

STORIES
ABOUT
ANIMALS



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STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS
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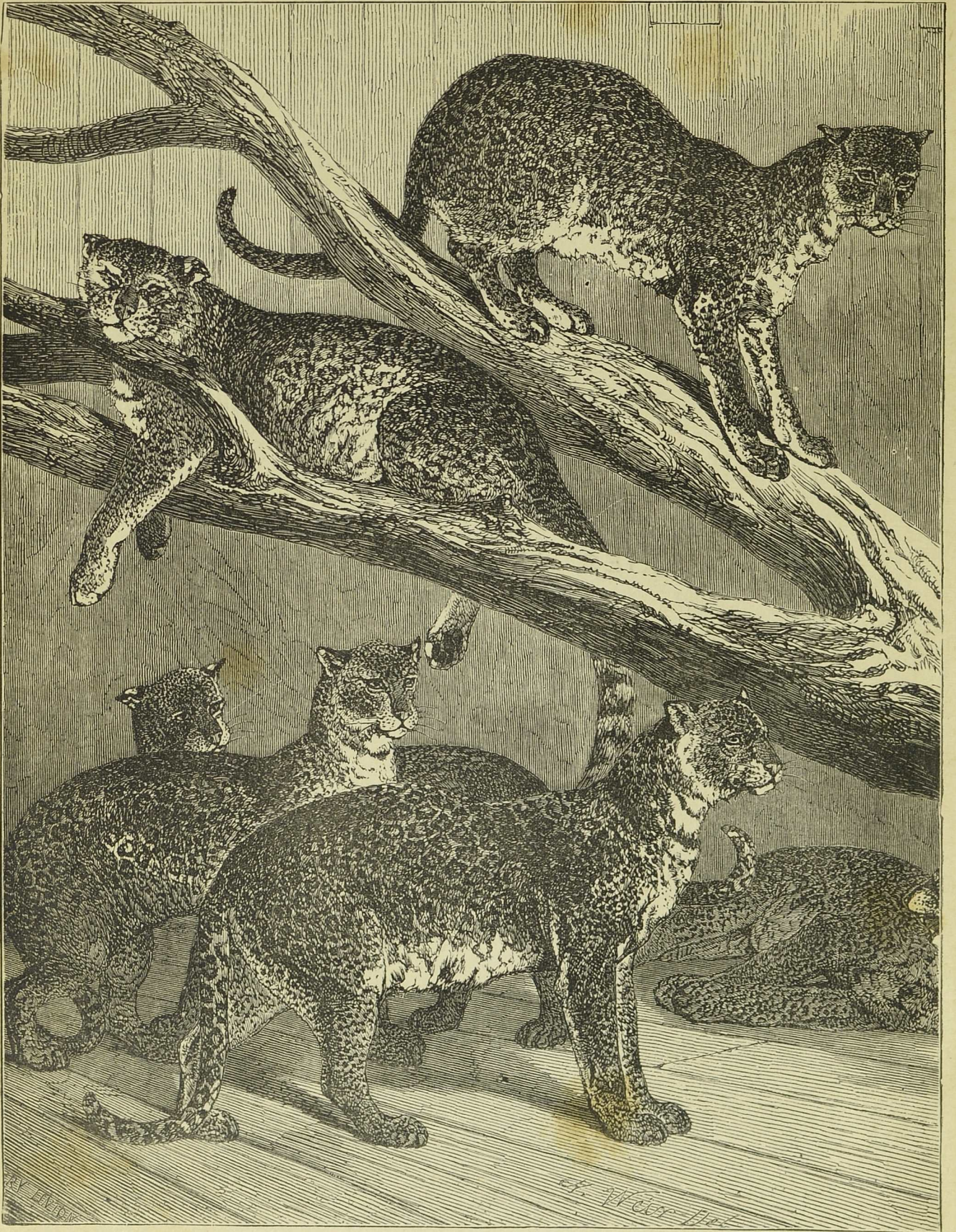
Wm. A. Gurney,

from his mother,

Jan. 1882.

not in O.C.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.



LEOPARDS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

STORIES
ABOUT
ANIMALS.

BY

THOMAS JACKSON, M.A.,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

Fourth Edition.

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STORIES

BOOK

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STORIES

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CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO.

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TO HIS

Eleven Little Grandchildren,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

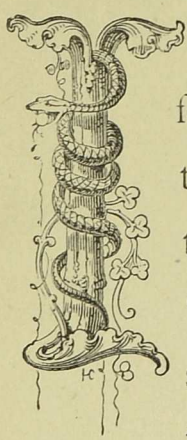
BY

THE AUTHOR.

THE RECTORY,
STOKE NEWINGTON.

“ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it. ‘AND WHAT IS THE USE OF A BOOK,’ thought Alice, ‘WITHOUT PICTURES OR CONVERSATIONS?’”—ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

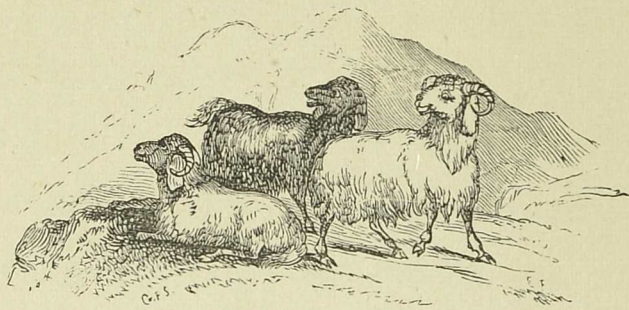
INTRODUCTORY.



T is observable that little children may be often kept quiet for a long time if amusing and interesting stories are told to them. Sometimes they hear tales about "Alice and the Wonderland;" sometimes they are told to climb with "Jack of the Beanstalk." Why should not their understanding be opened, and their imagination regaled, by dog tales and cat tales, and pig tales, and all sorts of short stories, in the plainest possible English, about animals, some of them pets and playmates, and others the objects of admiration or terror? Animals are a sort of parable, by which we may learn the character of man. They seem even to have the same tendency to moral corruption, while they not unfrequently manifest the rudiments of courage, patience, self-denial, constancy, and other forms of virtue. Amply will the writer be rewarded if the weary hours to a sick child in a nursery be beguiled, and its fretfulness alleviated, by these

simple stories, and the splendid illustrations which accompany them. And though generally a drowsy reader pays his author a poor compliment, the writer will rejoice to hear, that some little sufferer has fallen fast asleep over his narratives, and been landed in a paradise of dreams, where the song-birds warble all day long, and the trees bear twelve manner of fruits. So go forth, little book!

THE RECTORY,
STOKE NEWINGTON.



CONTENTS.

CONVERSATION I.

	PAGE
The Dog—The Matin Dog—Shepherd's Dog—Newfoundland Dog—Spaniels—Dalmatian Dog— Foxhound—Terrier—Mastiff—Dogs of St. Bernard—Bloodhound—Greyhound	13

CONVERSATION II.

The Dog—Pomeranian Dog—Esquimaux—Dog who played the Piano—The Doctor's Dog and the Cat—The Cat's story about her Kittens	36
---	----

CONVERSATION III.

Wild Cats—Chetah in Ceylon—Tigers—Tiger and the Umbrella—Tiger Hunt—The Dog who discovered his Master's Murderer—Monkey—Jackal—Leopard—Jaguar—Lynx—Caracal	48
---	----

CONVERSATION IV.

Hyæna—Turkish Cemetery—Lion—Lion Hunt—Androcles and the Lion—Horse and Pony— Elephant—Elephant in War—Elephant Building—Tapir	69
--	----

CONVERSATION V.

Hippopotamus—Rhinoceros—Elephant and Rhinoceros	84
---	----

CONVERSATION VI.

Bears—Dancing Bears—Bear Hunting—Ceremonies in North America—"Bruin" on board H.M.S. "Lord Warden"	90
---	----

CONVERSATION VII.

Wolves—Wolf caught in a Trap—Spanish Wolf—Dog eaten by Wolves—Wolverine	101
---	-----

CONVERSATION VIII.

Fox—Food of the Fox—its Smell—Badger—Opossum eating a Squirrel—Opossum in the Fowl- yard—"Possuming"	112
---	-----

CONVERSATION IX.

Kangaroo Hunt—Jerboa—Weasels—Kite and Weasel—Ermines and Stoats—A tame Weasel made a Pet	121
---	-----

CONVERSATION X.		PAGE
Otter catching Fish—Tame Otters—Beavers—Their teeth, houses, and the way in which the Indians hunt them		131
CONVERSATION XI.		
Monkeys—Gorillas		138
CONVERSATION XII.		
Varieties of Sheep—Sheep on board ship—Sheep-shearing—Goats—Use of Goats—Llamas— Mouflon—Chamois		146
CONVERSATION XIII.		
The Alpine Pastures—Home-coming of the Cattle—Varieties of the Cattle—Brahmin Cow— Buffaloes—Bisons—Wild Cattle—Zebus—Yaks—Butter and Cheese		161
CONVERSATION XIV.		
Hedge-hog—Wild Boars—Pigs—Stags—Roebuck—Reindeer—Extract from Thomson's "Seasons"—Elks—Phacochere—Harnessed Antelope—Eland—Nylghau—Ibex—Peccaries .		180
CONVERSATION XV.		
Camel—Dromedary—Giraffe		200
CONVERSATION XVI.		
Wild Horses—Mode of catching them—Horses of Tartary—Arab Horses—Shetland Ponies— Donkeys—Mules—Zebras—Wild Asses—Russian Ponies—Varieties of English Horses— Quaggas		210
CONVERSATION XVII.		
Rabbits and Hares		232
CONVERSATION XVIII.		
Mice—Rats—Armadillo		241

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



	PAGE		PAGE
Leopards in the Zoological Gardens	<i>Frontispiece</i>	Barbary Lion	72
Matin Dog	14	Lion	73
Shepherd's, or Collie Dog	15	Lion and its Prey	75
Newfoundland Dog	18	Indian Elephant	77
Spaniels	19	African Elephant	81
Vampire Bat	23	American Tapir	83
Dalmatian Dog	24	Hippopotamus	85
Foxhound	25	Rhinoceros	86
Scotch Terrier	27	Indian Rhinoceros	87
Water Spaniel	28	Brown Bear	91
Mastiff	29	Sloth Bear	92
Dogs of St. Bernard	31	Syrian Bear	93
Bloodhound	32	A Brown Bear at Home	95
Grecian Greyhounds	33	Bear and Antelope	97
Pomeranian Dog	36	Polar Bears	98
Bull-Dog	37	Bear at the Zoological Gardens	99
Poodle	39	Wolves attacking Wild Horses	102
Thibet Dog	40	The Wolf	103
Mastiff of Thibet	41	Wolves attacking Sheep	105
Greyhound	43	Wolf searching for Food	105
Bull Terrier	43	French Wolves	106
Deerhound	45	Spanish Wolf	107
Danish Dogs	46	Wolverine, or Glutton	109
Wild Cat	48	Marten	110
Domestic Cats	49	A Fox on the out-look	113
Chetah, or Hunting Cat	52	Silver Fox	114
Bengal Tiger	53	Red Fox	115
A Tiger Hunt	55	Blue Fox	116
Civet	56	Badgers	117
Genet	57	Opossum	119
Jackal	60	Kangaroo	122
Jaguar	61	A Kangaroo Hunt	123
Panther	63	Jerboas	125
Leopard	64	Weasel	127
Striped Leopard	65	Skunk	127
European Lynx	67	Ermines in Summer	128
Hyenas	71	Ermines in Winter	129

	PAGE		PAGE
Otters	133	Harnessed Antelope	192
Beaver	135	Gems-boc, or Kookaam	193
Gorilla	138	Eland	194
Monkeys at Home	141	Nylghaus	195
Chimpanzee	142	Ibex	196
Ourang-outang	143	Peccaries	197
White-nosed Monkey	144	Bactrian Camel	201
Southdown Sheep	146	Dromedary	203
Cotswold Sheep	147	Dromedary in the Desert	205
French Sheep	148	Giraffe, or Camelopard	207
Aubrace Sheep	149	Giraffe Feeding	208
Syrian, or Fat-tailed Sheep	150	Lassoing Wild Horses in America	211
Merino Sheep	151	Horses of the Steppes of Tartary	212
Angora Goats	153	Arab Horse	213
Wool-bearing Goat	154	English Race-horse	214
The Aoudad Goat	155	Shetland Ponies	215
Llamas	156	Ass	216
Mouflon	157	Mule	217
Guanaco	158	Zebras	219
Chamois	159	Wild Asses	220
Wild Ox	163	Russian Ponies	221
Short-horn Cow	165	English Dray Horse	223
Brahmin Cow	166	Cleveland Short-legged Horse	225
Cape Buffalo	167	The Suffolk Punch	226
American Bison, or Buffalo	169	Covert Hack Horse	227
Long-horned Bull	170	Horse-breaking—"Lunging"	228
Scottish Bull	171	Quagga	229
Zebus	173	A Rabbit Burrow	233
Yak	175	Domestic Rabbits	234
Hedge-hog	180	Rabbit	236
Essex Boar	181	Hare	237
Chinese Pigs	182	Hares at play	239
Berkshire Hog	183	Domestic Mice	242
Wild Boars	184	The Nest of the Harvest Mice	243
Stag	185	Shrew Mice	244
Roebuck	186	A Rat	245
Reindeer	187	Musk Rat	247
Abyssinian Phacochere	191	Armadillo	253



STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

CONVERSATION I.

[*Scene: the Rectory Drawing-room. A number of little children seated, some on the hearth-rug, and some on low stools—namely, among others, Tom, a lover of kittens; Arthur, an admirer of puppies; Mary, who walks through the streets on market-days and is not frightened at the cows, but would rather like to stop and talk with the calves.*]

DOGS—THE MATIN DOG—SHEPHERD'S DOG—NEWFOUNDLAND DOG—SPANIELS—DALMATIAN DOG—FOXHOUND—TERRIER—MASTIFF—DOGS OF ST. BERNARD—BLOODHOUND—GREYHOUND.

Tom. Dear grandfather, do tell us a story.

Grandfather. You little animals, only promise to sit still and be good, and I will tell you twenty.

Arthur, Tom, all. We are not animals. We are your little grandchildren. Animals indeed!

G. But indeed you are all animals, whether you know it or not. You can walk or crawl; you live by eating food; you feel when anybody hurts you; you laugh and smile when you are pleased; you show signs of anger. In these and many other things, you are like horses, and cows, and cats, and other animals; so that you should never tease or hurt them.

Tom. I never saw a dog laugh or smile.

Mary. I fancy our Vido used to smile. At any rate, he wagged his tail when he was pleased.

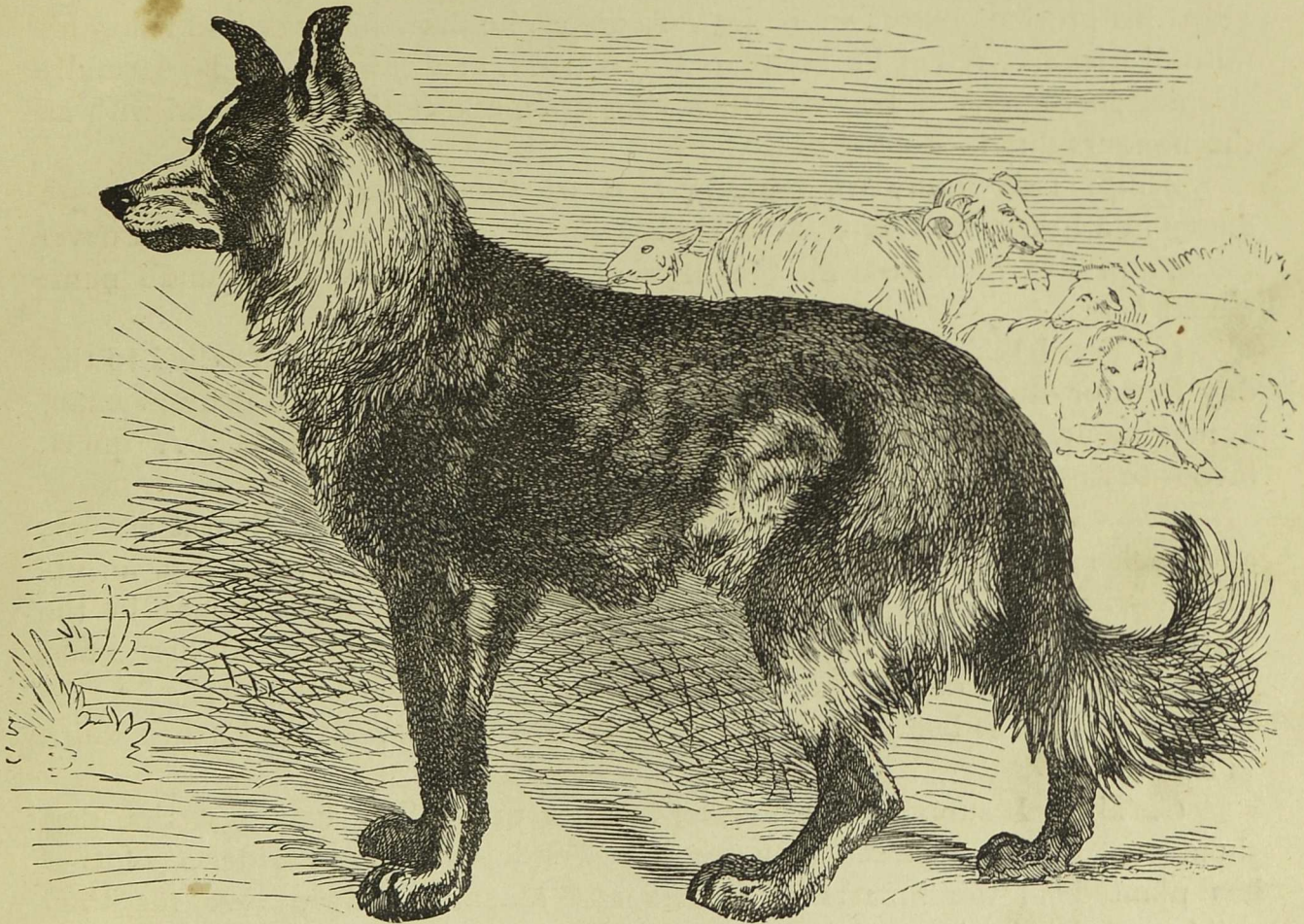
G. My father had a dog—an old ugly dog, perhaps as ugly a dog as ever was seen. To some his ugliness would form his beauty. When the good old man was in his last illness, this dog showed great signs of distress and trouble; he moped about the house, and hid himself in corners, as much as to say, “I’ll give as little trouble as possible, for my young mistresses have trouble



THE MATIN DOG.

enough up-stairs.” In this, darlings, he taught every one of you a healthy lesson. When the people of Athens, more than two thousand years ago, were forced to leave the grand old town and embark in ships, Plutarch tells us that the dogs and cats, and cocks and hens, plainly showed that in some way they felt for their masters, escaping from the tyranny of the Persian hosts. The fowls gave forth sorrowful notes, and the dogs howled all over the city. One

dog belonged to a man called Xantippus, and no sooner did the vessel in which his master sailed push from the shore, than the faithful animal, who had been left behind, jumped into the sea and swam by the side of the ship until he reached the Island of Salamis, where, quite worn out, he fell down



THE SHEPHERD'S, OR COLLIE DOG.

and died. The people buried him as if he had been a man, and the lands near to his grave were called, even six hundred years afterwards, "The hound's burying-place."

There is a beautiful story told about a dog that lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago in the north of Wales. His master one day, in some strange manner, told him that he was to take care of a baby in a cradle, covered with a blanket or rug. Soon after, the master went out, and a big wolf came

prowling into the house, and sniffed the presence of the baby. The dog seized the wolf by the throat, and would not let him go until the wolf fell down dead. The blanket was covered with blood, and underneath it lay the grim wolf; by-and-by the master came home, and the dog received him with signs of great joy. The master seeing the blood, thought the dog had killed his precious baby; so, being very angry, he drew his sword and slew his faithful friend. When he found out the truth, and saw his child peacefully sleeping in the cradle, he was struck with grief, and buried his hound with all the honours due to a good dog.

Mary. This shows us, grandie, that we should be careful not to get angry in a hurry, for fear that we should do some deed which we could never undo, and live in sorrow all the days of our life. Was the hound's name Gelert?

G. Yes, I believe so; and the place where he was buried is called to this day Beth or Bed-Gelert. Now for another dog story. A kind gentlewoman, a neighbour of mine, sends me in the *Times* every morning. A queer, favourite dog of hers always brings it in his mouth.

Johnnie. Yes, and in dirty weather a nice mess it is in when it arrives; and cook says that when she puts it before the kitchen fire to dry, an old tortoise-shell cat, who snores in her sleep, and generally snoozes in the warmest corner by the fender, rouses herself up, stiffens her tail, hisses and growls, and shows other signs of uneasiness, because she smells "*dog*."

Tom. That is because she has some kittens underneath the kitchen stairs, in a box.

G. Then I suppose her mother-instinct makes her fear lest the dog should eat up her babies. You see how wonderfully the providence of God has planted in the breasts of fathers and mothers a deep love for their children. Arthur, my boy, why does not father take hold of your arm and put you out at the front door, and say, "Go away, little boy, I can't feed you any longer?"

Arthur. [*Surprised and almost ready to cry at such a thought.*] Because he loves me—because I am his own little boy.

G. Well, I do not believe that anybody could give a better reason. But if he is so kind to you, you ought to be obedient and good to him. But though our tortoise-shell spits at dogs, sometimes dogs and cats live together in the most loving way. There is a doctor in this parish who has a

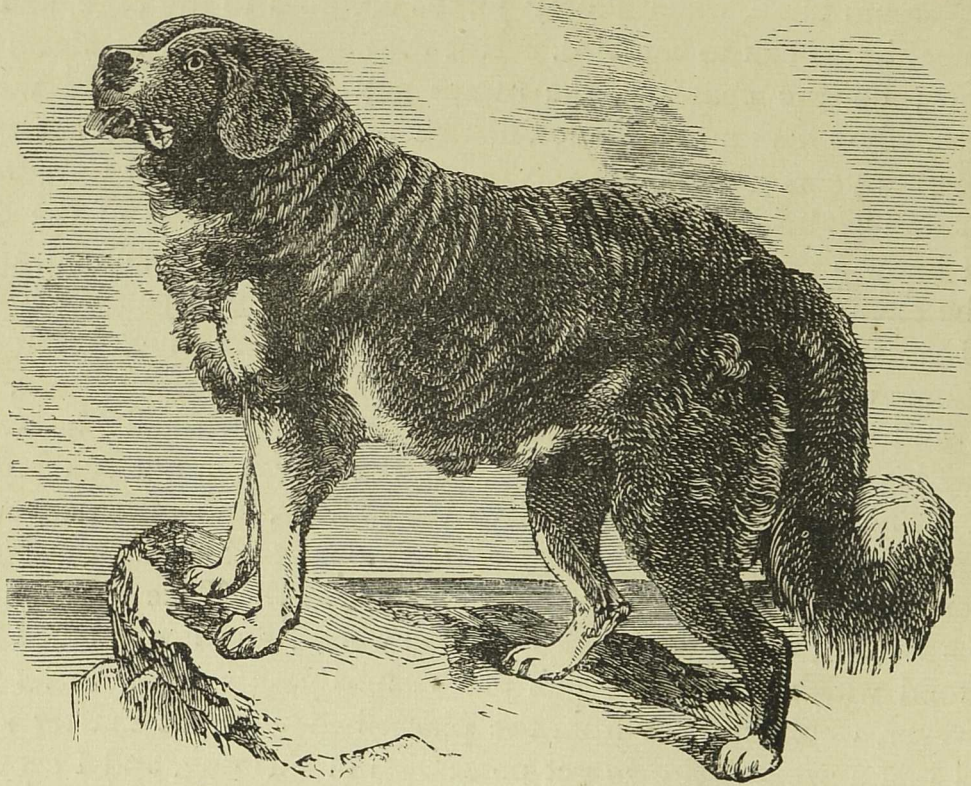
great mastiff, and his chief companion and friend is a large cat ; he is never so happy and comfortable as when the cat is curled up beside him in his kennel.

Mary. Yes, and sometimes dogs and birds form strange friendships. I have heard of a goose who, when she was going to lay an egg, always went to the far end of the kennel of the stable-yard dog. And papa took me the other day to see a lady who has some very tame canaries ; she has also a beautiful little flossy dog. Sometimes the cage of a canary will be put on the dining-room table, when Flossy jumps up, goes to the cage, and puts his nose as near as he can to the bird. Not the slightest sign of alarm does the bird show ; on the contrary, she comes and pecks in a mild way at the dog's nose, who offers no resistance, neither does he attempt to get away.

G. Some years ago a book was published by the Earl of Carnarvon upon Portugal and Galicia. The writer praises the faithfulness of the dog. He says : " I know a remarkable instance of the fidelity of this animal, and I hope I shall be excused if I relate it. Some years ago I was passing through the city of Lyons, and was informed that the people were much interested by a circumstance relating to a dog. The dog's master, for some offence, had been arrested and carried before the authorities at the town-hall ; he was accompanied by his dog, a very fine animal, but the dog was not suffered to enter the hall. The man was condemned to the galleys, and taken out at another door to prison. The dog remained at the door at which his master entered, and no entreaties or force could make him leave the place. When I arrived at Lyons the dog had been there for three weeks, and it continued to subsist on the food which the compassion of the inhabitants threw in its way ; the dog, however, would not stir from the place, believing his master still to be there. I had a great desire to get possession of this dog, and I sent a person to endeavour to entice him away. The attempt was of no use—the dog would not follow ; and when the man, in his zeal to execute his task, tried to bring him away by force, his hand was severely bitten."

The following interesting stories have been forwarded to me by some members of the family of Mr. Alderman Cotton, of Theobald's Park, Hertfordshire. I think they will please you very much. "Gyp, a large, black, curly dog, was crossing the bridge over the Regent's Canal, near Maida Hill, with his master, who stopped for a moment to watch the proceedings of a puppy, which some men were vainly attempting to coax into the water ; getting impatient, they at last threw the puppy into the canal for a bath. Gyp, with

fore feet on the parapet of the bridge, watched intently. At last she could bear it no longer, but springing from the bridge, she swam up close to the puppy, and with jaws extended to catch it should it sink, she guided the poor, bewildered little animal to the bank. Gyp used to drink tea and coffee; her greatest treat was a lump of sugar or a nut, which she would crack most carefully, contriving to drop all the shell, and evidently enjoying the kernel.



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

“We had another dog, Turpin, a sort of spaniel, I think, though it would, perhaps, scarcely deserve that name. I know we used to congratulate ourselves that we should never lose him, for no one would pick him up, he was too ugly. Turpin was our one playfellow. We used to dress him up in all sorts of costumes. We taught him to play ‘hare and hounds;’ there never was a better hare—he would keep us in full chase for an hour, doubling and turning, and then springing on us from unlooked-for corners, and evidently enjoying the game as much as we.

“ We taught him to eat all sorts of things ; sugar he was very fond of, and many a time has he been caught gravely lying by the nursery fire, while the nearly-emptied sugar basin and his own be-sugared jaws have betrayed the would-be innocent. His fondness for salad was amusing ; he has been known to pull up the radishes in the garden for his own eating. He never stole



SPANIELS.

meat, but he seldom passed a greengrocer's shop without stealing something. On one occasion he brought home an immense bunch of grapes, which he was carefully carrying by the stalk, intending, doubtless, a private feast. Turpin's great antipathy was a broom. I think he and the housemaid frequently disagreed ; if ever he found one on the floor, he would growl, spring at it, and, if not prevented, drag it about till he got the hairs out.

“ Pearl remembers the boys when they come home for their holidays, and makes a great fuss ; though, after the one greeting, she takes no more notice of

them. She likes driving, and will occasionally take her seat in the carriage before any one else, as a hint she wishes a drive. Daisy is always most anxious to go to bed; yet, though she will look frequently and most impatiently at her master, she will not attempt to follow the other members of the family as they retire one after another, but will wait till her master says 'Good night,' when, although often seemingly asleep, she will suddenly spring up and follow him.

"A collie dog belonging to a friend of mine has a keen appreciation of the 'harmony of sweet sounds.' He will lie on the hearthrug listening intently to the piano, and occasionally, as some part seems to him more beautiful than another, you can see his ears move, and he edges himself near to the performer. I have noticed he seems to prefer sweet, soft music. This dog is very intelligent, knows the time of his master's return, and gets his slippers ready for him every night. I have seen a cat manifest great curiosity, and even anxiety, at the sound of whistling. It was seated on its master's shoulder, a place it particularly affects, when he began to whistle. Pussy seemed much surprised, got up, looked all round him, mewed, as though intreating every one to see what was the matter with her master, and finally, mounting his shoulder again, gazed long and anxiously down his throat to see whence the noise proceeded.

"Mrs. Cotton thinks an anecdote of a horse might be useful. Alderman Sydney had a horse stolen; it had been brought up on the place, and was a great favourite. Information was at last obtained as to its whereabouts. It had been sold by the thief to a farmer near Bristol. The coachman said to the farmer, before entering the stable where the horse was, 'I don't want to see him; if he is the one I seek, loose his head, and when he hears my voice he will come to me.' No sooner was the horse free than he trotted up to the man and rubbed his head affectionately against his sleeve. Of course, it was clearly proved to be his.

"Bizzie belonged to a bachelor uncle, who died when staying with us. During the last days of his illness and those which preceded the funeral, we had great difficulty in keeping the dog from the room where my poor uncle lay. At last we thought of giving him a coat his master had worn. This plan succeeded; for days the dog lay on the coat, would scarcely leave it for food even. Then suddenly he seemed to transfer his allegiance to my brother, my uncle's favourite. For a long time he seemed to have the

greatest antipathy to women, being used to a bachelor's establishment, I suppose, but now views us with more favour."

G. In "Cassell's Popular Natural History" there are some beautiful stories told by the Ettrick Shepherd about a shepherd's dog which he once had, called Sirrah. Let me read them to you. The Ettrick Shepherd's name was James Hogg. Now listen: "My dog Sirrah was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He had a somewhat surly and unsocial temper, disdainng all flattery, and refusing to be caressed; but his attention to my commands and interest will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him with a rope. He was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal; for he was almost black and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. I thought I perceived a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance, and I bought him. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions; and when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it."

This dog, though of a sullen disposition, managed a flock with extraordinary skill. On one occasion, about seven hundred lambs, which were under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd, in much sorrow, "my man, they're a' awa'." The night was so dark that he could not see his dog, but no sooner did Sirrah hear these words, than he quietly set off in search of the lambs.

The shepherd and the lad did, meanwhile, what they could, and spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around, but of neither the flock nor the dog could they find a trace. "It was," says Hogg, "the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of pastoral life. As day had dawned, we had nothing for it but to return to our master, and tell 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, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still true to his charge.

"The sun was then up; and, when we first came in view of them, we con-

cluded it was one of the divisions of the lambs that Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation. 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 my 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 have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

Mary. Did you not tell me one day, grandfather, that geese sometimes showed a great love for men?

G. My clever and observant old acquaintance the late Bishop Stanley collected several stories about geese taking a strong fancy to men. Pliny says that a person named Lacydes had a goose which loved him so much that it would never leave him by night or day; wherever he went, the goose was his companion; if he went abroad and walked in the public streets, the bird followed him, and in his own house always forced itself into his presence. The philosopher, struck with this constant and strange attachment, seems to have considered it as in some way or other connected with religious feelings, and, accordingly, when at last it died, he was at the expense of bestowing on it a grand funeral.

Bishop Stanley also tells the following story. "A goose, a year old, formed an attachment to a person in Elgin, and would follow him any distance, even through the crowd and bustle of the main street. One day, when going down this street, its master went into a hairdresser's shop to be shaved, whereupon the bird waited patiently till the operation was finished, and then accompanied him to the house of a friend, after which it proceeded home with him. Change of dress seemed to make no difference in the bird's powers of distinguishing its master, for in whatever dress he appeared, the goose recognised him; and whenever he spoke, it responded by a cry expressive of satisfaction."

Bishop Stanley tells another good story about a German gander, who took a great liking to an old woman who was as blind as a bat.

Johnnie. Are bats really blind? One day the old sexton showed me a bat quietly sleeping in the day-time behind some thick ivy, growing on a wall of the churchyard. He said the bird is a night-bird, that cannot see much

in the day-time ; but in the night he sees plainly enough, and goes about hunting for his supper and breakfast. If he can see to hunt, surely he is not blind.

G. Well done, Johnnie! If you go on like that, some day you may



VAMPIRE BAT.

grow into a great man like Mr. Frank Buckland, who knows so much about salmon and pike, and queer jelly-fishes with hard names, and river-horses, and really I don't know what. But now let us go on with the story about the old blind German woman. She used to be led every Sunday to church by a gander. Why the gander liked her so much nobody could tell ; perhaps

the old woman fed the bird with tit-bits provided for her own breakfast and dinner.

Mary. I dare say that was the reason, for our cats and dogs all like cook, who has nice little morsels, and gives them to the poor animals.

G. While service was going on, the gander retired into the churchyard, pecking at the long grass, and biting at the tender shoots; when the service



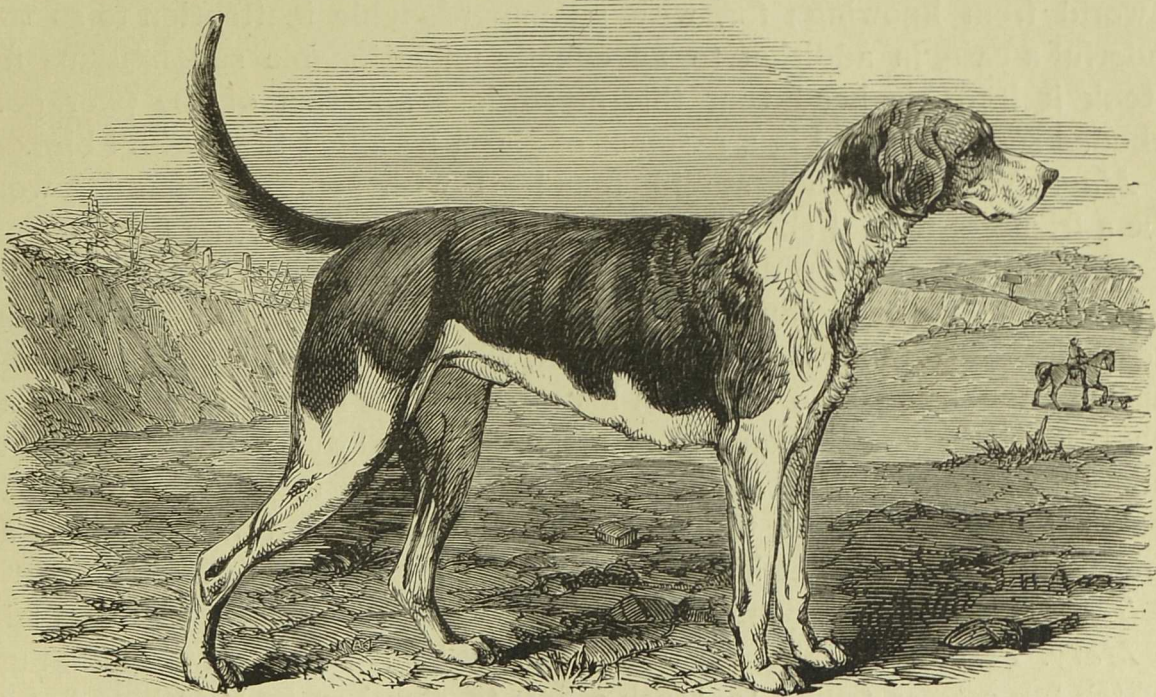
DALMATIAN, OR COACH DOG.

was over, the gander led the old woman home. One day the parson of the parish called at the house where she lived, saying to her daughter he wondered why she let her go out by herself. "Oh, sir," answered the daughter, "we are not afraid of trusting her out of sight, for our old gander is with her."

Now Bishop Stanley says he should not have believed this story unless he had another tale to tell, about the truth of which he was quite positive. Now, children, listen! A farmer had a flock of geese, one of which, at the end of about three years, began to show a peculiar love for its master. It

first appeared on the bird's quitting its companions in the barn-yard or pond, and stalking after him. In a short time, wherever the farmer went—whether to the mill or the blacksmith's shop, or through the bustling streets of a neighbouring manufacturing town—the goose was at his heels. So perseveringly did it follow his steps, that if he wished to go out alone, he was under the necessity of fastening up the bird.

The farmer was in the habit of holding his own plough, and on those



FOXHOUND.

occasions, the goose as regularly passed the day in the ploughing-field, walking sedately—not with the usual waddling gait of its fellow geese, but with a firm step, head elevated, and neck erect—a short way before him, in the line of the furrows, frequently turning round and fixing its eyes intently on him. When the length of one furrow was accomplished, and the plough turned, the goose, without losing its step, adroitly wheeled about, and thus continued its attendance till the evening, and then followed its master home; and, if permitted, would mount upon his lap as he sat by the fire after dark,

showing the strongest signs of affection, and nestling its head in his bosom, or pressing the hair of his head with its beak as it was wont to do its own feathers. Sometimes the farmer would go out shooting, and no sooner had he shouldered his gun, than his companion was at its post, following him as before; in spite of every obstacle, "getting over," to use the man's own words, "the fences as well as I could myself." All this, it should be observed, continued, not only without any encouragement on the part of the farmer, but even in spite of every discouragement on his part. How long it would have continued, or to what extent, we lament to add, he effectually prevented the world from knowing; for, with an unpardonable inattention to so truly wonderful a case, in addition to an equally unpardonable superstitious fear, he took it into his head that this mysterious affection of the poor goose foreboded some evil, and in a moment of alarm he killed the faithful bird.

Mary. What a cruel, stupid man! I wish some old gander would make a friend of me. I should rather enjoy it. Wouldn't it be fun?

G. Now for another dog tale. Our worthy churchwarden has a large mastiff, named Smut, because he has a black mark on his nose, as if he had poked it into a chimney. Now this beast, when he hears the postman knock, jumps up, and brings the letters in his mouth to his master or mistress; and when his master comes home from his professional duties in the city, in the evening, Smut fetches his slippers, and carries them in his mouth, marches three or four times round the table, looking quite proud over his task, and then quietly places them at his master's feet.

Johnnie. I should very much like to know how they taught him that trick.

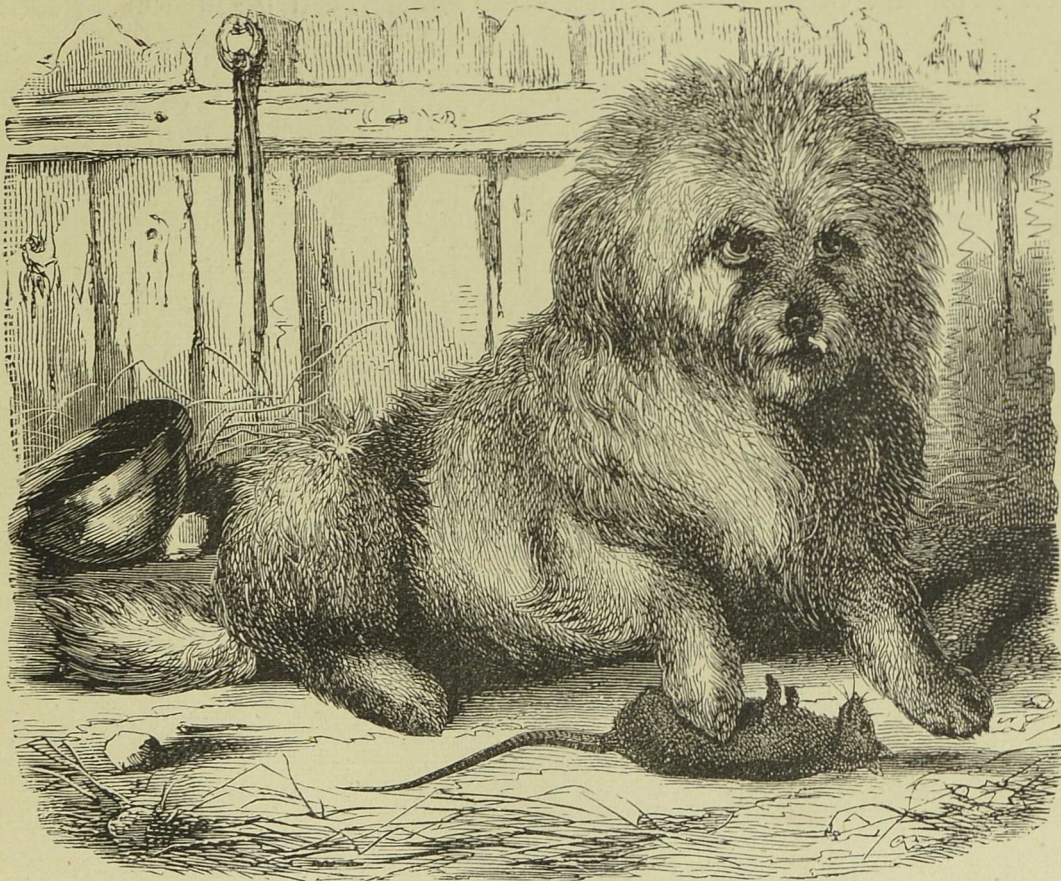
Mary. Perhaps he taught it to himself, for I have heard of a cat that used to watch her master trying to teach a dog to stand on its hind legs, but the dog either could not or would not learn. At length the cat came up and showed him the way by sitting on her own hind legs. Dogs and cats often do curious things without having been taught at all.

G. Dr. MacGhee, a famous Irish clergyman, had a very fine large mastiff. He was very fond of all kinds of animals, and used to delight in teaching them tricks, like a man who broke in a team of pigs, harnessed them to a light carriage, and drove them some miles to market. He taught this big dog to jump on to his lap, and put his paws on his head and shoulders, when he said the words, "Who ought to be the Archbishop of Canterbury?" which made all his friends laugh very much.

Margaret. What do you mean by the Archbishop of Canterbury?

G. Why, he is the chief clergyman of the Church of England. I cannot tell you more about him now; but when you grow older, you will learn to respect and love him.

Mary. I suppose the Archbishop of Canterbury was something the same as Dr. Stanley, when he was Bishop of Norwich?



THE SCOTCH TERRIER.

G. An archbishop is a step higher than a bishop.

Mary. I like Dr. Stanley's stories. I wish you'd read us another.

G. Well, listen. A Canada goose liked a house dog very much, and would never quit his kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run to the person at whom she supposed the dog was

barking, trying to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this was not allowed by the dog, who treated his faithful friend with as much indifference as the farmer before mentioned. The goose would never go to roost at night with her natural companions, unless driven by main force; and when, in the morning, she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of her favourite. At last orders were given that she should be no longer molested,



THE WATER SPANIEL.

but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked. Being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all the night; and whenever the dog went out of the yard, and ran into the village, the goose as constantly accompanied him, contriving to keep up with the assistance of her wings; and thus, running and flying, would follow him to any distance. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog—which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed—is supposed to have originated from his having once accidentally saved her from a fox. While the dog was ill, the mourning bird never

quitted him day or night, not even to feed, and it was apprehended she would have been starved to death, had not a pan of corn been placed every day close to the kennel. At this time she generally sat close by him, and would not suffer any one to approach, except the person who brought her own or the dog's food. The end of the poor bird was very tragical ; for when the dog



THE MASTIFF.

died, she still kept possession of the kennel, and a new house-dog having been introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived ; and going as usual within his reach, the new dog seized her by the throat, and killed her on the spot.

Margaret. Please, grandie, do explain the beautiful pictures that are found in the book you are reading to us.

G. First observe the picture of the mastiff. When you come to know more about dogs, you will find that the mastiff's head is not unlike that of the bull-dog and the blood-hound. He is sometimes nearly a yard high. In Cuba there used to be a breed of dogs whose fathers were mastiffs and mothers blood-hounds. A pretty story is told of one of these beasts. A gentleman was seen running along a road in great trouble and distress. A friend met him, and said, "What is the matter?" The man replied, "My little boy ran out of the garden this morning, chasing butterflies. We cannot find him anywhere. He's lost! he's lost! He has wandered away into the wild jungle, and we do not know where to find him." All this, I must tell you, happened in one of the West India Islands, where the wild trees grow very thickly matted together, and in some parts it is only by chopping them to pieces that a pathway can be made. Now it happened that the gentleman who met his friend in tears had with him a big dog called a Cuban mastiff. So he said, "Have you got a coat, a jacket, a pair of trousers, or boots, or shoes, or stockings belonging to your little boy at home?" "Oh yes," said the other; so they went to the house, and the nurse brought out a quantity of clothes belonging to the missing boy. These were placed before the dog, and put to his nose. He smelled them and turned them over and over. Then said his master, "Now away, doggie; away! find him and fetch him; find him and fetch him!" The dog went wandering about for some time, evidently wanting to find the scent, as he carried his nose close to the ground, and made a whining noise. At last he darted off into the woods, and was lost to sight. The men waited for him with great anxiety. In about half an hour, back he came, wagging his tail, barking, and looking as jolly as possible. "The doggie has found him," said the owner, patting his back; "and we must follow him." So away they went, following the dog. In a little clearance, in the middle of the jungle, lay the little boy, very tired, very hungry, very dirty, wanting to have a good cry. Most likely the poor child would have died, if God had not taught the big dog to find out lost children by his nose.

Mary. Grandie, this ought to teach us children that it is better not to run out of gardens and get into jungles.

G. It is well that you should know that the mastiff, though he is so big and powerful, the strongest indeed, and largest, of all our English dogs, is of a very mild and peaceful temper. He scorns to hurt any smaller beast, even

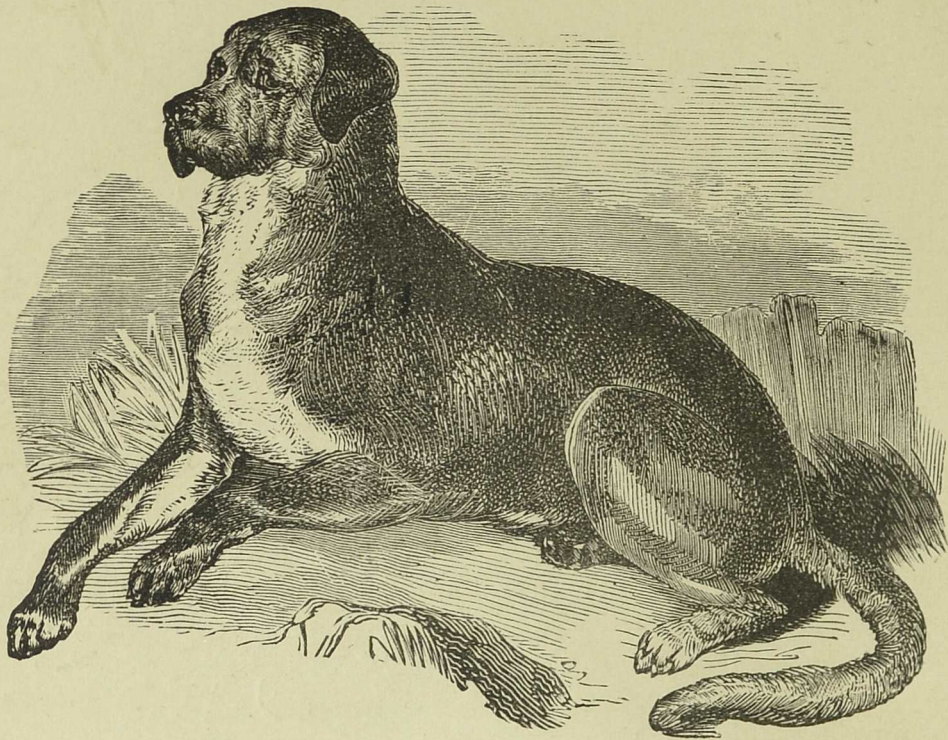
when he has been sorely provoked. If an impudent terrier comes snarling at him, he'll sometimes give him a shake, and a small pat, but rarely hurts him.



DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

In "Cassell's Natural History" there is a short life of a dog called the Fireman's Dog. Let me read it to you. I think I knew the dog. He was one day brought to the anniversary meeting of the Society for the Prevention

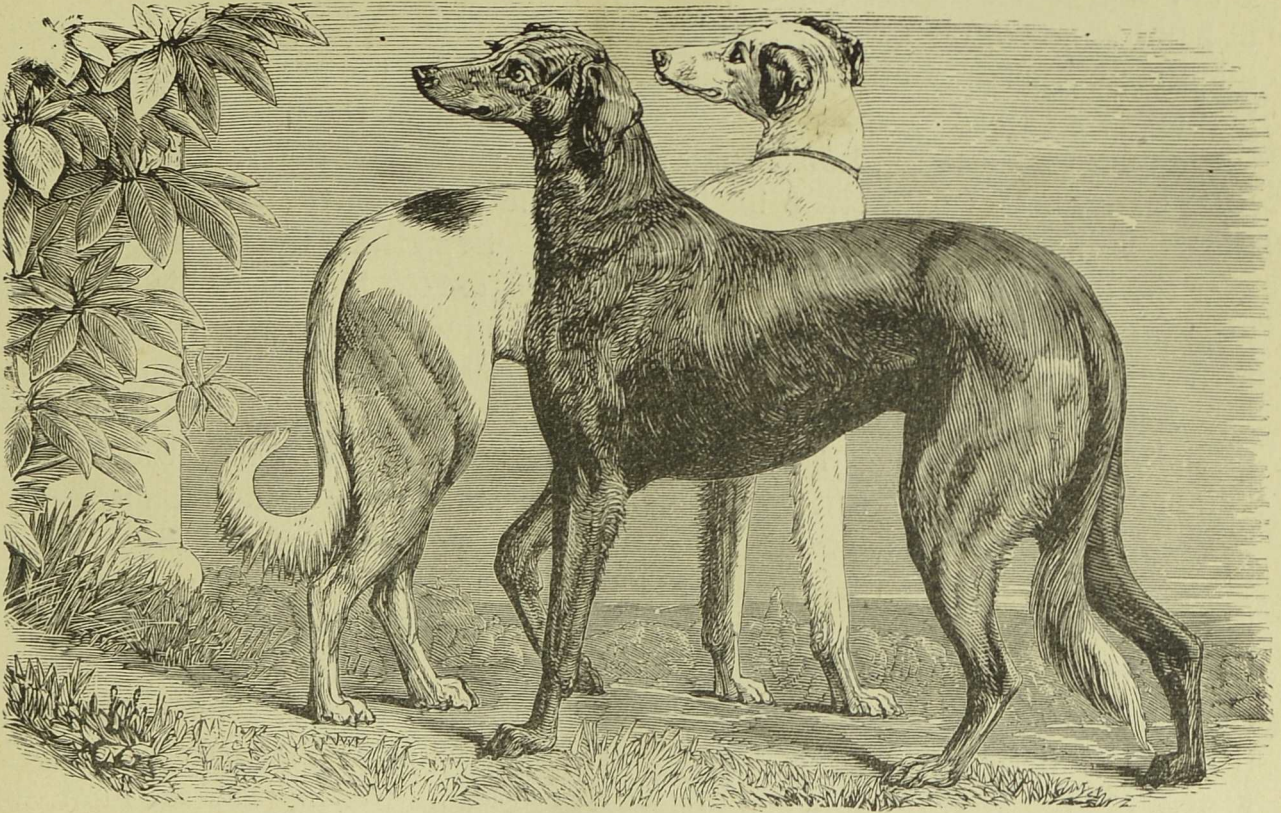
of Cruelty to Animals. His name was Chance. He first got acquainted with the London fire brigade by following a fireman from a burning house in Shoreditch to the station in Watling Street. Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home, but he ran away as soon as he could, and came back to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother



BLOODHOUND.

whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going up hill, running in advance and announcing the welcome coming of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth. Although he had had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit, till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was nursed by the firemen beside the hearth, when a "call" came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor brute made

a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt. He was stuffed, and preserved at the station, and became, even in death, the fireman's friend; for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the brigade determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, and such was his renown, that he realised £123 10s. 9d.



GRECIAN GREYHOUNDS.

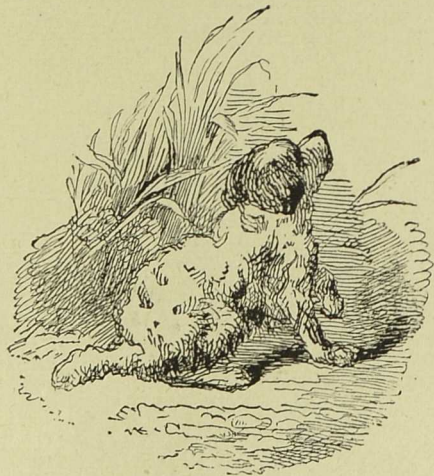
G. [*Continues, directing the children to look at the picture of the St. Bernard dog.*] Look at him trying to save life. He is sometimes called the spaniel of the Alps. He is a very big beast, as large indeed as a mastiff. He is called the St. Bernard dog, because he lives in a large house belonging to the good men who reside at the summit of a great crack in the top of the Alpine mountains, called the St. Bernard Pass, after a holy man who was for some time one of the clergy of an old town called Aosta, at the foot of the other side of the great mountains. Here he often saw people weeping and in terrible trouble, because their friends had been lost in the snow; going

out to seek work, and never coming home again. Travellers pass the monks' house every day at the top of the mountain, notwithstanding the danger that they must encounter in winter. These people, when they come to a certain house called a Refuge, are not allowed to go on in the dark, for they would miss their way, and be lost. So they have to stay till the following morning. I am told that they keep up a good wood fire in the Refuge, and a supply is at hand of hot coffee and tea, and bread. The next morning a monk, or other good man, accompanied by a dog, comes down from the great monks' house, and takes up all the persons assembled in the Refuge, the party being led by the dog. The servant, blinded by the white snow-dust that blows about in little whirlwinds, would often be lost, with the whole party, if it were not for the dog, who, it seems, never misses his way. Sometimes the snow is so deep that the dog is quite hidden below the surface, except his tail. This he keeps wagging about, showing that he has sure footing, and so the whole party arrive safely at the monastery or the monks' house.

Some years ago I knew Mr. Brockedon, author of a book called "Passes of the Alps," very well. He used to tell wonderful tales about the monks helping the travellers. But he says that the stories about the monks going out and searching for them, and the dogs carrying wine and brandy in little bottles fastened about their necks, are all without foundation,* and the proof is, that such proceeding is impossible, for as great difficulty exists to the monks roaming about as to the travellers. This labour of the dogs is so great that their life never exceeds nine years, owing to the attacks of rheumatism, which is the bane of both dog and man up here. The infirm dogs are generally killed. If the feet of the persons are found frozen, they are immediately rubbed strongly with snow, or with a stimulating ointment. If neither succeed, the mortified part is immediately amputated by one of the monks, who studies medicine a little. If necessary, stockings, etc., are given to the poor. No dead body has been left unclaimed for two years past, so that there has been no addition to the dead-house. The snow is generally thirty feet deep in winter. There are as many as five or six dogs at the hospice. Tradition reports that they are a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean. In the year 1825 all the dogs and three servants (sent on this occasion together, an unusual occurrence) were destroyed by an avalanche.

* Brockedon's "Passes of the Alps."

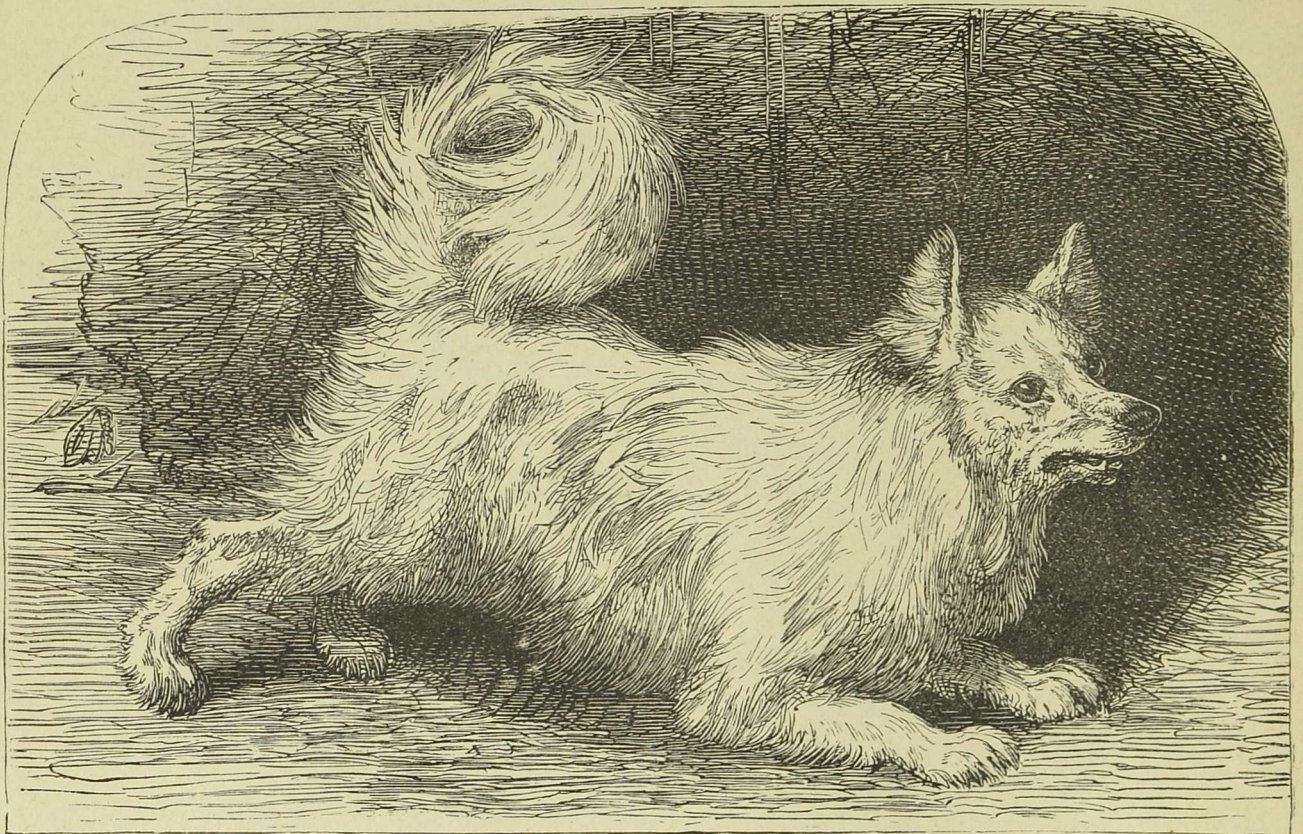
Luckily the monks had recently given away a couple of dogs, which were returned to them, or the breed would have been lost. Ten servants are kept in winter, and eight in summer, of whom two go down daily to the Refuge, to bring up travellers, from the month of October to the end of April, the time, of course, varying according to the season. Few of the monks are able to stand the climate for more than fifteen years; but there is no stated time for which they devote themselves; each stays as long as he is able, being allowed thirty days' recreation—fifteen at a time—at a *subsidiary* house at Martigny, where also they descend when no longer able to live at the St. Bernard, or else they go to the hospice on the Simplon.



CONVERSATION II.

THE DOG — POMERANIAN DOG — ESQUIMAUX — SIR EDWIN LANDSEER AND THE DOG-FANCIER—THE DOCTOR'S DOG AND THE CAT—THE CAT'S STORY ABOUT HER KITTENS.

G. Observe this picture of a Pomeranian dog. He is said to be not so affectionate as other dogs are, and that he soon forgets one master and takes



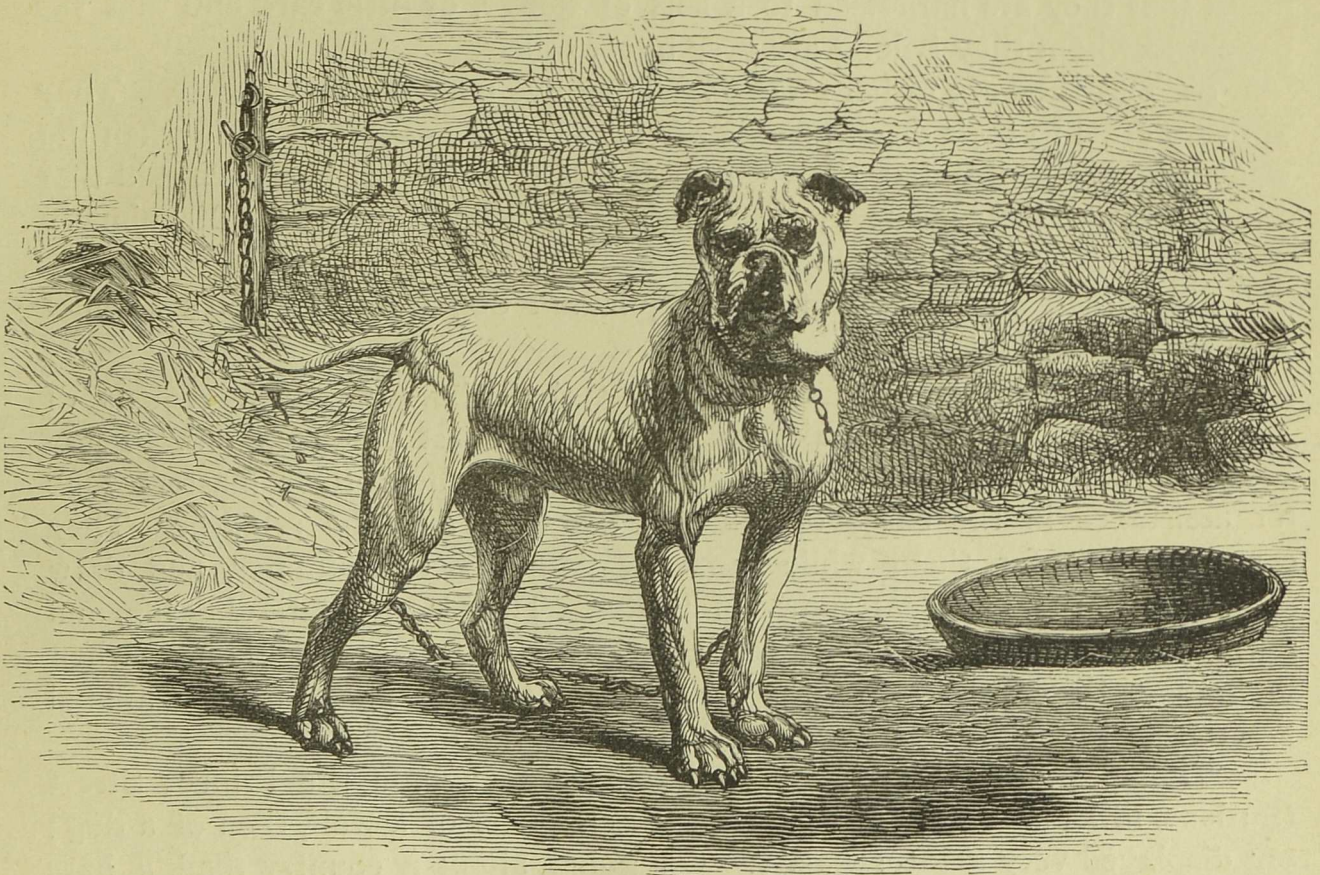
THE POMERANIAN DOG.

to another. They are quite ladies' dogs, and dog-stealers are very fond of enticing them away. Now, Mary, look at this bull-dog. Isn't he a beauty?

Mary. No; I think he is a very ugly beast.

Johnnie. Why is a bull-dog so called?

G. Formerly there was a cruel custom in England of making several of this sort of dog and a bull fight each other. I shall not tell you more about these cowardly combats. It is said that the bull-dog has more pluck than any other animal in the world, except the game-cock. In the dreary days of bull-fights he has been known to fasten his teeth in the nose of the bull, and allow



THE BULL-DOG.

himself to be swung aloft in the air, and round and round, rather than leave go. He is faithful to his master, but his temper is uncertain. Beware of treading upon the dog's tail, or kicking him, for he will very likely turn round, fly at you with the swiftness of lightning, and give you a fearful bite. One reason why he is so wild is that he is generally tied up in some back yard, and so becomes very savage. All dogs ought to have plenty of room to jump and run about in.

Mary. Here are two pictures of Thibet dogs, grandfather. Where is Thibet?

G. Thibet is a country in Asia, famous for its animals.

Fohinnie. I declare, here's a poodle who has been into the water to fetch a stick.

Margaret. Grandie, isn't there a dog called the Esquimaux dog? I have heard that they are harnessed to a sort of sledge, or little cart, and that the people to whom they belong are very queer folk.

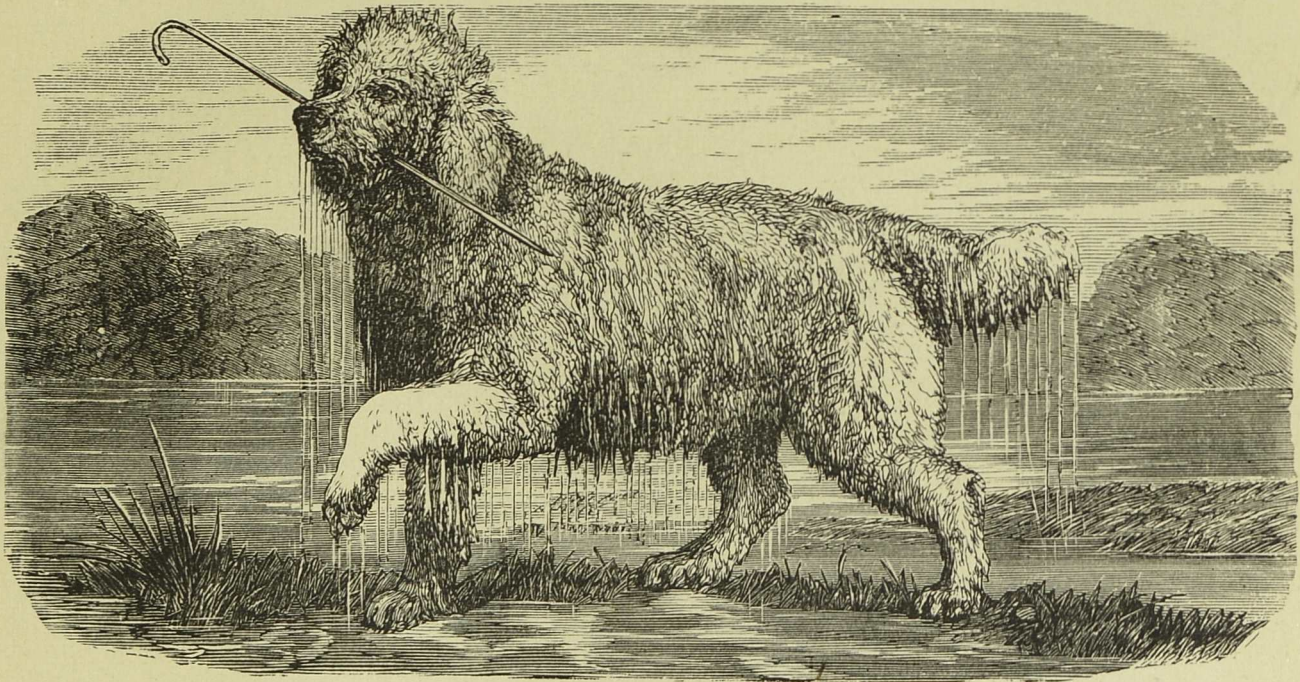
G. Yes, they are rather strange. They live near the North Pole. They are very cruel to their dogs. Some of these beasts are turned loose when the warm weather begins, but they are often half starved. It has been said that dogs grow like their masters; that seems to be the case with the Esquimaux dog.

I will read an account of the Esquimaux dog from "Cassell's Popular Natural History!"

"This animal is spread throughout the whole northern regions of America, from Behring's Straits to the eastern coast of Greenland. These dogs are devoted servants and companions, to whom their masters look for assistance in the chase of the seal, the bear, and the reindeer. They carry burdens for them while pursuing game in the summer, and draw sledges over the trackless snows in winter. They lead a fatiguing life, and during winter are often nearly starved for want of provisions. Hence, when in harness, they rush out of the road, either to give chase to any animal descried or to pick up what seems likely to afford a meal.

"There was an Esquimaux dog, some years ago, in the Princes Street Gardens, in Edinburgh. It had worn the character of a wolf, then of a dog; but displayed very great sagacity. On going along a country road, a hare started, and, in place of running after the hare in the usual way, the dog pushed himself through the hedge, crossed the field, and when past the hare, went through the hedge again, as if to meet her direct. The hare doubled through the hedge; but, had it been in an open country, there would have been a noble chase. One peculiarity of this dog was its forming a special attachment to its master, so that, however kind others might be, they never gained its affection—even when coaxing it with food; and whenever set at liberty, it rushed to the spot where its master was. One morning, when let loose by some of the men on the ground, it instantly bounded from them

to the house, and, the kitchen door being open, it found its way through it; when, to the great amazement of all, it leaped into the bed where its master was sleeping, and fawned on him in the most affectionate manner. At another time, when the dog was with him, going up the steep bank of the Princes Street Gardens, its master slipped his foot, and came down, when the dog immediately seized him by the coat, as if to render assistance in raising him.

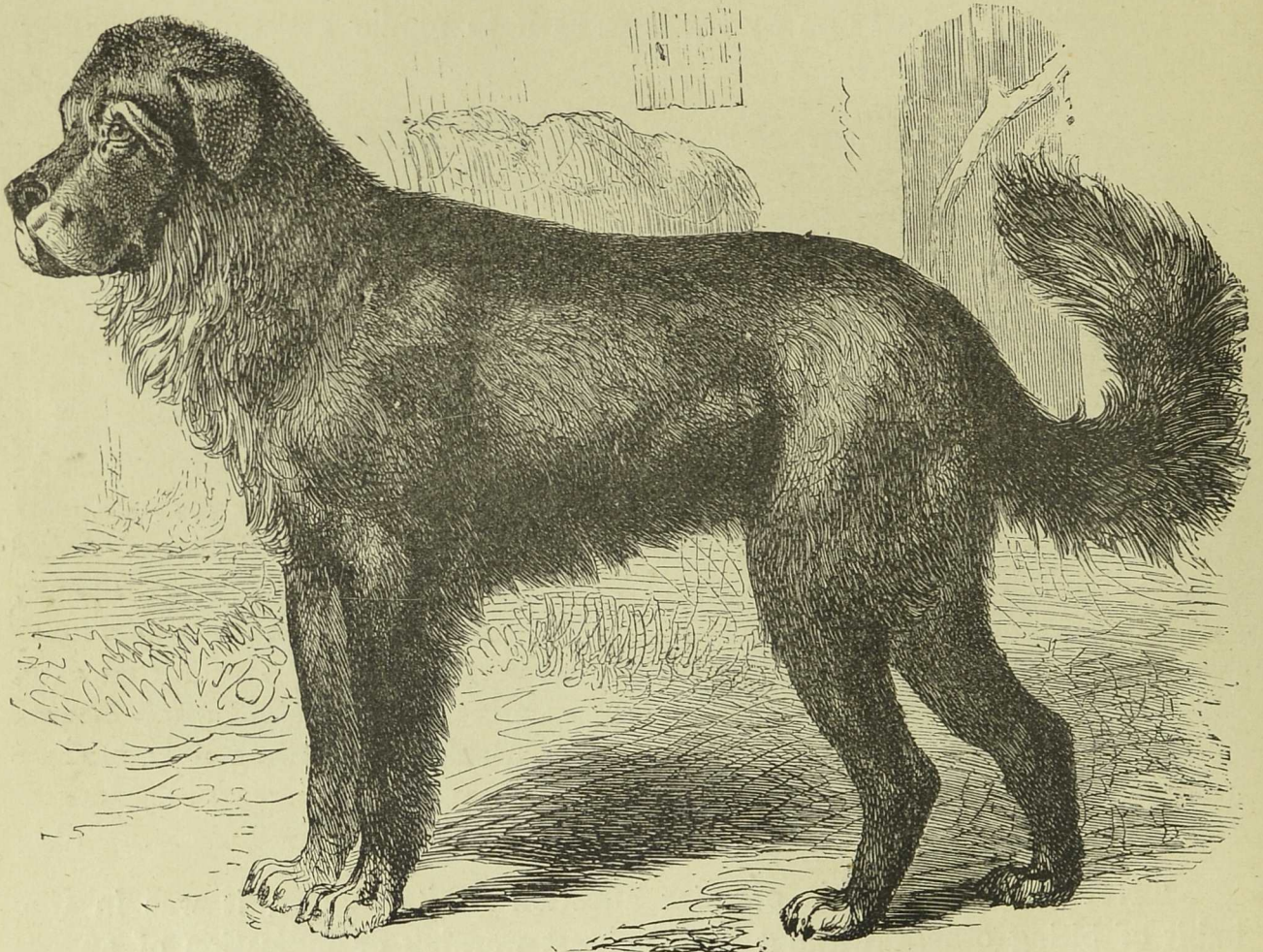


THE POODLE.

“Notwithstanding this peculiar affection for its master, it was in the habit of biting others, without the slightest warning or indication of anger. It never barked; but at times had a sort of whine. It was remarkably cunning, and much resembled the fox; for it was in the practice of strewing its meat round it, to induce fowls or rats to come within its reach, while it lay watching, as if asleep, when it instantly pounced upon them, and always with success. It was swift, and had a noble appearance when running, and carried its fine bushy tail inclining downwards.”

Mary. I met a friend of dogs the other day, who told me that it is barbarous and cruel to cut all the hair off a poor poodle, except a frill round the

neck and the ancles, and a little bunch at the tip of the tail. This is just the same as if any one were to cut off all my ringlets, except a little love-lock on each side of my ears. The dog looks much more handsome with his long hair, which is a protection alike against the cold and the heat. Poodles are

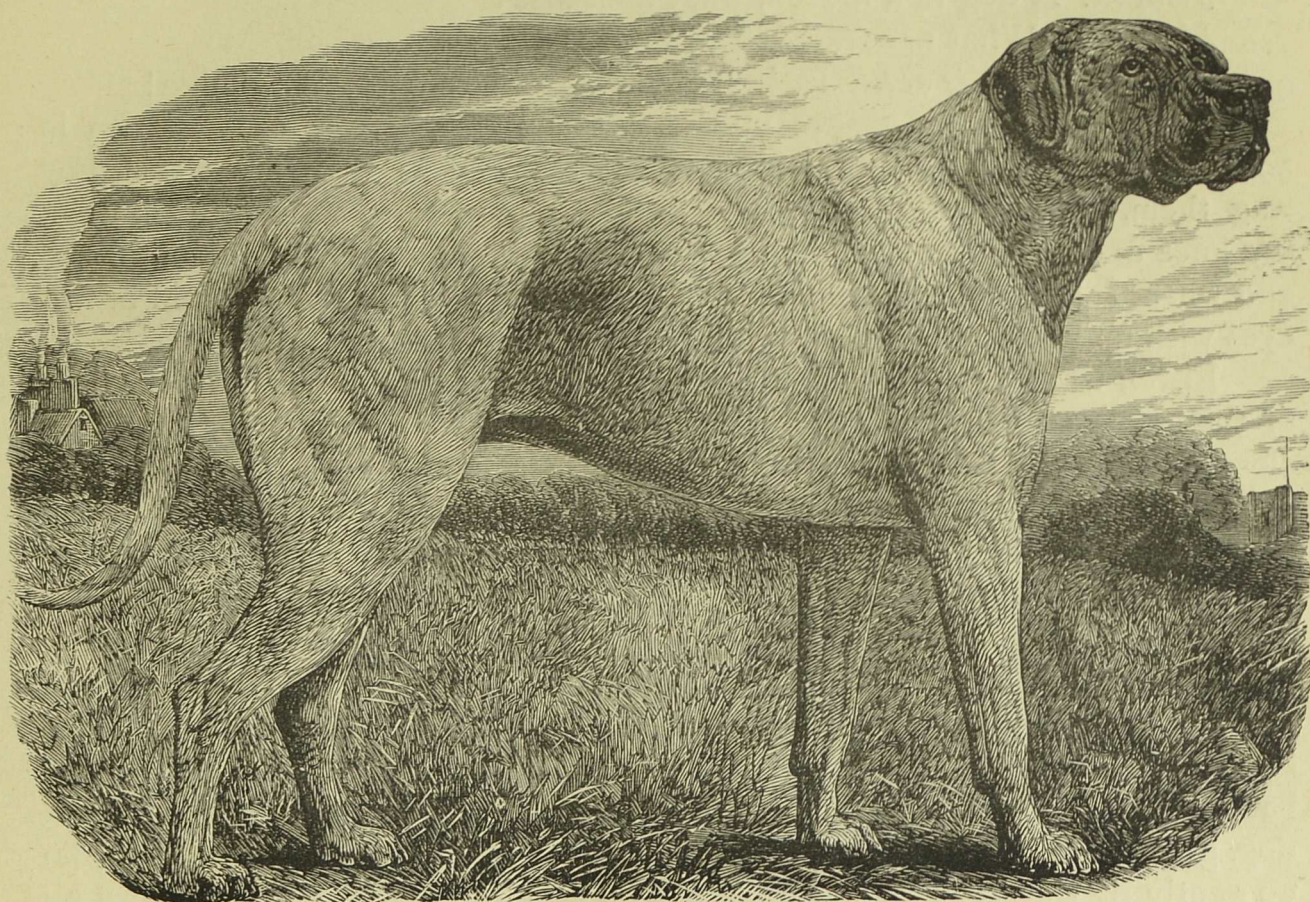


THIBET DOG.

very clever and ingenious. They can be taught all manner of tricks. One variety of the tribe is not much larger than a rabbit, and it is hard to tell which is his head and which is his tail.

One day Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, went to a police court to bear witness against the brutal practice of biting off dogs' ears. The man who had done the cruel deed had to pay a considerable fine.

Some time after this Sir Edwin was walking in Regent Street, when he observed a dog-fancier with two beautiful dogs, one under each arm. Now the great painter was fond of watching animals, so he went up to the dog-fancier, and carefully examined the two little pet dogs. "Ah, my man," said he, "I observe that you have not cut the dog's ears." "No," replied the



MASTIFF OF THIBET.

man, "Sir Edwin Landseer says it ain't the thing, and I've a great opinion of him, sir, I 'as." He did not know whom he was speaking to.

Johnnie. I can quite believe that story, for I have heard a friend of yours say that there is a dog in Wales, who not only knows many words that his master says, but goes into the sea to hunt for a fish, in a creek that has been banked off for the purpose, and knows what fish his master means when he

tells him; so when his master says, "Doggie, go and fetch me a cod," if there's a cod in the preserve, he is sure to go in and fetch it out.

Mary. I am acquainted with a young lady who has for years been trying to teach a dog to talk. She hasn't succeeded in making him say a single word. Grandfather, do you think she ever will?

G. No, I do not.

Johnnie. A dog talk indeed, what nonsense!

Margaret. What nonsense!

Arthur. [*Who is apt to make words out of his own head.*] Bodge!

G. But though we cannot understand dog-talk in one way, we can in another. They talk to us with their tails as well as they can, when they wag them. My old dog Vido used to talk to me when he put his chin upon my knee under the table at dinner-time, as much as to say, "Give me a bit;" and when I had done so, he would look at me out of his great liquid brown eyes with unspeakable thankfulness.

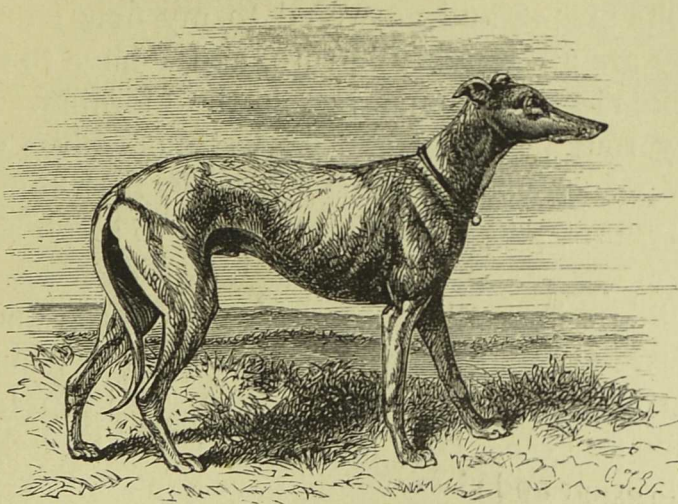
Listen while I tell you another story. The doctor's dog is not only fond of the house cat and her kitten, which cuddle themselves up in his kennel as close as they can to him, but he is also much attached to a little tiny dog belonging to his master. His kennel is placed in the coach-house and stable-yard; there are large two-leaved gates between this yard and the street, and in one of the gates is a small wicket. The other day this wicket was left open by the groom, and out jumped the little doggie, to take a wild scamper up and down the street. The big dog immediately followed his example, and made a high spring through the wicket, tumbling over the little doggie and hurting him very much. The little doggie yelped with pain, and tried to get back through the wicket, but could not, because its legs were bruised. Big dog, greatly distressed and troubled, comes up to the little doggie, takes him up gently by the scruff of his neck, carries him into the kennel, lies down by his side, licks him and caresses him. The troubles of his small friend are soon over, and both go leaping through the wicket, and have their scamper up and down the street.

Suppose that I was to tell you a story of a cat and her kittens as if the cat were telling it herself?

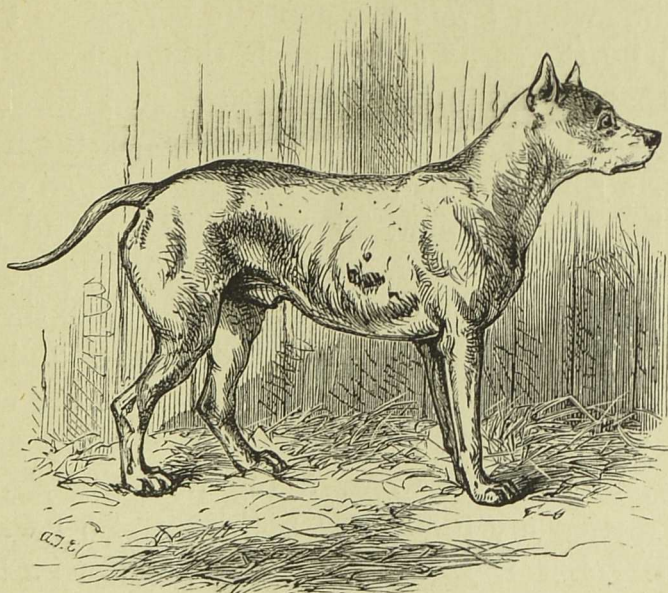
Tom. But, grandie, how can you tell a story like a cat?

G. Why, I suppose we must try to put ourselves into the cat's place. If people would try to put themselves into other people's places, there would be

a great deal more kindness and goodwill in the world. Now for my cat tale, told in a cat way. "I am a tortoise-shell cat, and my name is Flossy.



GREYHOUND.



BULL TERRIER.

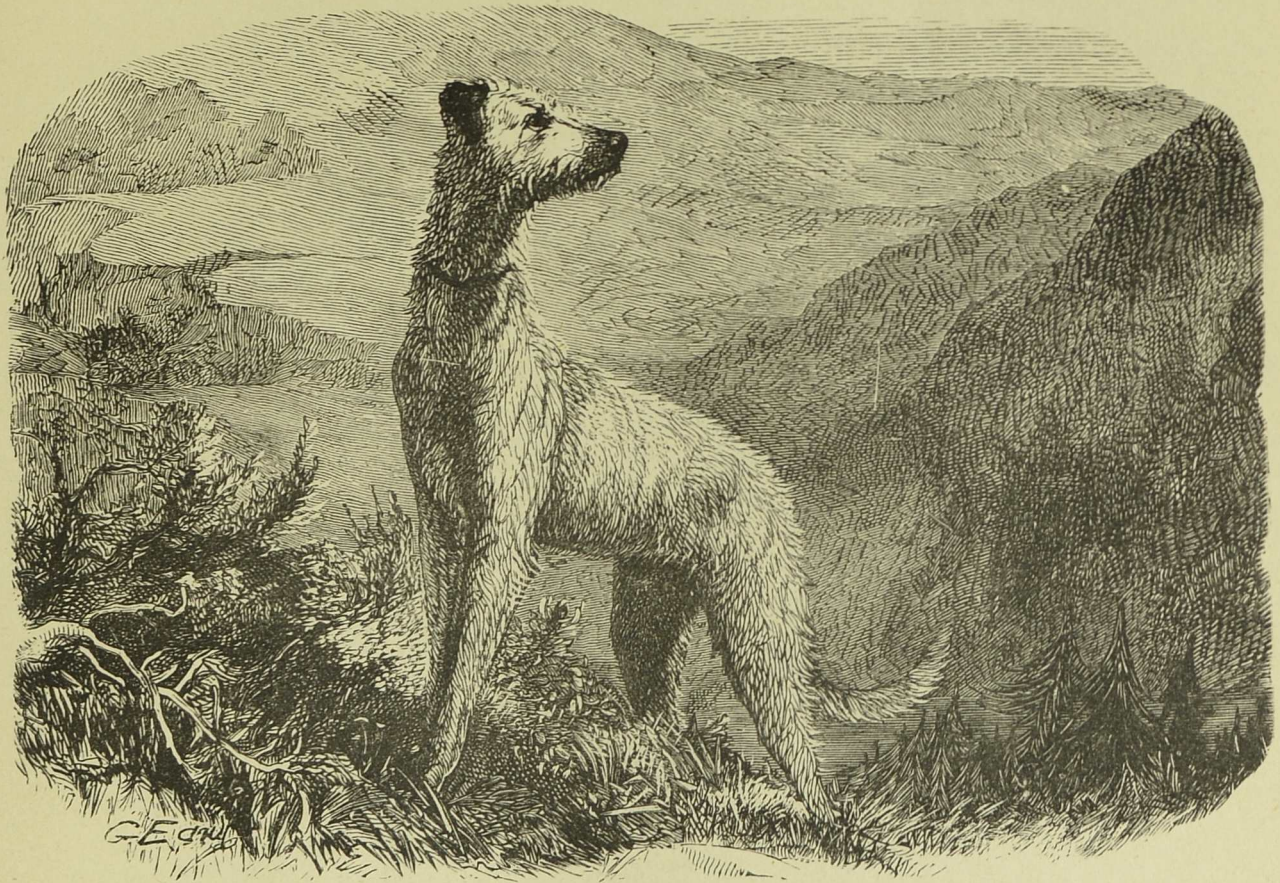
Sometimes the boys call me Tabby. When any one wants to give me milk, I am called Puss. The cook, when she has put my dinner on a plate, sings out, 'Puss, puss, puss;' but when my mistress took me one day to Boulogne,

in France, the French cook didn't know the name of Puss, but called to me 'Minny, minny, minny.' I didn't understand her at first, but as she used to hold out a plate to me, which had some nice little bits of meat in it, I soon learned what she meant, and answered to my new name. I have three little children ; they are all naughty in turn, and I have to give them a good pat. They don't like cleaning themselves in the morning. Now you know we cats have a very rough tongue, and we wash ourselves with this tongue, which serves as soap and water, scrubbing-brush, flesh-towel, and all. My children are very tiresome, and I cannot get them to scrub themselves behind their ears.

"When the children have all been properly washed and made tidy, the cook brings a saucer full of milk and bread, which they soon finish. To-day I had to give Tom a pat every now and then, to keep him from poking his fore-paws into the saucer. Had he done so, most likely he would have capsized it, and his brother and sister would have had no breakfast. When they had done their meal, my little girl kitten began racing round and round, trying to catch her own tail. I thought this rather an undignified proceeding, but then I remembered the time when I was a kitten like herself, so I did not give her a shake, holding her by the scruff of her neck, though I was much tempted to do so. You know that we are hunters by nature, so I thought that I should like to take my children on to the lawn, and teach them how to catch a sparrow, a mouse, or a rat. We all went together. When one began to mew, I gave him a good bang with a paw, for sometimes I had seen my mistress whip her little boys and girls for being naughty. When we had arrived safe in the middle of the lawn, I left my tinies, thinking that they were not likely to get into danger, and away I went and hid myself under a currant bush, to see if I couldn't catch a sparrow, but the sparrows are wide-awake birds. I could hear them chirruping all round me, but as soon as ever I made a jump to catch one, away they went, flying into the sky, so that I had crouched down and dirtied my fur all for nothing. So I walked back to my babies ; two were safe, but the third had tumbled into a hole and couldn't get out, so I had to fetch him out. I am afraid he will grow into a troublesome kitten, and our master will have him put into a pail of water and drowned with the help of a mop. Our master has several beautiful birds with sweet voices, but I know well that I must not attempt to hurt them, for if I do, I shall be perhaps poisoned or shot."

Mary. I don't believe that cats know at all whether they will be poisoned or shot.

G. I think you are right, *Mary*; but I am certain that animals have a dread of death. They show their fear of it as a terrible evil. They have

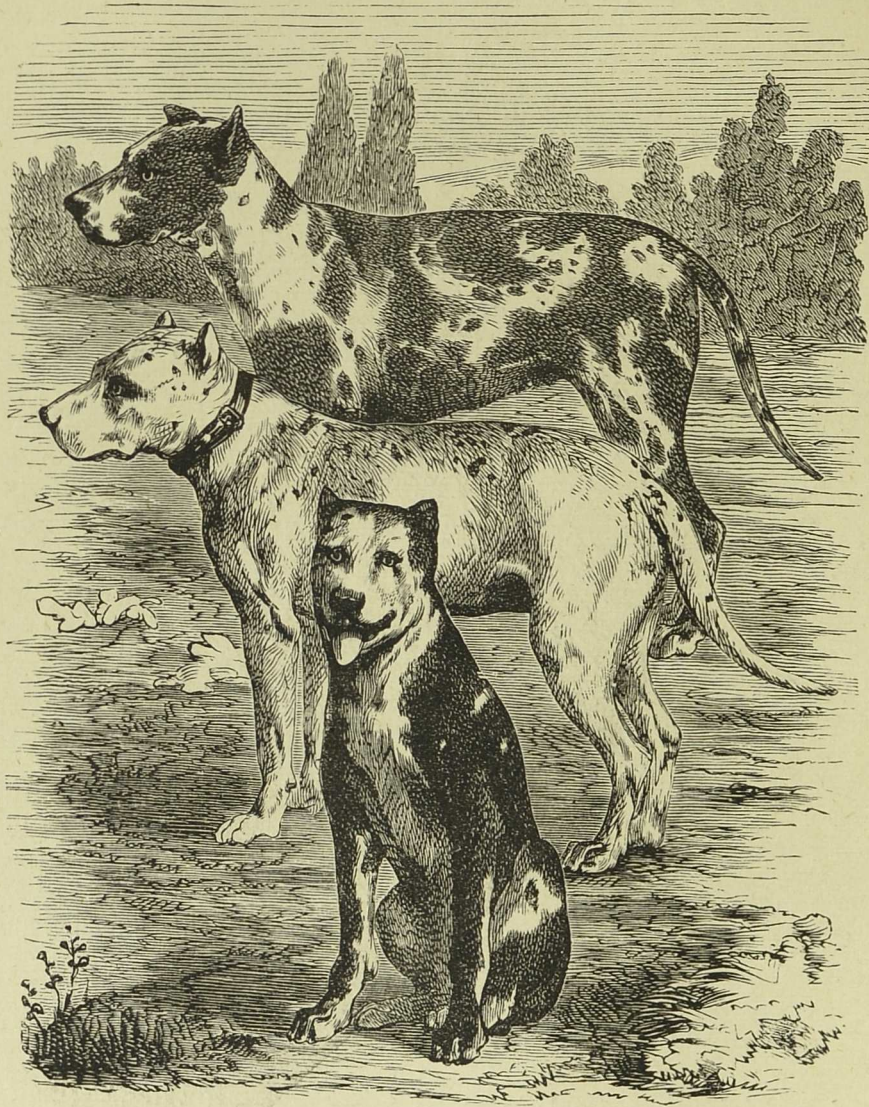


THE DEERHOUND.

also a fear of punishment, and if they have once been punished for doing a thing, they generally avoid doing it a second time.

Now to go on with my story. *Puss* is rather disgusted that she cannot catch a sparrow, though she has hidden under a gooseberry-bush for half an hour. So she says, "I will try to please my mistress by catching a mouse. I heard my mistress say this morning that a mouse had been nibbling at the cheese, and that a candle was half eaten through, and there is

reason to fear that some mice have made their nest in the cabinet pianoforte in the drawing-room. When the man came to tune the instrument the other



DANISH DOGS.

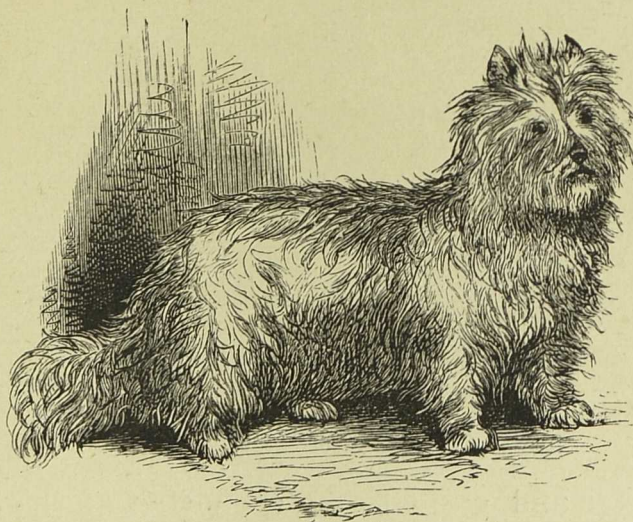
day, he said it must be taken to pieces, for some animal had been gnawing the leather used in the inside."

Mary. That's all very well, grandie, but I don't believe that cats know anything about pianofortes, or leather, or anything of the sort.

G. Be quiet, Mary, you know this is all a made-up story, so do not be surprised if it contains a number of things that never did, and never could, happen in reality. Don't you know that the stories that children like above all others are concerning places that never were, and events not one of which ever took place.

Mary. Very well, then, go on, grandie.

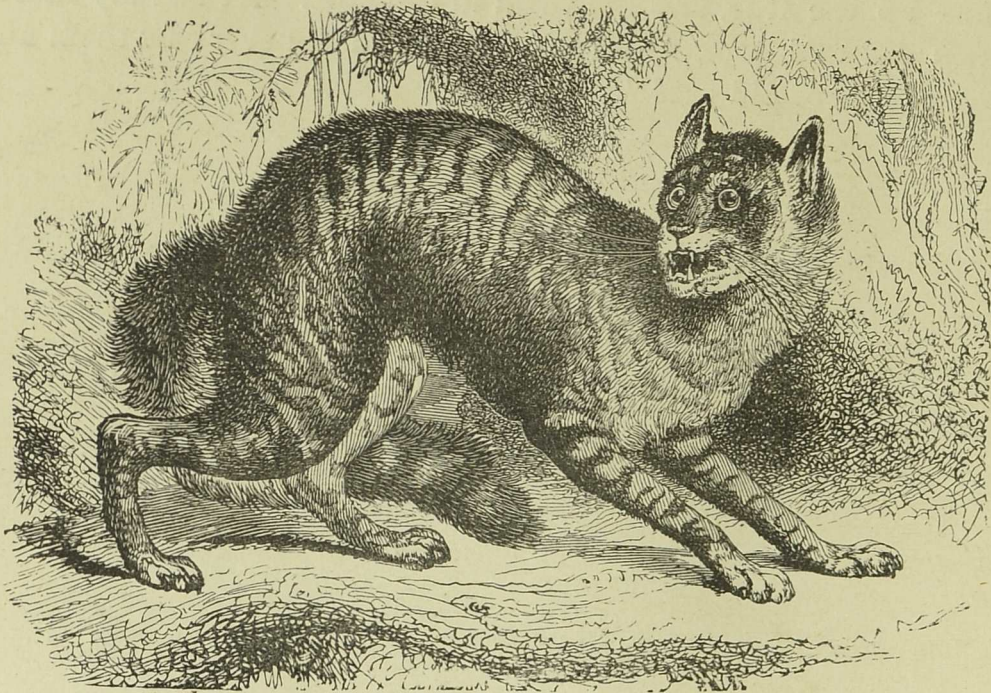
G. Puss continues her tale. "Some time ago I had several nice little kittens. I lost two of them, and I believe they were drowned in a tub. So I remembered that there was a comfortable dry hollow in an old tree in the garden. The rain could not get into it, and it was sheltered from the wind; so I took my kittens up by the scruff of their neck, and scrambled with them one by one up the tree, and hid them in the hole. At last my master's boy found them out and took them all away, and I never saw them any more. Cruel boy, to a poor old cat!"



CONVERSATION III.

WILD CATS—CHETAH IN CEYLON—TIGERS—TIGER AND THE UMBRELLA—TIGER HUNT—
THE DOG WHO DISCOVERED HIS MASTER'S MURDERER—MONKEY—JACKAL—JAGUAR
—LYNX—CARACAL.

G. Here and there in England a wild cat is sometimes found, but not often. A wild cat may be known from an ordinary house cat by the shape of



THE WILD CAT.

its tail; this is shorter and more bushy than that of the domestic cat. It is often much bigger too. Let me read you an account of a wild cat, and what it does when it finds itself surrounded with enemies, and how it is to be distinguished from such cats as we nurse in our drawing-rooms. The story is taken from a book called St. John's "Highland Sports." "The true wild cat is gradually becoming extirpated" (that is, destroyed, rooted out), "owing to

the increasing preservation of game; and, though difficult to hold in a trap, in consequence of his great strength and agility, he is by no means difficult to deceive, taking any bait readily, and not seeming to be as cautious in avoiding danger as many other kinds of vermin. Inhabiting the most lonely and inac-



DOMESTIC CATS.

cessible ranges of rock and mountain, the wild cat is seldom seen during the day-time; at night, like his domestic relative, he prowls far and wide, walking with the same deliberate step, making the same regular and even track, and hunting his game in the same tiger-like manner; and yet the difference between the two animals is perfectly clear and visible to the commonest observer. The wild cat has a shorter and more bushy tail, stands higher on

his legs in proportion to his size, and has a rounder and coarser look about the head.

“The strength and ferocity of the wild cat, when hemmed in or hard pressed, are perfectly astonishing. The body, when skinned, presents quite a mass of sinew and cartilage.

“I have occasionally, though rarely, fallen in with these animals in the forests and mountains of this country. Once, when grouse shooting, I came suddenly, in a rough and rocky part of the ground, upon a family of two old ones and three half-grown ones. In the hanging birch woods that border some of the Highland streams and rocks, the wild cat is still not uncommon, and I have heard their wild and unearthly cry echo far in the quiet night, as they answer and call to each other. I do not know a more harsh and unpleasant cry than that of the wild cat, or one more likely to be the origin of superstitious fears in the mind of an ignorant Highlander.

“These animals have great skill in finding their prey, and the damage they do to the game must be very great, owing to the quantity of the food which they require. When caught in a trap, they fly without hesitation at any person who approaches them, not waiting to be assailed. I have heard many stories of their attacking and seriously wounding a man when their escape has been cut off; indeed, a wild cat once flew at me in the most determined manner. I was fishing at a river in Sutherlandshire, and in passing from one pool to another had to climb over some rock and broken kind of ground. In doing so, I sank through some rotten heather and moss up to my knees, almost upon a wild cat, who was concealed under it.

“I was quite as much startled as the animal herself could be, when I saw the wild-looking beast so unexpectedly run out from between my feet, with every hair on her body standing on end, making her look twice as large as she really was. I had three small Skye terriers with me, who immediately gave chase, and pursued her till she took refuge in a corner of the rocks, where, perched in a kind of recess, out of reach of her enemies, she stood with her hair bristled out, and spitting and growling like a common cat. Having no weapon with me, I laid down my rod, cut a good-sized stick, and proceeded to dislodge her. As soon as I was within six or seven feet of the place, she sprang straight at my face, over the dogs' heads. Had I not struck her in mid-air as she leaped at me, I should probably have got some severe wound. As it was, she fell with her back half broken amongst the dogs, who, with my

assistance, dispatched her. I never saw an animal fight so desperately, or one which was so difficult to kill. If a tame cat has nine lives, a wild cat must have a dozen.

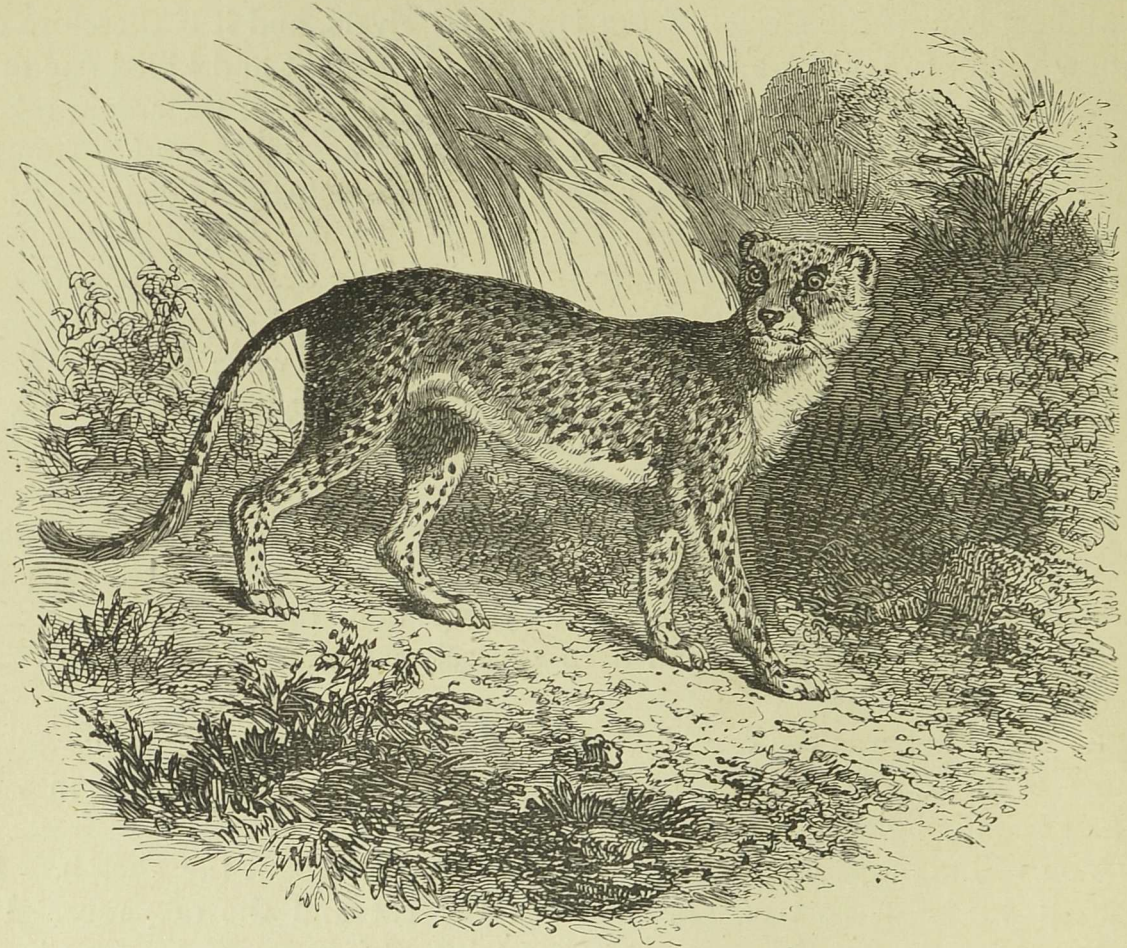
“Sometimes one of these animals takes up its residence at no great distance from a house, and entering the hen-houses and out-buildings, carries off fowls, and even lambs, in the most audacious manner. Like other vermin, the wild cat haunts the shores of the lakes and rivers, and it is therefore easy to know where to lay a trap for them. Having caught and killed one of the colony, the rest of them are sure to be taken, if the body of their slain relative is left in some place not far from their usual hunting-ground, and surrounded with traps, as every wild cat who passes within a considerable distance of the place will to a certainty come to it. The same plan may be adopted successfully in trapping foxes, who, also, are sure to visit the dead body of any other fox which they scent during their nightly walk.”

Mary. Talking of wild cats, did not Aunt Carrie write from Ceylon to say that one day a number of coolies came to her crying and howling, and with one of their number wounded all over with claws? On further inquiry, she found that three cows and a calf belonging to her had been killed in the night by a wild chetah, or, as they call the animal in Ceylon, a hunting-cat. This fierce beast had bitten out the lips, the tongue, and the palate of all four animals, and so mangled them that they died immediately afterwards. The poor coolie had been severely wounded in trying to defend his charge.

G. Yes, that was the case, and your aunt was obliged to give up all her dreams of milk, and puddings, and cream, and cheese, and butter, in which she had been delighting herself for weeks before.

You will perhaps like to hear something further about the chetah. It is supposed to be a sort of link between the cat and the dog race. It is beautifully marked with spots, but not with stripes, except on each side of the face. Its fur is partly of a tawny colour, but the general tint is a deep grey. It looks bigger than it really is. It cannot climb trees, and though it obtains its chief food by catching antelope and deer, it does so by cunning rather than by swiftness or strength. It leaps upon its prey unobserved, bites at its throat until the blood pours out, and having lapped it up to its heart's content, it then steals slowly back again into the jungle. The people of the East train this clever animal to

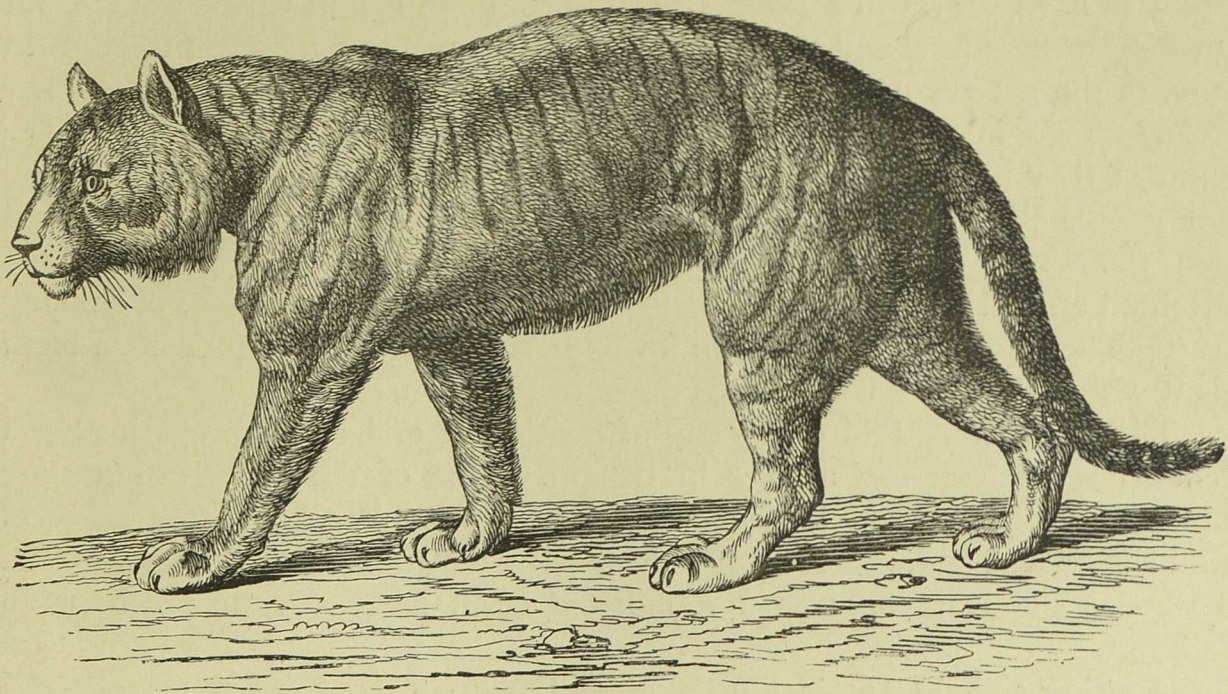
hunt for them. His eyes are covered over with a cloth; he is then conveyed in a cart to the country, in company with the hunters. The herd of some four-footed game is seen quietly browsing in the distance. The covering is then taken from his eyes, and his head is turned in the direction of the



THE CHETAH, OR HUNTING CAT.

prey. He generally sees it at once, and is impatient to be away. If not the hunter points it out to him. Then the thongs that fastened him to the cart are unloosed, and with the cunning of half a dozen foxes put together, he slyly and silently slips along, crouching every now and then like a cat, when with one leap he flings himself on to the animal he has

selected, grips him hard with his claws, and inflicts such a wound as brings the animal to the ground. Now come the hunters. They coax him away from the dead game by offering him some food of which he is very fond. When he has taken his repast, he allows his eyes again to be blinded with his hood, and is taken back to the cart, where he remains until it is time for him to make a dash at another unfortunate antelope or spring-bók, or other variety of deer.



THE BENGAL TIGER.

Now let us stop, and look at pictures of animals you will know more about when you grow older. Here is a picture of a Bengal tiger.

Johnnie. How fierce and terrible it looks !

G. Indeed it does ; but sometimes such animals are very forbearing, when they perceive that the intentions of those who visit them are kind.

The largest animal of the cat kind known in the world is the royal tiger, so called, I suppose, because he is quite as bold as the lion, if not bolder. It is fierce and blood-thirsty. The female tiger loves her cubs. The Romans used to use tigers in their games and plays. Everybody knows what a

beautiful hide the tiger generally has. He is elegantly striped by a set of black bands, or bars, which cross the yellow prevailing colour of his body, his neck, and the sides of his head. These bands are continued on his tail in the form of rings; the last of these rings is always found at the end of the tail, thus giving it a black tip of greater or less extent. His belly and the inner sides of his legs are nearly white. He has no mane; he is not so tall as the lion; his whole frame is slenderer and more graceful. There is a sort of tiger found in China, of a white colour, striped with black and grey. Some of them appear to have grown to a great size; the common height varies from about four feet to three feet, and the length from about eight or nine feet to six. In Sumatra the natives seldom kill them, having a notion that the souls of their forefathers go into the bodies of tigers. So they are the scourge of the country; they hide in the jungle on the banks of streams, and destroy all the poor people they can catch. The jump with which they throw themselves upon their prey is something wonderful; the deadly leap paralyses the affrighted animal which the tiger wants to catch. It has no chance of running away. The grip of the claws is in its flesh, the bite of the tiger's huge teeth fills it with agony, and it soon falls down dead.

There is a story told of a party of gentlemen and ladies preparing for a pic-nic on the banks of a river in Bengal. One of the latter saw a tiger quietly stealing along, and preparing for its jump. With great presence of mind she opened a large umbrella directly in his face. The unexpected act so startled him, that he turned round and crept away with his tail between his legs.

A writer called Captain Mundy gives the following spirited account of a tiger hunt. I do not want to teach you to love hunting, which I consider to be a barbarous sport; but man is justified in hunting the tiger, because when a tiger has once tasted the blood of man, he is never satisfied until he kills and sucks the blood of as many as possible. Listen to what the captain says: "On clearing the wood we entered an open space of marshy grass not three feet high; a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting singing under a bush, when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain dotted with small patches of bush jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger who is expected by his pursuers to fight and not to run; and as he was flushed



A TIGER HUNT.

on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us off by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed ; and he had given us a very fast trot of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot,



THE CIVET.

his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched.

“ The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture, rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankors, or goad, which I had refused to allow him to recover, and the elephant being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became consequently unmanageable ; he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest

fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye,



THE GENET.

were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the houdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the

sportsmen, they gave the roughly used tiger her death-blow. It was a very fine female, with the most beautiful skin I ever saw."

There is a strange story about a dog told in the History of France. In the reign of the French King Charles V., about the year 1374, a gentleman, called Aubre de Montdidier, was murdered in the forest of Bondy, and buried under a tree. His faithful dog waited at his grave till nearly dead; then he ran all the way to Paris, and sought out his late master's nearest friend. His hunger having been appeased, he whined, he howled, he showed many signs of distress. Meanwhile Montdidier did not appear. His friend, moved by the dog's strange conduct, determined to encourage him when he apparently attempted to go back to his master. The dog was delighted to see the friend inclined to follow him, and went leaping and barking along the road. At last they arrived at the fatal forest. The dog rushed in, scratched at the earth over the grave. Spades were brought, and the remains of the murdered man were found. This was not enough for the clever dog. Not long after, he fixed on the assassin of his master. It was the Chevalier Macaire. Him the unrelenting animal pursued with unwearying fierceness. Macaire had been known as the bitter enemy of Montdidier. The singular efforts of the dog to bite and injure Macaire reached the ears of the king, who was advised to allow both the dog and man to fight out the affair. This singular duel was fought in the Isle of Notre Dame at Paris, and to render the champions more equal a staff only was allowed to Macaire, while the dog had a tub as a place of retreat. This he managed to such advantage, and so much annoyed his adversary by sallying and retiring, that at length the Chevalier fainted, and the victorious quadruped seizing his throat, Macaire acknowledged the murder, and suffered the merited punishment. A sculpture relating this story is preserved at the Castle of Montargis.

Mary. Is there not a story of the same kind, grandie, told about a tiger?

G. Well, Mary, partly it is of the same kind, and partly not. Some years ago, a gentleman connected with the Government of India was missing. Nobody knew what had become of him. Meanwhile the natives of the district complained that an immense and terrible tiger had been seen prowling about the cantonment. He had carried off two or three children, and the people of the neighbourhood were in a state of abject fear. So a hunt was organised by all the English gentlemen far and near. After two or three days' fruitless

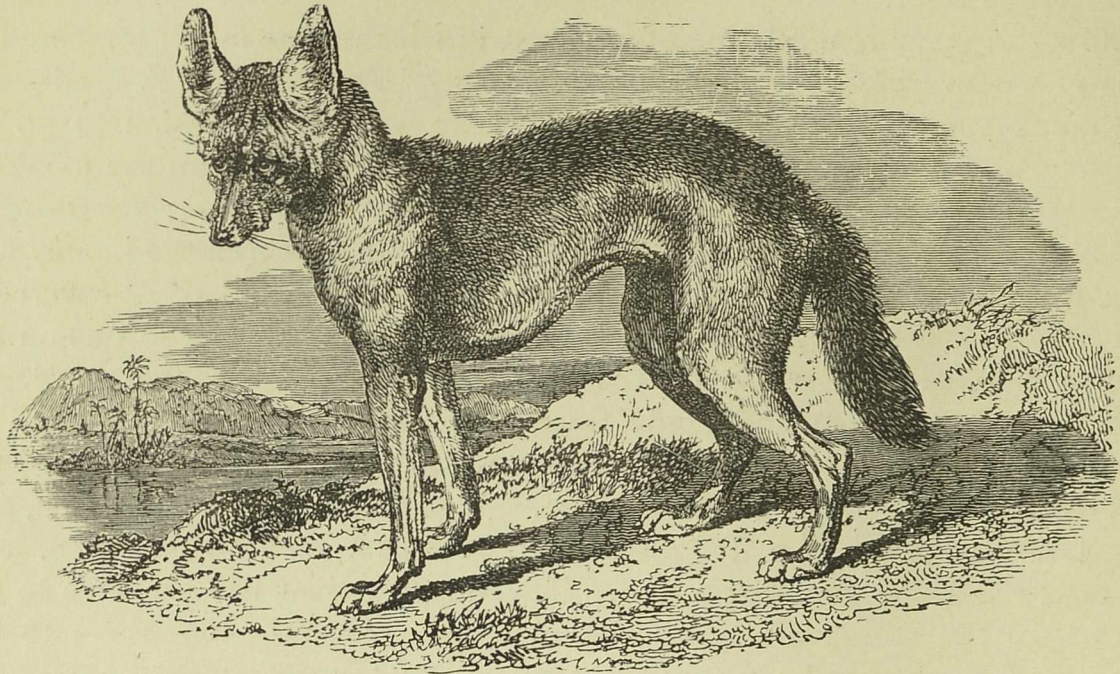
search for the tiger, at last they found him; he was engaged in eating at his leisure the remains of a man. So busy was he, that he allowed them to approach within gunshot, and two or three rifles steadily discharged caused him to roll over and die. They rushed up to the spot, and to their horror found that the man had not been killed by the tiger, but evidently shot, and the bullet was found in his inside. The murderer was shortly discovered, but most likely he would never have been found, if it had not been for the capture of the tiger.

Now this story reminds me of another, in which some monkeys were the means of discovering a murderer. The *Times of India* says, "A Madrassee had a monkey which he was very fond of. The man had occasion to go on a journey, and took with him money and jewels, and his chum the monkey. Some rogues determined to rob him of everything that he had; accordingly, they lay in wait for him, and murdered him. Having secured the money and jewels, they threw the murdered man into a dry well, and having covered it up with twigs and dry leaves, they went home. The monkey, who was on the top of a tree, saw the whole of the proceedings, and when the murderers departed, he came down, and made tracks for the Tahsildar's house, and by his cries and moans attracted the attention of that functionary. Inviting the Tahsildar by dumb signs to follow him, the monkey went to the well, and pointed downwards. The Tahsildar thereupon got men to go down, and, of course, the body was discovered. The monkey then led the men to the place where the money and jewels were buried. He then took them to the bazaars, and as soon as he caught sight of one of the murderers, he ran after him, bit him in the leg, and would not let him go till he was secured. In this way all the murderers were caught. The men, it is said, have confessed their crime, and they now stand committed for trial before the Tellicherry Court at the ensuing session. That monkey, we think, ought to be made an inspector of police."

Mary. Why are some monkeys called apes? And why are people that imitate others said to be aping them?

G. The notion of some is that monkeys imitate men in all that they see them do. I have heard a story that a clergyman had a favourite ape, whether it was an ourang-outang, or a chimpanzee, I do not know. This ape was chained up on Sundays during the hours of church service, for fear he should get in, and disturb the congregation. One day he managed to get rid of his

chain, and he mounted the sounding-board of the pulpit, mimicking every motion of his master while preaching, so that the congregation could not keep their countenance. Others say that though animals imitate and mimic each other—as, for instance, when a kitten is taught by her old cat-mother to wash herself behind her ears—they do not for the most part imitate the actions of men. In this matter, now, children, look out for yourselves,



THE JACKAL.

and observe whether you see any beasts or birds imitating human beings. We know that birds do, or else how could parrots be taught to talk? But we must not go into this matter too much.

Gertrude. Grandie, here is a picture of an animal something like a wolf, or a big dog, or a fox. What do you call it?

G. Oh, that is a jackal.

Gertrude. Do tell us something about him. He is a dreadful looking beast. I should not like to meet one on a dark night

G. In his teeth and his eyes he is something like a dog and a wolf. His hair is of a yellowish grey on his back; his belly is whitish; his thighs and

legs are yellow. He has a short bushy tail, and a long pointed nose. He is common in India, and other countries near, as far as the Caspian Sea. He



THE JAGUAR

is also found in Africa. He hunts in packs. He is hated in the countries where he is found, because he is said to devour the dead on the battle-field, and to scratch away the earth from the shallow graves, in order that he may

feed on the dead buried beneath. His cry is piercing and peculiar. As the animals always come in packs, the first shriek which is uttered is the signal for a general chorus. "We hardly know," says Captain Beechey, the traveller, "a sound which partakes less of harmony than that which is at present in question; and, indeed, the sudden burst of the answering long-protracted scream, succeeding immediately to the opening note, is scarcely less impressive than the roll of the thunder-clap immediately after a flash of lightning. The effect of this music is very much increased when the first note is heard in the distance (a circumstance which often occurs), and the answering yell breaks out from several points at once, within a few yards or feet of the place where the hearers are sleeping."

It is a common old notion that the jackal provides for the lion. This idea has most likely arisen from the yell of the pack giving notice to the lion that prey is on foot. Sometimes, too, the jackals feed upon the remains of the lion's feast. Just one word about leopards. They belong to the great cat family. They are very swift animals. They have a tremendous appetite for blood. In South Africa a male and female and cubs have been known to kill a hundred sheep in a fold, that they might drink up their blood. When they had had enough, they tore a sheep into three pieces, and gave a bit to each of their children. The female and cubs were caught a little time afterwards, but the male escaped.

Mary. Here is a queer-looking picture of a tiger-like animal, with a curly tail, climbing up a tree.

G. That is a jaguar, or an American panther. He is often to be found in the Brazils. Leopards and panthers are somewhat different from each other. The jaguar belongs to the cat tribe. He is a clumsy beast; he is spotted all over. He is an animal of great power and daring disposition. The following story is told of him. "A jaguar had struck down a horse. The traveller to whom he belonged gave orders that the carcass should be drawn within musket-shot of a tree, wherein he intended to pass the night, in expectation that the jaguar would return for his prey. While the traveller was gone to prepare himself, the jaguar returned from the opposite side of a broad and deep river, seized the body of the horse in his mouth, dragged it to the water some sixty paces, swam across with it, and drew it into a neighbouring jungle. All this was seen by a person whom the traveller had placed in hiding, to watch till his return."

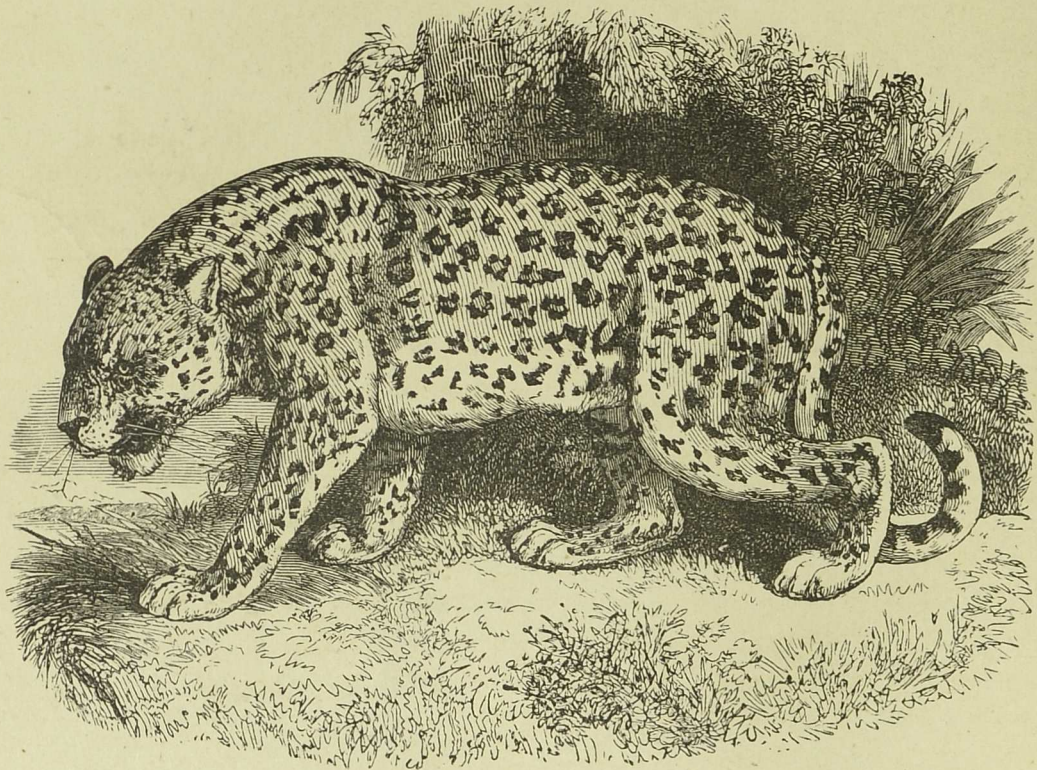
The jaguar climbs like a cat. The scratches left by the claws of one on the smooth bark of a tree, some forty feet high, without branches, have been distinctly traced, and the marks of several slips made by the climber. Let



THE PANTHER.

me read to you what the "Penny Cyclopædia" says about him, only I shall put in easy words, as far as I can, where the writer uses hard ones. "Humboldt heard the jaguar's yell from the tops of the trees, followed by the sharp, shrill, long whistle of the terrified monkeys, as they seemed to flee. None of the living four-footed animals seem to come amiss to it, and birds

and fish, which last it is said to take in shallows, are sacrificed to its voracious appetite. The jaguars will openly seize cattle, horses, and sheep from the inclosures, and the havoc made by them is great, as will be easily imagined, when we learn from Humboldt that their numbers are such, that 4,000 were killed each year in the Spanish colonies, and 2,000 were exported from Buenos Ayres alone. Nor are the reptiles free from its attacks. The empty



THE LEOPARD.

shells of turtles were pointed out to Humboldt as having been emptied of their contents by the jaguar, which, it seems, watches them as they come to the sandy beaches to lay their eggs, rushes on them, and turns them on their backs. He then gets his paw between the shells, and scoops out the contents as clean as if a surgeon's knife had been employed. As the beast turns many more than he can devour at one meal, the Indians often profit by his dexterous cunning. He will, it is stated, pursue this persecuted race into the water, where it is not very deep, and will dig up and devour the eggs.

“With all this the jaguar does not seem to be very dangerous to man, when boldly confronted, though D’Azara records frequent instances of his attacking the lord of the creation. The jaguar will, indeed, often follow travellers, according to Sonnini and Humboldt, but the latter celebrated naturalist and



THE STRIPED LEOPARD.

observer only heard of one instance where a Llanero was found torn in his hammock, and that happened opposite the Island of Achaguas. He relates, on the other hand, a story of two Indian children, a girl and a boy, the one about seven, the other about nine years old, who were at play on the outskirts of a village, about two o’clock in the afternoon, when a large jaguar came out of the woods bounding towards them playfully, his head down and his back arched, like a cat. He approached the boy, who was not sensible of his

danger, and began to play with him, till at last the jaguar struck him so hard on the head with his paw as to draw blood, whereupon the little girl struck him smartly with a small switch, and he was bounding back not at all irritated, when the Indians, alarmed by the cries of the girl, came up.

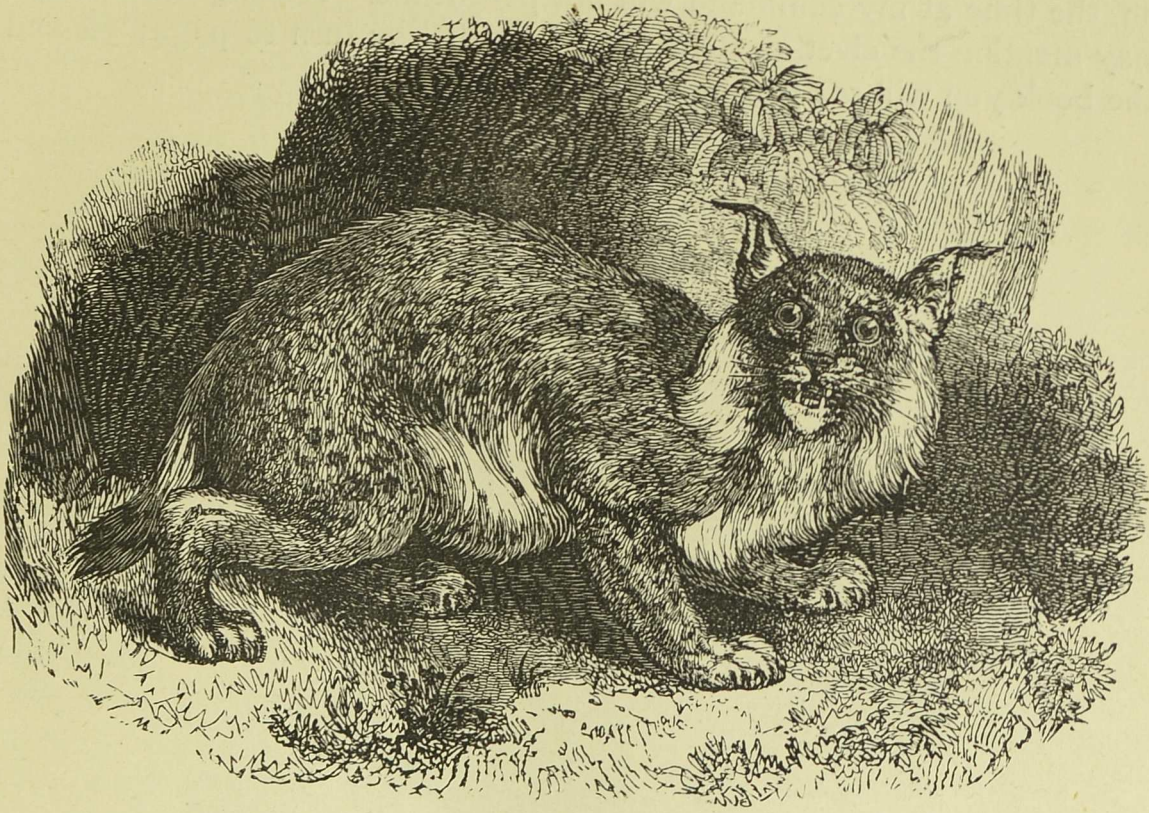
“When Mr. Waterton (‘Wanderings’) was encamped on the banks of the Essequibo, he was visited by one of these prowlers. ‘Whenever the fire got low, the jaguar came a little nearer; and when the Indian renewed it, he retired abruptly; sometimes he would come within twenty yards, and then we had a view of him, sitting on his hind legs like a dog; sometimes he moved slowly to and fro; and at other times we could hear him mend his pace, as if impatient. At last the Indian, not relishing the idea of having such company, set up a most tremendous yell. The jaguar bounded off like a race-horse, and returned no more. It appeared by the print of his feet, next morning, that he was a full grown one.’

“The jaguar is said to make its attacks by springing on the neck of his prey, then placing one of its paws on the back of its head, while he turns round the muzzle with the other, he dislocates the neck and deprives it of life.

“He, in his turn, falls a victim to man. The Spaniards and Indians hurt him in various ways. Sometimes he is driven by dogs ‘to tree,’ in which case he is dispatched with the musket or lance; sometimes the pack force him among the bushes, and then is exhibited, sometimes, a daring feat. A single Indian, with his left arm enveloped in a sheep-skin, and with a five feet lance in his right, goes boldly into him. The hunter parries the onset of the furious beast with the shielded arm, and at the same time deals him such a thrust with his lance as seldom requires being done again. The lasso is also used with the best effect upon the plains.”

Observe this picture of an European lynx. It forms another variety of the great cat tribe. It is said that it is still found in the Pyrenean mountains, in the north of Spain, and the southern boundary of France. But when I visited the Pyrenees some years ago, I never heard of one, much less saw one; though I met several groups of hunters bringing in grizzly bears, five or six men carrying one bear fastened to a pole. There are a good many varieties of lynxes. Among these, the caracal is said, like the jackal, to follow the lion and other wild beasts, most likely to feed upon what they leave. The caracals are like the chetahs, and are used in hunting antelopes and

goats, and beasts of that kind. It is said that they will jump up at a crane, even when it is flying. They are also used to catch pelicans and wild peacocks. They are sometimes seen in zoological gardens, where they look as if they could be tamed with some little trouble and attention; but, on the other hand, people say that their temper is very uncertain. One writer gives evidence of the great force and fierceness of this beast, for he says he



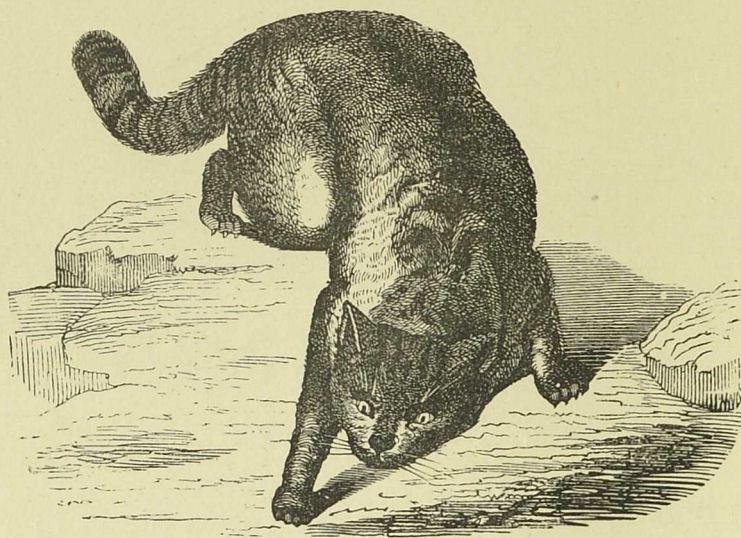
THE EUROPEAN LYNX.

saw one attack a hound, killing it and tearing it to pieces in a minute, though the poor dog defended itself to the utmost.

The fur of the European lynx is long and fine. It is of a dull reddish grey above, with oblong spots of reddish grey down the sides. The spots on the limbs are smaller and rounder. In winter the fur is longer than in summer; in fact, the colder the climate, the fuller and more valuable is the fur. The fur of the Canada lynx forms a considerable article in the yearly importation of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is easily frightened. It lives

by catching the American hare. It makes a poor fight when it is found by a hunter up a tree, although it spits like a cat, and sets its hair up. A blow on the back with a big stick kills it instantly. It is said that the lynx drops from trees on the backs of deer, and kills them by tearing their throats, just like the chetah, and ravenously drinking their blood.

There are a great number of other animals belonging to the cat or tiger species; but, although I should very much like to tell you something about them, the time at my command will not permit me. Among them, however, I may mention the civet and the genet, and if you turn to pages 56 and 57 of the book you will see pictures of them.



CONVERSATION IV.

HYÆNA—TURKISH CEMETERY—LION—LION HUNT—ANDROCLES AND THE LION—HORSE AND PONY—ELEPHANT—ELEPHANT IN WAR—ELEPHANT BUILDING—TAPIR.

G. Just look at this picture.

Mary. What are those tall trees in the distance ; are they poplars ?

G. No, they are cypresses, which in Eastern countries are thought to be the proper trees for graveyards and the sleeping-places of the dead. And these stones or wooden posts, with big knobs at the top, are Turkish tombstones. See, the hyænas have got in ; and, see, some of them are trying to scratch up the dead bodies.

The fore legs of these animals are longer than the hind legs. The strength of their teeth, both for cutting and crushing, is said to be greater than that of any other brute ; thus they can crush the hardest bones. Dr. Buckland tells us that one day at Oxford he saw the collection of animals with which the late Mr. Wombwell used to travel about the country. "I was enabled," says the dean, "to observe the animal's mode of proceeding in the destruction of bones. The shin-bone of an ox being presented to this hyæna, he began to bite off with his molar teeth large fragments from its upper extremity, and swallowed them whole as fast as they were broken off. The rest of the bone broke up into angular fragments, many of which he caught up greedily and swallowed whole. He went on cracking it till he had extracted all the marrow, licking out the lowest portion of it with his tongue. I gave the animal successively three shin-bones of a sheep ; he snapped them asunder in a moment, dividing each into two parts only, which he swallowed whole, without the smallest mastication. On the keeper putting a spar of wood two inches in diameter into his den, he cracked it in pieces as if it had been touch-wood, and in a minute the whole was reduced to a mass of splinters. The power of his jaws far exceeded any animal force of the kind I ever saw exerted, and reminded me of nothing so much as a miner's crushing mill, or the scissors with which they cut off bars of iron or copper in the metal foundries."

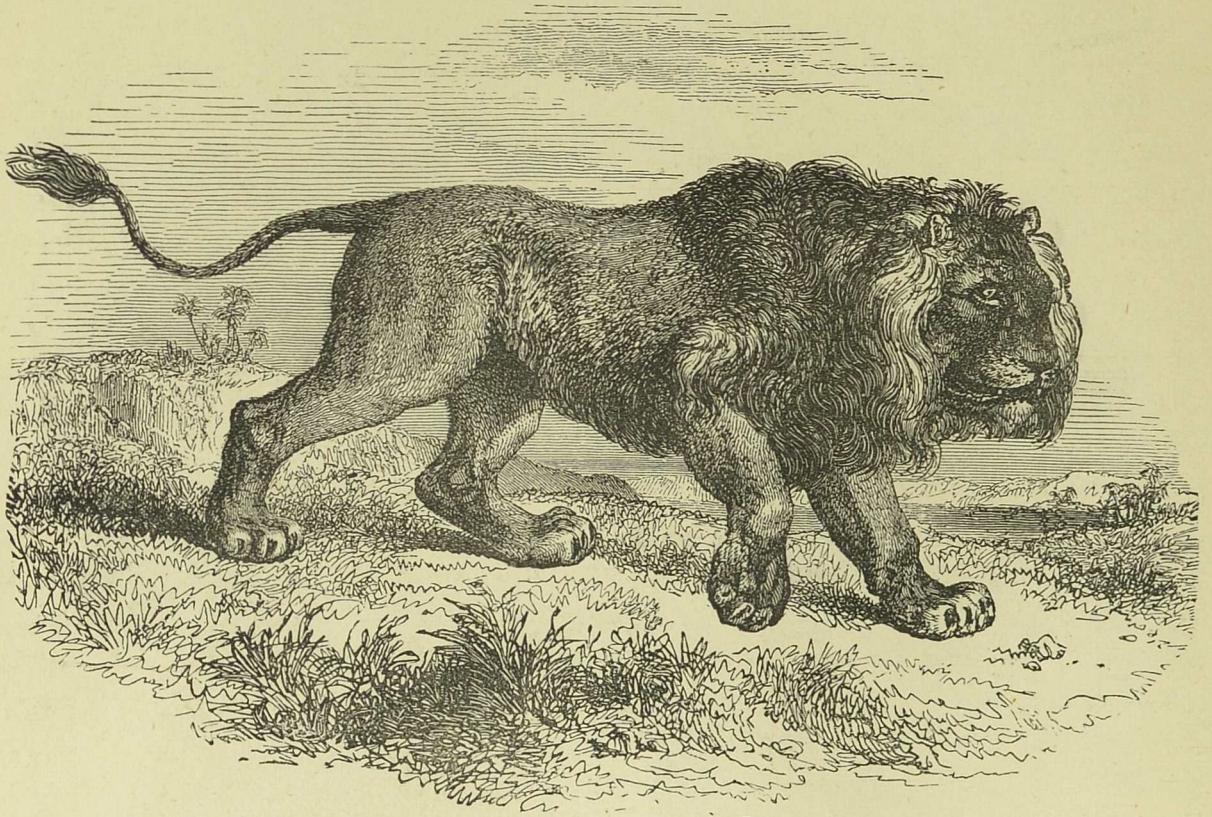
Colonel Denham says : " At Kooka the hyænas, which were everywhere in legions, grew so extremely ravenous that a good large village, where he sometimes procured a draught of sour milk on his duck-shooting excursions, had been attacked the night before his last visit, the town absolutely carried by storm, notwithstanding defences nearly six feet high of branches of the prickly tulloh, and two donkeys, whose flesh these animals are extremely fond of, carried off, in spite of the efforts of the people. We constantly," continues Colonel Denham, " heard them close to the walls of our own town at night ; and on a gate being left partly open, they would enter and carry off any unfortunate animal they could find in the streets." From the same narrative, it appears that it was necessary to protect the graves from the attacks of these rapacious brutes. The grave of a gentleman named Toole had a pile of thorns and branches of the prickly tulloh, several feet high, raised over it as a protection against the flocks of hyænas which nightly infested the burying-places in that country.

Let me say something next about the lion. The lion, like the tiger, belongs to the great race of cats. He is sometimes called the king of beasts, but it is doubtful if he is as brave as the tiger. At the present day lions are only found in Africa and Asia. Formerly, it is said, they used to be in the south-east of Europe too. Nor are they any longer to be seen in the Holy Land, though they are often alluded to in the Bible. It is a tawny animal ; it is very strong. The African lion is different from the Asiatic, and the African lions themselves seem to consist of four or five kinds. It was formerly believed that they had prickles in their tails, which rendered them wilder when they lashed their sides with their tails. They are not often found in forests ; they seem to like best the shelter of the low common that creeps along the sides of streams. The powerful brute sometimes carries off men. A Cape lion has been known to seize a heifer in his mouth, and though the legs dragged upon the ground, he carried her off as easily as a cat does a rat. Another conveyed a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it. Another, that had carried off a two-year old heifer, was followed on the spoor, or track, for five hours, by horsemen, when it was found that throughout the long distance the heifer had touched the ground only once or twice. To avoid these blood-thirsty beasts, whole villages are sometimes built in the upper branches of trees. The African lion generally lives upon cows, calves, antelopes, and such like animals.



HYÆNAS.

Mr. Burchell, the traveller, gives an interesting account of his meeting one of these great beasts. Let me read it to you : " The day was exceedingly pleasant, and there was not a cloud to be seen. For a mile or two we travelled along by the banks of the river, which in this part abounded in tall mat-rushes. The dogs seemed much to enjoy prowling about, and examining every bushy place, and at last met with some object among the bushes



THE BARBARY LION.

which caused them to set up a most vehement and determined barking. We explored the spot with caution, as we suspected, from the peculiar tone of their bark, that it was what we expected it to be—lions. Having desired the dogs to drive them out, a task which they performed with great willingness, we had a full view of an enormous black-maned lion and lioness. The latter was seen only for a minute, as she made her escape up the river under the concealment of the rushes ; but the lion came steadily forward, and stood

still to look at us. At this minute we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on

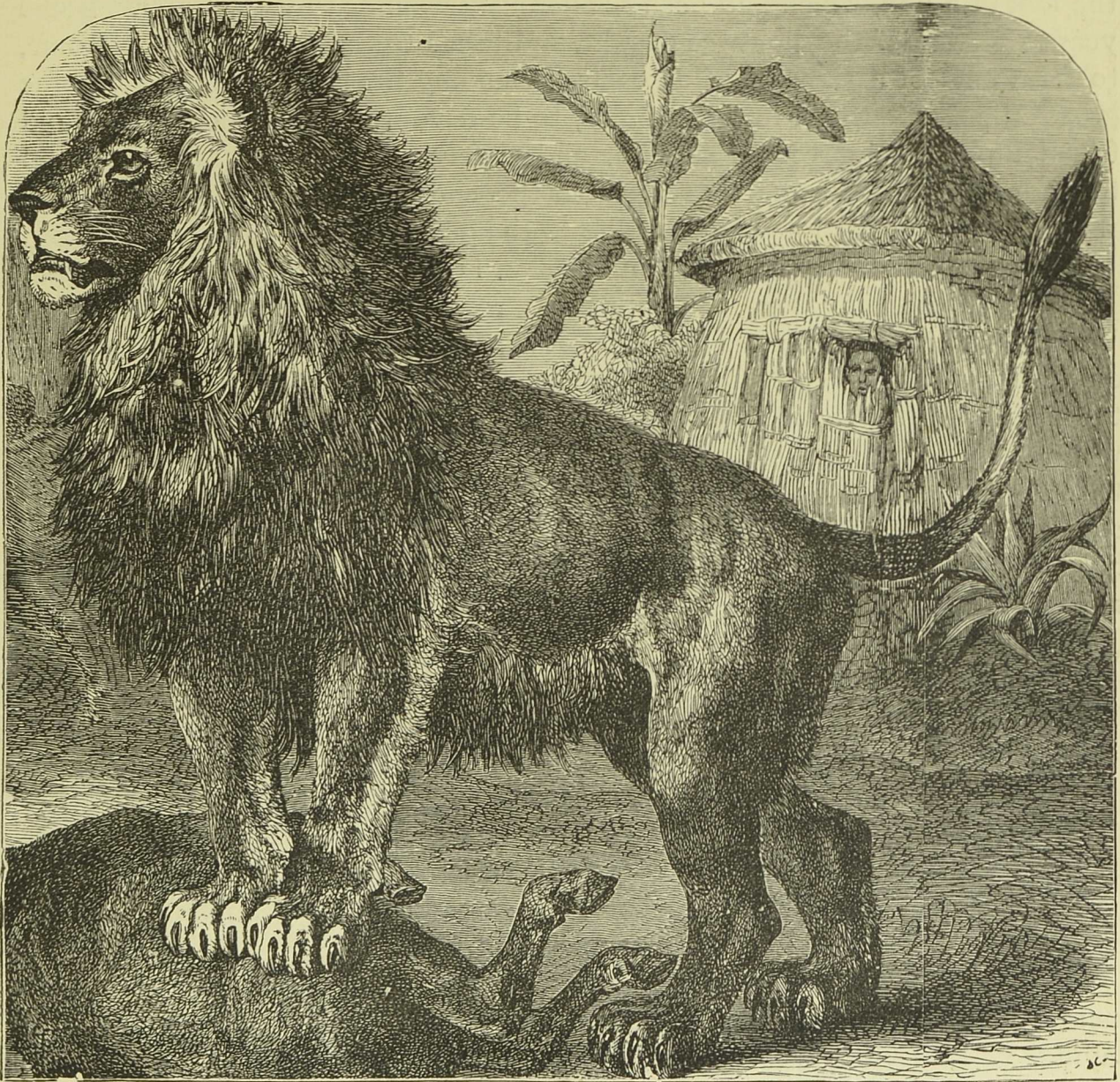


THE LION.

the bank, at the distance of only a few yards, most of us being on foot and unarmed, without any visible opportunity of escaping. I had given up my horse to the hunters, and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear,

and it was useless to attempt avoiding him. I stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hands with my finger upon the trigger ; and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner. But at this instant the dogs flew boldly in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of those faithful beasts was most admirable ; they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood making the greatest clamour in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved at their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment the dogs, perceiving his eye thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him ; but they paid dearly for their imprudence, for, without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant I beheld two lying dead. In doing this, he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed. Of the time which we gained by the interference of the dogs not a minute was lost. We fired upon him ; one of the balls went through his side, just between the short ribs, and the blood began to flow, but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us ; every gun was instantly re-loaded ; but, happily, we were mistaken, and were not sorry to see him move quietly away, though I had hoped in a few minutes to have been enabled to take hold of his paw without danger." Even where the hunter has been seized with a panic and pursued, a timely recovery of self-possession has saved him. Sparrman relates that Jacob Bok, of Yee-koe-river, one day walking over his land with his loaded gun, unexpectedly met a lion. Being an excellent shot, he thought himself pretty certain, from the position in which he was, of killing it, and therefore fired his piece. Unfortunately he did not recollect that the charge had been in it for some time, and therefore was damp, so that his piece hung fire, and the ball falling short, entered the ground close to the lion. In consequence of this he was seized with a panic, and took directly to his heels ; but being soon out of breath, and closely pursued by the lion, he jumped up on a little heap of stones and there made a stand, presenting the butt-end of his gun to his adversary, fully resolved to defend his life as well as he could to the utmost. This deportment had such an effect upon his pursuer, that he also made a stand, and lay down at the distance of a few paces from the heap of stones, seemingly quite uncon-

cerned. Jacob, in the meantime, did not stir from the spot ; besides, he had in his flight unfortunately dropped his powder-horn. At length, after waiting a



THE LION AND ITS PREY.

good half-hour, the lion rose up, and at first went very slowly, and step by step only, as if he had a mind to steal off ; but as soon as he got to a greater distance, he began to bound away at a great rate.

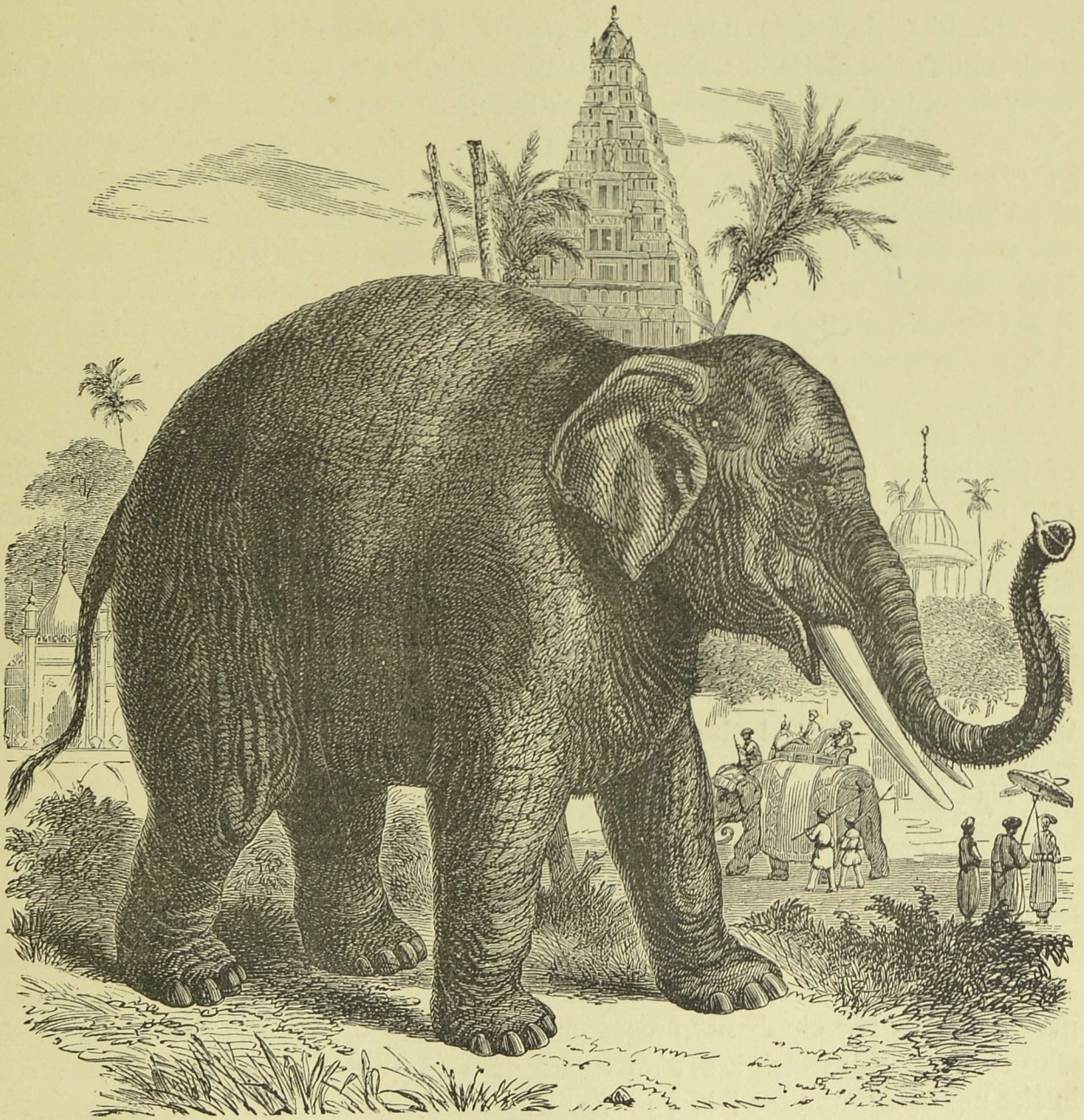
In old books of Natural History, there is a story about a slave called by some Androcles, and others, as for instance Gellius, Androdus, who cured the foot of a lion, which had been dangerously wounded by a splinter. Some years afterwards, the lion was caught, and taken to the great circus at Rome, to form part of a show of wild beasts. One day the slave, perhaps for some great crime, was driven into the circus, to be devoured by the lions. His old friend immediately recognised him, and defended him with rare zeal and tenderness. I do not exactly remember the end of the story, but I think the slave was let go ; and he owed his life to the good memory of the wild beast.

Johnnie. Beasts have good memories, far better often than boys and girls. A horse, they say, never forgets a road that it has once gone over. We all know a lady that rides a fine, tall, frisky, thoroughbred mare. One day, when riding her, she stopped at a fruit-stall, and bought an apple for the mare, which she munched with great delight. Ever after that, the mare would never pass the stall until she had obtained her apple. If the lady tried to make her go on in a good-humoured way, she would keep sweeping round and round until her nose came up to the stall again ; so at last the lady let her have her way, and never passed the stall without buying her an apple. You see she remembered well the nice taste of the first apple.

Mary. I have heard of a man who had a favourite Shetland pony. One day he sold this pony. Some months afterwards, he was walking in the street of a neighbouring town, when he felt something touching his shoulder, as if it were giving him a mild bite. It was his pony, with its bridle-strap all torn. The sagacious animal had been fastened by his bridle to a hook at the door of an inn, but when he saw his old master, he broke away, and went to meet him. The gentleman was so impressed with the circumstance, that he bought his old friend back again, and kept him for the remainder of his life. So that you see horses have good memories.

G. Johnnie, When you were a very little boy, you used to call a good memory "a big remember," which many of us used to think not a bad saying.

Mary. There is a story that I have heard grandmother tell about the memory of an elephant. It appears that a tailor, when an elephant went past his shop, used to prick his trunk with a needle. The elephant could not easily get at him in the shop ; but one day, when the tailor was in another part of the town, the elephant caught sight of him, and going up to a tank



THE INDIAN ELEPHANT.

close at hand, filled his trunk with mud and dirty water. Coming up to the man, he spouted it all over him, spoiling his clothes; so that you see this beast also had a good memory.

G. But elephants not only remember ill-natured pranks played them, and punish the offender; they equally remember acts of kindness. A good story is told of an Indian elephant, which used to pass through the market of Ajneer. A kind-hearted woman, who kept a stall, used to give him a handful of greens. One day the elephant got into a great rage, and dashed through the market, scattering the crowd in all directions. Alarmed like the rest, the woman took to flight, but, in her haste, left her little child behind her. The elephant came up to her baby, lifted it gently with its trunk, and laid it safely on a stall in front of a house in the neighbourhood. You will find this story, amongst others, in the Rev. F. O. Morris' work entitled "Records of Animal Sagacity and Character."

In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, an elephant had been turned out of his house to allow of a chase of the rats that devoured his food. The rats ran about in all directions, and while the elephant was stooping to pick up a morsel of bread which one of the crowd had thrown to him, a rat, fancying he saw a means of escape, took refuge in the interior of his trunk. The elephant made frantic efforts to relieve himself of his unwelcome visitor, but in vain. Suddenly he paused, and seemed to reflect; then he went to his basin, filled his trunk with water, and, amidst the great excitement of the lookers-on, ejected the water and the unfortunate rat, with one sublime effort.

"At Macassar," says Mr. Morris, "an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's head to break. The following day, the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up in his trunk, beat it about the driver's head till the man was dead. At the Liverpool Zoological Gardens, after delighting groups of young holiday folks by his skilful and docile performances, the elephant gave some offence to one of the deputy-keepers, who chastised him with a broom-stick. No one was by to see what occurred in the next few minutes; but at the expiration of that time, the unfortunate deputy-keeper was found dead at the feet of the insulted beast, having been killed in all probability by a single blow of the animal's trunk. The body presented a most appalling spectacle, the arms and legs being fractured in several places, the skull cloven, and the whole body crushed to pieces by the animal, who, it would appear, in his rage, had repeatedly trampled upon him."

The principal peculiarity of the elephant is his trunk. It consists of thousands of small muscles interlaced, so that by means of these the animal can either stretch it out, or draw it in, and turn it round in any way that it likes. It has two holes in it, something like nostrils. It has also two little projections at the tip, like a thumb and a small finger. The elephant is the biggest four-footed animal that lives upon land; in fact, he looks quite a mountain of flesh; yet he generally obeys his keeper as quietly as if he were a spaniel. He looks rather larger than he actually is. It is not often that he is more than nine feet high. At the Zoological Gardens, in London, it is not an uncommon thing to see a number of children on the back of one, and the grave manner with which he marches with his load is a sight to see. His brain is very small compared with his enormous size. Those who have studied his habits most closely say that he is not at all cleverer than the dog, the horse, and the donkey.

The ancient Carthaginians used to employ elephants in war. The Romans took a number of these animals prisoners, and used them in fight; but they were very dangerous helps. Hannibal, on one occasion finding the battle long continuing doubtful, ordered, says the historian Livy, the elephants to be brought up to the front, hoping by their means to frighten the Romans. But Caius Decimius Flavus, a Roman officer, ordered a band of spearmen to follow him to the spot where the elephants were throwing all into confusion, and to hurl javelins at the bulky beasts. Every weapon hit, because they were crowded together. They then rushed back in wild affright upon their owners, and killed more of them than the enemy against whom they had been brought. Livy adds, "As to the elephants themselves, more were killed by their guides than by the enemy. These carried a knife, like that used by shoemakers, with a mallet; and when the animals began to grow furious, and to rush on their own party, the manager of each, fixing this instrument between his ears, on the joint which connects the head with the neck, drove it in with the strongest blow that he could give. This had been found the speediest method of killing animals of that great size, when they became so unruly as to leave no hope of managing them."

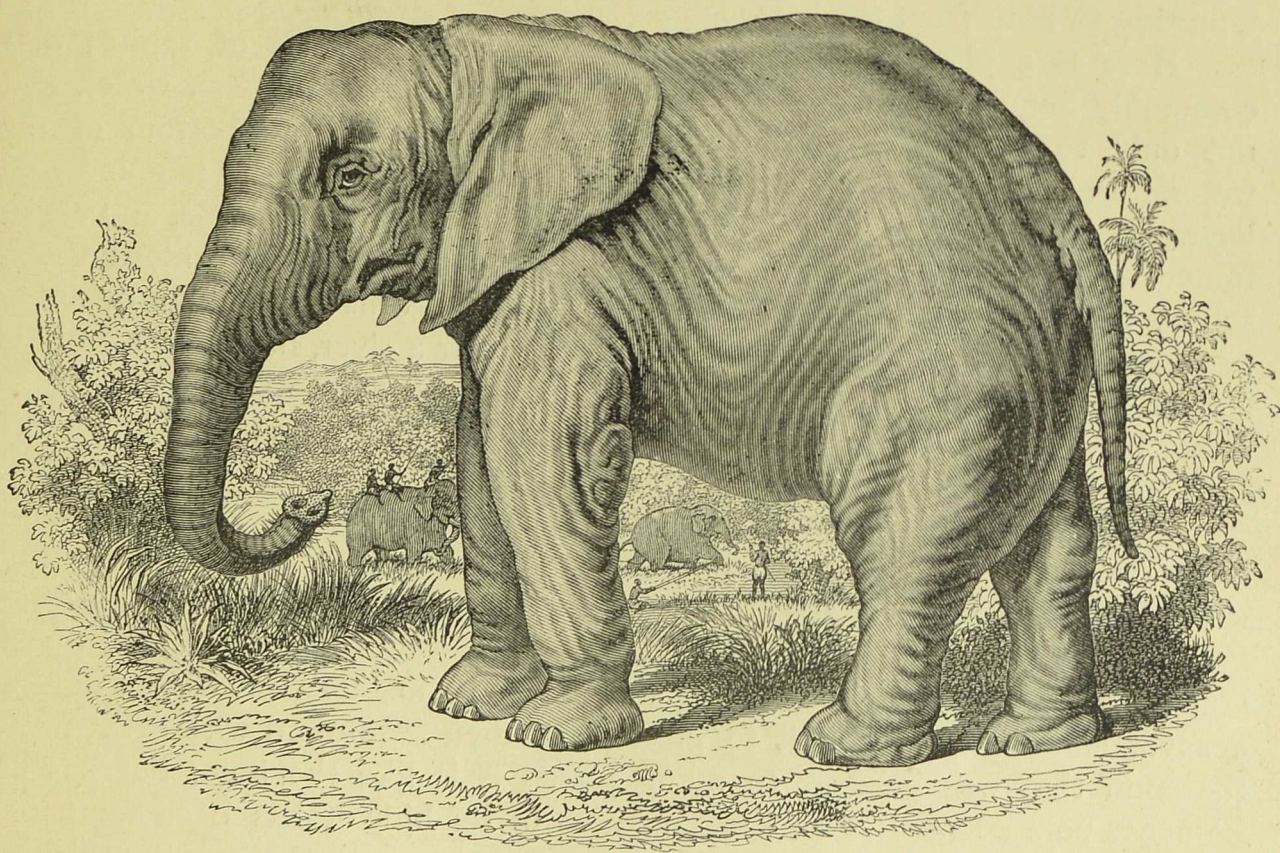
In the East the elephant is used to form a part in royal pageants and processions, to knock down walls, to push heavy loads up hill-sides, to swim across rivers with a quantity of packages upon its back, thus becoming a sort of parcels delivery company, while it is often employed as an executioner.

In a wild state, the Asiatic elephant lives in great herds, which are led and governed by an old male. These herds have been known, in India, to crush down a pathway through a forest in a single night. When the morning dawned, some gentlemen travelling in the neighbourhood, who had heard the thunderous noise of the falling trees with terror and alarm, mounted an eminence, and beheld the line which the elephants had cleared, going as straight as an arrow through the forest; it could not have been done with greater accuracy if it had been the work of a squad of railway engineers.

One reason why elephants are hunted is the value of their tusks. They consist of delicate ivory, which has long been used as an ornament by man. Ivory statues, ivory ornaments for the chimney-piece, crosses, bracelets, brooches, are common in London and Paris. Dieppe has long been famous for ornaments in ivory. Three hundred years ago it was the most flourishing sea-port of France, and one of the first in Europe. The Dieppe carvers have always imported their elephants' teeth from Africa.

Elephants belong to the thick-skinned variety of animals. This includes, besides the elephant and some other animals not much known, tapirs, swine, the hippopotamus, and rhinoceros. Let me say something about each of these animals, you looking at the pictures the while. But one or two stories yet about our friend the elephant. Sir Emerson Tennant, in his work on Ceylon, which is the more interesting to us because your Aunt Carrie lives there, tells the following amusing story of the cleverness of an elephant. "One evening, while riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davie's party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *urmph ! urmph !* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks; but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his load to one side to permit it to pass endways; and the exertion and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber, and forced himself backwards among the brushwood, so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated; the elephant observed

it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *urmph!* but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled, and anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forbore any interference. Again the elephant wedged himself farther in among the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him, and



THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

when the horse had done so tremblingly and timidly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burden, turn and balance it on his tusks, and resume his route, hoarsely snorting, as before, his discontented remonstrance."

Here is another story of the same kind about an elephant. I wonder if it is true? "By profession he was a builder, and was employed in laying stones under the supervision of an overseer. Whenever he completed one course he signalled to the overseer, who came and inspected his work, and after ascertaining that the task was properly performed, gave the signal to

lay another course. On one occasion the elephant placed himself against a portion of the wall, and refused to move from the spot when the overseer came to the part of the wall which his body concealed. The overseer, however, insisted on the elephant's moving aside, and the elephant, seeing that his ruse had failed, immediately set hard to work at pulling down the wall which he had just built, and which was defective in the spot which he had been attempting to hide from the inspector's eye."

Here is a picture of a tapir. There are many sorts of tapirs; that commonly found in America is said to be a great lover of fresh water, and not only to swim and dive, but to walk actually at the bottom of the water. In general appearance it is heavy and coarse, like the hog and wild boar. It feeds on grass and the sprouts of trees. It is very gentle, and easily tamed. There is a story told that it taught the natives how to bleed themselves, when they got too fat and full-blooded. When a jaguar or other panther fastens on the tapir's back, if he be near a river, he hastens to it as fast as he can, and the jaguar has to jump off and get to shore, or else he would be drowned. It likes best the recesses of deep forests; it does not live with its fellows. It remains sleeping, or at least quiet, during the day, and goes out during the night. It lives, in its natural state, on wild fruits, as we have already said, but it will swallow almost anything that comes in its way, whether dirty or nice; lumps of clay, pebbles, bones, bits of wood—all sorts of queer things have been taken out of the stomachs of tapirs killed in the forest. One that was tamed, and lived like a puppy in its master's house, got hold of a silver snuff-box, gnawed it to pieces, and then swallowed with great gusto the snuff that was inside. In many points it is like the hog; but has an immense pointed snout. In the thickness of its hide it has been compared to the rhinoceros. Like the elephant, it crashes a path through the thickest forest, all the underwood giving way to its rush; it makes runs or roads through the thickest tangle in every direction, and the weary traveller thanks the poor beast while he avails himself of his work. It may be said, Why do men hunt him? The Indians like his flesh, though to an European it would seem coarse and dry; but you know tastes differ. In Africa the flesh of the elephant is esteemed a dainty, and its feet a feast fit for a king. On one occasion when I was in Paris, I heard that an elephant was killed during the great siege by the Germans, when flesh-meat was excessively dear, and that every bit of him was eaten up by the hungry people. But the

tapir is hunted for its tough hide as well as for its flesh. The men who hunt him lie in wait with their dogs near the path that he has made, as evening comes on. They then try to catch him, by getting between him and the water, in which he loves to plunge and wallow before he sets out on his nightly stroll. He is not a coward, he fights well. If he can reach the water, he goes



THE AMERICAN TAPIR.

into it breast high, and meets the dogs, giving them a sharp bite in their necks, which often sends them howling to the bank. The Indians learn to imitate their sharp whistle or cry; the tapir comes to see what is the matter, and a poisoned arrow lays him low. His hide is made into leather, and his flesh goes into the pot. I do not know that he has ever yet been turned into a beast of burden, but some say that he is so easily tamed, that he might be taught to drag or carry a load.

CONVERSATION V.

HIPPOPOTAMUS—RHINOCEROS—ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.

G. Here is a picture of a hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Johnnie. Why, he's not a bit like a horse. Did you ever see such a thick-skinned, big-mouthed, ugly beast?

G. But we are not to suppose him ugly because he is unlike man. From his point of view, I dare say his wife and children are much handsomer to him than any of you children. If he thinks at all, I dare say he thinks you are little ugly, thin-legged animals, frightened at the very sight of cold water, while his baby will plunge in and stay under I don't know how long.

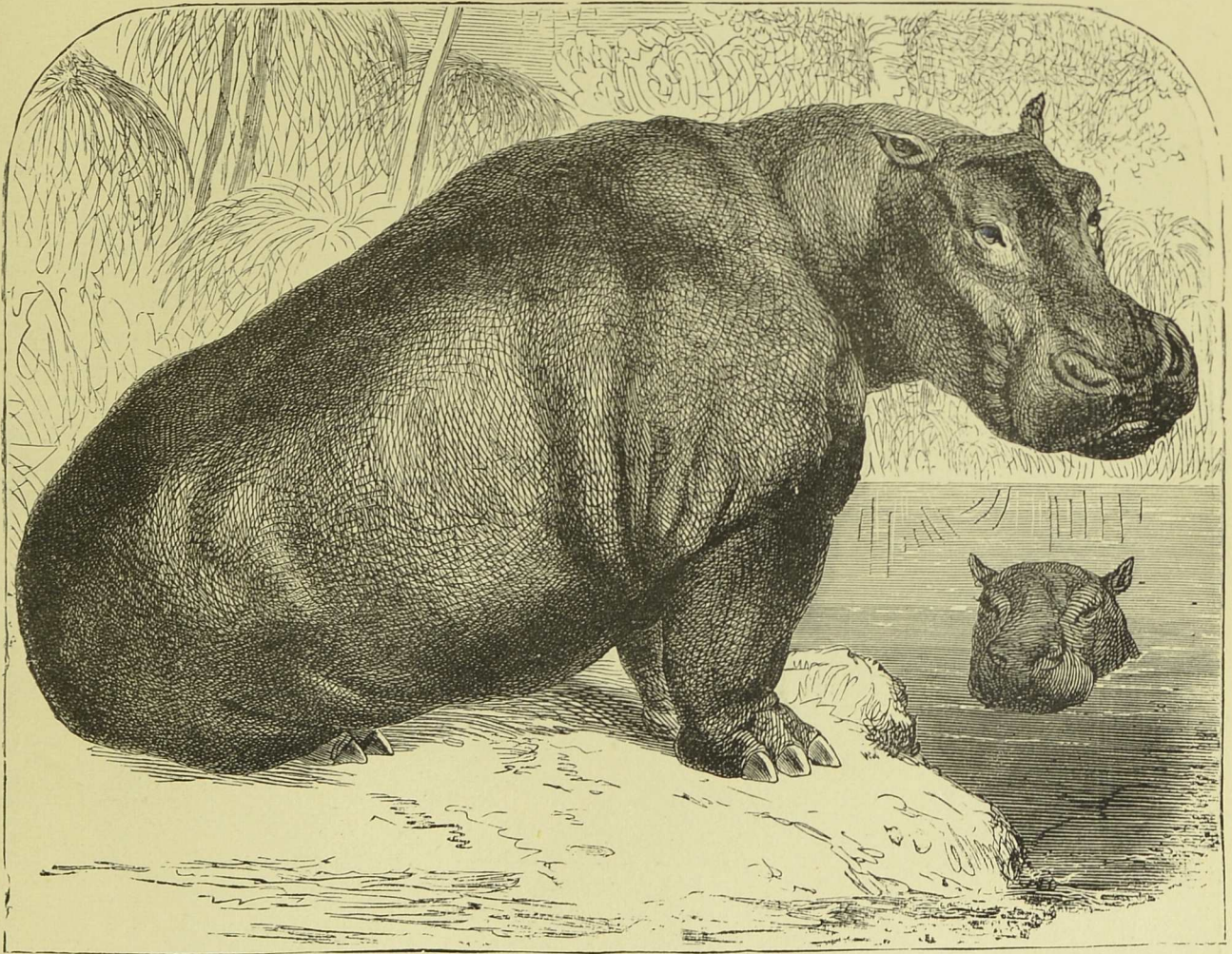
Mary. I believe the beast likes the water, for he is generally in it when I see him at the Zoological Gardens.

Johnnie. What big dreadful teeth he has!

G. But he only uses them for mowing and cutting down grass, and crunching little shoots of trees. If you want to see his great queer mouth to advantage, go to the side of his pond, and lift up a bun. You see him, almost covered with the water, coming to the place where you stand; then lifting up his huge form out of the water, he opens his great pink-coloured mouth, and within you see the rows of enormous teeth. You throw in your bun and it disappears down the red lane immediately, while the huge mouth is opened to receive another. Observe that he slips through the water the more easily because his hide constantly sends out a thick oily substance; so that a gentleman who one day patted his back, found that he had spoiled a pair of new kid gloves.

Look at this picture of the Indian rhinoceros. He is so called from that big thing generally termed a horn, though some say that it is more like a bundle of hairs that have grown together. I do not pretend to decide. When you grow older, search for yourselves. All writers about animals that are good for anything, read all that they can about the animals they describe. Some of them have lived in the countries where they abound; some of them, passing through the countries, ask questions of people that have seen the

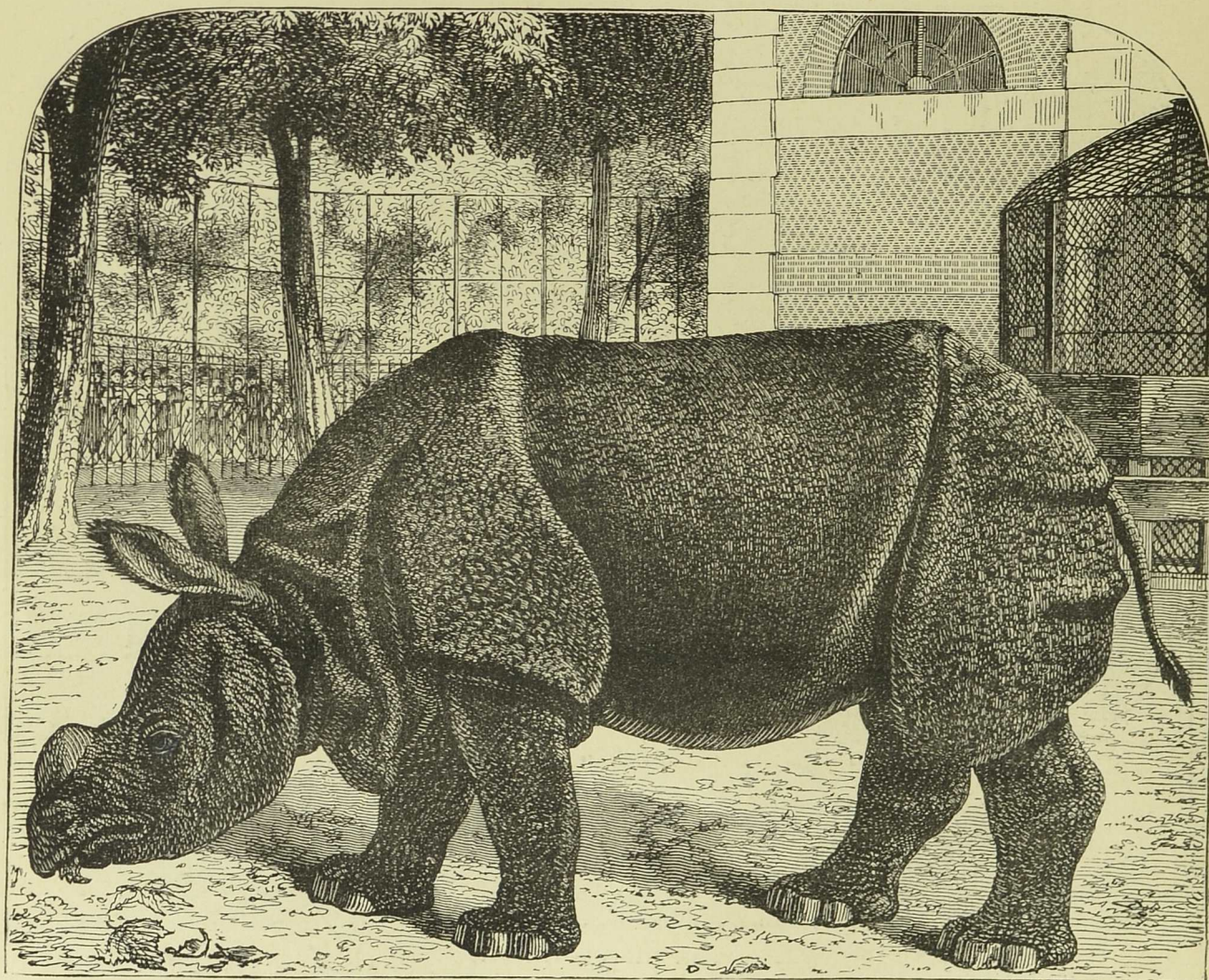
beasts or creeping things they want to know about. Thus, when I was at Cape Town, I tried to get all sorts of information about the birds, and the beasts, and fishes, and other animals. And so in New Zealand, Australia, and the Brazils. When I was in Switzerland a year or two ago, I went out



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

of my way to see the great St. Bernard dog Barry, that had saved many lives, whose stuffed skin is in the Museum at Berne. I also went to see the pit where the bears are kept. You know the city of Berne, the chief town in Switzerland, is named after the bears. Its proper meaning is bear-town. So now we will go back to the rhinoceros.

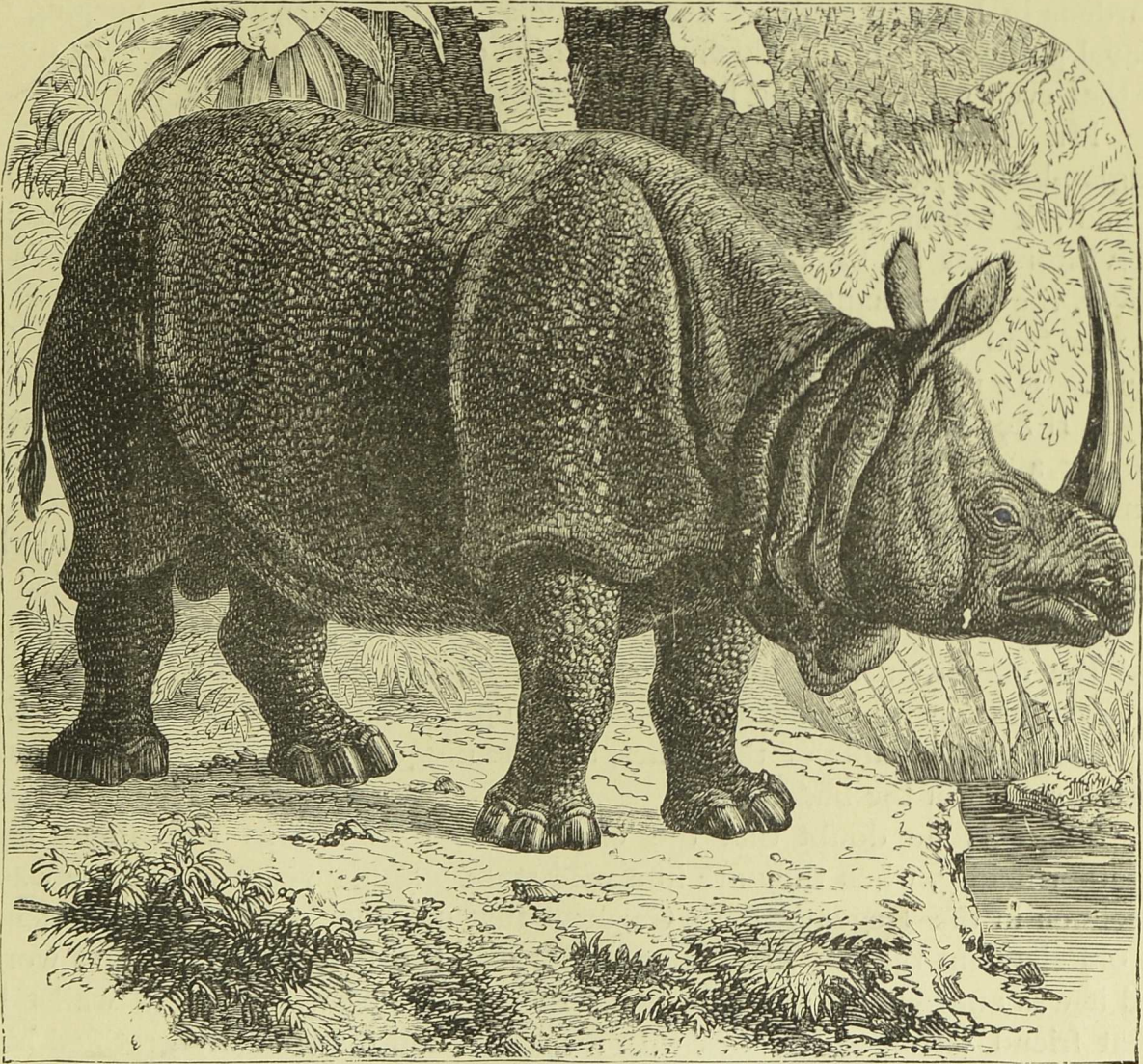
The animal has sometimes two horns, one by the side of the other; sometimes two horns, one behind the other; and sometimes one horn. The variety with the one horn is supposed to be the "unicorn" mentioned in the



THE RHINOCEROS.

Bible. It is a very strong animal; old writers speak of it as ripping up the belly of the elephant with its horn. Sometimes it was called the bull of Ethiopia. The cruel Romans used to put a rhinoceros with a bear in fight, but the former would toss the bear on his horn with the greatest ease. It is

to be observed that the horn is not a growth of the skull, but merely fastened to the thick hide. About a hundred and fifty years ago, one of these big



INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

beasts was brought to London from Bengal. He was a very costly animal; though only two years old, a thousand pounds were expended in providing him with food and drink. What do you think he ate every day? Why seven pounds of rice mixed with three pounds of sugar, divided into three

portions. He also ate plentifully of hay, but he much preferred fresh vegetables, grass, and herbs. He drank a great deal of water. He was so quiet and well-behaved, that he let people handle him, unless he was annoyed, or wanted his breakfast. The well-known specimen in the Zoological Gardens in London couldn't bear the noise of the roller used in keeping the gravel pathway in order which adjoined his den ; his hearing was very quick, so that even while enjoying his dinner he stops, and starts aside, to listen.

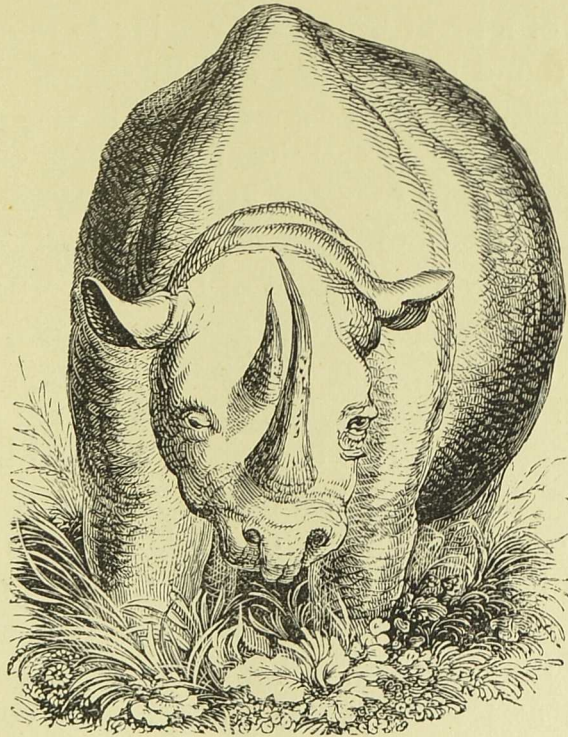
Mr. Bingley gives the following account of a rhinoceros brought to England in 1790. It was then about five years old. It was somewhat tamed ; it would walk about when desired to do so by its keeper ; it would let visitors pat its back. His daily allowance was twenty-eight pounds of clover, the same quantity of ship biscuit, and an enormous amount of greens. It was fond of sweet wines, and would drink four or five bottles in a few hours. He made nothing of drinking fifteen pails of water in the course of a day. If he saw a person with fruit or any food that he was fond of, he would ask for a share, in a very pretty manner for so huge a beast, making a noise something like the bleating of a calf. He died of inflammation, caused by slipping the joint of one of his fore legs. Some doctors made openings in his skin, in order to relieve his pain. These were always found quite healed up in the course of twenty-four hours. His death happened near Portsmouth, and the mayor ordered him to be buried on the common at Southsea. A fortnight afterwards some naturalists dug up the remains to preserve the skin and the most valuable of the bones, but the diggers were nearly overpowered by the stench of the body.

There is no doubt that the elephant and rhinoceros sometimes fight together madly, when they are in a wild state. Some years ago there was a specimen in the Regent's Park Gardens, that contrived to get into the den of an old elephant there. They were afterwards the best friends in the world, and it was amusing to see how quiet the rhinoceros would stand whilst his great friend scrubbed his back with his trunk, and occasionally gratified himself by a sly pull at his tail, to make the rhinoceros turn his head, if his attention was taken off by visitors.

We have said that the horn is not fastened to the skull, but simply connected with the skin. It is not generally known that it can be removed by passing a sharp knife round its base. The skin is so strong and thick, that it can only be pierced by bullets of a peculiar make. The negroes of Africa

know this perfectly well, and make it into shields and bucklers. His playful antics are sometimes useful; thus he will poke his horn into the ground, and then driving it along at a great rate, pushing with all his mighty force and strength, he will make a furrow broader and deeper than that of a plough. Those who have watched his habits tell us that he does this, not because he is in a passion, but in the pure enjoyment of health and spirits; just as when a little boy or girl, or dog or kitten, scampers about a lawn.

Thick as the hide of some varieties is, it is not thick enough to protect its folds from the sting of the mosquito. To escape from the bite of this and other like insects, it wallows in the mud. This mud, baked by the sun, becomes as hard as a crust, and when the beast wants to get out of his shelter, he can only do so after a violent struggle. The Indians know this, and seeing his nose just peeping out of the dried mud, they light a large fire round him in every direction. From these flames he cannot escape, so that he is slowly baked, like a pie in a dish. When he is dead the hunters come up and devour the best limbs, which they are said to enjoy very much.



CONVERSATION VI.

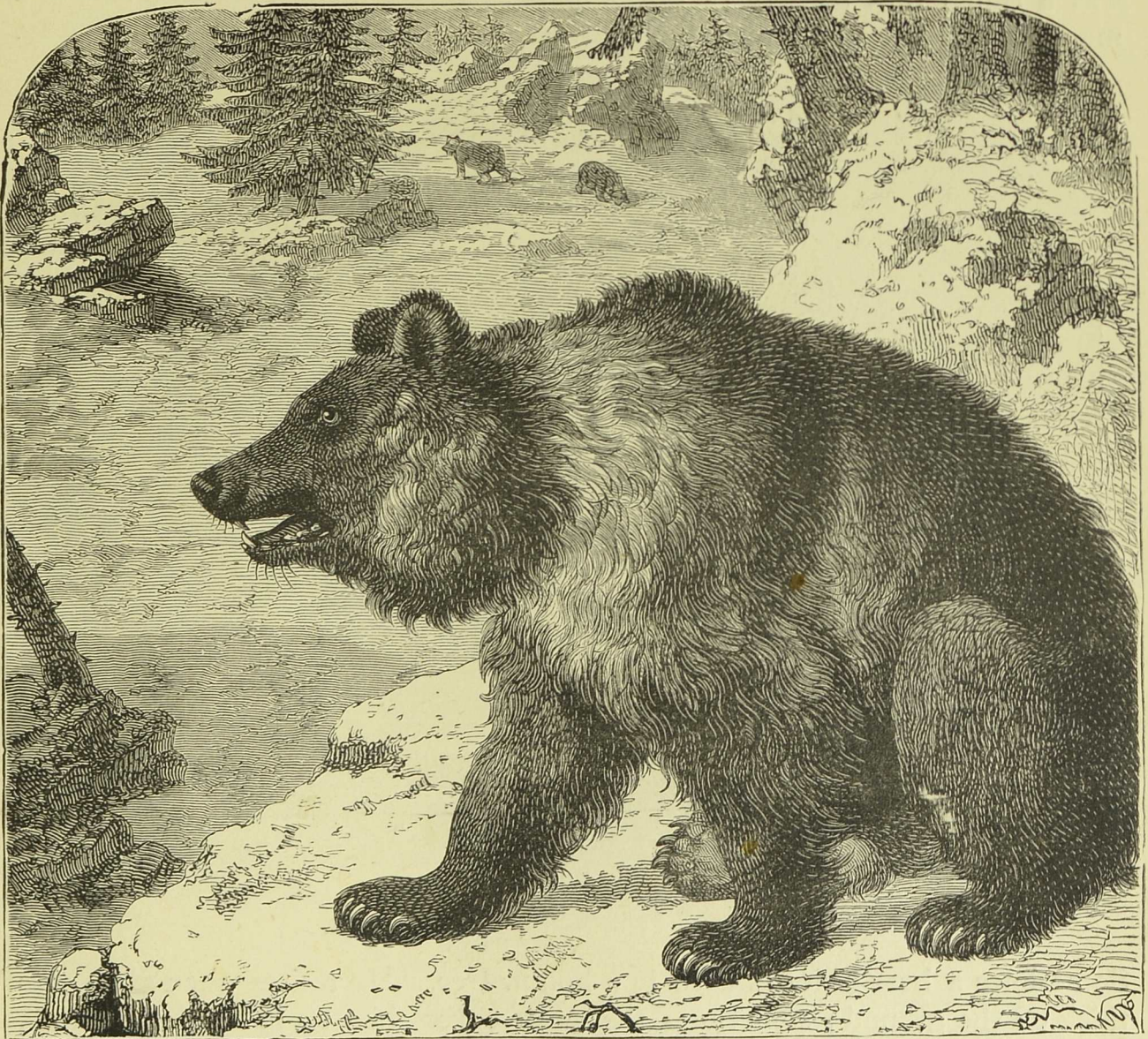
BEARS—DANCING BEAR—BEAR HUNTING—CEREMONIES IN NORTH AMERICA—"BRUIN"
ON BOARD H.M.S. "LORD WARDEN."

Mary. Please to tell us some tales about bears. Not long ago I saw a man leading a poor bear by a chain, and it had to stand on its hind legs, and to perform many kinds of antics, for the amusement of a set of vulgar boys and men.

G. I fear that the poor bears are terribly ill used before they learn the tricks which their keepers want to teach them, in order that they may get money by showing them about the country. I have heard that sometimes they make irons red-hot, and poke them into the seething hissing limbs of the trembling bear, that he may instantly obey the orders of his master.

Here is a picture of a great brown bear. He is found in the cold region of the North. He is found in the Alps and Pyrenees. It is not unknown in North America. A backwoodsman says that he is very fond of honey. He speaks of it as "the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world." He'll gnaw for a day together at the trunk, till he makes a hole big enough to get in his paws, and then he drags out bees, honey, and all together. If we look closely at the teeth of the bear, we should say that they were intended chiefly to live upon fruits and vegetables, but, in point of fact, it will devour almost anything that comes in its way. In the Zoological Gardens it will munch a bun with evident gusto. I am not quite sure that it does not enjoy a sausage-roll. It will crack a crab with the cleverness of a fishmonger. It eats ants. It does not devour flesh unless pressed by hunger. The Laplanders used to call it the dog of God. In Norway there is an old proverb to the effect, that the bear has the strength of ten men, and the wisdom of twelve. To the Kamcatchdales the bear seems to have given the necessaries, not to say the comforts, of life. The skin, we are told, is used for quilts and beds, hats and bonnets for their heads, collars for their dogs, gloves for their hands, and an overall over their boots, which keeps them from slipping on the ice. They eat the flesh and fat as a dainty. The bear

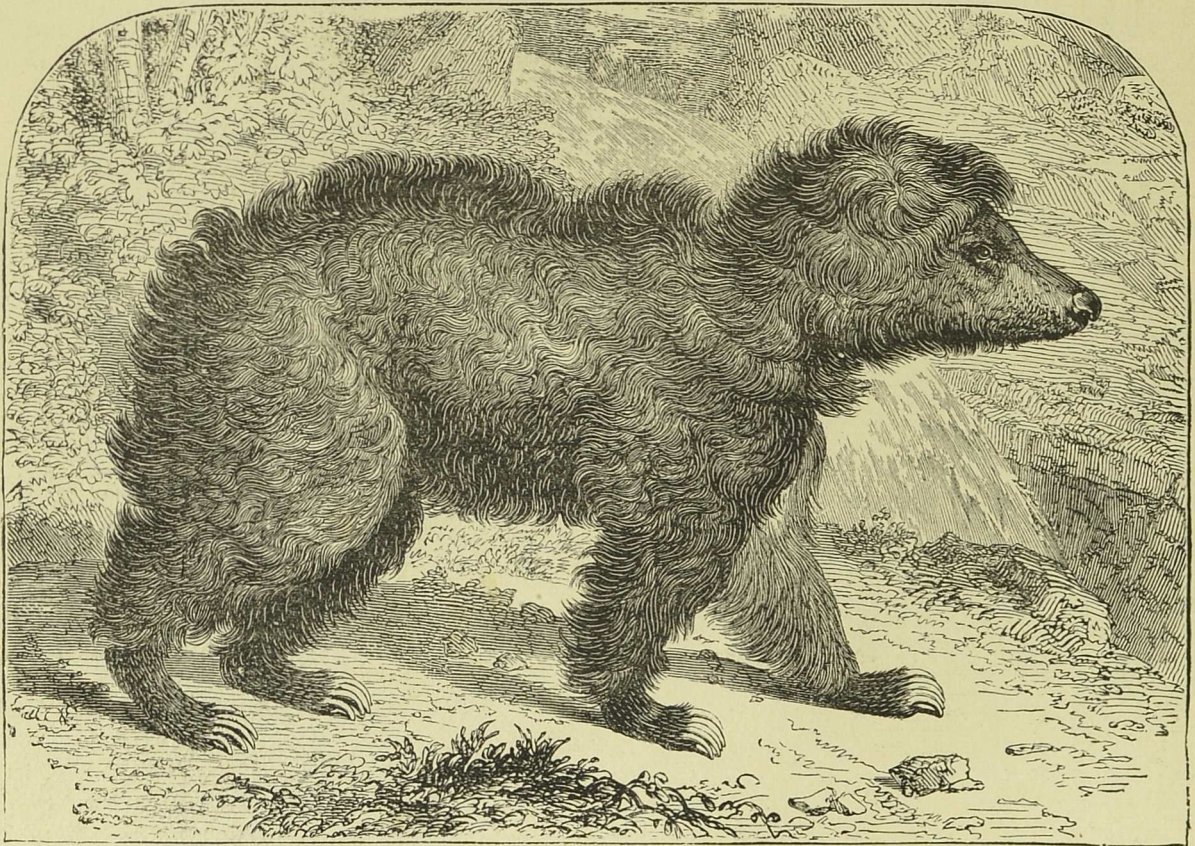
makes a winter home for itself of branches of trees lined with moss. When winter comes on it goes to this lonely home, and, without eating, remains in a



BROWN BEAR.

sleeping state until spring comes again. The sole of the bear's foot enables him to rear himself with comparative ease on his hind legs, so that he has been often taught to dance. One day a bear was running after a gentleman,

and, as he manages to shamble along at an astonishing rate, the poor gentleman was in danger of being hugged to death. With great presence of mind, he turned suddenly round and lifted up his cane. The bear thought that this was a signal that he was to begin to dance. He was on his hind legs in a moment, and the gentleman took advantage of the opportunity to run away.

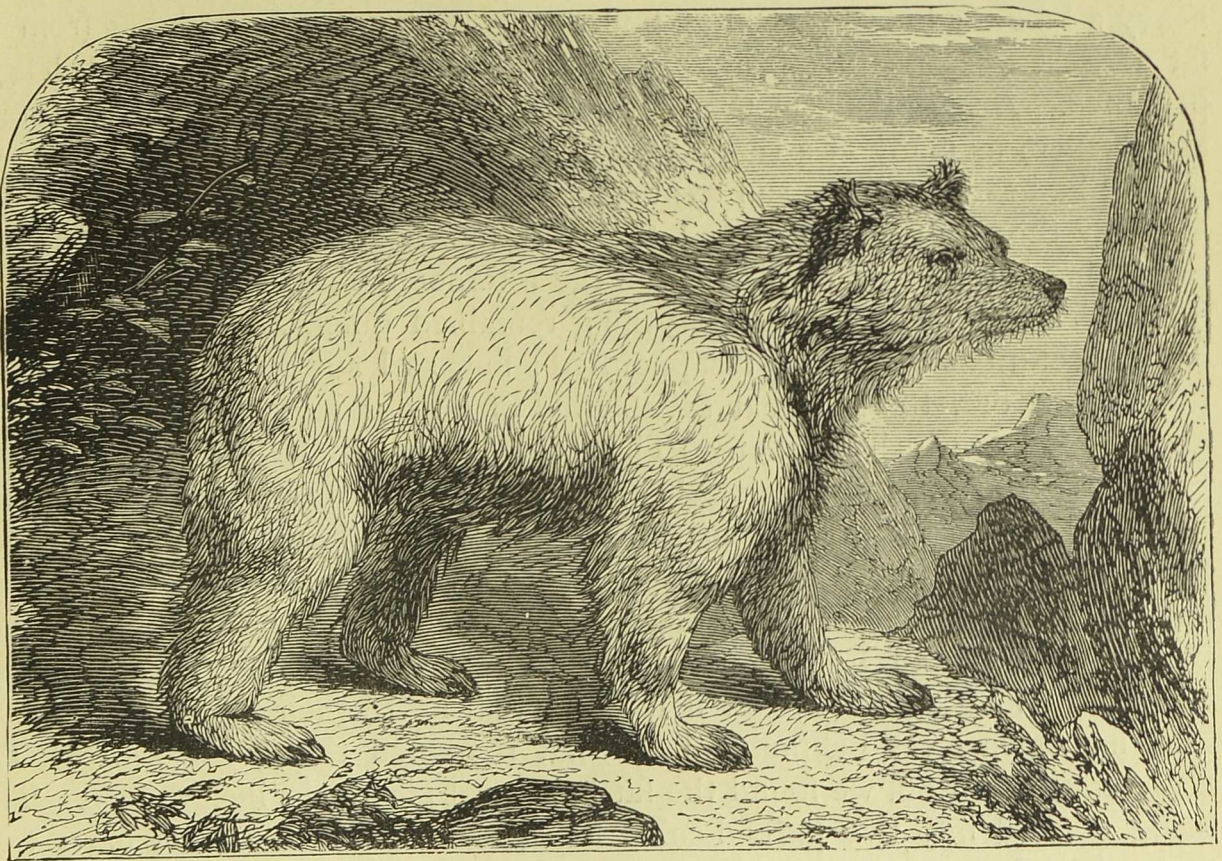


THE SLOTH BEAR.

Sometimes a bear hides himself in a hollow tree. He retires when snow gets thick on the ground ; sometimes the snow covers him up in his den entirely, only leaving a little hole kept open with the warmth of his breath, which enables the hunters to find out where he is, and to catch him easily. The animal is rather timid than otherwise, but a bear-mother will boldly confront her enemy if she thinks her cubs in danger. If a bear runs after a man, the best thing he can do is to escape into some space where there is plenty of

long grass and underwood. The bear is a cunning and wary animal, so he rears himself on his hind legs every now and then over the top of the grass, that he may see whether any danger is ahead. Meanwhile the man takes advantage of these pauses, and escapes into a place of safety.

The tribes of Indians in North America accompany their bear hunting

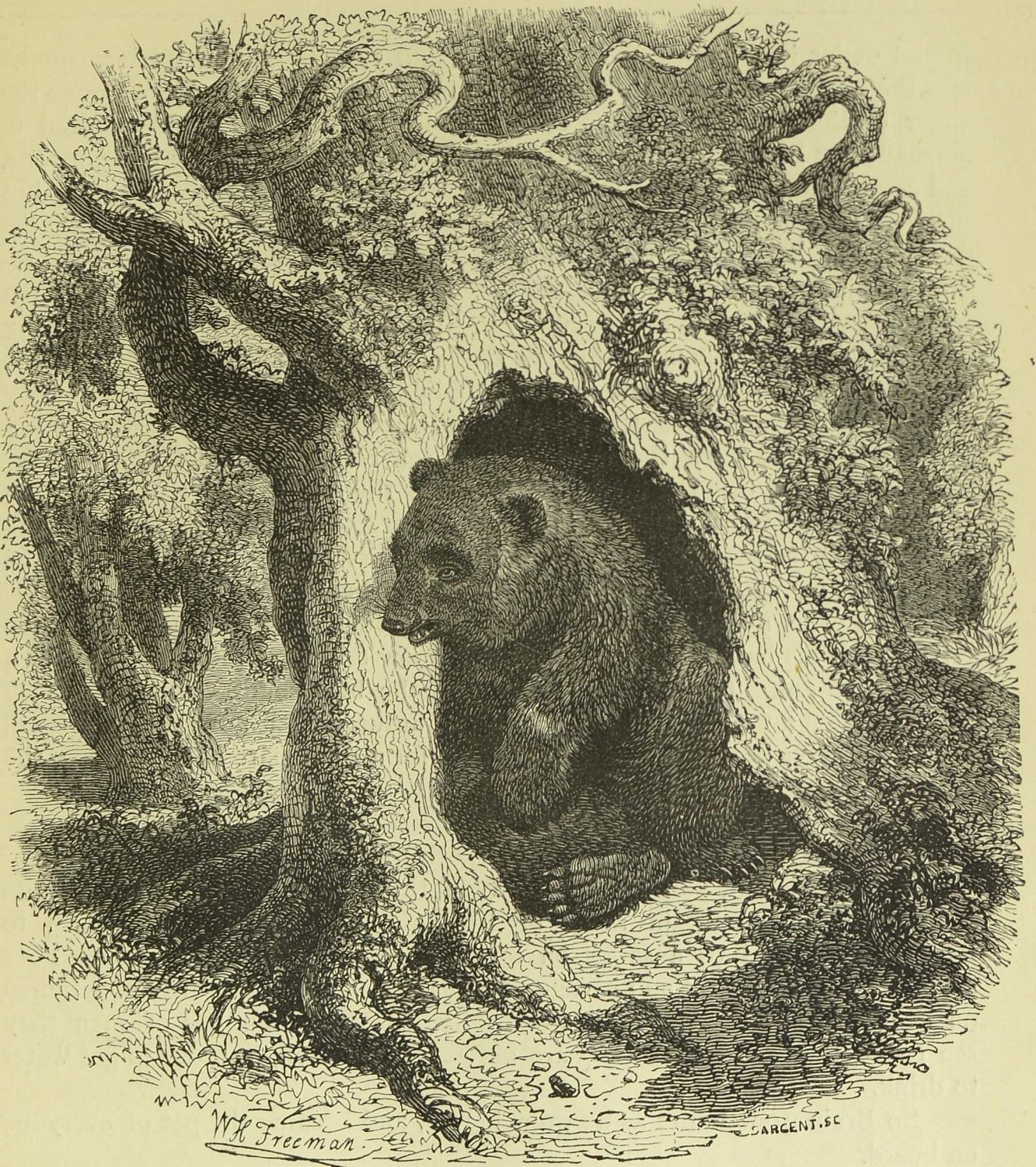


THE SYRIAN BEAR.

with some curious ceremonies. Let me read to you the following account of the adventures of a traveller, called Mr. Alexander Henry, whilst at a wintering ground near Lake Michigan, which belonged to a chief called Wawatam. "In the course of the month of January I happened to observe that the trunk of a very large pine-tree was much torn by the claws of a bear, made both in going up and down. On further examination, I saw that there was a large opening in the upper part, near which the smaller branches were

broken. From these marks, and from the additional circumstance that there were no tracks in the snow, there was reason to believe that a bear lay concealed in the tree. On returning to the lodge I communicated my discovery; and it was agreed that all the family should go together in the morning, to assist in cutting down the tree, the girth of which was not less than three fathoms. The women at first opposed the undertaking, because our axes, being only of a pound and a half weight, were not well adapted to so heavy a labour; but the hope of finding a large bear, and obtaining from its fat a great quantity of oil, an article at the time much wanted, at length prevailed. Accordingly, in the morning, we surrounded the tree, both men and women, as many at a time as could conveniently work at it, and there we toiled like beavers till the sun went down. This day's work carried us about half-way through the trunk; and the next morning we renewed the attack, continuing it till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the tree fell to the ground. For a few minutes everything remained quiet, and I feared that all our expectations would be disappointed; but, as I advanced to the opening, there came out, to the great satisfaction of all our party, a bear of extraordinary size, which I shot. The bear being dead, all my assistants approached, and all, but particularly my old mother (as I was wont to call her), took the head in their hands, stroking it and kissing it several times, begging a thousand pardons for taking away her life; calling her their relation and grandmother, and requesting her not to lay the fault upon them, since it was truly an Englishman that had put her to death. This ceremony was not of long duration, and if it was I that killed their grandmother, they were not themselves behindhand in what remained to be performed. The skin being taken off, we found the fat in several places six inches deep. This being divided into two parts loaded two persons; and the flesh parts were as much as four persons could carry. In all, the carcass must have exceeded five hundredweight. As soon as we reached the lodge, the bear's head was adorned with all the trinkets in the possession of the family, such as silver arm-bands and wrist-bands, and belts of wampum, and then laid upon a scaffold set up for its reception within the lodge. Near the nose was placed a large quantity of tobacco.

“The next morning no sooner appeared than preparations were made for a feast to the manes. The lodge was cleaned and swept; and the head of the bear lifted up, and a new Stroud blanket, which had never been used before,



A BROWN BEAR AT HOME.

spread under it. The pipes were now lit, and Wawatam blew tobacco-smoke into the nostrils of the bear, telling me to do the same, and thus appease the anger of the bear on account of my having killed her. I endeavoured to persuade my benefactor and friendly adviser that she no longer had any life, and assured him that I was under no apprehension from her displeasure; but the first proposition obtained no credit, and the second gave but little satisfaction. At length the feast being ready, Wawatam made a speech, resembling in many things his address to the manes of his relations and departed companions, but having this peculiarity, that he here deplored the necessity under which men laboured thus to destroy their friends. He represented, however, that the misfortune was unavoidable, since without doing so they could by no means subsist. The speech ended, we all eat heartily of the bear's flesh; and even the head itself, after remaining three days on the scaffold, was put into the kettle." It is only the female bear that makes her winter lodging in the upper parts of trees, a practice by which her young are secured from the attacks of wolves and other animals. She brings forth in the winter season, and remains in her lodge till the cubs have gained some strength. The male always lodges in the ground, under the roots of trees. He takes to his habitation as soon as the snow falls, and remains there till it has disappeared. The Indians remark that the bear comes out in the spring with the same fat which he carries in in the autumn; but after the exercise of only a few days becomes lean. Excepting for a short part of the season, the male lives constantly alone.

I will now tell you about a bear who lived on board a man-of-war.

Arthur. Oh! I know. That's Uncle Sturgie's bear.

G. Yes, Arthur, you are right. Well, this bear was caught when quite a baby in the mountain range of Lebanon, and was brought down to Beyrout, and sold to a sailor on board H.M.S. the *Lord Warden*. Poor beast, he was very wild and savage at first; but all animals are soon tamed on board ship. I think they are frightened at the number of men they see round them, and then they are obliged to be civil, in order to get water to drink.

So Bruin grew tamer as he grew bigger, and became the pet of everyone on board.

Gertrude. I should not like to play with a great big bear.

Tom. I should, if he was a good bear.

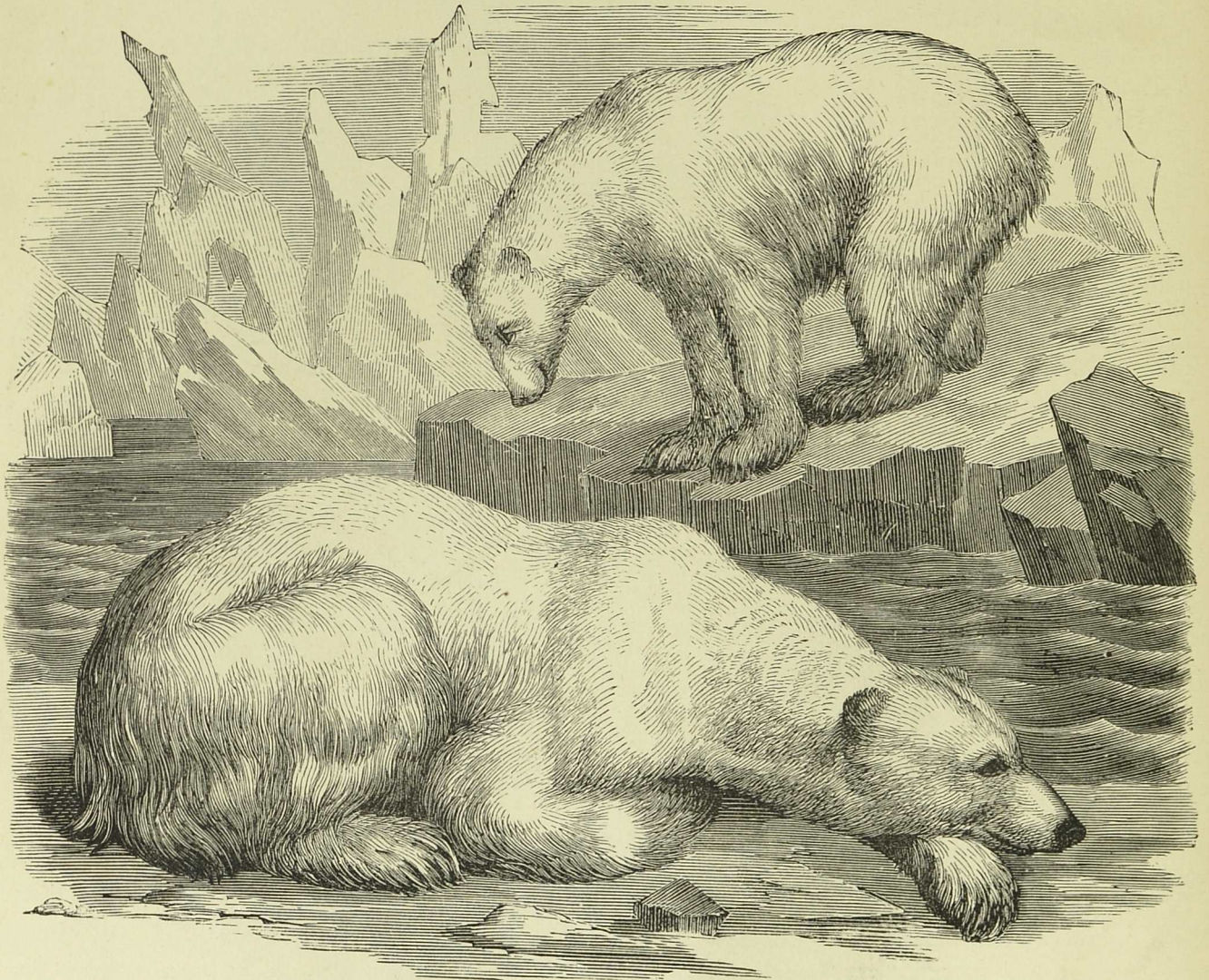


BEAR AND ANTELOPE.

Mary. But, grandpapa, of course, the bear had only big men to play with, hadn't he?

G. I believe his greatest friend was the smallest sailor-boy in the ship, a lad about fifteen years old; he used sometimes to see children who were

brought by their friends to visit the ship, and always tried to get to them, but was never allowed to do so. It was thought that the sight of naked fat legs would be too great a temptation, and might induce Master Bruin to try a bite.



POLAR BEARS.

He had a playful habit of pulling off the fowls' and turkeys' heads, if they incautiously put them through the bars of their coops when he was passing, which showed that he was still a wild beast.

Mary. What did they feed him on?

G. At sea he lived principally on cocoa and biscuit. In harbour he used to get fruit as well, and sometimes, as a great treat, honey or rahatlace. He was very fond of sweets, like all the bear tribe, and would even drink curaçoa. When he wanted water, he used to go to the tank himself, turn the tap, and put his great mouth under until he had drunk enough, when he used to walk away, leaving the water running.

Mary. I have seen a photograph of Uncle Sturgie, with his bear standing on its hind legs.

G. Yes, and your uncle told me he had a great deal of trouble to get Bruin to stand still to be taken; he wanted to knock the camera down.

Tom. Did the photographer give him something pretty to look at, as the man did who took Gertrude's picture the other day?

G. No, Bruin was hardly to be taken in in that way. They kept him quiet by giving him small pieces of rahatlace. Bruin used to be greatly troubled in his mind, because he was not allowed to attend church. On one occasion he did come down the ladder during Divine service, and tried to pull the chaplain out of the pulpit.

All. Oh! what a naughty bear!

Mary. And how did they get him away?

G. Uncle Sturgie went and led him up on deck again. He was always very good and gentle with your uncle.

Mary. I know Uncle Sturgie told me he used to make his bear play canary-bird!

Tom and Arthur. What do you mean, Mary?



BEAR AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Mary. Uncle said he used to put a piece of sugar into his mouth, and then Bruin would put his great paws on uncle's shoulders, and take the sugar so gently.

Arthur. Well, I should not like to have a great beast's teeth quite so close to my face.

G. I quite agree with you, Arthur; but you must recollect that Bruin was very fond of your uncle, and would not have hurt him on any account.

Johnny. Where is the bear now, grandie?

G. Oh, poor Bruin! They were obliged to kill him. He was accidentally blinded, and used to tumble about the ship and hurt himself. Besides, he became irritable, and bit several men who had jostled him. Your uncle always says he was the best pet he ever knew.

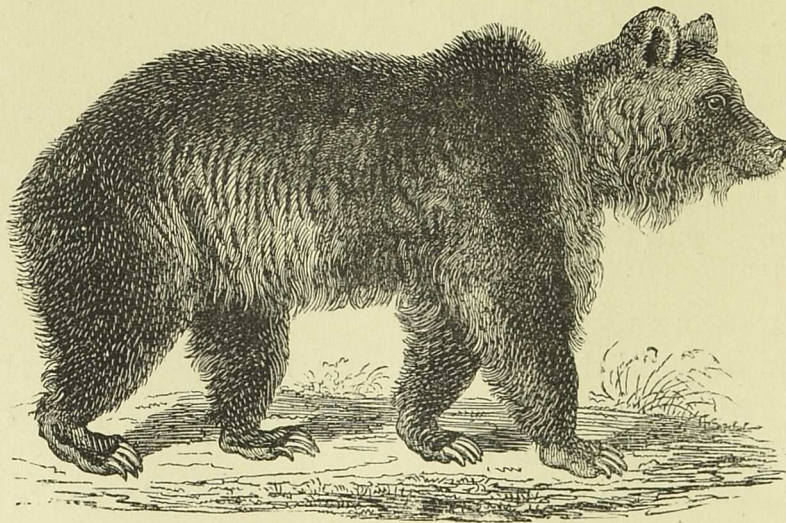
Mary. Well, he seems to have been a nice beast, but I think I should prefer a pet who was not quite so big and strong.

Arthur. When I am grown up, I will have a bear to play with.

Tom. And so will I.

G. No, you won't, for by that time you will have grown wiser.

There are other bears besides those I have mentioned, such as the sloth and Polar bears. These latter animals inhabit the cold regions of the North Pole.



CONVERSATION VII.

WOLVES—WOLF CAUGHT IN A TRAP—SPANISH WOLF—DOG EATEN BY WOLVES—
WOLVERINE.

G. When you grow older, you will most likely travel in Switzerland, and perhaps in the Pyrenees. If so, you may chance to see a dead wolf brought in by the hunters. Few animals have been more talked about, and written about, than wolves. You know the story of Little Red Riding-hood. There are no wolves in England, as once there was till a reward was offered for every wolf's head, and so they were soon killed off. Wolves hunt in packs and herds. They've actually had the impudence sometimes to attack the bear. The latter has little or no chance, if the wolves can get behind him. They mount his back, and give him sharp, swift bites, snapping with a noise like that of a steel trap. They are very hungry beasts; and when hungry, savage. They have been known to follow a sledge for miles in Russia, containing men. The men have turned round and fired at them, killing perhaps two or three. The remainder have stopped in their hunt to eat up the bodies of their companions. Having devoured them, they take up the trail again, with their long slouching gallop, and will finally run down a stag or a horse. They increase very quickly, for sometimes a she-wolf has nine cubs at a birth. They are not particular at all as to what they eat. They have been known to devour lizards, and frogs, rats, sugar-cane, oranges, and eggs. One writer tells a tale of a wolf that tore a quantity of canvas off the top of a tent, and ate every bit of it.

Mary. Did you ever see a wolf?

G. Yes, I have seen two or three. They are very cowardly when caught; and they are so suspicious, that if a rope be trailed behind a carriage which they are following, it will annoy and puzzle them so much that they give over the chase. One day some villagers, that had been greatly plagued, dug a deep hole, so deep that the wolf could not get out of it when it had once tumbled in. Then they took two poles and fastened them cross-wise over the hole; then they took the carcass of some animal, and hung it just below the point where the two poles joined. The wolf made a spring at this carcass, and

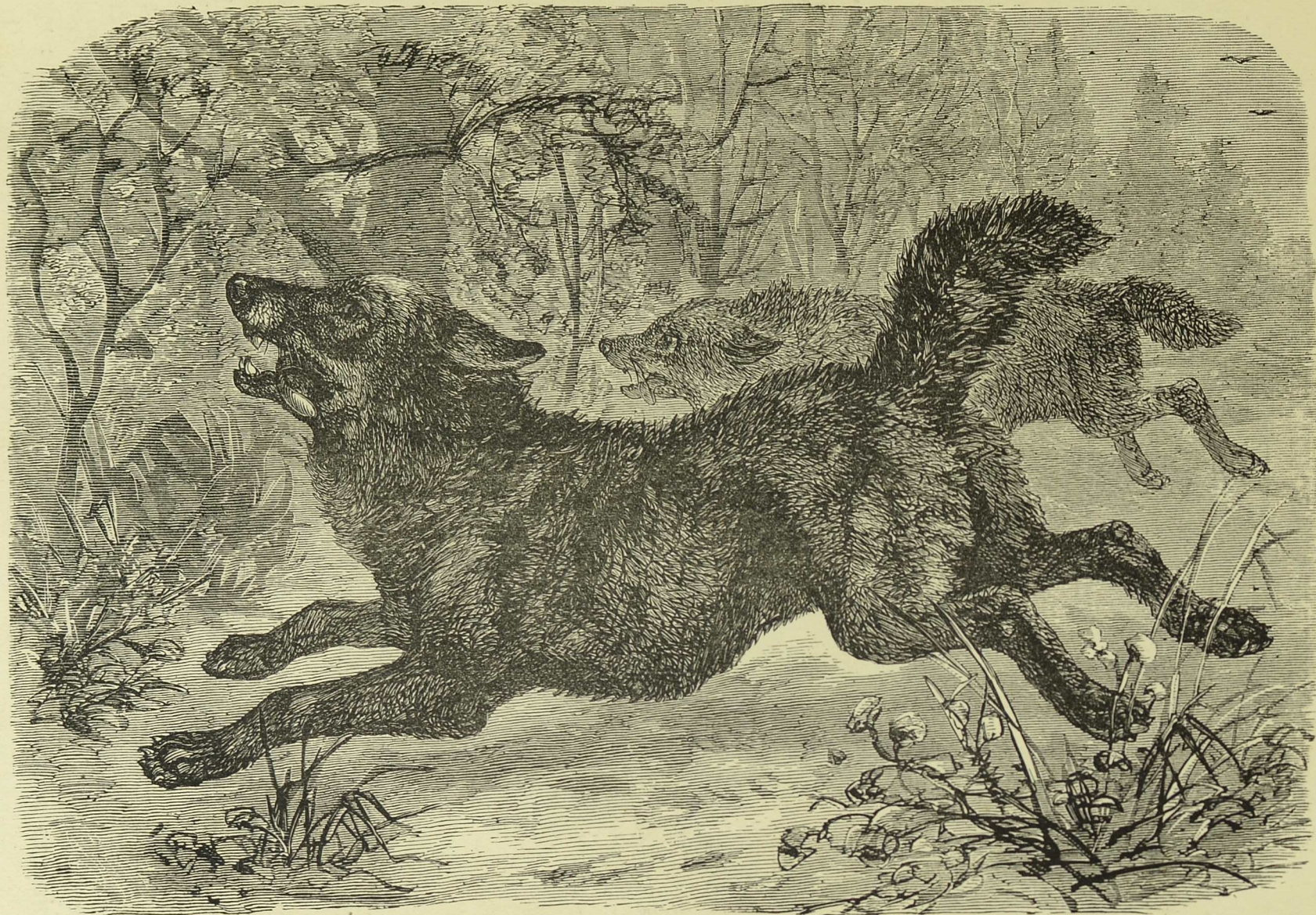
fell into the trap. In the morning after, the wolf was found crouching in a corner at the bottom of the pit, and by his side was seated an old woman, who had tumbled in like the wolf. It had not attempted to hurt the old woman.



WOLVES ATTACKING WILD HORSES.

Johnnie. I am afraid it was cowardice, grandie, that prevented the wolf from hurting the old woman, and not a kind and good feeling.

G. Yes, *Johnnie*; cowardice, no doubt. In proof of this, Audubon mentions a circumstance, of which he was an eye-witness. An American



THE WOLF.

backwoodsman had been greatly plundered by wolves. He had lost several sheep, and dogs, and poultry ; so he dug a series of pit-falls, about eight or nine feet in depth, but narrower at the top than at the bottom, so that when a wolf had once tumbled in, he could not get out again. Next day, to his great delight, he found three monsters in one of the traps. In the presence of Audubon, and to his great astonishment, the farmer got a ladder and went down into the pit, pulled at the legs of the trembling animals, killed them all, had them carefully skinned, and sold the hides for a sum of money which fully repaid him for all his loss and anxiety.



WOLVES ATTACKING SHEEP.

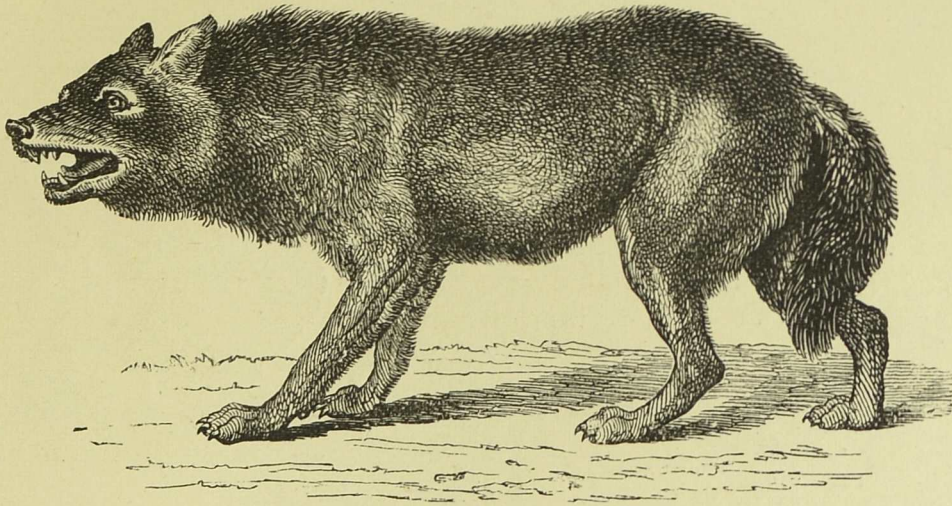
There are more kinds of wolves than it would be possible for me to describe. In Europe, Asia, and Africa, these grim beasts alike are found.

There is a queer story told that a wolf and a lion will sometimes hunt together ; so a wolf may be heard howling at the side of a lion. Some say that lions don't like the flesh of a wolf, and they give this fact as a reason why the smaller animal accompanies the larger, knowing that he won't be hurt.

The Spanish wolf, which is quite black, is of great size and weight. It is as big as a donkey. In the passes of the Pyrenees these animals formerly assembled in large troops, watching for an opportunity, in the dusky evening, to seize on some unfortunate mule, and devour him upon the spot.

The father-wolf is a cruel beast. It is said that the mother always hides her young until they can see, for the little cubs are born blind. She is afraid the father will eat them. But, on the other hand, the father, going out in the night, will bring home all sorts of dainty food, according to wolf-likings, for his little children, such as hares, and pheasants, and other game. And as soon as the cubs are big enough, both father and mother take them out to learn to hunt.

I wonder if it is true that the American wolves, when they are hungry, having caught no prey, go to a swamp and eat the mud to lessen the pains of hunger, and spit it out again if they find other food. In the

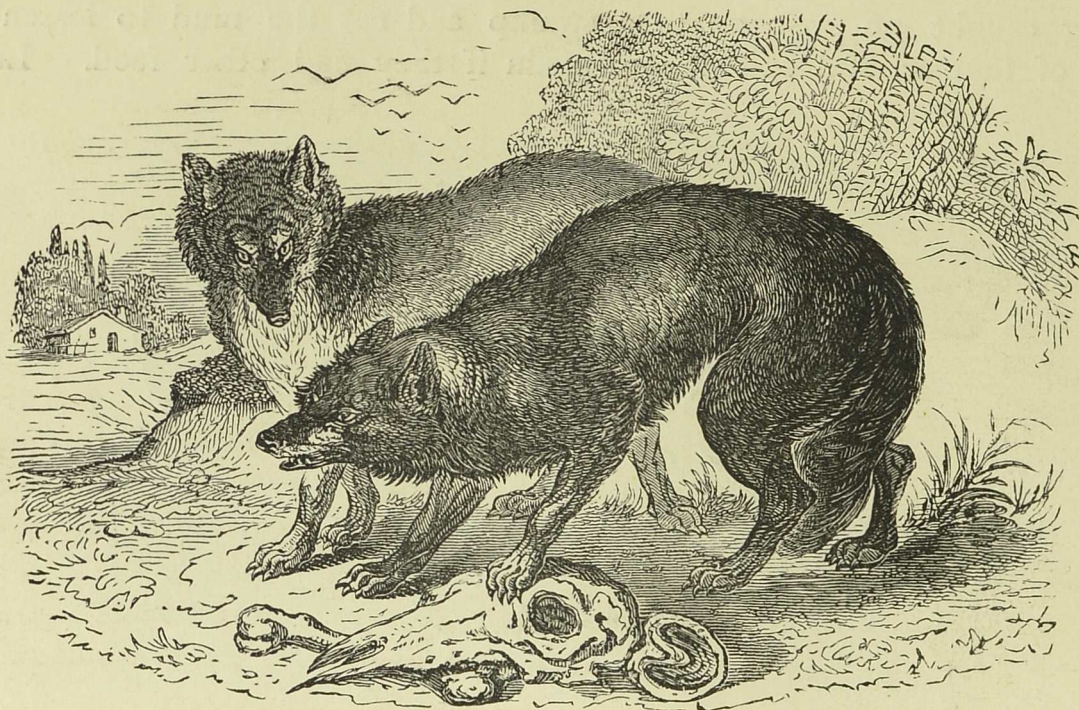


WOLF SEARCHING FOR FOOD.

wilds of America, it is rarely that a traveller passes a night without hearing the howling of some of these creatures about him. As to the buffaloes, the wolves will sometimes devour a sick and straggling calf, but rarely venture to attack a full-grown animal. Wolves have been seen galloping through herds of buffaloes as if they were their friends; and the Indian marksmen, when they crawl on the ground to get near enough to a sharp-witted buffalo, in order to shoot it, sometimes hide themselves in a wolf-skin, or wear a cap with two ears imitating the head of a wolf, because they know that the buffalo will not be so suspicious when he sees them in that dress. When a wolf hunts a reindeer, it goes on with a long gallop, which is not so fast as the bounding flight of the deer, but is kept up for a longer time. The poor deer, frightened by the howls of his pursuer, stops every now and

then to have a good look at him, so that the latter comes up by degrees, bites him in a mortal part ; and the deer, overcome by pain, terror, and loss of blood, dies.

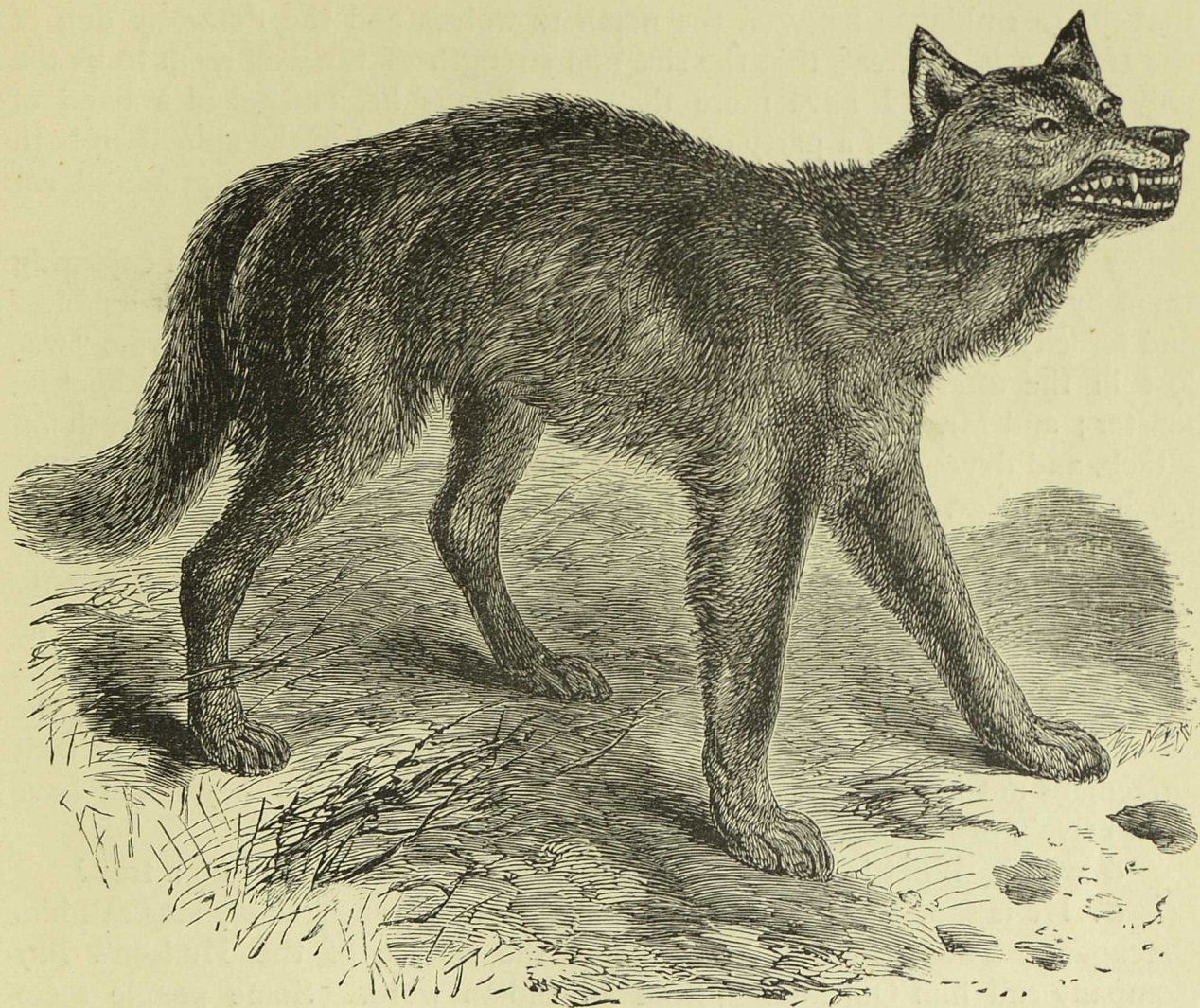
Dr. Richardson, the traveller, tells several excellent tales about wolves. "During our residence at Cumberland House, in 1820," says he, "a wolf, which had been prowling round the fort, and was wounded by a musket-ball



FRENCH WOLVES.

and driven off, returned after it became dark, whilst the blood was still flowing from his wound, and carried off a dog from among fifty others, that howled piteously, but had not courage to unite in an attack on their enemy. I was told of a poor Indian woman, who was strangled by a wolf, while her husband, who saw the attack, was hastening to her assistance ; but this was the only instance of their attacking human life that came to my knowledge. As the winter advances, and the snow becomes deep, the wolves, being no longer able to hunt with success, suffer from hunger, and in severe seasons many die. In the spring of 1826, a large grey wolf was driven by hunger to prowl amongst the Indian huts which were erected in the immediate

neighbourhood of Fort Franklin, but not being successful in picking up aught to eat, it was found a few days afterwards lying dead on the snow near the fort. Its very extreme 'thinness,' and the emptiness of its intestines, showed clearly



SPANISH WOLF.

that it died from hunger." The same authority tells us that the American wolf burrows, and brings forth its young in earths, with several outlets like those of a fox. Dr. Richardson saw some of their burrows on the plains of the Saskatchewan, and also on the banks of the Coppermine river. The number in a litter he states to vary from four or five to eight or nine. After referring

to the instances recorded in the narratives of Captain Parry and Captain Franklin of the association of the female wolves with the domestic dog, Dr. Richardson relates that he was informed that the Indians endeavour to improve their sledge dogs by crossing the breed with wolves; and he adds, that the resemblance between the northern wolves and the domestic dog of the Indians is so great, that the size and strength of the wolf seem to be the only difference. "I have more than once," says he, "mistaken a band of wolves for the dogs of a party of Indians; and the howl of the animals of both species is prolonged so exactly in the same key, that even the practised ear of an Indian fails at times to discriminate them."

The habits of the wolves of Melville Peninsula and the mode of capturing them by the Esquimaux are well described by Captain Lyon. Their boldness and ferocity must have been great. "A fine dog," says Captain Lyon, "was lost in the afternoon. It had strayed to the hummocks ahead without its master; and Mr. Elder, who was near to the spot, saw five wolves rush at, attack, and devour it in an incredibly short space of time. Before he could reach the place, the carcass was torn in pieces, and he found only the lower part of one leg. The boldness of the wolves was altogether astonishing, as they were almost constantly seen amongst the hummocks, or lying quietly at no great distance in wait for dogs. From all we observed, I have no reason to suppose that they would attack singly an unarmed man, both English and Esquimaux frequently passing them without a stick in their hands; the animals, however, exhibited no symptoms of fear, but rather a kind of tacit agreement not to be the beginners of a quarrel, even though they might have been certain of proving victorious."

Gertrude. What is this strange-looking animal clambering up a tree?

G. He is sometimes called wolverine. The French Canadians call him Carcagan. The European labourers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company call him Quickhatch, from an Indian word. Some people seem to think that he is a variety of the badger; others, that he is a kind of bear. The glutton is so greedy that he stuffs himself till he is ready to burst. But some writers say that this is fable. But all agree that he is very troublesome to man. The trappers, who are engaged in the small fur trade, sometimes extend their line of traps thirty or forty miles, baiting them with a bit of dried venison, or the head of a partridge. The wolverine likes this bait, so he spoils the trap in order to eat it up. The traps are set to catch

martens, as their fur is very valuable and sells for a good price. The wolverine does not care to eat the marten, for he doesn't like the flavour of the flesh, but he kills the poor animal, and tears him to pieces, and then buries him in the snow; so that foxes may sometimes be seen following a



WOLVERINE, OR GLUTTON.

wolverine, to feed on its leavings. It is remarkable that it flies from the face of man, and makes a poor fight with the hunter. A thick stick is all that is required to kill it. Captain James Ross tells a story of its great boldness when maddened by hunger. In the bitter cold, and the depth of winter, a wolverine climbed the snow-wall which surrounded the Captain's ship, on its voyage to try and reach the North Pole. The animal came boldly

on deck, though twelve or fourteen men were there, walking to keep themselves warm. It seized upon a tin canister with some meat in it, and was so ravenous, that it allowed a rope to be thrown round its neck, and itself to be immediately killed.



THE MARTEN.

Mary. What a pity that Captain Ross didn't keep the poor beast, and try to tame it!

G. Perhaps they had not much food. I am sorry to say that there are a good many human wolverines in the world. If anybody offends them, they immediately attack the offender with false and injurious charges.

Mary. I am afraid, grandie, Gertrude does not understand what you have been saying.

G. Then, Mary, we must try and teach her. I want her to learn that people are often like animals; and so the wolverine is like those wicked people, whether men or women, or boys or girls, who tell falsehoods about their neighbours.



CONVERSATION VIII.

FOX—FOOD OF THE FOX—ITS SMELL—BADGER—OPOSSUM EATING A SQUIRREL—
OPOSSUM IN THE FOWL-YARD—“’POSSUMING.”

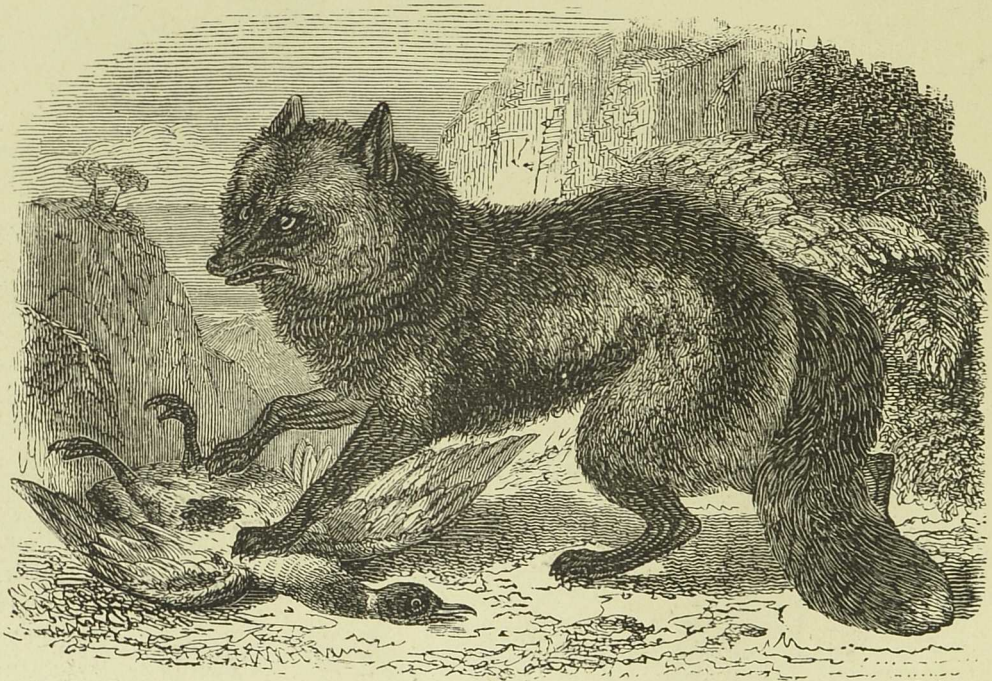
G. Let us now say something about foxes. You all know that it is common to say, “as cunning as a fox.” For thousands of years it has been famous for the cleverness it shows in getting its food, and running away from the hunter. Its eye is quick, its muzzle is shrewd-looking and sharp, its ears stand up as if they were always listening. Its real life and habits answer to the appearance of its head.

The fox digs out burrows in which he lives. Sometimes he seizes on a badger or a rabbit-hole, and turns the poor rabbit out. This hole is called his earth. There he hides himself during the day, and only comes out at night, to try and find some food. It will soon find out any trap that may be set to catch it. A fox has been known to lie hidden in its burrow for a fortnight, rather than run the risk of being caught in the many traps which were set around it. The little cubs are very active and funny. They have sometimes been seen at play on a summer’s evening, jumping over the backs of their mother and of each other, and running after their bushy tails. As to their food, they like best hares, rabbits, and partridges; but when they cannot procure these, or a nice young chicken from the farmyard, they do not disdain rats and mice, or even frogs and worms. They will also sometimes eat fish and crabs left by the fall of the tide. They are not easily tamed; they continue to the last suspicious, sly, and fearful. Many stories are told of the cleverness with which they escape from the hounds. One old fox was always lost when hunted at a particular spot. It was found afterwards that he managed to jump up a wooden fence, run along it a short distance, and then take a tremendous leap into a hollow tree. I dare say you have all heard the story of the fox and the grapes. It does not seem, however, that he prowls about vines and vineyards in order to eat the fruit, but that, being of a nice and delicate taste, he is fond of the birds and those little animals which feed chiefly upon the grapes. In colour they are red, from which they vary to a silvery grey. Many of them have a white shirt frill on their



A FOX ON THE LOOK-OUT.

breasts, and a white tip at the end of their tails. They have been known to pretend they were dead, in order that they might save their lives, lying perfectly still and motionless. The wolf is like the fox in this respect. And when the fox is being hunted, he will often take the most ingenious methods to make the dogs believe that they are running after the wrong animal. The fox has a very bad character indeed. He is generally regarded as sly and cunning, and you little folks must take warning by him and by the punish-



SILVER FOX.

ment which his mischievous tricks often bring upon him to avoid every thing that is mean and crafty. You will find many very instructive and interesting stories about foxes in the book of fables Aunt Carrie gave to Tom last Christmas, and I hope that you will remember the moral belonging to each fable.

Let us next say a few words about the badger. He is a quiet animal, in some respects like a little bear. He lives upon raw flesh when he can get it, but more generally upon roots. His legs are very short, but his feet have five toes both before and behind, well-fitted for burrowing. Like

the fox, it secretes an oily substance which has a very unpleasant smell. The badger goes out at night in search of food, but he generally sleeps all day, in the deep hole that he has burrowed. Sometimes the cruel men who set dogs to worry him, have to dig a hole down to his cave before they can force him out. This is a shameful and cruel trick, because, though they are accused of killing rabbits and game, they are just as fond of vegetables. Their house has several chambers, but ends in a sort of round



RED FOX.

room, which the badger comfortably lines with dried hay and moss. He is a hermit, and always lives alone. He is a very clean animal; he never allows dirt, or a mess of any kind, in his house. He is always fat; and in some places, and by some persons, as, for instance, gipsies, his flesh is eaten with relish. He is fond of honey, and his hide is so thick, that he does not care for the sting of a bee. His hair is valuable for making brushes, to soften the shades in painting; his hide is used by the makers of pistol-cases. These animals can be tamed if taken very young; they will fawn upon their master, and run after those that

feed them ; but if left in a wild state until they grow up, they continue to the last savage.

Gertrude. Here is an animal something like a badger. What do you call it ?



BLUE FOX.

G. This is an opossum, one of the funniest animals I ever saw. Its long tail enables it to hold on to a branch while all its body hangs down to another branch. Hear what Mr. Audubon says about the pranks of the opossum, common in some parts of the United States of North America :—

“Methinks I see one at this moment slowly and cautiously trudging over

the melting snows by the side of an unfrequented pond, nosing as it goes for the fare its ravenous appetite prefers. Now it has come upon the fresh track of a grouse or hare, and it raises its snout to sniff the pure air. At length it has decided on its course, and it speeds onward at the rate of a man's



BADGERS.

ordinary walk. It stops and seems at a loss in what direction to go, for the object of its pursuit has either taken a considerable leap, or has cut backwards before the opossum entered its track. It raises itself up, stands for a while on its hind feet, looks around, sniffs the air again, and then proceeds; but now, at the foot of a noble tree, it comes to a full stand. It walks round

the base of the large trunk, over the snow-covered roots, and among them finds an aperture, which it at once enters.

“Several minutes elapse, when it re-appears, dragging along a squirrel, already deprived of life, with which in its mouth it begins to ascend the tree. Slowly it climbs. The first fork does not seem to suit it, for perhaps it thinks it might there be too openly exposed to the view of some *wily* foe, and so it proceeds until it gains a cluster of branches, intertwined with grape-vines, and there composing itself, it twists its tail round one of the twigs, and with its sharp teeth demolishes the unlucky squirrel, which it holds all the while with its fore-paws.

“The pleasant days of spring have arrived, and the trees vigorously shoot forth their leaves; but the opossum is almost bare, and seems nearly exhausted by hunger. It visits the margin of creeks, and is pleased to see the young frogs, which afford it a tolerable repast. Gradually the poke-berry and the nettle shoot up, and on their tender and juicy stems it gladly feeds. The matin calls of the wild turkey-cock delight the ear of the cunning creature, for it well knows that it will soon hear the female, and trace her to her nest, when it will suck the eggs with delight.

“Travelling through the woods—perhaps on the ground, perhaps aloft, from tree to tree—it hears a cock crow, and its heart swells as it remembers the savoury food on which it regaled itself last summer in the neighbouring farm-yard. With great care, however, it advances, and at last conceals itself in the very hen-house. Honest farmer! Why did you kill so many crows last winter? aye, and ravens too? Well, you have had your own way of it; but now, hie to the village and procure a store of ammunition, clean your rusty gun, set your traps, and teach your lazy curs to watch the opossum. There it comes! The sun is scarcely down, but the appetite of the prowler is here; hear the screams of one of your best chickens, that has been seized by him! The cunning beast is off with it, and nothing now can be done, unless you stand there to watch the fox or the owl, now exulting in the thought that you have killed their enemy and your own friend, the poor crow. That precious hen under which you last week placed a dozen eggs or so, is now deprived of them. The opossum, notwithstanding her angry outcries and ruffled feathers, has consumed them one by one; and now, look at the poor bird as she moves across your yard—if not mad, she is at least stupid, for she scratches here and there, calling to her chickens all the while.

All this comes from your shooting crows. Had you been more merciful, or more prudent, the opossum might have been kept within the woods, where it would have been satisfied with a squirrel, a young hare, the eggs of a turkey,

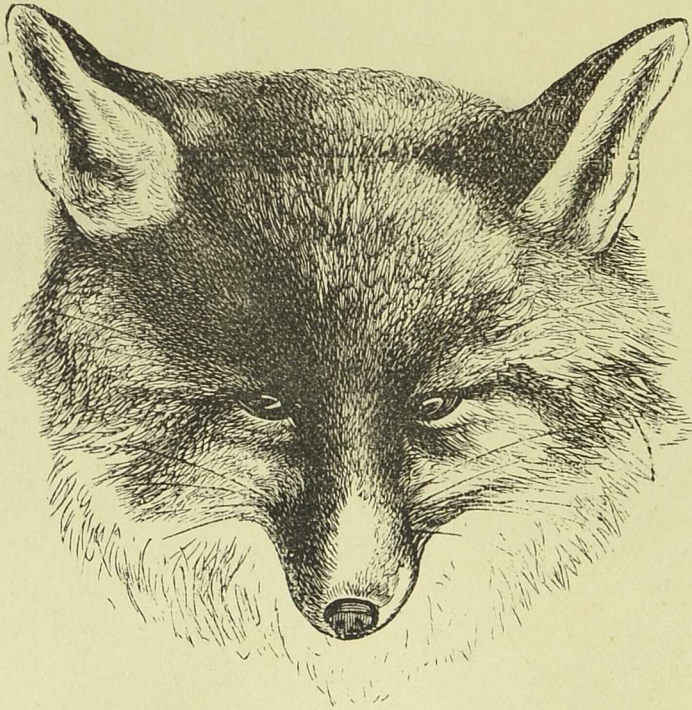


THE OPOSSUM.

or the grapes that so profusely adorn the boughs of our forest trees. But I talk to you in vain.

“But suppose a farmer has surprised an opossum in the act of killing one of his best fowls. His angry feelings urge him to kick the poor beast, which,

conscious of its inability to resist, rolls off like a ball. The more the farmer rages, the more reluctant is the animal to manifest resentment ; at last, there it lies, not dead, but exhausted, its jaws open, its tongue extended, its eyes dimmed ; and there it would lie until the bottle-fly should come to deposit its eggs, did not its tormentor walk off. ' Surely,' says he to himself, ' the beast must be dead.' But no, reader, it is only ' possuming ; and no sooner has his enemy withdrawn than it gradually gets on its legs, and once more makes for the woods."



CONVERSATION IX.

KANGAROO HUNT — JERBOA — WEASELS — KITE AND WEASEL — ERMINES AND STOATS—
A TAME WEASEL MADE A PET.

Johnnie. Here is a picture of a queer-looking animal with its fore legs and its tail all off the ground. It has short fore legs with long claws.

G. This is a kangaroo, an animal in many respects very much like an opossum. It carries its young in a pouch, or pocket, and nurses them there. Kangaroos are found in Australia, where they are called boomers. The natives hunt them in various ways—sometimes by digging deep holes into which the boomer falls; sometimes by getting many men together, and surrounding a whole party of kangaroos. The English breed a sort of long-running greyhound, and they hunt the animal on horseback. As soon as the boomer catches sight of the hounds, he generally takes a few jumps with his head up, in order to see his enemies, and in which direction the coast is most clear. Then he darts off at a tremendous pace, completely running away from the hounds. But the latter overtake him by degrees. The length of the hop of a good big kangaroo is fifteen feet. This has been found by measuring the marks of their jumps on the sand of the sea-shore. If they are forced to go up-hill they run very slowly, and this is the way the dogs often overtake them. When they are obliged to turn at bay, and the dogs are close upon them, they plant their backs against the trunk of some large tree, and when a dog comes up they scratch at him so fiercely with their strong long claws, that they often rip him up and kill him on the spot. The dogs, knowing this danger, keep a little way off until their master appears, who finishes the hunt by shooting the poor boomer dead. But he must be a good shot, for if he misses his aim, the boomer will sometimes dart out at him, never heeding the hounds, so that he may be dangerously wounded in a moment. Another trick that the boomer plays shows considerable intelligence. He seizes a dog that has come within his reach, and leaps away with him to the nearest water; in fact, he generally tries to come to bay near some water. He then holds the dog under the water till he drowns him. He has been known, as it were, to sit upon one dog until he drowned him, while he was fighting

with others, whom he attempted to destroy one by one in the same way. Sometimes a kangaroo when hard pressed will take an immense side-leap,



THE KANGAROO.

throwing the dogs off their scent. It then lies perfectly still while the hounds dash by. The rock kangaroo is sometimes followed by the tracks that its



A KANGAROO HUNT.

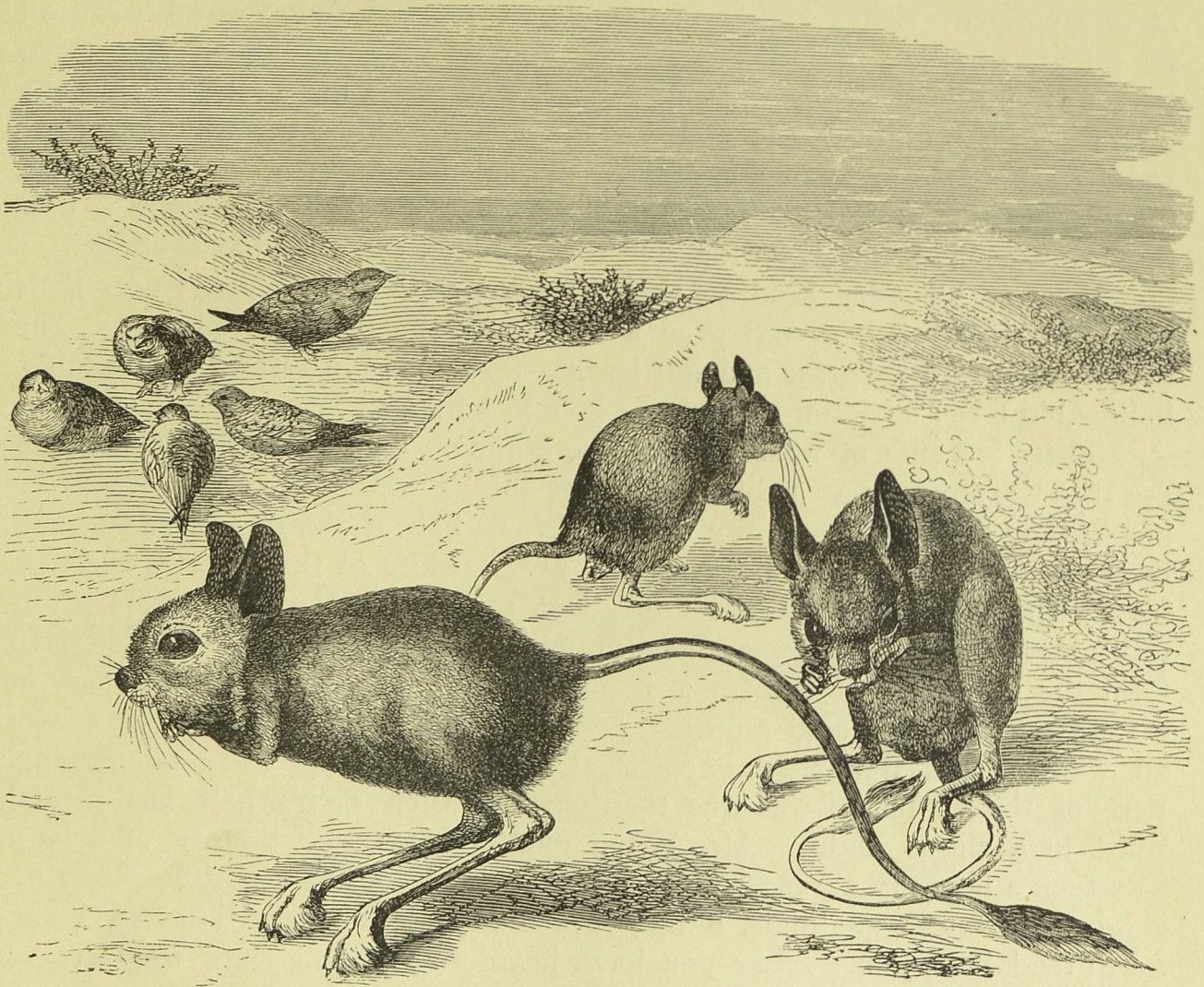
sharp claws make in the sandy rock. It generally goes out by night, but sometimes it comes out in the warm sunny daylight ; sleepily basking beneath the noon-day beams, its large soft eye nearly shut up, it does not observe the approach of the hunter, and dies without an effort to resist or escape. When I was at Sydney, some years ago, I ate some kangaroo at dinner, and heard many stories about the animal from the squatting backwoodsmen who came down to sell their hides and wool. The soup made of some parts of its body is excellent. The flesh is very much like venison. I never heard of any one caring much about its fur or hide. There is another animal, not unlike a kangaroo, called by the natives of New South Wales, potaroo. They are chiefly like kangaroos, and sit upon their tails, supporting themselves on their hind legs. This animal may be called the kangaroo rat. There is also another beast that has been called the kangaroo hare. This animal, when hunted, sometimes doubles upon the hounds, and making tremendous leaps for so small an animal, jumps right through and over them. It has sometimes been known to leap over the head of a hunter, whom it had not perceived until within twenty yards of him.

Mary. Here is a picture of a number of animals with long tails and long hind legs, and very short fore legs, very much like little kangaroos.

G. They are jerboas. I do not think we need say much about these beasts. The most curious fact recorded about them is the manner in which they build a house or nest big enough to hold the mother and her babies, and yet so hidden, that it is the hardest thing in the world to find out where it has been placed. This house is made in some suitable hole. Over the opening, the animal builds a curious sort of roof of grass and leaves. The top of the nest is not higher than the level of the grass around it. Sometimes the animal fetches the material to make the nest from a distance, forming it into a kind of sheaf. This is taken up by the tail, and thus the jerboa carries bed and bedding, nursery, and all to the well-hidden spot where she is about to rear up her family.

It is time now that I should tell you something about weasels, of which there are several kinds. Some of them are certainly not pleasant animals—the skunk, for example. The stoat is another kind. Its tail is always black at the tip, and longer and more bushy than that of the common weasel, but then it is twice his size. The stoat is much the more mischievous animal of the two, and dearly likes to devour a cock or a hen.

The weasel preys upon smaller game. It does not play with the mice which it catches, but gives them at once a bite on the head which pierces



JERBOAS.

the brain, and kills them in a moment and without apparent pain. If the weasel thinks that it has not killed the mouse, it throws its long, little body over it, so as to secure it, should the first bite have failed—an accident,

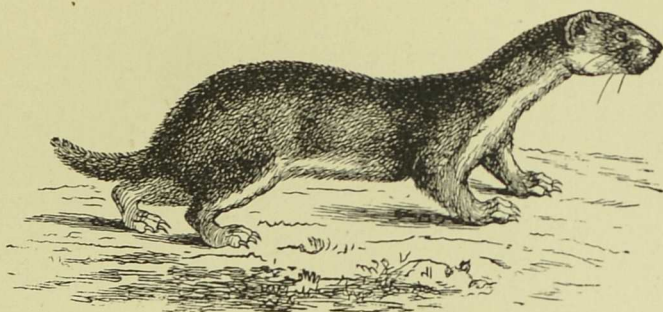
however, which rarely happens. Some people say that weasels eat snakes ; this seems to be a mistake.

A curious story is told by a Mr. Pindar. One day, while riding over his grounds, he saw a kite suddenly pounce down and take up something in its talons. Shortly, however, the kite began to show signs of great distress ; at one moment rising swiftly in the air, at another flying down with all its might, wheeling round and round, and trying to shake off something that was fastened under its wings. After a sharp fight, down came the kite with a flap quite dead ; and Mr. Pindar, who had been watching close at hand, came up, and saw a weasel quietly running away, apparently unhurt. On turning the bird over, it was found that the weasel had eaten a hole through the skin under the wing, and torn through the large blood-vessels.

Weasels are very kind to their young, and if a dog comes near their nest, they'll attack him, and even a man, with the greatest boldness. The nest is made of dried grass and soft leaves. Sometimes in a warm, comfortable, hollow old tree ; sometimes in a snug hole in a bank.

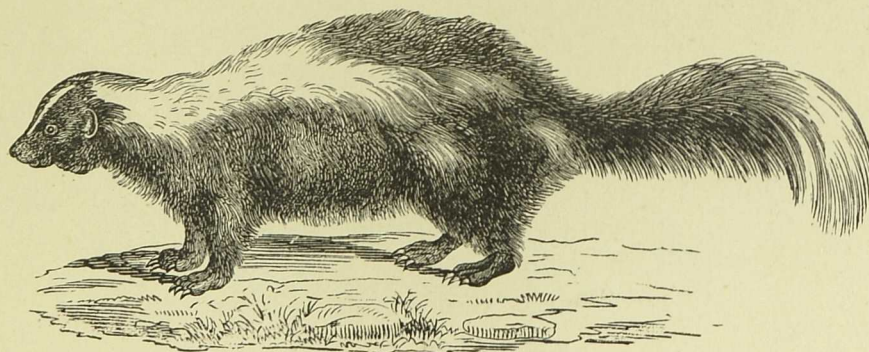
There is a sort of weasel called the ermine. Observe the picture. You see that the animal has a different jacket in the winter from that which he has in the summer. Some say that the brown hair of summer turns to white in the winter, the whole being of the purest white at that season, except a black tip at the end of the tail. But others say that new hairs grow. Captain Ross tried an experiment upon another animal, which led him to form the opinion that the fur is actually blanched. He put it on deck in a cage on a bitterly cold morning, and at the end of a week it was nearly all white. But this cruel experiment, after all, proves little or nothing. Perhaps the whiteness was due to fright, as when men's hair has turned white in a single night. Mr. Wood quotes an excellent story of a lady who took a fancy to a weasel. The tale shows how much may be done by children in taming animals, if they are always tender and kind to them. I will read it to you. After you have heard it you will learn what stupid notions ignorant people have about wild animals, and what needless sufferings the poor animals have to endure in consequence. "If I pour some milk into my hand," says this lady, "it will drink a good deal, but if I do not pay it this compliment it will scarcely take a drop. When satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence, and I have found a method of dispelling its strong smell by perfumes. By day it sleeps in a

quilt, into which it gets by an unsewn place which it has discovered on the edge; during the night it is kept in a wired box or cage, which it always enters with reluctance, and leaves with pleasure. If it be set at liberty before



THE WEASEL.

my time of rising, after a thousand little playful tricks, it gets into my bed, and goes to sleep in my hand or on my bosom. If I am up first, it spends a full half-hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers like a little dog, jumping on my head and on my neck, and running round on my arms and



THE SKUNK.

body with a lightness and elegance which I have never found in any other animal. If I present my hands at the distance of three feet, it jumps into them without ever missing. It exhibits great address and cunning to compass its ends, and seems to disobey certain prohibitions merely through caprice.

“ During all its actions it seems solicitous to divert and to be noticed; looking at every jump and at every turn to see whether it be observed or not.

If no notice be taken of its gambols it ceases them immediately, and betakes itself to sleep, and even when awakened from the soundest sleep it instantly resumes its gaiety, and frolics about in as sprightly a manner as before. It never shows any ill-humour, unless when confined or teased too much, in



ERMINES IN SUMMER.

which case it expresses its displeasure by a sort of murmur, very different from that which it utters when pleased.

“ In the midst of twenty people this little animal distinguishes my voice, seeks me out, and springs over everybody to come at me. His play with me is the most lively and caressing imaginable. With his two little paws he pats me on the chin, with an air and manner expressive of delight. This, and

a thousand other preferences, show that his attachment to me is real. When he sees me dressed for going out he will not leave me, and it is not without some trouble that I can disengage myself from him ; he then hides himself behind a cabinet near the door, and as I pass jumps upon me with so much

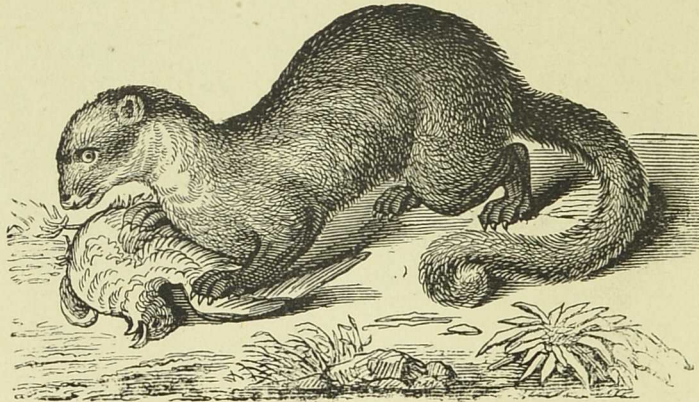


ERMINES IN WINTER.

swiftness that I often can scarcely perceive him. He seems to resemble a squirrel in vivacity, agility, voice, and his manner of murmuring. During the summer he squeaks and runs about the house all the night long ; but since the beginning of the cold weather I have not observed this. Sometimes, when the sun shines while he is playing on the bed, he turns and tumbles about and murmurs for a while.

“ From his delight in drinking milk out of my hand, into which I pour a very little at a time, and his custom of sipping the little drops and edges of the fluid, it seems probable that he drinks dew in the same manner. He seldom drinks water, and then only for want of milk, and with great caution, seeming only to refresh his tongue once or twice, and even to be afraid of that fluid. During the hot weather it rained a good deal; I presented to him some rain-water in a dish, and endeavoured to make him go into it, but could not succeed. I then wetted a piece of linen cloth in it, and put it near him, and he rolled upon it with extreme delight.

“ One singularity in this charming animal is his curiosity. It is impossible to open a drawer or a box, or even to look at a paper, but he will examine it also. If he gets into any place where I am afraid of permitting him to stay, I take a paper or a book, and look attentively at it, on which he immediately runs upon my hand, and surveys with an inquisitive air whatever I happen to hold. I must further observe, that he plays with a young cat and dog, both of considerable size, getting about their necks, backs, and paws, without their doing him the slightest injury.”



CONVERSATION X.

OTTER CATCHING FISH—TAME OTTERS—BEAVERS—THEIR TEETH, HOUSES, AND THE WAY IN WHICH THE INDIANS HUNT THEM.

Johnnie. Here is a picture of an animal that seems as if it lived in the water.

G. You are quite right, *Johnnie*; it is called an otter. There are two kinds of otters. One lives in rivers, and the other in the sea. Their teeth are very sharp, because they live upon fish. Fish, you know, are swift and slippery. The otter has five toes on its feet; these feet have webs, hence some have called the animal goose-footed. Its eyes are so placed that whether the animal is behind, above, or below the fish it wants to catch, it can, with slight effort, see where it is. It can turn its body in every direction when swimming. Its fur contains two kinds of hair; one is delicate, short, and fine, to keep the body warm and comfortable, something like a flannel petticoat or jersey; the other, or outer, is long, somewhat coarse, and slippery, that it may dive the more easily after its prey. Izaak Walton, who wrote a charming book about fishing, tells us that one of his friends wanted to become the owner of a young otter, that had been found by a huntsman. The old mother otter had been killed. "Look you," said the huntsman, "here are her young ones, no less than five. Let's kill them all." "No," said the fisherman, "pray save me one, and I will try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, called Seagrave, has done, who has not only made her tame, but taught her to catch fish." Goldsmith tells us about an otter that went into a large pond at his master's command, drove the fish into a corner, chose out the biggest, swam with it in its mouth to its master, and laid it at his feet. Another belonged to a poor widow, and supplied her cottage with fish out of a neighbouring river. A Scotch otter was very fond of gooseberries, fondled his mistress's feet, and, when allowed to do so, would clamber up her dress, that he might kiss her cheek. We must mind, however, how we pet an otter, for, if annoyed, they will make their teeth meet in the

leg of the person who has offended them. Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Four-footed Beasts," thinks that the otter may be trained to catch fish, or at least assist in fishing. For this purpose, he says: "They should be procured as young as possible, and be first fed with small fish and water. Then bread and milk is to be alternated with the fish, and the proportion of the former gradually increased till they are led to live entirely on bread and milk. They are then taught to fetch and carry, as dogs are trained; and when they are brought to do this well, a leathern fish, stuffed with wool, is employed as the thing to be fetched. They are afterwards exercised with a dead fish, and chastised if they attempt to tear it. Then they are sent into the water after living fish." Bishop Heber tells us that he once saw nine or ten large and beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings, on the banks of the Matta Colly. "Some were swimming about at the full length of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun, on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise, as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing; sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth." We shall not have time now to say anything about the sea otters. Their habits are very much like those already described.

The next animal I want to tell you about is the beaver.

Mary. I well remember seeing some when you took us to the Zoological Gardens. Their little field had a pond in it, and it was all over a litter of sticks and dirt.

Johnnie. Yes, and they had grubbed holes in which they could hide themselves.

G. The beavers' teeth are very curious things, and so hard is the enamel upon them, that the North American Indians use them to cut bone, and to carve the heads of their spears. The beavers are terrible animals in their power of destroying things. They have been known to lay waste three acres of land covered with large trees. Many strange stories have been told of beavers; such as that they have a government among themselves; that they are clever architects and builders; that their houses had storeys and chambers. Now, in all this there is some little truth, and a great deal of fable. The following seems to be the truth. Men living in the back settlements of America find their flesh pleasant and nourishing. Some of their skins are



OTTERS.

sold, or are exchanged for tea, sugar, string, rope, axes, and other things that a settler needs. Some are used for clothing. The beavers make dams, in order to protect their homes, which they like to have in and near the water. They take drift-wood, green-willows, branches of birch and poplar if they can be got, and with these they build a wall across the stream, so as to hold up the precious water.

Mary. Why do they choose these sorts of trees if they can get them?

G. Because they easily take root in the mud and the stones, and sometimes grow so high above the dams, that birds' nests are built in the branches. I wonder if the beaver has taught the Dutchman to plant his dykes with certain trees, so as to resist the action of the water. The beaver houses are, after all, poor affairs. They are much rougher and ruder than the dams, and the dams are rude enough. The beavers never want anything more than a dry place to lie upon, and there they usually eat their food. Some people, as we before observed, say that there are partitions in their houses, dividing them into rooms and chambers. But it turns out, according to better informed writers, that these are only rough supports of the roof. Generally they have no means of getting from one room to another, except by water. We hear a great deal about these houses, but the accounts very much contradict each other. In the autumn, they cover the outside of their houses with fresh mud. When the frost comes, the mud freezes as hard as stone. This prevents the wolverine, their enemy, from hurting them during the winter. When they walk over their houses, they flap their broad and flat tails; hence the notion that they use their tails as a trowel. But they flap their tails when they are tame, and when there is no caked mud to pat and smooth. The food they like best is a kind of water-lily, which grows at the bottom of lakes and rivers. They like the soft bark of trees, such as the poplar and the willow. The following simple account is taken from Hearne: "Persons who attempt to take beaver in winter should be thoroughly acquainted with their manner of life, otherwise they will have endless trouble to effect their purpose, because they have always a number of holes in the banks, which serve them as places of retreat when any injury is offered to their houses, and in general it is in these holes that they are taken. When the beavers which are situated in a small river or creek are to be taken, the Indians sometimes find it necessary to stake the river across, to prevent them from passing; after which, they endeavour to find out all their



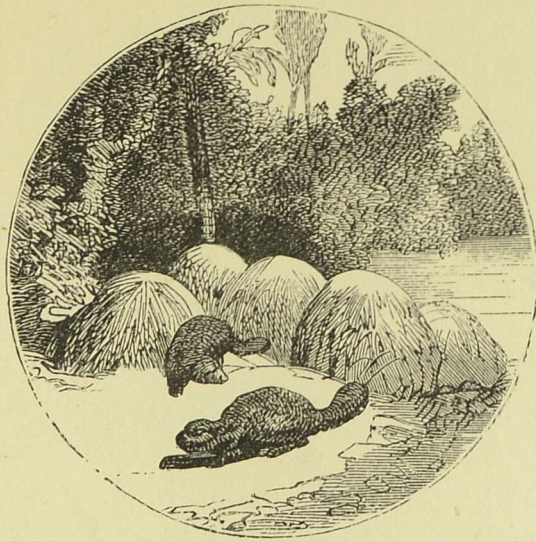
BEAVER.

holes or places of retreat in the banks. This requires much practice and experience to accomplish, and is performed in the following manner: every man being furnished with an ice-chisel, lashes it to the end of a small staff

about four or five feet long ; he then walks along the edge of the banks, and keeps knocking his chisel against the ice. Those who are acquainted with that kind of work well know by the sound of the ice when they are opposite to any of the beavers' holes or vaults. As soon as they suspect any, they cut a hole through the ice, big enough to admit an old beaver, and in this manner proceed till they have found out all their places of retreat, or at least as many of them as possible. While the principal men are thus employed, some of the understrappers, and the women, are busy breaking open the house, which at times is no easy task, for I have frequently known these houses to be five or six feet thick, and one, in particular, was more than eight feet thick in the crown. When the beavers find that their habitations are invaded, they fly to their holes in the banks for shelter; and on being perceived by the Indians, which is easily done by attending to the motion of the water, they block up the entrance with stakes of wood, and then haul the beaver out of its hole, either by hand, if they can reach it, or with a large hook made for that purpose, which is fastened to the end of a long stick. In this kind of hunting, every man has the sole right to all the beavers caught by him in the holes or vaults; and as this is a constant rule, each person takes care to mark such as he discovers, by sticking up a branch of a tree, by which he may know them. All that are caught in the house are the property of the person who finds it. The beaver is an animal which cannot keep under water long at a time; so that when their houses are broke open, and all their places of retreat discovered, they have but one choice left, as it may be called—either to be taken in their house or their vaults; in general, they prefer the latter, for where there is one beaver caught in the house, many thousands are taken in the vaults in the banks. Sometimes they are caught in nets, and in summer very frequently in traps.

“They may become so domesticated as to answer to their name, and follow those to whom they are accustomed, in the same manner as a dog would do; and they are as much pleased at being fondled as any animal. In cold weather, they were kept in my own sitting-room, where they were the constant companions of the Indian women and children, and were so fond of their company that when the Indians were absent for any considerable time, the beaver discovered great signs of uneasiness, and on their return showed equal marks of pleasure, by fondling on them, crawling into their laps, lying on their backs, sitting erect like a squirrel, and behaving like

children who see their parents but seldom. In general, during the winter, they lived on the same food as the women did, and were remarkably fond of rice and plum-pudding ; they would eat partridges and fresh venison very freely, but I never tried them with fish, though I have heard they will at times prey on them. In fact, there are few animals that live upon grass that may not be brought to live upon meat."



CONVERSATION XI.

MONKEYS—GORILLAS.

G. Suppose that we now have a conversation about monkeys?

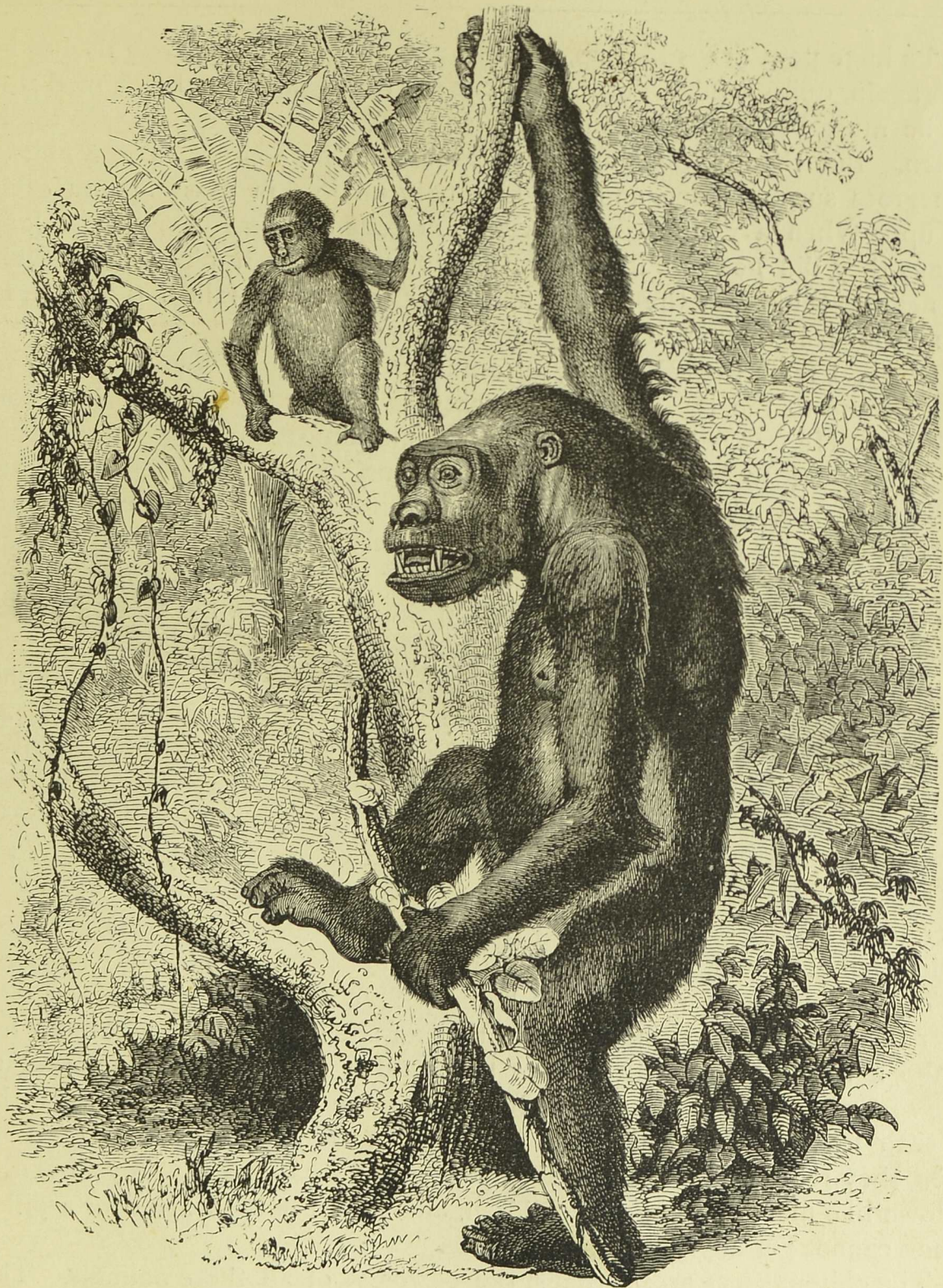
Johnnie. Yes; we've had a little talk about them already, but not much. Here's a picture, is it not a gorilla? Poor beast, it is certainly very ugly.

Mary. Its face is not unlike the hippopotamus, except that it is not so flabby. Is it true that some people say that men were originally monkeys?

G. Yes; but now it is generally thought to be a foolish notion. The gorilla was thought to be a mere traveller's tale, but now many of them have been seen, and some caught. It used to be said of them that they always walked on their hind feet, and had never been taken alive; that they liked to carry the branch of a tree as a sort of walking-stick; that they liked to watch the actions of men, and imitated them as much as possible. Mrs. Bowdich says of them, "Like the ivory hunters, they pick up the fallen tusks of elephants, but not knowing where to deposit them, they carry their burdens about until they themselves drop, and even die, from fatigue; that they build huts nearly in the shape of those of men, but live on the outside; and that when one of their children dies, the mother carries it in her arms until it falls to pieces; that one blow of their paw will kill a man, and that nothing can exceed their ferocity." More than two thousand years ago, there is reason to believe that gorillas and other like strange beasts that walked upright, and were something like men, women, and children, were seen by the sailors and passengers in a number of Carthaginian ships, that sailed to the western coast of Africa.

Mary. Has any full-grown gorilla been caught alive?

G. I believe not. It lives far away from men, and the homes of men, in the deepest recesses of the woods. It is very active, strong, and fierce. Its body is small, but its paws are enormous. It hides itself in the branches of a tree. Up comes a poor negro, who wants to see what a gorilla is like, that he may tell the tale to the white man. Down goes the long leg of the gorilla



GORILLA.

with its huge paw, drags him up, stunned and suffocated, and then dashes him down again, quite dead. Yet it does not eat the flesh. The black men think that he must be a king, because he is so cruel, and cares nothing for the life of men. But though the gorilla is feared as if he were a savage chief, if the negroes surround one, and kill him, they all join in roasting and eating him up. When a young gorilla has been taken, it has never lived long; perhaps they did not give it the proper food; perhaps it pined in captivity. The negroes think that the gorilla and other apes could talk if they like, but will not, for fear they should be set to work.

Mary. I read, the other day, an amusing story about a gorilla. He was seen to come to the remnants of a great fire that had been lighted by some black men. He was delighted with the fire, and almost singed his hair because he sat so close to it. As the fire grew smaller and smaller, he squatted among the ashes. But he had not wit or sense enough to throw any dried leaves, or grass, or moss, or wood, on to the decaying embers. It's well that such a thought never entered into his head, for if it had, most likely he would have gone on heaping and heaping fuel on the flame, until the forest had been lighted, and perhaps entirely burnt down.

G. I have been told that brute animals have never been known to light a fire intentionally, and of their own free will. It is only men, women, and children, that is, beings possessed with reason, that know how to light a fire.

I dare say you scarcely know the difference between apes and monkeys. The apes appear to be grave and gentle in their temper. They have none of that naughty, provoking, mischievous curiosity which monkeys have, so that one says of a plaguing child, "Oh! you saucy little monkey!" They are generally orderly and solemn in their manners. They scarcely ever get into a passion, but they whimper and cry if they cannot get their own way. Observe this capital picture of monkeys at home. This will inform you about them better than any description. Observe that an ape is a monkey without a tail; a baboon is a monkey with a short tail; and a monkey is an animal of the same sort with a long tail. Apes never walk upon two legs, except when they use their front legs in carrying a stick, which they are very fond of doing. When they repose, they do not sit upon their hams, like monkeys, but they lie down like men, women, and children, and they use their arms for a pillow, if they cannot get anything else.

The chimpanzees are, perhaps, the cleverest of all these animals. They



MONKEYS AT HOME.

live in society in the forests. They build huts to protect them from the sun and heavy rain ; for this purpose they use the bark, the large leaves, and the branches of trees. They carry big clubs in their hands. They join in parties,



CHIMPANZEE.

and so keep off the attacks of wild beasts. The elephant is no match for them, though he is so big. The following story, which I read some few years since; shows some difference between the habits of the two animals. "The chimpanzee, though in a declining state of health, and rendered peevish and



OURANG-OUTANG.

irritable by bodily suffering, exhibited much superior marks of intelligence to his companion ; he was active, quick, and observant of everything that passed around him ; no new visitor entered the apartment in which he was kept, and no old one left it, without attracting his attention. The ourang-outang, on the



WHITE-NOSED MONKEY.

contrary, exhibited a melancholy, and a disregard of passing occurrences, almost amounting to apathy ; and though in the enjoyment of better health, was evidently much inferior to her companion in quickness and observation. On one occasion, when these animals were dining off potatoes and boiled chicken, and surrounded, as usual, with a large party of visitors, the ourang-outang allowed her plate to be taken away, without exhibiting the least

apparent concern ; not so, however, the chimpanzee. We took advantage of an opportunity, whilst his head was turned to observe a person coming in, to secrete his plate also ; for a few seconds he looked round to see what had become of it, but not finding it, began to pout and fret exactly like a spoiled child ; and perceiving a young lady, who happened to be standing near him, laughing, or, perhaps, suspecting her to be the delinquent, he flew at her in the greatest rage, and would have probably bitten her had she not got beyond his reach. Upon having his plate restored, he took care to prevent the repetition of the joke by holding it firmly with one hand, while he fed himself with the other."

Mary. I think now, grandie, you have told us quite enough stories about monkeys and apes. Tell us something about some other animals.

Johnnie. I think that remark of yours, Mary, is very rude. Please, grandie, go on if you like and take no notice of naughty Mary's words.

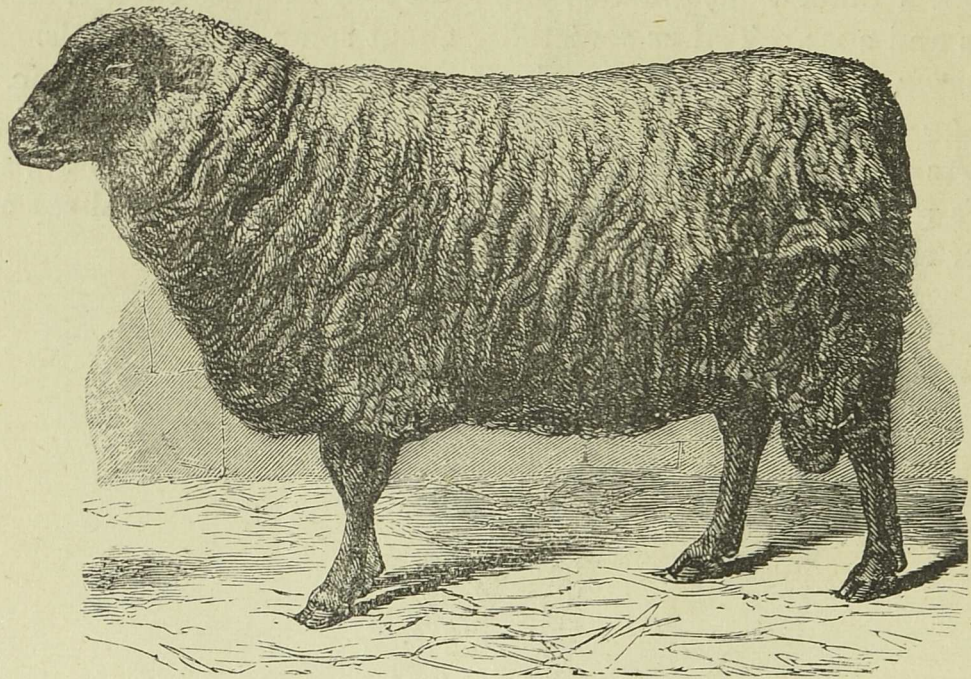
G. As our conversations cannot go on for ever, there is, after all, something in Mary's remark. So now I will give you some account of sheep and goats, and other animals of that kind.



CONVERSATION XII.

VARIETIES OF SHEEP—SHEEP ON BOARD SHIP—SHEEP-SHEARING—GOATS—USE OF GOATS—LLAMAS—MOUFLON—CHAMOIS.

G. Our blessed Saviour, in one of His parables, calls good people His sheep, and good children His lambs; and bad people goats. He says, also, that the Good Shepherd knows His sheep, and they follow Him. From



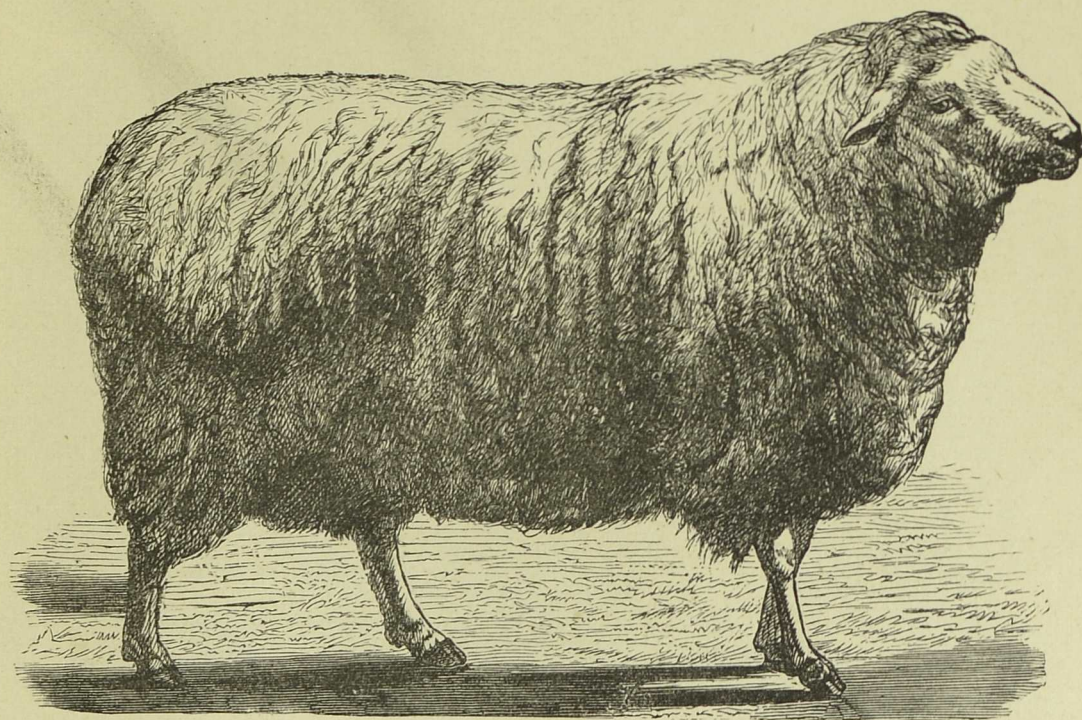
THE SOUTHDOWN SHEEP.

the earliest times, in Eastern countries, the sheep have always followed the shepherd, he going first.

Mary. But in England you generally see the shepherd following the sheep, while the shepherd's dog keeps them from wandering. This surely is not as good a plan as the other.

G. Lately, I have observed that the drovers belonging to the London Cattle Market have a man in front, walking ahead of the sheep. Sheep in a

natural state follow a leader. A sheep has been known to fall over a precipice, and all the rest followed, and were smashed to pieces. It would seem that this animal is very fond of sweet and soft musical sounds. Hence, in old times, the shepherds used to amuse their flocks by playing upon rude reeds and flutes. They also trained a few pet sheep, of good temper, to follow them whenever they heard the sound of the pipe; the rest of the sheep went



THE COTSWOLD SHEEP.

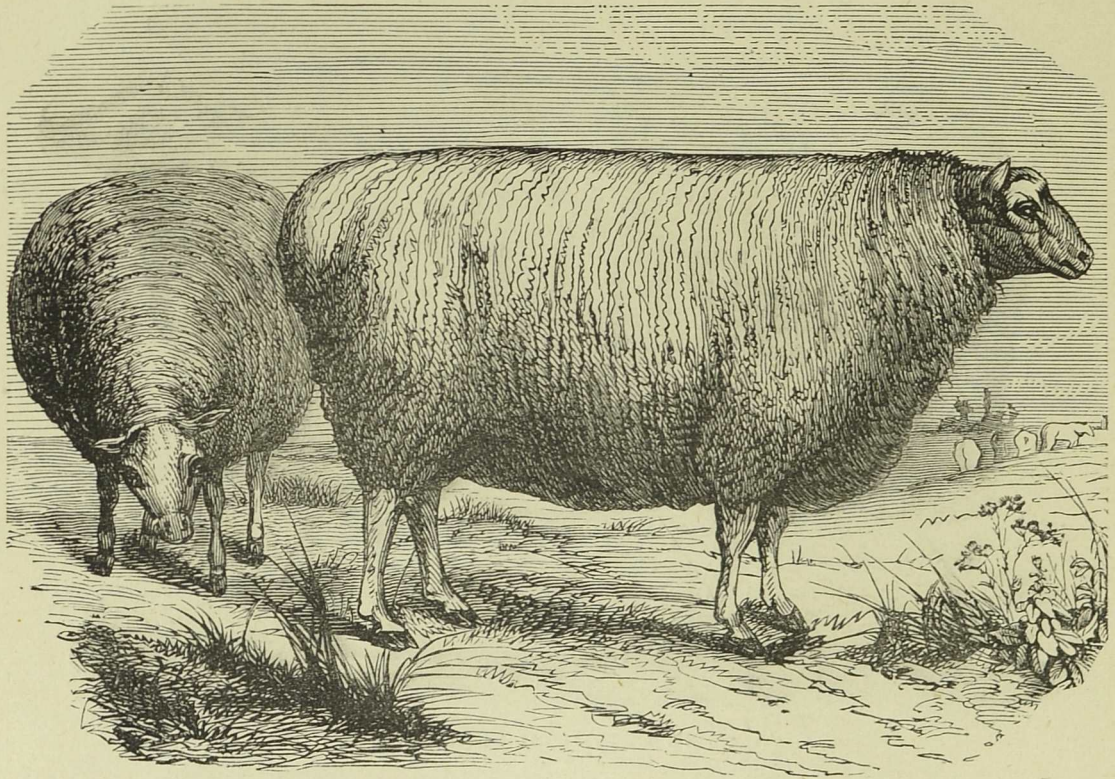
altogether after these leaders, and so the task of managing them was made quite easy.

Now I want to show you several pictures of different sorts of sheep. Here is the Southdown sheep. Observe that he has no horns. So that the nourishment that would have gone into his horns, goes into his wool and flesh, and makes the one more plentiful, and the other richer. He is to be found on the high chalk uplands of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. The grass on these downs is rich and sweet. The animal produces good mutton, and his wool is very valuable. When you grow older, you must ask somebody

to show you the fibres of a fleece. The better the food, the greater will be the length, strength, and bulk of the wool.

Here is a Cotswold sheep. This is a different, but a very valuable breed. And the French sheep is different still. The Aubrace is not so heavy or big as the Southdown.

Just look at this sheep with his tail in a little wagon. He is called the



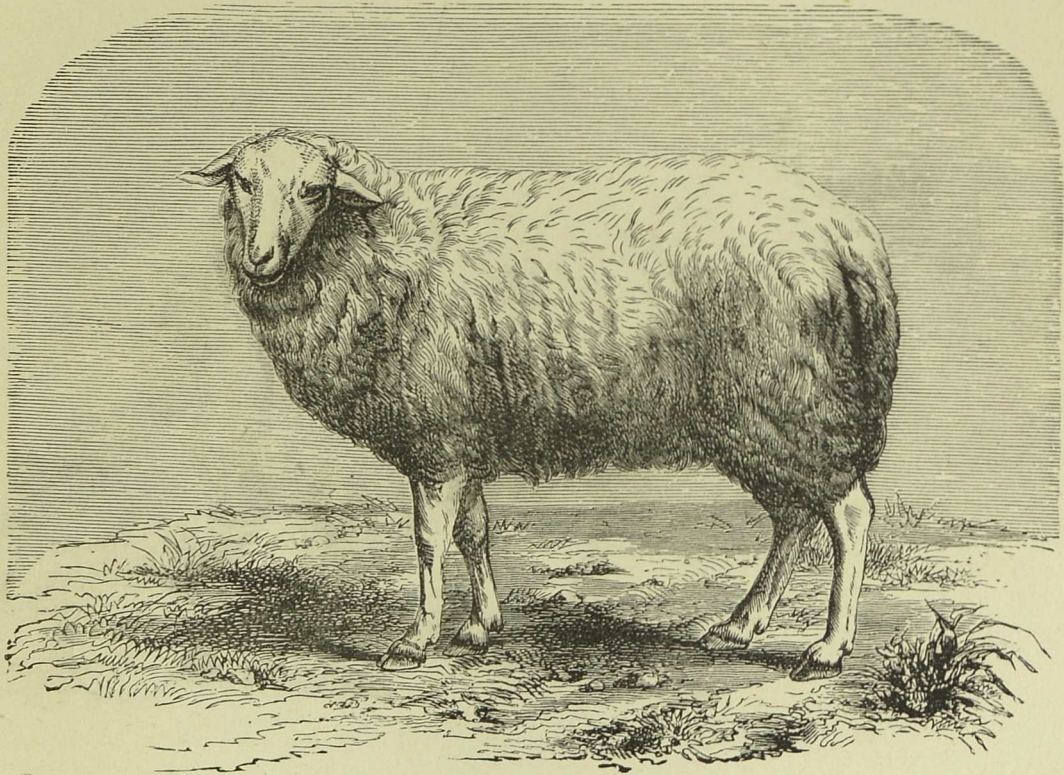
FRENCH SHEEP.

fat-tailed sheep. His tail is put into this little cart to keep it from being spoilt by dragging on the ground with its weight. It is thought to be a great ornament. The Merino sheep was so called because it came over the sea. It is famous for its wool, but not for its mutton.

Mary. What is meant by Saxony cloth?

G. And you might have said Saxony flannel too. It does not generally mean cloth that has been made in Saxony, but of the variety of wool called Saxony, which is very soft and fine. The Saxony sheep is a variety of the

Merino, but at present we get nearly all our wool from Australia. The Sydney and Melbourne sheep are a sort of Merino, but other varieties have been introduced into those countries, in order to improve the mutton. I ought to tell you that the skin of the sheep is often used for binding books, and the skin of the lamb is used for making gloves. In fact, many of the gloves called kid are lamb-skin gloves.



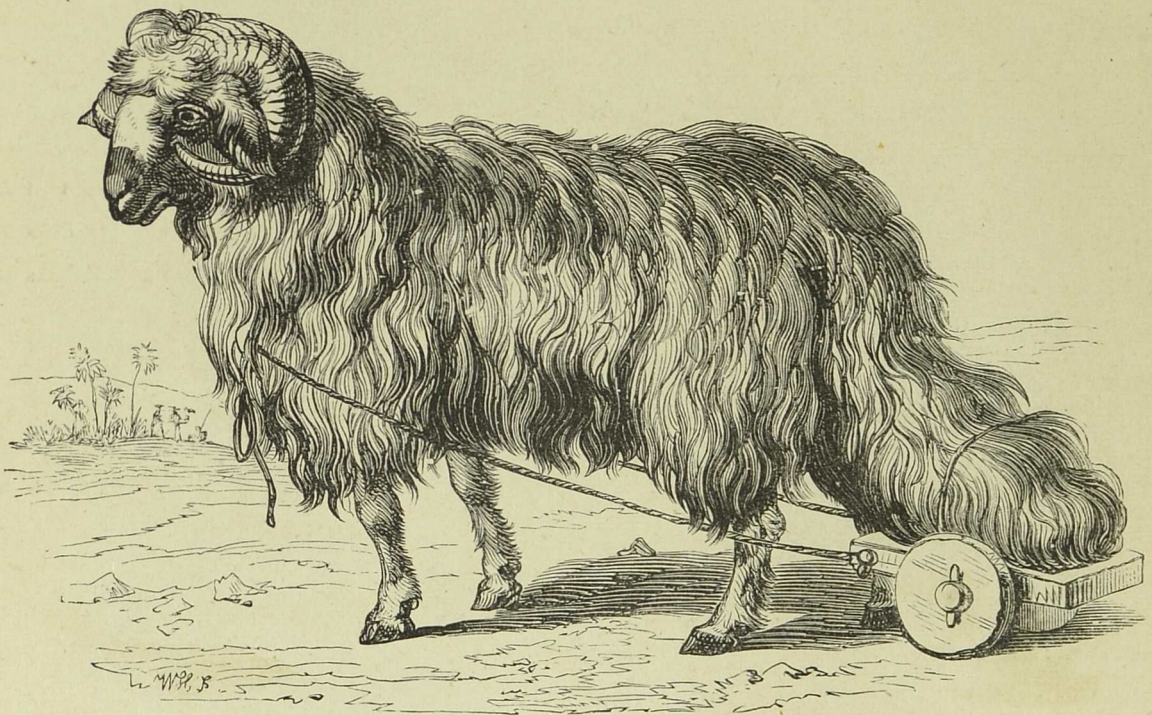
THE AUBRACE SHEEP.

A friend of mine, who is an officer in the Royal Navy, tells me that sheep on board ship seem to be more intelligent than sheep in some rich meadow or fed upon turnips. They make friends with the sailors, being fed upon hay of different degrees of goodness; they yearn for anything that has got sugar in it. The more knowing ones get a share of the sailors' cocoa and bread and biscuit. They are disappointed if they have not a table-spoonful of grog at night, and a little quid of tobacco to put in the corner of their mouths.

Mary. Surely, grandfather, you do not mean to say that it is a proof of

intelligence and cleverness to want grog and tobacco? Grandmother shakes her head and looks grave if you only look as if you were going to offer Johnnie and me a little wine on our pudding.

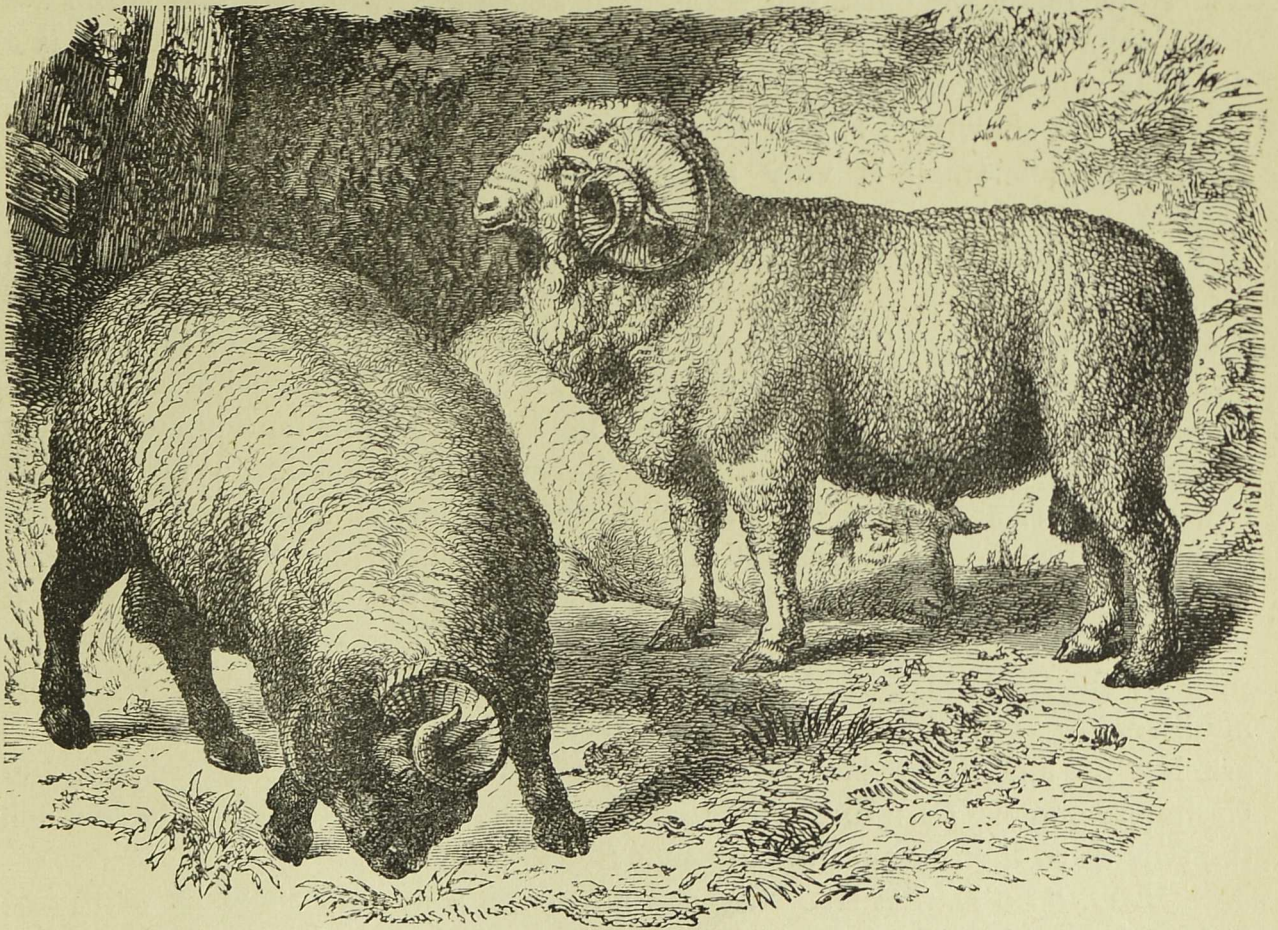
G. What I meant to say was, that for a sheep to remember the exact time when the sailors are having their cocoa and biscuit was a proof, or rather a sign that they had gained something in intelligence by going on board ship. There may be sheep on a hillside who remember when the shepherd's little



THE SYRIAN, OR FAT-TAILED SHEEP.

daughter brings his dinner or his tea, and run to him for a taste, but all I can say is, that if there are, I have never heard of them. And now a word about sheep-shearing. Formerly the wool used to be pulled, by main force of hand, from the poor sheep. It is well known that as spring is coming on, their old coat of wool is loosened, and a new fine coat begins to grow underneath it. This loosening of the old coat, and growth of the new coat, depends a good deal upon the coldness or warmth of the season. June is the favourite time for shearing, but whether in the beginning, middle, or end, depends a good

deal upon the warmth of the weather. The shearing must not be delayed too long, or the new fleece will have a stunted growth ; besides, part of it may be cut away by the shears. Before the shearing, sheep should be well washed in some running stream. Thus you see that sheep must be kept clean as well as children.



MERINO SHEEP.

About two hundred years ago, that most valuable root, the turnip, was introduced from Flanders into this country. Before this time sheep, not very numerous, were generally killed and salted in October ; so that fresh meat was not commonly used in winter. The farmer killed his sheep in October, because he had not food enough for them to last through the winter. Some old people say that they remember to have heard their grandfathers,

when they were children, explain the reason why herbs, and jelly, and conserves were used with certain meats. The use of mint-sauce with Easter lamb most likely arose out of the Jewish custom of eating the Passover lamb with bitter herbs. Many kinds of salt meat were eaten with plenty of pickles and jellies, in order to protect the people who ate them from scurvy, a terrible disease, which attacks sailors more frequently than other people.

Now, next, we must say something about goats. Goats and sheep are often connected together. Look at this picture of the Angora goat. It is a different animal from the Cashmere goat, but it is said that its hair is very valuable for shawls. The males generally possess a very thickly-bearded chin, and their smell is very rank and disagreeable. Look at this wool-bearing goat. His skin with the hair on is, I believe, sometimes used as a sort of coat. This Aoudad goat has an enormous beard, and his horns stretch far and wide on each side of his head. Goats in a wild state live in parties of six or seven. People have sometimes asked, What is the use of their horns? Some say that often, when they tumble down a precipice, their horns go down first; but others say that they use them in fighting. The bouquetin, or great Swiss ibex-goat, is fond of fighting, and very hard to catch. When hunted, it will scamper away to the highest and most unapproachable crags. It is the more difficult to catch because it can live a long time without food or water.

The goat is a very useful animal, though it is not worth while to rear it in countries where sheep can be kept. In woody and mountainous districts, such as Switzerland and Wales, it does very well. But even in Wales its numbers are getting fewer and fewer every year, and scarcely any wild ones are left at all. Shawls are made from the fine hair of the Angora and Cashmere goats. Turn to the nineteenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel, the twelfth to the seventeenth verses. Read, Mary.

Mary. "So Michal let David down through a window: and he went, and fled, and escaped. And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, He is sick. And Saul sent the messengers again to see David, saying, Bring him up to me in the bed that I may slay him. And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster."

G. A great Welsh naturalist thinks that it was the goat of Angora that furnished the materials for this pillow. In former days, when most men and



ANGORA GOATS.

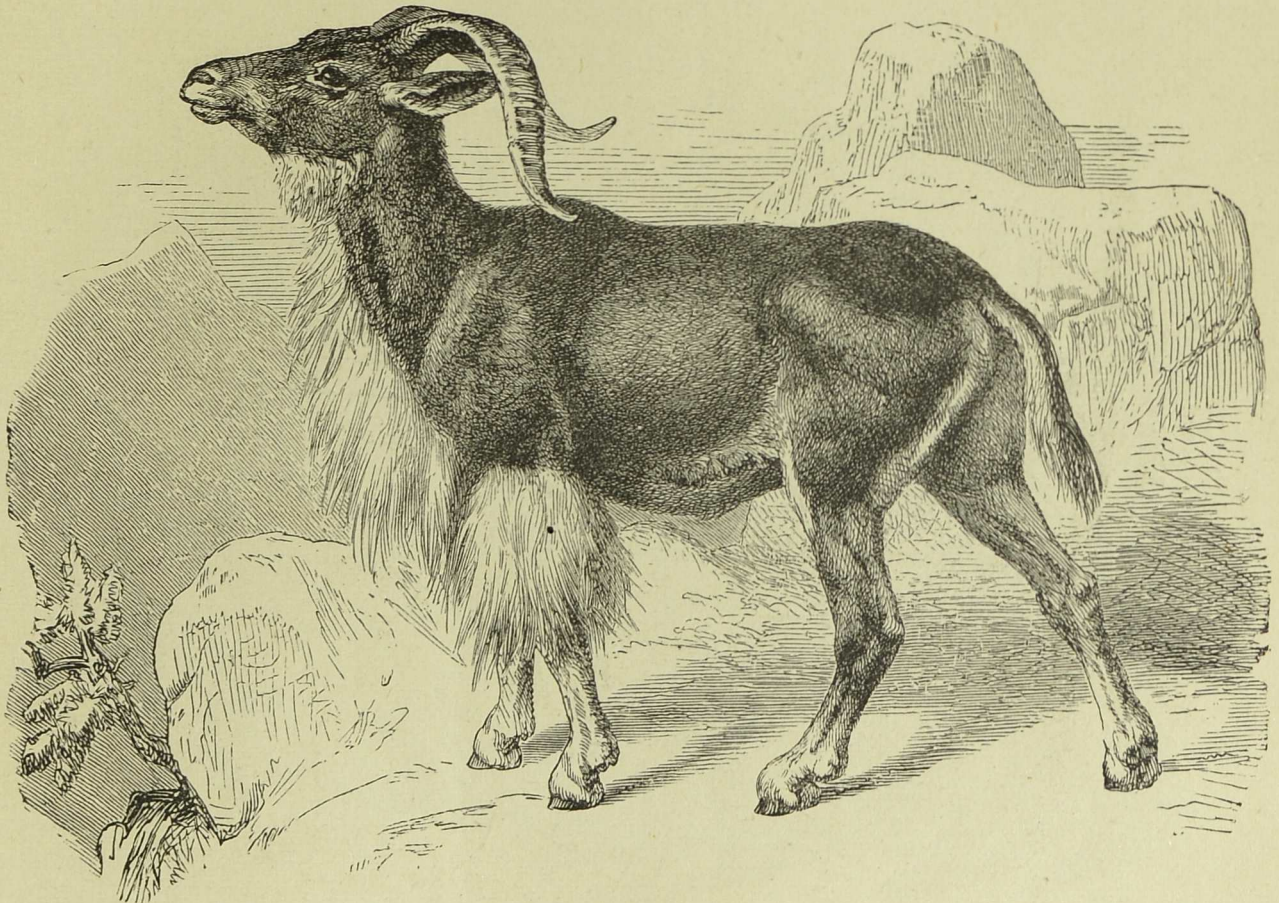
women wore false hair of one kind or another, and some gentlemen were known to have as many as fifty wigs, goats' hair was much made use of. It is still used in the making of wigs for judges and barristers. Bishops have given



THE WOOL-BEARING GOAT.

over wearing wigs ; but when I was a boy, we didn't think a bishop looked at all like a bishop, unless he wore a wig. If I recollect rightly, Bishop Blomfield was the first who left off this once fashionable appendage. Physicians, even when they wore their own hair, had it dressed to look like a wig, and a bunch of hair at the back of the head was left long, and tied up with a bow of

black ribbon. This was called a pig-tail. A little piece of silk was fastened on to the coat, close to the part where the pig-tail was, as a protection to the cloth. In some dress-coats this piece of silk is still sewn on behind, though the pig-tail is no longer used. The skin, especially that of the kid, is used



THE AOUADAD GOAT.

for making gloves. Knife-handles are made of the horns. Formerly the suet was made into candles, which were supposed to be lighter and give a better light than those made of the tallow of the sheep or the ox. Some good stories are told of the common sense of the goat; as, for instance, of those two goats who met in the middle of a long plank stretched over a deep ravine. One was polite enough to lie down on the plank while the other walked over him. That's a lesson for all you young people, to bear and

forbear. If those two goats had fought, most likely they would have tumbled down to the bottom of the ravine, and been dashed to pieces. Goats have been taught to play all manner of tricks; as, for instance, to stand with their four legs together on the top of a pole; or to dance to the sound of a fife and tambourine. They are often harnessed to children's carriages.



LLAMAS.

Johnnie. Yes, I used to ride in a carriage drawn by four goats, and they trotted along gaily with me and three other children.

G. In Switzerland—where nearly everything is made into a sort of cure—where some people eat forty bunches of ripe grapes in a day—goats' milk and goats' whey are used for healing diseases. Little boys and girls drink a great quantity of both, and it is thought to do them good.

Johnnie. I do not remember ever having had a drink of goat's milk. But when you were a little boy, grandie, did they not give you asses' milk, because it was feared you were going to die of consumption?

G. I remember the circumstance well. A woman used to bring a mother



THE MOUFLON.

ass with her pretty little foal. She then milked about a tumbler full into a glass. It was very frothy, and much lighter than cow's milk; but it was warm and nice. I liked it much, and used to long for the coming of my friendly ass.

Look at this picture of llamas. You see that they live in a very rocky country. Formerly the Spaniards thought they were a kind of sheep, but now it is supposed that they are more like camels in their nature. The

llama has no hump on its back, but it is like the camel in the make of its stomach, and it can go a long time without water. Its limbs are thin, and its hair is woolly and long. They are used as beasts of burden in Peru. There

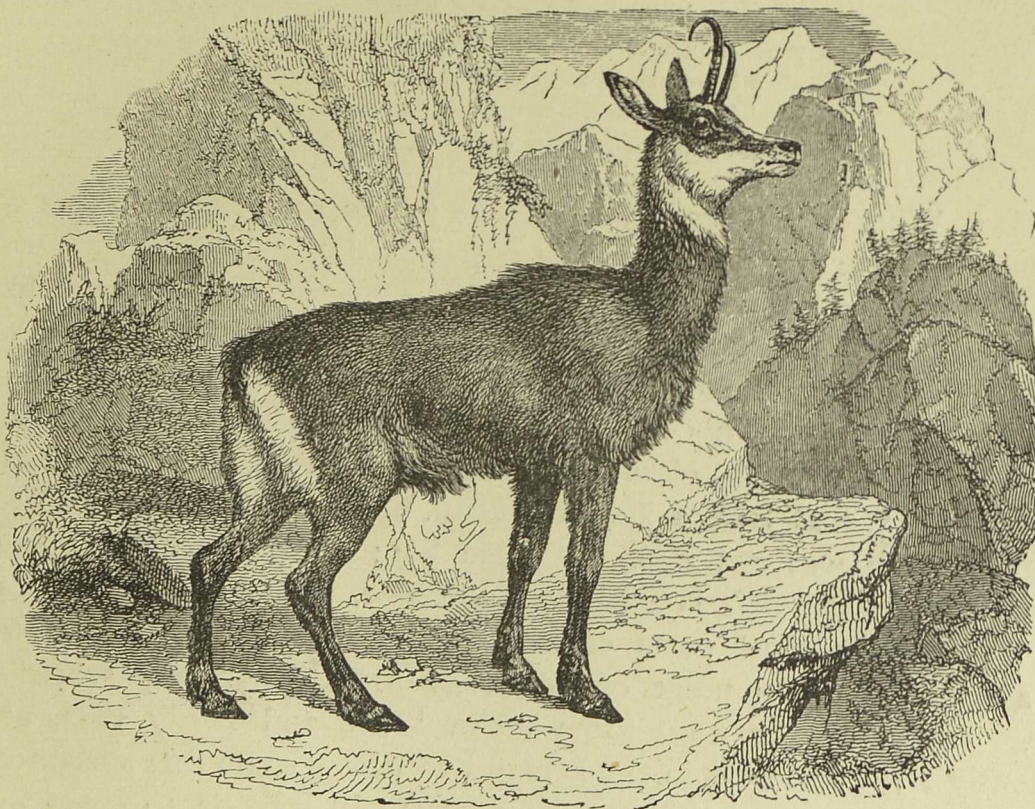


THE GUÁNACO.

are two or three kinds of them. One is covered with thick wool, the other sort has only a very little fine wool. They are very curious animals; they like to know what's going on. One of the men who hunt them sometimes stands up on his head, kicking his heels frantically about in the air. The herd of llamas then, which the hunters want to catch, will turn round and

come slowly towards the man to see what he is about. Then the other hunters take advantage of their approach, and knock over two or three of the poor beasts with their rifles. Their flesh is said to be nice and palatable, and their wool is woven into different stuffs.

Mary. What is this animal with curly horns looking something like an S turned upside down?



THE CHAMOIS.

G. He is called a mouflon. He has long hair growing on his fore-parts and on his legs. The colour of the animal is for the most part a fine reddish yellow. He is a sort of wild sheep. One kind is found in Corsica, another in Egypt, and there are two or three sorts in America.

The guanaco is very much like the llama, and is hunted in the same way. He is very hard to catch, for there is not a more wary animal found in all America. They live in herds, and prefer a rocky and mountainous country. They keep two or three of their number always on the watch. When they see

a hunter coming, though perhaps he does not see them, they set up a mighty cry, or squeal, and then away they canter until they reach another height, when they turn round and have a look at the sportsman.

Mary. I have been told that the chamois in Switzerland does the same thing. Schiller, the great German poet, makes one of his people say :—

“Beasts have reason too ;
And that we know—we men that hunt the chamois—
They never turn to feed—sagacious creatures !—
Till they have placed a sentinel ahead,
Who pricks his ears whenever we approach,
And gives alarm with clear and piercing pipe.”

Arthur. What is that story you used to tell us, grandfather, about the old Indian officer at the country inn in the Alps ?

G. Oh, I remember very well. When the pretty waitress used to bring in the principal dish at dinner-time, he would call out, “Josephine, what is this ?” Josephine would modestly reply, “Chamois, M. le Colonel ;” when, with a waggish twinkle of his eye, he would whisper to her, “No, no, Josephine, not chamois, but CHIEN !”—*chien* being the French word for *dog*. Then Josephine would pout, and look a little offended. She was a highly respectable, nice person, so it was not right to tease her ; but I don’t think she very much cared. The chamois is a kind of antelope, but very much like a goat. I have travelled in most parts of Switzerland, but I have not often seen one in a wild state. In point of fact, they are getting very scarce in the country. The men who hunt them are a brave and hardy race, and not unfrequently lose their lives in the attempt to follow some fine specimen. As to the animals themselves, when pressed they will leap on to spots where it might be supposed there was not room for one of their hoofs. They have been known to jump down a precipice, and hide themselves in deep cracks and splits in the mountains, from which it would seem they would never be able to get out. As I have told you, their flesh is considered a delicacy, but very often when you think you are eating a joint of splendid chamois, you are, in point of fact, enjoying a slice of the common domestic goat, which bears the same likeness to chamois that a haunch of inferior mutton bears to a haunch of fine venison.

CONVERSATION XIII.

ALPINE PASTURES—HOME-COMING OF THE CATTLE—VARIETIES OF CATTLE—BRAHMIN COW—BUFFALOES—BISONS—WILD CATTLE—ZEBUS—YAKS—BUTTER AND CHEESE.

G. Before I begin to tell you anything about bulls, and cows, and calves, and such like animals, let me tell you something about what I have seen of the way in which they keep these patient beasts in Switzerland and the Tyrol. The wealth of the people lies in cattle. These furnish the inhabitants with milk and cheese, which, with a little dark-coloured bread, is their principal food. You have heard of the great mountains called the Alps. The word Alp means an upland meadow. These Alps, or mountain meadows, furnish a short thin herbage, very palatable and very nourishing to the cattle; so, as soon as the early spring comes, and the sun begins to melt the snow, the cattle are driven up the mountain side. The higher the mountain the longer the snow rests on the ground, so the cows, by degrees, are driven higher and higher. It is not until the end of July that the topmost meadows of all lose their snow covering. The snow as it melts is carried into little canals of rather a zigzag shape, so that the water flows gently over all the hillside meadow. This, with the warmth of the sun, makes the grass grow thick and strong. It is nearly always wet; so that if you sit down on the top of a mountain meadow, you may slide down to the bottom in a few minutes, if you do not mind a little dirt. All along the mountains you see wooden cottages, or huts, called *châlets*. These are used as refuges for the cows, and very often are filled to the very roof with hay, stored for use in winter. The poor men who take care of the cows have a hard time of it; for six or eight months of the year they are separated, for the most part, from the society of wife, children, and friends. They live in dirty huts far above the misty clouds. The cottage roof is loaded with big stones to keep it from being carried away by the storms, and sometimes is half-buried in snow. Then the men are obliged to watch day and night, to keep the cattle from straggling, or falling headlong down some precipice. It is wonderful to see to what little ledges a great fat cow will

sometimes climb, feeding there quite comfortably, though a single false step would dash her to pieces. Then sometimes down comes a grizzly bear or savage wolf, to make a meal, if he can, upon a tender young calf. The cow-herd has his rifle ready; a shot is heard that echoes like thunder far and wide; down falls the prowling plunderer, dead; and the cow-herd amuses himself by skinning him at leisure. Hear what the author of Murray's "Hand-book of Southern Germany" says about the fun that follows the coming down of the cattle in the fall of the year:—

"After such hard work and anxious care, it can easily be understood that the day on which the cattle return home from the Alps is one of rejoicing, both to the master and cow-herd, provided the supply of butter and cheese be large, the herd healthy, and no casualties have lessened its numbers. Their return usually takes place about Michaelmas, on St. Matthew's Day. Wreaths of flowers, ribands, and bells, are sent up the mountains beforehand, to decorate the animals, which make their entry marshalled in regular procession. At their head marches the pride of the herd (the most distinguished for size and beauty), who has invariably proved her right to the precedence by combats with the rest, which the herdsman rather promotes than checks, knowing that they will conduce to future tranquillity as soon as the matter is once settled. The victor is entitled to wear the largest wreath, and to bear the most sonorous bell, attached to her neck by an ornamented belt; and she shows by her stately gait that she is fully aware of the dignity. From time to time she gazes round to observe that none break the rank; and should some heedless bull-calf venture to press forward out of his place, he is speedily reminded of his proper position by a poke in the side from the horns of the indignant leader. The rest of the herd are provided, according to their pretensions, with trappings and bells; and the din and uproar which prevails in a town, caused by the clatter of metal, intermingled with the shouts of herdsman and the lowing of cattle, when the herds of different proprietors enter at the same time, is not unlike one of those unmusical concerts which the French call a Charivari,—such tinklings are anything but drowsy. Behind the cattle walks the herdsman, or *sennner*, in all the pride of a dirty shirt, which he has not changed during the period of his mountain sojourn, but in other respects decked out in his best, with a bunch of gay flowers, and a sprig of rosemary in his hat. He drags after him a thick thong of leather, fifteen or twenty feet long, which, ever and anon, by a violent exertion of muscular



THE WILD OX.

force, he wields above his head, and cracks like a whip, but with a report as loud as a pistol, much to the edification of the spectators, and the horror of

all stragglers and loiterers in the herd. The farmer, or proprietor, brings up the rear, riding in a neat small cart, laden with rich butter and cheese."

And just listen to Mr. Howitt's account of the way in which, from two o'clock in the morning, a South German village is up and astir.

Johnnie. What, getting up at two in the morning?

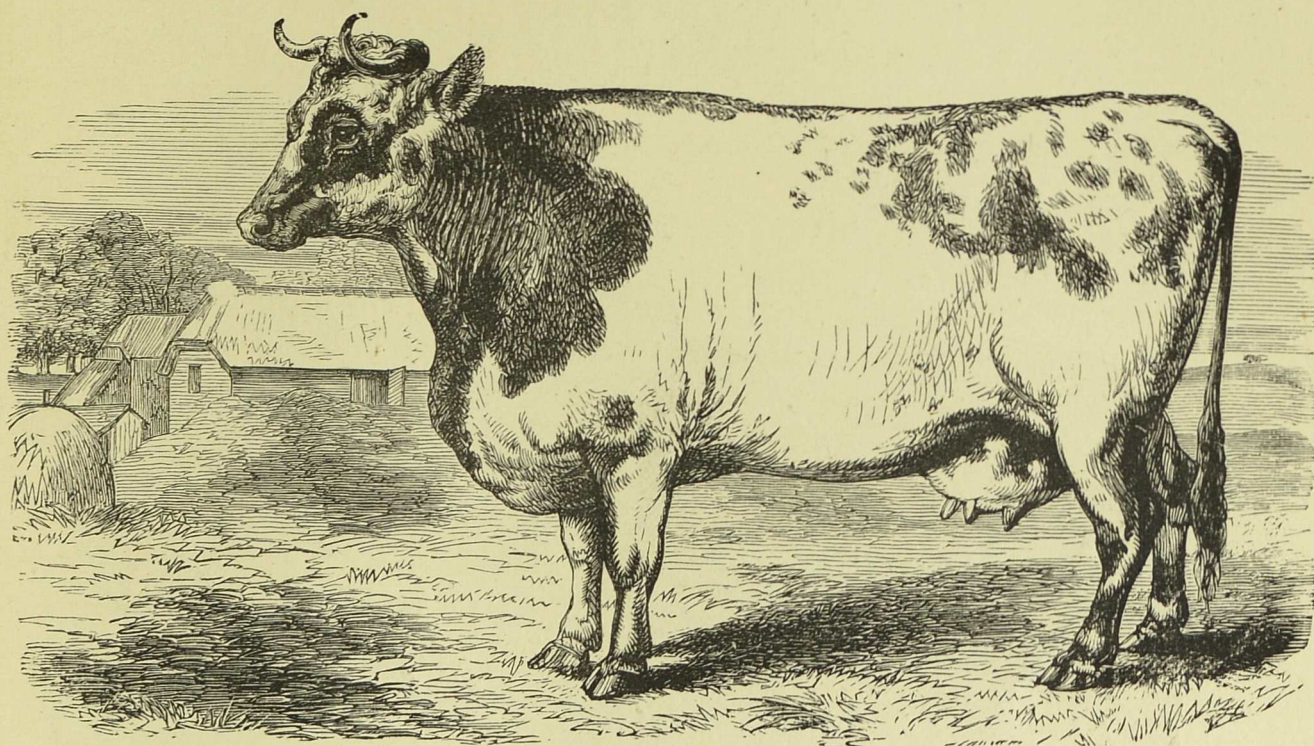
G. At two in the morning. I myself have sometimes been awakened again and again by these same noises; and when I have been up all night, travelling by diligence, and getting rather sleepy, the lumbering vehicle has rattled into the street of a village, and I have been quite enlivened with the morning air and the surrounding uproar. This is Mr. Howitt's account:—"The street watchman and the fire watchman aloft having kept up this disturbance very manfully till about two o'clock, the cocks also crowing against one another from every part of the place, by that time all the hamlet is astir. They begin to let out their geese, which fly rejoicing, making a most terrible clangour up and down the streets, till the goose-maid or boy, with infinite pains and prolongation of the hubbub, collects them together, and drives them out to the common feeding-ground. Then come out the cattle. There is a lowing here, and a lowing there, as first one and then another bauer lets his loose, and they make their way to the village brunnen to drink; and then the cow-herd collects them, or they are again fastened up in their stalls. Then rush out herds of swine, more wild than those which ran headlong into the sea in the country of the Gadarenes; huge, gaunt, long-legged, arch-backed, greyhound-stomached, with snouts double the length of any reasonable hogs' snouts, and manes like their cousins-german, the wild boars; but they bolt savagely, here and there, as their various styes are opened, with screams and horrid guffaws, shaking each other by the ears, and scouring like hounds up the street; while the swineherd, with his heavy-lashed whip, which he slings behind him with enormous sweeps and snatches in a style peculiar to himself, makes the streets echo as with so many musket-shots. This larum, mixed with plentiful quackling of ducks, rumbling of wagons, smacking of wagon-whips, cries of children beginning to play, and loud talking and greetings of the people going along, being somewhat abated, at three o'clock a bell rings, a band of musicians mount the church tower, and there, with pipes and voices, commence lustily Luther's 'Morning Hymn.'"

There are many kinds of oxen and cows. Their horns, varying in shape, are said best to represent the varieties of the animal. Oxen are for the most

part tame now, and live among men and women. One sort is called short-horned, another long-horned, another breed hornless. Again, there is the Alderney cow, famous for its rich and nourishing milk.

Mary. Cook says that she is sure the milkman puts water into the milk, and then a little sugar, to make it taste less thin and poor.

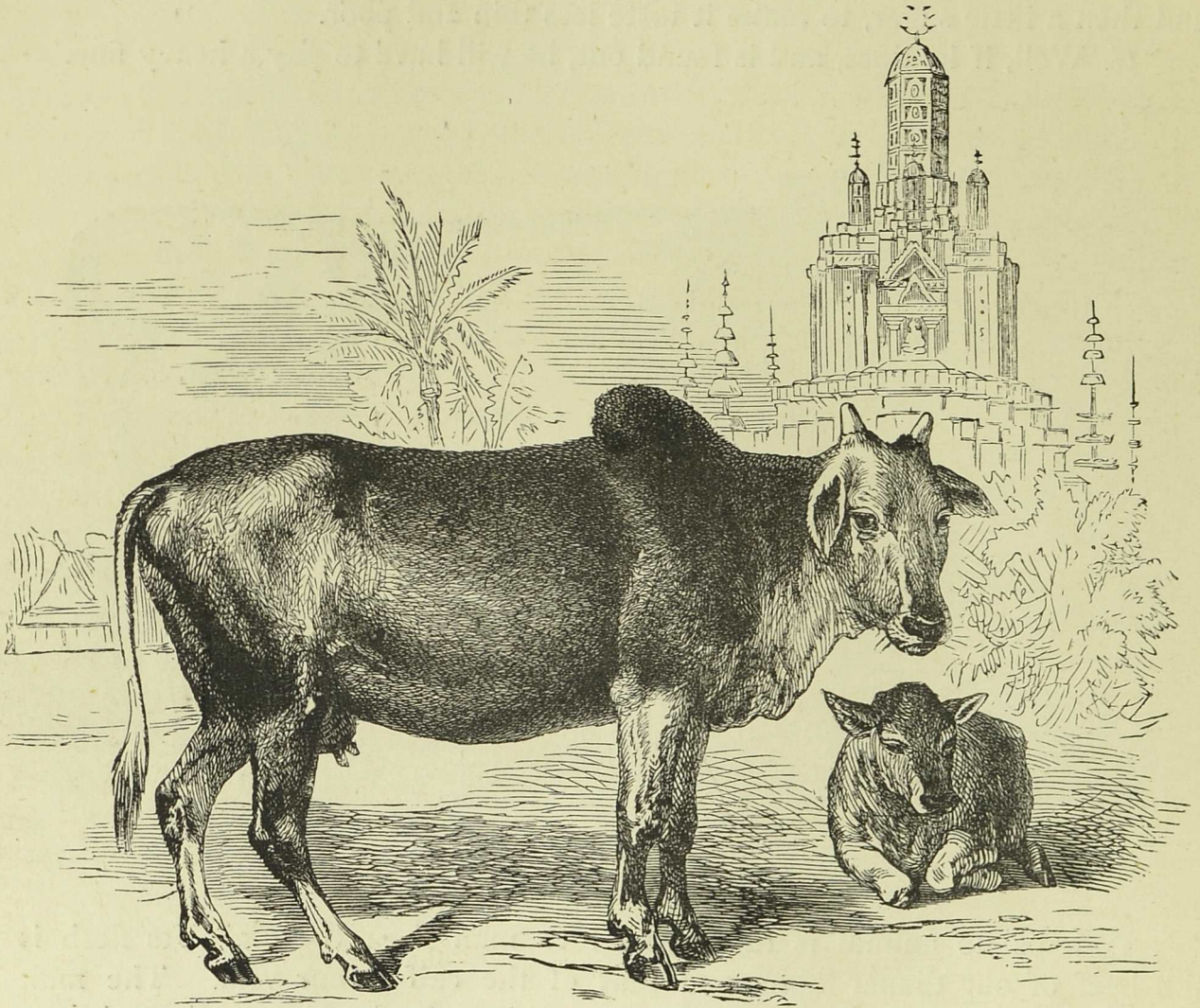
G. Well, if he does, and is found out, he will have to pay a heavy fine.



THE SHORT-HORN COW.

Perhaps no animal is more useful to man than the ox. Its flesh is the beef of our dinner-table, and that of the calf is our veal. The milk of the cow we drink all through life; sometimes by itself, sometimes in our coffee and tea. There is scarcely a pudding that does not contain some milk. Have you seen grandmother showing the carpenter with his glue-pot where he was to mend some piece of furniture, injured, perhaps, by your romping? Well, glue is made of the horns and hoofs and hide parings of the ox. Cow's hair is mixed with mortar, to make it hold better. If ever you go to Switzerland, you will see oxen drawing carts and ploughs; their

bones are sometimes boiled down to make jelly. In fact, every bit of them, from the tip of their tail to their nose-end, is useful in some way or other. They are rather a proud race. In a herd of cows the oldest and strongest is



THE BRAHMIN COW.

made head of the family, and rules, not with a rod of iron, but with the prod of a horn. If any impudent young calf takes liberties with the elder ones, or ventures to choose in what part of the field she will eat, they'll butt her, and poke at her, until she mends her manners. In fact, the elders use their horns



THE CAPE BUFFALO.

just as a nursery governess sometimes uses the birch-rod, which she keeps hung up in a cupboard. Oxen live upon grasses and other kinds of vegetable food. These animals chew the cud, as it is called. When you are older, I

will explain to you the meaning of all this. In South America there are enormous herds of cattle. They are now killed and boiled by thousands, to make what is called the preserved meat, and certain nourishing juices also are extracted from the meat. In countries where the lion is found, the long-horned ox is quite a match for him, if he can only keep the animal in front of his horns.

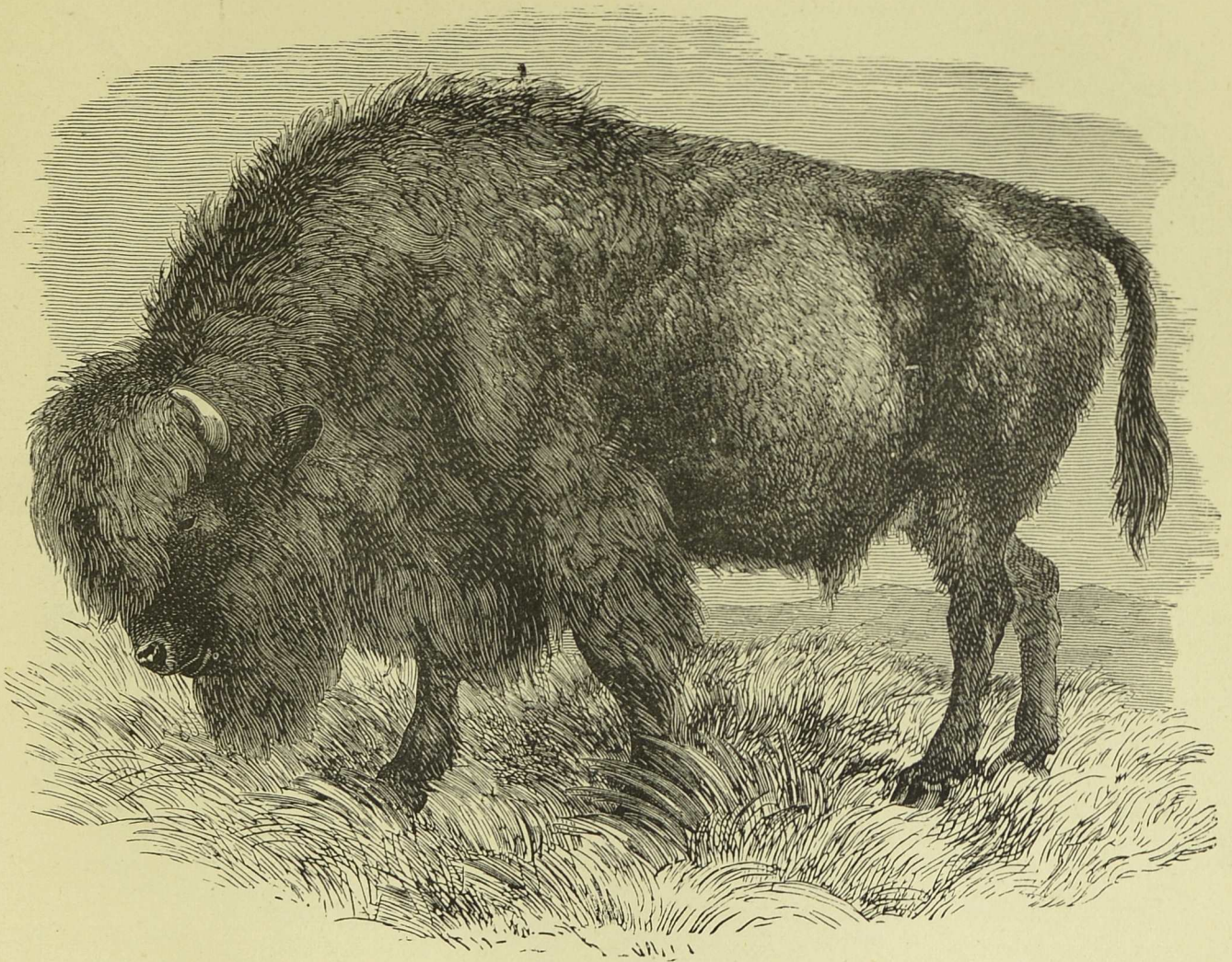
The Brahmin cow and bull are found in India. The superstitious Hindoos have a notion that it is their duty to keep these animals in a state of luxurious idleness. They wander about wherever they like; if they see a fruit-shop open, in they go, and help themselves. If they cannot immediately get what they like, they'll often butt at people with their horns; in fact, they are like naughty and spoilt children—that is, the plague of everybody.

There is another sort of this animal called the buffalo; he is a savage beast, and bellows furiously. He seems especially to hate the tiger, and fearlessly attacks him whenever he has an opportunity. He delights in marshy and muddy places, and sometimes lies so long wallowing in oozy slime, that the mud dries round him. He sticks there so firmly, that the hunter shoots him down without trouble. He is a good swimmer, and looks in the water as if he were a log of wood moving along. The Cape buffalo is perhaps the strongest variety of the tribe, though not the largest. In his old age he sometimes suffers a terrible upset of fortune. The younger buffaloes turn him out of the herd, and he is obliged to go and live by himself, a lonely hermit in the distant bush.

Just look at this picture of the bison. You would not think him to be a timid creature, but he is, and soon frightened. In the winter he uses his nose to shovel away the snow, which covers the grass on which he wants to make his breakfast. Hunger compels him to do this, and his nose may be seen all bleeding and torn, with rubbing against the sharp, crisp snow.

Look at this picture of a bull, with enormous horns. I should think that the Canton Uri, in Switzerland, on the flag or banner of which is painted the head of a bull, with big horns, took its name from such a beast as this in the picture. *Urus* means a kind of wild bull, but some French breeders of cattle try to produce a sort with no horns at all, thinking that the horns take up a great deal of the stuff of which the beast is made, and which would be better employed if found in the shape of muscle or bones. Observe this Scottish bull. You see that he has scarcely any horns at all.

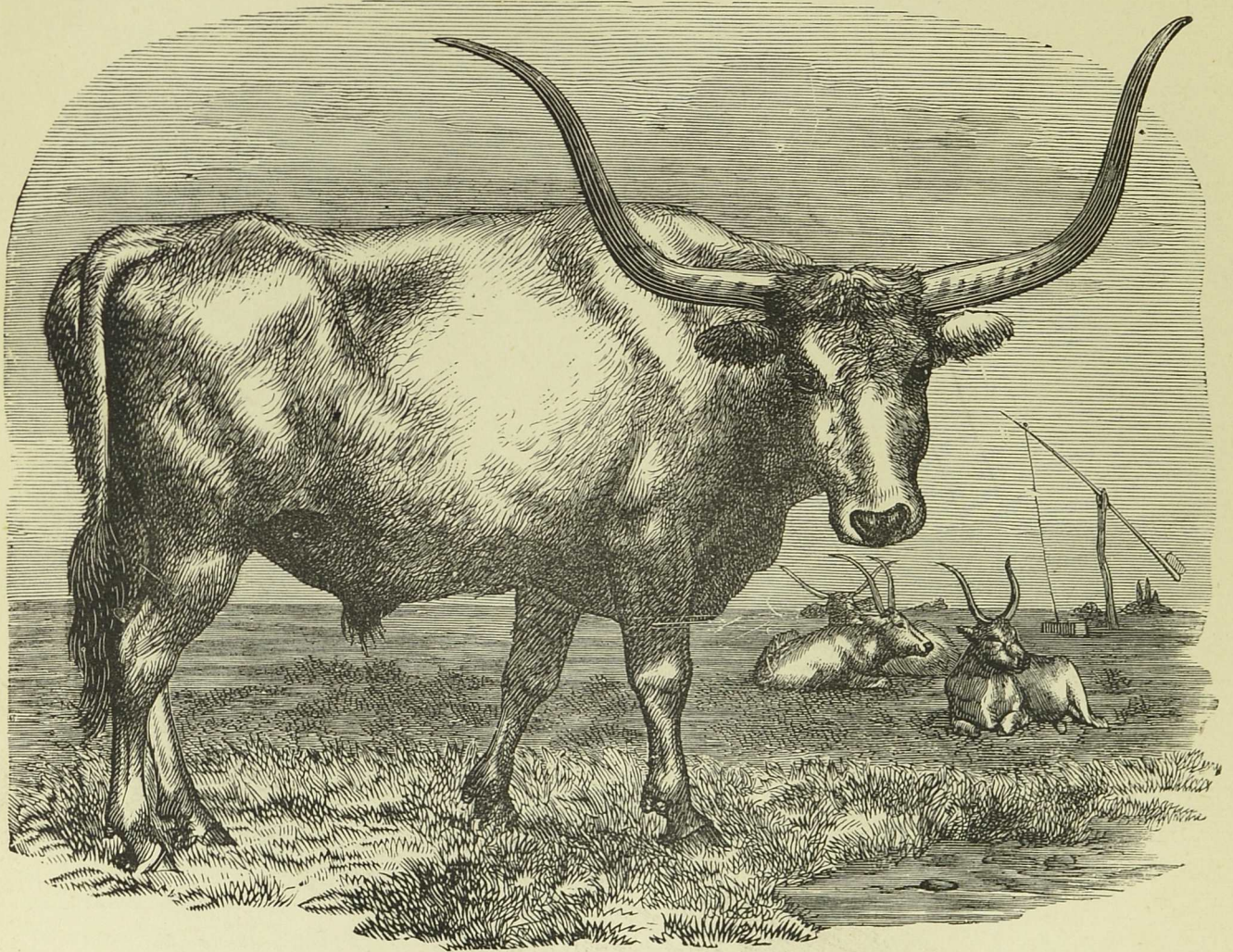
It is a very pretty sight to see the cows going home from the pasture at night. I have often, when travelling in Switzerland, heard the dairy-maids



THE AMERICAN BISON, OR BUFFALO.

calling their cows to be milked and shut up in a sort of stable for the night. Many of the houses in the villages are three stories high ; the lowest consists of stables and cow-houses, in the second the family live, and the third is used as a hay-loft. The people do not seem to mind the smell of the cattle, but I cannot think it is wholesome for them.

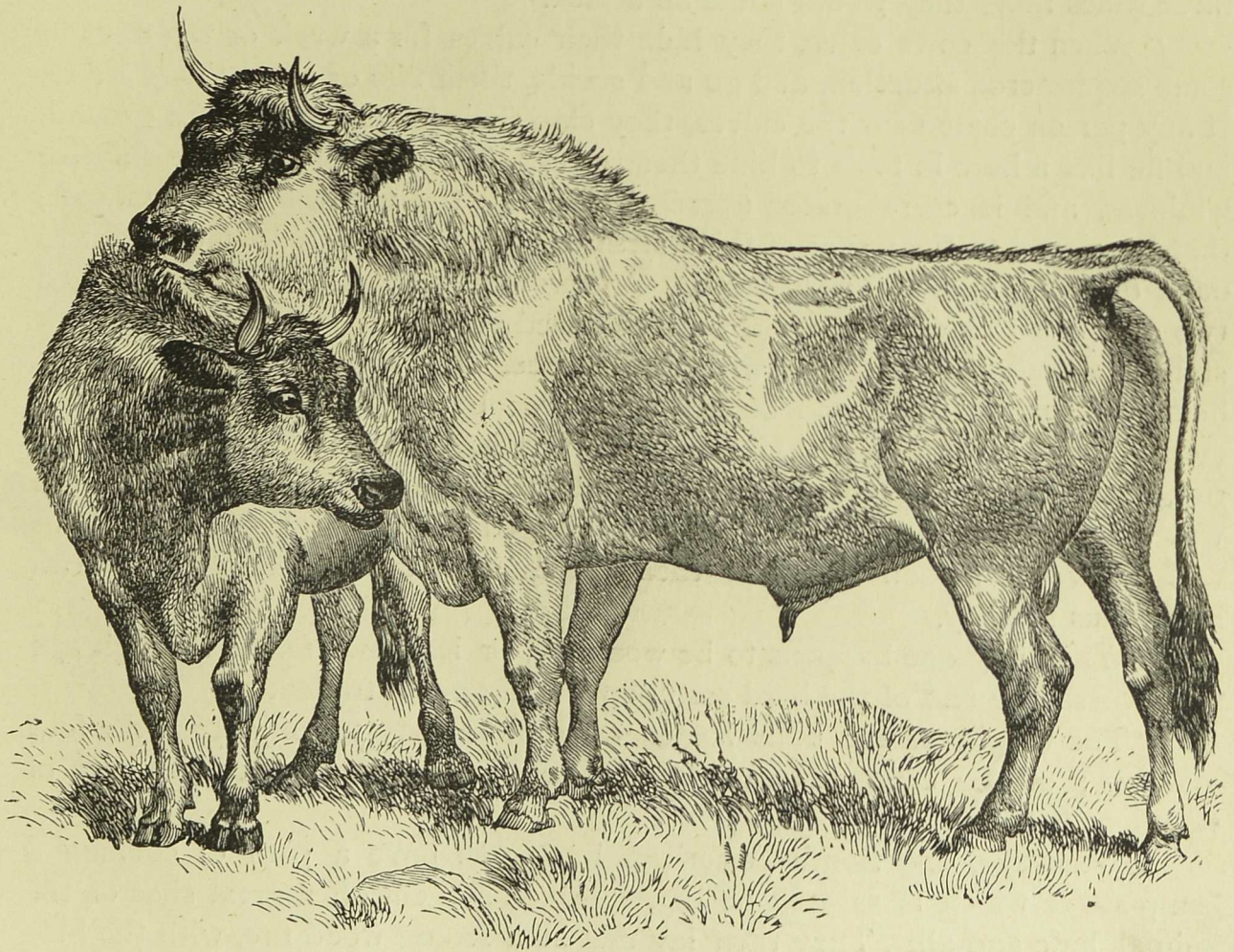
While we are talking of wild cattle, let me tell you something about a noble herd to be found in a park on the borders of Northumberland. This park lies in a lonely country, and therefore is well adapted for such animals.



THE LONG-HORNED BULL.

Part of it is steep, bare, and craggy ; part consists of woods and deep dells, so that the cattle can climb to the cool fields on the mountain-top, and see from thence any approach, or if startled can hide themselves in deep ravines. Bewick, the eminent naturalist, gives a very curious account of them, showing how their habits are like many other animals which we have already described.

Listen to what he says :—“ At the first appearance of any person they set off in full gallop, and at the distance of two or three hundred yards make a wheel round, and come boldly up again, tossing their heads in a menacing manner.



THE SCOTTISH BULL.

On a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the objects of their surprise, but on the least motion being made, they all again turn round, and run off with equal speed, but not to the same distance ; forming a shorter circle, and again returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect than before, they approach much nearer, probably

within thirty yards, when they make another stand, and again run off. This they do several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within ten yards, when most people think it prudent to leave them, not choosing to provoke them further, for there is little doubt but in two or three times more they would make an attack.

“When the cows calve, they hide their calves for a week or ten days in some sequestered situation, and go and suckle them two or three times a day. If any person come near the calves, they clap their heads close to the ground, and lie like a hare in form to hide themselves. This is a proof of their native wildness, and is corroborated (strengthened) by the following circumstance, that happened to the writer of this narrative, who found a hidden calf of two days' old, very lean and very weak. On stroking its head, it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, stepped back a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force. It then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before; but, knowing its intention, he stepped aside, and it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that it could not rise, though it made several efforts. But it had done enough—the whole herd was alarmed, and coming to its rescue, obliged him to retire—for the dams will allow no person to touch their calves without attacking them with impetuous ferocity.

“When any one happens to be wounded, or is grown feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it and gore it to death.

“The weight of the bulls is generally from forty to fifty stone the four quarters; of the cows, about thirty. The beef is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour.”

By-the-bye, the South American huntsmen have a plan of cooking a rump-steak which is said to be delicious. They cut off a great slice of the animal, hide and all. They then lay this in a strong wood fire, with the hide downwards. The hide surrounds the meat, as if it was a kind of saucer, and the flesh is deliciously cooked, loosing none of its gravy.

It is not generally known that a horse is a much stronger animal than a buffalo. In the country about Buenos Ayres, when the lasso has been thrown over the buffalo's neck, the huntsman riding the horse can drag the buffalo about wherever he pleases.

Fohnnie. Here is a quaint-looking kind of bull, with very little horns, and a great hump on its back. What is its name?



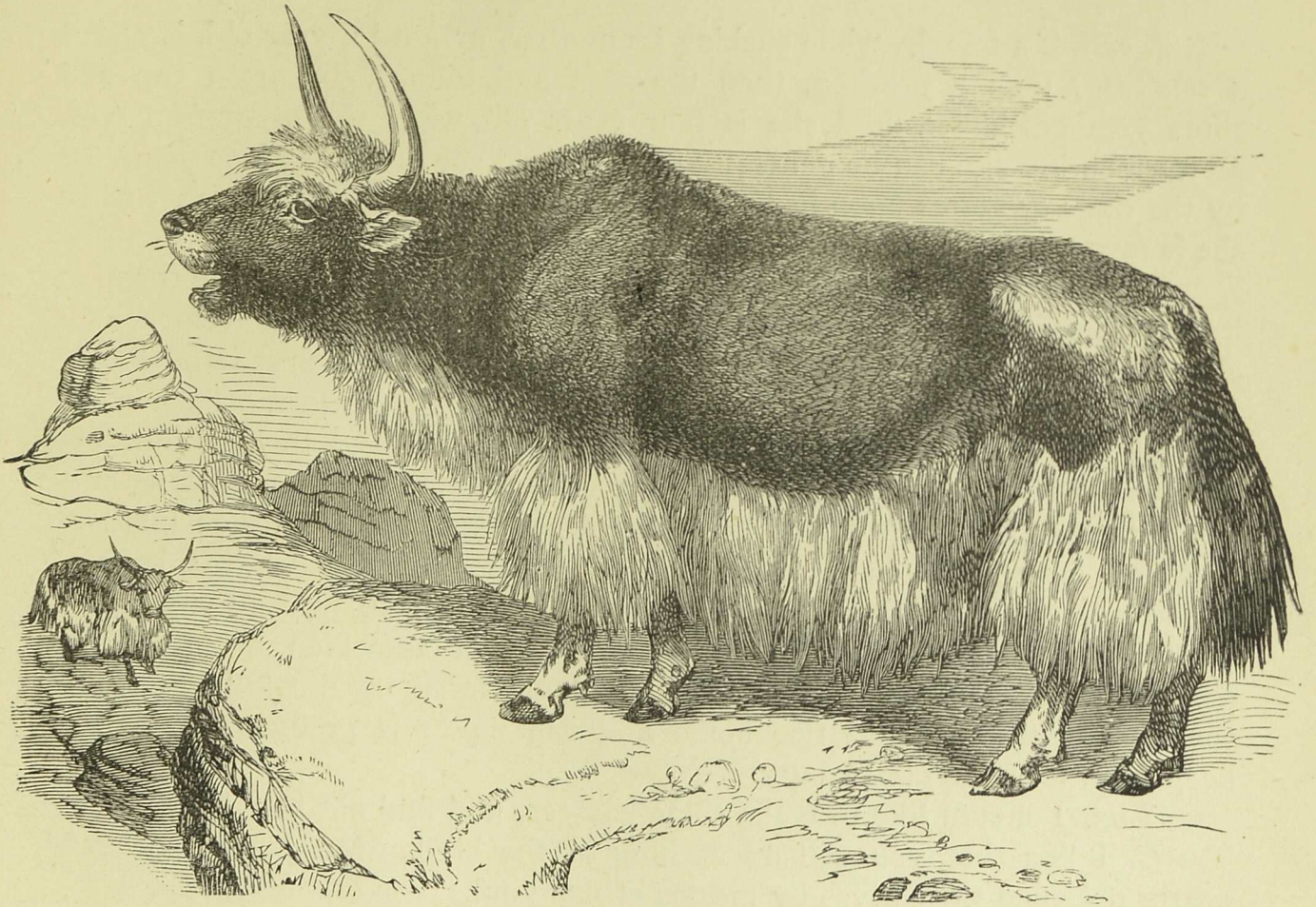
ZEBUS.

G. It is called a zebu. Sometimes it is very large, as large indeed as the biggest bull; sometimes it is about the size of one of our young calves. It is found in India, China, and some parts of Africa. They are said to be useful for the saddle, and for drawing carriages, and some are harnessed to the plough. They are managed by a small double cord passed through the gristle of the nose, instead of a bit in the mouth, as in the case of the horse. An old writer describes the procession of an Indian prince, who was drawn in a carriage by two white oxen, which had the neck short, and a hump between the shoulders, but which were as lively and active as horses. Bishop Heber informs us that the horns of the white oxen which drag the Rajpoot nobility are gilded. It is said that they can travel fifty miles a day, and always on the trot. When they have done half their day's work, they have for dinner two or three balls of the size of a penny loaf, and made of wheaten flour, kneaded with butter and coarse sugar; and in the evening their supper consists of chick peas, bruised and steeped for half an hour in water.

Mary. Here is the picture of a very odd-looking animal, something like a buffalo; but I should think much smaller.

G. This animal is called a yak. It has a great bump on its shoulders. Its tail is furnished with full flowing hair, like that of a horse. Observe its mane running along the back and the neck. The hair of the body is smooth and short in summer, but it becomes thick and harsh in winter. The hair in their tails has been used for years and years by the Mongols and Tartars as a sign of superior rank and power. Sometimes our friends from India bring home with them these tails mounted on silver or ivory handles. They are called chowries, and are used to brush away flies. Yaks seem to prefer mountains and bleak plains. The author of "Cassell's Natural History" informs us that "they form a very valuable property to the tribes of itinerant Tartars, called Duckba, who live in tents, and tend them from place to place; at the same time they afford their herdsmen an easy mode of conveyance, a good covering, and wholesome food. Never employed in agriculture, they are extremely useful as beasts of burden, for they are strong and sure-footed, and carry a great weight. Tents and ropes are made of their hair, and caps and jackets of their skins for the humbler herdsmen. The care of their keepers is rewarded for selecting them good pastures, in the abundance of rich milk which they give, and in the very excellent butter it yields. It is their custom to preserve this in skins or bladders, and the air being thus shut out, it will

keep in this cold climate throughout the year. Thus, after some time tending their herds, when a sufficient store is gathered together, it remains only to load their cattle, and drive them to a proper market with their own produce, which forms a most material article of trade, to the utmost boundaries of Tartary."



THE YAK.

It is very important that a cow should be what dairy-maids call a good milker. Some cows are of a form that fits them well for fattening, but is not good for giving milk. When a cow gets fat, and on that account much handsomer, she generally gives very little milk. Listen to these old lines, which I believe are quite correct in describing a good milch cow:—

“If long in the head, and bright in the eye ;
 Short in the leg, and thin in the thigh ;
 Broad in the hips, and full in the chine ;
 Light in the shoulder, and neck rather fine ;
 Round in the carcase, and wide in the pin ;
 Fine in the bone, and silky of skin ;
 Deep in the bosom, and small in her tail,
 She'll ne'er be deficient in filling the pail.”

A calf, if a female, while sucking its mother, or until a year old, is called a *cow calf* ; then a yearling, then the next and following years a two and three year old heifer, until she is four years old, when she becomes a cow, after which her age can be generally reckoned till she is six or seven years old by the rings or scores upon her horns, one of which is formed at the root when she is four years old, and another every year afterwards.

Children should be very kind to cows, and never try to tease them or irritate them, because they suffer a great deal of trouble and inconvenience for our sakes. When their little babies are born, they are almost immediately taken away from them ; perhaps they never see them any more. Their moan and cry after them is most sorrowful and distressing, and their mother love often makes them pine for some days. Curious methods are sometimes resorted to to bring up calves that have been separated from their mothers. Some are brought up on skimmed milk and meal ; some, besides that, have an allowance of what is called hay-tea. Hay-tea is made by infusing such a portion of fine sweet hay as will fill an earthen vessel on being slightly pressed by the hand, and boiling water being poured upon it. The vessel is then closed, and in about two hours a strong liquor is produced, which will keep good for a couple of days.

Tom. I should like to make some hay-tea, and find out how it tastes.

G. I beg that you will do nothing of the kind. Many children have nearly poisoned themselves by messes of this kind.

Mary. How is butter made ?

G. Well, you must first milk the cow. This may appear a trifling matter, but it is not so ; for if it is not well done by a good-tempered, clean little dairy-maid, who will use the cow kindly, and coax her to give her milk, the animal will keep back a large portion of it, and get such a habit of doing so, that she will soon lose it altogether. Good temper, it may be truly said, and cheerful patience, are an ever-flowing fountain of happiness ; and in no

servant out of the nursery is it more required than in a dairy-maid. Let me read to you an extract from a clever volume, called "Farming for Ladies," published about thirty years ago:—"If the cow be unruly while being milked, it must be done in the house, for the purpose of having her head secured, and even her hind legs 'hobbled,' with a strap twisted round each foot just above the hoof, and buckled together; but if quietly disposed, she may be milked in the field; though the hobble is not a bad precaution, as she sometimes, if teased by a fly, or instigated by a freak, will kick down the pail, or put her foot into it; but even should this happen, she should neither be beaten nor harshly spoken to. Patience and gentleness will overcome the most perverse disposition; the dairy-maid should therefore give the cow a name, and mildly call her by it; pat her, and caress her when about to milk her. Her udder, if at all soiled or apparently sore, should be gently bathed with lukewarm water, and she should be furnished with some nice hay, or any root or vegetable that may be grateful to her. It is a singular fact, that she is evidently pleased with the melody of music: for, should the dairy-maid sing a ballad while milking, the animal will listen attentively, and yield her milk without reluctance."

Johnnie. That's a good idea! Only fancy the milk being better if the dairy-maid has a good voice! I wonder what tune the cows like best. Well, now you've got your milk, what next?

G. The milk is taken to the dairy warm from the cow, and poured through a strainer of hair or gauze-wire, that if there is any hair or dirt of any kind in the milk, it may be removed. Then the milk is left to "set," as it is called, for the purpose of raising the cream, in broad shallow pans. Sometimes people like these pans to be made of lead, because they are thought to throw up more cream; but the only real advantage they possess is their being sometimes made with a plug in the bottom, by means of which the milk can be gradually drawn off into a vessel underneath, without disturbing the cream, which should be removed with as little milk in it as possible; for, if any portion be left, it is apt to render the butter rancid. An experienced dairy-maid can, however, skim the milk with her finger, and there are also skimmers of wood for the same purpose, though it is often done with a common spoon. In order to separate the butter from the thinner portion of the cream, it must be shaken; the common instrument for this is a churn—that is, a wooden cask rather wider at bottom than at top, covered with a

round lid with a hole in the middle. Through this hole passes a long round stick, which is fastened to a round flat board with holes in it. This stick is held in both hands, and briskly moved up and down. After this churning or shaking has gone on for an hour or two, small nuts of butter begin to rise; these are soon joined by the pressure of the board against the bottom of the churn, and form a solid mass of butter. The butter-milk—that is, the liquid left in the churn after the butter has been separated from the cream—is then drawn off, and forms a nice, cool summer drink. As to the after treatment of the butter, I do not think we need go into that. There is only one thing more I wish to say, that the goodness of the butter depends very much on the cleanliness of the dairy people, which shows how important cleanliness is to the health and comfort of life. I knew a mother who had a very passionate boy, and when he got into one of his wild tantrums, she would take him up-stairs into the nursery, and give him a good scrubbing. When he came down again, with his hair nicely brushed and a clean collar on, the wrathful fit had entirely disappeared, and he was as good as gold.

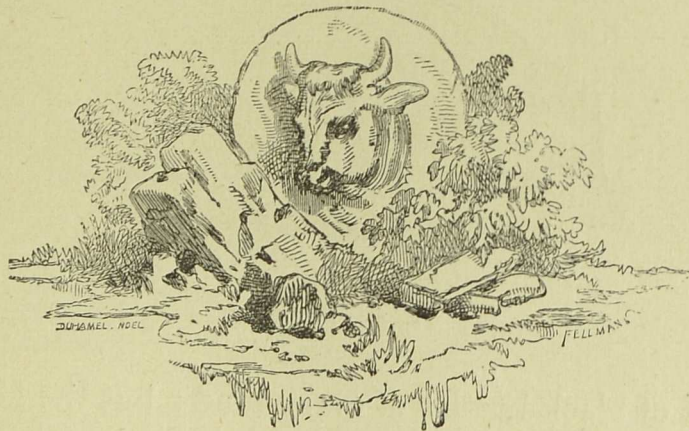
Mary. I think that was an excellent plan of curing the boy, but if I were to try it on one of my dolls, I should soon wash all its skin off.

G. You children must be careful what you eat when you go into the fields. Now there is a fine rich grass grown upon land which has been watered with sewage. Cows are very fond of this grass, but it is feared that the butter made from their milk becomes rancid in the course of a day or two, and some doctors say it is very unwholesome.

Johnnie. I should like to hear something about cheese-making, now that you have told me so much about butter-making.

G. I do not think that you would easily understand all the niceties of the making of cheese. The milk of animals may be divided into three parts, or rather consists of three distinct substances. One is oily, and comes out in butter; one is watery, and comes out in whey; the third is curd, it is thickened, or made solid, or coagulated by any acid. There is a certain acid called rennet, which is generally used for this purpose. A large cauldron, in the shape of a bell, holding about a hundred gallons of milk, hangs from an iron bar over a hearth, where a wood fire has been made. Then the milk is put into the pot and heated to nearly blood-heat. Then it is turned away from the fire, and some rennet is mixed with the warm milk; then the curd begins to be formed, the dairyman stirring the cauldron by means of a

skimming-dish. By-and-bye a common cheese cloth, woven with wide meshes, receives the curd, the whey running out through the cloth. Afterwards a round board is placed over the curd, and the cheese-press is let down upon it. This is the essence, if I may so speak, of cheese-making ; but some day, when we are in Leicestershire, I will take you into a farm where cheese is being made.

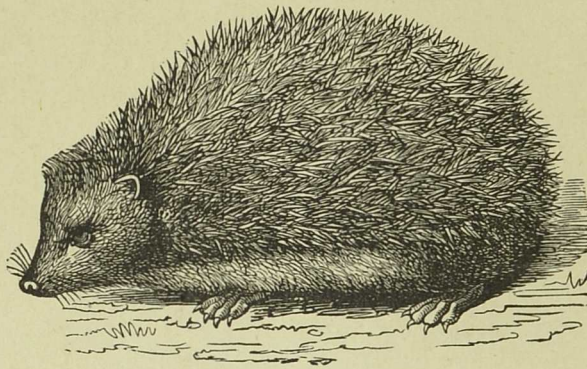


CONVERSATION XIV.

HEDGE-HOG — WILD BOARS — PIGS — STAGS — ROEBUCK — REINDEER — EXTRACT FROM THOMSON'S "SEASONS" — ELKS — PHACOCHERE — HARNESSSED ANTELOPE — ELAND — NYLGHAU — IBEX — PECCARIES.

Mary. Tell us something about the hedge-hog.

G. He's a funny little fellow, covered with an array of bristling spines, like long thorns. He rolls himself in this covering like a chicken in an egg-shell. Cook has one down-stairs, as you know. Before it came, the kitchen and



THE HEDGE-HOG.

scullery were full of black-beetles of every kind ; but the hedge-hog has eaten them all up, and there is not one left. Cook is fond of the animal, because he has cleared her cook-dom of this insect pest, so she feeds her hedge-hog upon bread and milk. He goes to sleep all the winter, but comes out in quite a lively state when the spring comes on. He's very brave ; sometimes he fights another hedge-hog, and if he wins, he'll kill him. Not contented with this, he eats him up, leaving nothing but his skin and his bristles.

Mary. Oh ! the cannibal !

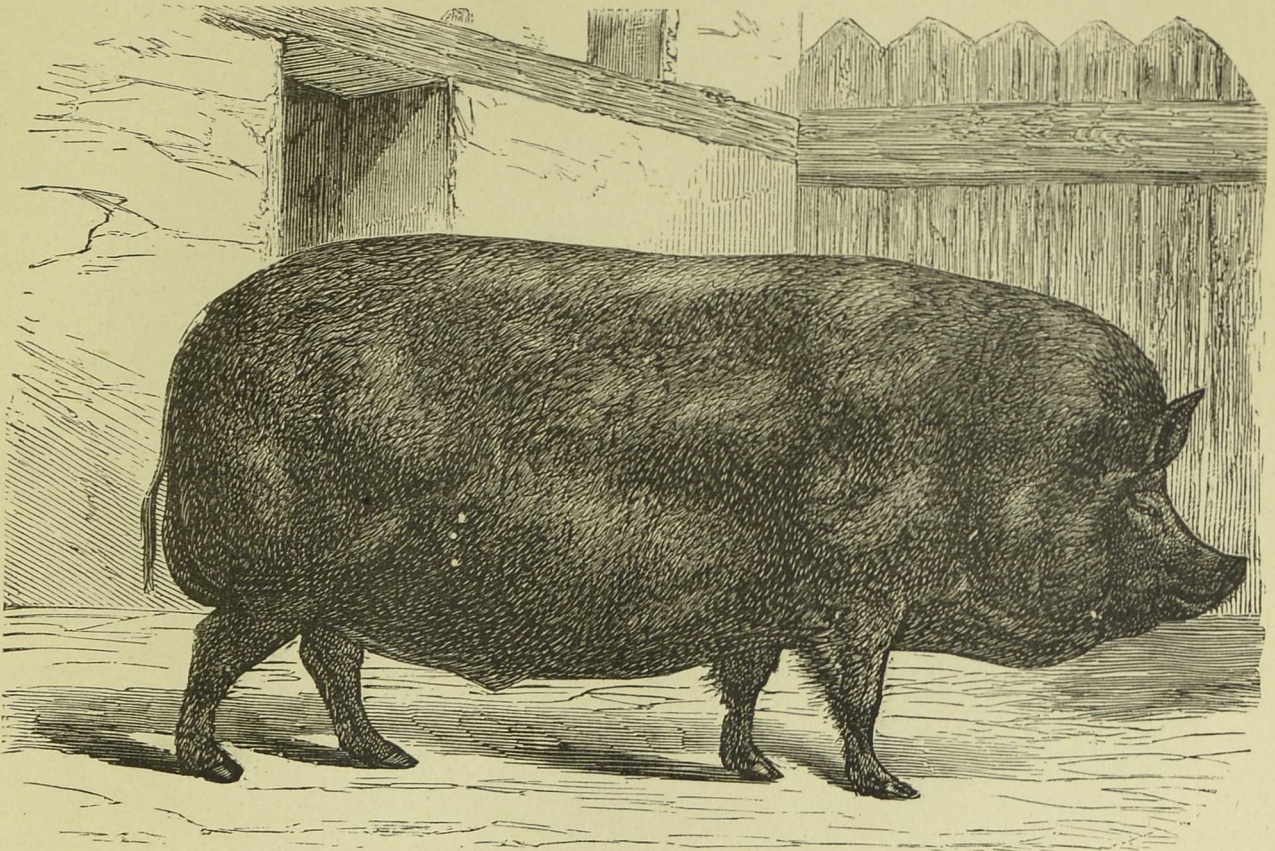
Gertrude. What's a cannibal ?

Johnnie. Yes, grandfather, what's a cannibal ?

G. Go to my library, and bring back, if you are clever enough, Johnson's "Dictionary," and Walker's "Dictionary." When I was a little child, my father

used to say, it was a good thing for boys and girls to find the answers to their questions in books. They would then, most likely, remember the facts much longer than if they had just been told by word of mouth, when they would likely forget them after the next game at romps.

Mary. Cannibal, says Walker, means a man-eater. The same says



THE ESSEX BOAR.

Johnson ; so that if a hedge-hog eats another, he may be said to be a sort of cannibal, because he devours his own kind.

G. Look at this great Essex boar. He is a very different beast from the boar in a wild state. The wild boar is swift and elegant in his movements. This beast, one might suppose, can scarcely waddle for fat. The wild boar will dart at a hedge or a thicket, and go so swiftly through that he leaves no trace behind of his passage. The wild boar is a remarkably cleanly animal, whereas the domestic pig, kept in a sty, cannot be clean if he would. Never

call any one pig-headed when you mean stupid, and never say of any one, "He is as stupid as a pig," for the pig is by no means a stupid animal. Learned pigs may be seen at almost every country fair. There was one bred at Beverley, in Yorkshire, a famous place for fine hams, which could pick out the

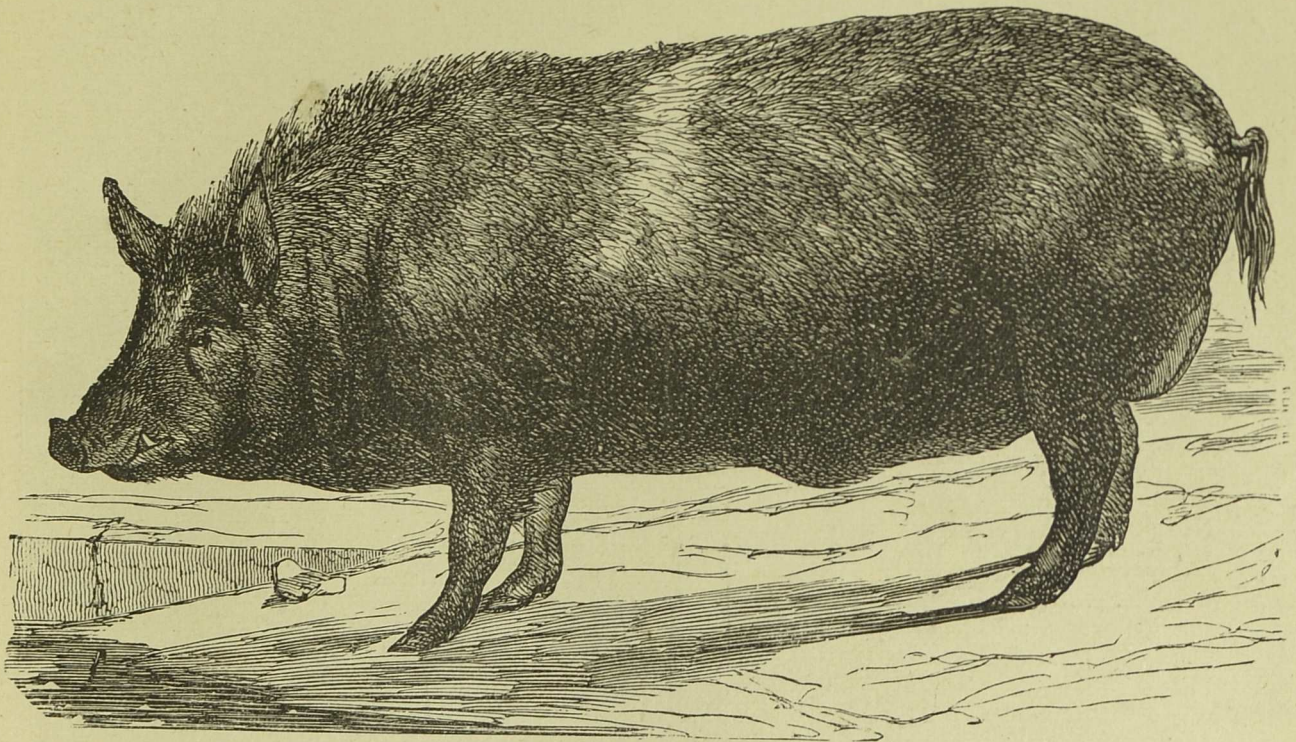


CHINESE PIGS.

letters of the alphabet, and play a great many curious tricks, at the request of its master. A Hertfordshire farmer used to attend the market at St. Albans, having come in a carriage drawn by four pigs. A Norfolk farmer laid a wager that he would ride his hog from his own home to Wisbeach in an hour, a distance of four miles, and he won the bet with ease.

There are many breeds of pigs. The Chinese pig is a favourite variety.

They are not very large, but their bones are small, and their meat is delicate. The Neapolitan hog is black; he has no hair; he fattens at an early age. Then there are the Berkshire and the Suffolk breed. If pigs are kept in a sty, it ought to be kept very clean. The floor should be of stone or brick, and frequently washed. The food should be carefully cooked, and none left to putrefy in the troughs after the meal is done. Swine have very strong powers of digestion. They will eat meat, and fish, and snails, and frogs—in

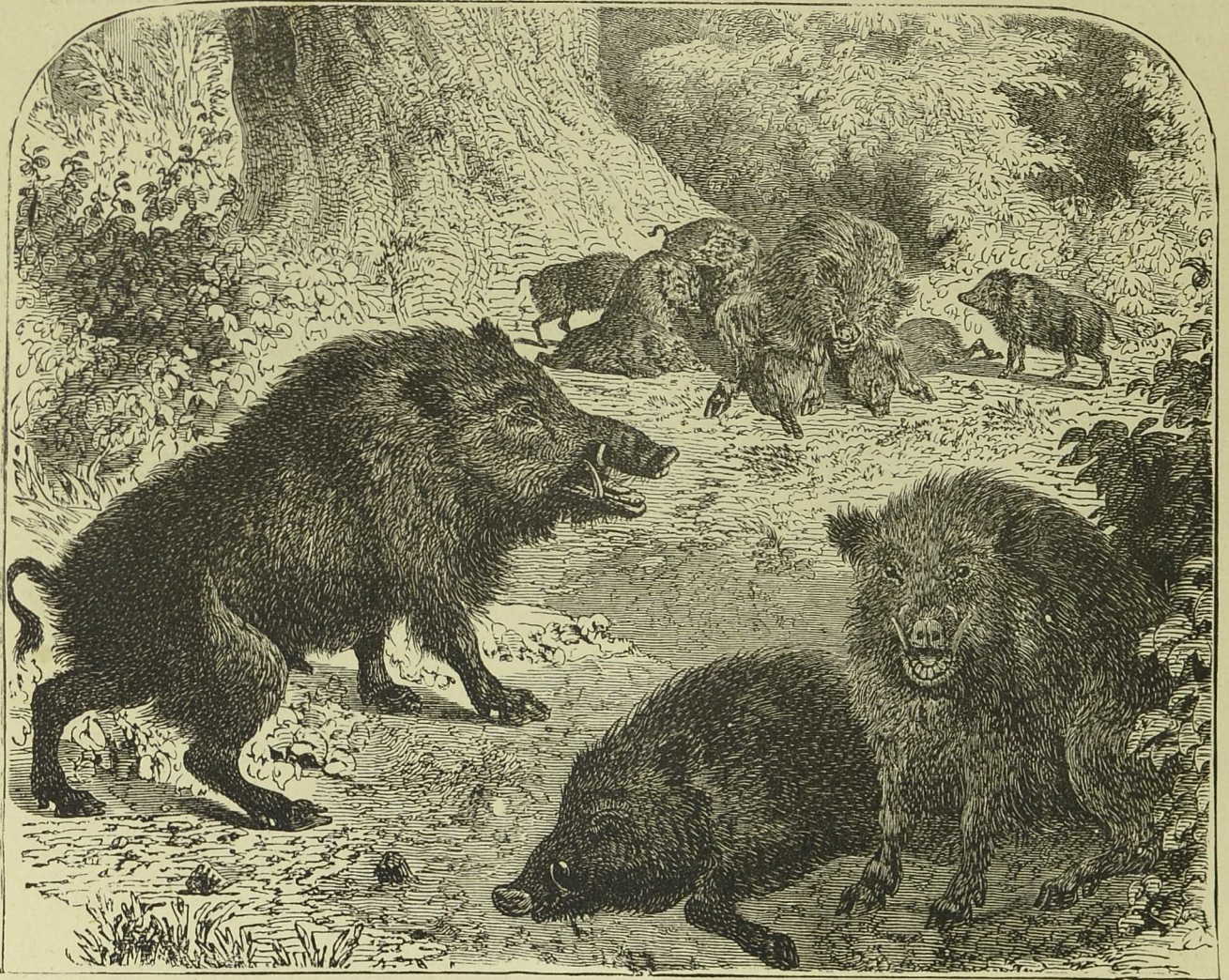


THE BERKSHIRE HOG.

fact, all kinds of animal food. They have been known to live upon nothing but hay for a considerable time. They take kindly to grass, like an ox.

I must not finish these observations without a few words about the wild boar of India. It is a great trouble to the people, because it destroys their farm produce, especially making havoc with sugar-cane plants. So it is everywhere hunted down, but it fights fiercely when it is pressed. The English residents in the country form parties called pig-sticking parties. The spear is their weapon, and they either throw it as they are seated on horseback,

or they hold it in front of the animal as he makes his charge. Pig-sticking and shooting the wild boar used to be a favourite sport in Germany. The old Duke of Nassau carefully preserved a great breed of wild swine. I fear



WILD BOARS.

that much cruelty was practised in these field sports. It is said that since Nassau was annexed to Prussia, such hunting has been given up. While we are talking about animals that are hunted, I may as well show you some beautiful pictures of stags, and roebucks, and elands. Now, mark this stag. He is evidently a noble animal. He can run most swiftly ; he can swim six



THE STAG.

or seven miles. Like many other animals, in winter his coat is grey ; but, as the summer comes on, it becomes tinged with a bright russet hue. The fallow-deer are smaller than the stag, and their horns are of a different shape.



THE ROEBUCK.

There is nothing more beautiful in nature than the sight of a herd of these graceful creatures, cropping the sweet and fragrant greensward, or cantering along some wavy upland of a gentleman's park. Some day I will take you to

Windsor, and you shall see the deer crouching in the forest-like glades of the royal demesne, adjoining that famous old town. You will observe that



THE REINDEER.

there is always one master-deer, who reigns like a king over his subjects. He keeps away from the rest of the herd, followed at a little distance by two

or three favourite wives. In fact, the more we observe the habits of animals, the more we shall perceive that they are under a sort of government, and the unruly and disobedient are punished with blows of various kinds.

Another variety of stag is the roebuck. It is not like the fallow-deer, fond of plains, but it likes best the tops of hills. If caught very young, he is easily tamed, but at all times is a dangerous pet. Some few years ago, a gentleman saw one at Brighton fastened with a heavy chain. He asked the reason why the poor animal was thus fastened up—he looked so soft and gentle, that it seemed cruel to load him with fetters. But it came out in conversation that he had killed a boy only a few days before, by butting at him fifty or sixty times with his sharp-pointed horns. So, my children, if ever you see any of these elegant creatures, mind that you do not carelessly go near to them, or arouse their anger by irritating them.

Now for the reindeer. Observe the difference between the reindeer's horns, and those of the roebuck and the fallow-deer. Observe, too, how thin and scraggy his form, as though he lived a hard life. He is adapted to the cold country in which he dwells. He is covered with long hair, so thick that the skin cannot be seen when it is put aside. His horns grow in the usual way, but when young they are very tender and sensitive, and suffer from clouds of gnats, which plague both man and beast. Towards the end of November the male loses his horns, but the female keeps them till she becomes a mother. Perhaps this is a providential arrangement, that she may be able to defend her little children against the attacks of other animals. There linger a few wild herds of these useful creatures in Finmark and Lapland, but they grow less and less every year. The natives of these cold and inhospitable regions use their utmost ingenuity to catch and tame them; for, indeed, they are the only means of their support. God has given a particular plant to the barren deserts of the country and its gravelly and sandy fields. This is the lichen, the principal food of the reindeer. The vast marshes of the country are covered with this plant, and it whitens the black rock in every direction. That Laplander is thought a rich man who has a big desert estate producing this plant. When he sees it whitening over his fields, he knows that there is a winter store for his hungry deer, and that he need not trouble himself about gathering in any crop of hay. The deer do not like to eat any dried vegetable; they grub like swine for their favourite food under the snow. Sometimes heavy rains set in at the beginning of

winter; these freeze on the ground, and form a hard crust over the lichens. Then comes the reindeer, and if he can, he breaks through the ice, and grazes on the food below. Sometimes it is too thick, and the reindeer is starved. It is said that the animal is very fond of eating mice, called lemmings. In America the Indians hunt the wild ones, sometimes with guns, and sometimes with bows and arrows; or they take them in traps, ingeniously formed of snow and ice. The Indians sometimes catch them for the sake of their tongues alone. To the Laplander the reindeer is all in all—it is the cow and the ox rolled into one. Just as the camel is fitted for the sandy desert, so the reindeer is suited to the icy waste. Listen to the following beautiful lines from Thomson's "Seasons":—

“There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils;
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows;
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk;
Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep,
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

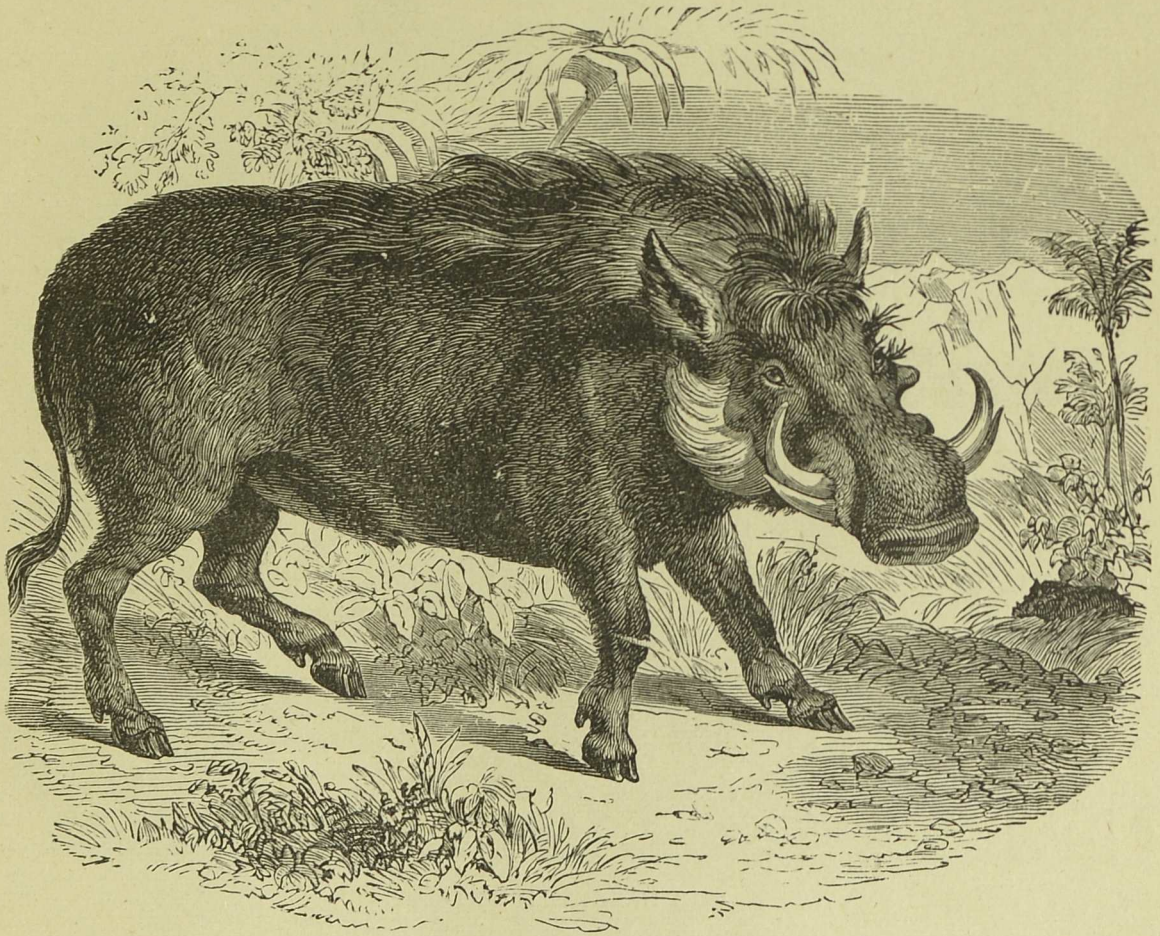
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.

No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
 Their reindeer form their riches. These, their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake,
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste ;
 Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day : enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs."

Now let me explain to you all the hard words. "Heapy wreath" means a heap curled or twisted, such as snow is by the wind. "Abyss" is a vast and deep opening. "Ponderous" means heavy, of great weight. "Ensanguined snows" are snows stained with blood. "Half-absorpt" means half-buried. "Horrid" is another word for bristling. "Inclement" means cruel, unkind. "Boötes," a cluster of stars in the heavens. "Caurus," a wind blowing from the west. "Insensate" signifies without sense or feeling. "Obsequious," obedient, not resisting. "Current of their time," the way time passes or runs. "Docile" means teachable. "Sled" is the same as sledge, a sort of carriage without wheels. "Meteor," a falling or shooting star. "Refracted," broken back. "Vivid moons" means bright moons.

The elk is the largest kind of deer. He is actually higher in the shoulders than the horse. His horns sometimes weigh nearly fifty pounds. To support this heavy weight his neck is short and strong. His eyes are deeply sunk in his head. He is not so stately or elegant as the stag, but those who have seen him careering in his native wilds, say that no animal can appear more noble, or more majestic. His ears are long, hairy, and something like those of a donkey. His tail is not more than four inches long. His legs, though very long, are remarkably clean and firm. His hair is coarse and brittle, breaking when bent. He does not leap, but steps without effort over

a fallen tree, a gate, or a fence. His flesh is not bad, though tougher than other sorts of venison. The trappers like his nose the best, and next to that his tongue, though it is not so juicy and nice as the tongue of the deer. He is sometimes found feeding with the buffaloes. The hunter is obliged to be very wary in trying to shoot one of them. He cannot graze on level



THE ABYSSINIAN PHACOCHERE.

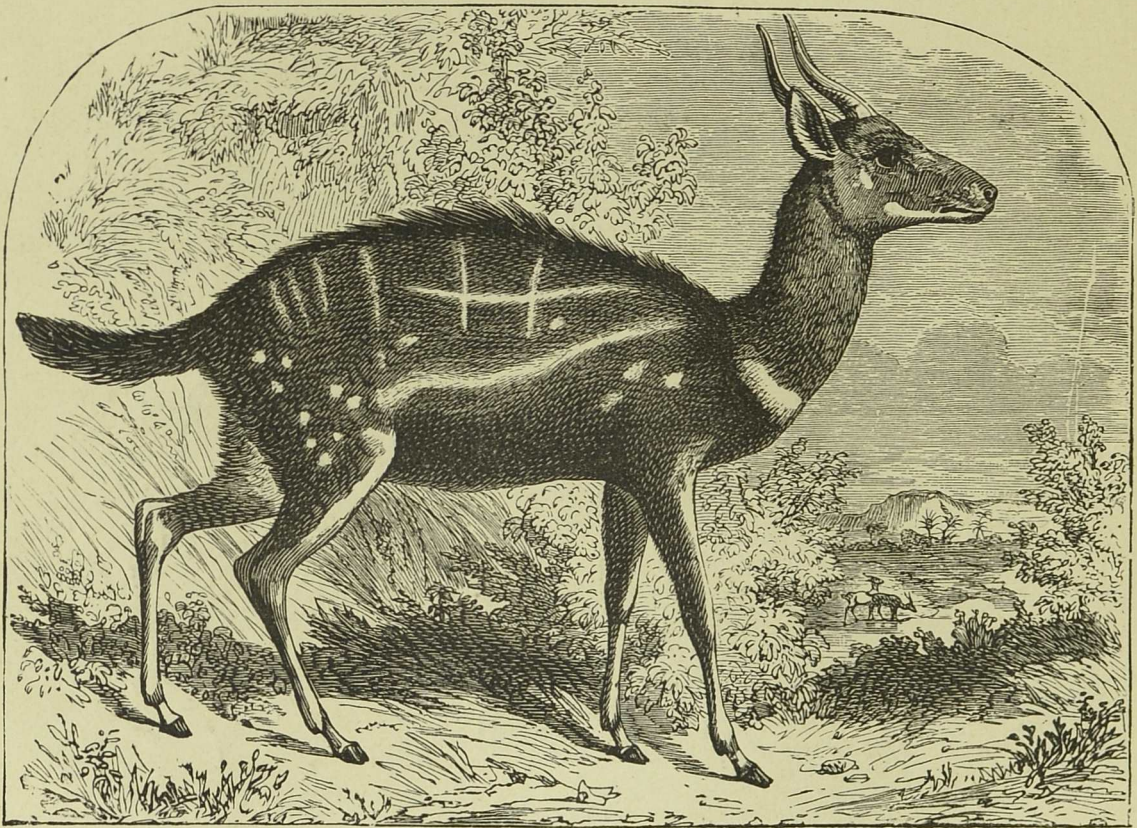
ground, like other animals, because his legs are so long and neck is so short; so he is obliged to browse on the tops of large plants, and eat the leaves of trees in summer time. But in winter he feeds on the tops of willows and the small branches of the birch-tree. Some ancient writers thought that the elk was a sort of mid-way animal between the camel and the stag.

Gertrude. But it's not at all like a camel.

G. No, that opinion now is quite done away with.

Johnnie. Please now tell us something about camels and dromedaries.

G. Yes; with pleasure. But before I do so, just look at this curious beast. He looks like a great hog, and his manners are hoggish; but his teeth are so much like those of an elephant, that most naturalists think that



THE HARNESED ANTELOPE

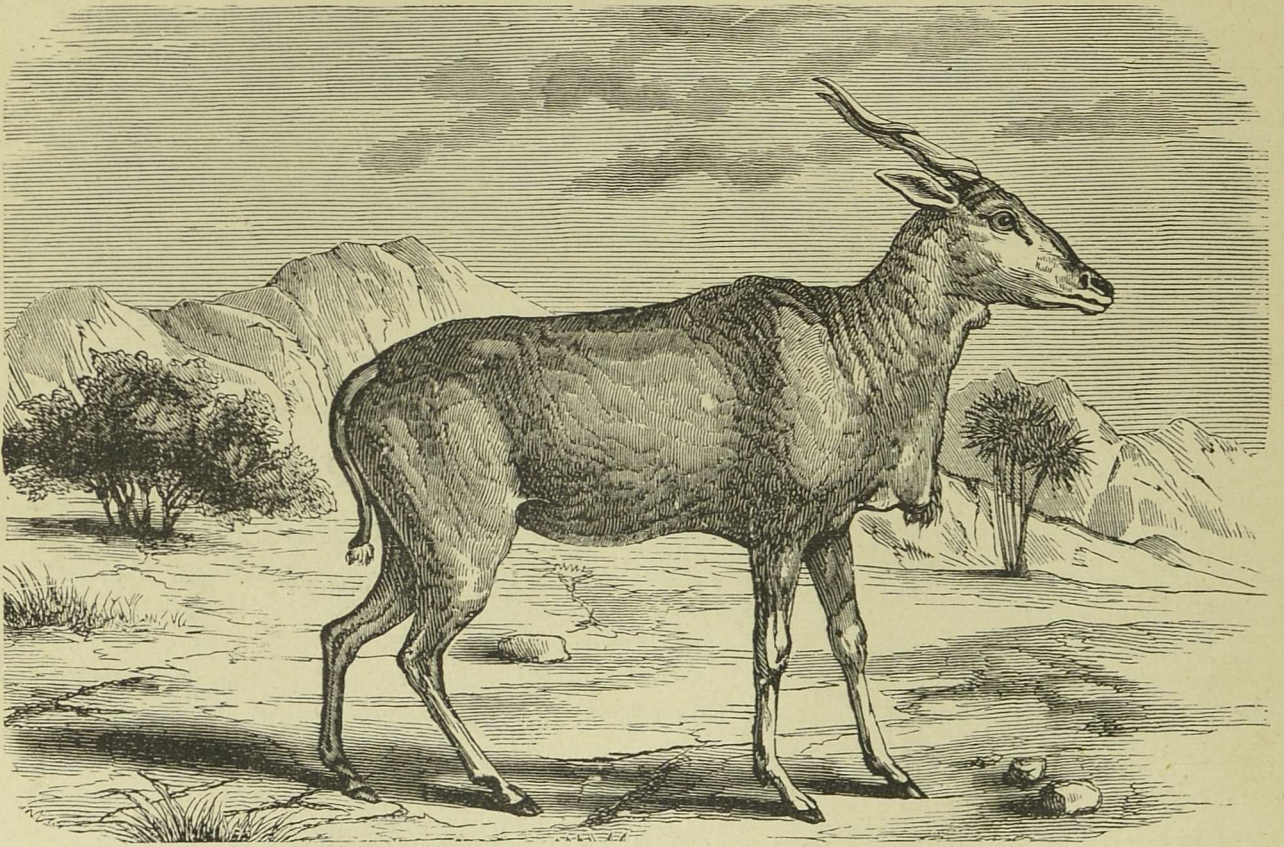
they must not be called swine. In old times the animal was called *Phacochoerus*. It is found in Abyssinia. It likes low bushes and scrubby woods. It often creeps along with its fore limbs bent to find out its food. It is fond of roots, which it digs out of the ground and tears up with its tusks. Let me read to you what Captain Sir C. Harris says about catching one:—
 “Returning one drizzly morning from the banks of the Limpopo, with the spoils of three noble water-bucks packed upon my horse, I chanced upon a



THE GEMS-BOC, OR KOOKAAM.

very large drove of the unclean beasts, feeding unconcernedly on the slope of a hill; and the sleet obscuring my rifle sights, I projected no fewer than three bullets at the diabolical-looking boar, without touching a bristle; the

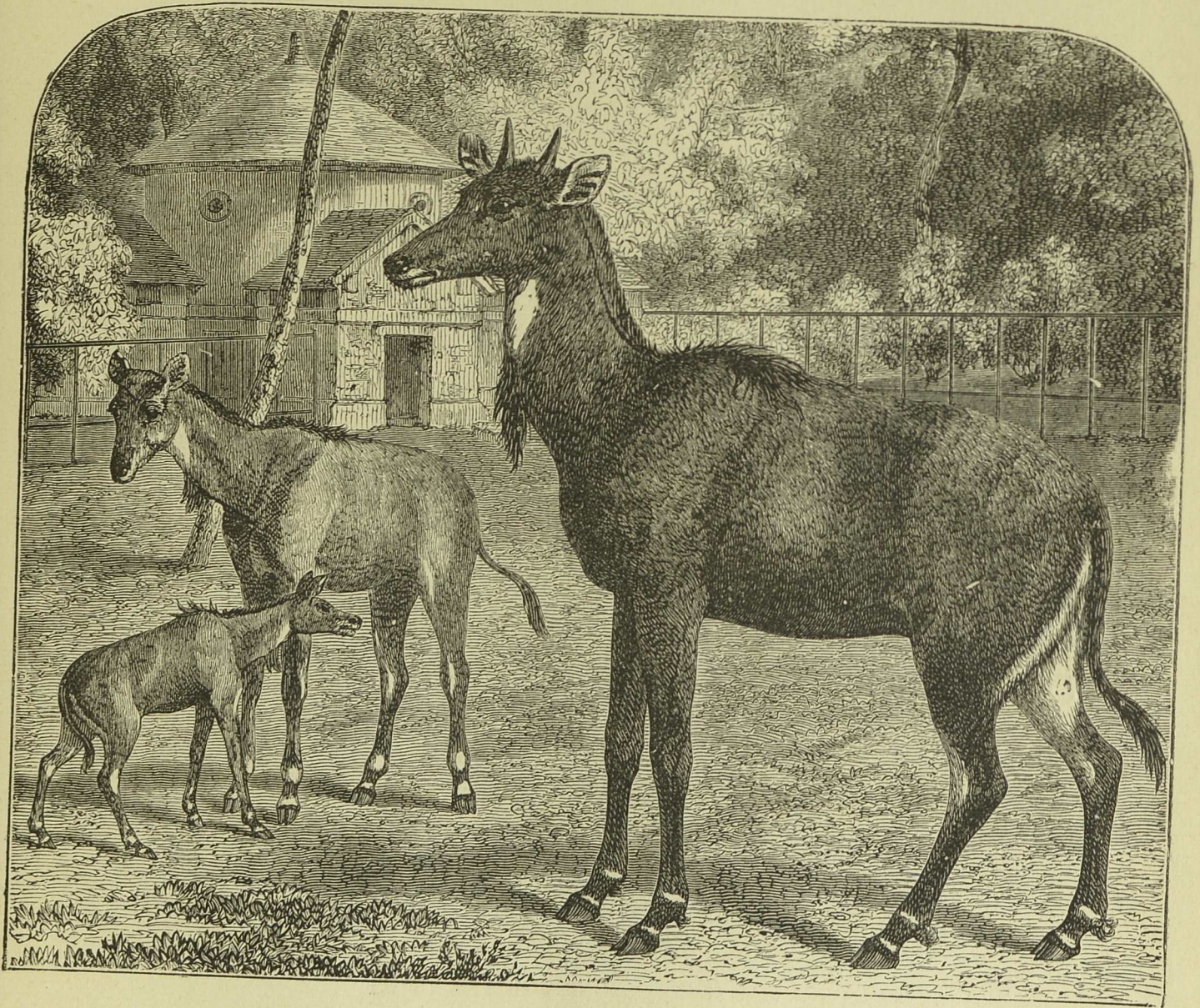
whole party with a general grunt scampering off after each discharge to a little distance, then wheeling about to show a menacing front, exalting their whip-lash tails at the same time, and screwing horrible faces at me. But the fourth missive tripped up the hoary general; and, although *shooting a pig* may sound somewhat oddly in the sporting ears of my brother Nimrods, ' can assure them that whilst we had no horses to spare, ' the head of that ilk



THE ELAND.

swine' proved a prize well worth the lead and gunpowder that had been expended on it. Gigantic and protruding like those of an elephant, the upper tusks were sufficiently hooked to admit of the wearer hanging himself up by them to roost, as did his forefathers of yore, if the ancients are to be believed. By all who saw these trophies in the colony, they were invariably taken for the ivories of a hippopotamus, the best that I afterwards realised measuring less than one half their length."

Johnnie. I never saw an animal marked in such a curious way as this antelope.



NYLGHAUS.

G. It is called the harnessed antelope, because the marks on its back and breast and side look as if they had been made by the shafts of a carriage, by a collar, by a saddle, by what is called breeching, and by kicking straps.

Altogether, he is a most singular-looking beast. It is found in Western Africa. The late Lord Derby had several in his menagerie at Knowsley.



THE IBEX.

Look at this picture of the gems-boc, or kookaam. His horns are nearly straight up.

Fohnnie. I should think one of them would make a nice walking-stick for

a boy. His hide seems to be curiously marked. Look at those two bands of black that cross his white face. What colour is he, grandie?

G. His prevailing colour is iron-grey. His belly is white. His flesh is



PECCARIES.

good, and resembles venison. It is sometimes salted down and made into hams. The tongue, when properly smoked and pickled, is said to form a most delicate morsel. In fact, the whole of his body is in some way useful to man.

Mary. But I have read somewhere that the eland is the largest, heaviest.

and most useful of all the antelopes. His brisket is said to be "the dainty dish to set before the king."

G. He lives in the South African wilderness. When the Hottentots catch one, they make a large fire and roast him. And generally they do not leave off eating his carcass as long as there is an atom of flesh left on his bones.

Look at this picture of a nylghau. This animal is found in the countries between India and Persia. The male, when grown up, is of a greyish black colour; the female of a bright yellowish bay. Sometimes, like little boys and girls, they show fits of ill-temper, yet they are easily tamed and taught. In some parts of India they are used to draw carts.

Johnnie. Are they good to eat?

G. I should think so, but I am not certain.

The ibex is an animal of a very different shape. Observe his enormous sweeping horns. They curl quite over the animal's back. It is found in the Alps and several other mountainous countries. It is said that King Victor Emmanuel is very fond of hunting this animal, but the chase of it is most difficult. It leads the hunter over the wildest mountain tops. When hard pressed, it will turn round and butt at its foe, leaping quite off the ground, and hurling him down some terrible chasm. Observe the goat-like beard under its chin. It stands about two feet six inches high. It is satisfied with very little water. The short, scanty herbage of the Alpine uplands is its usual fare. In winter its coat is thick, in summer short and close. It is very seldom seen, being a sly, wary animal, and dreading the approach of man. I do not remember ever to have tasted its flesh, but some people say it is quite as good as venison.

The peccary seems more like a hog than any other animal. They are fond of travelling in great crowds. Like several animals of which we have already spoken, they follow a chosen leader, who takes his station at the head of the long procession. Sometimes an army of them on the march has been known to exceed two miles in length. Should they meet with a broad, deep river of swift course—it stops them only for a moment—in they plunge, the chief going first. In Guiana they are very destructive to the plantations. These they lay waste by rooting with their noses in the ground. They devour all the fruit that they can reach. If an unfortunate traveller should get entangled in one of their great herds, they surround him on all sides, and tear him limb

from limb. But they cannot climb trees, so when the huntsman hears them coming, catching sight of him perhaps, and stopping with alarm, and making a terrific clattering with their teeth, then he clambers into a large tree, and fires down upon the herd. The poor peccaries do all that they can to encourage, by grunts and rubbing their snouts together, those that have been wounded by the shots above. At first they do not run away; they seem as if they would wait for ever for the huntsman to come down. At last, as one and another of their numbers falls dead, they give up the battle, and scamper off, leaving their dead brothers on the field. Then down come the huntsmen, and soon begins a right royal feast. Legs of peccary, steaks and chops of peccary, are made ready for broiling. Then a rough kind of gridiron is made, consisting of a number of sticks laid crosswise. This is raised on a platform about three feet from the ground, and a good fire lighted underneath. On this rude cooking-range the peccary joints and steaks are slowly broiled. No dairy-fed pork, it is said, is half so delicious; but then, most likely, the huntsmen have been fasting for some hours, sitting perhaps uneasily in the cleft or fork of a tree. So that hunger lends a zest to the meal, and forms its best sauce.

There are many kinds of peccaries—one variety is smaller than the common peccary, and has a sort of collar round its neck. Its habits are much the same as those of the larger kind.



CONVERSATION XV.

CAMEL—DROMEDARY—GIRAFFE.

G. Look at this picture of a camel. He is a singularly queer-looking, not to say ugly, beast. But, notwithstanding his ungainly shape, he is found to be a most useful and valuable animal. He has been called the ship of the desert. He is built so as to take people over wastes of burning sands. His spreading feet are provided with pads, or sole-cushions, which buoy up, as it were, the whole bulk of the animal from sinking in the sand, over which it moves with silent step. When a sand-storm sweeps over the caravan, the camel can shut up his nostrils, and keep out the sand. His stomach is so formed that it is capable of being converted into a set of water-tanks. Then he has some sharp big teeth, adapted for cutting the tough prickly shrubs and dry stunted grass of the desert. Mark his two humps. He furnishes the Arab with flesh and milk; clothing, and even tents are woven out of his hair. His hide is made into sandals and straps. His hair is also imported into this country, for the manufacture of pencils for the painter. When you learn drawing, the master will talk to you about a camel's-hair pencil. Several modes have been adopted to break him in for labour. Sometimes the trainers double up one of his fore legs, which they tie fast with a cord, in the same manner that horses are treated while being tamed; they then pull the cord, and down drops the animal on his bent knee. If this does not succeed, they tie up both legs, and he tumbles down upon both knees, and upon the hard substance on his breast. Shortly after this he learns to squat, with his legs doubled up under him. Then a light load is put upon his back. This load is increased by degrees; and so his taming education is considered to be complete. In some places the beasts do not complain of their burdens, but I am told that in Egypt, if they are loaded too heavily, or the load is put on lop-sided, they cry out in a most distressing manner, until they are relieved.

Look at the pictures, and mark the difference between camel and dromedary. Camels are often alluded to in the Bible. The word camel is



THE BACTRIAN CAMEL.

derived from the old Arabic *gimel*. The chief use of the camel among the Jews was to be a beast of burden, and for performing journeys across the

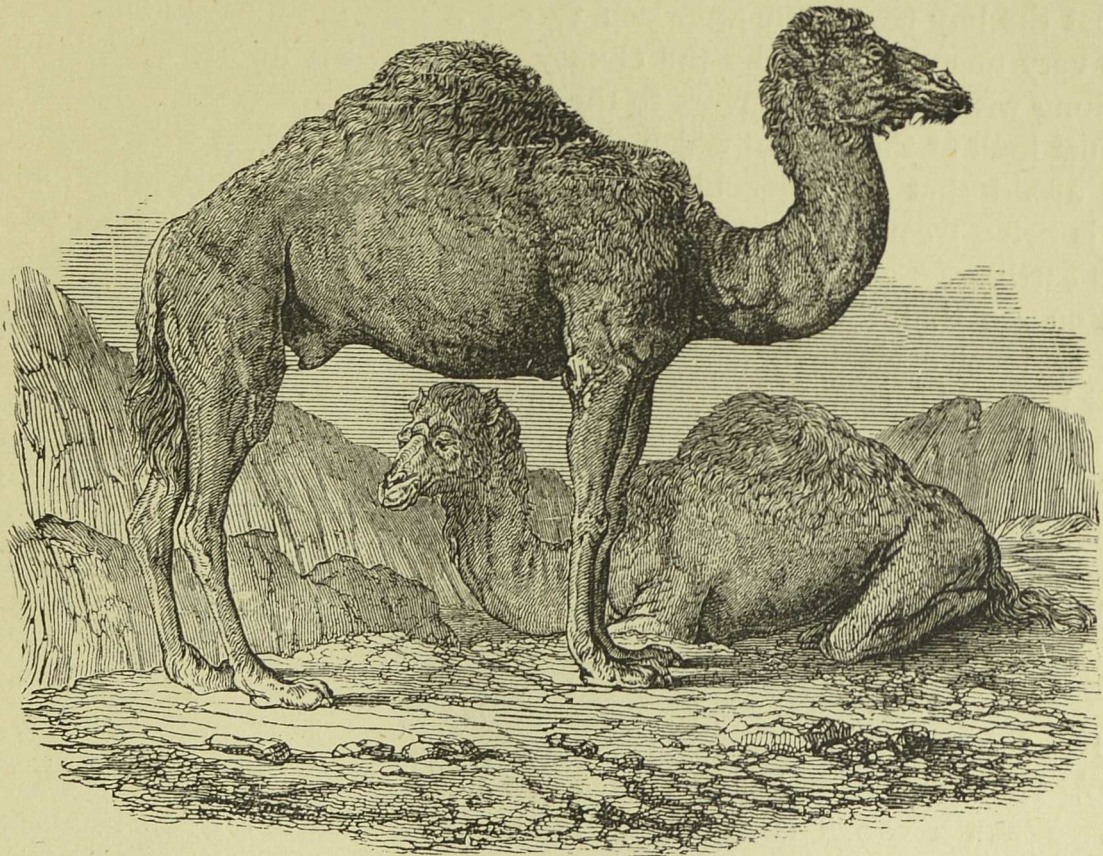
deserts surrounding the Holy Land. Then, again, they were used in war, to carry the baggage of the army, and mingle in the tumult of the battle. Many of the Amalekite soldiers, who burnt Ziklag in the time of David, were mounted on camels; for the sacred historian remarks, that of the whole army not a man escaped the furious onset of that brave and successful leader, "save four hundred young men, which rode upon camels, and fled" (1 Sam. xxx. 17).

Johnnie. What is meant by the camel going through the eye of the needle?

G. Our blessed Lord says, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xix. 24). Some say that there was a low gate at Jerusalem called the Needle's Eye, through which a camel could not pass till his load was taken off. But this explanation is not at all necessary. For a big, bony, stiff-legged animal to go through a needle's eye would be simply impossible; but perhaps our Saviour did not quite mean as much as this, but merely that the temptations of rich men, arising from their money, were very great.

Let me now read to you what Volney says about the camel, though some points of his description have been already given. "Line upon line" is a good rule for boys and girls. When you hear a thing two or three times over, you are more likely to remember it. "No creature," says Volney, "seems so particularly fitted to the climate in which he exists as the camel. Designing this animal to dwell in a country where he can find little nourishment, Nature has been sparing of her materials in the whole of his formation. She has not bestowed on him the fleshiness of the ox, horse, or elephant; but, limiting herself to what is strictly necessary, has given him a long head, without ears, at the end of a long neck, without flesh; has taken from his legs and thighs every muscle not immediately requisite for motion; and, in short, bestowed upon his withered body only the vessels and tendons necessary to connect its frame together. She has furnished him with a strong jaw, that he may grind the hardest aliments; but, lest he should consume too much, has straitened his stomach, and obliged him to chew the cud; has lined his foot with a lump of flesh, which, sliding in the mud, and being no way adapted to climbing, fits him only for a dry, level, and sandy soil, like that of Arabia. So great, in short, is the importance of the camel to the desert, that, were it deprived of that useful animal, it must infallibly lose every inhabitant."

G. Look carefully at this Bactrian camel. You see that it has two large fatty masses. These look ugly things, but, in point of fact, they are of the greatest use. When in crossing the desert all food fails, the animal begins, so to speak, to feed upon his hump. Day by day he takes some of this fat into his system, and day by day his hump grows less and less. After he has arrived at his home, it takes three or four months of quiet rest and plenty of



THE DROMEDARY.

good nourishing food to restore the poor beast's hump to its former size and shape. Nor does the hump begin to wax fat again until all the other parts are well covered with flesh and fat; so that when an Arab is about to start on a long journey, the first thing he looks to is the hump of his useful camel. They are, in their way, very wise and clever animals. When a number of them are left out all night, and the weather is cold, they will kneel round in a circle as close as they can, and thus they keep themselves warm.

Tom. To-day, grandfather, I have had a great treat. Grandmother took me to the Zoological Gardens, and I had a ride upon a beautiful young camel. The man who looked after her told me that she was born in Germany, and that he only brought her to England three weeks ago. She never had a bridle on before she came to England, but she was very teachable and good, and gave her keeper no trouble.

G. Your aunts tell me that you were a brave boy, and sat up like a man; but that the boy that came after you to get a ride must have made the poor camel very uncomfortable by the clumsy way in which he sat upon her back, and clung with arms and fingers to the hump in front.

Just look at the way in which the Arabians are loading this dromedary. I am afraid that the poor blacks are slaves by the way in which one of them is being treated. God grant that slavery may soon cease from the face of the earth.

You see that the dromedary, like the camel, bends his fore-legs at the knees to receive his load, and tucks up under him his legs below the knee. By the look of his mouth, I have a notion that he does not like the heavy load that is being strapped to his back. There are some Arab proverbs which say that the dromedary is as swift as the wind; but this is not the case; his favourite movement is an amble of about five miles an hour.

I did not know till lately that its flesh was eaten. I find that, like the camel, its milk is used for ordinary purposes, but that of goats and sheep is generally made into butter.

Johnnie. What strange, odd butter it must be to be made of sheeps' milk!

G. The Arab feeds his colt with this milk, and sometimes gives it to his mare. When a camel is killed for food, which does not often happen, it is eaten both roast and boiled. All the people of the tribe share the delicious feast. About the beginning of summer the long woolly hair of the camel is, as I think I have already told you, easily pulled away from the skin. That is the time of year when the Arab pulls out his hair and weaves it into cloth.

Johnnie. Yes, I remember you told us about them weaving his hair into cloth, but you didn't tell us at what time of year it was done.

G. Line upon line, Johnnie; line upon line, as I told you before. Here a little and there a little, is a good plan in teaching children.

Mary. What's a camelopard, or, as it is sometimes written, camel-leopard?



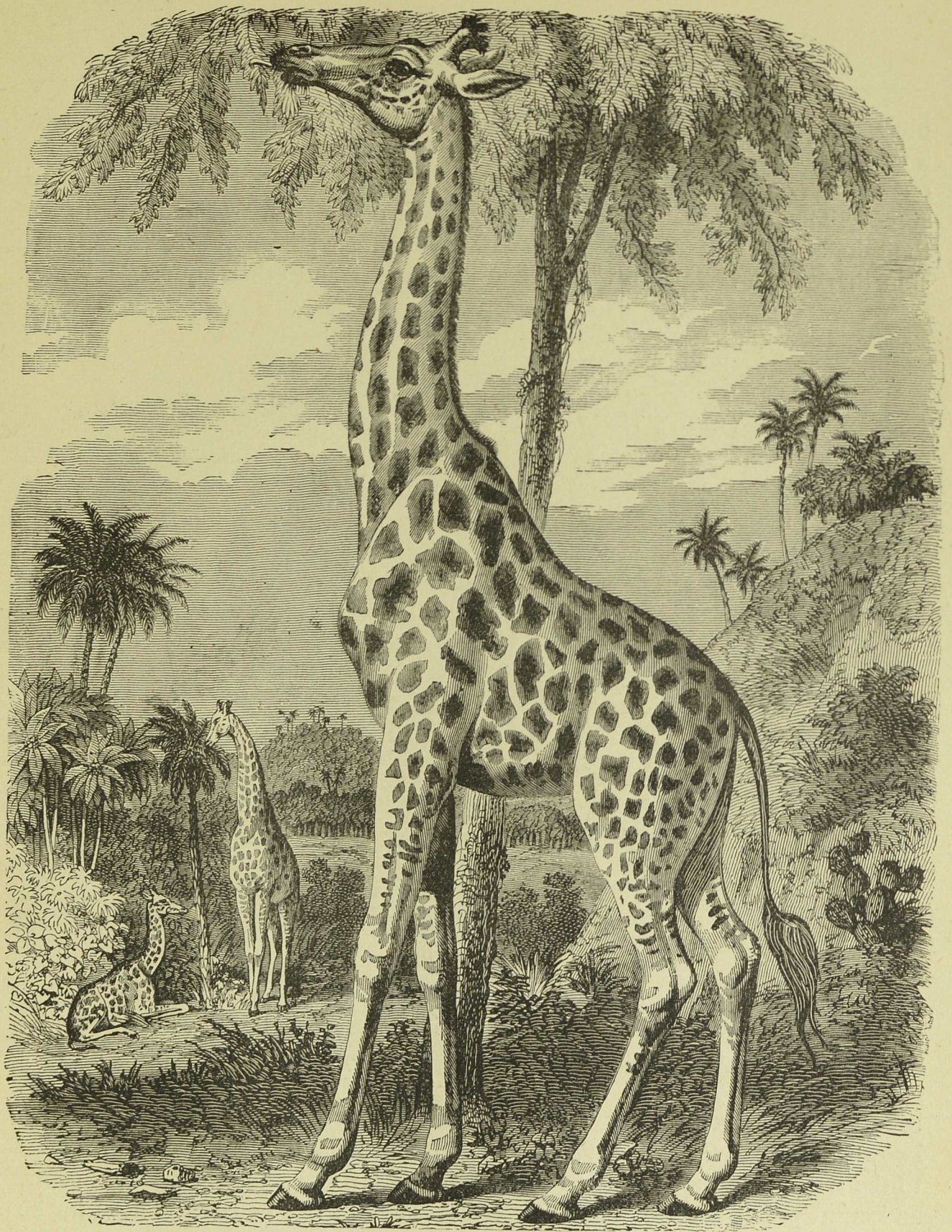
DROMEDARY IN THE DESERT.

Johnnie. But when I was at the Zoo they called it a giraffe.

G. That is quite true; now-a-days it is generally known by the latter name. This is the tallest of all four-footed animals. If ever you go to the British Museum, you will see the figure of one among the Egyptian antiquities. The

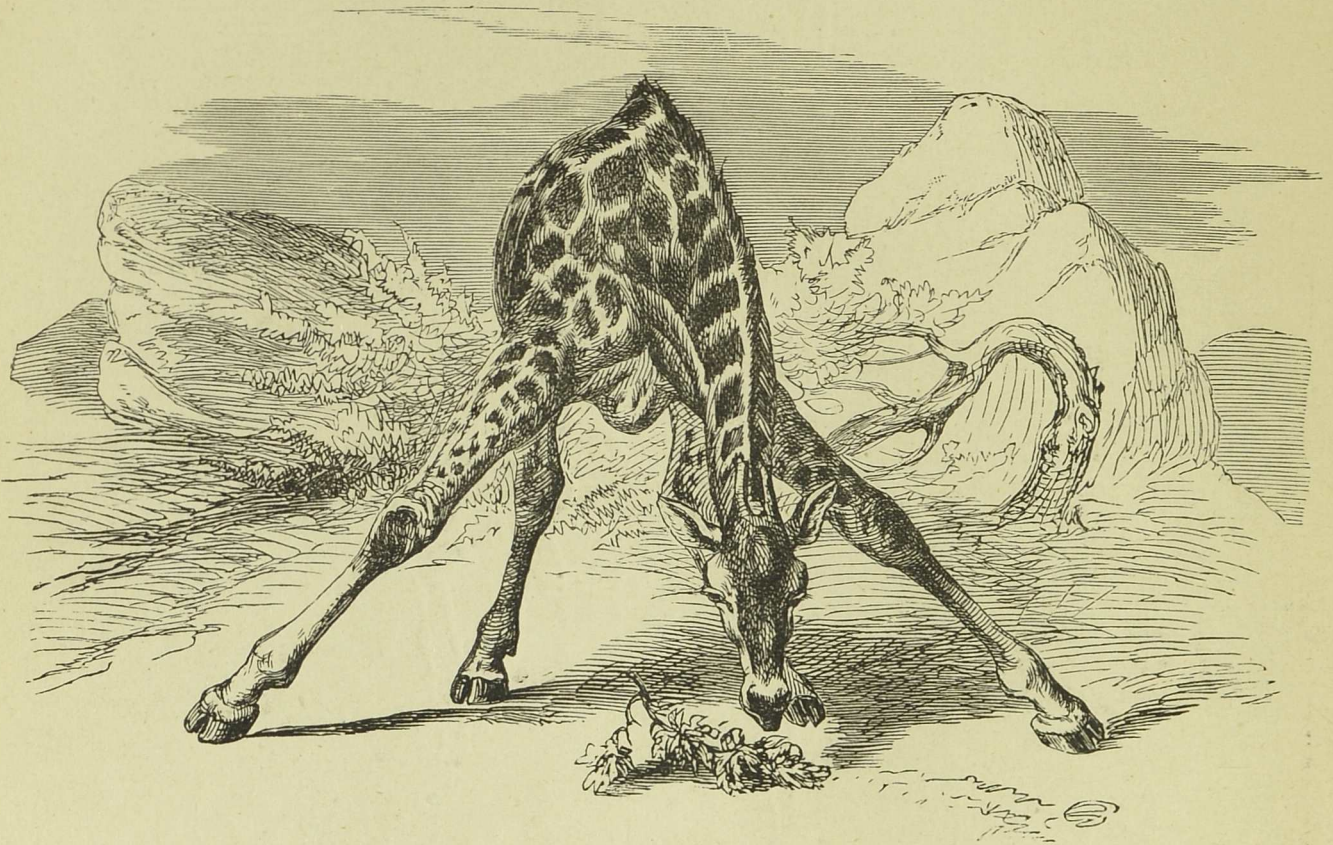
Romans tamed them, and led several at a time in their public processions. I will read to you an interesting passage from the volume on menageries—that is, collections of living beasts—published in “The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.” It is, I believe, a translation from the Spanish; it describes a giraffe:—“The ambassadors sent by the King of Castile (1403—second embassy) to the great Tamerlane arrived at a town called Hoy (now Khoy), on the confines of Armenia, where the Persian empire begins. At that town they fell in with an ambassador whom the Sultan of Babylon had sent to Tamerlane. He had with him as many as twenty horsemen and fifteen camels, laden with presents, which the Sultan sent to Tamerlane. Besides these, there were six ostriches, and an animal called *jornufa* (giraffe), which animal was formed in the following manner: in body it was of the size of a horse, with the neck very long, and the fore legs much taller than the hinder ones; the hoof was cloven like that of the ox; from the hoof of the fore leg to the top of the shoulder it was sixteen hands (*palmas*), and from the shoulders to the head sixteen hands more, and when it raised its neck it lifted its head so high as to be a wonder to all; the neck was thin like that of the stag, and so great was the disproportion of the length of the hinder legs to that of the fore legs, that one who was not acquainted with it would think it was sitting, although it was standing. It had the haunches like the buffalo. The skin was of a golden colour and marked with large round white spots; in the lower part of the face it resembled the deer; on the forehead it had a high and pointed prominence; very large and round eyes, and the ears like those of a horse; near the ears two small round horns, the greater part covered with hair, resembling the horns of deer on their first appearance. Such was the length of the neck, and the animal raised its head so high when he chose, that he could eat with ease from the top of a high wall, and from the top of a tree he could reach to eat the leaves, of which it devoured great quantities; so that, altogether, it was a marvellous sight to one who had never seen such an animal before.”

“This animal,” says Dr. Sparrman, “when it goes fast does not limp, as some have imagined, but sometimes paces and sometimes gallops. Every time it lifts up its fore feet it throws its neck back, which, on other occasions, it holds straight up. Notwithstanding this, it is by no means slow when pursued, but, on the contrary, it requires a fleet horse to hunt it. In eating the grass from off the ground, it sometimes bends one of its knees, as horses do; in



THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELOPARD.

plucking leaves and small branches from high trees, it brings its fore feet about a foot and a half nearer than usual to the hind feet. The flesh of the young ones is very good eating, but sometimes has a strong flavour of a certain shrub. The Hottentots are particularly fond of the marrow, and chiefly for the sake of this, hunt the beast and kill it with their poisoned arrows. Of the skin they make vessels, in which they keep water and other liquors." When



GIRAFFE FEEDING.

you go to the Zoological Gardens, watch how the animal leaps, lifting up first its fore legs and then its hind, like a horse whose fore legs are tied. Until a giraffe arrived in England, in 1828, a specimen of the beautiful beast had not been seen in Europe since the end of the fifteenth century, when one was known in Florence, and very familiar with the inhabitants. They were kind to the strange animal, and used to feed him with fruits; he was fond of apples, and stretched up his long neck to the first-floors of the houses. Those in the

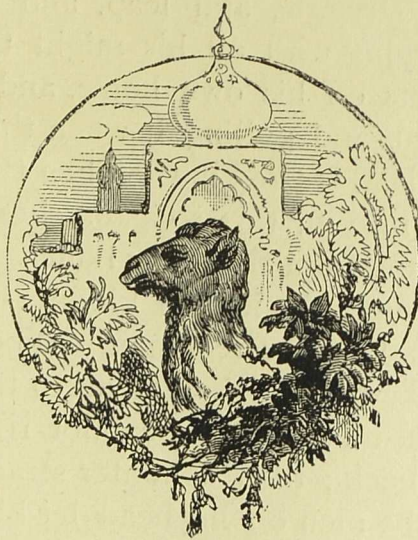
Zoo are fed principally upon the best hay, placed in high racks ; they are very fond of carrots, and enjoy an onion. Like children, they love to crunch a lump of loaf-sugar. They are fond of butting at each other, but they seem to do this more in play than in anger. Their peculiar shape leads people to think that the fore legs are longer than the hind legs. This is not the case ; in fact, the hind legs are a little the longer, if the skeleton is measured.

Mary. If I take a good lump of sugar to the Zoo, do you think they would let me give it to the giraffe ?

G. I am not certain. It cannot be wholesome to the animals, to be fed with all sorts of eatables by the people, whether old or young, who visit the gardens.

Here is a strange picture of a giraffe feeding. Look how widely he stretches his fore legs, that he may reach the branch before him that is lying on the ground. At the same time, I think it is but wise and kind of the keepers in the Zoological Gardens to put his food in high racks, so that he may not have to stoop much in feeding.

There is an old painting in the celebrated Picture Gallery, called the Brera, at Milan, in which a giraffe is represented. This painting is at least three hundred years old. I saw it during the present summer (1873).



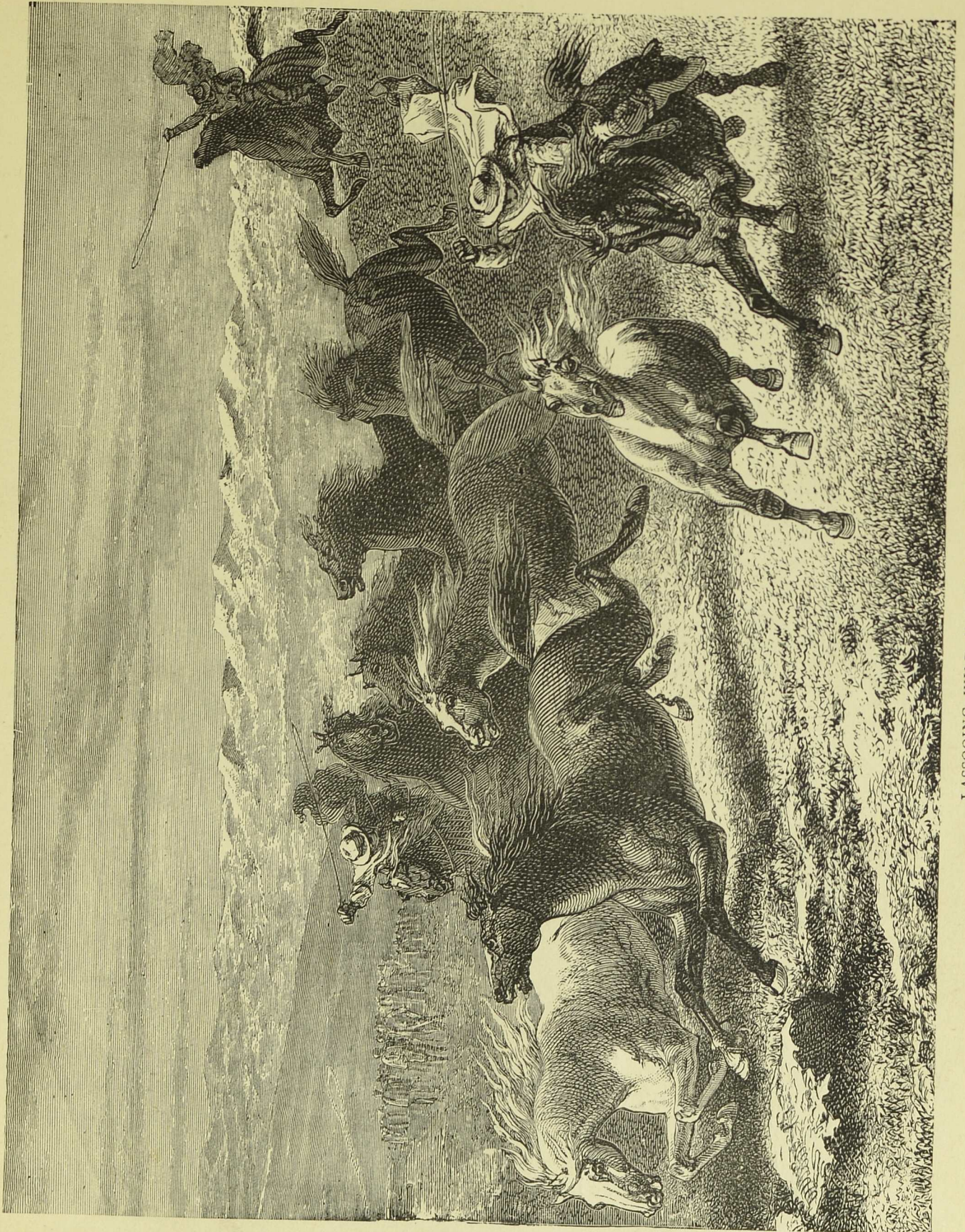
CONVERSATION XVI.

WILD HORSES—MODE OF CATCHING THEM—HORSES OF TARTARY—ARAB HORSES—
SHETLAND PONIES—DONKEYS—MULES—ZEBRAS—WILD ASSES—RUSSIAN PONIES—
VARIETIES OF ENGLISH HORSES—QUAGGAS.

G. Suppose now we have a talk about horses, mules, and donkeys. Horses are very much like other animals, in one respect. When found in a wild state, they follow the commands of a single leader, and do exactly what he bids them, as if they were soldiers in an army. The animal is found wild in Tartary, but he is very easily tamed. In America he is caught by a lasso, but sometimes the hunters shoot at him with a rifle. The hunter must be very accurate in his aim, so as just to graze the skull. The horse then drops stunned, but not much hurt, and he is caught and thrown before he has recovered his senses.

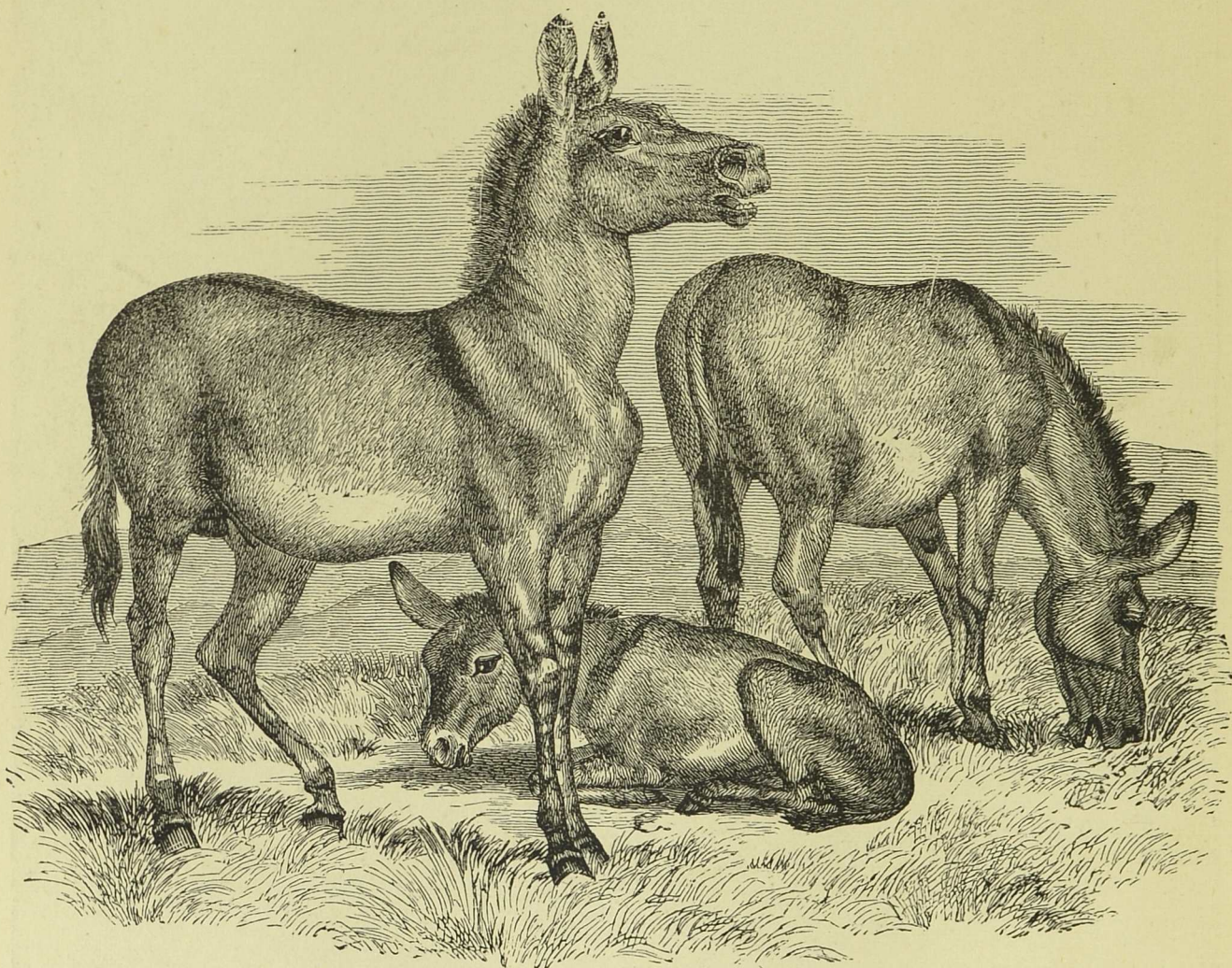
Arthur. What's a lasso?

G. A lasso is a long cord made of leather, with a loop at the end. This the hunter keeps loosely wound round his arm, until it is time to throw it. This he does with wonderful skill, catching the horse in the loop. Then the poor wild beast begins to struggle, and leap, and kick, and plunge, till he nearly strangles himself, trying with all his might to get rid of the cutting cord. Then the hunter gets off his own horse, and walks quietly up to the other, holding the lasso tight, and pulling it when the animal attempts to get away. The poor beast, at last, is tired out. Then the hunter comes up to his nose, and blows his breath into it; this so astonishes and fascinates him, that it is said that he is quite tame from that very hour. There is a far more cruel plan adopted by other Indians; the idea of kindness to a four-footed creature never entering into the head of the red man. When the animal is caught, his legs are pulled aside, and he is thrown on to the ground. Then one or more hunters sit upon his head, so that he cannot rise. Then a heavy saddle is tightly strapped on his back; then a hunter straddles across him, with his feet on the ground; then the men on his head let him go, and as he rises the hunter is found seated in the saddle. A bit with a sharp curb has been



LASSOOING WILD HORSES IN AMERICA.

already put in his mouth, and he tries in vain to shake off his terrible rider. If he obstinately stands still, the rider pricks him with the spur; thus he is soon tamed, and becomes attached to his master. The Asiatic Tartars not

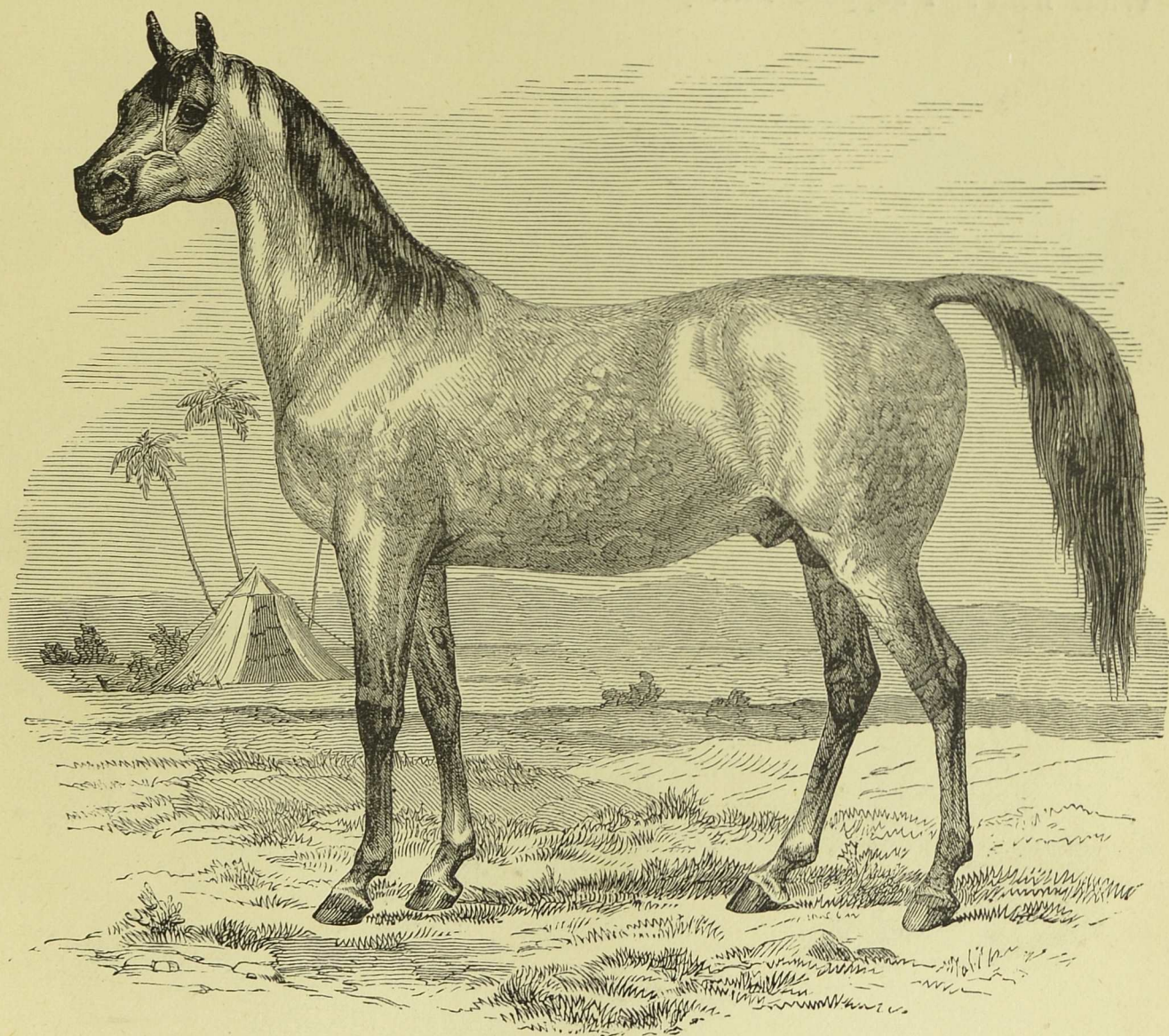


HORSES OF THE STEPPES OF TARTARY.

only ride their horses, but eat their flesh. They are quite treated like members of the family, and play with the children. The Arab horse is one of the most beautiful kinds; it is of slender and delicate build, and its disposition is gentle. It lives in the family of its owner.

The English race-horse has been greatly improved by the mixture of Arab

blood, and is now, perhaps, the perfection of a horse. Look at this beautiful, wild, shaggy Shetland pony; he seems exactly adapted to the cold country

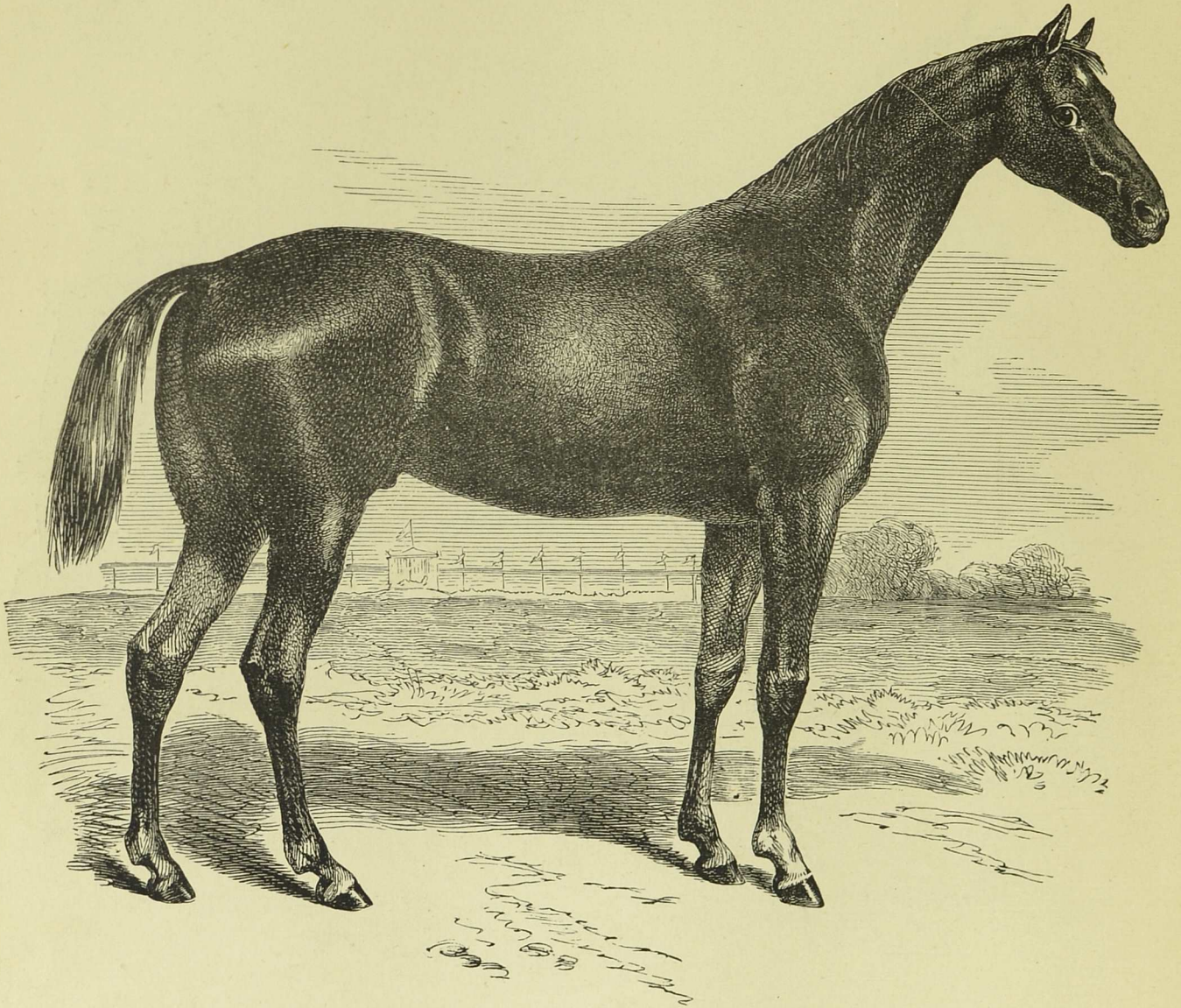


ARAB HORSE.

in which he is reared. He is very small, but full of spirit. You may sometimes see a pair of them in the park, attached to a low pony-carriage, and driven by a pretty young lady. The queen used to have some for the young princes and princesses to ride upon.

Arthur. Grandfather, I wish you'd buy me a pony.

G. Why, not long ago you said you were going to have bears for pets. What next! I suppose next you will want a donkey. Here, look at this



ENGLISH RACE-HORSE.

picture of one. He is generally a kind and teachable animal, and very affectionate when well treated; but in our picture he has evidently just given that snarling cur a good kick,—and serve him right, for I dare say the little beast has been snapping at his legs with those sharp teeth of his.

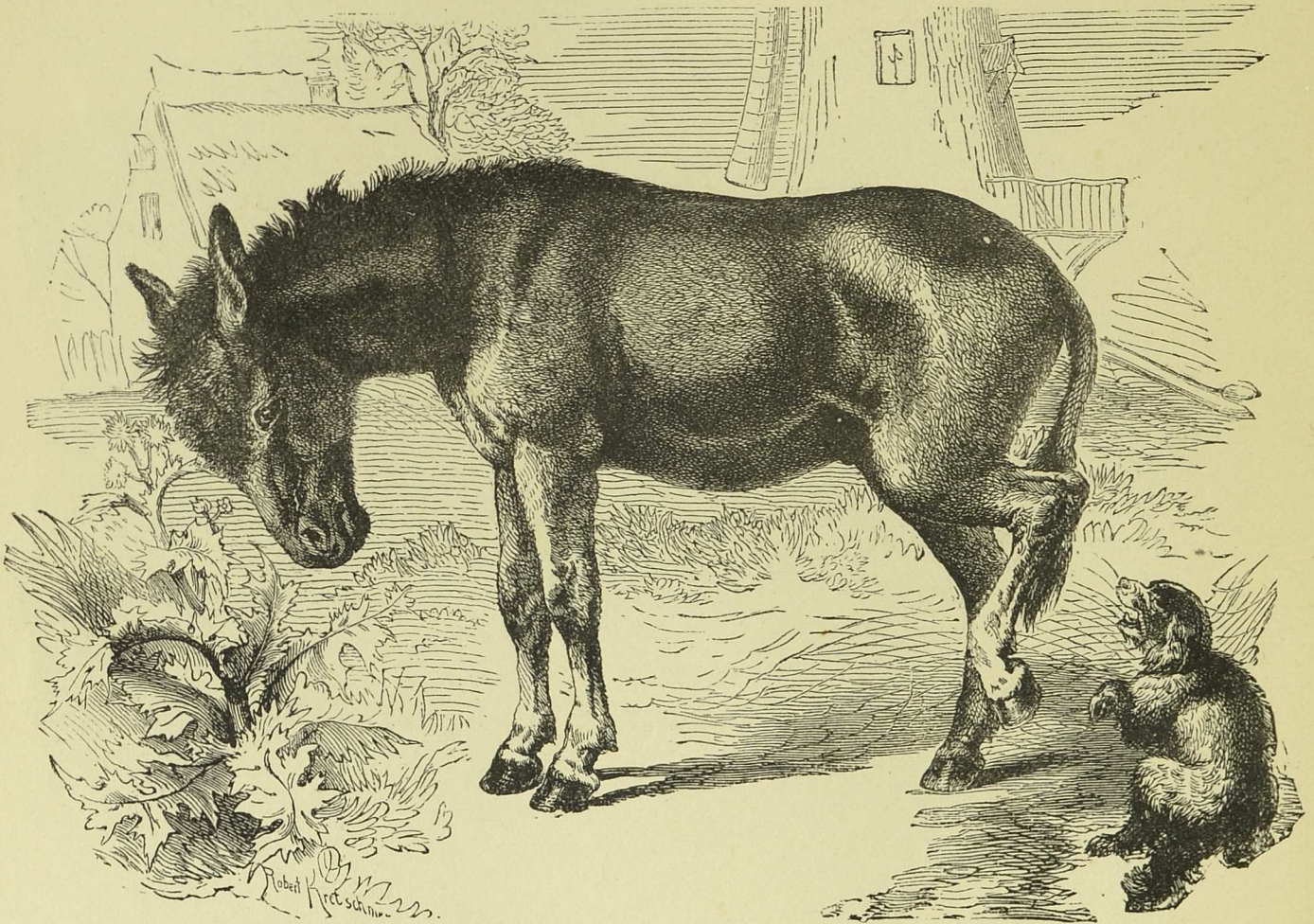
The donkey is a small animal in cold countries, and has shaggy hair. In warm countries he is almost as large as a horse, with a fine glossy coat.



SHETLAND PONIES.

When, some years ago, I managed to get up a donkey-show, we had several remarkable specimens. The Prince of Wales sent a magnificent Egyptian ass, which had been born in Egypt. Many of the costermongers had

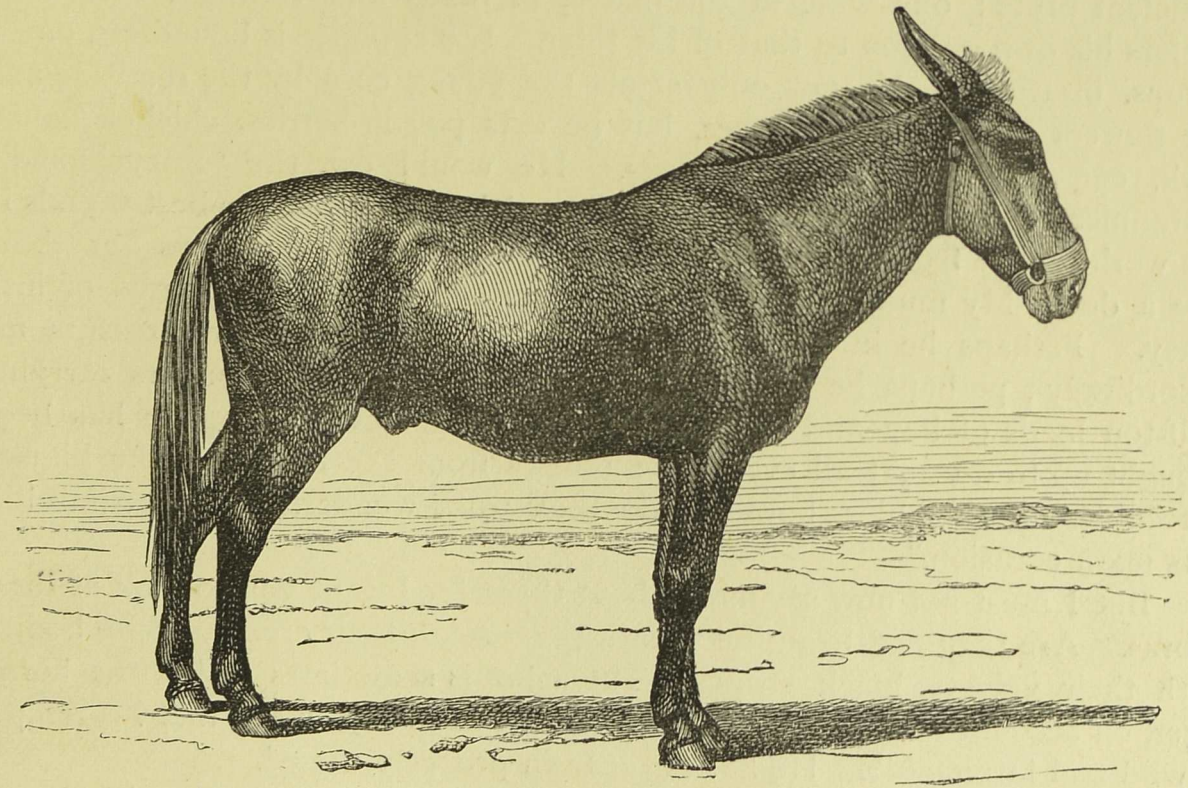
beautiful little animals, which were evidently groomed with the greatest care. I asked one boy how it was that his donkey looked so neat and clean. "I scrubs and washes him, sir, my own self, every morning," said the lad. I thought if he had scrubbed his own skin as carefully as that of his ass, it



THE ASS.

would have been better for the boy's own health and appearance. We agreed that it was wrong to say stupid as a pig ; it is equally absurd to say stupid as a donkey, or to call a dull boy a donkey, for a donkey is a remarkably clever animal. In my opinion, he is much more knowing than the horse. He has been known to open a gate with an iron sneck to it, in order to get at some favourite food. He'll follow a kind mistress like a lap-dog. I am sorry to say that

he is often over fond of a glass of ale. He is said to delight in thistles. A friend of mine used to think he ate a thistle just as one might eat a bit of mustard. I used to ride upon a mule—that is, half a donkey and half a horse—when I was travelling in Spain. He used to let me sit all ways upon his fat back—sometimes with my face turned to his tail; sometimes side-



THE MULE.

ways, on the left hand, or the right hand, as the case might be. Hundreds of stories are told, of a most comical kind, about these patient animals.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, in her most interesting "Ramble among the Dolomites," gives an amusing account of two mules which she rode while wandering amongst those strange mountains. Listen to what she says:—

"Clementi must be introduced—Clementi and the mules. Clementi is our Caprile guide. He either belongs to the mules, or the mules belong to him; it is impossible to say which. One mule is black, the other white, and both are named Nessel; which is perplexing. Fair Nessel is L.'s mule—a

gentle beast, weak but willing ; given to stopping and staring at the landscape in a meditative way ; but liable to odd and sometimes inconvenient prejudices. Yesterday he objected to bridges, which in the gorge of Sottoguda was particularly awkward. To-day he suddenly abhors everything black, and kicks up his heels at the curé before we are out of the village. Dark Nessol, being bigger and stronger, is assigned to me. He is a self-sufficient brute ; one who, in the matter of roads and turnings, invariably prefers his own opinion to that of his rider. His appetite is boundless, omnivorous, insatiable. He not only steals the young corn by the roadside and the flowers inside garden fences, but he eats poison-berries, chicken bones, bark, egg-shells, and potato parings. He would eat the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' if it came in his way. L. and her mule are the best friends in the world. She feeds him perpetually with sugar, and he follows her about like a dog. My mule and I, on the contrary, never arrive at terms of intimacy. Perhaps he knows that I am the heavier weight, and resents me accordingly ; perhaps he dislikes the society of ladies, and prefers carrying half-ton loads of hay and charcoal, which is the sort of thing he has been brought up to do. At all events, he refuses from the first to make himself agreeable. Both mules, however, do their work wonderfully, and climb like cats upon occasion."

But I must not now say more about them, for I want you to look at these zebras. Are they not beautiful creatures ? Mark their creamy-white bodies, with their velvety black stripes. The zebra is sometimes called the horse-tiger, on account of the colour of his hide. I am sorry to say that his temper is wild and intractable. He has never been properly tamed.

Wild asses are, perhaps, the swiftest of all living animals. They will weary out an Arabian horse. Sometimes falcons are used in hunting them. These birds are taught to flutter about the eyes of the ass. Filled with astonishment at such unexpected and unpleasant treatment, the poor ass pauses and falters. Then the hunter comes up with his gun, and he is immediately shot down. Like so many animals to which we have already alluded, it lives in troops, under the command of a king. It is a much grander beast than the common ass of England. It is taller, and more dignified. Its legs are more elegantly shaped, and it lifts its head loftily. It is peculiarly distinguished by a dusky woolly mane, long, erect ears, and a forehead highly arched. The colour of the hair in general is of a silvery

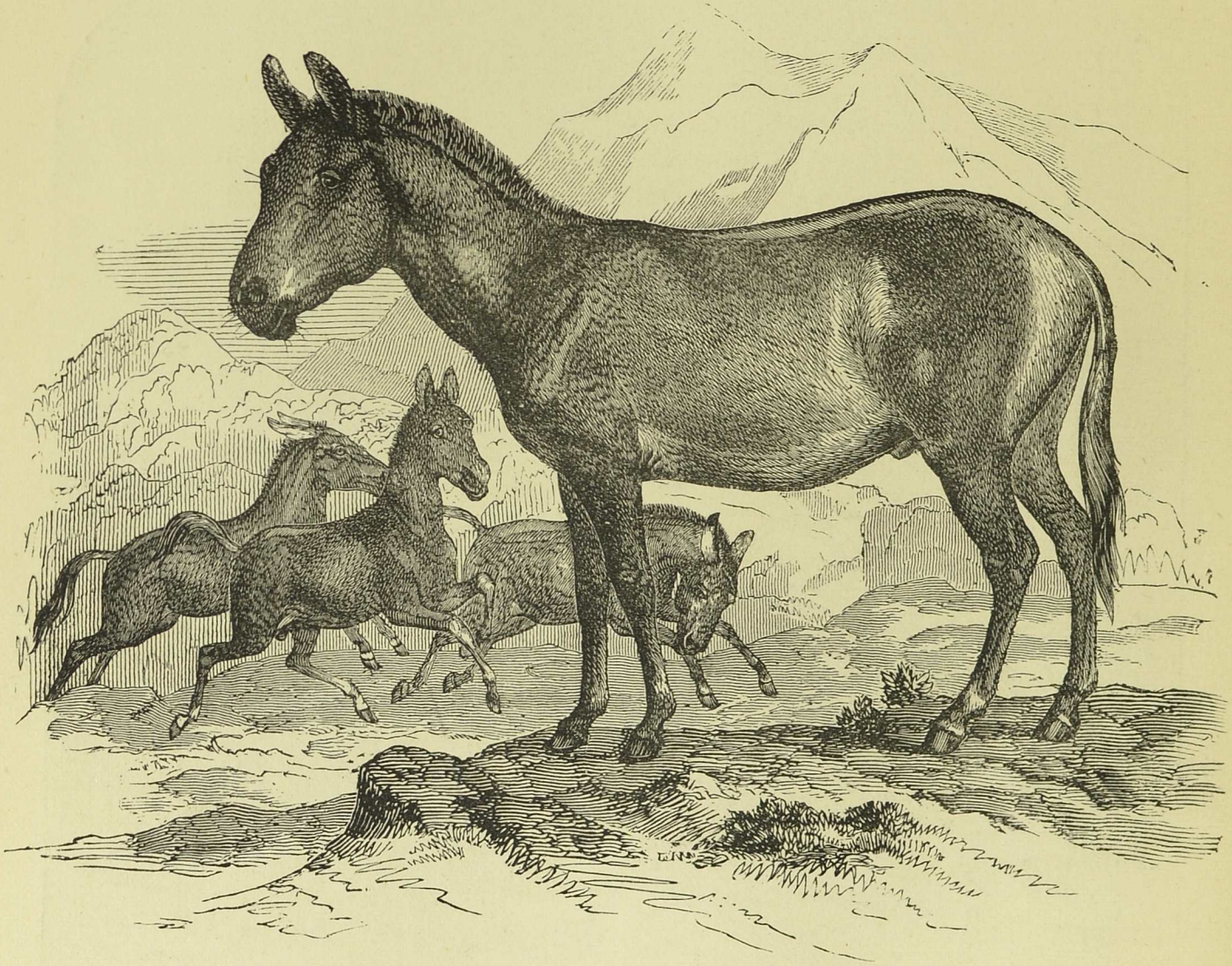
white. They are often alluded to in the Bible. The Patriarch Job describes the freedom they love, their places of retreat, and their wild, untamable



ZEBRAS.

temper. "Vain man would be wise, though he were born a wild ass's colt." The Hebrew ought to be rendered, not ass's colt, but ass-colt. In fact, this

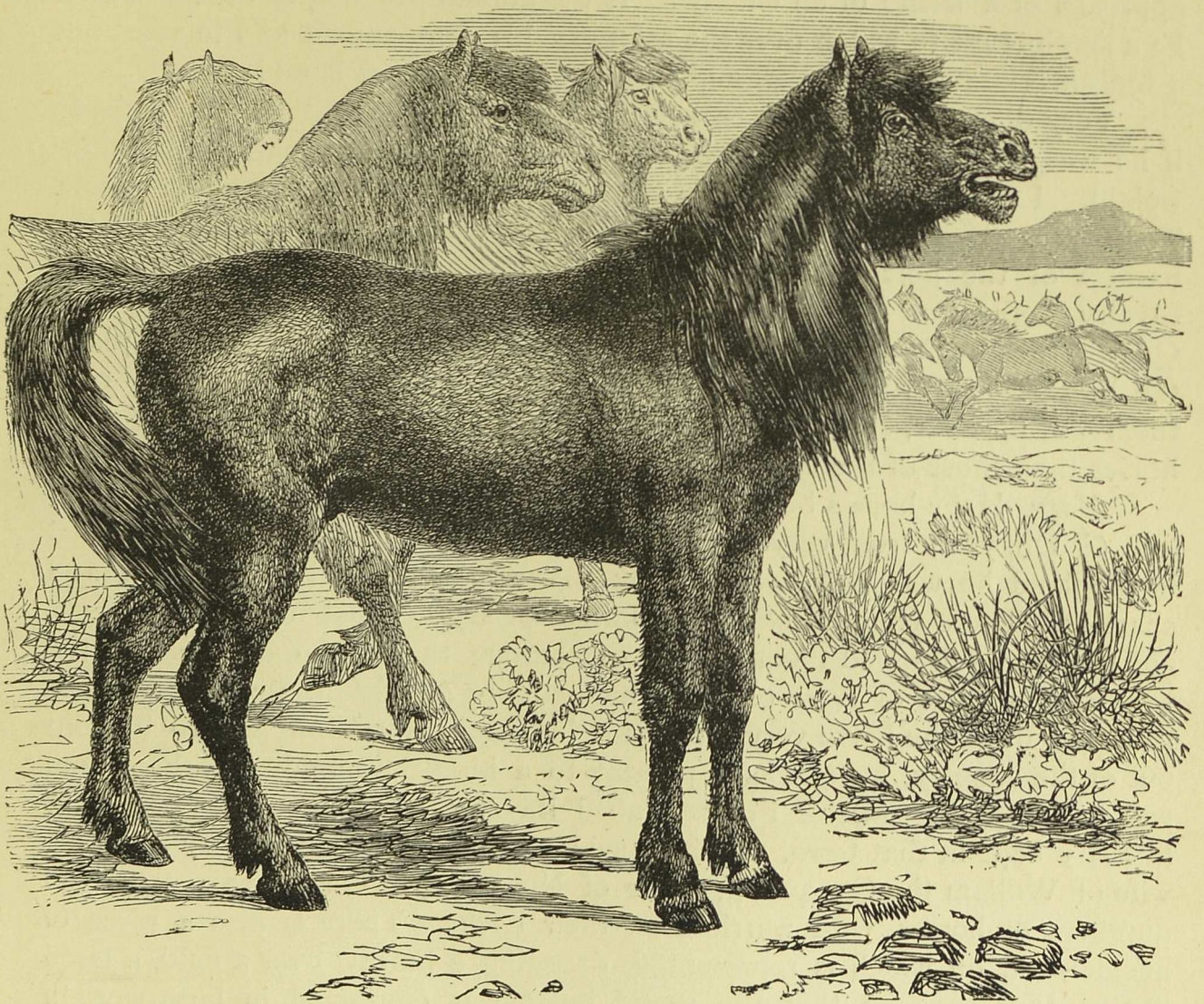
swift and fierce animal always denoted perverseness. Thus, in Genesis xiv. 12, it is foretold of Ishmael, that he will be a wild ass man, rough as a wild ass. So, in Hosea viii. 9, Ephraim is called a lonely wild ass by himself.



WILD ASSES.

The original Hebrew might also mean "of the desert," as being a place without any people. Again, in the thirteenth chapter of the same Prophet, Ephraim is said to have run wild, or made an ass of himself, amidst the braying brutes. Now, this mode of speech has come down to the present

day. The ass of the desert, or the wild ass, means an obstinate, unteachable man. When you grow older you will understand better all that the Bible says about wild asses. Isaiah, for instance, tells us (xxxii. 14) that the wild



RUSSIAN PONIES

asses shall rejoice where a city stood ; that is, they will find plenty of food, and nobody will come near them, because the whole place is desolate.

Look at these rough Russian ponies. They look as wild as the wildest ass-colts. They have long manes and tails, and rough hides. They move

about in great herds. They are very knowing and cunning. Observe the keenness of their eyes. See how this one in the picture has pricked up his ears, and stretched out his nostrils, and opened his mouth, as if there was something in the distance which he did not quite understand. Is it the approach of a friend or an enemy? Is the animal the king of the herd, or is he a sentinel set to watch over the safety of his companions, and to snort out a well-understood warning, should any danger be nigh at hand?

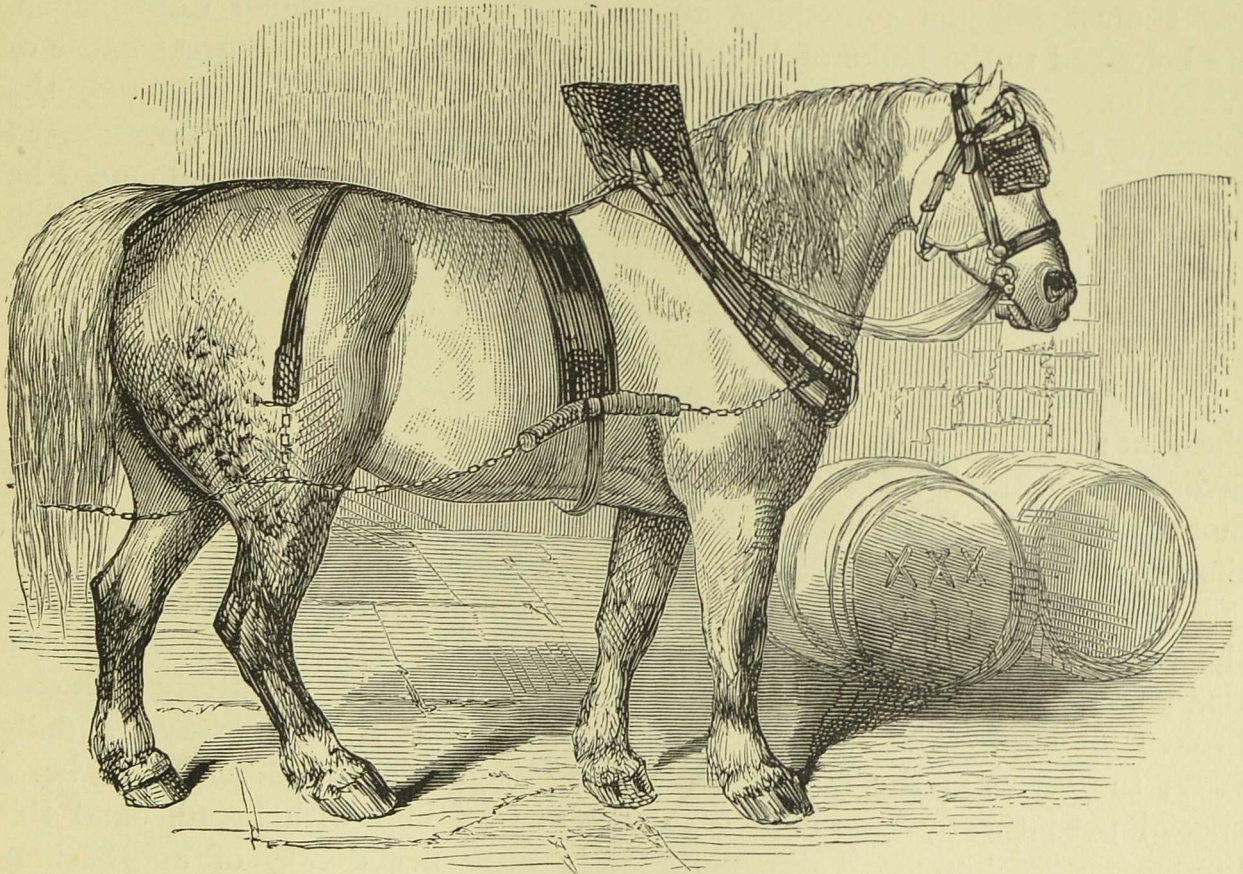
Very different is he from this sleek and fat old dray-horse, who looks as if he was fed on oats and beans. He is adapted to drag along an enormous weight. I believe that the origin of this race was the heavy Flanders horse. They were sometimes used in war when the armour of the rider and the harness of the horse were very heavy, but generally the chargers of the cavalry were of a lighter breed. On the retreat of the allied army from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, two days before the celebrated battle took place, the English Life Guards made a charge upon the French, and literally rode them down, rider, steed, and all, so much stronger and larger were their horses than those of the enemy.

Mary. Have horses been long in England?

G. Oh, yes; from very early times indeed. When Julius Cæsar landed in England he was met not only by foot-soldiers, but by horsemen and chariots. These chariots had great knives or scythes fastened to the wheels, and the horses dragged them in and out among the foe, so as to excite the wonder and terror of every one they met. King Athelstan, the Saxon, seems to have valued the horse very much, for he would not allow any to be sent out of the country, except as a present to a king. Some day, perhaps, you will go to an old town of France, called Bayeux. There is a long piece of tapestry kept in that town, which is said to have been worked by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy. On it are represented numbers of horses, with warriors on their backs. There is also a piece of needlework, on which is represented, dragging a harrow over a field, a large horse; thus showing that the useful beast was employed in farm-work a thousand years ago.

In some parts of the country you will see narrow roads still remaining with a hedge on each side, not broad enough for a wheeled carriage. They are now only used as lanes for foot passengers. In old times, when there were no other roads in the country, all cloth, wine, even timber to build

houses, was carried from place to place on the backs of horses. To this day may be seen, in some towns and villages, public-houses with the sign of the "Old Pack-horse." These animals were for the most part strong and slow, and able to endure great fatigue. By degrees, besides the primitive little Welsh and Shetland ponies, there came to be several principal breeds. The



ENGLISH DRAY-HORSE.

race-horse, perhaps, is the last and the most beautiful variety. In the reign of Queen Anne an Arabian horse was brought from Palmyra, which has been the father or the grandfather of the most famous English race-horses.

I suppose that none of you have ever seen a stage-coach. When I was a boy you might see twenty or thirty of them at a time, standing in front of or near the old "Peacock," at Islington. Each coach was dragged by four beautiful blood horses. They used to go ten miles an hour, which was

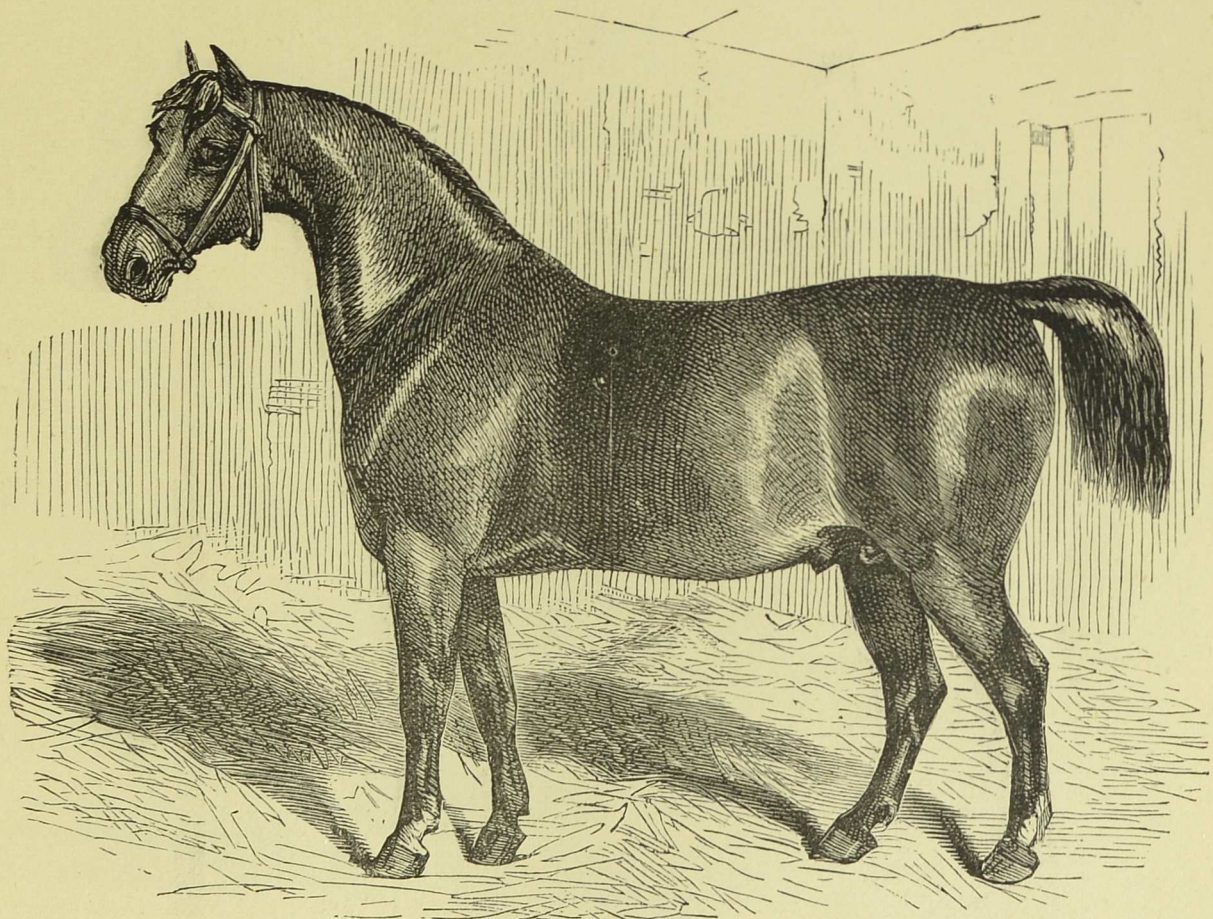
thought first-rate travelling. A hundred years ago no stage-coach travelled faster than about six miles in the hour. Even in the year 1819 the best appointed coach from Manchester to London left Ardwick Green, Manchester, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, travelling all night, arrived in London about seven o'clock the next evening. Now, by the express railway-train, Manchester is brought within five hours of London.

I must tell you something about a famous horse called Copenhagen. He belonged to the Duke of Wellington, who rode him at the great battle of Waterloo. The duke told Mr. Rogers, our Stoke Newington poet, the following story:—"On the day of the Battle of Waterloo I rode Copenhagen from four in the morning until twelve at night, and when I dismounted he threw up his heels at me as he went off. If he fed, it was on the standing corn, and as I sat in the saddle." In "Cassell's Popular Natural History" the following additional facts are told about this famous beast:—"However great the day's toil, Copenhagen never refused his corn, though he ate it after a very unusual manner, lying down at full length. His colour was a full, rich chestnut; he had great muscular power, and his general appearance rather favoured the Arab's cross in his pedigree, which his lasting qualities tended yet more to confirm. From his size, he was not much adapted to crossing a country, though the duke is said occasionally to have ridden him with the hounds.

"The paddock of Strathfieldsaye was assigned him, where he passed the remainder of his days in all possible comfort, having a good stable, a rich pasture in which to range, and being fed twice a day, latterly with oats broken for him. The duke rarely omitted, when at Strathfieldsaye, a daily visit; the ladies of the family made Copenhagen, as he deserved to be, a special pet; the duchess used regularly to feed him with bread,—and this kindness gave him the habit, particularly after her death, of approaching every lady with confiding familiarity. For many years he was one of the 'sights' at Strathfieldsaye. The hair of his mane and his tail was placed in brooches and rings, by enthusiastic young ladies. He died in 1835, and a small circular railing still marks the spot in which he was interred with military honours."

When speaking of Shetland ponies, I forgot to tell you an interesting fact about them. It is this: A gentleman was presented with one of these beautiful animals. You know they are very teachable, and are easily managed. He happened to have with him at the time a large old-fashioned

gig, with a strong leathern apron ; so he managed, with the help of a bystander, to put his pony into the gig, fasten down the apron over him, and fed him with nice little bits of bread. In this way the pony came safe to his journey's end. Their endurance is very great. In this respect they are like that well-known breed that used to be called the galloway. Fifty

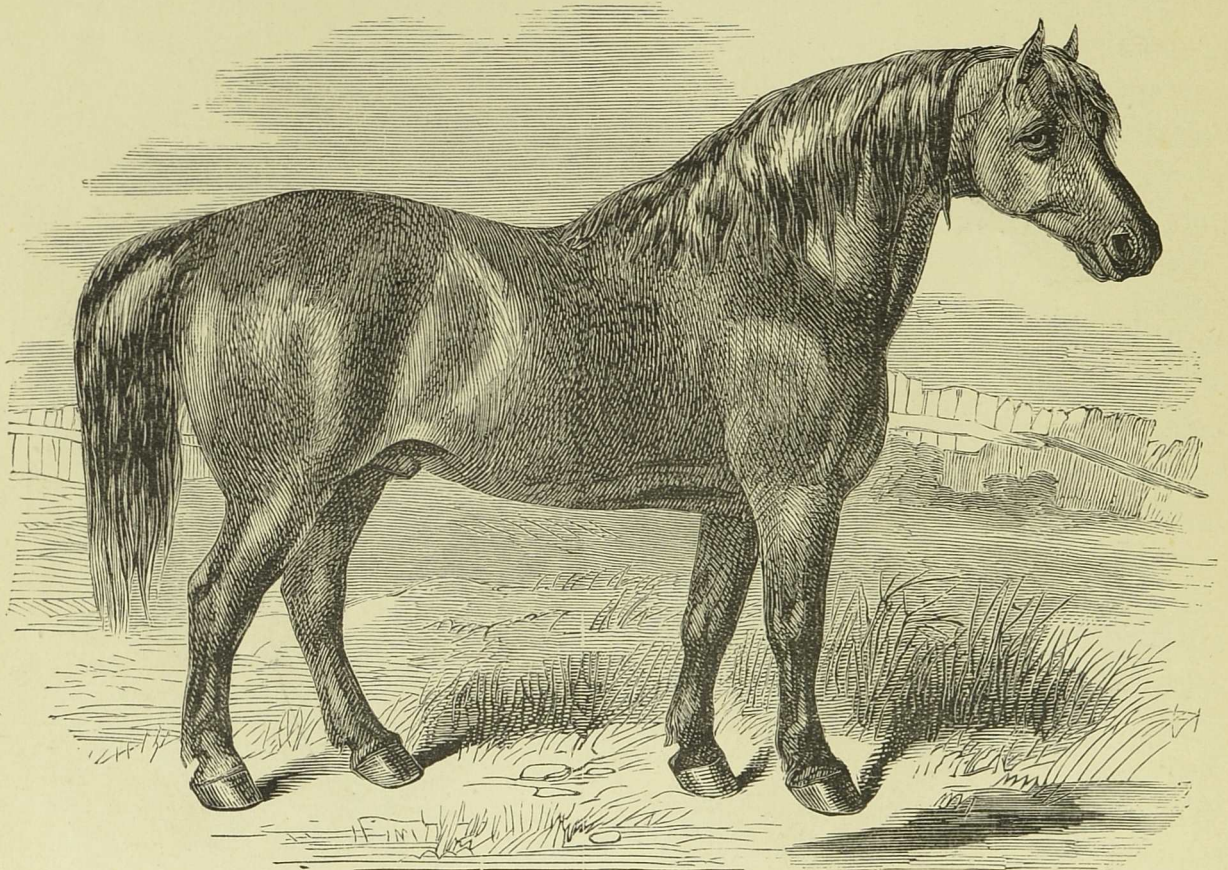


CLEVELAND SHORT-LEGGED HORSE.

years ago, in Yorkshire, most horses that were used for riding were called galloways. Pillions were common for ladies to ride upon ; they were cushions provided with girths and straps, on which a lady sat behind a gentleman, who rode on a saddle. To this day, in many parts of the country, you may see by the road-side at the beginning of a village a large block of stone, cut into three or four steps on one side of it. Mile-stones were sometimes made of

this shape ; they were used to help stout people to mount on horseback. A good galloway would take its rider a hundred miles without stopping, except to bait, and that only for an hour at a time ; and he would canter the last mile as freshly as he did the first.

Mary. Grandie, I think that was very cruel ; it was much too long a journey for any horse.



THE SUFFOLK PUNCH.

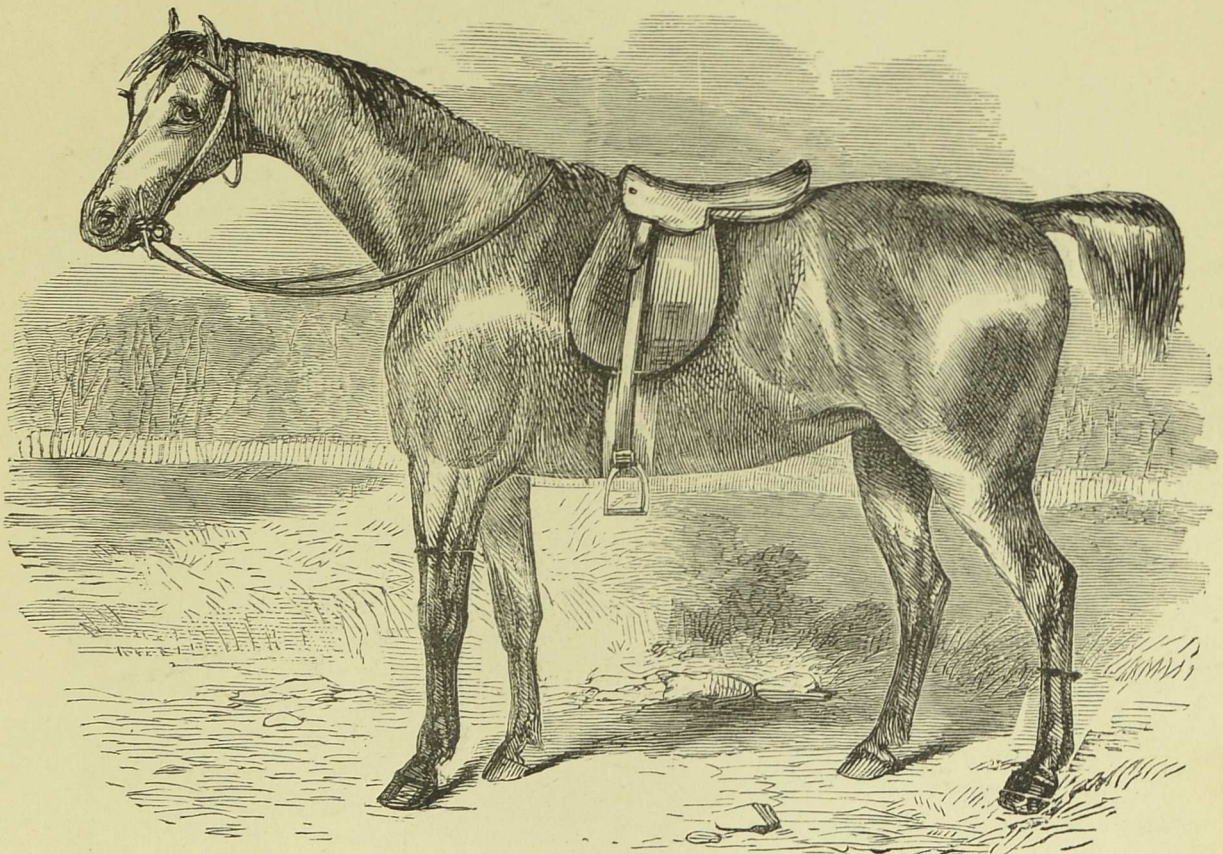
G. At any rate, the physician who tells this tale, says that he rode that same horse for five-and-twenty years ; so that his life was not much shortened by the work he did.

Look at this Cleveland horse. He is evidently a strong and powerful animal. The Suffolk punch, which is here represented, is a compact beast ; he has great endurance. You see he is of a very different build from this covert hack-horse ; the latter is taller, and lighter, and swifter. There are

many ways of breaking-in horses. Look at this picture, and observe how the straps and bands are placed. All this is intended to teach the horse to answer to the bridle.

Mary. Considering how useful the horse is, I am surprised that any persons can be cruel to him.

G. But he is a highly nervous animal, and is often thought to be ill-



COVERT HACK-HORSE.

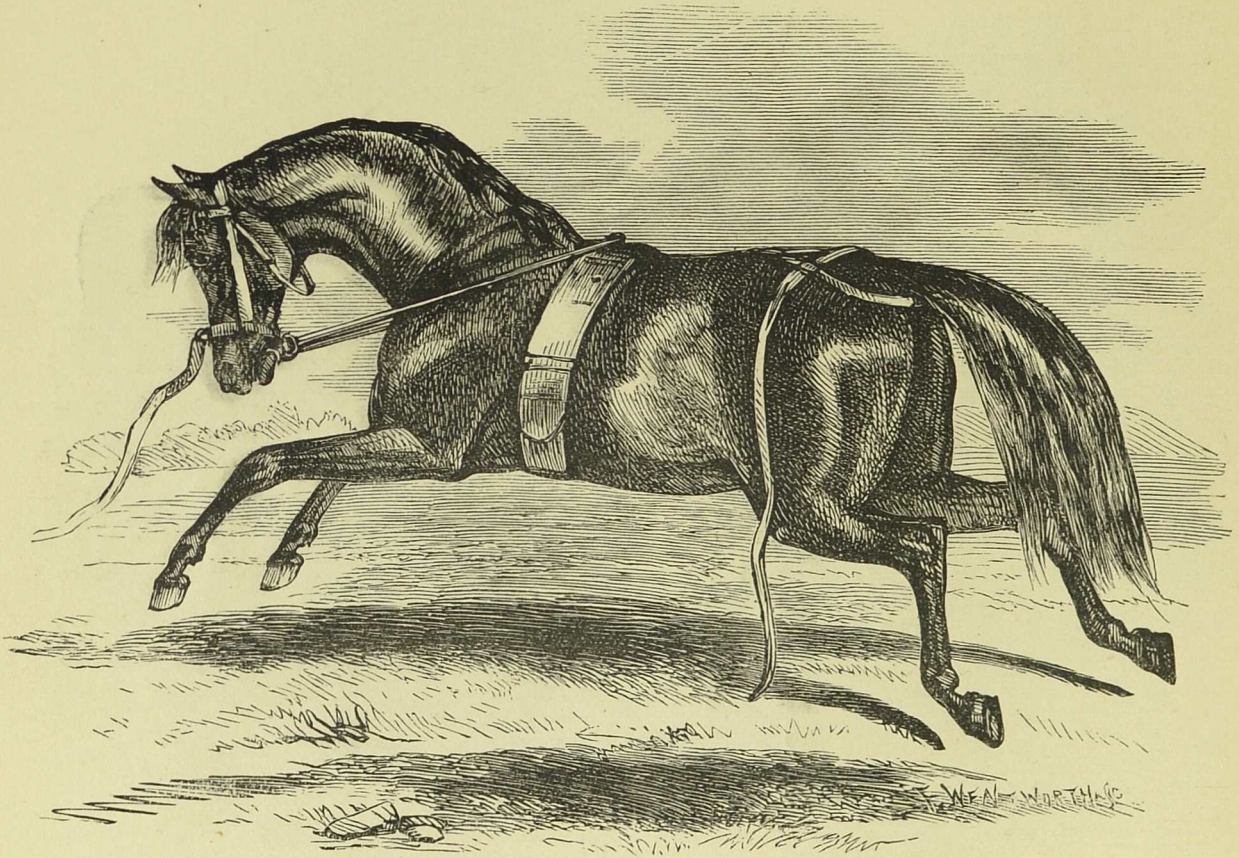
tempered, when he is only in a great fright. He may generally be rendered quite manageable, if treated with patience and tender kindness.

Johnnie. Grandie, have you ever tasted horse-flesh?

G. Yes, and it is very palatable. During the siege of Paris a deal of it was eaten.

Johnnie. Yes, but in the siege of Paris they ate up all sort of things; I have heard of them eating rats, and cats, and dogs.

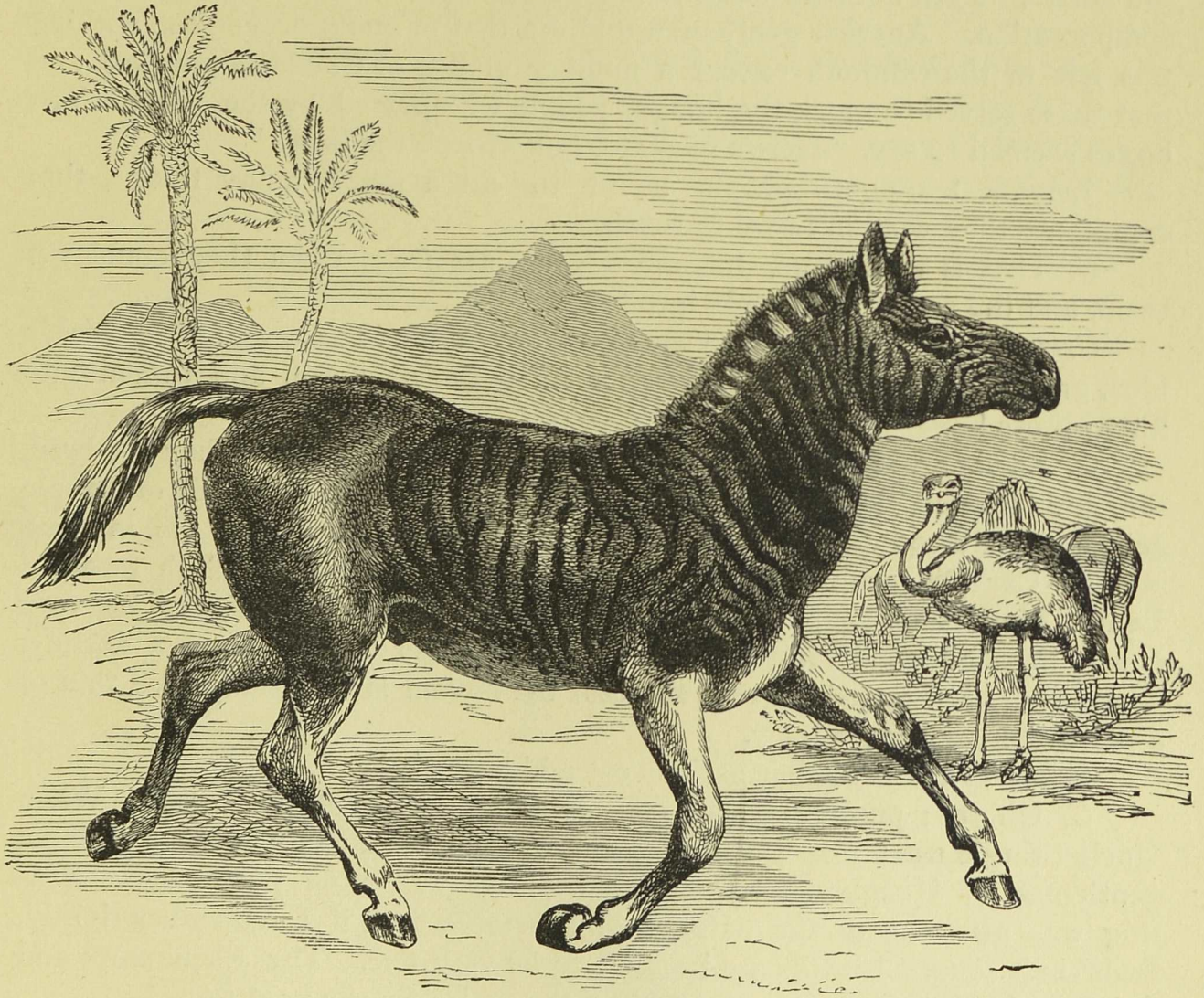
G. Not long ago, when I was in Paris, I stopped for a few hours at an hotel, the mistress of which had a fine dog. He was lazily basking in front of the fire, in the office where she sat and kept her accounts. I said to her, "Did he live with you all through the siege?" She replied, "Yes; but we had great trouble to keep him. At one time we had to hide him in the cellar,



HORSE-BREAKING—"LUNGING."

for fear he should be stolen, and killed, and turned into sausages, or dog-pie." I have seen some of the bread that was distributed to the poor during the siege. It is of the colour of the darkest oak. It must have been very hard to chew; it was full of little spikes, that looked like chopped straw. No wonder many poor children died if they got nothing better than that. Oh, children, grow up lovers of peace! War is a terrible evil. No wonder that our good

old Prayer Book says, "Give peace in our time, O Lord." And so the Second Collect in the morning, and in some sense in the evening prayer, is a collect for peace.



THE QUAGGA.

It is said that the day the gates of the city were opened, a neighbouring farmer, thinking he might do a good stroke of business, harnessed four or five big horses to his largest wagon, filled it with beef, mutton, cheese, butter, bread, fruit, vegetables, and all kinds of food, and then drove it into the town. He was met by a flushed and famished mob, who emptied the wagon of its

contents in a minute. His horses were cut to pieces, and nothing was left of them but bones. His wagon followed the fate of the horses, for it was broken up in an instant, and carried away for firewood—to roast, I suppose, the horses. I am not sure whether the Government afterwards gave him any compensation. Another gentleman told me, that in one grocer's shop nothing was left in the windows except a number of tins of Colman's mustard, and that these served to mock the hungry people who passed by the shop. The boxes seemed to say, "Here's mustard, but where's the beef?"

Johnnie. I suppose people learnt to eat a great many things, that commonly they wouldn't care to touch.

G. That is quite true, Johnnie. They ate frogs when they could get them, and the snails were made into soup.

Gertrude. Snails made into soup! What an unpleasant and disagreeable idea, grandie. Only fancy my Flossie being boiled down, and turned into kitten-broth!

G. Snails are commonly eaten in some parts of Austria. They are bred, they are fattened, they are pickled for the purpose. And hundreds of people get their livelihood by attending to this kind of business. You see, in some Roman Catholic countries it is thought to be wrong to eat flesh meat in Lent. Then snail-soup comes in beautifully. They are said to be very nourishing, and good for people who are in danger of going into a decline. Those who have tasted the dish say that the flavour is something like that of a periwinkle, but more juicy.

Johnnie. Do any other nations eat odd animals?

G. Oh yes; puppy dogs are considered a great dainty in China. When Uncle Sturgie went one day, during the war in China, to dine with a Chinese gentleman of Hongkong, among other dishes was roast puppy-dog. Sea-slug was also one of the dainties of the table, and, if I remember rightly, birds'-nest soup. Lizards are thought to be very fine. The Esquimaux and the Greenlanders feed upon the flesh of the seal. So the poet says:—

"Tumbling in their sealskin boat,
Fearless, the humble fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny."

Mary. Now, grandie, what is this quagga of which I see a picture? He

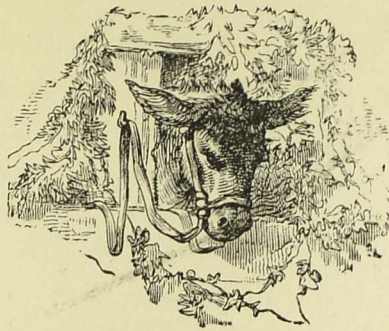
looks something like a zebra, but his marks are different. Behind him is a respectable old ostrich, but how he got there, or why he is represented there, I don't know.

G. Perhaps it is meant to tell us that the quagga lives in the same sort of country as the ostrich.

Arthur. Grandie, you said that they shot down the poor wild ass. Do they shoot him merely for sport?

G. Oh, no. If they did that I should think them very wicked people. To destroy, without a motive, the life which God gives is a most dreadful crime; and depend upon it God in some way or other will punish such cruelty. We have a right to kill an animal when we want our dinner, but we have no right to torture him while killing him, much less to kill him for mere sport, as it is called. These people kill the wild ass because they want to eat him. His flesh is considered a very fine dainty, especially his tongue.

The natives of South Africa, and the English and Dutch colonists, hunt the quagga, which lives in large herds, and roams about the vast plains of the country, because the flesh produces meat that they like, and the hide is valuable for various purposes. I never saw a quagga except in a menagerie; but when I was at the Cape of Good Hope, I was told that it is a sort of midway animal between the common wild ass and the zebra. These animals are hard to catch, for at the report of a gun off they go with the speed of lightning.



CONVERSATION XVII.

RABBITS AND HARES.

G. Rabbits and hares are very pretty, interesting little animals. Rabbits are often kept in cages, called rabbit-hutches. They are sometimes allowed to roam about the nursery, but children must be very careful how they handle them, for they are easily killed. When the little creatures first came into England is not known. A few were taken to Australia some years ago, and let loose, and now they have increased and multiplied to such a degree, that men are actually employed to kill them. Five hundred years ago, in England, there could not have been a great many, for at a feast in the year 1309 six hundred of them were bought and cooked for the feast, and, I suppose, eaten up too, all but their bones. These cost sixpence a piece—a large sum in those days, for you could buy a pig for sixpence.

Mary. A pig for sixpence, grandie? What glorious times for poor people.

G. That's all very well, Mary; but then, you know, poor working people were not paid in those days as they are now.

Mary. Can a man earn now in six days enough to buy him a great fat Yorkshire pig?

G. I am not sure. You see there are pigs and pigs. I don't suppose the pig five hundred years ago was such a well-fed, well-bred beast as a pig is now. Say a big pig shown at an agricultural cattle show.

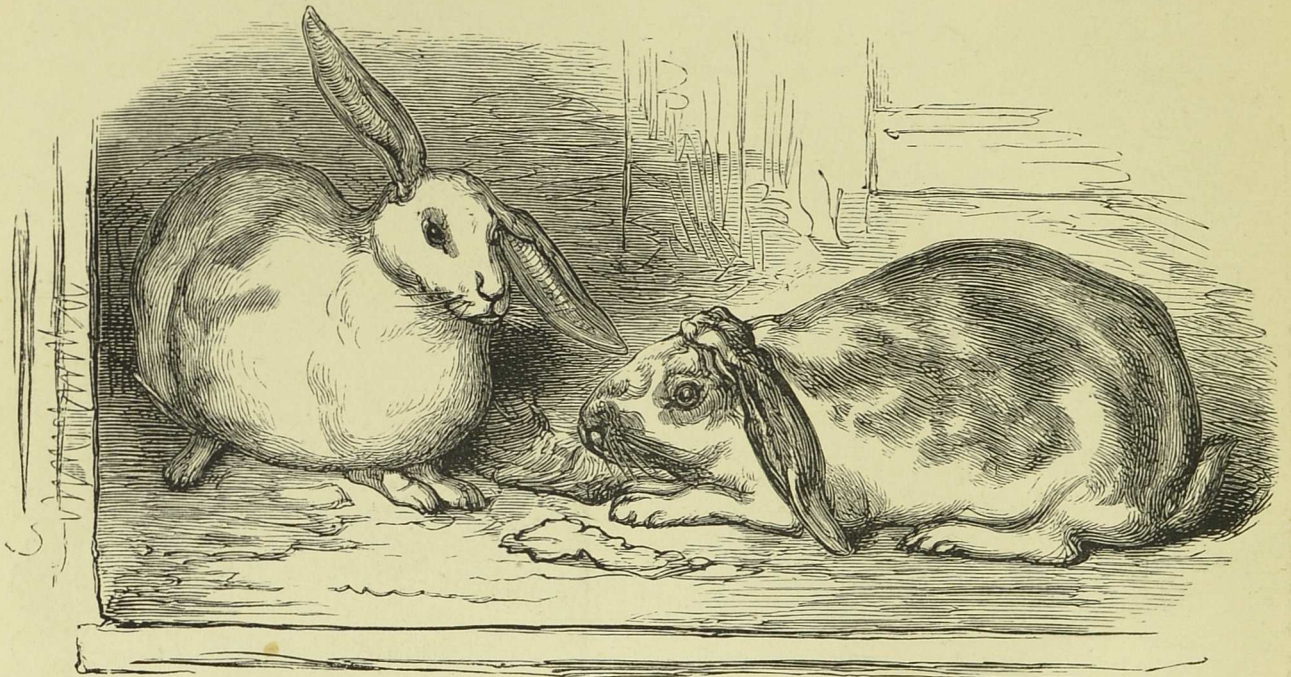
Mary. Now tell us something more about the rabbit.

G. Now, first as to its house. The rabbit likes to live in a country which has deep dells and steep banks of red sandstone or sand. They like these banks to be overhung with furze and brushwood. On the top of the sandhill, if there is a thin layer of fine black mould, that helps the growth of rich, tender grasses and sweet-smelling herbs, so much the better for Bunny. He digs and burrows into this sand until he has a house with a great many chambers. It is said that he takes a vast deal of care about the drainage of



A RABBIT BURROW.

his house, and that the entrance is the lowest point in it. Mrs. Bunny digs out a separate house for her babies, at the far end of which she makes a sweet little nest or nursery of dried grass, and like a good mother, as she is, she lines it with fur pulled from her own body. Her little babies are born naked and blind, and totally helpless, so that it is the more necessary that Mrs. Bunny should show great forethought about them. Poor Mother Bunny, it is a comfort to think that she doesn't know what will become of her children



DOMESTIC RABBITS.

—that when they grow big, they will most likely be shot and turned into rabbit-pie.

By-the-by, the flesh of wild rabbits is much better than the flesh of tame rabbits, and no rabbit meat ought to be eaten at all unless it's thoroughly cooked, for the stomach of a rabbit allows certain forms of animal life to pass into the flesh of the rabbit; when this flesh is eaten by a boy or a girl, it may cause them great sickness, and even death.

Gertrude, Tom, Arthur, all. Oh, grandie, we'll never eat rabbit any more!

Arthur. Only to think of my pretty Gertrude dying of eating rabbit!

G. No, no, you needn't say that, for I dare say mother will tell the cook, if ever she gives you rabbit for dinner, to take care that the force of the fire has entered into every part.

Tom. When I was in London, you took me one day to Leadenhall Market, and I saw written up, "Fine Ostend Rabbits." What does that mean?

G. Ostend is a town on the sea-shore of a country called Belgium. The land all about the town is very sandy, so that enormous quantities of rabbits live in it. These are killed and sent to the market of Ostend, and then are forwarded by swift steam-boats to London. They are bought wholesale by poulterers and dealers in hares and rabbits and such-like articles of food.

Johnnie. What's the difference between a rabbit and a hare?

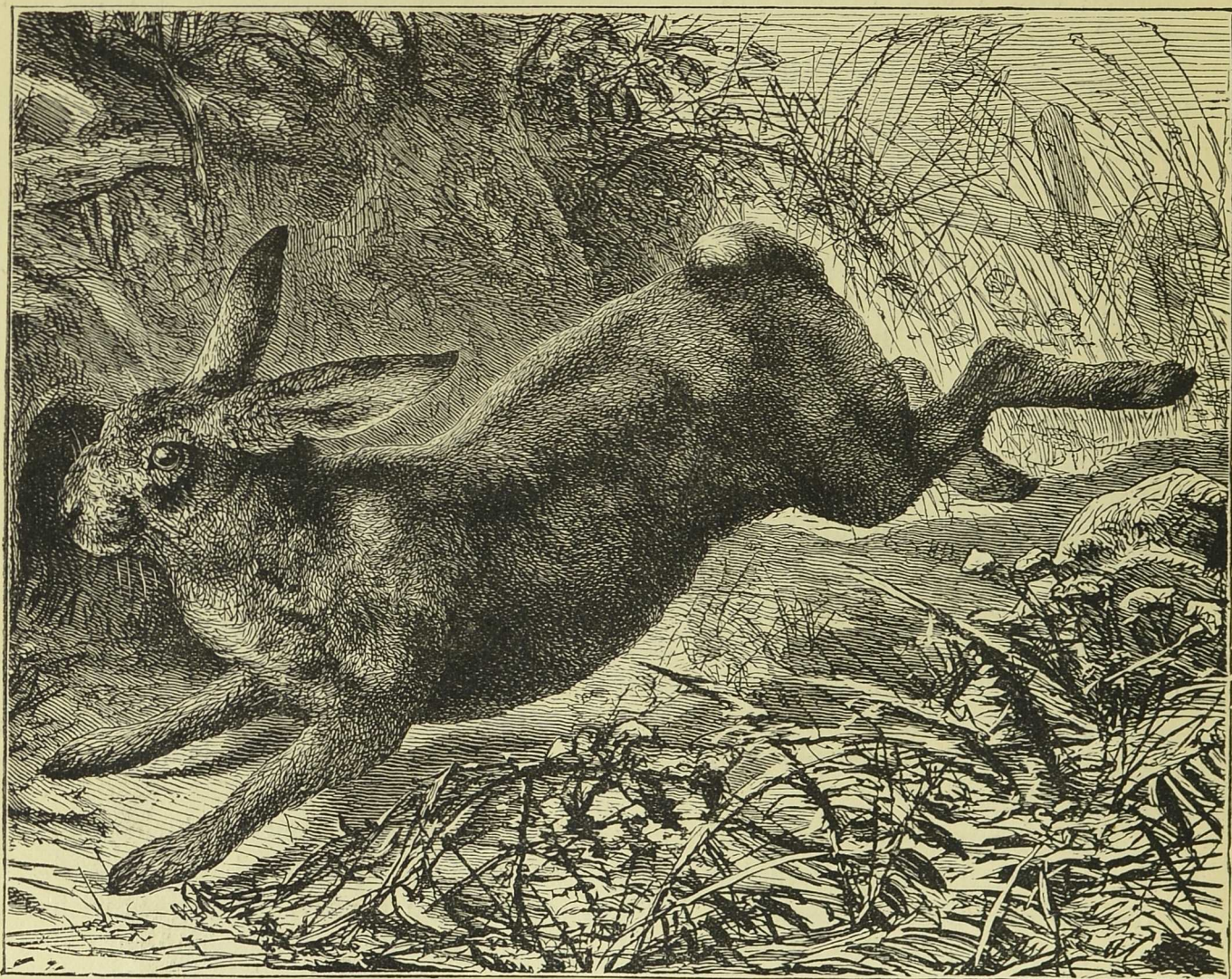
G. They are very much alike in some things, and very different in other things. The baby hare has a good coat upon his back, and can see well; whereas poor little Bunny is born blind and naked, and can't help himself in the least.

The eyes of the common hare are large, so that he may get a good look; but it is said that he can only see with one eye at a time the greater part of the things which he wants to see. Many people have written long tales about the colour of his fur. The next time you hear a man screaming out "hare-skins, rabbit-skins," to be given by cook in exchange for hearthstone and flowering-plants, see if you can't get a look at a hare-skin. Perhaps some neighbour will make mamma a present of a hare, then look at the skin. The under part of the body and a large patch on the throat are white. Observe the difference between the two kinds of fur. The chief colour is a sort of yellowish brown.

The home of a hare is called its "form." Here it crouches during the day, and from hence it makes a track to its feeding ground, going and returning on its own footsteps. It leaps rather than runs; thus it goes with more ease up a hill than down a hill. Its large ears can be easily turned forwards, outwards, or backwards, so as to catch the faintest sound. Hares are apt to follow the same tracks over and over again. This helps the poacher, or the man who wants slyly to catch them, so that he knows where to place his net or his noose.

Tom. When I was at Hampton Court and Bushey Park, some time ago, I saw several hares running about.

G. I am not surprised at this, for 200 years ago they were known as good places for hares to live in. Now let me tell you some stories about hares, which I have found in "Cassell's Popular Natural History." These

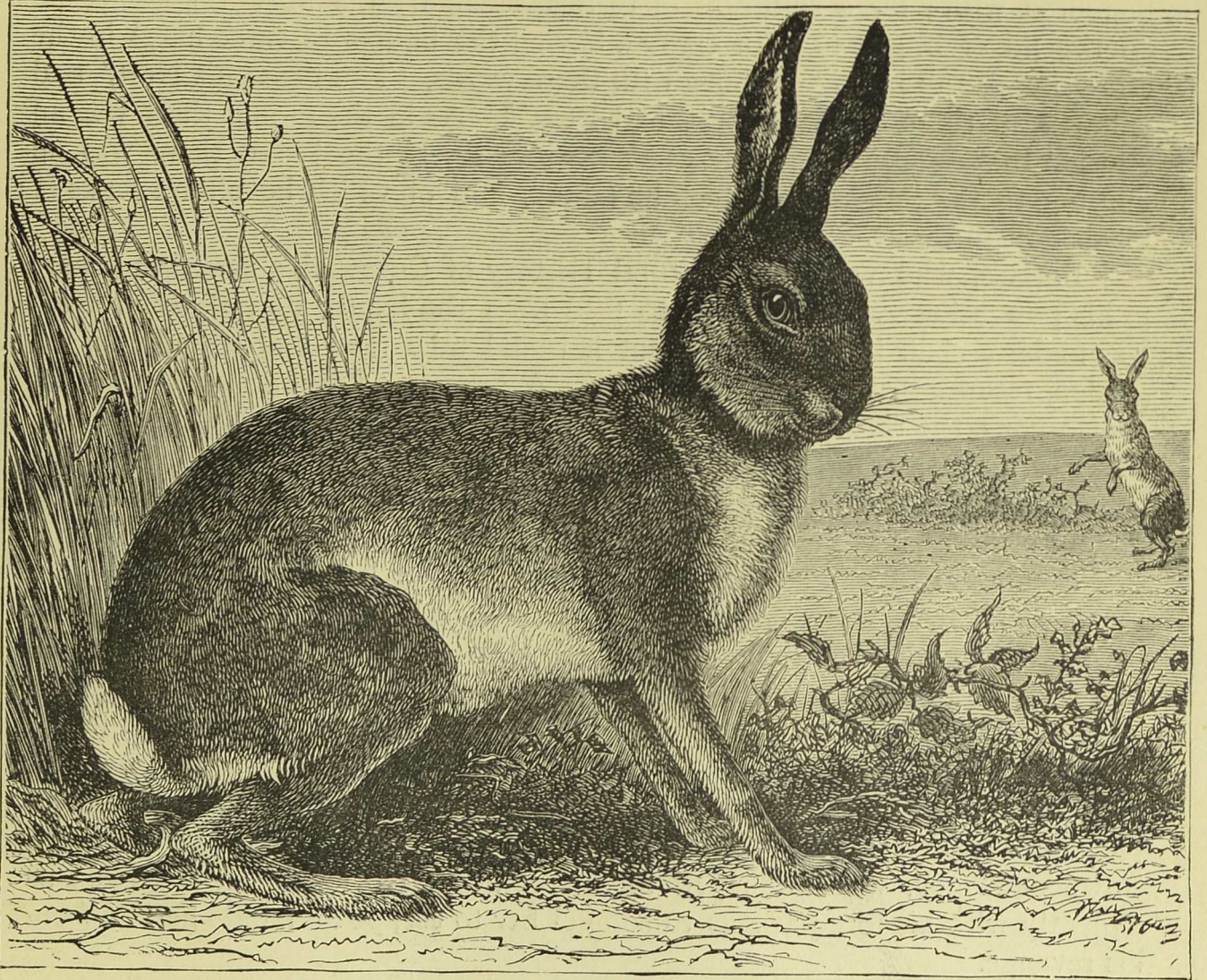


THE RABBIT.

tales are taken from different books of great interest, and I am sure they will amuse and instruct my grandchildren more than any words of my own. All that I shall do in reading is to change some hard words into easy ones:—

“Hares,” says Mr. Jesse, “will try and find each other by the scent, as

we see dogs hunt. I have disturbed a hare from her seat in the spring during the breeding season, and, when I have retired to a little distance, I have seen her followed, when she was no longer in sight, by a male. He had evidently



THE HARE

traced her by the scent ; and when he has been at fault, I have observed him make a cast, and hunt his ground, as a dog would do, till he has again hit off the right way, and followed with the greatest eagerness. I have been assured by persons who have witnessed it, that six or seven weasels have joined

together, and have pursued a rabbit by the scent, not exactly in full cry, but uttering a sort of whine while they were in pursuit."

Cowper, writing to Lady Hesketh, says: "I thank you, my cousin, for a most elegant present, including the most elegant compliment that ever poet was honoured with; for a snuffbox of tortoise-shell, with a beautiful landscape on the lid of it, glazed with crystal, having the figures of three hares in the fore-ground, and inscribed above with these words, 'The Peasant's Nest,' and below with these, 'Tiney, Puss, and Bess.'" As in the former there was an allusion to a description in one of his poems; so, in the latter, there was an allusion to the three hares which he tamed, and of which he often speaks in his delightful works.

Borlase, who wrote the Natural History of Cornwall, states that a hare in his possession was so tame as to feed from the hand; its ordinary retreat was under a chair in the parlour, but it would take food and exercise in the garden, returning always to the house. A greyhound and a spaniel were its companions, the three romped in company, and at night often lay together on the hearth. Still more remarkable was it that both the greyhound and the spaniel were used in the field, and often went out secretly and privately in pursuit of hares, and yet they never tried to hurt their playfellow.

Sonnini had a tame hare which lived with a hound and two Angora cats. Dr. Townson brought a young one into such a state of familiarity that it would run and jump about his sofa and bed. It leaped on his knee, patted him with its fore feet, and frequently while he was reading would knock the book out of his hand, as if, like a fondled child, to get him to play with it.

Another gentleman had, at different times, two tame hares, both remarkably tame, but of very different tempers. One could not be easily irritated, the other would resent any hurt by biting, which it did very severely. Cowper's Tiney, when annoyed by the cat, would drum upon her back so violently with his fore paws as to compel her to escape and hide herself from his revenge.

Ben Jonson alludes to a hare beating a tabor at Bartholomew Fair, and Strutt gives a representation of the feat, which he affirms was copied from one in the Harleian collection, and was upwards of four hundred years old.

Cowper, with his peculiarly pleasant way, relates a chase of a singular kind, to his friend the Rev. John Newton:—"Last Wednesday night, while we were at supper, between the hours of eight and nine, I heard an unusual



HARES AT PLAY.

noise in the back parlour, as if one of the hares was entangled and endeavouring to disentangle herself. I was just going to rise from table when it ceased. In about five minutes a voice on the outside of the parlour-door

inquired if one of my hares had got away. I immediately rushed into the next room, and found that my poor favourite Puss had made her escape. She had gnawed in sunder the strings of a lattice-work, with which I thought I had sufficiently secured the window, and which I preferred to any other kind of blind, because it admitted plenty of air.

“From thence I hastened to the kitchen, where I saw the redoubtable Thomas Freeman, who told me that having seen her just after she had dropped into the street, he attempted to cover her with his hat, but she screamed out, and leapt directly over his head. I then desired him to pursue as fast as possible, and added Richard Colman to the chase, as being nimbler, and carrying less weight than Thomas, not expecting to see her again, but desirous to learn, if possible, what became of her.

“In something less than an hour, Richard returned, almost breathless, with the following account: That soon after he began to run he left Tom behind him, and came in sight of a most numerous herd of men, women, children, and dogs; that he did his best to keep back the dogs, and presently outstripped the crowd, so that the race was at last disputed between himself and Puss—she ran right through the town and down the lane that leads to Dropshort. A little before she came to the house he got the start and turned her; she pushed for the town again, and soon after she entered it, sought shelter in Mr. Wagstaff’s tan-yard. Sturge’s harvest-men were at supper, and saw her from the opposite side of the way. Then she encountered the tan-pits full of water, and while she was struggling out of one pit and plunging into another, and almost drowned, one of the men drew her out by the ears, and secured her. She was then well washed in a bucket, to get the lime out of her coat, and brought home in a sack at ten o’clock.

“This frolic cost us four shillings, but you may be sure we did not grudge a farthing of it. The poor creature received only a hurt in one of her claws, and in one of her ears, and is now almost as well as ever.”



CONVERSATION XVIII.

MICE—RATS—ARMADILLO.

Mary. Cook says that she has just found a mouse's nest under the kitchen stairs. The tiny mouse babies are almost transparent.

Tom. Here are a number of mice, who have evidently got into a pantry. What mischievous little beasts they are; they spoil as much as they eat!

G. There are a good many sorts of mice. The short-tailed field mouse is most destructive. In the corn-field, in the granary, in the rick-yard, its robberies are sometimes overwhelming. Millions of them have been found in one forest. A part of the Forest of Dean was planted with acorns in the year 1810; in the following spring only one-third came up; the rest of the seed had been, for the most part, destroyed by mice. The plan the little animal adopts is to bite away the bark of the tree all round for three or four inches off the ground. The sap is thus prevented from rising, and the tree dies. Then, again, some persons say that he ought to be called a root-eater, because he kills trees by gnawing at their roots. The field mice like spots that are damp and low; the mothers are very affectionate to their young. White, of Selborne, says that one day, when he and some of his labourers were pulling off the lining of a hot-bed, "from out the side of this bed leaped an animal that made a most grotesque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken, when it proved to be a large white field mouse, with three or four young clinging to her by their mouths and feet. It was amazing that the desultory and rapid motions of this dam should not oblige her litter to quit their hold, especially when it appeared that they were so young as to be both naked and blind." There is no doubt but that mice try to sing, and are fond of music. Some say that a mouse only sings when he's got a very bad cold; but others maintain that if you put a very young mouse near the cage of a canary, it will soon try to imitate the note of the bird.

The smallest four-footed animal known in England is the elegant little

harvest mouse. Mr. White gives us a beautiful account of this animal and its wonderful nest. The one that Mr. White saw was built upon some long, dry grass stems, and entirely closed round like a loose ball; so that the animals, as they grew bigger, pushed out, as it were, the walls of their cottage. The



DOMESTIC MICE.

little animal likes best to feed upon insects. Mr. Bingley found out this liking by a mere accident. A fat bluebottle fly happened to buzz against the cage of the mouse. Mouse instantly sprang to catch him, but was stopped by the bars of the cage. Mr. Bingley caught the bluebottle, and the mouse swallowed him in a moment. Look at these shrew mice. The picture tells its own tale.



THE NEST OF THE HARVEST MICE.

There are many kinds of rats. Nobody knows when the old English or black rat first came into the country. Formerly a man used to be about the English palaces who was called the king's rat-catcher. He had a scarlet livery, embroidered with yellow or gold-coloured silk or worsted. On it were

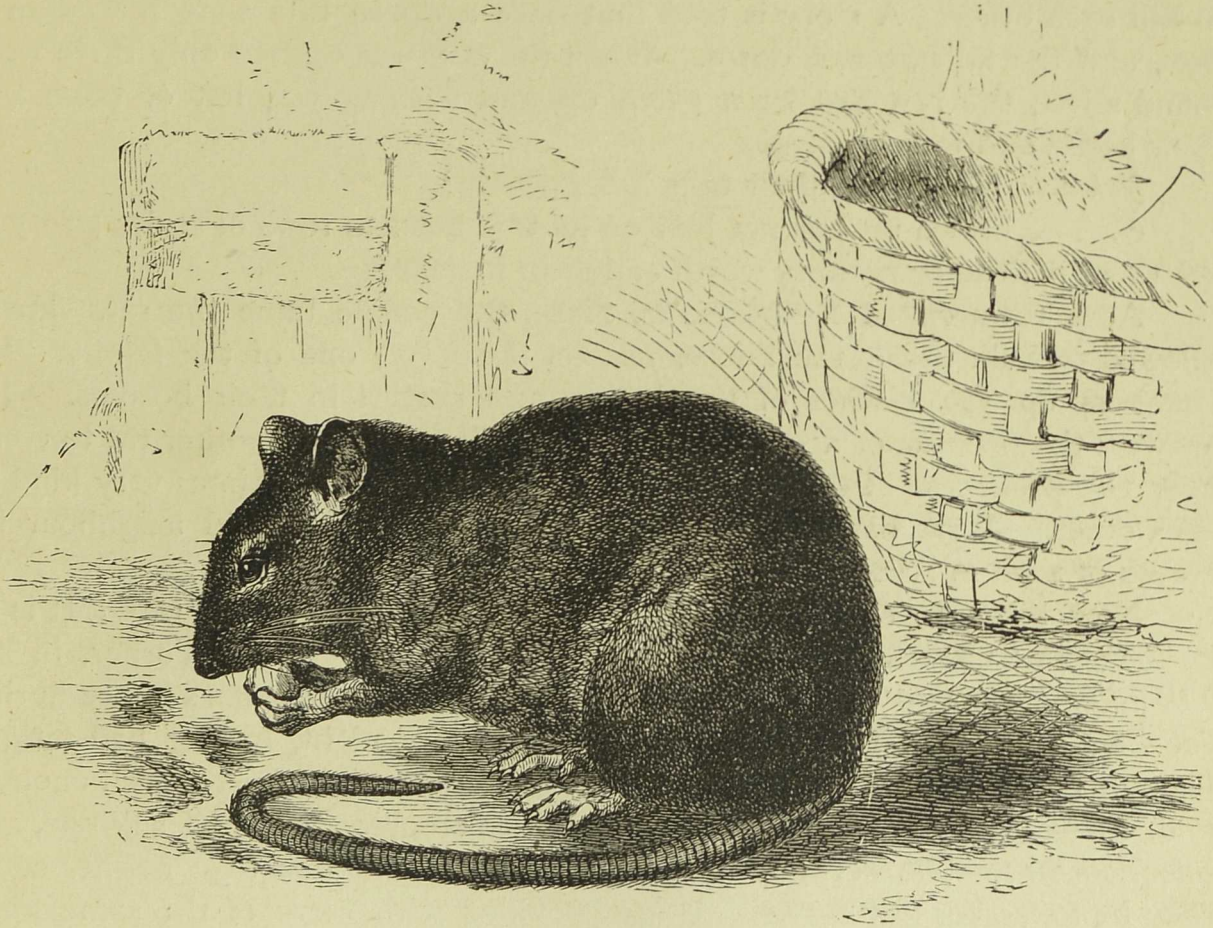


SHREW MICE.

figures of rats or mice nibbling at wheat-sheaves. Black rats were formerly countless throughout the country; now there is scarcely one to be found. In pulling down some old houses in Barbican, a street in London, I am told that a nest of them was found, and the little baby rats were eagerly bought up by some naturalists, who wished to preserve specimens of the breed.

The big brown rat was unknown three centuries ago. Mr. Waterton

says that though the exact time when this mischievous little brute first appeared amongst us is unknown, it used to be commonly said in Yorkshire that it first came over in the ship which brought the Royal House of Hanover to England. Most likely this is a mistake. Oliver Goldsmith was assured that the Norway rat, as it is called, was quite unknown in that



A RAT.

country when it established itself in England, and that it arrived from the coast of Ireland, whither it had been carried in vessels that traded with provisions to Gibraltar. It seems to have first come from Persia, from whence it was driven by an earthquake. I suppose that there is not a ship leaves or arrives at the Port of London without having a number of rats on board. A curious story was told to me, when some years ago I was at

Sydney in New South Wales. A large barge, full of Port Cooper cheeses, was moored close to the wharf of the harbour. A ship came in from England infested with rats. The captain adroitly anchored his vessel as near as he could to the cheese-barge. In a few hours not a rat was to be found in the ship; they had all gone to feast upon the dainty morsels or tit-bits of cheese which they would find in the barge. Rats are biting animals. They are apt to kill each other. A story is told that once a dozen rats were placed in a box, and the lid fastened down. When the box was opened only three were found alive; the rest had been eaten up, and nothing was left of them but their bones and tails.

Fohnnie. Why were their tails left, grandie?

G. The brown rat has not hair on its tail, but 200 rows of scales; so you see there is little or nothing worth eating in it.

At a town called Bangkok, in Siam, the people tame the rat. He is allowed to walk about the house, just as if he was one of the family. He clammers up the clothes of the ladies, and nestles in their bosoms. He answers the purpose of a cat or dog, for he will not allow another rat to come near the premises. Yet, on the other hand, rats are sometimes very kind to each other. A rat has been known to lead a poor blind old neighbour by means of a bit of stick.

Now listen to this good story about the strange habits of rats. It is to be found in "Cassell's Popular Natural History." Sir James Turner, in his "Memoirs," says:—"I was at one time living in a gentleman's house during the Civil Wars, and I resolved to go to bed every night, having had fatigue enough before in fighting and watching. The first night I slept well enough, and, rising next morning, I missed one linen stocking, one half silk one, and one boot-hose—the accoutrement under a boot, for one leg; neither could they be found for any search. Being provided with more of the same kind, I made myself ready, and rode to the head-quarters. At my return I could hear no news of my stockings. That night I went to bed, and next morning found myself just so used—missing the three stockings for one leg only, the other three being left entire, as they were the day before. A narrower search than the first was made, but without success. I had yet in reserve one pair of whole stockings, and a pair of boot-hose greater than the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same usage—the stockings for one leg only left me. It was time for me then, and my servants too, to

imagine that it must be rats that had shared my stockings so equally with me; and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, but would not tell me.

“The room, which was a low parlour, being well searched with candles,



THE MUSK RAT.

the top of my great boot-hose was found at a hole, into which they had drawn all the rest. I went abroad, and ordered the boards to be raised, to see how the rats had disposed of my movables. The mistress sent a servant of her own to be present at this action, which she knew concerned her. One board being but a little opened, a little boy of mine thrust in his hand, and

fetches with him four and twenty old pieces of gold, and one angel. The servant of the house affirmed it belonged to her mistress. The boy bringing the gold to me, I went immediately to the gentlewoman's chamber, and told her it was probable Lambert, having quartered in that house, as indeed he had, some of his servants might have hid that gold, and, if so, it was lawfully mine; but if she could make it appear it belonged to her, I would immediately give it her. The poor gentlewoman told me, with many tears, that her husband being none of the frugalest of men (and indeed he was a spend-thrift), she had hid that gold without his knowledge, to make use of it when she had occasion, and conjured me, as I loved the king (for whom her husband and she had suffered much), not to detain her gold. She said that if there was neither more nor less than four and twenty whole pieces, and two half ones, it should be none of hers, and that they were put by her in a velvet purse. After I had given her assurances of her gold, a new search is made, the other angel is found, the velvet purse all gnawed in bits, as my stockings were, and the gold instantly restored to the gentlewoman."

In the *Globe* newspaper of the 8th of October, 1873, is a curious account of some rats which lived on board a steamship in the Mediterranean Sea. The writer says that voices had been hushed in the saloon for a full hour, and he lay in his berth quietly reading till sleep should steal over him. It was about midnight, and finishing a chapter of the book, he determined to put out his lamp. There were uninvited guests in the cabin—two sleek, well-fed rats were making a supper off his boots. They had gnawed a very pretty pathway along the kid they seemed to like very much. He could not but admire the activity which they displayed at their meal. The bigger and fatter rascal of the two occupied vantage ground in the inside of the boot, out of which he poised himself skilfully, bending his head to his work as he tugged and gnawed, and rolled his beautiful red tongue all about his lips and whiskers. The other guest was slightly smaller and crouched more at his work, tearing his shreds of kid with a more voracious appetite. He turned a bright cunning eye towards his friend in the boot from time to time, and it was easy to read a grave enjoyment in his look, as he swallowed his uncooked meat, relishing it the more because it was covered with a good coat of blacking. It was an interesting study for a minute or two; but soon the writer's attention was turned to another and still bigger rat, whose ribs were well clothed with

rounded muscle, and whose tail swung to an alarming distance. He was evidently fond of oil. He may have been a Polar rat, bred where train-oil is drunk, for he was treating himself in a quiet way to a pot of pomatum within his reach. His mouth and nose shone like a little boy's when he has done stuffing himself with his share of Christmas turkey. If he had been a nervous rat, with a guilty look about him, the man in the berth might have laughed; but he carried himself with so much self-possession and an easy consciousness of the defensive value of his great teeth, that the man gazed on him as experienced hunters are said to gaze upon a lion—making no movement that might in the least distract him from his fatty meal. The rat seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and the side of the boot smaller and smaller. At last the man hurled his book at the biggest rat, and the trio disappeared. The man put out his lamp, and turned round to go to sleep, but in vain, for quantities of them came squeaking, pattering, and playing the oddest games. Dashing a rug down among them, the man rushed on the deck, and stayed there till the night went out, and the east blazed with amber-tinted clouds that swept across the sky, and changed from colour to colour as the sun poured his golden light into them.

The author of the "Wonders of Animal Instinct" writes as follows about the cunning and sagacity of rats:—

"Notwithstanding some evidences of the rapacity of the rat, and its taste for human flesh, examples are related of true attachment in these animals, not only for their own species, but also towards man. The rat is not insensible to good treatment, but attaches himself to persons who feed and pet him. Prisoners especially have borne witness to this fact. Rats are also clever and intelligent workmen; they construct their dwellings with skill; the smallest are inhabited by one family only, while the larger ones contain several. Their sagacity is especially displayed in the choice of the place where they take up their abode. They build their houses in marshes, or by the sides of lakes and rivers, which have a wide reach, and of which the bed is shallow and the water sluggish. They choose the most elevated part of these lands for their habitations, so that the rising waters may not annoy them; if their dwelling is too low, they raise it; they also arrange it in gradations, to enable them to mount from story to story, as the water rises. When this dwelling is intended for seven or eight rats, it is generally about two feet square, and is made larger in proportion to the number it has to contain. it

has also as many apartments as there are families. All these arrangements show marks of intelligence ; but there are yet others.

“It is well known how cleverly rats can swim. They cross rivers to procure food from houses and gardens, and generally make the passage at break of day, for fear of being detected. The following incident proves the cunning of this animal. A number of rats had taken up their abode near a dog-kennel, in which were lodged a great many pointers. The food of the latter was put into narrow troughs, and the rats were accustomed to come and partake of the dinner with the dogs, which, trained for higher game, despised these little mean gnawers. The latter, seeing no danger, came in such numbers that they devoured the daily food of the dogs, and the master of the kennel resolved to destroy these marauders. With this intention he made a hole in the wall, at the end of each trough, and placed in the openings the muzzle of a loaded gun, so as to destroy the rats at one blow. At the usual feeding-hour he stationed a servant at each gun ready to fire. Having securely locked up the dogs, he gave the signal for putting the food into the troughs, and retired to the kennel, intending to wait until the rats were so much occupied in the trough that they might be all killed by a single discharge. He waited patiently for a long time, but not a single rat appeared. Having allowed the food to remain for about an hour without seeing any rats, he released the dogs, who immediately rushed at their dinner. They had scarcely commenced their repast when the rats showed themselves, and, as if they knew they were being guarded by the dogs, kept their accustomed place in the trough. They had never before dined with so good an appetite. The intelligence of the rat is such, that if it has once escaped from a trap, it is seldom caught again. Many other examples might be given to prove the extent of their sagacity. Dr. Franklin tells us, that when rats gain admittance into a vessel, all goes well with them so long as the cargo is on board and they can procure plenty of water, which is most necessary to them ; but if it be too well guarded for them to obtain it easily, they have recourse to very extraordinary devices in order to procure some. During a very rainy night they come on deck to drink ; then they climb the rigging to collect the water which they find in the folds of the sails. If they are reduced to great extremity, they attack the spirit casks, and drink so much that they are unable to regain their holes. Land rats gnaw even the metal pipes which, in public-houses, conduct the alcoholic liquors from the cask to the counter. All the race have very finely-

organised ears, to catch the sound of flowing liquids. No doubt, the difficulty they find in procuring water has, in several cases, induced them to leave the vessel as soon as it touches the land.

“Examples of the sagacity of rats are too numerous to mention. The ingenious devices by which they often secure coveted food have every mark of reasoning. They have often found eggs stored up by careful housewives in a dry loft at the top of a house, and have actually contrived to carry the eggs down whole flights of stairs to their holes in a deep cellar. This feat has been watched by angry householders anxious to counteract the stratagems of the wily plunderers. According to the statements of these observers, the rats appear to have skilfully combined to aid each other in lowering the eggs, one by one, down every separate stair. Their mouths and fore-paws were the principal means employed in the operation. Two rats have even been watched as they were conveying an egg *up-stairs*; in which bit of engineering one animal pushed or raised up the egg, and the other received it. On another occasion the rats formed a line, passing the egg along from one to the other. When a number of men form a line to hand buckets of water rapidly along, we call the act a rational proceeding: why should not a like combination be deemed a sign of intelligence in these animals? Rats have also been detected in the act of extracting salad oil from the long and narrow necks of Florence flasks. One of the animals wrenched out the cork; then the same, or a companion, dipped his long tail into the flask; the others instantly licked the delicious oil off the soaked tail, and by repeated dippings of this kind the flask was soon almost emptied.

“Rats will also combine to attack their foes, and have been known to drive off even dogs when these were wanting in thorough-bred courage. The rats in the well-known fable were not able to procure one of their number to volunteer in ‘belling the cat;’ but Mr. Rodwell mentions a case in which a fine cat was almost torn to pieces and killed by a concerted attack of these animals. Puss had long been famous as a rat-killer, but one night a very army of the foe must have suddenly sprung upon Grimalkin, and overpowered the hero.

“Few would suppose the rat capable of being tamed, but some cases of this kind have occurred. These educated rats have followed their keepers about with all the fidelity of a spaniel. To train these animals so as to act in a theatre is, perhaps, not more wonderful than to teach fleas to perform the

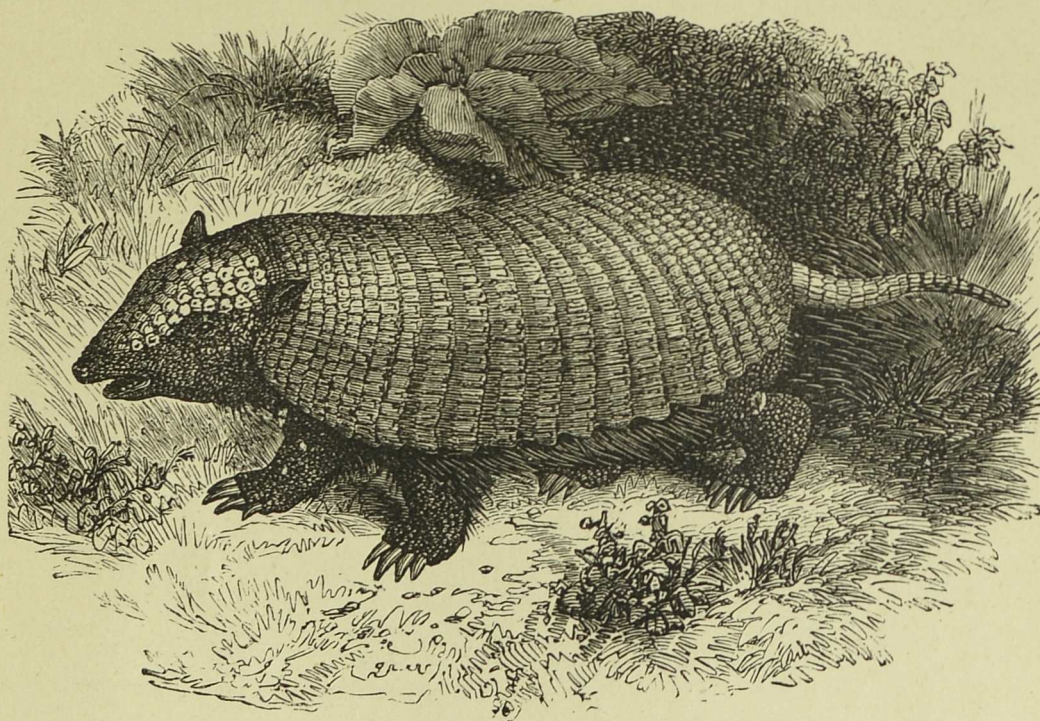
military drill, but it supplies one more proof of intelligence in such creatures. The rats in question displayed their talents before a Belgian audience, and were dressed up in miniature human clothing, in which they acted the parts of fine ladies and gentlemen. The whole performance was appropriately concluded by the hanging of a cat in effigy, round which the rats wheeled in a grand triumphal march!"

Arthur. What is this animal looking something like a hedge-hog?

G. He is called an armadillo, and is common in Paraguay, a country in South America. A friend of mine brought one from that country, so I had opportunities of observing the beast. The body was in length a little less than a foot; it ran about the kitchen with surprising swiftness. Like the hedge-hog, it soon ate up all the blackbeetles in the house. It liked bread and potatoes, and occasionally was indulged with a morsel of meat. The American natives eat it. It is said that they put aromatic leaves entirely round the animal's body, when they have taken out the entrails; then they wrap it in clay, baking the clay in a large fire of wood ashes. By-and-by they crack the clay covering, and out comes the little animal, quite separated from his armour-plate and his skin. The flavour of his flesh is very rank, and therefore not much cared for by Europeans.

And now I think we must stop. As you grow older, if you want really to enjoy tales about animals, watch their movements, and study them as much as you can for yourselves. Boys and girls living in towns have not the same opportunities for this instructive pastime as those who live in the country. Still, every London street has its sparrows, and the square in front of Guildhall, like the great Piazza at Venice, is frequented by hundreds of pigeons and doves. Then, again, the capitals of the columns in front of the houses in Belgrave Square are covered with copper network to keep the martins from building their nests there. When I was last in Paris, I saw a dignified gentlewoman in the gardens of the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries, almost buried, as it were, in sparrows. There must have been at least a hundred fluttering about her, or hanging to her dress. I was told that she feeds them every morning, and that they were so tame, that they would perch upon her fingers and eat out of her hand. I knew a boy who made friends with a number of rats that lived in his father's garden. He generally had half a dozen in his pockets at a time, and said that they were very affectionate when kindly treated. In fact, from the enormous elephant down to the little harvest mouse,

all animals display the mingled power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty Creator. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ; in wisdom hast Thou made them all. They all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season." Let us, then, both young and old, try, though at a humble distance, to imitate the compassions of God. Children, I am sorry to say, are often naturally cruel. They delight in giving pain to others. Resist this evil



THE ARMADILLO.

tendency in yourselves, if ever it begins to break out. Hurt none of God's creatures. Remember that they belong to God, remember that He made them and preserves them, then you will grow step by step kind and good.

And now good night, children ; go to bed gently, and make no noise, for fear you should wake the baby !

Mary. And that would be cruelty to animals, wouldn't it, grandie ?

G. You saucy animal, good night ! Run away now.

THE END.

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