shepherd's, I will tell you one or two others, which I am sure will interest you.

"The valleys, or *glens*, as they are called by the natives, which intersect the Grampians, a ridge of rocky and precipitous mountains in the northern part of Scotland, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. As the pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction, the shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when it is collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily visits to the different extremities of his pastures in succession, and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours.

"In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for his child, he left him on a

small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return home, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

"Next morning by day-break, the shepherd,

accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out again to seek his child ; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning in the evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been there, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the waterfall almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that abrupt appearance which so often astonishes and appals the traveller amidst the Grampian mountains, and

"On entering the cave he beheld his infant eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him."

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indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence!

"From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food, and then he was

always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

"There is another story about a shepherd's dog saving his master from perishing among the snow, which affords such a fine instance of affection and sagacity, that I cannot refrain from telling it to you.

"About the year 1796, a Mr. Henry Hawkes, farmer at Halling in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market; and returning at night with his dog, which was usually at his heels, he again stopped at Aylesford, and, as is too frequently the case upon such occasions, he drank immoderately, and left that place in a state of intoxication. Having passed the village of Newhead in safety, he took his way over Snodland Brook, which, at the best season of the year, is a dangerous road for a drunken man; and now the whole face of the country was covered with a deep snow, and the frost was intense. He had, however, proceeded in safety till he came to the Willow Walk, within half a mile of the church, when, by a sudden stagger, he quitted the path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand. Not apprehensive that

he was going astray, he turned towards the river; but having a high bank to mount, and being nearly exhausted with wandering and the effect of the liquor, he was most fortunately unable to proceed, for if he had, he must certainly have precipitated himself into the Medway.

"At this moment, completely overcome, he fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever known, and turning upon his back, he was soon overpowered by sleep. His faithful attendant, who had closely followed him every step, scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a kind of protecting wall around his person; then mounting upon the exposed body, he rolled himself round, and lay down on his master's bosom, for which his shaggy coat proved a seasonable covering during the inclemency of the night, as the snow continued to fall all the time. The following morning, a gentleman, who was out with his gun in expectation of falling in with some wildfowl, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and, after repeatedly shaking himself to get disentangled from the accumulated

snow, encouraged the sportsman, by actions of the most significant nature, to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustations from his face he recognised the farmer, who appeared quite lifeless; assistance was, however, procured to convey the body to the first house upon the skirts of the village, after which a slight pulsation being observed, every means were instantly adopted to restore animation.

"In the course of a short time, the farmer was sufficiently recovered to be able to relate his own story, as above recited; and, in gratitude for his miraculous escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrance of the transaction. A gentleman of the faculty, in the neighbourhood, hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made him an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, 'That so long as he had a bone of meat or a crust of bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend who had preserved his life;' and this he did in perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog, in covering the most vital

part, had continued the circulation, and prevented a total stagnation of the blood."

"I think, Uncle Thomas, the dog showed more sense than its master."

"I think so too, John. Such instances of sagacity and fidelity are by no means rare of the shepherd's dog. His sagacity is, however, often exerted on more worthy objects. The fearful perils to which the poor shepherd, in the exercise of his vocation, is sometimes exposed during the inclemency of winter, are beautifully described by the poet, Thomson, in 'The Seasons.' The lines you repeated to me a few days ago from his 'Summer,' Frank, show me that you are acquainted with his writings. Can you repeat the verses I refer to?"

"No, Uncle Thomas, I cannot. I remember the passage, and if I had the book, could easily find it, I think."

"Well, John, there is a copy of 'The Seasons,' behind you. Hand it to Frank, if you please."

"Here is the passage, Uncle Thomas! I have come to it at once.

'In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise, and, foul and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands, sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps.
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the trace and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head

Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring;
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes,—shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.'"

"That is right, Frank; thank you. What you

have just read, recalls to my mind a story which happened in the north of Scotland.

"During the severe snow-storm in the year 1798, a farmer at Tillybirnie, near Brechin, in Forfarshire, went, accompanied by his dog Cæsar, to a spot on the small stream of Paphry (a tributary of the North Esk), where his sheep on such occasions used to take shelter beneath some lofty and precipitous rocks, called Ugly Face, which overhang the stream. While employed in driving them out, an immense *avalanche* fell from the rocks, and completely buried him and his dog. He found all his endeavours to extricate himself from this fearful situation in vain; and at last, worn out, fell asleep. His dog, however, contrived to work its way out, and returned home next day about noon. By whining and looking in the faces of the family, and afterwards running to the door, it showed that he wished them to follow him; suspecting what was the case, they did so, accompanied by a number of men provided with spades. The dog led them to the spot where his master was, and, after scraping away the snow which had fallen from the time he had quitted the spot, he quickly

disappeared in the hole by which he had effected his escape. They began to dig, and by nightfall they found the object of their search, quite benumbed, standing in an upright posture; but as life was not quite extinguished, he was rolled in warm blankets, and soon recovered.

"As may well be conceived, he felt the greatest regard for his preserver, and treated him ever afterwards with much tenderness. The dog lived to a great age, and, when he died, his master said it gave him as much pain as the death of a child; and he would have buried him in a coffin, had he not thought that his neighbours would turn it into ridicule."

"Poor Cæsar! How glad I am that he was in time to save his master's life."

"It was fortunate, indeed, John. What a pity it is that so useful and faithful an animal should be sometimes so badly used! His honesty, fidelity, and sagacity, would put to shame those of loftier pretensions.

"A gentleman sold a considerable flock of sheep to a dealer, which the latter had not attendants enough to drive. The seller, however, told him he

had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off; and that when he reached the end of his journey, he had only to feed the dog, and desire him to go home. The dog accordingly received his orders, and set off with the flock and the drover; but he was absent for so many days, that his master began to have serious alarms about him; when one morning, to his great surprise, he found the dog returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole that he had lately sold. The fact turned out to be, that the drover was so pleased with the colley that he resolved to steal him, and locked him up until the time when he was to leave the country. The dog grew sulky, and made various attempts to escape, and one evening he fortunately succeeded. Whether the brute had discovered the drover's intention, and supposed the sheep were also stolen, it is difficult to say; but by his conduct it seemed so, for he immediately went to the field, collected the sheep, and drove them all back to his master."

"I think the dishonest drover was well served, Uncle Thomas. I dare say he looked very foolish

when he returned to the gentleman in search of his sheep."

"No doubt of it, Harry, and I think the gentleman would allow him to take away his sheep as he best could. But it is getting very late. I have only one short piece to repeat to you before you go; it is by Peter Pindar:—

'The Old Shepherd's Dog like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was followed by Tray,—
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued, on the grass the Shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed,
For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour;
To lick Corin's hand he raised up his weak head,
Then fell back, closed his eyes, and, ah! closed them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend,
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
'O bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend!'"

"Good bye! boys; I'm afraid I've kept you too late."

"Oh! no, Uncle Thomas. Good bye! We shall soon come again."

"I will be glad to see you."

SIXTH EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS TELLS ABOUT THE BLOODHOUND, AND THE CRUEL PURPOSES TO WHICH HIS QUICKNESS OF SCENT HAS BEEN APPLIED; AS WELL AS ABOUT THE FOX-HOUND AND THE HARRIER; ALSO ABOUT WILD DOGS, INCLUDING THE DHOLE OF INDIA, AND THE DINGO OF AUSTRALIA. HE LIKEWISE RELATES A CURIOUS STORY ABOUT CANINE SMUGGLERS, AND GIVES AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE LURCHER, AND OF THE MANNER IN WHICH IT IS EMPLOYED BY POACHERS IN SOME OF THEIR NOCTURNAL OPERATIONS.

"Come away, boys! I have been waiting some time for you. I began to fear some of you had been ill, that you are so late."

"Oh! no, thank you, Uncle Thomas, we are all quite well; but, just as we were coming away, mamma called me to go out for her. I hope we did not keep you waiting, Sir?"

"Not at all, Frank; I amused myself with reading an old favourite book of mine, 'Somervile's Chase.' Just as you knocked at the door I was reading his description of the Talbot, or old

English hound. As I am going to tell you about hounds to-night, I think I may as well begin with reading his short description of this fine dog.

'The deep flewed hound,
Breed up with care,—strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears, down hanging from his thick round head,
Shall sweep the morning dew; whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And shake the forest: the bold Talbot kind,
Of these, the prince, as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread command
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals awed,
There dwelt a pilfering race, well trained and skilled
In all the mysteries of theft,—the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.
Veiled in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; not flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barred doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plundered owner stands.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, and with a voice

That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers.
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the streaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy: then with deep-opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills;
O'er beaten paths, with men and beast distained,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!'

"Notwithstanding all this, boys, it was a barbarous practice; it makes me shudder to think of the cruelties to which the system of tracking human beings by means of the bloodhound gave rise."

"What! Uncle Thomas; was it ever made a practice to hunt men down, by means of dogs, like so many savage beasts?

"That it was, Harry. I am not sorry that but few stories about this cruel warfare in our own country have been handed down to us. The accounts of their use by the Spaniards against the native Indians of South America and the neighbouring islands, is one of the blackest pages in that dark history of oppression and wrong. An old writer—the author of 'The History of the Buccaneers'—though full of prejudice against the poor Indians, thus describes some of these atrocities:—'The Spaniards having possessed these isles, found them peopled with Indians, a barbarous people, sensual and brutish, hating all labour, and only inclined to killing and making war against their neighbours; not out of ambition, but only because they agreed not with themselves in some common terms of language; and perceiving the dominion of the Spaniards laid great restrictions upon their lazy and brutish customs, they conceived an irreconcileable hatred against them, but especially because they saw them take possession of their kingdoms and dominions; hereupon they made against them all the resistance they could, opposing everywhere their designs to the utmost;

and the Spaniards, finding themselves cruelly hated by the Indians, and nowhere secure from their treacheries, resolved to extirpate and ruin them, since they could neither tame them by civility nor conquer them by the sword. But the Indians, it being their custom to make their woods their chief places of defence, at present made these their refuge whenever they fled from the Spaniards: hereupon those first conquerors of the New World made use of dogs to range and search the intricatest thickets of woods and forests for those their implacable and unconquerable enemies; thus they forced them to leave their old refuge and submit to the sword, seeing no milder usage would do it: hereupon they killed some of them, and quartering their bodies, placed them in the highways, that others might take warning from such a punishment. But this severity proved of ill consequence, for instead of frightening them, and reducing them to civility, they conceived such horror of the Spaniards, that they resolved to detest and fly their sight for ever; hence the greatest part died in caves and subterraneous places of woods and mountains, in which places I myself have often seen great numbers of human bones.'"

"That is terrible, Uncle Thomas! I wonder how people could be so cruel."

"Cruelty, my dear boys, is progressive in its stages. When you see a boy delight in inflicting torture to an animal, be assured that he will soon cease to shrink from the sight of suffering in a fellow-being. I dare say that the mild and gentle Columbus, when he first spread his adventurous sail to the breeze in search of the continent which was to immortalise his name, would have shuddered at the idea of hunting human beings; yet when, on his return to Spain, the poor Indians revolted against the oppressions of his soldiers, he scrupled not to resolve on their extermination, or to call to his assistance in this savage warfare, 'twenty bloodhounds, which made great havoc among the naked Indians.'

"But I must turn from this subject, boys; its contemplation always produces in me lowness of spirits, and I feel as if I could almost lose my love of dogs in my hatred at the cruel oppression of the poor unoffending Indians. There is, however, one story about the fidelity of the bloodhound to his master, which I must tell you before I leave it.

"Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family

He conducted them to the oot of a tree, where he renewed his howling; scratching the earth with his feet."

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and fortune, travelling alone through the Forest of Bondy, in France, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His dog, a blood-hound, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri at Paris, and, by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and, with dumb eloquence, entreated him to go with him.

"The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal. He conducted them to the foot of a tree, where he renewed his howling, scratching the earth with his feet, and significantly entreating them to search the particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

"Some time after, the dog accidentally met the

assassin, who is styled, by all the historians who relate the story, the Chevalier Macaire, when, instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his victim. In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate violence, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recalled the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

"Additional circumstances increased suspicion, and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis the Eighth) accordingly sent for the dog, which appeared extremely gentle, till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at, and attacking him, as usual.

"Struck with such a combination of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, the king determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; or, in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The

lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place. Macaire was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel, and an empty cask was given to the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath.

"Every thing being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he made for his adversary, running round him and menacing him on every side, avoiding his blows till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he seized him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt in presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of this confession, the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame."

"Thank you, Uncle Thomas. That was a fearful story about the poor Indians!"

"It was, boys, and I am glad to see that you feel that it was so: I always fear, when I see boys listening with enjoyment and approval to tales of cruelty, that they only want the opportunity and the incitement to be equally cruel themselves. Never be ashamed to give way to

feelings of pity, which some boys are, from fear of being deemed weak and unmanly. The best and the bravest of mankind have been the most feeling and affectionate. He is the greatest coward who shrinks from a good cause from the fear of the sneers of his companions.

"But stay, I must find you an amusing story after all these melancholy ones. Ah! now I have it. It is about the fox-hound. A gentleman who was distinguished for scolding his huntsman in the field, was one day so incensed at a reply which he made to him, that he turned him off on the spot. The discarded leader, after delivering up his horse, got into a rabbit-cart, and away he went. Next morning, however, when the gentleman was again going out to hunt, and had got to the end of the town with his hounds, the voice of the discarded huntsman saluted his ear. The rascal had perched himself in a tree, from which he kept hallooing to the dogs; they soon gathered around it, and the gentleman found it impossible to remove them by any means. What was to be done? He wished to hunt; but there was no hunting without dogs, and there was no stopping the man's mouth.

He was at last obliged to make the best of a bad bargain, and take the huntsman down from the tree into his service again!"

"Ha! ha! Uncle Thomas, that was very cunning. I wonder that the huntsman was not afraid that the choleric old gentleman would horsewhip him when he came down."

"I dare say he knew what he was about, boys. Notwithstanding the determination, and even fierceness of the fox-hound in pursuit of game, it frequently exhibits traits of great tenderness, particularly towards its offspring.

"Among a pack of hounds which a gentleman kept, there was a favourite bitch which he was very fond of, and which he allowed to lie in his parlour. This animal had a litter of whelps, and one day when she was absent, her master took them out of the kennel and drowned them. Returning shortly afterwards she anxiously sought her offspring, and at length found them drowned in the pond. She brought them one by one, and laid them at her master's feet in the parlour, and when she brought the last whelp she looked up in his face, laid herself down and died!"

"Don't you think it is very cruel to drown the whelps, Uncle Thomas?"

"It *is* cruel, Harry, no doubt of it; but it is at least a justifiable cruelty. If all the puppies in a litter were allowed to live, we should soon be overrun by dogs. Owners could not of course be found for them; they would, therefore, be allowed to wander about wild, devouring any sort of prey which they could master. Our flocks would, I fear, soon fall a sacrifice to their rapacity. Even mankind would not be safe from their ferocity."

"Do dogs ever run about wild, Uncle Thomas?"

"Oh yes, John; in some countries there are large packs of them. In some parts of India and in Australia they are very numerous. The *dhole*, or wild dog of India, roams about the country in packs of six or eight. As they possess great perseverance, they seldom fail in running down the antelopes and other animals of the deer kind, with which the country abounds. The *dingo* of Australia is an animal of the same description, but it is scarcely so large or so fleet as the dhole."

"Are there any wild dogs in this country, Uncle Thomas?"

"There have been a few instances of dogs running wild—that is, forsaking their habits of domestication, and adopting the vagrant lives of wild animals; but such cases are very rare indeed. One instance which I remember, is that of a black greyhound bitch, which belonged to a gentleman in Lancashire. It forsook the habitation where it had been reared, and adopted a life of unlimited freedom. Many attempts were made to shoot it; but for more than six months she eluded the vigilance of her pursuers—living all the time on the results of her depredations. She was at length observed frequently to repair to a barn which stood apart from other buildings, and was at last caught in a snare placed at the hole through which she entered. Three whelps were found in the barn, which were immediately destroyed; and though she was so far restored to her old habits as to be again employed in coursing, she always retained a wildness of look expressive of the life of unlimited freedom which she had for a short season enjoyed."

"How far can a dog run in a day, Uncle Thomas?

John and I had a dispute on the subject, and we agreed to ask you about it."

"Instances have been known of dogs running almost incredible distances. The greatest triumphs in this way have been observed of the stag-hound, because from its size the animal which it is used to hunt, cannot take refuge in holes like the fox and the hare, but must either run on until it has tired out its pursuers or become their victim. Many years ago a very large stag was turned out of Whinfield Park, Westmoreland, and was pursued by the hounds, till by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out except two staunch and favourite dogs, which continued the chase the greatest part of the day. The stag, after a tedious chase returned to the park whence he set out, and as his last effort, leaped the wall and expired. One of the hounds, only, pursued him to the wall, but being unable to get over, lay down and almost instantly died; the other was found dead at a short distance. The length of the chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Red Kirk, near Annan, in Scot-

land, (a distance by the post-road of forty-six miles,) it is conjectured, that the circuitous and uneven course they might be supposed to take, could not be less than one hundred and twenty miles!

"Another extraordinary run took place in April, 1822, with the Earl of Derby's hounds. A deer was turned out from Hayes Common. After a run of three hours and three quarters, the animal took refuge in some farm buildings near Speldhurst, distant from the point of starting in a direct line, (or as sportsmen say, *as the crow flies*,) about thirty miles. It was, therefore, reckoned that the hounds, and those gentlemen who kept pace with them, must have passed over fifty-five, or sixty miles!"

"There is another thing, I wish to ask you about, Uncle Thomas. In the newspapers I saw the other day, a reference made to 'Canine Smugglers.' How can dogs smuggle, sir?"

"Why, John, dogs when they are properly trained, make the most adroit smugglers that can be imagined. In the Netherlands they use dogs of a very large and strong breed for the pur-

pose of draught. They are harnessed like horses, and are chiefly employed in drawing little carts with fish and vegetables to market. Formerly they were much employed in smuggling, which was the more easily accomplished, as they are exceedingly docile. The dogs were trained to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers without any person to attend them. Being loaded like mules with little parcels of goods, such as lace and other valuable commodities, they set out at midnight, and travelled only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent quick-scented dog always went some paces before the others, stretched out his nose towards all quarters, and when he scented custom-house officers, he turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed behind bushes, or in ditches, the dogs waited till all was safe, then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling-house of the receiver of the goods. But here also the leading dog only, at first showed itself; and on a certain whistle, which was a signal that all was right, the rest hastened up. They were then unloaded,

and taken to a convenient stable, where there was a good layer of hay and plenty of food. There they rested until midnight, and then returned back in the same manner across the frontiers."

"That was very sagacious indeed, Uncle Thomas. Are they ever so employed now?"

"Oh yes! the practice seems to be continued in some places even at the present day. In a recent journal of Metz, I saw a curious account of the contraband traffic which was carried on by means of dogs brought up for the purpose. An official statement was published by the prefect of Moselle, by which it appears, that in one district alone, in twelve months, no less than 58,277 dogs had been sent over the Rhine to be loaded with prohibited articles. Of these, 2,477 were killed on their way back, and were found to be bearers of 6,056 kilogrammes (nearly six tons) of contraband goods of various kinds; so that the 55,800 dogs which escaped the vigilance of the custom-house officers, must, at the same rate, have introduced 136,425 kilogrammes, or upwards of one hundred and thirty-four tons of unlawful merchandize."

"I understand about 'Canine Smugglers' now, Uncle Thomas."

"Your question, John, has led us away from the subject of hounds, which we were discussing; but the story I have just told you, recals to my mind one about a sort of mongrel hound called a lurcher, which is also trained to illicit practices, and exhibits sagacity hardly, if at all, inferior to the Belgian dogs.

"The lurcher, which is so called from the sullen and cunning nature of its habits, is smaller than the greyhound. It is covered with a rough coat of hair, most commonly of a pale yellow colour. As it possesses a fine scent, and can be readily trained to serve the purpose of every other sporting dog, it is frequently employed by poachers in their nocturnal and demoralizing pursuits.

"In the neighbourhood of rabbit-warrens they are much used by this class of men, who sally forth after nightfall, and having taken up their station in some convenient spot, send out their dogs to hunt. The dogs steal out with the utmost precaution, and watch the rabbits when they are feeding, and either dart upon them at once or

make for the hole or burrow, and seldom fail to secure their victim as it flees to this place of security. They then carry the prey to their masters, and having deposited it at their feet, again set out. A man who was engaged in this dishonest and demoralizing employment, assured Bewick, that with a couple of lurchers which he then had in his possession, he could in the course of an evening procure as many rabbits as he could carry home.

" In speaking of the lurcher, Bewick relates the following story. ' In the year 1809 I resided for some time on Holy-Island, coast of Northumberland, and had occasion one day to be in Berwick at an early hour. I left the island on horseback, at low water by moonlight. When I reached Goswick warren, I came upon two men sitting by the side of a turf-dyke. I spoke to them ; and while I was in the act of doing so, a dog of this breed approached with a rabbit in his mouth, which he laid down and scampered off. Being now convinced they were engaged in rabbit-stealing, I entered into conversation respecting the qualities of their dogs, which I was anxious to learn ; and

upon my declaring that I was a stranger, and that I would not divulge their delinquency, they readily gave me a detail of them. They had scarcely commenced when another dog made his appearance with a rabbit and laid it down, but did not, like his companion, make off when he had done so. One of the men said to him, 'Go off, sir,' when he immediately left them; and he told me he was a young dog, little more than a year old. They informed me, that such was the keenness of the older dog, and another which had shortly before died, for hunting rabbits and hares, that they would frequently go out of their own accord, when it was inconvenient for their owners to attend them, and that they invariably fetched in a hare or rabbit. Indeed their ardour was such, that they would sometimes go to a rabbit-warren, at a distance of eight miles from their dwelling, in pursuit of game; in consequence of which it became necessary to chain them every night when their masters did not accompany them in this pursuit. The dogs never attempted to leave home during the day, for which reason they were allowed to go at full liberty. When the men intended on an evening to hunt

rabbits, they threw down the sacks in which they carried their booty in a corner of their house, when the dogs lay down beside them, and would not stir till their masters took them up. These dogs almost never barked, except on the way either to or from this plunder, on which occasions they always preceded their owners about fifty yards. If they met any person coming, they invariably made a noise, but never were known to bite any one. I asked them if this was an instinctive property, and they informed me they were trained to it. As they found it necessary in various places to leave the highway to avoid villages, their dogs never failed to quit the road at the very places where they usually deviated, although at that distance before them. Sometimes one of the dogs would return back to the party while on the road, and wag his tail, but they seldom or never did so together; and if he showed a desire to remain by his master, the latter had only to say, 'Go on, sir,' when he set off at full speed to his post as one of the advanced guard. During the time I was conversing with them these dogs brought in seven rabbits."

SEVENTH EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS TELLS SOME THRILLING STORIES ABOUT THE SAGACITY OF THE DOG, AND INTRODUCES THE BOYS TO A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, WHO ANSWERS QUESTIONS WHICH PUZZLE THEIR INGENUITY.

"WELL boys! I am glad you have come at this moment; a story has just occurred to me, which I should not have liked to escape my memory."

"Oh! pray do let us hear it, Uncle Thomas!"

"The driver of the post between two German towns (Zilenzig and Drossen) had a present of a dog made to him by his master. It became so much attached to its new owner, that it always accompanied him on his route between the two towns. On one occasion the post being behind its usual time, the master, after waiting a great while in anxious expectation, became alarmed at the arrival of the dog unattended and panting, and howling piteously. As soon as it saw its old master it leaped upon him, and immediately ran

back howling the same road that he had come. The postmaster suspecting that some mischief had happened, mounted his horse, and rode after the dog. Half-way between the two towns he found the post-wagon standing, but robbed of the mail and other goods, and without the driver. The faithful dog then ran barking into a thicket; the master followed, and found his servant lying murdered on the ground.

"During several months the magistrates used every possible exertion to discover the perpetrators of this atrocious act, but without success. At length it happened that the postmaster had occasion to visit Drossen: he was accompanied by the dog. As he rode through one of the streets, the animal, although in general extremely gentle, suddenly attacked with the utmost fury a soldier who was standing peaceably at the door of a house. The soldier disengaged himself from his assailant; but the postmaster, whom this unusual conduct of the dog led to suspect the true cause, went immediately to the commanding officer of the regiment, which lay in town, and procured an order to take the man into custody. He himself, with the dog,

accompanied the guard that went to apprehend him. As soon as the animal again espied the soldier its fury returned; but without stopping for any further recognition, it ran up a staircase which led to a garret. The men followed the dog, and found him scratching among some straw which lay in the apartment, and in which, upon examination, the articles of which the post-wagon had been robbed were found concealed. The robber was afterwards convicted, and executed at Berlin."

"Why, Uncle Thomas, this story is not unlike that about 'The Dog of Montargis,' which you told us yesterday."

"No, Frank, it is not unlike it, and affords another instance of the sagacity and attachment of the dog to its master. In this instance, though the victim was but a poor postilion, you see the dog loved him quite as much as if he had been a man of fortune and family. This is true friendship. Did you ever hear the story of the Roman general Sabinus, and his faithful and affectionate dog?"

"No, Uncle Thomas, at least I do not recollect it at present."

Well, then, I will tell it you. After the death

of Sabinus, who you will recollect suffered death for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, in accordance with the barbarous feelings of the times—for notwithstanding their taste for literature and the fine arts, the Roman people were but a set of barbarians after all—his dead body was exposed to public gaze, a fearful warning to such as should dare to befriend the fallen house.

"The victim of arbitrary power, acting in accordance with the feelings of an uneducated and debased populace, no one had courage to own their relation to the murdered general, or to approach the corpse—one friend only remained true —his faithful dog. For three days the affectionate animal kept unremitting watch over his master's remains, and his pathetic howlings touched a sympathetic chord, even in hard and unfeeling hearts. Food was offered to him, and he was kindly encouraged to eat; but instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations when he saw him unmoved. Days thus passed on, nor did he for a moment quit his charge.

"The body was at length, by command of his

destroyers, in order to fill up the measure of their contumely, thrown into the Tiber. Unwilling to be separated from its master, and afraid apparently that he would perish—the dog leaped into the water after it, and clasping the corpse between his paws, endeavoured to prevent it from sinking. His efforts were vain. The body sunk to rise no more, and the faithful dog, worn out by hunger and watchfulness, perished in the stream!"

"That was true friendship also, was it not, Uncle Thomas?"

"It was so, Harry. It is fortunate, however, that the dog does not always restrain its feelings of kindness and attachment to his master till it can be no longer useful to him. I know two or three stories which I will now tell you, in which the feelings of instinct and sagacity of dogs, saved their masters from death.

"Eric Rnutson, a fisherman, who lived at a place on the coast of Iceland called the Strand, twenty miles to the south of Reikiavik, left his home early on a December morning, before daylight, with the intention of paying a visit to a friend at Prysivik, another village twenty-six miles

eastward from the Strand, intending to return home on the following day.

"I should mention to you that travelling in Iceland is very dangerous in the beginning of winter, after the first snow has fallen; for the country being volcanic, it is intersected in many places with deep crevices, fissures, and hollows, occasioned by the frequent earthquakes with which that island has been visited. Many of these rifts are abysses of great depth, and so narrow at the surface, that in some instances they will barely admit the body of a man; so that in winter they are easily covered with snow, and are not unfrequently the untimely grave of travellers.

"When Eric set out the weather was bright and frosty; some snow had fallen and covered the ground. His faithful dog, Castor, was his only attendant over the trackless wilds. When he had proceeded about five miles from home, he fell into a deep chasm, and alighted unhurt on a shelving part of the rock, about sixty feet below the surface. Castor ran about in all directions, howling mournfully, and seeking in vain for some passage to lead him to his master. He frequently came

to the mouth of the chasm, and looked down, whining with the utmost anxiety. Three or four times he even seemed determined on leaping down, which Eric prevented him from carrying into effect, by scolding him. In this perplexed situation poor Castor ran about the whole day.

"Late in the evening, however, a better idea seemed to have entered his mind; he ran home, and found the door shut, all the inmates of the cottage having retired to bed. He scratched violently at the door until he awoke the family, when Ion, the younger brother of Eric, arose and let him in. Thinking the dog had lost his master, and had in consequence returned home, Ion proceeded towards his bed, but Castor flew to him, scratched him with his paw, and then went to the door and yelled. Some food was offered to him, which he refused to eat, but again ran howling to the door; nor would he desist from visiting all the beds in the cottage, and scratching and yelping, till Ion and another man dressed themselves and followed him, on which he began to bark in that short expressive manner in which dogs express their joy.

"Ion and his companion had not gone very far from home, when the weather became extremely boisterous, and they thought of returning; and, on their turning back, Castor expressed the utmost dissatisfaction, pulling them by the clothes, and taking every means he could think of to induce them to proceed. They did so, and he conducted them to the chasm where poor Eric was. He then began to scratch away the new-fallen snow, and signified by a most expressive yell that his master was below; Ion at once understood the dog's meaning, and uttered a loud halloo; an answer was returned by Eric. A rope was procured, and the traveller safely drawn up; when Castor rushed to his master, and, with enthusiastic cordiality, testified the most extreme joy."

"That is a delightful story, Uncle Thomas. I like to hear such stories as that."

"Well, John, here is another, in which the dog saves his master from a death still more cruel:—

"An English gentleman travelling through Scotland, on horseback, was one evening benighted, and lost his way: coming at last to a small public-house on the road, he thought it better to take

up his lodgings there, if possible, than to proceed farther that night. On entering the house, he found only an old woman, who, to his inquiries, answered that she would accommodate him with a bed, and provide for the horse in a small shed, if he would assist her in carrying hay and litter, as there was no other person then in the house. This was readily agreed to by the gentleman, and, after having done so, and partaken of a little refreshment, he was shown by his hostess to his bed-room.

"A large dog, which accompanied him on his journey, offered to go up to the room with him, which the old woman strongly objected to, but the gentleman firmly persisted in having him admitted. On entering the room the dog began to growl, and was altogether very unruly. His master in vain attempted to quiet him—he kept growling and looking angrily under the bed, which induced the gentleman to search for the cause of the dog's excitement: to his horror and amazement he discovered a man concealed at the farther end. On encouraging the dog, it sprang immediately at him, whilst the traveller seized his pistols, and presenting one at the stranger, who had a large knife in his hand,

and was struggling with the dog, threatened to shoot him instantly if he made further resistance. The man then submitted to be bound, and acknowledged that his intention was to rob and murder the gentleman, which was thus providentially prevented by the sagacity of his faithful dog. After properly binding the individual, and securing the door, the traveller went to the shed where his horse was left, instantly mounted, and escaped without injury to the next town, where he gave to a magistrate a full account of the horrid attempt. The culprit was taken into custody, and was after wards executed for his various deeds of villany.

"There is another story somewhat similar which I must tell you before I introduce you to a Little Philosopher, who I am sure will amuse you."

"A Little Philosopher! Uncle Thomas, who can it be?"

"You shall know in due time, Harry; allow me to tell you this story first:—

"About the beginning of the present century a lady who lived a few miles from London, came to town to receive a large sum of money granted by Parliament for the discovery of a medicine from

which great things were expected, but which have unfortunately not been realised. Having received the money, she returned home without any thing particular happening to her on the road. It was evening when she arrived, and being fatigued with her journey, she retired early to rest. On getting into bed, she was somewhat surprised at the importunity of a little dog, which being a great pet, always slept in her bedchamber. He became exceedingly troublesome, and kept pulling the bedclothes with all his strength. She chid him repeatedly, and in an angry tone of voice desired him to lie still, that she might go to sleep. The dog, however, still persisted in his efforts; and at length leaped on the bed, and endeavoured with the most determined perseverance to pull off the bedclothes. The lady conceiving that there must be some cause for such extraordinary conduct on the part of her dog, leaped out of bed; and being a lady of courage, put on her petticoat, and seizing a brace of pistols, which she had always ready loaded in a closet adjoining her bed-room, proceeded down stairs to see if she could discover what was the matter.

" When she had reached the first landing-place, she saw her coachman coming down the private staircase, which led to the servants' rooms, with a lighted candle in his hand, and full dressed. Suspecting his intentions were bad, with heroic courage, she presented one of her pistols, and threatened to lodge the contents of it in his breast unless he returned to bed forthwith. Subdued by her determined appearance, he quietly and silently obeyed. She then went into a back-parlour, whence she heard a whispering noise of voices; she approached the window, drew it up, and fired one of her pistols in the direction from which the noise proceeded. Everything immediately became silent, and not a whisper was to be heard. After examining the different rooms on the lower floor, and finding all right, she secured the door, and proceeded to bed; and nothing further occurred that night.

" Next morning she rose at an early hour, went into the garden, and, in the direction which she had fired on the preceding night, she discovered drops of blood, which she traced to the other end of the garden; this left no doubt on her mind of

what had been intended. Thinking it imprudent to keep so large a sum of money in her house, she ordered her carriage to drive to town, and deposited her cash in a place of safety. She then repaired to the house of Sir John Fielding, and related to him the whole affair. Sir John advised her to part with her coachman immediately, and promised to investigate the matter, and, if possible, discover and punish the offenders. But the guilty parties were never discovered; for the mere fact of the coachman being found prowling about at so late an hour, was not sufficient to implicate him, although there were strong grounds of suspicion."

"I am glad you have done, Uncle Thomas. I liked the story very much; but I am all anxiety to know who this little philosopher is that you are going to introduce us to. Is it cousin Charles? He is always poring over books; so I am sure he might be a philosopher if he is not."

"No, Frank, it is not cousin Charles. But I do not like the sneering manner in which you speak of your cousin and his studies. Let me caution you against indulging in sneers at what is

really praiseworthy; Charles is a very good little boy, and pays a great deal of attention to his books; and if he is spared, will one day be a very learned man.

"The little philosopher that I alluded to is no other than a learned Spaniel which was exhibited at York about forty years ago, and maintained philosophical discussions in the English, French, and Latin languages. The manner in which he proceeded was this: if questions were put to him in any of these languages, he replied by signs, shaking his head to express yes or no, or pawing with his foot to indicate numbers or letters, which, when joined together, formed the required answer.

"Great numbers of spectators were attracted by so singular an animal, and many curious questions were put to him. What surprised every one was, that he continued to give pertinent and proper answers, even when his master retired from the exhibition room, or desired every one to retire who might have been supposed to be making signs to the dog to indicate the answer. His replies were also equally proper, when blindfolded to prevent him from observing any signs. He generally ad-

vanced the most singular paradoxes; at first no person in company agreed with him in opinion, yet, after a variety of objections, answers, and replies, he was, in the end, always allowed to be right.

"A sailor once asked him how many arches there were in Westminster Bridge? The spaniel replied by drawing his foot over the number fifteen. He was then asked how many arches there were in Pontus Euxinus? Here the dog paused, as if he conceived himself insulted by such a question, and as if desirous of applying the proverb, 'a foolish question deserves no answer.' Being commanded, however, by his master, to satisfy the querist, he replied, that the Pontus Euxinus (the Euxine Sea) had no arches, and he expressed this very clearly by placing his foot on a cipher. The sailor then said that the preceding year he had made a very happy voyage in six weeks from the Pontus Euxinus to London Bridge. The spaniel, finding nothing very wonderful in such a voyage, placed his foot on different letters, forming a very laconic answer, which signified, when explained by his master, that some navigators had made a voyage of 600 leagues in half a day. 'That is impossible,'

said the sailor; 'no air-balloon has ever yet been able to traverse such a space is so short a time.' 'I do not say,' returned the spaniel, by the help of his interpreter, 'that an air balloon was employed for that purpose; I speak of a voyage by sea.'

"The sailor replied, that by sea it was still more impossible, because, as the fastest-sailing vessel went at the rate of no more than about five leagues per hour, it could never make a voyage of 600 leagues in half a day.

"The dog persisted in maintaining his assertion, and the sailor was going to lay a considerable bet, when the spaniel and his master added, 'that they had performed this voyage in a country where they kindled fire with ice.'

"'If you wish to show your learning,' replied the sailor, 'do not, I beseech you, utter so many absurdities.' The master of the spaniel then, addressing the animal, said, 'Tell us, my friend, is it not true that a fire can be kindled with a piece of ice, if it be cut into the form of a lens, so as to collect the sun's rays into a focus, and to project them on a small heap of gunpowder?' The animal,

which was blindfolded, nodded with his head, to say yes, as if he fully comprehended the question proposed to him.

"'The dog on this point is right,' said the sailor; 'but it does not prove that a voyage of 600 leagues can be performed in half a day.' 'Why not?' replied the dog, by the mouth of his master, 'if it be in a country where, in half a day, there are 360 hours?' 'In what climate?' asked the sailor, much surprised, and beginning to perceive the truth of the reply. The spaniel mentioned the frigid zone. 'In that zone,' said his master, 'the days indeed are of different lengths, from twenty-four hours to six months. If Captain Cook,' added he, 'when he sailed beyond the polar circle, had followed a parallel, where the day was only a month long, he might, in half a day, consisting of 360 hours, have traversed the space of 600 leagues.'

"The sailor, nettled at his rebuff, and desirous to puzzle the spaniel and its master in his turn, asked them if they knew a place where the sun and moon might rise at the same hour, and even at the same instant, when these two luminaries are in

opposition, that is to say, at full moon? The dog replied that it was at the pole; adding that in the same place the sun was always on the meridian, because every point of the horizon was south to the inhabitants, if there be any, at the pole.

"A lawyer who was present, disputed a long time with the spaniel, because the latter maintained that a man who died at noon might sometimes be the heir of another who died the same day at half an hour after twelve. Though various laws were quoted from the Digesta and the Justinian code, which declare that the heir must survive the testator, the spaniel proved that the assertion was perfectly agreeable to these laws, because the person who died at noon might, in certain circumstances, have survived him who died at half after twelve; this would be the case if the first died at London and the other at Vienna."

"Why, Uncle Thomas, this beats all your previous stories hollow! I can't think what sort of dog it must have been."

"It was a very curious animal, Frank, and might have put to shame little boys who don't

learn their lessons. But I have not quite done with him yet: —

"A person proposed to him the following problem:—A country woman having gone to market to sell her chickens, met with a cook, who bought the half of what she had, and the half of one more, without killing any of them. She then sold to a second cook the half of those remaining, and a half chicken more, also without killing any, and afterwards the half of the remainder and a half chicken more to a third cook, still without killing any. By this means the country woman sold all her chickens,—how many had she? Can you answer the question, Harry?"

"No, indeed, I cannot, Uncle Thomas. How many did the first buy?"

"The first bought half the number and half a chicken more; the second, half of those remaining and a half more; and the third, the half of the remainder and a half more.—Can you help us, John?"

"No, sir."

"Well then, Frank, what do you say?"

"I really cannot think how it was done, Uncle

Thomas. It is as difficult to solve it, I think, as to account for the dog's knowing it."

"Well then, since you all give it up, I suppose I must tell you what the spaniel said. It answered, that she had seven: that the first purchaser took four, that is to say, three and a half and a half more; that the second took two, that is to say, one and a half and a half more; and that the third took one, that is to say, one half and a half more."

"How *could* it tell, Uncle Thomas?"

"Why, boys, since you have been unable to solve a problem which the dog solved so readily, I fear it is almost unnecessary to ask you to guess how it was that he could know all these things; so I may as well tell you at once.

"The letters and figures which it used in making up its answers, were marked on pieces of card, which were arranged in the form of a circle. As soon as a question was proposed, the dog walked round the circle, and a communication having been previously formed between the cards and the apartment below, small levers were made to act on the cards by means of ropes which were concealed by

the carpet, and the animal was so well trained, that he stopped the moment the levers were moved, and placed his paw on the nearest card. He had also been taught to move his head so as to give an affirmative or a negative answer, according as his master or confederate altered the tone of his voice. So sagacious was he, that he never was observed to commit a mistake."

"I could not have guessed for the world, Uncle Thomas."

"I dare say not, Frank. It tried the ingenuity of older and wiser heads than yours. Something of a similar kind attracted much notice a few years ago by its skill in chess-playing. It was not a dog, however, but the wooden figure of a man, in the inside of which was concealed a most accomplished proficient in the game. The figure moved its arms and directed the moves by means of springs. I will show you a drawing of it some other time. I will now bid you good night, but before you go I must tell you about a curious tradition which Captain Franklin picked up among the Esquimaux. It is the account which that singular people give of the origin of the Dog-Rib

Indians, a tribe inhabiting the northern confines of the American continent. It is curious as an example of the fabulous traditions which are handed down from father to son, among these unenlightened barbarians. Here are Captain Franklin's own words :—

" 'For a long time Chapawee's descendants were united as one family, but at length some young men being accidentally killed in a game, a quarrel ensued, and a general dispersion of mankind took place. One Indian fixed his residence on the borders of the lake, taking with him a dog big with young. The pups in due time were littered, and the Indian, when he went out to fish, carefully tied them up to prevent their straying. Several times, as he approached his tent, he heard a noise of children talking and playing ; but on entering it he perceived only the pups tied up as usual. His curiosity being excited by the voices he had heard, he determined to watch ; and one day pretending to go out and fish, according to custom, he concealed himself in a convenient place. In a short time he again heard voices, and rushing suddenly into the tent, beheld some beautiful children

sporting and laughing, with the dog-skins lying by their side. He threw the skins into the fire, and the children, retaining their proper forms, grew up, and were the ancestors of the Dog-Rib nation.' "

" That is very curious indeed, Uncle Thomas: Good night, sir!"

" Good night, boys."

EIGHTH EVENING.

UNCLE THOMAS RELATES SEVERAL STORIES OF THE MASTIFF AND OF THE BULL-DOG; TELLS ABOUT THE FRENCH COIN-HUNTER; ABOUT THE FAITHFUL DOG OF HELLVELLYN; CONCLUDES "STORIES ABOUT DOGS;" AND PROMISES, AT THEIR NEXT MEETING, TO BEGIN "TALES ABOUT THE INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS."

"OH! Uncle Thomas, we are so glad to see you again, we got such a terrible fright last night!"

"Indeed, Harry! What was the matter? Some ghost story, I suppose."

"Oh! no, Uncle Thomas; I am not at all afraid of ghosts, for mamma tells us there are no such things; but we were terrified at an attempt which was made by two robbers to break into Mr. W—'s, who lives next house to ours."

"Indeed, Harry! and how was it discovered?"

"Why, Uncle Thomas, it was discovered by Mr. W.'s large mastiff, which happened to be in the house. Mr. W. keeps it to watch his warehouse, which is at the other end of the street; but

as he happened to go a short distance into the country yesterday, accompanied by his dog, and did not return till late at night, the dog, instead of being locked up in the warehouse, was allowed to remain in the house.

"Well, between twelve and one o'clock I was alarmed by loud screaming. I at first thought I had been dreaming, but when I raised my head from the pillow, I heard the sounds more distinctly, so I drew the bed-clothes over my head, and crept closer to John; but as he also was alarmed, we got up and looked out at the window.

"By this time there were lights flitting about in every direction. Papa and mamma were also up, so we went down to their room to see what was the matter. We soon discovered. The large mastiff had seized a man by the throat, and had almost strangled him. We were afterwards told that the man and his companion had been endeavouring to break into the house, but having been discovered by the dog, it seized him by the throat, and no doubt would soon have killed him, had not Mr. W. speedily come to his assistance."

"It was very Providential, my dear boys, that

the dog happened to be in the house. There is no saying what might have been the result, had they been able to succeed in their attempt."

"Papa was at the examination to-day, Uncle Thomas. He says that there were some deadly weapons found upon the man; that he and his companion, who escaped, are well-known house-breakers, and that one of them was strongly suspected to have been engaged in a murder which was committed some years ago at Meltonwood."

"Oh! Uncle Thomas, if they had attempted to get into our house, we should have been all murdered. We have no mastiff to protect us."

"No, my dear boy, but you need have no fear on that account. You have God for your protector and friend, and as long as He watches over you, you are quite safe. You see how, in the instance you have just told me of, everything tended to the protection of Mr. W. and his family, and the detection and punishment of the wicked men who were attempting to rob and injure them. Some people would call it a 'lucky circumstance' or a 'fortunate chance' that the dog happened to be in the house on the very night on which the attempt

was made. I hope, however, you will look more narrowly into the matter, and you will find, perhaps, that Mr. W.'s visit to the country, his being attended by his dog, his returning too late to have the animal shut up in its usual quarters, and other circumstances of which I am at present ignorant, evince something so like Providential arrangement, that only false philosophy or unthinking carelessness can avoid attributing them to their true cause.

"I know two or three stories about the fidelity of the mastiff, which I will now tell you.

"Not a great many years ago, a lady, who resided in a lonely house in Cheshire, permitted all her domestics, except one female, to go to a supper and dance, at a Christmas merry-making held at an inn about three miles distant, which was kept by the uncle of the girl who remained at home with her mistress. As the servants were not expected to return till the morning, all the doors and windows were, as usual, secured, and the lady and her companion were about to retire to bed, when they were alarmed by the noise of some persons apparently attempting to break into the house.

A large mastiff, which fortunately happened to be in the kitchen, set up a tremendous barking; but this had not the effect of intimidating the robbers.

"After listening attentively for some time, the maid-servant discovered that the robbers were attempting to enter the house, by forcing their way through a hole under the sunk story in the back kitchen or scullery. Being a young woman of courage, she went towards the spot, accompanied by the dog, and patting him on the back, exclaimed, 'At him, Cæsar!' The dog leaped into the hole, made a furious attack upon the intruder, and gave something a violent shake. In a few minutes all became quiet, and the animal returned with his mouth besmeared with blood. A slight bustle was now heard outside of the house, but in a short time all again became still. The lady and servant, too much terrified to think of going to bed, sat up until morning, without further molestation. When day dawned they discovered a quantity of blood on the outside of the wall in the court-yard.

"When her fellow-servants came home, they brought word to the girl that her uncle, the inn-

keeper, had died suddenly of apoplexy during the night, and that it was intended that the funeral should take place in the course of the day. Having obtained leave to go to the funeral, she was surprised to learn, on her arrival, that the coffin was screwed down. She insisted, however, on taking a last look of the body, which was most unwillingly granted; when, to her great surprise and horror, she discovered that his death had been occasioned by a large wound in the throat. The events of the preceding night rushed on her mind, and it soon became evident to her that she had been the innocent and unwilling cause of her uncle's death. It turned out that he and one of his servants had formed the design of robbing the house and murdering the lady during the absence of her servants, but that their wicked design had been frustrated by the courage and watchfulness of her faithful mastiff."

"Why, Uncle Thomas, that was, indeed, providential. The mastiff must be a very faithful watch-dog."

"He is a very excellent watch-dog, Harry, but has one objectionable peculiarity; when kept

closely chained he is apt to become ferocious, and it is then dangerous to approach him. In point o sagacity and fidelity, however, he will yield to none of the race. I will give you another instance.

"At the fine old mansion of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, there is a full-length portrait of Sir Harry Lee, ancestor of the Earl of Lichfield, with a mastiff by his side. Round the picture there is inscribed, 'More faithful than favoured,' of which the following legend is said to afford an explanation.

"In the time of Sir Harry there was a large mastiff which used to guard the house and yard, but which had never received any particular attention from his master. It was therefore retained for its usefulness alone, and not at all as a favourite. One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known before to do, and to his master's astonishment presented himself in his bed-room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out; which being done, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and

howling loudly for admission. The valet was sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his labour of love, or rather providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. At length Sir Harry, weary of opposition, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what the animal wanted. With an affectionate wag of its tail, it deliberately walked across the room, and crawling under the bed, laid itself down, as if desirous to take up its night's lodging there; and to save further trouble, rather than from any partiality for its company, the indulgence was allowed, and Sir Harry retired to rest.

"About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door was opened, and a person was heard stepping stealthily across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot! All was dark; Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet. He attempted to apologise

for his intrusion, but his confused manner, and the importunity of the dog, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the subject to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that his intention was to murder his master and rob the house. The diabolical design was frustrated only by the attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interposition of Divine Providence. How else could the poor animal have known the meditated assassination? How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services, and finally seize a person who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done?"

"That was very strange, Uncle Thomas. I should have expected that the valet would have been a greater favourite with the dog than its master."

"One would have thought so, Frank; but dogs are very observing creatures, and are apt to take dislikes to particular persons. I think it very

likely that the valet was a man of such a dark and forbidding disposition, as prevented the growth of much affection between them.

"I have one other story about the attachment of a dog to its master, which affords such an affecting proof of affectionate fidelity, that I must tell it before we leave this subject. I do not recollect if Mr. Dibdin, who relates the story, mentions whether it was a mastiff or not, but it affords a very good example of such fidelity as is frequently manifested by this fine dog.

"'The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valued friends, had a dog of a most endearing disposition. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe once a month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when he first lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached, which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road, at no great dis-

tance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street-door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom away he ran, and, to a certainty, met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran, or rather flew, home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, he again darted out of the house, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home. I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journeys. The dog, by this time, was also grown old, and became at length quite blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from other persons, and for whom his affection and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman, after a short illness, died. The dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his

utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed its being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a stranger come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, when old and infirm, had worn ribbed stockings for warmth. This gentleman had on stockings of the same kind. The dog, from this resemblance, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but, on further examination, finding his mistake, he retired to a corner, where in a short time he expired."

"I shall always love Mr. W.'s dog, Uncle Thomas, after his courageous protection of his master. I used to be frightened at it sometimes, it growled so fiercely at other dogs which happened to be passing."

"The mastiff is a powerful dog, John, but I do not think it is a fierce one, unless when provoked or made ill-tempered by being closely chained up. Indeed, between it and some of its brethren of less degree, there have sometimes existed the closest

and most disinterested friendship. A farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a large town, had a mastiff, which used to accompany its master's family regularly to church, and was always accompanied by a very small mongrel. In their way to and from the place of worship, they had occasion to pass through the town, in the principal street of which a number of butchers resided, whose dogs were generally very troublesome to all strange curs which happened to pass that way. Every Sunday they were very clamorous when the mastiff and his companion made their appearance, but they never ventured to attack them, probably having had sufficient evidence of the mastiff's strength and courage on some former occasions; the latter, therefore, passed on with a dignified composure, paying no attention to their barking.

"It happened, however, one day, that the mongrel, from some cause or other, embroiled himself with the butchers' dogs, and began to fight with one of them. The mastiff no sooner discovered what was the matter, than he hastened to his friend's assistance. Intimidated by his approach, the butcher's dog scampered off. The mastiff did

not attempt to follow, but seizing the mongrel by the neck, carried him to the end of the town, and then set him down, when they quietly pursued their journey homewards."

"I wonder, Uncle Thomas, if the mongrel was the same kind of dog as an ugly, ill-natured creature which I sometimes see running about and barking so fierce and so ill-natured. It is less than Mr. W.'s mastiff, with a large flat head; its under-jaw rather projects over the other."

"I should think, John, that it is the bull-dog you mean. At least your description of him comes nearer to that dog than to any other I can think of."

"The *bull-dog*, Uncle Thomas? I don't think it is in the least like the dog which I have seen assisting drovers in driving their cattle to market."

"No, John, it is not. The bull-dog takes its name, not from its utility in tending or driving that animal, but for its having been used in the savage and disgusting amusement of bull-baiting, which, though now by common consent banished from England, was by our ancestors reckoned one of the most gratifying and exciting amusements.

"The breed of this savage animal is still kept up by the degraded class of men who take delight in the brutalities of dog-fighting and other cruel and revolting employments, which are sometimes called by the false name of 'Sports.' Its fierceness and courage are the only qualities which the bull-dog has to recommend it. Its sagacity is less than that of most of the other races of dogs; it is susceptible of but little attachment to its master, and can only be employed in deeds of cruelty and ferocity.

"You must excuse me, boys, for speaking so harshly of this dog and of his savage inciters. I never can keep within bounds when I think of such people. The poor dog I cannot blame, it only follows its natural instinct; but I cannot allow its savage masters to escape so easily. Instead of turning its instinct to useful purposes, as, for instance, the capturing or the destruction of wild animals, &c., they turn it loose on a useful and unoffending creature: and for what?—For the base purpose of amusing themselves by its sufferings!"

"We quite agree with you, Uncle Thomas. But are the habits of the animal never turned to useful purposes?"

" Why, boys, very seldom. I do not, however, care to investigate this matter too closely, so I will tell you of a tradition recorded in the history of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem :—

" About the middle of the fifteenth century, a serpent of enormous magnitude made its appearance at the northern extremity of the island of Rhodes. Immense was the havoc which he made in the country ; men, women, children, flocks, herds, beasts of burden, all fell occasionally a prey to his voracity. Several of the knights went upon the adventure to destroy him, but of all who attempted it not one escaped with his life. The grand master of the order found himself therefore under the necessity of prohibiting, under severe penalties, all attempts to destroy the monster, as the bravest knights had fallen sacrifices to his invincible powers.

" Nevertheless humanity and the love of glory impelled a brave knight, Deodati de Gozona by name, a young man of a tender frame of body, but of an elevated and daring spirit, to make one more attempt to free the island from this plague. Justly supposing that the weapons generally used would be insufficient to overcome such a formidable

foe, he adopted the following measures:—He procured an artificial serpent to be made by skilful artists, and in every respect resembling that which ravaged Rhodes; he then provided himself with twelve bull-dogs of the true breed, which he every day set upon the artificial serpent, to which, by certain means, he communicated motions similar to those of the living monster.

"After having exercised his dogs for two years in this manner, Gozona set out one morning upon his hazardous adventure. Mounted upon an excellent, well-caparisoned steed, armed with a sharp-pointed lance, and attended by his twelve dogs, he rode straightway to the den of the serpent.

"Alarmed by the noise of his approach, the serpent awoke, left his den, destroyed at the first attack five of the dogs, and reared to strike the knight himself. Gozona, undaunted, couched his lance, and aimed his stroke so well, that he inflicted a severe wound upon its face. Indignant at such an attack, and wounded for the first time in its life, the reptile, irritated to the utmost degree of fury, hissed dreadfully, and, rearing his formidable length in a perpendicular position, appeared like a tall beech stripped of its branches.

"The knight's horse, struck with terror, reared, plunged, threw his rider, and fled. The serpent now made a dart at Gozona, who dexterously avoided his stroke. At the same moment the remaining seven dogs flew at the monster, which was still in an erect posture, and tore his flesh on every side. The knight meanwhile gave him many severe wounds in his head and belly with his lance.

"During three whole hours Gozona fought on foot,—his fate seemed inevitable,—he was determined, however, to sell his life as dearly as possible. His strength was just failing him, and he must have fallen a victim in the unequal contest, had not the courage and agility of one of his dogs, which bore the name of Dreadnought, saved him. As the serpent reared himself to strike at Deodati, against whom its attacks were chiefly directed, the courageous dog sprang at his throat, laid firm hold of it with his teeth, and thus remained hanging upon it with the whole weight of his body.

"Deodati seized the favourable moment, summoned up all his remaining strength, and, grasping his lance with both hands, plunged it into the

"The courageous dog sprang at its throat, laid firm hold of it with his teeth, and thus remained hanging upon it with the whole weight of his body."

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monster's jaws till it entered his lungs, then drawing his sword, of which he had made no use in the former part of the combat, achieved his final destruction with many heavy strokes.

"The victor received the appellation of the Rhodian Hercules; but he, whose modesty was equal to his valour, declared, that without the aid of his dog Dreadnought he must have perished in the combat. The dog was afterwards led in triumph through the Island of Rhodes, the skin of the serpent being carried before him, and heralds proclaiming,—'This is Dreadnought, the Preserver of the Knight, and the Conqueror of the Serpent!'"

"That was turning the dog to good purpose, was it not, Uncle Thomas?"

"Yes, it was, boys; but you must recollect that that is merely a legend, not an authentic story. For one such, in which the instinct and powers of the animal were turned to a good and legitimate account, I could tell you a dozen embodying only cruelty and wrong. I have told you a great many stories about dogs, some of them wonderful enough, and requiring a good deal of faith in the narrator before they can be fully believed; but I fear, be-

fore I begin what I am going to tell you, it will not be believed. It is on record that a brute—excuse me, boys—once wagered that his dog would return to the attack of a bull, even after each of his feet had been cut off, one after the other!"

"Shocking! Uncle Thomas. And did he actually put it in practice?"

"Ah! boys, to what depths of infamy will not such miscreants descend? He *did* try it, and, it is said, actually won his wager; for, after the last foot was struck off, the animal attempted to spring upon the bull!

"These are shocking deeds, boys. I am sure none of you will ever be guilty of such cruelty. I must change the subject, however; it is too painful. I will tell you a story about a French dog. Caniche, however, was not a bull-dog.

"One day when M. Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, Paris, was walking on the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When they had proceeded some

distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin, which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The gentleman, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and, on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his trousers, than they were seized by the dog. The owner, conceiving he wanted to play with them, took them away again.

The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that he wanted to go out. Caniche instantly snatched up the trousers, and away he flew. The stranger posted after him with his night-cap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of double Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. 'Sir,' said the master, 'my dog is a very faithful creature, and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you.' The traveller became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other, smiling; 'without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you.' The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and

could not forbear caressing the dog, which had given him so much uneasiness, and such an unpleasant chase."

"Ha! ha! Uncle Thomas, I think the traveller would be rather astonished when he saw the dog running down stairs with his trousers."

"He would indeed, Frank. But come, I never like to part with you without telling you something that will touch the heart. I don't know a more beautiful or more affecting instance of the fidelity of the dog than one which has been embalmed in the immortal strains of the mighty minstrel of the North, Sir Walter Scott, in a poem entitled 'Hellvellyn.'

"In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountains of Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

"I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wand'rer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian alone stretched before him,—
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tap'stry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

"I will now bid you good night, boys. I am going into the country to-morrow, and I always like to start early, and enjoy the fresh beauties of nature. When I return, I shall be happy to see you again. I think I have pretty well exhausted my 'STORIES ABOUT DOGS,' and on our next meeting I mean to tell you some 'TALES ABOUT THE INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS,' without confining ourselves to any particular race. I have got some nice tales in store for you, boys. I almost long to begin."

"So do we to hear you, Uncle Thomas! It is so kind in you to tell us so many delightful stories. We shall think every week an age till we see you again.

"Well, boys, I am glad to hear that you have been entertained, because I have tried to amuse you, and no one likes to fail in what he undertakes. But in all the stories I have told you, I have wished to impress on your minds—rather by implication than by direct precept—the goodness and greatness of the Creator, and his constant and unceasing care over those who put their trust in him. You remember what the Psalmist says, 'He who planted the ear, shall he not hear? and he who formed the eye, shall he not see?' Before I bid you good bye, boys, I will just give you two words of advice; 'AVOID EVIL: SEEK AFTER THAT WHICH IS GOOD.' 'REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.' Good bye!"

"Good bye, Uncle Thomas. I hope we shall soon meet again!"

THE END.

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