



BOB THE
TERRIER

Stamford
Parish Ch: Sunday Sch

PRESENTED TO

W. Bushford.

for attendance
and good behaviour
in Church.

Christmas 1888.



BOB, THE SPOTTED TERRIER.

LONDON:

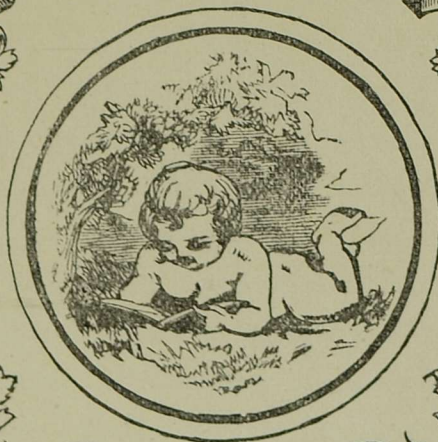
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LD.,
ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.



FRONTISPIECE.

BOB,
THE
SPOTTED TERRIER.

BY HIMSELF



GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO.,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK.

[The rights of Translation and of Reproduction are reserved.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHATEVER delineates life and nature is sure to find a prototype in every breast; and every reader thinks he has met with something similar in his own experience. It is to be lamented, however, that the generality of books for young people are equally remote from nature and truth; they contain no facts, they throw no light on the science of life, the most useful of all others. If the writer of this has been happy enough to infuse into this little volume a little more knowledge of men and manners than is usual in such publications, which was composed solely for the amusement of his own children, and to relieve the weariness of ill health and severer studies, he shall feel himself abundantly gratified by having set a good example for others to follow.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
The universal passion—Antiquity of Terriers—General character—New variety—Parentage of our hero—Noble and wise—Early danger—A beggar's boon .	7

CHAPTER II.

The beggar an excellent dry-nurse to Bob—Description of Bob's form and colours, after the manner of naturalists—In conformity to custom, loses a portion of his tail and ears—Some feeling remarks—Progress with his mendicant master—The sad history of the latter—An affecting and final separation .	13
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Bob in durance vile—Causes his voice to be heard in the night—A military and naval Proteus introduced—Humorously described—Falls in love with Bob—Buys him—Natural reflections—Is carried to a fair—Mendicant oratory, and its success . . .	20
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Bob's education commences—Astonishing proficiency—Learns several thievish tricks—Becomes a dog of knowledge, and a conjuror—The education of children and puppies compared—Both often essentially wrong	26
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Bob associates with dancing bears and monkeys—Carries away the bell from them all, and lifts his master from walking in the mud to riding in a caravan—Single combat of a monkey and a bull-dog—Ludicrous anecdote of a wig shifting-block	31

CHAPTER VI.

Natural effects of good and bad fortune—Bob rises in public estimation—His master withdraws from the bears and monkeys, and carries him to the metropolis—Flaming hand-bill, in the style of modern imposture—Good-natured gullibility of Cockneys—Continued success—An approaching crisis	39
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

A reverie of bliss, and the catastrophe—Bob is stolen into the army, and his master pressed into the navy—Thoughts at parting—Bob not much displeased with his new situation—Carried by his master to Jamaica—Sage remarks, and a dash of vanity	45
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

A tropical climate and its effects described—Bob doubts if negroes are men, and argues weakly—Reverts to his own dear self—His master taken ill—Bob's attachment and attention—A last debt is paid—Language fails	51
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

	PAGE
Bob falls into the hands of an officer—Defeats the artifice of a sharper, and excites at once resentment and applause—Leaves Jamaica, and sails for England—An unexpected rencontre, and its consequences—Bob presented to a young lady in London . . .	57

CHAPTER X.

Bob delineates his mistress—Is admitted into all her parties and secrets—Reflections on high life, in the common spirit of low-life philosophers—Visits Bath and other fashionable places of resort—Becomes depraved himself, and promises a <i>bonne bouche</i> to his readers	62
---	----

CHAPTER XI.

Bob returns to London—A rout and a fire—Stolen in the confusion—In danger of losing his life for the sake of his skin—Falls into the hands of a pettifogger, and conveyed by him to a Gloucestershire Squire	68
--	----

CHAPTER XII.

Bob discovers his learned ignorance, and sets about obtaining the knowledge proper for a dog—Is taken into the field—At first entertains some strange prejudices against the noble science of hunting, and, like a novice, wonders how the humane can delight in giving pain—Is buried alive in a fox-earth—Recovered by Mr. Allworthy, his master . . .	75
--	----

CHAPTER XIII.

	PAGE
Our hero equally noticed in the parlour and the field— A favourable sketch of the Allworthy family—Their happiness—The instability of fortune—A violent fever, and a mad dog	81

CHAPTER XIV.

Apostrophe to Adversity—Its fruits—A horrible acci- dent—The miraculous instinct and sagacity of Bob in saving his master—A pathetic recital of the means employed	88
---	----

CHAPTER XV.

The grateful master and the contented servant—The French merchant and his dog—Canine fidelity and Robespierrian cruelty—Sir Harry Lee's mastiff— The Newfoundland dog—Tray and his friend—The wild Indian dog—The story of Gelert—The Scotch shepherd's child—Bob takes his leave of the public, with some pretty verses from the Gleaner	96
---	----

MEMOIRS
OF
BOB, THE SPOTTED TERRIER.

CHAPTER I.

The universal passion—Antiquity of Terriers—General character—New variety—Parentage of our hero—Noble and wise—Early danger—A beggar's boon.

THE love of fame seems natural to every thing that breathes; even the notoriety of infamy has been thought more desirable than the oblivious shade of unaspiring innocence. Else how can we account for several sad dogs of the human race, of both sexes, publishing their disgraceful memoirs; and thus inviting that reprobation which they might have escaped, had they kept their secrets to themselves?

Whether I am actuated by vanity, ambition, or a passion for fame, my readers must determine from my story. I have often heard it remarked, with proverbial wisdom, that "every dog must have his day." Mine is almost spent: how I have filled up the portion of existence which was devoted to active pursuits will be seen in the sequel. I shall neither use disguise nor concealment: I shall neither boast of exploits that I never performed, nor seek to build my reputation on the ruin of another's name. Happy would it be for mankind if the two-legged puppies who are now running the career of life were equally candid and forbearing. There is sufficient room for each to act a useful, if not a distinguished part, without encroaching on another's province; and instead of trying to snatch the bone from their neighbour's mouth, or snarling when they happen to meet, it would be well if the interchanges of humanity more frequently took place, and the strong and powerful lent their ready aid to the helpless and the weak.

But though the sons of reason have often

followed my nose, I fear they will not be influenced by my advice; and therefore, leaving them to criticise each other, which they are prone enough to do, I shall proceed to my own more important concerns.

The family of the Terriers from which I am paternally descended, are as ancient as any in the kingdom. They neither came in with the Danes, the Saxons, nor the Romans, but were of genuine aboriginal breed. It is probable they were familiar with the Druids, and exalted their voice against the Roman invaders. They never changed their language nor their manners in consequence of foreign conquest; and though they have served various masters, it was not till they were deserted by their native protectors. Often have they followed their first owner to battle, or attended him in flight; often have they shared with him the ills of hunger and fatigue without a murmur, or assisted him to procure subsistence when secluded in caves or a fugitive on the mountains.

Hardiness was always characteristic of the race. For a long succession of ages they were

distinguished by a grim tan-coloured visage, sharp teeth, and wiry hair. The effeminacy of modern times, however, has affected even dogs. Mankind are not satisfied with practising every art that can conduce to their own degeneracy, but they have likewise endeavoured to give a new and softer tone to animals. It was supposed that an intermixture between the genuine terrier and the small beagle would produce a very delicate variety, and unite the agreeable qualities of both. The experiment is thought to have succeeded, as often as it has been tried. The mixed breed has been reckoned much more elegant in form, more agreeable in manners, more beautiful in the variety of colours, than the pure of either; and from this I am legitimately sprung.

But when the lives of heroes are recording, general descriptions must appear lame and unsatisfactory. I will not at the outset disgust my readers, nor derogate from my own generic worth. My origin should be particularly traced. In time it may be registered in the College of Arms; and perhaps I may rank with

the grandee under whose protection I came to light.

Be it known, then, that, if oral report and ocular demonstration can be believed, my sire was a terrier of the highest blood, and my dam a beagle of the first merit that ever hunted in a pack. They both belonged to a nobleman, equally remarkable for his eccentricity, his weakness, and his good nature. He admired cropped horses; and imagined that, by cropping the male and female, a breed of croppies would be produced. He once attended a puppetshow; and because he found Punch was a merry fellow, he made a purchase of him, that he might be entertained whenever he was at a loss for amusement. Need it be then wondered at, that he wished, as well as some other dog-fanciers, to have spotted, smooth-haired terriers? In this attempt he was much more successful than in producing a breed of cropped horses, or in hearing Punch speak without a prompter. I came into the world the last of four brothers and sisters, which were all ordered to be reared with the most diligent care; but your humble ser-

vant appearing rather puny, was destined to be thrown into the horse-pond.

A beggar, however, saved me from this early fate, and to him the world is indebted for whatever entertainment it may receive from these Memoirs. He had long been begging at the gate, and found only ridicule or neglect. The domestic who was ordered to destroy me, in passing along, wished to raise a horse-laugh from full-fed brutality, and asked the mendicant if he would accept of me. The poor fellow, observing that I was unfortunate like himself, hesitated not to hold out his hand for the boon, and with a smile replied, "that he should not now go empty from the gate." His good-humour softened the hearts of the savages; and they ran and fetched him some broken bread and meat, that he might be the better able to support his increase of family, as they were pleased to call it.

CHAPTER II.

The beggar an excellent dry-nurse to Bob—Description of Bob's form and colours, after the manner of naturalists—In conformity to custom, loses a portion of his tail and ears—Some feeling remarks—Progress with his mendicant master—The sad history of the latter—An affecting and final separation.

As soon as my master had properly stowed his acquisitions, he retired under a hedge to refresh himself; and I must do him the justice to say, that he did not forget me. I was too young to eat solids; but he kindly masticated my food for me, and often begged a little milk from some country dame, part of which he always appropriated for my use. During my early puppyhood, I was carried in a loose pouch that hung on one side, and in every respect had reason to congratulate myself that I had fallen into the hands of such an excellent dry-nurse. In the service of the admirer of Punch I might have fared worse; my own mother could not have been more attentive.

When six weeks old, I began to unfold my

figure and colours, and was caressed by my master as one of the prettiest little creatures that ever appeared in a dog's skin. My form was said to be cast in the mould of elegance, though delicately small; and I was very regularly marked from head to tail. My prevailing colours were white and brindled tan, with a beautiful oval spot of the latter hue in the middle of my forehead. My neck was wholly white, and a peak of the same colour descended down my back, like a lady's handkerchief, on each side bounded with a dark tan. Various patches and lines of white and brindled tan diversified my sides; my rump and the insertion of my tail were darkish, and its extremity white. My belly and legs were of the same colour; my ears and the sides of the face a vivid glossy tan. I early suffered an amputation of part of my ears and tail; or, in other words, I was cropped, and partially docked. All this was done to increase my beauty; but it certainly did not add to my comforts, exclusive of the torture it put me to. In other hands perhaps I might have suffered more; for, as I observed before,

my master was exceedingly fond of me, and I am sure never inflicted on me a pain but what was intended for my benefit, in compliance with the established usages of the lords of the creation, of whom he was one, though there was not a spot on earth he could call his own.

By degrees I was taught to walk a little; and I now reflect with pleasure on the gratification I received from the first indulgence of freedom. With what rapture did I follow my master's steps! and how well do I remember the delight which the poor fellow expressed at seeing me play round his legs, as he reposed on the verdant hillock, or sought the shade of a tree! I was his only associate, and seemed to be his solace and joy. He found in me that fidelity which he had in vain sought in his fellow-men, and therefore he loved me more than them. For my part, covered as he was with rags, destitute of shelter, and often in want of common necessities, I would not have left him for the proudest monarch on earth. Men change with fortune; dogs never change through choice.

Before I was three months old, I had acquired, from constant exercise, a considerable share of strength, and was no longer an incumbrance to my fond protector. How sweet, at this period, was novelty to my youth and inexperience! Every step was over fairy ground; every scene excited sensations of rapture.

We passed from door to door, with various success, through several cities, towns, and villages, in the inland counties of England; sometimes plentifully supplied, and sometimes a short allowance. My master, it appeared, was a native of ———, but had long been obliged to fly from his home, and to beg his daily bread.

As he was the preserver of my life, and my destiny was so nearly connected with his, the reader will pardon me if I pay a debt of gratitude to my benefactor before we part for ever. His history is short, and not uncommon. He was the younger son of a small farmer, who was poor, indeed, but brought up his family to labour, and supported an honest independence. Unfortunately, my master had from his early years a taste for hunting and sporting, without

the means of indulging it prudently or legally. He was long suspected of snaring hares, and catching partridges in nets—crimes more unpardonable, in some districts, than murder or sacrilege; and, at last, he was detected in the fact, within the *sacred* precincts of a park!

The noble owner, who would rather have preserved his game than the love of his neighbourhood, or even the life of an individual, ordered a pettifogging agent to proceed against the culprit, and to warn the father from his little farm. The family, in consequence, were ruined; and the wretched poacher, to escape a prison, fled with precipitation into a distant county. The reflections on the distress in which he had involved those who were most dear to him preyed on his mind, and threw him into a dangerous fever. The selfish humanity of the parish-officers where he fell ill consigned him to an hospital; from which he was discharged an incurable cripple, brought on by ill usage and neglect, after a confinement of many months.

Being no longer able to work, and separated from his friends by the dread of a gaol, his only

resource was beggary. After a vagrant life, however, of many years, the love of his natal soil, and the hope that his crime was forgotten, made him bend his course towards the scenes of all his wishes and all his regrets. In this ramble I was his companion; and, without being known or noticed, he reached the town of ——. The proprietor of the lodging-house where he engaged a twopenny bed unluckily happened to recognise him; and, in order to curry favour with the great, threatened to give information to the steward of the grandee whom he had offended past forgiveness; but, like most rascally informers, he was desirous to gain something by both parties; and, seeing I was the only property my master had to part with, and at the same time taking a fancy to me, promised, on condition of his relinquishing me, not to take any notice till some hours after he left the town.

The alternative I saw was dreadful to my dear, but wretched, master; but the love of liberty prevailed. He had been used to rove at large, and the idea of a prison filled him with

horror. "Take my dog," said he to the villain, "but use him kindly. In robbing me of him, you deprive me of the only companion I have had for some months; he was fond and faithful, and I wished for no other; but perhaps he may be better provided for by you than me, and I love him too well to be selfish. His name is Bob. Poor Bob! I hoped we should have jogged on together till death overtook one of us; but, alas! I was always unhappy." He turned from me with tears in his eyes, and rushed out of the house. I yelped and whined to follow him; but dogs and the unfortunate must be passive: it is criminal in either to complain.

CHAPTER III.

Bob in durance vile—Causes his voice to be heard in the night—A military and naval Proteus introduced—Humorously described—Falls in love with Bob—Buys him—Natural reflections—Is carried to a fair—Mendicant oratory, and its success.

BUT though obliged to submit to my tyrant, and to endure the restraints he imposed on me, I was not so abject a slave as to conceal that my attachment was sincere for my original lord, and that I valued a beggar more than a base intriguer. Dogs are by nature honest; they fawn not where they wish to bite; they lick not the hand which they do not love.

In the course of the day I made various attempts to recover my liberty, and to overtake my old and kind protector; but I was closely watched, and instantly fetched back; and every time I eloped my punishment was increased, till at last I was shut up in a hole scarcely big enough to hold a cat. Here I was confined during the night; but if a prison was irksome to me, their beds were not very pleasant to any

of the family. I alternately yelped and howled, and frightened sleep from the house. In the morning the lodgers complained most bitterly of their broken repose, and all were anxious to see the common disturber.

Among those who had taken up their quarters for the night in this receptacle for the better sort of mendicants and itinerant traders in small wares, was a person who, as I afterwards learned, had served his Majesty both by sea and land; but having no stomach for fighting, and less inclination to brook a superior, preferred raising a contribution on the public by his address, to reaping laurels by his valour. Having, however, seen a little of the life both of a soldier and a sailor, he knew well how to assume either character; and, as it best suited his purpose, he was dressed in a jacket, trousers, and fur cap, or a cocked hat and an old regimental coat. His passport was not his discharge, but a wooden leg, which he occasionally fastened to his knee, with the real leg projecting behind; or his right arm bent and tied up in a sling, as if amputated below the elbow.

These appendages, with a volubility of tongue, a bold address, and a well-told tissue of lies, calculated to excite pity or astonishment, according to the impression he wished to make, gained him showers of halfpence, and sometimes a piece of silver.

But I am launching out into the history of this impostor before my readers know how we became acquainted. I was always a little desultory in my motions, and apt to lose the right scent; but it will appear in the sequel that I know how to come back to the point from whence I started.

No sooner did this veteran hero of both elements set his eyes on me, than he exclaimed, "Burn my wooden leg, landlord, but I must have that little dog, if he cost me half-a-crown and a glass of gin!" "The gin first, by way of earnest," says the landlord. The bottle was brought, and soon emptied between the two worthy competitors; and the stipulated price being paid down, I was put into the hands of a new master.

The transfer from one owner to another had

been so rapid, that I was scarcely allowed time to reflect on the revolutions of fortune; but having been used to a life of liberty, and finding that I was to be emancipated from my present confinement, I anticipated in this instance a recovery of some portion of lost felicity. I was now at that age in which the triumphs of hope are displayed in all their glory. Impressions of ill, indeed, were vivid and strong; but elastic spirits soon threw off the incumbent weight, and the buoyancy of hope kept me from sinking in the dark waters of despair.

For some days, however, I found it impossible to form any rational conjecture as to my future destinies. My new master did not neglect to feed me, and kept me safe; but he was too much engaged in his vocation to pay me any extraordinary attention.

It happened there was a fair, for several successive days, at the place to which we had removed; and every morning my master took his stand in some narrow pass, in a new dress, or with a different story of ills. Such a Proteus I never saw. Though we were now a little

acquainted, I was ready to bark at him as a stranger on his first appearance, every time he equipped himself for playing a new character.

One day he was an old maimed tar; and nothing rang in the ears of passengers but “God bless your noble honour’s worship, think of poor Jack! Lost his precious limb in peppering the French—lay three years in a prison—taken by the Moors, and sold for a slave—swam five leagues for his life from a ship on fire—has all his timbers battered, and some of his planks started. God bless your noble honour’s worship, pity the poor tar!”—“Thank your honour. May you never know what it is to want!”

Another day, perhaps, he acted the old soldier, with his arm tied up, a patch on his eye, and every mark of decrepitude. It was then, in a softer voice, “Kind sir, bestow your charity on the broken-down soldier. Wounded in six battles—thrice left for dead in the field—fell into the hands of the Indians—half scalped and broiled—saved by a miracle. God bless you! think of your country’s defenders, and bestow a trifle on the worn-out soldier!”

With various other changes, according to time and circumstances, this was my master's style of oratory during the fair. His success was equal to his address and perseverance. He picked up a pretty sum; and, as hoarding was not one of his vices, he lay by and enjoyed his acquisitions, till want again stimulated him to exertion.

CHAPTER IV.

Bob's education commences—Astonishing proficiency—Learns several thievish tricks—Becomes a dog of knowledge, and a conjuror—The education of children and puppies compared—Both often essentially wrong.

IN the temporary enjoyment of ease and leisure, after such a rich harvest, my master devoted his principal attention to me; and, in order to amuse the languor of idleness, began to teach me the first rudiments of education.

Hitherto this had been strangely neglected: I had long, indeed, known my own name, and could answer to it when called; but with regard to manners, and other necessary accomplishments for a dog of my breed and promise, I was wholly ignorant.

My owner, however, speedily discovering my docility, and the pleasure I took in learning such little arts as he thought proper to teach me, conceived the vast idea of making me an accomplished scholar, or, in other words, a DOG OF KNOWLEDGE. After acquiring the science of

fetching and carrying with the utmost promptness, I was put on more difficult tasks. If any thing my owner touched was left behind at an indefinite distance, on the word of command I returned and brought it. And blame me not, gentle reader, if I was, in consequence of learning this trick, frequently made an agent in stealing. I knew not then the distinctions of property, for in the commonwealth of dogs all is free; and I thought it my duty to observe my instructor's directions, regardless of other considerations. Often when he got admission into a house he would put his finger on any little article of furniture or dress which he knew I was able to carry off, and then calling, "Bob, let us go," merely to be sure that I noticed his motions, I was sent back to fetch it, when sufficient time had elapsed to prevent the probability of suspicion. Sometimes the door was shut; sometimes the prize was snatched from my mouth as I was in the act of bearing it away, and not unfrequently I was saluted with a kick or a lash for my roguish attempts; but as I was warmly applauded and caressed whenever I succeeded,

trifling obstacles and rebuffs did not daunt my resolution.

He next proceeded to teach me to pick pockets, simply by touching them, while my attention was directed to his actions; but this manœuvre was only practised on himself, or such of his brethren as he wished to entertain with an exhibition of my attainments. It was too dangerous a trick to put me upon, unless when it could be done without the dread of detection; for though the principles of honesty did not restrain my master from giving full scope to my powers, the sense of danger frequently did.

Accomplished in all those arts, and some of them nefarious ones, it must be allowed in less time than could have been expected, my tutor formed a new and extensive scheme of making me subservient to his own aggrandisement, and of raising a fortune by my means.

Having an old pack of cards, he taught me to distinguish each, and to bring it from the heap on being named. He then procured the letters of the alphabet to be printed on the back of a certain number of these cards; and after

being perfect in the knowledge of them, I was taught by signs to spell any person's name, and to lay it letter by letter at his feet. These were acquisitions which required some time to obtain: but at length I mastered them completely; and at every hotel for paupers was called on to display them to admiring ignorance, that I might be habituated to face better company.

Dancing in a harlequin's jacket, fencing with a stick, and other similar gestic arts, were not forgotten to be added to the list of my accomplishments. I thus became as dexterous in gymnastics, as I was skilled in the learned sciences. Happy would it be for youth, who are born to be our superiors, if, with mental accomplishments, they also cultivated manly exercises, and strengthened the body while they are improving the mind. Man seems kinder to animals than to his own race; the horse and the dog are exercised in various ways to promote agility, strength, and health; but the young of human kind are cramped in all their corporeal energies by a false and effeminate sys-

tem of education, equally destructive of private happiness and public utility.

Indeed, the scheme of fashionable education (I speak now as a dog of knowledge) is as useless, and perhaps as pernicious, as some of those arts which were taught me when a puppy: they learn much which it would have been better for them never to know, as was the case with the reader's humble servant, Bob. But a truce to moralising! I was formed to be the creature of another's will, and therefore am not accountable for involuntary actions. Be the shame and the punishment on those who compel animals to violate the laws of unperverted nature, and taint the most generous of quadrupeds with their own base and mercenary maxims.

CHAPTER V.

Bob associates with dancing bears and monkeys—

Carries away the bell from them all, and lifts his master from walking in the mud to riding in a caravan—Single combat of a monkey and a bulldog—Ludicrous anecdote of a wig shifting-block.

PROUD of his success as a tutor, and ambitious to turn my talents to his advantage, my master was impatient for an opportunity of exhibiting me to the public. But, notwithstanding his address and ingenuity, as he wanted that *primum mobile*, money, and besides was deficient in the art of conducting a public show, for some time he could not hit on any expedient to effectuate his purpose. At last, chance, which happens alike to the wise and the fool, brought about what no foresight nor cunning of his could devise.

As my master was trudging along, in rather a melancholy mood, in order to attend a fair, in the usual routine of business, and lamenting

that he could not convert the pearl in his possession to a proper use, he luckily overtook a leader of dancing bears and monkeys.

This was the fortunate opportunity he wanted: he was shrewd enough to perceive that this rencontre might be turned to the mutual interest both of the bear-guardian and himself; and therefore immediately began to expatiate on my abilities, and to propose a partnership in trade, each retaining the sole and exclusive right to his own original property. The bear leader at once acceded to the conditions, and they retired to the nearest alehouse in order to have a rehearsal, and to arrange matters for the intended exhibition at the fair on the morrow. On trial it was found that I verified all which my master had said in my praise: and the bears and monkeys having had much practice, of course were also adepts in their parts. I did not, however, much like the society of such creatures at first; but I soon saw it would be prudent to make a merit of necessity, and to submit. The hug of a bear would have put an end to my existence, had I provoked it; and

the enmity of the monkeys would likewise have teased me to death. From long experience I have since found it both safe and wise to accommodate myself to existing circumstances, and to live on amicable terms as well with beasts as men.

It may shew courage to bite, and a spirit of independence to snarl ; but no one ever secured a friend, or disarmed an enemy, except by mild and conciliatory arts, which at the same time are more pleasant to practise than their opposites.

The grand, the important day was now arrived, big with the fate of monkeys, bears, and Bob ; or, to express myself in less fustian language, the hour of exhibition drew near, and our character among the bumpkins at the fair was soon to be decided.

The apartment was speedily filled. The bears and the monkeys opened the entertainment, and went through their usual tricks with sufficient adroitness ; but the hopes of the company evidently rested on me : and without vanity I may affirm, that I performed all that was given

out, and gained abundance of fame and tit-bits for myself, and plenty of pence for the partnership. In short, my reputation for dexterity in fetching cards, spelling names, and other similar performances, was so suddenly blazoned round the fair, that many persons of superior appearance visited me in the afternoon; and though they could not endure the bears and the monkeys, they unanimously agreed that I was well worth seeing, even if the terms of admission had been double—a hint that was not lost in future on the proprietors. They raised, indeed, their terms of admission in several towns, cities, and places of public concourse, and yet more company was allured to the show than before. It seems mankind are prejudiced against what is cheap, and think there must be merit in what is dear. My performances were the same, however, whether little or much was paid on entrance; yet I became more attended, in proportion as more money was levied on my visitors. In short, the honourable proprietors of this motley show began to grow rich; and instead of walking on foot from place to place, they

soon purchased a caravan, which carried us all in a family way.

In this situation I saw much of the world, and could enumerate many incidents redounding to my own honour; but egotism is justly despised, and therefore I refrain.

I cannot, however, forbear mentioning an exploit of a fellow-performer at Coventry. One of our monkeys, named Jack, was famous for handling a short stick, and using it with dexterity and effect. A butcher's dog, of the genuine bull breed, having been set on to insult Jack, he sent him away howling with a single blow. The butcher, irritated at the disgrace of his dog, offered to bet five guineas that on such a day he vanquished the monkey in single combat. The bet was accepted; and at the time appointed the market-place was crowded with spectators, as if the fate of nations had depended on the decision. The monkey was elevated on a cobbler's stool, in the middle of the street, and armed with his truncheon; while the impetuosity of the bull-dog was redoubled by his master, till the signal should be given for the

combat to begin. The critical moment being arrived, the bull-dog made a spring at poor Pug, as if he would have swallowed him at a mouthful; when his owner calling out, "Now, Jack! mind your hits, Jack!" he leaped from his stool on the dog's neck, and fixing himself there, began using his *lignum vitæ* stick with such fury, that he soon battered his antagonist's skull, and left him dead on the field of battle. The butcher was ready to revenge the loss of his servant, and to execute instant vengeance on the monkey; but the spectators declared they would not suffer foul play; and thus Pug came off with flying colours, and will probably rank in future history with Lady Godiva and other worthies of that ancient city.

An anecdote in which the poor bull-dog, who had been thus sacrificed to his master's avarice, makes a conspicuous figure, may here be recorded by way of epitaph. A company of comedians being to represent *Lear*, this butcher took a seat in the front of the pit, and, as usual, accompanied by his dog, which occupied the same bench with his master. In the progress

of the play, the band immediately before them striking up, the dog, probably an amateur of music, put his fore-paws on the rail of the orchestra, and seemed to listen to the notes. Meanwhile the master's grease exuding with the heat of the house, he took off his wig to wipe away the sweat. Seeing no other convenient way to dispose of it, he placed it on his faithful servant's head, who still kept staring over the rails. At this instant Lear was coming forward, in one of the most impassioned scenes. The wiggified canine hero of the cleaver caught the actor's eye: he totally forgot his assumed character, and bursting into a fit of laughter, ran off the stage. The audience at first were struck with astonishment; but the cause being discovered, the whole house was thrown into a convulsive roar; and the deepest tragedy in the English language was thus turned into the most farcical pantomime.

So much for the butcher's bull-dog of Coventry. On one occasion he converted tragedy into a farce; and at last the farce, in regard to himself, became a tragedy. I have frequently

heard the most trivial passages in the lives of distinguished characters read with admiration ; and I only copy the precedent set me by man, in giving him an anecdote of one of the chiefs of my own race.

CHAPTER VI.

Natural effects of good and bad fortune—Bob rises in public estimation—His master withdraws from the bears and monkeys, and carries him to the metropolis—Flaming hand-bill, in the style of modern imposture—Good-natured gullibility of Cockneys—Continued success—An approaching crisis.

DURING adversity, I have heard it remarked by the philosophic few who walk on two legs, that the best virtues of the heart are sometimes brought to light; while prosperity, on the other hand, calls every latent vice, every base propensity, into action. The latter part of this position was verified by my master's conduct, who became a drunkard and a debauchee, in consequence of his receipts from my extraordinary success.

Puffed up, like every little mind, with the idea of being raised to a higher rank and easier circumstances, and forgetting that it was accident, not merit, that had contributed to his elevation, he not only began to despise his bearish partner, who first introduced him to

the public, but to neglect me, who was the source and origin of all his good fortune.

While I was labouring for his benefit during the day with increasing assiduity and good humour, he frequently left my subsistence to the casual bounty of my visitors; and at night I was indifferently fed, and worse lodged. In short, I was regarded no farther than as I contributed to his emolument. To have suffered me to have starved, or to be stolen, would have reduced him at once to his original insignificance, and therefore I was attended to so far: but that kindness, that familiar notice, that fondling language, which an indulgent master will shew to a less deserving animal, and which are so grateful to a generous spirit, were no longer mine. I felt the injury and the injustice that were done me; but I ceased not to perform my duty, and to strive to deserve a more benign treatment correspondent to my services.

By degrees my performances became so much celebrated, that the humbler tricks of the bears and monkeys were despised, and therefore their part of the drama was in a great measure dis-

pensed with. Indeed, my master, profiting by this evident partiality of the public for me, took an early opportunity to break from the bear-leader, and to dissolve the partnership in the most abrupt manner; in other words, to take French leave. After an evening's exhibition in a celebrated university, where many academic puppies, said to be less literate than myself, were present, I was snatched up in my master's arms, and conveyed with him in a stage-coach to the great metropolis. My owner, now no longer a novice in the business of attracting public attention, immediately engaged a large apartment, suspended my picture on the outside in one of my finest attitudes, and issued a hand-bill, couched in the following enigmatic terms, in which the intelligent will perceive an union of satire, simplicity, and impudence.

“WONDERS! WONDERS! WONDERS!

BOB, THE SPOTTED TERRIER;

OR,

THE DOG OF KNOWLEDGE;

is just arrived in London, and may be seen, daily, at ———, from nine o'clock in the morning, to six in the evening.—Price of admittance, one shilling each person.

“He has been exhibited at Bath, Birmingham, and all the polite places, before many of the noblest personages in the kingdom, who unanimously agreed that his acquirements were only not equal to their own; while it was allowed by his visitors in general, that some of the most elevated characters in public stations might take lessons of instruction from him, and profit by copying his sagacity.

“He is as well acquainted with the fundamentals of language as Johnson himself, and is fit to play at cards with a Jonas.

“In beauty of form and regularity of colours, he is as remarkable as for his accomplishments. The elegance of his manners adds a charm to all his other perfections, and entitles him to be considered as the most illustrious of the canine race that ever appeared in the world.”

London is unquestionably the legitimate soil

for quacks and impostors of every description to vegetate and thrive in. The gullibility of its natives can only be exceeded by their wealth and liberality. The love of novelty, and a generous spirit which raises them above suspicion, renders them the dupes of every impudent pretender. A tincture drawn from the sun and moon, to cure all incurable ills ; a tunnel under the Styx, in order to cheat Charon of a penny ; Katterfelto and his cat, the bottle-conjuror, the Cock-lane ghost, and the far-famed oriental amulet for pleasant dreams, are a few of the numerous lures that have been laid, or are daily laying, to catch good-natured credulity. Can it be matter of wonder, then, that, with such an advertisement in my favour, my levees should be constantly crowded ? The giddy and the grave, the fair and the ugly, the old and the young, all flocked to my entertainment. My owner took care to vary my performances as much as possible ; and I was really from habit become so dexterous in what I had previously learned, and so easily acquired new tricks, that an endless variety of amusements were presented

to my London friends, for upwards of a month ; when curiosity seemed to be satiated, and attention to begin to flag.

During that period, however, I brought in so much money to my proprietor, that he thought of **nothing** less than setting up for a gentleman, adopting the vulgar idea, "that property is the whole of gentility." Under this impression he ordered a carriage, which was to convey us to the capital of the north ; and from thence we were to proceed to Dublin. But how weak is human foresight ! how delusive are the best-laid plans ! My master at this instant was tottering on the verge of ruin, and I was about to encounter a destiny which neither my knowledge could predict nor my sagacity elude.

CHAPTER VII.

A reverie of bliss, and the catastrophe—Bob is stolen into the army, and his master pressed into the navy—Thoughts at parting—Bob not much displeased with his new situation—Carried by his master to Jamaica—Sage remarks, and a dash of vanity.

“Of chance or change, oh, let not man complain,
Else never, never shall he cease to wail.”

So says an illustrious poet whom I have often heard quoted; and with great truth might the sentiment be applied both to my master and myself at this conjuncture.

My owner, as I have just mentioned, was indulging the pleasing hope of soon riding in his own carriage, and of visiting many places, in the quality of a gentleman, which he had begged through before. As he owed his present fortune and his future prospects wholly to me, I was now constantly of his parties, whether at home or abroad, perhaps out of apprehension lest I should be stolen. He did not indeed carry me in his arms, or lead me in a string, trusting pro-

bably to my vigilance not to lose him ; but when we were taking an airing in the streets, he often turned round to see if I was close at his heels, and if only two paces distance, “ Bob ! Bob ! take care,” was constantly repeated in admonitory accents.

But now to the crisis. One evening, as we were taking our usual ramble after the business of the day, we were met by what is called a press-gang, the propriety of which I could never comprehend, in a country where men are free, and where it would be more politic to allure them to their duty by rewards, than to enthrall them by force. Be this as it may ; for though a dog of knowledge, I never dived into the mysteries of government, as many puppies pretend to do ! One of the gang recognising my master, notwithstanding his present gay appearance, as an old messmate on board a ship in the royal navy, and knowing that he did not wait to obtain his discharge, immediately laid hold of him ; and informing the commanding officer of the discovery he had made, the poor fellow was hurried away in an instant, without being allowed liberty

to speak, or a moment to settle his affairs. I was preparing to follow him for better and for worse; but just in the nick of time, a sergeant in the Guards passing along, and seeing my confusion and trepidation, naturally concluded that I belonged to the man who had been pressed; and thinking that he had no longer any occasion for a dog, snatched me up in his arms, and bore me away, before my astonished owner could recover sufficiently from his alarm to recollect that the maker of his fortune was left behind.

As the military kidnapper, however, was hurrying along with me, I heard the cry of "Bob, Bob!" and struggled to get free; but he held me too close to escape; and making the best of his way, soon lodged me safe in his quarters. Thus my master once more was compelled to have the honour of serving his Majesty in the navy, while I became his servant's servant in the army.

I never felt any extraordinary attachment to the master I had lost, from his want of kindness: but to him I owed my early education, and therefore some degree of respect was due. It

is too common for pupils, I am told, to conceive they are harshly treated by those who have most zealously endeavoured to instruct and to benefit them. This might perhaps be the case with me, though I was taught little which I ought to have known ; yet I certainly would not have voluntarily left him in his distress to follow a monarch in his triumph.

Had the sergeant been sensible of the value of the prize he thus unlawfully secured, he could not have used me with greater kindness ; but, notwithstanding his caresses, the plenty of food with which he supplied me, and the easy life I now led, it was some days before I was reconciled to the change. By degrees, however, I began to display some of those little arts which I could practise without a prompter ; and these ingratiated me so much the more, that his fondness seemed to be redoubled. I had never experienced, except from my first master, so much indulgence before ; and it would have argued ingratitude not to shew my sense of his goodness, by every method that nature had allowed. Dogs, indeed, cannot speak, and therefore they

do not flatter ; but they can feel obligation, and express it, without the intervention of language.

After I had been some little time in the possession of this subaltern, a detachment from the regiment was ordered to embark for Jamaica, and he amongst the number. I had some cause to believe that he was offered a liberal price for me by his landlady ; but nothing would induce him to part with me, and I was his inseparable attendant till we landed at Port Royal. During the voyage, I had many opportunities of witnessing the benevolence of his disposition ; and I thanked my destinies for consigning me into such humane and tender hands. I had also made many friends among his fellow-soldiers ; and not unfrequently was I noticed by the officers for my playful tricks and fancies : but none of them knew how to draw out my native or acquired energies ; and I was like many thousands among the sons of men, whose talents are never developed for want of opportunities worthy of them, or patronage to bring them into action. I now saw that learning and ignorance, bravery and cowardice, were the same thing to their posses-

sors, unless they are known and brought to the test. With superior acquisitions to most of the canine race, I was now valued solely for externals; and my master, though he seemed to have a heart and a head that would not have disgraced a baton, had only been promoted to a halbert.

CHAPTER VIII.

A tropical climate and its effects described—Bob doubts if negroes are men, and argues weakly—Reverts to his own dear self—His master taken ill—Bob's attachment and attention—A last debt is paid—Language fails.

JAMAICA opened a new and interesting scene to my eyes. Indeed, it was a new world in every feature. The soil, the climate, the productions, were all different from what I had been accustomed to view: and for some time the infinite variety of novel objects distracted my attention, while the intense heat of the sun enervated all my powers. I was constantly panting for the shade; and when I found it, could only repose in listless indolence. Yet though it appeared sufficient exertion to support life under a tropical sun, I saw here many apparently human beings, who were doomed to the severest daily toils; while task-masters urged them on with whips, when fainting nature began to flag.

From this spectacle I turned away with horror. I felicitated myself on being born a dog, and not a negro, as these poor creatures are called. To be sure, they had not the complexion of Europeans, and perhaps possessed none of the same delicate sensibility; yet they walked on two legs like the rest of the species, and seemed to me to differ in nothing but in the colour of their skin and contour of their face.

However, there certainly must be a fallacy in appearances; and these can only be a particular, though singular, kind of animals, that are born to subjection, the same as dogs or horses. Man surely could never tyrannise over his fellow-man without compunction, nor dare to injure him with impunity. Be this as it may, I most sincerely lamented the abject situation of the poor blacks; and I have often heard my master express his indignation at the cruel treatment they met with. Though brave against the enemies of his country, he had not a heart to see misery in the unresisting; and often have I heard him repeat:

“Say, does th’ eternal principle within,
Change with the casual colour of the skin?”

I cannot pretend to understand the meaning of this question, or to answer it. It is enough for me to know that humanity is due to every thing that has life, and to pronounce that the cruel and insensate must ever be unhappy.

But I am moralising on the ills of others, at a crisis when private woes were about to overwhelm me. I had conceived the fondest attachment for my master, and it appeared to me mutual. I was also much noticed by every person in the regiment; and by every little art which I could devise, I endeavoured to conciliate the good will of all: but my owner possessed my undivided regard. Poor man! how often has he run to fetch me water, when lolling my tongue through heat! how often has he taken me up in his arms, and carried me, when I seemed ready to faint by the way!

At first he escaped the deleterious effects of the climate; and though many disappeared, and I could not tell what became of them, he continued to be blessed with good health and spirits;

but being obliged to be put out on duty in the night, he immediately after fell ill, and was confined to his bed.

I could not imagine for a time what kept him from getting up, and going out with me as usual. I had not been used to see illness, and I knew not the fatal consequence to which it sometimes leads. I fondled round him, gently pulled the bed-clothes, and invited him, by every expressive sign, to indulge himself and me. He cast a languid eye on me, patted me, and shook his head ; but seldom uttered a word. I continued my importunity, however, till I discovered that he was no longer able to rise. What I suffered at this reflection I will leave more eloquent writers to describe. My heart was wholly devoted to my dear master. I had participated in his joys, and I felt it my duty to try to alleviate his griefs. I watched his looks ; I wished to sooth his pain, or to share it with him. A word from him now was music to my ears : the very sound of my own name was ecstasy to hear.

In this sad state only a few of his comrades

kept up their visits; the greater part never entered his room. The wretched, I found, have few friends, however much they have deserved them. The selfish, the giddy, the unfeeling, shun the presence of misery; and instead of consoling affliction and softening anguish, they increase every pang by wakening the conscious sense of unmerited neglect, and by an air of indifference, which rends the heart of unfortunate sensibility. But I speak only of the human race: the GREAT PARENT OF ALL has given more honourable sensations to dogs. The tie that binds them to the unhappy is doubly strong: in the sufferings of a kind master they forget almost that they have wants of their own, which nature imperiously commands them to satisfy.

With truth I can affirm, that for some days I did not leave my sick master's bed-side; and regardless of any thing else, sought only to prove my gratitude, and to win his regard. The slightest blandishment, a look of complacency, was at this time more dear to me than all the caresses of happier moments.

But, alas! it was not long that I could enjoy

these. He appeared to become so weak, that I feared my little attentions grew troublesome, and I forebore to offer them. I lay in passive silence, watching every motion, and alarmed at every sound. I heard his groans—I saw his convulsive struggles! I started up, and leaped upon the bed; I licked his hand; it felt colder than usual. His eyes seemed fixed, but not on me. In a short time all was calm: he moved not—he breathed not!

“I knew not what it was to die;
But knew my master did not sleep.”

Over this sad scene I must cast a veil. It may be conceived, but cannot be portrayed. I was forcibly torn from the body, and carried out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

Bob falls into the hands of an officer—Defeats the artifice of a sharper, and excites at once resentment and applause—Leaves Jamaica, and sails for England—An unexpected rencontre, and its consequences—Bob presented to a young lady in London.

THE night was passed in indescribable anguish, unconscious into whose hands I had fallen. When morning arrived, I discovered that I was lodged in a much gayer apartment than any to which I had ever yet been accustomed; but this did not diminish my regret for my irretrievable loss, nor inspire me with the hope of succeeding happy days.

At the hour of breakfast my lord appeared: he was the captain of my late lamented master's company; who, having been informed of my duty and attachment, was determined to reward me, by taking me under his own immediate protection. It was long, however, before I could be happy in his society, though I was not insensible to his kindness. At length, time with its lenient hand obliterated some of the deeper

traces of grief from my memory ; and with a lasting regard for my departed friend, I began to blend a sense of gratitude to my new protector.

Having much leisure, he amused himself with some of my native frolics ; but for want of opportunities to display my acquisitions, the greater part of my knowledge was concealed. One evening, however, my master having a card party in his lodgings, a certain gentleman, who, it appeared, intended to cheat, secreted a card under the table. My eyes were immediately directed to it, and I was desirous to shew the company that I knew something of cards as well as they. I accordingly withdrew it in silence ; and when the gambler wanted to effect his fraudulent design, he found that the biter had been bit. Therefore, he lost the game, and with it his temper.

A search was about to be made for the lost card, when I innocently came forward, and laid it at my master's feet. The cheat's rage against me knew no bounds ; but my owner bade him take care lest he exposed himself more than he

had already done ; and I was applauded by the rest of the party for my happy dexterity in defeating a roguish attempt on their pockets. Still, however, it was not suspected that I was an adept myself in the sublime science of cards !

It is impossible to record every adventure in this climate, and much more so to recount every minute circumstance of my varied life ; I shall therefore only touch on the most important.

After a considerable stay in the West Indies, my master took a passage on board a man-of-war for England, and I had the honour to accompany him. Though I knew not exactly our destination, I pleased myself with the idea of revisiting my native land ; and I was happy on any terms to escape from this soil of slavery and human degradation.

“ Yes, yet, degraded man ! th’ expected day
That breaks your bitter cup is far away ;
Trade, wealth, and fashion ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed :
Scourg’d and debas’d, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave !”

CAMPBELL.

E

Nothing remarkable occurred during the first part of my voyage; but one day as I was attending my master, who was taking an airing on the deck, I heard the call of "Bob! Bob! don't you know me, Bob?" repeated, as if by an old acquaintance. On turning round, I instantly recognised my tutor, the very identical person who had made me a DOG OF KNOWLEDGE, and who had been pressed into the naval service, as has already been stated.

"Do you know that dog?" asked my master. "Yes, God bless your honour," returned the sailor: "if I had not lost him and my liberty at the same time, I might now have been riding in my carriage." "A sad loss indeed, my friend," replied the captain; "but in what respect was he of so much value to you?" On this the tar descanted largely on my talents, and in what manner he had rendered them productive of profit and fame; and, in order to verify his assertions, he made me go through my exercises, to the infinite amusement of my master and all the ship's crew, though I confess I was much less adroit than when in daily practice. Never-

theless, I came off with applause, and was now the universal favourite of the cabin, while my master set a higher value upon me than ever, and treated me with the distinction due to my attainments. However, as he was a man of integrity and feeling, he resolved to make some compensation to my original instructor. He immediately gave him a handsome gratuity, by way of acquittance for all claims and demands, and promised to procure the poor fellow a discharge as soon as he landed ; which he did not neglect to perform.

We now reached the shores of Albion ; and, as I loved my country, the sight was no less grateful to me than to the rest of the ship's company. My master carried me directly to London, and, as the most valuable present he could offer, put me into the hands of a young lady of fashion, of whom he was deeply enamoured, with such encomiums as ensured my favourable reception, and made me almost blush to witness, dear as the voice of deserved praise is, both to dogs and men.

CHAPTER X.

Bob delineates his mistress—Is admitted into all her parties and secrets—Reflections on high life, in the common spirit of low-life philosophers—Visits Bath and other fashionable places of resort—Becomes depraved himself, and promises a *bonne bouche* to his readers.

THE lady to whom I was presented received me graciously, and paid me abundantly more attention than she did the donor. She seemed pleased indeed to see him as an old acquaintance; but I soon discovered that he had made no impression on her heart. Gay, giddy, and indiscreet, she appeared to have no preferences except where she was neglected; and to evince no shyness except where she was treated with marked regard. In short, she was a coquette and a jilt; and being in the bloom of youth and beauty, with a large independent fortune, and no other adviser than a foolishly fond mother, she thought she had a right to be as capricious as she pleased; while the gentlemen were weak enough to tolerate all her vagaries, which still more confirmed

her presumption. To chain the wind, or to still the waves, would have been as easy as to fix her to one point. She veered in every direction, and assumed as many characters as there were hours in the day. The captain dangled at her heels as much like a puppy as myself, but with less notice, while his business permitted him to remain in town; and when he was gone, I sincerely believe he was almost erased from her memory; nor did she ever mention him, but accidentally when I happened to be the subject of conversation.

I must do her the justice, however, to say, that her attentions were uniform, and that I daily seemed to gain on her affections. I ate of the most delicate viands; I reposed on a cushion by her bedside at night; attended her toilette in the morning; lay on a sofa in the parlour by day; and was carried by the maid when my mistress walked out. On other occasions, I had the honour to be seated by her in the carriage; and, in a word, was a party in all her engagements, whether public or private. Hence it may be supposed that I was admitted

into all her secrets ; for well she knew they were safely locked up in my breast, and that, though I was given to bark, I had neither powers nor propensity to blab.

But, notwithstanding the distinction with which I was treated, and the general kindness I experienced at her hands, I felt it impossible to esteem her. When tired with teasing her own species, she would frequently keep off *ennui* by exercising her malicious ingenuity on me ; and sometimes, when in a better humour than ordinary, Bob was called to exhibit his tricks for the amusement of her friends. At other times she would check my natural playfulness, and exclaim against the vulgarity of my manners, with many oblique hints that I knew not what it was to keep good company.

To be sure, I had never fared so sumptuously or been lodged so plentifully before ; I had never been accustomed to such well-dressed people, nor witnessed such polished modes ; yet I had seen more happiness than now, and I verily believe that some of my former owners enjoyed life more than she. The farther men

or animals recede from nature, the more they lose sight of the realms of joy.

An artificial existence is always surrounded with wants, and precluded from tasting the most delightful pleasures of the heart. These positions were verified in my present mistress to the fullest extent. Engaged in an endless round of fashionable amusements, fond of admiration, and a slave to forms, she did not appear to experience any felicity from them, nor to be capable of living without them. But these, perhaps, will be thought silly remarks, and inapplicable to the human race : dogs cannot enter into the feelings of men ; nor will Bob presume to be wiser than his masters.

In the service and society of this lady, however, I saw much of the gay world, and I hope profited a little by what I saw. If variety could have afforded gratification, if splendour and attendance could have soothed the breast, she deserved to be called blest ; and as I participated in her fortunes, I may be thought unreasonable to complain. But the retrospect affords me no delight, and therefore I conclude

that either taste or nature unfitted me for what is termed the *beau monde*. I was bred up to the free exercise of liberty, and I found it ill-changed for the trammels of form.

Tired of routs, plays, assemblies, and visits in London, my mistress set out for Bath, where the same farce was performed, with little variation, except in change of scene. From Bath she made an excursion into Wales; but not being used to clamber over precipices, or breathe the keen air of the sublime mountains with which that country abounds, she sighed again for change. Having it in her power to gratify every propensity, to indulge every freak of mind, and her mother, who was of the party, being too fond to counsel or restrain, she soon made a retrograde movement to Bristol, and then returned to Bath. When the varied charms of that gay place became quite insipid, and the fashionables were leaving it for a summer station on the sea-coast, she could not satisfy herself with selecting any one in particular, but determined to take them all in rotation, from Weymouth to Ramsgate.

I confess with shame that I became corrupted by the dissipation in which I was constantly plunged, and in consequence had nearly paid the forfeit of my life, which, however, was preserved for other events. How my mistress spent her time, and employed the gifts which Providence had put in her power, will be seen from the following journal* of a week spent at Southampton, in her tour of the watering-places; it is copied from her own pocket-book, *verbally* and *literally*, and is a faithful picture of her pursuits and engagements in every other place where she sojourned, with such variations as arose from local situation. I have some reason to think it also exhibits many features of the taste, the learning, and the pleasures of fashionable life in general; and therefore may serve to entertain my readers, and to diversify the memoirs of their most obsequious servant, Bob.

* This journal refers to the "fashionable life" of about 1790. As it is extremely uninteresting at the present time, in its stead a few more anecdotes of Dogs have been added at the end of the work.—ED. OF FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

CHAPTER XI.

Bob returns to London—A rout and a fire—Stolen in the confusion—In danger of losing his life for the sake of his skin—Falls into the hands of a pettifogger, and conveyed by him to a Gloucestershire squire.

HAVING run the gauntlet of dissipation round half the coast of England, and summer being now elapsed, my mistress made the best of her way to the metropolis. Here she continued the same career of joyless amusement; uneasy when at home, and dissatisfied when abroad. Admirer rose after admirer, as thick as mushrooms in a moist, warm air, and nearly of as short duration; for she spread her net to catch them, merely to have the pleasure of dismissing them with a frown, or setting them at liberty by new engagements.

A great deal of company visited in the family, and sometimes very pretty creatures of my own species were introduced, with which I formed an agreeable acquaintance, and as speedily dis-

solved it. Indeed, I partook too much of the manners of my mistress, and began to lose some portion of that honest sincerity which is the distinguishing characteristic of my kind.

Fortune, however, kept me from being quite depraved, by another turn of her wheel. Amidst the bustle of a rout, early one morning, an alarm was given that the house was on fire. It proved too true; and each made all possible speed to escape its fury, by rushing into the street. On the other hand, a number of dissolute, dishonest persons from the street presented themselves in the apartments, under the specious pretence of assisting to extinguish the flames, but more with a view of laying their hands on what they could carry off. In the confusion I was forgotten; and an ugly-looking fellow, seeing nothing else within his reach, snatched me up, and carried me away to his miserable lodgings. I was soon stripped of my collar, and confined in a hole with six other wretched curs during the remainder of the night. It is needless to say I felt this reverse most severely, for I was rendered effeminate by indulgence; and though ignorant of what

was intended, I formed the most horrid presages from a reflection on general appearances.

In the morning our gaoler came, and singling out his victims, despatched them one by one, for the sake of the skin. I expected every moment that my turn was come to be butchered by the monster; but, knowing that resistance would be vain, I resolved to attempt to soften his ferocity by submission. I looked at him with an eye of pity, fondled round him, and solicited his regard by every artifice I was acquainted with. I soon found that I had partially succeeded in my designs. "You are a pretty fellow," said he; "and hang it, your skin will be worth less than your life. I will grant you respite till I see what I can make of you."

Life is dear, and the most miserable are willing to prolong it. I licked his hand; I fell at his feet, and spoke my silent gratitude. Though in the possession of such a monster it was impossible to be happy, I flattered myself that I might be reclaimed; that a reward might be offered for my recovery; or that I might be

consigned for money to some person better able to appreciate my merits, and to reward them.

In this I was not wholly deceived. A rascally attorney, who had *conscientiously* brought this dog-stealer out of many a scrape, calling in a day or two after, in order to receive instructions for a defence, took a fancy to me; and his fancy, in this quarter, was sure to be complied with.

I was therefore readily consigned to this *worthy* limb of the law, who asked no questions how my present possessor came by me; probably not doubting but that it was very *honestly*, from the *well-known* integrity of his client. He took me to his chambers in a hackney coach, and accommodated me in the best manner he was able; while I felt myself happy in any situation that delivered me from the terrors which I had lately encountered from the assassin of my kind.

Had the lawyer known how well I was qualified to ape his tricks in dexterous finesse and filching the property of others, he would assuredly have considered me as a most able coadjutor, and employed me accordingly; but, for-

tunately for me, and perhaps his own neck, my talents were buried like the diamond in a mine; and I was valued only for my form and manners, which certainly had been improved under my lady-owner.

The vile perverter of justice, the rapacious kite, who was now sovereign lord of Bob, seemed to preserve one gloomy, uniform tenor of life; his only joy was to excite contention, and his chief support to defend fraud and oppression. He shrunk from a good cause, but was ever ready to maintain a bad one. The former would have required no more than common honesty, and a little acquaintance with technical forms; the latter was most congenial to his disposition, because it gave an opportunity of displaying acuteness, and of gratifying malignity. His friends were the dupes of his chicanery; his foes alone were safe. To trust him was to be deceived; to avoid him was to be secure.

Soon after I came into the possession of this miscreant, I heard him read an advertisement, descriptive of my form, breed, and colours, with a

liberal reward to those who would restore me to my late mistress. I saw him pause, and hesitate what part he was to act. Like other villains, he determined on what was most expedient, though not most honest. Had he returned me, some questions might have been asked, in what manner I fell into his hands. He therefore resolved to reject the reward, in hopes of obtaining a better, at less risk. All this was consistent with professional cunning, for nothing can be called wisdom that militates against honesty.

After being confined to a musty chamber for a month, without once enjoying the fresh air, or the sight of the verdant fields, I was put into a chaise, and conveyed by my master into the country. Having travelled two days, we at last drove up to an ancient and respectable mansion in the county of Gloucester, where my *worthy* owner had business to transact with the squire.

This gentleman was a keen sportsman, and understood dogs and horses better than the licensed fraud of regular lawyers, or the swindling tricks of pettifoggers. He had been duped

out of a considerable property by his unsuspecting confidence. Honest at the very core himself, he gave others credit for being the same. Hence his connexion with my rogue of a master, who, fearing he had gone too far in cheating, had brought me as a peace-offering, knowing his client's partiality for dogs of my breed.

The squire seemed more happy to receive a spotted terrier, which was still a phenomenon in his neighbourhood, than he was offended at paying five hundred pounds merely for losing five thousand. "Dear Mr. Quibble," said he, "where did you pick up such a beautiful creature? I will accept him with thanks, and use him well. I have long wanted a terrier to amuse me in the parlour, and attend me in the field. This is just the thing. Thank you again and again, dear Mr. Quibble; this is a prize indeed." The lawyer bowed, and said nothing; and I passed with sensations of rapture into the custody of a man whose honest countenance was an index to an upright mind.

CHAPTER XII.

Bob discovers his learned ignorance, and sets about obtaining the knowledge proper for a dog—Is taken into the field—At first entertains some strange prejudices against the noble science of hunting, and, like a novice, wonders how the humane can delight in giving pain—Is buried alive in a fox-earth—Recovered by Mr. Allworthy, his master.

THOUGH I had passed through seven revolutions of the seasons in different services and climates, I never felt myself in my proper element till now. With a beggar, a show-man, a soldier, or a lady of fashion, I could display little of my natural propensities, and perform few duties from an original bias. Whatever I had hitherto done to render myself acceptable, was in consequence of education; and my education, as it must have already appeared, was palpably conducted on wrong principles, and directed to improper ends.

I had not been long in the family of my new master, whom I shall call by his deserved name of Mr. Allworthy, before I discovered my de-

ficiencies, and set about supplying them with unwearied zeal. I possessed indeed a thousand acts of address, and some prostituted acquirements which were unknown to any of the rest of my species under the same roof; but in all the essential qualities of a dog, I fell infinitely below the veriest cur in the parish. My master, however, was as kind as I was docile. He at once saw that my ignorance was involuntary, and that my desire to learn was sincere. When he first took me into the field I was continually making blunders; but being unintentionally wrong, and easily set right, my lapses rather provoked a smile than resentment. I never erred twice in the same particular; and I daily gained some knowledge that was to be of use to me in my present situation and future destination. As a DOG OF KNOWLEDGE, I should have been regarded only as a phenomenon, even had my attainments been discovered; but as a sporting dog, every improvement I made, every service I performed, rendered me in reality more valuable, and ingratiated me still more with my indulgent lord.

But though nature prompted me to engage with ardour in the chase, and gratitude bound me to strain every nerve to oblige Mr. Allworthy, it was long before I could reconcile myself to blood, or feel that delight which I communicated to others, in terrifying and tearing other creatures, which had the same original claim to the blessings of life with myself.

The force of habit, however, is powerfully evinced in the pursuits both of dogs and men. By degrees they lose that nice sensibility which makes them shrink from giving pain, and even acquire those obtunded feelings that can receive gratification from scenes of distress. My master possessed one of the best, the mildest hearts that ever beat in the human breast; yet while the circumstances of the chase were pictured in every line, I have heard him repeat with rapture—

“ ——— Now the poor hare
Begins to flag, to her last shift reduced :
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once she ranged secure,
With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes ;

She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness :—see ! how black she looks ;
The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores scarce leave
A languid scent : and now in open view,
See, see ! she flies ; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes ;
And yet a moment lives, till round enclosed
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies !”

What anomalies and inconsistencies appear in human nature ! A man who would not willingly tread on a worm will imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow-men, if they happen to belong to a different country ; and sometimes the reputed rough and unfeeling sportsman has a tear ever ready for distress, and a hand extended to relieve it. In the course of my eventful life I have frequently seen this observation confirmed ; and have been inclined to ascribe the effects produced to habit and education, which pervert the natural disposition, and obliterate the original distinctions of right and wrong.

But such disquisitions are ill adapted to my

powers, and I leave them to be pursued by philosophers: a race of men who, I have been told, are wiser than others, or at least have the vanity to think themselves so.

To return. Having passed my noviciate in the field with applause, I soon began to be distinguished as an oracle in the pack, and as an intrepid leader in every difficult undertaking. Was the fox to be roused from his earth, I was the first to enter, and the last to retire. In this service I had well nigh become a martyr to my intemperate zeal. Pursuing my prey too eagerly through a narrow, subterraneous labyrinth, I found myself jammed in, and could neither advance nor retreat. It was some time before I was missed; and had not my master suspected my situation, and employed several persons to dig for me, it is most probable I should have never again seen the light, nor have been able to leave a public memorial of my existence. Two nights, and as many days, I was buried alive, without food and without hope; but just as I was about to resign my breath from hunger and suffocation, I saw a glimpse of admitted light,

and heard the voice of Mr. Allworthy. He had attended the whole progress of my exfodation with anxious regard, and at last rescued me with his own dear hands from this horrible prison. Nor did his benevolence stop here; for by a series of kind attentions he speedily restored me to my former health and spirits. If in the sequel I had it in my power to return his favour, I am thankful to destiny, which gave me such a sublime gratification. But I am again straggling, and here must make a pause, in order to recover the proper scent.

CHAPTER XIII.

Our hero equally noticed in the parlour and the field—

A favourable sketch of the Allworthy family—Their happiness—The instability of fortune—A violent fever, and a mad dog.

EVERY season of the year now brought its appropriate duties or pleasures; and days, and weeks, and months, winged their way in one uniform course of agreeable relaxation or busy engagement. On every occasion I was Mr. Allworthy's constant attendant. In shooting or hunting, he found, or fancied, that my services were indispensable; nor was I less a favourite in the domestic circle, when active pursuits were suspended, and the toils of the day were recounted with fresh enjoyment round the social hearth. At such seasons I rested on a cushion, or rolled myself up under my master's easy chair; and when rational conversation flagged, I was frequently addressed or played with, to keep off *ennui*, which is apt to creep on the most happy. A dog is never tired of attention to a beloved master; his intimates and con-

nexions, when he is gloomy, disconsolate, or ill, may fly from his presence, or aggravate his sufferings by their indifference and neglect; but the faithful dog, the steadiest of friends, redoubles his assiduities to amuse, in proportion as he sees they are wanted: he is never weary of well-doing, nor discouraged by apparent disregard.

Unlike are dogs to human friends,
Who separate in fortune's blast;
They still are near, when fair the sky,
But nearer still when overcast.

I have already given a favourable idea of my master's general character; but before I proceed farther, I wish to delineate him with greater accuracy. Happy are they who already resemble him, and fortunate will it be for those who are induced to copy so fair an original! In every relation he was truly amiable; and being fortunate in his domestic connexions, all his virtues were brought to light, all his sensibilities and attachments were fostered, and had scope for display.

At the time that I fell into his hands, he had just completed his fortieth year. By a lady, who was about five years younger, he had five children, two sons and three daughters, the eldest about sixteen, and the youngest seven. Never was there a more charming family. The daughters had all the soft and feminine graces of the mother; the sons possessed the mild but manly spirit of their sire. Each cordially attached to each other, the links that connected them could only have been broken by death. The love, the esteem of all were fixed on the father; while he reciprocated affection to each, without distinction.

Mrs. Allworthy, who was descended from a neighbouring family of fortune and worth, and had been brought up in the precepts of virtue and the love of goodness, was still a very fine woman. Her gentle manners, her cheerful disposition, diffused a charm over every thing she did or said. Never did I see a more dutiful wife, or a more affectionate mother. Her whole attention was concentrated in the care of her family, every member of which was influenced

by the law of love. She knew not how to contradict; she had no ambition for power; she felt no pleasure in dress, indolence, or dissipation; but wisely regulating her conduct by her situation, she made herself entirely beloved at home, and respected abroad.

As a sportsman, my master devoted much of his time to the pastimes of the field, but he was by no means negligent of more important concerns. In the bosom of his family he presented one of the most interesting objects I ever beheld. He united the tenderness of his wife with the firmness of a man who knew how to rule with discretion, and to make himself regarded. His decisions were prompt, because they flowed from an honest heart adorned by good sense; and he was obeyed with an alacrity that could only proceed from a due appreciation of his wisdom and worth. The poor not only looked up to him as a benefactor, but as a guide and a director. Hunting and shooting were suspended whenever a neighbour wanted his assistance as a friend, or his advice as a magistrate. He awed the bad by his authority,

without the least tincture of harshness; and encouraged the good by his example and protection. In a word, he was one of those respectable country gentlemen, who spend their time and their money within the circle of their immediate connexions; who find their happiness in rural sports and domestic enjoyments, and seek no fame beyond the district in which they reside. The farthest excursion he ever made was to the county town; the only dissipation in which he ever engaged was in making his friends welcome at his own house.

In such a family had I failed to be comfortable, it would have argued want of merit in myself. Perhaps I possessed less than I ought; yet my services were highly valued, and abundantly rewarded. I knew not a want; I had not a wish but what was gratified. Peace and prosperity long smiled on the household, and I participated in the general felicity.

But the permanence, alas! of sublunary blessings cannot be secured. The tide of fortune will ebb and flow, independent of human care. For a great length of time there was not

one unhappy face in Allworthy's family. Every thing went on in an even tenor of peace, health, and ease ; but in the clearest sky a storm will soon arise, and the brightness of the sun be obscured by a passing cloud. To anticipate ills is weak ; to avert them by prudence is wise. They fell, however, on this happy family, from a quarter that could not have been expected, and therefore were the more severe. The eldest son, being violently heated in a fox-chase, fell ill of a dangerous fever. The alarm on his account, the tears that were shed, the distress that was felt, are not to be described. The strength of his constitution at last prevailed over disease ; and after many weeks' confinement, he was pronounced to be out of danger. But an incurable lameness, which never could be removed, seized one leg ; and hunting being deemed the primary cause of this afflicting malady, the hounds were disposed of ; and I, with only a few more favourite domestic animals of my kind, were retained for amusement rather than use.

Scarcely had my young master recovered a moderate share of health and spirits, before one

of the hounds that had been parted with to a neighbouring gentleman happening to go mad, ran towards his old kennel. One of the young ladies of the family passing the same way, was bit by him in the leg; and the distress and affliction which had just been mitigated rather than composed, burst out with tenfold aggravation at this disastrous event. The proper remedies, however, being timely applied, the dreadful catastrophe was averted; and happiness once more seemed to smile on the mansion of Allworthy.

CHAPTER XIV.

Apostrophe to Adversity—Its fruits—A horrible accident—The miraculous instinct and sagacity of Bob in saving his master—A pathetic recital of the means employed.

PAINFUL are thy shafts, O adversity ! but salutary are the wounds they inflict. They recall the mind from transitory and fallacious enjoyments, and fix it on objects of high import. They dissolve the fascinations of vanity, lull the throbs of ambition, and draw into activity every generous quality that perhaps before lay dormant in the breast.

The family of Allworthy were good and beneficent before ; but misfortune gave a still softer tone to all their virtues, and feelingly taught them, that the shield of affluence is in vain opposed to the ills which constantly menace the human condition. In them sympathy for suffering, antecedent to this crisis, was a principle ; it now became a sensation of the heart also. They embraced, in a wider and firmer

bond, the sons and daughters of misery ; and laid the solid foundation of security from future calamity, or their support under it, in the conscious discharge of every relative duty.

For a considerable period, the tide of prosperity again flowed with regard to the Allworthys in its accustomed channel ; and my cup of joy was full, from the reflection of their bliss. My master, in particular, was so sensible of my fidelity and attachment, that on every occasion he wished me to be his companion. I was happy to frisk round him in the house, and more happy to attend him when he walked or rode. Did he pay a visit, I was constantly of the party ; did he receive guests, I was still admitted into their society.

One summer day, being engaged to dine with a gentleman at some distance, he set out on horseback, without any attendant except myself. The afternoon was spent with innocent hilarity, and the good humour of the company proved a sufficient excuse for indulging deeper in wine than had been usual. The entertainment, indeed, was protracted till sunset ; and

the evening being fine, my master, on mounting, felicitated himself on the pleasure of a cool refreshing ride to a home where all his affections were centered.

The first part of our journey presented no memorable occurrence. Nature began to be wrapped in her dusky mantle, and the voice of animals gradually to be hushed, and distant echoes to be heard. By degrees a thick fog arose, and enveloping objects near and remote, left Allworthy to guess his road. Our way lay across a common, where coal had formerly been dug; and where, by a culpable negligence, the mouths of several pits still remained open.

Exhilarated by wine, and anxious to reach his mansion before the hour of supper, my master spurred on his horse, while I followed close at his heels. In an instant they both disappeared with a dreadful noise; and on looking down, I saw the hideous pit into which they had sunk. I heard my dear master groan and exclaim, "Good God! I am lost for ever! O my wife, my children! I shall never see you more."

It was not in my power to render the assist-

ance required. I yelped round the mouth of the gulf in distraction, and was ready to plunge in, that I might perish with him I loved best. But some wise and benevolent being inspired a happier thought. I hastened from this scene of misery, and, scouring over the plain, soon reached a cottage, of which I found the door open. Rushing in with wildness in my looks, I seized a woman by her apron, and in a significant manner began pulling her with all my might. Her children stood round the mother, waiting for their supper, which she was preparing; and seeing a strange animal still more strangely engaged, I was set down for mad, and every implement in the way was hurled at my head. I whined, I fawned, I continued to pull; but the poor woman, though she afterwards confessed she fancied there was something extraordinary in my manner, either could not or would not understand me: and I was obliged to retire in an agony of despair, in order to save my life.

While I was running full speed, in search of some other habitation of man, with the hopes

of being more fortunate in my object, I chanced to meet a gentleman on horseback with his servant behind, who appeared to be passing over the common by the very road from which my master had deviated before he met with his accident. I immediately ran up, and began barking round his horse, to engage his attention. It was still light enough to distinguish my figure; and I heard him observe to his servant, "that I was some poor dog who had lost his master." His pity gave me an earnest of success, and I continued my attention and importunity, running round and round the horse, and attempting to lead the rider to a place where my master was entombed. When the gentleman came opposite the spot, and was in the act to proceed, regardless of the invitation to follow me, I became quite frantic; I bit his horse's heels, and making him plunge, had well nigh dismounted the rider. Providence, at this instant, put it into his mind that I must have some powerful object in what I did. He therefore determined to follow whichever way I led. When I found that I had gained this point, I

shewed my satisfaction by every possible sign ; and running and looking back with an air of pleasure, still invited him to come on.

We soon arrived at the brink of the pit. I ran round it ; I howled ; I looked down ; I made an effort to plunge into it. The gentleman now suspected the truth : he called aloud, and from the bottom of the pit he heard a faint voice. Immediately despatching his servant to the nearest farm-house for assistance, ropes, and lights, he stayed on the spot, and endeavoured to discover who was below. My poor master was too faint to make himself understood ; but the gentleman was satisfied that some one, still alive, had fallen into the pit ; and he evinced equal anxiety with myself for the return of his messenger.

Sooner than could have been expected, assistance arrived : a rope was let down, by which a resolute fellow descended with a light ; and in a short space I had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing that my dear master was not only alive, but less hurt than might have been expected, though his horse was killed. Another rope be-

ing let down, the intrepid adventurer fixed it under my master's arms, and gave the signal to draw him up. In an instant both were again on the level ground ; and the felicitations which took place, when it was known who had been saved from such a horrible grave, were such as beggared all language. There was not a dry eye on the occasion. I verily thought I should have died for joy. I jumped upon my master ; I pulled him away from the dreaded spot ; and when he was set on the gentleman's horse, and supported by his bold deliverer, I felt it the happiest moment I had ever lived.

My zeal, my address, and the instinct I had displayed, were the theme of unbounded applause. We soon reached the mansion of Allworthy ; and my fortunate exertions being instantly published, there was not a person in the family but took me in their arms, and clasped me to their breast. My fame was blazoned over the whole country, and thousands came to see me. I was painted in the act of trying to allure the matron of the cottage to follow me ; and I had the farther honour of a

place in the family picture. But the highest gratification I could possibly receive was in finding that my dear lord was soon able to go abroad with me, and to hear him declare, "that, as he owed his life to me, we should never part."

CHAPTER XV.

The grateful master and the contented servant—The French merchant and his dog—Canine fidelity and Robespierrian cruelty—Sir Harry Lee's mastiff—The Newfoundland dog—Tray and his friend—The wild Indian dog—The story of Gelert—The Scotch shepherd's child—Bob takes his leave of the public, with some pretty verses from the Gleaner.

THE services I had rendered to my master and his family were of a nature that could not be easily repaid; but the grateful, the generous heart, by owning an obligation, in some measure discharges the debt. I received daily proofs of increasing favour; I had every return made for my duty and zeal that an animal like me could enjoy; and I am sure that time will occasion no diminution of the general regard I now possess, and have long possessed.

To enhance the bounties that are showered on me in particular, my master shews a marked predilection for all my species, and takes pleasure in reading to his family and friends various recorded instances of the fidelity and sagacity of

my race ; never failing at the same time to make partial comments on my own merits, and patting and fondling me as he proceeds.

From different authors, who, he observed, had hearts to feel for every thing that breathes, and who rank among the most eloquent eulogists of dogs, I remember hearing him give the following anecdotes. If I assign them a place in my memoirs, it cannot be ascribed to vanity, for they make my services appear an easy task ; but to a love of my kind, which must be still more endeared to man by the display.

A French merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles,

alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade ; and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge ; but, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag : but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language ; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity ; but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of itself ; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

‘ Mercy ! ’ cried the afflicted merchant, ‘ it must be so ; my poor dog is certainly mad ;

what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him.'

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded; and, weltering in his blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

The merchant could not bear the sight: he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by despatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual. 'I am most unfortunate,' said he to himself; 'I had almost rather have lost my bag of money than my dog.'

Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. ‘Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame; I could not comprehend the admonition which my sagacious and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he paid for his fidelity with his life!’

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay

watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

A few days before the overthrow of the dreadful Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the north had condemned Monsieur R., an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. This Monsieur R. had a water-spaniel, at that time about twelve years old, which had been brought up by him, and had scarce ever quitted his side. Monsieur R. was cast into prison; his family were dispersed by the system of terror; some had taken

to flight ; others, like himself, were arrested, and carried to distant gaols ; his domestics were dismissed ; his house was destroyed ; his friends, from necessity or fear, abandoned him, to conceal themselves. In the silence of a living tomb he was left to pine in thought, under the iron scourge of a tyrant, whose respite from blood was but to gain by delay some additional horror ; and who, if he extended life to those whom his wantonness had proscribed, even until death became a *prayer*, it was only to tantalise them with the *blessing* of murder, when he imagined he could more effectually torture them with the *curse* of existence.

This faithful dog, however, was with him when he was first seized, but refused admission into prison ; he was seen to return often to the door, but found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour of his late master's, who received him. But, that posterity may judge clearly of the times in which Frenchmen existed at that period, it must be added, that this man received the poor dog tremblingly, and in secret, lest his humanity for, not his enemy's, but his friend's

dog, should bring him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour the dog returned to the door of the prison, but was still refused admittance. He, however, uniformly passed some time there. Such unremitting fidelity at last won even the porter of the prison, and the dog was at length allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; his master's not less; it was difficult to separate them; but the honest gaoler, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison, and he returned to his place of retreat. The next morning, however, he again came back, and repeated his visit for some weeks; and once on each day was regularly admitted by the humane gaoler. The poor dog licked the hand of his master, looked at him again, again licked his hand, and after a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, departed at the call of the gaoler. When the day of receiving sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd which curiosity, love, and fear collected around a public execution; notwithstanding the guards, which jealous power, conscious of its deserts, stations around, the dog

penetrated into the hall, and couched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges condemned his master; ‘and may my tears be pardoned,’ says the generous recorder of this fact, ‘for the burst of indignation—the judges condemned him to a speedy death *in the presence of his dog!*’ Monsieur R. was conducted to the prison; and the dog, though prevented accompanying him, did not quit the door *for the whole of that night.*

The fatal hour of execution arrives with the morning; the prison opens, the unfortunate man passes out; his dog receives him at the threshold! His faithful dog *alone*, amongst the thousands that revered and loved him, *dared*, even under the eye of the tyrant, to own a dying friend! He clings to his hand undaunted. ‘Alas! that hand will never more be spread upon thy caressing head, poor dog!’ exclaimed the condemned. The axe falls! the master dies! but the tender adherent cannot leave the body. He walks around the corse; the earth receives it, and the mourner spreads himself on the grave.

On that cold pillow he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night : the neighbour, meantime, unhappy at not seeing his *protégé*, searches for him; and, guessing the asylum he had chosen, steals forth by night, and finding him as described, caresses and brings him back. The good man tries every gentle way that kindness could devise to make him eat. But a short time afterwards the dog, escaping, regained his favourite place. O man, give faith to a sacred truth ! Three months passed away ; during every morning of which the mourner returned to his loving protector merely to receive his food, and then retired to the ashes of his dead master ! and each day he was more sad, more meagre, and more languishing.

His protector, at length, endeavoured to wean him. He first tied, then chained him ; but what manacle is there that can ultimately triumph over nature ? He broke or bit through his bonds ; again escaped ; again returned to the grave, and never quitted it more ! It was in vain that all kind means were used once more to bring him back. Even the humane gaoler

assisted to take him food, but he would eat no longer: for four-and-twenty hours he was absolutely observed to employ (O force of genuine love!) his weakened limbs, digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served. Affection gave him strength, but his efforts were too vehement for his powers; his whole frame became convulsed; he shrieked in his struggles; his attached and generous heart gave way, and he breathed his last gasp with his last look at the grave, as if he knew he had found, and should be permitted to associate with his master; as if, like the poor Indian,

“His faithful dog should bear him company.”

Sir Harry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and the yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to

his chamber, attended by his *faithful* valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out; which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labour of love: he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before.

Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master that had never shewn him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

To save farther trouble, and not from any partiality to his company, this indulgence was allowed. The favourite valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight, the chamber-door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep: the dog sprang from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot.

All was dark; Sir Harry rung his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible: but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment and soothed by the

hopes of pardon, at length confessed, that it was his intention to murder his master, and then to rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by an interference of Providence. How else could the poor animal know the meditated assassination? How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services, and finally to seize and detain a person, who it is probable had shewn him more kindness than his owner had ever done? The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate. It may be impossible to reason on such a topic; but the facts are indisputable. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, 'More faithful than favoured,' are still to be seen at the family seat of Ditchley, and will be a lasting memorial of the gratitude of the master and the fidelity of the dog.

One day, as a girl was amusing herself with an infant at Aston's Quay, near Carlisle

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

who had removed the babe from the dog turned to shew the infant to this gentleman, when it presented to his view the well-known features of his own son! A mixed sensation of terror, joy, and surprise, struck him mute. When he had recovered the use of his faculties, and fondly kissed his little darling, he lavished a thousand embraces on the dog, and offered his master a very large sum (500 guineas) if he would transfer the valuable animal to him; but the owner of the dog (Colonel Wynne) felt too much affection for the useful creature to part with him for any consideration whatever.

A gentleman from Scotland arrived at an inn in St. Albans, on his way to the metropolis, having with him a favourite terrier-dog; and being apprehensive of losing him in London, he left him to the care of the landlord, promising to pay for the animal's board on his return, in about a month or less. During several days the dog was kept chained, to reconcile him to the superintendence of his new master; he was then left at liberty to range the public yard at

large with others. There was one amongst his companions which chose to act the tyrant, and frequently assaulted and bit poor Tray unmercifully. The latter submitted with admirable forbearance for some time, but his patience being exhausted, and oppression becoming daily more irksome, he quietly took his departure. After an absence of several days, he returned in company with a large Newfoundland dog, made up directly to his tyrannical comrade, and, so assisted, very nearly put him to death. The stranger then retired, and was seen no more, and Tray remained unmolested until the return of his master.

The landlord naturally mentioned the circumstance, which was the subject of general conversation, and the gentleman heard it with much astonishment, because he suspected that the dog must have travelled into Scotland to make known his ill-treatment, and to solicit the good offices of the friend which had been the companion of his journey back, and his assistant in punishing the aggressor. It proved to have been so; for on arriving at his house in the

Highlands, and inquiring into particulars, he found, as he expected, that much surprise and some uneasiness had been created by the return of Tray alone ; by the two dogs, after meeting, going off together ; and by the Newfoundland dog, after an absence of several days, coming back again foot-sore and nearly starved.

In the neighbourhood of Wawaring, in North America, lived a person whose name was Le Fevre ; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who, at the repeal of the edict of Nantes, had, with many others, been obliged to flee his country. He possessed a plantation near the Blue Mountains (which cross a part of the state of New York), an enormous chain abounding in deer and other wild animals. One day the youngest of Le Fevre's children, who was about four years old, disappeared early in the morning. The family, after a partial search, becoming alarmed, had recourse to the assistance of some neighbours. These separated into parties, and explored the woods in every direction, but without success. Next day the search was re-

newed, but with no better result. In the midst of their distress, Tewnissa, a native Indian from Anaguaga, on the eastern branch of the river Susquehannah, who happened to be journeying in that quarter, accompanied by his dog Oniah, happily went into the house of the planter with the design of reposing himself. Observing the distress of the family, and being informed of the circumstances, he requested that the shoes and stockings last worn by the child should be brought to him. He then ordered his dog to smell them; and taking the house for a centre, described a semicircle of a quarter of a mile, urging the dog to find out the scent. They had not gone far before the sagacious animal began to bark. The track was followed up by the dog with still louder baying, till at last, darting off at full speed, he was lost in the thickness of the woods. Half an hour after they saw him returning. His countenance was animated, bearing even an expression of joy; it was evident he had found the child—but was he dead or alive! This was a moment of cruel suspense, but it was of short continuance.

The Indian followed his dog, and the excellent animal quickly conducted him to the lost child, who was found unharmed, lying at the foot of a great tree. Tewnissa took him in his arms, and returned with him to the distressed parents and their friends, who had not been able to advance with the same speed. He then restored little Derick to his father and mother, who ran to meet him, when a scene of tenderness and gratitude ensued, which may be easier felt than described. The child was in a state of extreme weakness, but, by means of a little care, he was in a short time restored to his usual vigour.

In a village at the foot of Snowdon, a high mountain in Wales, there is a tradition that Llewellyn, son-in-law to King John, had a residence in that neighbourhood. The king, it is said, had presented him with one of the finest greyhounds in England, named Gelert. In the year 1205, Llewellyn one day, on going out to hunt, called all his dogs together, but his favourite greyhound was missing, and nowhere to be found. He blew his horn as a signal for

the chase, and still Gelert came not. Llewellyn was much disconcerted at the heedlessness of his favourite, but at length pursued the chase without him. For want of Gelert, the sport was limited; and getting tired, Llewellyn retired home at an early hour, when the first object that presented itself to him at his castle gate was Gelert, who bounded with his usual transport to meet his master, having his lips besmeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed with surprise at the unusual appearance of his dog.

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

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

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

In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for his child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither,

he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return home, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out again to seek his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning in the evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been there, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one

day, and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the waterfall almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that abrupt appearance which so often astonishes and appals the traveller amidst the Grampian mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog, without hesitation, made his way, and at last disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency!

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

These anecdotes made an indelible impression on my memory, and, I trust, will find their way to every feeling heart. I well remember too, that my master frequently instituted a comparison between me and another faithful animal, which, by nearly similar means, saved his owner from a watery grave ;* but as his lingering death

* As Bob has slightly passed over this interesting incident, so nearly parallel to his own achievement, we give it in the words of Dr. Beattie, in his Disserta-

in a coal-pit was much more dreadful in apprehension than sinking at once into the stream, he always expressed his superior thankfulness to Providence, and his gratitude to me, its hum-

tions: “ A gentleman of the name of Irvine, who lived near Aberdeen, and who died about 1778, in walking across the river Dee, when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sunk ; but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. A dog, who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the first person he met. The man, alarmed, would have disengaged himself ; but the dog regarded him with a look so kind and so significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master in time to save his life ! Was there not here both memory and recollection guided by experience, and by what in a human creature we should not scruple to call good sense ? No ; rather let us say, that here was an interposition of Heaven, who, having thought fit to employ the animal as an instrument of his deliverance, was pleased to qualify him for it by a supernatural impulse.”

ble instrument in rescuing him from a living tomb.

Having now no farther services to perform than the reciprocal interchanges of duty and love, and being too far advanced in years to render active exertions possible, even if they were demanded, the reader can know little more of Bob, than that he lived to such an age, and that, when he was no more, the tear of affection bedewed his verdant grave. I therefore take a respectful and final leave of the public ; but in order still farther to benefit my kind, I borrow the subsequent beautiful lines from the *Gleaner*,* which I have often heard repeated in the family, in order to inculcate a love of animals in general, and of dogs in particular.

How oft some hero of the canine kind,

A Cæsar, "guiltless of his country's blood;"

A blameless Pompey, though for power design'd,

Intrepid champion of the oppress'd has stood!

Now snatch'd a friend from the assassin's steel,

From raging fire, or from the whelming wave;

* Mr. Pratt.

Now taught the haughty rational to feel,
The bold to fear, the coward to be brave.

Thou animal sublime, we human call,
Who deem'st these attributes but instinct's sway,
Thyself sole-reasoning tyrant of the ball,
The rest, thy slaves to tremble and obey :

Virtues in thee are instincts in the brute ;
Yet in these instincts, proud one ! may'st thou find
Plain, honest arguments, which oft confute
The subtlest maxims of thy soaring mind.

Art thou in doubt, and wouldst thou truly know
How far those virtuous instincts may extend ?
Cæsar and Pompey at thy feet can shew
Th' unmeasur'd duties of a faithful friend.

Hast thou e'er follow'd friend with steps more true ?
With nobler courage hast thou met the foe ?
And if that friend in anger left thy view,
Hast thou so felt the reconciling glow ?

Or if thou hast, O tell me ! hast thou borne
Insult unmerited, stripes undeserved ?
And didst thou both in meek submission mourn,
As if thou only hadst from duty swerv'd ?

Or, if new proofs thy tyranny demands,
Wouldst thou see love o'er all those stripes prevail ?
Lo ! the poor dog still licks thy barb'rous hands,
When strength and nature, all but fondness, fail.

E'en the mute ass thy stoic pride contemns,
Who meekly bears each varied mark of scorn ;
E'en he might teach the Christian, who contemns,
Lessons of patience might thy soul adorn.

Of all the boasted conquests thou hast made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the dog, the generous dog, display'd,
For, ah ! what virtues glow within his breast !

Through life the same, in sunshine and in storms,
At once his lord's protector and his guide,
Shapes to his wishes, to his wants conforms,
His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride.

Excell'd, perchance, in dignity and grace,
Or on the peaceful or th' embattled plain ;
Yet, oh ! what attributes supply their place,
Which nor provoke the spur nor ask the rein !

Lo ! while the master sleeps he takes his rounds,
His master's happiness his sole delight ;
A wakeful sentinel, whose watch-bark sounds
To awe the rude disturbers of the night.

Monarch himself, meanwhile, of some fair flock,
A meek, mild people, who his rule obey ;
And while the shepherd slumbers on the rock,
Or in the vale, nor sheep nor lambs shall stray.

Yes, mighty lord of all that move below,
Without thy dog, how vain the temper'd steel,

Thy fate-wing'd bullet, and thy plastic bow,
And all thy arts to conquer and to kill.

Without his aid, say, how wouldst thou oppose
The noontide ruffian, and the midnight thief?
Enthrall'd on every side by dangerous foes,
Who but thy faithful dog could bring relief?

But wouldst thou see an instance yet more dear,
A touch more rare—thy dog may still afford
The example high—go read it on the bier;
If chance some canine friend survives his lord.

Awhile survives his latest dues to pay,
Beyond the grave his gratitude to prove,
Moan out his life in slow but sure decay,
Martyr sublime of friendship and of love.

From him who drives the pilferer from the gate,
To him who leads the eyeless to the door,
All prove, without the dog, how weak the great,
And with that constant friend, how strong the poor!

Then grateful own the dog's unrivall'd claim—
A claim not e'en the lion can dispute,
The proud usurper of another's fame;
The gen'rous dog shall be the kingly brute!

[1m.—31-8-87.—v.]

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG,

OF ALL AGES,

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS AND SCHOOL PRIZES,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO PRICES,

FROM FOURPENCE TO SEVEN SHILLINGS AND
SIXPENCE EACH.



PUBLISHED BY

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN & WELSH

(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS),

WEST CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON;

AND SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

a

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Arranged according to Prices.

- 7/6** *Seven Shillings and Sixpence each, cloth elegant. Illustrated.*
Alice's Wonderland Birthday Book. By E. STANLEY LEATHES and C. E. W. HOLMES.
Child Elves. By M. LEPONT.
Romance of the Wool Trade. By JAMES BONWICK.
The Looking-Glass for the Mind. With Cuts by BEWICK. An Introduction by CHARLES WELSH.
Wanderings of a Beetle. By E. P. WARREN.
- 6/-** **KINGSTON'S SERIES OF SIX SHILLING BOOKS.**
Twelve Volumes. Each containing from 450 to 550 pages, well Illustrated by the best Artists. Imperial 16mo, cloth elegant, bevelled boards, gilt edges.
Hurricane Hurry.
Master of his Fate. By A. BLANCHE. Trans. by Rev. M. R. BARNARD.
Middy and Ensign. By G. MANVILLE FENN.
The Missing Ship; or, Notes from the Log of the *Ouzel Galley*.
Paddy Finn: The Adventures of an Irish Midshipman.
The Three Midshipmen.
The Three Lieutenants; or, Naval Life in the Nineteenth Century.
The Three Commanders; or, Active Service Afloat in Modern Times.
The Three Admirals, and the Adventures of their Young Followers.
True Blue; or, a British Seaman of the Old School.
Will Weatherhelm; or, The Yarn of an Old Sailor.
Won from the Waves; or, The Story of Maiden May.
Young Buglers: A Tale of the Peninsular War. By G. A. HENTY.
- 6/-** *Six Shillings each, cloth elegant, with Illustrations.*
The Bird and Insects' Post Office. By R. BLOOMFIELD. (Or paper boards, price 3s. 6d.)
Child Life in Japan. By Mrs. CHAPLIN AYRTON.
Crane Court, By A. M. MUNRO.
Emblems of the Passion. By GEO. TUGWELL, M.A.
Flyaway Fairies and Baby Blossoms. By L. CLARKSON.
Golden Threads from an Ancient Loom. By LYDIA HANDS.
His Little Royal Highness. By RUTH OGDEN.
Journey to the Centre of the Earth. By JULES VERNE.
Little Loving Heart's Poem Book. By M. E. TUPPER.
Mabel in Rhymeland. By EDWARD HOLLAND, C.C.S.
Mamma's Bible Stories. 3 Vols., in cardboard box.
The Vanderbilts and the Story of their Fortune. By W. A. CROFFUT.
- 5/-** *Five Shillings each, cloth elegant. Illus. by eminent Artists.*
All Round the Clock. By H. M. BENNETT and R. E. MACK. 4to, Boards.
Belle's Pink Boots. By JOANNA H. MATTHEWS. Gilt edges.
The Day of Wonders. By M. SULLIVAN. Gilt edges.
Dethroned; A Story for Girls. By the Author of "Girlhood Days."
Extraordinary Nursery Rhymes; New, yet Old. Small 4to.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN AND WELSH,

Five Shillings each—continued.

Favourite Picture Book (The) and Nursery Companion. Compiled anew by UNCLE CHARLIE. With 450 Illustrations by ABSOLON, ANELAY, BENNETT, BROWNE (PHIZ), SIR JOHN GILBERT, T. LANDSEER, LEECH, PROUT, HARRISON WEIR, and others. Medium 4to, cloth elegant (or coloured Illustrations, 10s. 6d.).

* * This may also be had in Two Vols., cloth, price 3s., or coloured Illustrations, 5s.; also in Four parts, in paper boards, fancy wrapper, price 1s. each, or coloured Illustrations, 2s. each.

First Christmas. By HOFFMANN.

From May to Christmas at Thorne Hill. By Mrs. D. P. SANDFORD.

Gladys Ramsay. By Mrs. M. DOUGLAS. Crown 8vo.

Goody Two Shoes. In a Fac-simile Cover of the Original, with introduction by CHARLES WELSH.

Harris's Cabinet: { **The Butterfly's Ball.** | **The Lion's Masquerade.**
 { **The Elephant's Ball.** | **The Peacock at Home.**
 Or in Four Parts at 1s. each.

History of the Robins. By Mrs. TRIMMER. Small 4to, gilt edges.

Little Margit; a Collection of Fairy Tales. By M. A. HOYER.

Little People of Asia. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Merry Songs for Little Voices. Words by Mrs. BRODERIP. Music by THOMAS MURBY. Fcap. 4to.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have. By ANNE BEALE.

Patrañas; or, SPANISH STORIES, LEGENDARY AND TRADITIONAL.

The Pattern Life. By W. CHATTERTON DIX.

Pictures and Songs for Little Children.

Queen of the Meadow. By R. E. MACK.

Queer Pets and their Doings. By the author of "Little People of Asia."

Wee Babies. By IDA WAUGH and AMY E. BLANCHARD.

Five Shilling Series of

TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Crown 8vo, well printed on good paper, and strongly bound in cloth elegant, bevelled boards, gilt edges. Each volume contains from 300 to 400 pages of solid reading. Fully illustrated by eminent Artists.

The Briny Deep. By CAPTAIN TOM.

From Cadet to Captain. By J. PERCY GROVES.

The Cruise of the Theseus. By ARTHUR KNIGHT.

The Duke's Own. By J. PERCY GROVES.

Friends though Divided. By GEO. A. HENTY.

Hair-breadth Escapes. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.

Jack's Yarn; or, Perils in the Pacific. By J. ROBERTS BROWN.

Masaniello. By F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

Mystery of Beechy Grange (The). By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.

Perils in the Transvaal and Zululand. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.

Rival Crusoes (The). By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

A Search for the Mountain of Gold. By W. MURPHY.

Five Shilling Series--continued.

5/-

- A Soldier Born.** By J. PERCY GROVES.
In Times of Peril. By GEO. A. HENTY.
Who did it? or, HOLMWOOD PRIORY. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.
Who was Philip? By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS.

THE BOYS' OWN FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

3/6 *Twenty-seven Volumes, price Three Shillings and Sixpence each.*

Each volume contains from 300 to 450 pages of solid reading, well illustrated by the best Artists. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges.

- Mark Seaworth.** By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Hurricane Hurry. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Salt Water. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Out on the Pampas. By G. A. HENTY.
Peter the Whaler. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
The Three Admirals. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Early Start in Life. By E. MARRYAT NORRIS.
Fred Markham in Russia. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
College Days at Oxford. By Rev. H. C. ADAMS.
The Young Franc-Tireurs. By G. A. HENTY.
The Three Midshipmen. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
The Fiery Cross. By BARBARA HUTTON.
Our Soldiers. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
The Three Commanders. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
The Three Lieutenants. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Manco, The Peruvian Chief. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Our Sailors. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
John Deane. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Travel, War, and Shipwreck. By Colonel PARKER GILLMORE.
Chums. By HARLEIGH SEVERNE.
African Wanderers. By Mrs. R. LEE.
Tales of the White Cockade. By BARBARA HUTTON.
The Missing Ship. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
Will Weatherhelm. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
True Blue. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.
The North Pole, and How CHARLIE WILSON discovered it.
Harty the Wanderer. By FARLEIGH OWEN.
Self-Conquered. By BERNARD HELDMANN.

THE GIRLS' OWN FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

3/6 *Twenty-seven Volumes, price Three Shillings and Sixpence each.*

Each volume contains from 300 to 400 pages of solid reading, well illustrated by the best Artists. Cr. 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges.

- Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.** By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN.
Her Title of Honour. By HOLME LEE.
Michaelmas Daisy. By SARAH DOUDNEY.
The New Girl. By Mrs. GELLIE.
The Oak Staircase. By M. and C. LEE.
For a Dream's Sake. By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN.

THE GIRLS' OWN FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

Three Shillings and Sixpence each—continued.

3/6

My Mother's Diamonds. By MARIA J. GREER.

My Sister's Keeper. By LAURA M. LANE.

Shiloh. By W. M. L. JAY.

Holden with the Cords. By W. M. L. JAY.

"Bonnie Lesley." By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN.

Left Alone. By FRANCIS CARR.

Very Genteel. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal."

Gladys the Reaper. By ANNE BEALE.

Stephen the Schoolmaster. By Mrs. GELLIE (M. E. B.).

Isabel's Difficulties. By M. R. CAREY.

Court and Cottage. By Mrs. EMMA MARSHALL.

Rosamond Fane. By M. and C. LEE.

Simplicity and Fascination. By ANNE BEALE.

Millicent and Her Cousins. By the Hon. A. BETHELL.

Aunt Hetty's Will. By M. M. POLLARD.

Silver Linings. By Mrs. BRAY.

Theodora. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS.

Alda Graham. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS.

A Wayside Posy. By FANNY LABLACHE.

Through a Refiner's Fire. By ELEANOR HOLMES.

A Generous Friendship; or, THE HAPPENINGS OF A NEW ENGLAND SUMMER.

A Country Mouse. By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence each,

3/6

Elegantly bound, and illustrated by the best Authors.

Bird and Insects' Post Office (The). By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Crown 4to, paper boards, with Chromo side (or cloth elegant, 6s.)

Bunch of Berries (A), AND THE DIVERSIONS THEREOF. By LEADER SCOTT.

Castles and their Heroes. By BARBARA HUTTON.

Child Pictures from Dickens. Illustrated.

Clement's Trial and Victory. By M. E. B. (Mrs. GELLIE).

Daisy Days; a Colour Book for Children. By Mrs. A. M. CLAUSEN.

Every-day Life in Our Public Schools. By CHAS. EYRE PASCOE.

In Time of War. By JAS. F. COBB.

Joachim's Spectacles. By M. and C. LEE.

Lee (Mrs.) Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals.

,, Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes.

,, Adventures in Australia.

Lily and Her Brothers. By C. E. L.

Little Chicks and Baby Tricks. By IDA WAUGH.

Little May's Friend. By ANNIE WHITTEM.

The Little Wonderbox. By JEAN INGELow. A series of Six Vols.
Price 6d. each.

3/6

Three Shillings and Sixpence each—continued.

- My Friend and My Enemy. By PAUL BLAKE.
 Nimpo's Troubles. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER.
 Old Corner Annual for 1888. Illustrated.
 Reached at Last. By R. H. CUTTER.
 Restful Work for Youthful Hands. By S. F. A. CAULFIELD.
 Sermons for Children. By A. DE COPPET.
 Talks about Plants. By Mrs. LANKESTER.
 Two Stories of Two. By STELLA AUSTIN.
 Under the Mistletoe. By LIZZIE LAWSON and R. E. MACK. 4to,
 boards.
 Unwelcome Guest. By ESME STUART.

2/6 THE "BUNCHY" SERIES OF HALF-CROWN BOOKS.

*Crown 8vo. Cloth elegant, bevelled boards, gilt edges, fully Illustrated
 by the best Artists.*

- African Pets. By F. CLINTON PARRY.
 Boy Slave in Bokhara. By DAVID KER.
 Bunchy. By E. C. PHILLIPS.
 Bryan and Katie. By ANNETTE LYSTER.
 Cast Adrift: the Story of a Waif. By Mrs. H. H. MARTIN.
 Daring Voyage across the Atlantic. By the Brothers ANDREWS.
 Dolly, Dear! By MARY E. GELLIE.
 Every Inch a King. By Mrs. J. WORTHINGTON BLISS.
 Family Feats. By Mrs. R. M. BRAY.
 Fearless Frank. By MARY E. GELLIE.
 A Gem of an Aunt. By Mrs. GELLIE (M. E. B.)
 Gerty and May. By the Author of "Our White Violet."
 Grandfather. By E. C. PHILLIPS, Author of "Bunchy."
 Great and Small. By Miss HARRIET POOLE.
 Growing Up. By JENNETT HUMPHREYS.
 Hilda and Her Doll. By E. C. PHILLIPS.
 House on the Bridge. By C. E. BOWEN.
 Hugh's Sacrifice. By CECIL MARRYAT NORRIS.
 Mischievous Jack. By C. E. L.
 Nora's Trust. By Mrs. GELLIE (M. E. B.).
 Our Aubrey. By E. C. PHILLIPS.
 Punch. By E. C. PHILLIPS.
 St. Aubyn's Laddie. By E. C. PHILLIPS.
 Ten of Them. By Mrs. R. M. BRAY.
 "Those Unlucky Twins!" By ANNETTE LYSTER.
 Two Rose Trees. By Mrs. MINNIE DOUGLAS.
 The Venturesome Twins. By Mrs. GELLIE. Crown 8vo.
 Ways and Tricks of Animals. By MARY HOOPER.
 We Four. By Mrs. R. M. BRAY.
 Wild Horseman of the Pampas. By DAVID KER.

Two Shillings and Sixpence each—continued.

2/6

- Boy's Own Toy Maker (The):** A Practical Illustrated Guide to the useful employment of Leisure Hours. By E. LANDELLS.
- Choice Extracts from the Standard Authors.** By the Editor of "Poetry for the Young." 3 vols. (2s. 6d. each.)
- Cruise of Ulysses and His Men (The);** or, Tales and Adventures from the Odyssey, for Boys and Girls. By C. M. BELL.
- Girl's Own Toy Maker (The),** AND BOOK OF RECREATION. By E. and A. LANDELLS. With 200 Illustrations.
- Goody Two Shoes.** A Reprint of the Original Edition, with Introduction by CHAS. WELSH.
- Holly Berries.** By AMY E. BLANCHARD. Coloured Illustrations by IDA WAUGH. 4to boards.
- Ice Maiden AND OTHER STORIES.** By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
- Lesson Notes.** By STAFFORD C. NORTHCOTE.
- Little Child's Fable Book.** Arranged Progressively in One, Two, and Three Syllables. 16 Pages, Illustrated. *Cheap Edition.*
- Little Gipsy.** By ELIE SAUVAGE. *Cheaper Edition.*
- Little Pilgrim (The).** Illustrated by HELEN PETRIE.
- Model Yachts, and Model Yacht Sailing:** HOW TO BUILD, RIG AND SAIL A SELF-ACTING MODEL YACHT. By JAS. E. WALTON, V.M.Y.C. Fcap. 4to, with 58 Woodcuts.
- My Own Dolly.** By AMY BLANCHARD and IDA WAUGH.
- On the Leads.** By Mrs. A. A. STRANGE BUTSON.
- Restful Work for Youthful Hands.** By Miss CAULFIELD.
- Sea and Sky.** By J. R. BLAKISTON, M.A. Suitable for young people. Profusely Illustrated, and contains a Coloured Atlas of the Phenomena of Sea and Sky.

Two Shillings and Sixpence, cloth elegant, with Illustrations by Harrison Weir and other Eminent Artists. 2/6

- As Yankees see us.** By LEANDER RICHARDSON.
- Animals and their Social Powers.** By MARY TURNER-ANDREWES.
- A Week by Themselves.** By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS.
- Babies' Crawling Rugs, and How to Make them.** By EMMA S. WINDSOR.
- Christmas Box.** Being the Six Volumes of the Christmas Stocking Series in one.
- Christmas Roses.** By LIZZIE LAWSON and R. E. MACK. 4to, boards.
- Christmas Tree Fairy.** By R. E. MACK and Mrs. L. MACK.
- Cleopatra.**
- Funny Fables for Little Folks.**
- Granny's Story Box.** With 20 Engravings.
- Jack Frost and Betty Snow; Tales for Wintry Nights and Rainy Days.**

2/6

Two Shillings and Sixpence each—continued.

- London Cries. By LUKE LIMNER.
 Madelon. By ESTHER CARR.
 Margaret Kent. An American Story.
 Odd Stories about Animals: told in Short and Easy Words.
 Percy Pomo; or, the Autobiography of a South Sea Islander.
 Secret of Wrexford (The). By ESTHER CARR.
 Snowed Up. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS.
 Tales from Catland. Dedicated to the Young Kittens of England.
 Talking Bird (The). By M. and E. KIRBY.
 Three Nights. By CECIL MARRYAT NORRIS.
 Tiny Stories for Tiny Readers in Tiny Words.
 Trottie's Story Book: True Tales in Short Words and Large Type.
 Tuppy; or, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DONKEY.
 Wandering Blindfold; or, A BOY'S TROUBLES. By MARY ALBERT.

NEW ILLUSTRATED QUARTO GIFT BOOKS.

- Wreck of Hesperus. By H. W. Longfellow. Small quarto, cloth bevelled, stamped in gold and colour.

Uniform with the above.

- The Village Blacksmith. | Keble's Evening Hymn.
 The Sweet By-and-Bye.

COMICAL PICTURE BOOKS.

2/6 *Two Shillings and Sixpence each, fancy boards.*

- Adventures of the Pig Family, The. By ARTHUR S. GIBSON.
 Sixteen pages Illustrations, oblong 4to, boards.
 The March Hares and their friends. Uniform with the above.
 By the same author.

The following have Coloured Plates.

- English Struwwelpeter (The): or PRETTY STORIES AND FUNNY PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. After the celebrated German Work of Dr. HEINRICH HOFFMANN. Thirtieth Edition. Twenty-four pages of Illustrations (or mounted on linen, 5s.).
 Funny Picture Book (The); or, 25 FUNNY LITTLE LESSONS. A free Translation from the German of "DER KLEINE ABC SCHÜTZE."
 In the Land of Nod; a Fancy Story. By A. C. MARZATH.
 Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep. Written and Illustrated by THOMAS HOOD.
 Pictures and Fun. Mirth and Fun for Old and Young.
 Spectropia; or, SURPRISING SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS, showing Ghosts everywhere, and of any colour. By J. H. BROWN.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN AND WELSH,

THE HOLIDAY LIBRARY.

A Series of 15 Volumes for Boys and Girls, well illustrated, and bound in cloth, with elegant design printed in gold and colours, gilt edges. The size is Foolscap 8vo, and as each volume contains upwards of 300 pages of interesting tales of all descriptions, they form one of the most attractive and saleable series in the market.

Price Two Shillings, each volume containing Two Tales, 2/- well Illustrated.

LIST OF BOOKS IN THE SERIES.

Vol. I.	{ Sunny Days. Wrecked, Not Lost.	Vol. VIII.	{ Children's Picnic. Holiday Tales.
„ II.	{ Discontented Children. Holidays among Moun- tains.	„ IX.	{ Christian Elliott. Stolen Cherries.
„ III.	{ Adrift on the Sea. Hofer the Tyrolese.	„ X.	{ Harry at School. Claudine.
„ IV.	{ Alice and Beatrice. Julia Maitland.	„ XI.	{ Our White Violet. Fickle Flora.
„ V.	{ Among the Brigands. Hero of Brittany.	„ XII.	{ William Tell. Paul Howard's Captivity.
„ VI.	{ Cat and Dog. Johnny Miller.	„ XIII.	{ Amy's Wish. New Baby.
„ VII.	{ Children of the Parson- age. Grandmamma's Relics.	„ XIV.	{ Neptune. Crib and Fly.
		„ XV.	{ What became of Tommy Geoffrey's Great Fault.

Two Shillings, cloth elegant, Illustrated.

Captain Fortescue's Handful. By C. MARRYAT NORRIS.

Children's Gallery. Four Parts, price 2s. each.

Daily Thoughts of Comfort. By E. G.

Elsie Dinsmore }
Elsie's Girlhood } By MARTHA FARQUHARSON.
Elsie's Holidays }

A Far-away Cousin. By K. D. CORNISH.

How to Make Dolls' Furniture AND TO FURNISH A DOLL'S HOUSE.
With 70 Illustrations. Small 4to.

Illustrated Paper Model Maker. By E. LANDELLS. In envelope.

Mademoiselle's Story. By MADAME RYFFEL.

Mamma's Bible Stories. First Series. FOR HER LITTLE BOYS
AND GIRLS.

Mamma's Bible Stories. Second Series.

Mamma's Bible Stories. Third Series. Illustrated by STANLEY
BERKELEY. The three Volumes can be had in a handsome
case. Price 6s.

Seeking His Fortune. Uniform in size and price with above.

Two and Two; OR, FRENCH AND ENGLISH. By Mrs. SEYMOUR.

Wonders of Home, in Eleven Stories (The). By GRANDFATHER
GREY.

Young Vocalist (The). Cloth boards. (Or paper, 1s.)

Babie's First Book. By UNCLE CHARLIE. Paper boards, 1s. 6d. 1/6

Babies' Museum (The). By UNCLE CHARLIE. Paper boards, 1s. 6d.

Children's Daily Help. By E. G. Bevelled boards, gilt edges.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

1/6

Price One Shilling and Sixpence each.

Christmas Carols. For Children in Church, at Home, and in School. Words by MRS. HERNAMAN, and Music by ALFRED REDHEAD. Twenty-two Carols. Price 1½d. each; or complete in paper cover, price 1s. 6d. each in Two Volumes; or in One Vol., cloth, price 3s. 6d. The Words only, price 1d. for each Series. List of the Carols:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Jesus in the Manger. | 12. The Prince of Peace. |
| 2. The Birthday of Birthdays. | 13. Carol for Christmas Eve. |
| 3. The Welcome Home. | 14. The Babe of Bethlehem. |
| 4. Carol to Jesus Sleeping. | 15. The King in the Stable. |
| 5. The Lambs in the Field. | 16. The Infant Jesus. |
| 6. Carol for the Children of Jesus. | 17. The Holy Innocents. |
| 7. Christmas Songs. | 18. Epiphany. |
| 8. Round about the Christmas Tree. | 19. A Merry Christmas. |
| 9. Old Father Christmas. | 20. The Christmas Party. |
| 10. We'll Gather round the Fire. | 21. Light and Love. |
| 11. Carol we high. | 22. The Christmas Stocking. |

Directory of Girls' Societies, Clubs, and Unions. Conducted on unprofessional principles. By S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

Little Margaret's Ride to the Isle of Wight; or, THE WONDERFUL ROCKING-HORSE. By MRS. F. BROWN. Coloured Illustrations.

Rivals of the Cornfield. By the Author of "Geneviève's Story."

Taking Tales. In Plain Language and large Type. Four vols. May also be had in 2 vols., 3s. 6d. each; and in 21 parts, cl. limp, price 6d. each.

ANGELO SERIES OF EIGHTEENPENNY BOOKS.

Square 16mo. Cloth elegant, fully Illustrated.

Angelo; or, THE PINE FOREST IN THE ALPS. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. 5th Thousand.

Aunt Annette's Stories to Ada. By ANNETTE A. SALAMAN.

Brave Nelly; or, WEAK HANDS AND A WILLING HEART. By M. E. B. (MRS. GELLIE). 5th Thousand.

Featherland; or, HOW THE BIRDS LIVED AT GREENLAWN. By G. M. FENN. 4th Thousand.

Humble Life: A Tale of HUMBLE HOMES. By the Author of "Gerty and May," &c.

Kingston's (W. H. G.) Child of the Wreck; or, THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Lee's (Mrs. R.) Playing at Settlers; or, THE FAGOT HOUSE.

———— **Twelve Stories of the Sayings and Doings of Animals.**

Little Lisette, THE ORPHAN OF ALSACE. By M. E. B. (MRS. GELLIE).

Live Toys; or, ANECDOTES OF OUR FOUR-LEGGED AND OTHER PETS. By EMMA DAVENPORT.

Long Evenings; or, STORIES FOR MY LITTLE FRIENDS. By EMILIA MARRYAT.

Three Wishes (The). By MRS. GELLIE (M. E. B.).

The CHERRY SERIES of EIGHTEENPENNY BOOKS. 1/6

PRESENTS AND PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Thirty-six volumes, well illustrated, small 8vo, clearly printed on good paper, and strongly bound in elegant cloth boards, gilt edges.

Adventures in Fanti-land. By Mrs. R. LEE.

African Cruiser (The). By S. WHITCHURCH SADLER.

Always Happy; or, Anecdotes of Felix and his Sister.

Aunt Mary's Bran Pie. By the Author of "St. Olave's."

Battle and Victory. By C. E. BOWEN.

A Child's Influence. By LISA LOCKYER.

Constance and Nellie. By EMMA DAVENPORT.

Corner Cottage, and its Inmates. By FRANCES OSBORNE.

Distant Homes. By Mrs. J. E. AYLMER.

Father Time's Story Book. By KATHLEEN KNOX.

From Peasant to Prince. By Mrs. PIETZKER.

Girlhood Days. By Mrs. SEYMOUR.

Good in Everything. By Mrs. BARWELL.

Granny's Wonderful Chair. By B. F. BROWNE.

Happy Holidays. By EMMA DAVENPORT.

Happy Home. By LADY LUSHINGTON.

The Heroic Wife. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

Helen in Switzerland. By LADY LUSHINGTON.

Holidays Abroad; or, Right at Last. By EMMA DAVENPORT.

Lucy's Campaign. By M. and C. LEE.

Lost in the Jungle. By AUGUSTA MARRYAT.

Louisa Broadhurst. By A. MILNER.

Master Bobby.

Mudge and Her Chicks.

My Grandmother's Budget. By Mrs. BRODERIP.

Our Birthdays. By EMMA DAVENPORT.

Our Home in the Marshland. By E. L. F.

Parted. By N. D'ANVERS.

Pictures of Girl Life. By C. A. HOWELL.

School Days in Paris. By M. S. JEUNE.

Starlight Stories. By FANNY LABLACHE.

Sunnyland Stories. By the Author of "St. Olave's."

Talent and Tatters.

Tittle-Tattle: and other Stories for Children.

Vicar of Wakefield (The).

Willie's Victory.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

1/- THE HAWTHORN SERIES OF SHILLING BOOKS.

PRESENTS AND PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Forty-two volumes, well illustrated, small 8vo, clearly printed on good paper, and strongly bound in elegant cloth boards.

Adrift on the Sea. By E. M. NORRIS.

Alice and Beatrice. By GRANDMAMMA.

Among the Brigands. By C. E. BOWEN.

Amy's Wish: A Fairy Tale. By Mr. G. TYLER.

Cat and Dog; or, Puss and the Captain.

Children of the Parsonage. By the Author of "Gerty and May."

Children's Picnic (The). By E. MARRYAT NORRIS.

Christian Elliott; or, Mrs. Danver's Prize. By L. N. COMYN.

Claudine; or, Humility the Basis of all the Virtues.

Crib and Fly: the Story of Two Terriers.

Daughter of a Genius (The). By Mrs. HOFLAND.

Discontented Children (The). By M. and E. KIRBY.

Ellen, the Teacher. By Mrs. HOFLAND.

Eskdale Herd Boy (The). By LADY STODDART.

Fickle Flora and her Seaside Friends. By EMMA DAVENPORT.

Geoffrey's Great Fault. By E. MARRYAT NORRIS.

Grandmamma's Relics. By C. E. BOWEN.

Harry at School. A Story for Boys. By E. MARRYAT NORRIS.

Hero of Brittany (The); or, The Story of Bertrand du Guesclin.

History of the Robins (The). By Mrs. TRIMMER.

Hofer, the Tyrolese. By the Author of "William Tell."

Holiday Tales. By FLORENCE WILFORD.

Holidays among the Mountains. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

Johnny Miller. By FELIX WEISS.

Julia Maitland. By M. and E. KIRBY.

Life and Perambulations of a Mouse (The).

Memoir of Bob, the Spotted Terrier.

Mrs. Leicester's School. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.

Neptune: The Autobiography of a Newfoundland Dog.

Never Wrong; or, The Young Disputant; and It was only in Fun.

New Baby (The). By the Author of "Our White Violet."

Our White Violet. By the Author of "Gerty and May."

Paul Howard's Captivity. By E. MARRYAT NORRIS.

Right and Wrong. By the Author of "Always Happy."

Scottish Orphans (The). By LADY STODDART.

Son of a Genius (The). By Mrs. HOFLAND.

Stolen Cherries (The); or Tell the Truth at once.

Sunny Days. By the Author of "Our White Violet."

Theodore; or the Crusaders. By Mrs. HOFLAND.

What became of Tommy. By E. MARRYAT NORRIS.

William Tell, the Patriot of Switzerland. By FLORIAN.

Wrecked, not Lost. By the Hon. Mrs. DUNDAS.

Easy Reading for Little Readers. Paper Boards.

Price One Shilling each—continued.

1/-

Fragments of Knowledge for Little Folk. Paper Boards.**The Nursery Companion.** Paper Boards.**The Picturesque Primer.** Paper Boards.*These Four Volumes contain about 450 pictures; each one being complete in itself, and bound in an attractive paper cover, in boards (also with coloured Illustrations, 2s.)**The Four Volumes bound together form the "Favourite Picture Book," bound in cloth, price 5s., or coloured Illustrations, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.***The Butterfly's Ball** (reproduced). With an Introduction by CHAS.**The Elephant's Ball.** Ditto. [WELSH.**The Lion's Masquerade.** Ditto.**The Peacock at Home.** Ditto.**The Child's Duty.****Cock Robin.** Sewed.**Courtship of Jenny Wren.** Sewed.**Goody Two Shoes.** Cloth.**Babie's First Book.** By UNCLE CHARLIE. (Or paper boards, 1s. 6d.)**Babies' Museum (The):** OR, RHYMES, JINGLES, AND DITTIES FOR THE NURSERY. By UNCLE CHARLIE. Fully Illustrated. (Or paper boards, 1s. 6d.)**Bible Lilies.** Scripture Selections for Morning and Evening.**Cowslip (The).** Fully Illustrated cloth, 1s. plain.**Cyclist Road Book.** By C. SPENCER. (Or cloth 1s. 6d.)**Daisy (The).** Fully Illustrated cloth, 1s. plain.**Dame Partlett's Farm.** AN ACCOUNT OF THE RICHES SHE OBTAINED BY INDUSTRY, &c. Coloured Illustrations, sewed.**Fairy Folk.** By E. LECKY.**Fairy Gifts:** OR, A WALLET OF WONDERS. By KATHLEEN KNOX. Illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY. Fancy boards.**Fairy Land.** By the late THOMAS AND JANE HOOD. Fancy boards.**Female Christian Names, AND THEIR TEACHINGS.** A Gift Book for Girls. By MARY E. BROMFIELD. Gilt edges.**Flowers of Grace.** Scripture Selections for every day.**Hand Shadows,** to be thrown upon the Wall. Novel and amusing figures formed by the hand. By HENRY BURSILL. Two Series in one. (Or coloured Illustrations, 1s. 6d.)**Lufness.** A Sequel to the Wreck. By ETHEL.**Nine Lives of a Cat (The):** a Tale of Wonder. Written and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. 24 Coloured Engravings, sewed.**Peter Piper.** PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES OF PLAIN AND PERFECT PRONUNCIATION. Coloured Illustrations, sewed.**Primrose Pilgrimage (The):** a Woodland Story. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. Illustrated by MACQUOID. Sewed.**Rhymes and Pictures** ABOUT BREAD, TEA, SUGAR, COTTON, COALS, AND GOLD. By WILLIAM NEWMAN. Seventy-two Illustrations. Price 1s. plain; 2s. 6d. coloured.**Rosebuds and Promises.** A Little Book of Scripture Texts.

1/-

One Shilling each—continued.

Short and Simple Prayers, with Hymns for the Use of Children. By the Author of "Mamma's Bible Stories." Cloth.

Short Stories for Children about Animals. In Words of One Syllable. Fully Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR.

Upside Down; or, TURNOVER TRAITS. By THOMAS HOOD.

Whittington and his Cat. Coloured Illustrations, sewed.

Wreck. By ETHEL.

Young Vocalist (The). A Collection of Twelve Songs, each with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte. By Mrs. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW. (Or bound in cloth, price 2s.)

9d. Price 9d. each, elegantly bound in Paper Boards, with Covers in Chromo-lithography.

THE TINY NATURAL HISTORY SERIES

OF STORY BOOKS ABOUT ANIMALS FOR LITTLE READERS.

ALL PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY THE BEST ARTISTS.

Especially adapted for School Prizes and Rewards. In one way or another, the books either impart knowledge about Animals, or inculcate the desirableness of treating them with kindness.

Little Nellie's Bird Cage. By Mrs. R. LEE, Author of "The African Wanderers," &c.

The Tiny Menagerie. By Mrs. R. LEE, Author of "The African Wanderers," &c.

The Dog Postman. By the Author of "Odd Stories."

The Mischievous Monkey. By the Author of "Odd Stories."

Lily's Letters from the Farm. By MARY HOOPER, Author of "Ways and Tricks of Animals."

Our Dog Prin. By MARY HOOPER, Author of "Ways and Tricks of Animals."

Little Neddie's Menagerie. By Mrs. R. LEE, Author of "The African Wanderers," &c.

Frolicsome Frisk and his Friends. By the Author of "Trottie's Story Book."

Wise Birds and Clever Dogs. By the Author of "Tuppy," "Tiny Stories," &c.

Artful Pussy. By the Author of "Odd Stories," &c.

The Pet Pony. By the Author of "Trottie's Story Book."

Bow Wow Bobby. By the Author of "Tuppy," "Odd Stories," &c.

The above 12 vols. in Cardboard Box with Picture Top, price 9s.
Only a Kitten. By MAUD RANDALL.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN AND WELSH,

*In 21 Parts, cloth limp, fancy binding, with Chromo on side. 6d.
Price 6d. each.*

TAKING TALES FOR COTTAGE HOMES.

Fully illustrated.

N.B.—Each Tale is Illustrated and complete in itself.

1. The Miller of Hillbrook: A RURAL TALE.
2. Tom Trueman: A SAILOR IN A MERCHANTMAN.
3. Michael Hale and His Family in Canada.
4. John Armstrong, THE SOLDIER.
5. Joseph Rudge, THE AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD.
6. Life Underground; OR, DICK THE COLLIERY BOY.
7. Life on the Coast; OR, THE LITTLE FISHER GIRL.
8. Adventures of Two Orphans in London.
9. Early Days on Board a Man-of-War.
10. Walter, the Foundling: A TALE OF OLDEN TIMES.
11. The Tenants of Sunnyside Farm.
12. Holmwood; OR, THE NEW ZEALAND SETTLER.
13. A Bit of Fun, and what it cost.
14. Sweethearts: A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.
15. Helpful Sam. By M. A. B.
16. Little Pretty. By F. BAYFORD HARRISON.
17. A Wise Woman. By F. BAYFORD HARRISON.
18. Saturday Night. By F. BAYFORD HARRISON.
19. Second Best. By F. BAYFORD HARRISON.
20. Little Betsy. By Mrs. E. RELTON.
21. Louie White's Hop-picking. By Miss JENNER.

*N.B.—The first Twelve parts may also be had in 4 volumes, 1s. 6d.
each vol., and 2 volumes, 3s. 6d. each vol.*

THE PRIZE STORY BOOK SERIES.

A Series of Six elegant little books for children from five to seven years of age, price 6d. each.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. The Sand Cave. | 4. So-Fat and Mew-Mew away from Home. |
| 2. The Picnic. | 5. The Birthday. |
| 3. So-Fat and Mew-Mew at Home. | 6. The Robins. |

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES.

A new Illustrated Series of Gift Books, with coloured cover and Frontispiece. Six volumes, price 6d. each.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| The Christmas Stocking. | Kitty Clover. |
| From Santa Claus. | Robin Redbreast. |
| Under the Christmas Tree. | Twinkle, Twinkle. |

Or complete in one Volume entitled Christmas Box, price 2s. 6d

6d. OUR BOYS' LITTLE LIBRARY.

PICTURES AND READING FOR LITTLE FOLK.

A Series of Twelve elegant little volumes in Cloth extra, with Picture on front, price 6d. each. The 12 vols. in a Box, price 6s. Every page is Illustrated.

They are especially suited for School Prizes and Rewards.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Papa's Pretty Gift Book. | 7. Little Tommy's Story Book. |
| 2. Mamma's Pretty Gift Book. | 8. Bright Picture Pages. |
| 3. Neddy's Picture Story Book. | 9. My Little Boy's Story Book. |
| 4. Stories for Play Time. | 10. What Santa Claus gave me. |
| 5. The Christmas Gift Book. | 11. Tiny Stories for Tiny Boys. |
| 6. The Prize Picture Book. | 12. Little Boy Blue's Picture Book. |

OUR GIRLS' LITTLE LIBRARY.

PICTURES AND READING FOR LITTLE FOLK.

A Series of Twelve elegant little volumes in Cloth, with Picture on front, price 6d. each. The 12 vols. in Box, price 6s. Every page is Illustrated.

They are especially suited for School Prizes and Rewards.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Nellie's Picture Stories. | 7. Daisy's Picture Album. |
| 2. Stories and Pictures for Little Troublesome. | 8. Wee-Wee Stories for Wee-Wee Girls. |
| 3. Little Trotabout's Picture Stories. | 9. May's Little Story Book. |
| 4. Birdie's Scrap Book. | 10. Gipsy's Favourite Companion. |
| 5. Stories for Little Curly Locks. | 11. My Own Story Book. |
| 6. Bright Pictures for Roguish Eyes. | 12. Pretty Pet's Gift Book. |

THE HOLLY SERIES OF SIXPENNY TOY BOOKS.

With original designs by IDA WAUGH. Exquisitely printed in bright colours, and issued in attractive and elegant covers. Verses by AMY BLANCHARD. Price 6d. each.

The following is a List of the Books in the Series.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Holly Gatherers. | 4. Our Boys. |
| 2. Little May. | 5. The Christmas Carol. |
| 3. Horatio Hamilton Harris. | 6. Our Pussy Cat. |

THE BLUE BELL SERIES.

A new Illustrated Series of Beautiful Gift Books, containing numerous Pictures and Coloured Plates in each. Six vols., price 4d. each.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| Little Blue Bell. | Sweet as Honey. |
| Oranges and Lemons. | Good as Gold. |
| May-time and Play-time. | Summer Days and Winter Ways. |

OUR FATHER'S GIFTS.

A Series of Four beautiful little Books of Scripture Tests for one month. Illustrated, 48mo size, 4 Vols. 4d. each.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| His Loving-kindnesses. | His Testimonies. |
| His Good Promises. | His Covenants. |

2

TBC (SB)

BOB, THE ...

[1888]



37131 053 613 535

