





THE DOG OF THE FLOCK.

Front.

DOGS
AND
THEIR WAYS

ILLUSTRATED BY

NUMEROUS ANECDOTES COMPILED FROM
AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

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BY *C. W.*

THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS,

AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE," "THE TREASURES OF
THE EARTH," ETC., ETC.

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TO
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THE DOG,
THIS COLLECTION OF AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES
OF THAT FRIEND TO HUMANITY
IS
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PREFACE.

ALWAYS fond of Dogs, the Writer has thought that a small volume, detaching them from other animals, and from all technical details; and illustrating their various qualities, and their valuable services to man, by accredited facts; would supply a want in popular literature, at a price which would bring it within the reach of all.

In accomplishing this purpose, he has recalled many Dogs he has well known; added others still living in the circle of his friends; and availed himself of the labours of many eminent writers; as Bewick, Blaine, Youatt, Mr. E. Jesse, the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, Mr. C. St. John, Mr. Scroope, the Ettrick Shepherd, Colonel Hutchinson, Scrutator, and the Revs. J. G. Wood and J. C. Atkinson, and some distinguished foreign authors, to whom he here gratefully acknowledges his obligations.

Apart from very extended observations, either

directly or indirectly, the Dog cannot be accurately and faithfully depicted; since his qualities and his services are exceedingly diversified. One of them taken singly, and carefully described, often excites doubt, and is even denied; but when the same account is given of dogs of different kinds and by persons too widely separated to be suspected of collusion, what is supposed to be a fiction is demonstrated to be a fact.

The Writer will rejoice to find that his volume proves to be entertaining and instructive, and leads to a more enlightened regard for man's faithful friend, THE DOG.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE DOG : ITS STRUCTURE, HABITS, AND INSTINCTS	1
II. THE DOG OF THE SLEDGE	77
III. THE DOG OF THE FLOCK	92
IV. THE DOG OF THE HERD	130
V. THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.	141
VI. THE DOG OF NEWFOUNDLAND	154
VII. THE DOG OF THE CHASE	173
THE WOLF DOG	176
THE GREYHOUND	188
THE BLOODHOUND	196
THE STAGHOUND	201
THE FOXHOUND	210
THE SEAGLE	219
THE OTTER-HOUND	220
THE DALMATIAN DOG	221
THE BULL-DOG	223
THE BULL-TERRIER	224
THE SKYE TERRIER	226
THE TERRIER	228
THE BARBET, OR TRUFFLE-FINDER	241

CHAP.		PAGE
VIII.	THE DOG OF THE GUN	243
	THE POINTER	247
	THE SETTER	254
	THE SPANIEL	259
IX.	THE DOG OF THE STREET	266
X.	THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT	275
XI.	THE DOG OF THE FIRE	282
XII.	THE DOG OF THE WATCH	289
XIII.	THE DOG OF THE HOME	304
XIV.	THE DOG OF THE COLLEGE	338
XV.	THE DOG OF THE CHURCH	349
XVI.	THE DOG OF THE EXHIBITION	356

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DOGS

AND

THEIR WAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOG—ITS STRUCTURE, HABITS, AND INSTINCTS.

As a proverb is "the experience of many and the wit of one," so "love me, love my dog," is expressive of a widely cherished and high regard for that remarkable animal. Horatio replied to his servant, who asked to go and see a friend,

"Go fetch my cloak, although the night be raw,
I'll see him too, the first I ever saw ;"

and yet, it is easily proved that the dog has been a friend of humanity from the earliest ages.

So sensible were the first generations of men of the value of his services, that they sometimes gave his name to their children. A prince of Judah was called Caleb, from the Hebrew root for a dog; just as King David ordered that one of his sons should bear the name of Cileab.

The people of every family in ancient Egypt

were accustomed to shave themselves, as an expression of mourning, when a dog died; and Herodotus speaks of it as a practice prevailing in his own time. The cause of such acts of veneration is easily discoverable. As soon as the star Sirius was seen above the horizon, the Egyptians removed their flocks to the higher pastures, leaving the lower ones to the overflowing of the Nile, on which their own subsistence chiefly depended. Associating with its seeming watchfulness that of the dog, the guardian of the flock, they called Sirius the dog-star, and offered it their homage. Anubis, who stood high among the deities of Egypt, had the head of a dog, and for this reason sustained in the writings of Roman poets the title of "Anubis, the barker." The worship of the dog-star gave rise to the Greek Mercury or Hermes, conductor of the soul to the abodes of the gods, and Cerberus, the triple-headed guardian of Pluto's gloomy realms.

The homage rendered by the Egyptians to the dog led to that degradation of the animal which is discoverable in the Old and the New Testaments. "Am I a dog's head?" or, as it is rendered in the Syriac, "Am I the head of the dogs?" was the language of Abner, in reply to Ishbosheth; recalling, as it does, the strong contempt expressed for this creature on other occasions. The poets of Greece and Rome stigmatised the dog as obscene and impure, and linked him with the sow

that loves to wallow in the mire. Even now he is rarely the companion of a Jew, or the inmate of his house; and various terms of reproach are still common among us, originating in the feeling he so commonly discovers. "You are a dog," "a cur," "a hound," are terms of vulgar abuse; a person of a sullen or morose disposition is said to be "dogged"; an article which will bring scarcely any money is called "dog-cheap"; to be extremely fatigued is described as being "dog-weary"; a wretched dwelling in a house or a room, is a "dog-hole"; even poor, loose, irregular measure in verse, is "dog-gerel"; and when a young aristocrat declined to translate an inscription over an alcove for Lady Wortley Montague, because he said it was "dog-Latin," she remarked, that it was strange a puppy shouldn't understand his mother tongue; nor should it be overlooked that a man on the verge of ruin is said to be "going to the dogs."

Amidst all this, the dog in former days, as well as ours, holds a distinguished place. A nation or tribe in Ethiopia had a dog for their king. Arrayed in royal vestments, wearing a crown, and seated on a throne, he received the homage of his subjects: indicated his approval by wagging his tail, and his displeasure by a bark, destined to punishment by a growl, and conferred honour by licking the hand of the favourite. In the will of his priestly interpreters, however, his real

power lay, and, doubtless, it was, exercised for their special interests.

As among our Saxon forefathers, the wolf, from its power and the dread in which it was held, was, with certain additions, assumed as a name by various chiefs and nobles, as Ethelwolf and Berthwolf, so, among other people, the names of the dog, indicating power and elevation, were, in like manner, adopted. Colonel H. Smith, the eminent naturalist, says, "The root Can, Khan, in its acceptation of power, is evidently mixed up with the idea of a dog; and in ancient Britain, from Cu, a dog or head, we have the title Cunobelin, or Cynobelin, the head king, the solar king, or the dog of the sun. The element Can is found in Canute." The accounts we have of the dogs of Patagonia show the extraordinary value that savages set upon them, and their importance may thence be inferred, in the earlier eras of the world, to those tribes who first succeeded in domesticating these animals. Not only did dogs guard their weapons and their couch, but they were the surgeons of the savage, licking carefully the wounds he received in frequent conflicts with wild beasts and his fellowmen. The interest thus excited soon caused the dog to become typical of abstract ideas; his image became the universal designation of fidelity; and the embalming priests wore masks of black dogs' heads before their faces.

So! —
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 han,
 r Khan,
 chief,
 Period
 from, or
 the same
 as, the
 Celtic
 word
 came
 Welsh
 (you)
 head or chief: Cu
 i' head' in Celtic
 does not mean
 at all
 the word

(Cynobelin)
 Cynobelin
 Cu
 Cu
 Cu

Amidst the wilds of South Africa, a hunter, soon after the moon had risen, shot a "wildebeest," returned his rifle to its holster, threw himself on the ground, and was presently asleep. But not long was it before he dreamt that lions were rushing about in quest of him, and, strange sounds which had saluted his ears increasing, he awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. For several seconds he could not remember where he was, nor anything connected with his present position; he could hear, however, the rushing of light feet as of a pack of wolves close on every side of him, accompanied by the strangest sounds, and the question was, what could be their cause?

Instantly he had the answer: on raising his head from the earth he saw, to his utter horror, that he was surrounded by a troop of wild dogs. Even within a few paces, stood two lines of these ferocious-looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to get sight of him, while two large groups, in which were not less than forty dogs, chattered and growled with extraordinary volubility, and kept dashing backwards and forwards at only a few yards' distance.

• Nor was this all. A number of these wild dogs were fighting over the "hartebeest" that had been shot with the rifle, and were actually devouring the prey. The hunter now expected nothing less than to add to their banquet; his hair bristled on his head and his blood curdled in his veins;

*is probably a noble dog or lion
is found in "Bancho" (Banquo) lit
Ban-ee, i.e. the grey dog. Article*

but with sufficient presence of mind to think that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them, he sprang to his feet, drew himself up to his full height, waved his large blanket with both hands, and spoke in loud and solemn tones, when he was indescribably relieved by witnessing the desired effect; the troops of wild dogs withdrawing from him and barking as they went. He now snatched up his rifle, but before it could be loaded the entire host was gone.

These wild dogs are still abundant in the precincts of the Cape colony, and exist in great numbers throughout the interior. They invariably hunt together in large organised packs, and by extraordinary powers of endurance, and their habit of mutual assistance, run into the swiftest, or overcome the largest and most powerful, antelope. Their pace is an untiring gallop, for the leaders fall into the rear when fatigued, to be relieved by others who have been husbanding their strength. Surrounding their quarry, they drag it to the ground, and in a few moments it is torn to pieces and consumed. The devastation occasioned by them among the flocks of the pastoral Dutch boers is inconceivable. It generally happens that when the careless shepherds leave their charge for any amusement, a pack of wild dogs comes, wounding and killing scarcely credible numbers.

Wild dogs are found in other parts of the

earth. Those of Nepál hunt their prey, by night as well as by day, in packs of from six to ten individuals, maintaining the chase more by the scent than by the eye, and generally succeeding by dint of strength and perseverance. While hunting, they bark like the hound, yet the bark is peculiar and equally unlike that of the cultivated breeds of dogs, and the cries of the jackal and the fox. Other wild dogs are spoken of; but the wild dog of Dakhun, and the wild dog of the Mahrattas, resemble the wild dog of Nepál; the fact being that the East Indian wild dog is essentially the same in every part of that immense extent of country.

A wild dog, called the Dhole, appears restricted to one part of India, and to be seen there only occasionally. It is of the size of a small greyhound, has unusually brilliant eyes; its body, which is slender and deep-chested, is thinly covered with a coat of hair of a reddish-brown or bay colour; and its limbs, light, compact, and strong, are equally calculated for speed and power.

The peasants state that the Dhole is eager in the chase, in proportion to the size and power of the animals he hunts: preferring the elk to other kinds of deer, and particularly seeking the royal tiger. The Dhole is probably the principal check on the increase of the tiger, and, although incapable individually, or, perhaps, in small numbers, of effecting the destruction of so

large and ferocious as an animal, these dogs may, from their custom of hunting in packs, easily overcome any smaller beast found in the wilds of India.

The Hare-Indian's dog has a long, narrow, and pointed muzzle; hair fine and silky, and a bushy tail, only slightly curved upwards. The hair, in summer, is marked with patches of greyish black or slaty grey, intermingled with shades of brown; but in winter it thickens and becomes nearly or quite white. This dog is found on the banks of the Mackenzie River and of the Great Bear Lake, where it is never known to bark; nor did the pair of these animals presented to the gardens of the Zoological Society; yet one born there barked as loud as any European dog of his size and age. Another of these dogs, which had been allowed comparative liberty in the gardens, set off one day and was not retaken till he had given his pursuers as much trouble as a fox would have done. Of great value is this species in the bleak and dreary regions where the elk and reindeer are objects of the chase. Without sufficient power to pull down such game, its light and broad feet enable it to run over the snow without sinking if the slightest crust be formed on the surface, and thus easily to overtake the game and keep it at bay till the hunters come up.

When Mr. Burchell was travelling in South

Africa, his pack of dogs consisted of about five-and-twenty, of diverse sorts and sizes. This variety, though not altogether intentional, as he was obliged to take any that could be procured, proved of the greatest service on such an expedition, as some gave notice of danger in one way, and others in another. Some were more disposed to watch against wild beasts, and others against savage men; some discovered an enemy by quickness of hearing, others by their scent; some were useful for their vigilance and barking, others for speed in pursuing game, and others for holding ferocious animals at bay. Thus the number of dogs, though adding greatly to the cost and trouble of the travellers,—for it was sometimes difficult to procure for them enough meat, and particularly water,—rendered them invaluable services, often contributing to their safety, and always to their ease, as they felt confident that no danger could approach them at night without its being announced by these faithful creatures.

An amazing diversity met the view of those who found an attraction, in June 1862, in the assemblage of more than a thousand dogs, in the Islington Agricultural Hall. There were Toy dogs; Blenheims, King Charles's, Maltese, and Terriers, marvellously petite; Greyhounds of Italian and other races, of special gracefulness and power; Setters and Spaniels, to whom

kindly lookings and pappings yielded no little pleasure; Bull-dogs, to be scarcely seen without dismay, and who seemed to be tattooed throughout with *noli me tangere*; Pointers, who often know better than their biped companions how to find the game; Hounds, fitted to banquet on Reynard, however numerous, his tricks or great his speed, and to make sure of the boar in his native wilds; Mastiffs of noble presence, gentle while all goes well, but mighty in their wrath, among whom were ranged the St. Bernard dogs, so distinguished for philanthropy, with huge limbs and thoughtful countenances; and dogs from France, Russia, Egypt, and even China, far too numerous and various to be summarily characterised.

As to the origin of the Dog there has been much discussion, through which we do not now intend to pass, adopting with entire satisfaction the words of Professor Owen, than whom there is no higher living authority:—

“No species of animal has been subject to such decisive experiments, continued through so many generations, as to the influence of different degrees of exercise of the muscular system, difference in regard to food, association with man, and the concomitant stimulus to the development of intelligence, as the Dog; and no domestic animal manifests so great a range of variety in regard to general size, to colour and character of hair,

and to the form of the head, as it is affected by different proportions of the cranium and face, and by intermuscular crests superadded to the animal parietes. Yet, under the extreme mark of variety so superinduced, the naturalist detects in the dental formula and in the construction of the cranium the unmistakable generic and specific characters of the *Canis familiaris*. Note, also, how unerringly and plainly the extremest varieties of the dog-kind recognise their own specific relationship, and how differently does the giant Newfoundland behave to the dwarf pug, on a casual rencontre, from the way in which either of them would treat a jackal, a wolf, or a fox. The dumb animal might teach the philosopher that unity of kind or of species is discoverable under the strangest mask of variation."

No domestic dog is provided with a tail that reaches to the ground, or forms a brush, like that of the fox; the organ is rigid, and mostly drawn up into a curve with the point towards the back. "The dog with the tail curled towards the left," was Linnæus's brief but specific and characteristic description of this animal. In joy, it wags from side to side; in fear, it is withdrawn between the legs. The ears of dogs are originally upright and pointed, in all the races having long hair and a sharp muzzle; in those where the head is similarly terminated, but the hair is short, they are half erect; in the blunt-headed, they hang

down. The eyes of all are more horizontal than in the wild species; they are placed somewhat nearer together, are comparatively larger, of light brown, black, and sometimes of light blue colours.

Mr. Ruskin says: "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks at and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul;" and of no animal are these words so true as of the dog.

The horse when drinking brings its lips into contact with the water, sipping it gradually; but the dog, having a longer tongue, plunges it a little way in, and, curving its tip and its edges, laps with "a quick reciprocation of the tongue." The lips are not only of service in gathering together the food and carrying to the mouth, but in secreting the saliva which is essentially necessary.

The dog has the canine teeth strong, conical, pointed, and curved slightly backwards, with six incisors above and five below. He has five toes on the fore feet and four on the posterior, to which is sometimes added a small rudimentary claw. On his face are some small tubercles or warts, giving forth a few stiff hairs: one on each side towards the angle of the mouth; a smaller one, often scarcely discernible, nearer to the ear;

and one on the under jaw, beyond the chin. On the under surface of the tail, about its centre, where the hair often appears deficient, there is a small patch.

Anatomists have found a variety in the brain of different kinds of dogs: in the bull-dog it is estimated at 1-300th part of the body; in the poodle and barbet, at 1-100th part; and in the Newfoundland dog, at 1-60th part: thus ascending with their respective degrees of intelligence.

Dogs vary far more in their modulations of voice than any other quadrupeds. The lion roars, the bear growls, the jackal shrieks, while they, according to their emotions, not only bark, but bay, howl, yelp, whine, cry, grunt, and snarl. They do not perspire, but when they are hot the tongue hangs out, and the saliva drips from the mouth. When asleep they dream, supposing themselves, doubtless, in full activity; for they move their feet, strive to bark, and even throw themselves into such violent agitation that the skin becomes clammy, and the hair rises on the flanks.

The litter is generally numerous, often as many as eight or nine. The whelps are born blind, and do not usually see till nine days are fully expired; but they sometimes see on the tenth, and sometimes not until the twelfth day. At the fourth month the teeth begin to change, and at two years the dog is supposed to be fully

grown. It is regarded as old at the expiration of five years; and rarely does the limit of its existence exceed twenty years. It is confidently stated that if a dog, whatever be its variety, has any white on any part of his tail, that colour will invariably be found at the tip.

“The domestic dog,” says Cuvier, “is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest that man has gained in the animal world. The whole species has become our property; each individual belongs entirely to his master, acquires his disposition, knows and defends his property, and remains attached to him until death; and all this, not through constraint or necessity, but purely by the influence of gratitude and real attachment. The swiftness, the strength, the sharp scent of the dog, have rendered him a powerful ally to man against the lower tribes; and were, perhaps, necessary for the establishment of the dominion of mankind over the whole animal creation. The dog is the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth.”

I was sitting with the late Lord Truro, before he rose to the woolsack or the bench, in his chambers in the Temple, in the midst of a long vacation, when a door at the further end of the room was suddenly thrown back, and in walked the largest dog I thought I had ever seen. He came up to the stranger to ascertain who he was,

and might, perhaps, have proved troublesome; but his master's words, "Couchez là, couchez là," were instantly obeyed, and he lay down on the floor with his head composedly resting on his fore-paws. This was a Suliot dog, a boar-hound in fact, brought by one of his master's sons from Germany.

The Suliot dog is one of the largest breeds known. In the war between the Austrians and the Turks, the Moslem soldiers employed many to guard the outposts, and a great many were captured by the Imperial forces in the course of the campaign. One of these was presented to the King of Naples, and was reputed to be the largest dog in the world, being little less than four feet high at the shoulder. Colonel Smith saw one at Brussels, marching at the head of the regiment of Clairfait, and another at that of Bender, both little inferior to Shetland ponies.

Some dogs, on the contrary, are remarkable for their smallness. Among the curiosities of Taxidermy in the Great Exhibition of 1851 was a terrier, the property of the accomplished lady of Sir Archibald Maclaine, Tiny's length being little more than three inches. Her mother was a thorough-bred English terrier, a little picture in herself.

Dogs to be employed for particular purposes, are said to be "entered" for them; the entering being, in fact, their earliest training; thus one is

“entered” for deer, another for foxes, and another for pheasants and partridges. Hence, Dandie Dinmont, talking of his terriers to Brown, said: “I had them a’regularly entered, first wi’ rottens—then wi’ stots and weasels—and then wi’ the tods’ and brocks, and now they rear naething that ever comes wi’ a hairy skin on’t.”

Animals commonly inherit the acquired habits of their parents, but this peculiarity exists in the dog to an astonishing extent. A dog, for instance, was taught to beg; a puppy taken from her at six weeks old had no such instruction, and yet, when seven or eight months old, it spontaneously took to begging; begging for its meat, begging to be let out of the room, and one day it was seen opposite the rabbit-hutch, begging for the rabbits! Hereditary propensities have also been observed in other instances. A terrier, whose parents have been in the habit of fighting with polecats, has instantly shown every mark of anger on gaining the very first scent of those animals, though the obnoxious object was entirely concealed. A young spaniel, on the other hand, was unmoved by the scent of a polecat, but it gave chase to the first woodcock it beheld, with clamour and exultation:

M. Magendie, hearing that a race of dogs in England brought by natural instinct to, sportsmen the game as it was shot, obtained two adult

retrievers; these soon produced a female, which, always under his own inspection, and receiving no instruction, stopped and brought game back from the first day it was led into the field; and that with a steadiness fully equalling this quality in those whom M. Magendie had known to be reared under the stern discipline of the whip and the collar.

And to add only one more instance of this kind: some dogs in South America, used exclusively for hunting the white-lipped peccary, displayed in the chase a particular art. This was that of restraining their ardour, so as not to attack any particular peccary, but to keep the entire herd in check. A dog of this kind, brought to the chase for the first time, showed this art in its perfection, and thus gained the desired object; while a dog of a different kind, rushing into the midst of the herd, was speedily surrounded by the peccaries, and became their victim.

The father of Mungo, the property of a friend of mine, Mr. H——, was a pure Newfoundland dog; his mother was a pointer, and it was sometimes amusing to see the clashing of the characteristic qualities inherited from the two parents. This appeared on one occasion, when his master and mistress were engaged to drink tea in a neighbouring village, and the lady's best cap was carefully deposited in a small basket, with the lid made perfectly secure, and then committed to

Mungo; who, Newfoundland dog-like, gave it up at their neighbour's without having sustained the slightest injury.

When the visitors were about to return home, the cap was again committed to Mungo's care; and all would have gone on well, but, unfortunately, a hare crossed the path, and the dog's inherited instinct from his pointer-mother was instantly excited. Away went Mungo with the basket and cap, and long did his master whistle for his return, and that with all his might in vain; and even when he came back it was minus the basket and cap. Again and again was Mungo sent back, strictly charged to recover the lost treasure, but it was all to no purpose, and his master and mistress went home without it. Very early on the following morning, Mr. H—— went alone in search of it, and discovered the basket with the cap in the ditch, by the place where the hare had evidently run through the fence.

There was, in fact, in the mixed breed of this dog a decided preponderance of the Newfoundland over the Pointer nature. Mungo was large and clumsy, and had no chance with a hare, except under certain favourable circumstances. His master once saw him find a hare in a hedge, and the snow was lying, probably, fifty yards wide, and Mr. H—— thought Mungo must have caught her, as the snow was a great obstruction: But at last she got off the snow on to the grass, when

Mungo stopped in an instant, and, knowing his chance was gone, went to his master, intimating by his expressive look, as plainly as any dog could, "What a mess I have made of it!"

It is no less clear, that if there is one plastic power in the influence of man, and another in the qualities of parents, a great change in the circumstances of dogs will produce a corresponding effect in their habits. There is, for example, an island of purely coral formation, Juan de Nova, where dogs of different kinds have been left from time to time, and, finding abundance of food in the turtle eggs, young turtle, and sea-fowl, have multiplied prodigiously. These dogs drink salt water, and have entirely lost the faculty of barking. Some of them, which had been in captivity for several months, had not lost their wild looks, and habits; they had no inclination for the company of other dogs, nor did they acquire their voice. The dogs on this island congregate in vast packs, and catch sea-birds with as much address as foxes could display. They dig up the turtle eggs; and frequently quarrel over their booty. The greater part of them droop their tails like wolves, but many of them carry them curled over their backs. They appear to consist of spaniel, terrier, Newfoundland, and hound, in various degrees of mixture, and are of all colours except pure white or brindled.

It was remarked by Lord Erskine, "that

animals living in a state of nature would soon overrun the earth, if not kept down by the ordinary pursuit and destruction of them, the only means by which they can be kept down and destroyed; and it is remarkable that other animals have been formed by nature with most manifest instincts to assist us in this necessary exercise of dominion; and indeed, without the art of man, animals would themselves prey upon one another, and thus be visited by death, the inevitable lot of all created things, in more painful and frightful shapes."

Among these animals, unquestionably, is the dog. In certain solitary instances, he shows his fondness for the fruits of the earth. Thus, dogs often prowl around the vineyards of Portugal; but sticks, purposely attached to their collars, prevent their entrance. They are passionately fond of grapes, and this is chiefly the cause why there is such an amazing influx of dogs into Lisbon during the summer months. When the grape begins to ripen, the proprietors of the vineyards on the opposite coast lay violent hands on the canine species, and ship them off to the capital.

But, though occasionally we may meet with a fondness for fruits on the part of dogs, they belong to the *carnivora*—the flesh-eating animals, and hence they have a greater expansion of brain, a less complicated apparatus for digestion, a body

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whose trunk is lighter, especially in the abdominal region and which is compressed laterally, a more pliant and elastic spine, and limbs having greater freedom of motion than herbivorous quadrupeds. Duly considering these peculiarities of structure, we shall not be surprised at even a sudden breaking forth of a dog's natural propensities.

The sense of smell is, to a certain degree, acute in all dogs, thus guiding them to their proper food, or fitting them for our service; and to it the olfactory nerve is peculiarly adapted. "The scent," of which it takes cognizance, is the odour or effluvium constantly issuing from every animal, and especially when it is in more than usual exercise. The scent most favourable to the hound is when the effluvium is kept by the gravity of the air at the height of his breast. This is what is meant when the scent is said to be "breast-high." It is then not above his reach, nor does he need to stoop for it. The peculiar scent imbibed by his nostrils urges him onwards in the chase; but the instant the sense of it fails, he is entirely at a loss.

A dweller in the backwoods of North America had a puppy given him from a breed of mongrels, by a neighbouring farmer, which grew up a fine smooth-haired, coal-black dog, excepting the tips of his toes and tail, and a star-like spot on his breast, which were snowy white. He was called "Hector." One afternoon, in the latter part of

December, his voice was heard in a small enclosure behind the cottage, when his master, looking about to see what was happening, perceived, through the fast-falling snow, a fine young deer bounding along towards the woods, and Hector in full and joyous pursuit. So far as was known, he had neither hunted nor seen a deer; but his voice was soon lost in the distance, for he was nearly as fleet as the deer itself.

His master waited his return, but Hector came not; and as he had never been beyond the limits of the cultivated part of the farm since he was brought to it as a puppy, the natural conclusion was that he had no knowledge of the surrounding forests. As he did not appear when night came on, his master was strongly inclined to set off in quest of his dog, but the rapid approach of darkness, and the increasing violence of the snow-storm, deterred him from doing so, which must have proved in vain. He did, however, venture a short distance into the woods, where, amidst the contending elements, he whistled long and loud—but all to no purpose. And about midnight he visited Hector's kennel for the last time, and found it still unoccupied. He now gave up the dog for lost; and a loss of fifty times his value, in a pecuniary point of view, would not have caused him one half the regret that he then experienced.

The day returned, still Hector came not; but

the snow-storm had subsided, and at length, to the great delight of the household,—for the dog was a general favourite,—he was descried wending his way homewards across a neighbouring meadow. In the course of the day a hunter called to say that, early in the morning, he had gone into the woods in pursuit of deer; when, in crossing a deep ravine, about three miles distant, he had accidentally fallen in with Hector, just leaving his night's lair by the side of a deer which, from appearances, he had hunted down.

An instance is added of a different kind, but in which the carnivorous propensity is equally manifest.

A dog was left by a smuggling vessel near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland, and Bewick thus describes the issue:—

“Finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep, and did so much damage that he became the terror of the country within a circuit of twenty miles. We are assured that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the tallow about the kidneys, left it: several of them thus lacerated were found alive by the shepherds, and, being taken proper care of, some of them recovered, and afterwards had lambs. From his delicacy in this respect, the destruction he made may in some measure be conceived; as it may be supposed

that the fat of one sheep in a day would not satisfy his hunger.

“The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that various means were used for his destruction. They frequently pursued him with hounds, greyhounds, &c.; but when the dogs came up with him,—and here was sagacity—he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy; and in this position they never hurt him; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited by the pursuit, which in all cases terminated unsuccessfully. It is worthy of notice, that he was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles’ distance, but returned thither and killed sheep the same evening.”

Nor should his remarkable sagacity be overlooked in his choosing, for his constant residence during the day, a rock on the Heugh-hill, near Howick, where he had a view of four roads that approached it; and at length, though many attempts were fruitless, he was, after baffling his enemies for upwards of a year, shot there.

That a dog will take a peculiar course when more than one is open to him, there are many proofs. A dog, for instance, who had delayed entering the ferry-boat at Saltash, and, swimming after it, found that the tide swept him

away; when, instead of persevering, he swam back, and running along the shore to some distance up the current, plunged in again, and reached the landing-place on the opposite side.

Dr. Macculloch mentions, of his own knowledge, several singular facts of a Scotch shepherd dog, who always eluded the intentions of the household respecting him, if aught was whispered in his presence that did not coincide with his wishes.

Mr. Davy, when fishing in the Highlands of Scotland, saw a party of sportsmen with their dogs cross the stream. The men waded, the dogs swam, one only excepted, and he, stopping on the bank, set up a piteous howl. But, after a few minutes' delay, he suddenly ceased, started off at full speed for a higher part of the stream, nor did he stop, as Mr. Davy clearly saw, till he reached a spot where a plank connected the banks; on this he crossed dry-footed, and speedily joined his companions.

"A dog in this town," says the *Liverpool Mercury*, "visits all the newspaper offices every day. He generally honours our establishment with his first visit. For some hour or hour and a half, he reclines on the flags on one side of the doorway, eyeing the passers-by and each person who enters. Then he rises, and proceeds to the next adjoining office, the *Standard*, where, having gone through the same observance, he repairs to the *Mercury*, and again renews his apparent

penance. Thence he goes to the *Albion*, the *Journal*, and the *Times*, at each of which places he similarly spends about the same space of time, which completes his daily gyrations. It is surmised that he is the dog of some defunct newsman; and of him, probably, he is still in pursuit.

A water-dog, belonging to a gentleman who lived at Gartners, on the water of Endrick, near Killearn, in the parish of Strathblane, in Scotland, was accustomed to watch under a waterfall upon that river, of the height of about twenty feet, for the leaping of the salmon which takes place at certain seasons of the year; when therefore the salmon, in leaping, failed to ascend the fall, this dog was accustomed to seize the exhausted fish with its teeth, and carry it to his master, thus supplying him for many a day with fresh fish for dinner, without his having the trouble of catching it.

Some years ago, the French authorities made strenuous endeavours to abate smuggling between the frontiers of Belgium and that kingdom, when they discovered that the result was to transfer the practice from men to dogs. These animals were trained to carry lace and other small articles, and even tobacco, securely packed, across rivers as well as fields, where a whole army of officers of the customs were unable to arrest them.

Mr. Ripshaw, formerly master of Ipswich gaol, had a favourite dog, who was accustomed to go about with him; and very naturally to the assizes, held annually, alternately at Ipswich and Bury. At length the dog became old, and his master determined not to take him to Bury, as too fatiguing a journey for him, infirm as he was, and told the ostler to shut him up, which he did. But, on reaching Bury, Mr. Ripshaw was met by one of the officials, who said, "We have been expecting you these two hours, as your dog has been here that time." At this he was, of course, greatly surprised; but how the dog knew the assizes were to be at Bury on that day, or how he effected his escape, he could not make out. Whether or not the dog gathered anything from what was said by himself to his ostler, was also a mystery.

The suspicions of a dog are not only sometimes easily awakened, but fully warranted. The one belonging to Mr. Ripshaw once showed great anxiety to lead his master into the prison-yard; but as soon as he saw he was followed, he pawed and scratched at one particular spot. His master was thus induced to dig there, when he found some iron instruments buried, which it was afterwards discovered had been secretly hidden by some prisoners, in the hope of using them to escape from the prison.

In the year 1791, a person, under the pretence

of having just arrived from the West Indies, took lodgings at Deptford, saying he would send his trunk at night, and come himself on the next day. The trunk was brought^d by two porters as promised, and laid in the bedroom; when, on the family going to bed, the little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, barked loudly and incessantly at the bedroom door, and the instant it was opened, rushed to the chest, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled rage. No efforts could induce it to desist or leave the room. Some neighbours were now called in; the trunk was moved; strong suspicion was aroused; and on the trunk being forced open, the professed lodger was found, who had purposed to rob the house.

A Swiss chamois-hunter's dog was on the glaciers with an English gentleman and his master, when he observed the former approaching a dreadful *crevasse* in the ice to look down into it; the guide also saw that he began to slide towards the edge, and, anxious to save him, caught his coat, and now both slid onwards, when the dog seized his master's clothes, and arrested the progress of both, thus saving them from inevitable death. The gentleman left the dog a pension for life.

Mr. Backhouse mentions that he was staying, when on a visit to Australia, with a gentleman, whose little son, about four years of age, strayed

one morning into the bush, and could not be found. A little dog, which had accompanied the child, scratched at the door in the evening, and wished, as his signs showed, to be followed. This being done, he led the way, and the child was found sitting by the side of a river, three or four miles from home.

A servant in the parish of Marylebone, London, carelessly left a child, about four years old, alone, whose cap caught fire from a candle with which it was amusing itself. A small terrier, seeing the state of the child, ran up stairs to the room where the servant was, barking most vehemently, nor would he cease till she came down. But for the sagacity of the dog, the poor child, instead of only being slightly scorched, would most probably have lost its life; for the accident happened in the kitchen, and the servant had gone to the very top of the house, out of the reach even of the child's cries.

Among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum the skeleton of a dog was found stretched over that of a child. It was conjectured, on their discovery, that this dog, from his position, was attempting to save the child when the eruption of Vesuvius was fatal to the city. This opinion was confirmed by a collar which was found, of curious workmanship: its inscription stated that the dog was named Delta, and belonged to a man called Severinus, whose life he had saved

on three occasions : first, by dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned ; then, by driving off four robbers who attacked him unawares ; and lastly, by his destroying a she-wolf, whose cubs he had taken, in a grove sacred to Diana, near Herculaneum. Delta afterwards attached himself particularly to the only son of Severinus, and would take no food but what he received from the child's hand.

Some years ago the "Beaufoy" packet, charged with the German mails for England, proceeded to sea from Cuxhaven, but soon encountered a most tremendous gale of wind, accompanied with thunder and lightning. A favourite dog belonging to Captain Norris who, at other times, was very reluctant to leave the vessel, and was greatly attached to his master, jumped overboard, and swam to another packet ; this he repeated several times, until he was obliged to be confined on board. It would seem as if the dog had a presentiment of the coming catastrophe. An enormous wave struck the ill-fated vessel, carried with it the bulwark, to which the captain and three of his men had clung, the mast and stanchions, and whatever remained on deck ; all sank to rise no more, except one man, who was marvellously washed back by the receding surge to the vessel and saved ; and the ship itself, apart from its extraordinary stability, must have foundered. As it was, after two days' beating

about in the utmost danger, it was towed into the Weser by a Heligoland boat.

Captain Fitzroy, when describing the earthquake at Galcahuasco, on the 20th of February, 1855, states that all the dogs had left the town before the great shock was felt which ruined its buildings.

Another instance is added still more remarkable. Mr. Justice Williams, while on a visit to Lord Brougham, felt unwell, and on his way through London, found that his physicians attached no importance to his symptoms, and on reaching his seat in Suffolk, he was able to go out daily with his gun. In about a week or ten days he was somewhat indisposed; he went out, however, riding even before breakfast, but, some visitors being there, did not dine at table. Lady Williams left him one day pretty well in the drawing-room; returning after dinner, but before the company withdrew, she found her husband apparently well, and playing with her lap-dog. She went again to the dining-room, and returned for the dog in three or, at most, four minutes. But, no sooner did she open the door, than the dog set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked her husband what ailed the dog, but received no answer. She repeated the question, and, seeing him as she thought asleep, called his servant to see if his head were not too low;

when the man replied, "No! he is sleeping comfortably." Again she approached her husband and asked him to speak, but observed one eye nearly open, the other half-closed, while his colour was as usual. Another servant thought as the first did, that his lordship slept; but Lady Williams felt sure now that her husband had passed from this world,—and so it proved; and thus it is quite clear that the dog was aware of a fatal change before it was discovered by her ladyship or the servants.

A dog is often amusingly ingenious in providing for his own wants; of which a few instances may here be given. Some friends of mine were last summer in a party of visitors to that beautiful village in North Wales, so attractive in particular to artists, Bettws-y-Coed. A rough-haired terrier, strongly resembling a canine native of the Isle of Skye, the property of some one staying at the hotel, was regularly provided with his dinner there at four o'clock. But the link attaching him to his master or mistress appeared frail, for he ingratiated himself into the favour of the party referred to, and accompanied them in their rambles from day to day, until they suddenly found that he had been sent away by coach and then by rail homewards, with a label fastened around his neck.

Until then, no matter where his newly-found friends might be, as certainly as four o'clock was

approaching, this dog would come and bark in their faces, if they were on foot or sitting down, to induce them to return; and if there were no prompt and cordial response, he would give a loud bark, as if of dissatisfaction, and trot off hotel-wards as fast as he could. As they, at their own pleasure, followed, and passed the hotel, they never failed to see him outside it, banqueting on his share of the bones; but either too much absorbed to spare them a glance, or to gaze on them only with abject indifference; and yet, the next morning, with equal regularity, they saw him on the door-mat of their cottage, waiting patiently for their appearance, and then all eagerness for their next ramble together.

A dog belonging to a convent in France, where twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour of the day, discovered more ingenuity still, when their poverty and hunger left him but a few scraps, and sometimes only the scent of the food of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were delivered out on the ringing of a bell by a person duly appointed, aided by a *tour*: a machine like the section of a cask, which, by turning round on a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it.

The dog, as usual, punctual at the regale, was one day very scantily supplied, when waiting till the paupers were gone, he took the rope in his

mouth, rang the bell, and so successful was his stratagem that he made a capital meal. The next day it was repeated, with a like result; when the cook, finding that on two occasions twenty-one portions had been placed in the *tour* instead of twenty, set himself to detect the fraud. In doing so, there was but little difficulty; for lying *perdu*, noticing the paupers as they came for their respective doles, and observing the dog on the look-out, he suspected him as the delinquent; any remaining doubt, however, was gone when he saw him wait till the visitors retired, and then pull the bell. The matter was soon related to the community; and as a reward for his ingenuity, the dog was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, which was always after served out to him.

Captain Jones, of a steamboat plying daily between Waterford and Ross, some years ago had a large brown water-dog, very worthy of notice. A friend of mine, Miss P——, saw him display one of his remarkable habits. Receiving money from the hand of any passenger, he would go with it directly to a woman who was always on board with a basket of cakes. On receiving from her a cake for his money, he took it to the person who gave him the coin, and that without mistake, though the boat was thronged with passengers; nor did he attempt to eat the cake until he was told to do so by the giver.

The same dog saved the lives of many, particularly children, who had fallen overboard while left at play. Southey mentions a dog, belonging to his grandfather, who was in the habit of trudging two miles every Saturday, to cater for himself in the shambles.

Smellie relates that a man who went through the streets of Edinburgh, ringing a bell and selling pies, gave one to a dog belonging to a grocer of that city. The next time the dog heard the pieman's bell, he ran impetuously towards him, seized him by the coat, and forbade him to pass. The pieman showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door observing what was going on. The dog now, by all the means in his power, pleaded with his master for a penny, and, on receiving one, carried it in his mouth to the pieman, who gave him a pie. This matter of buying and selling was daily practised for several months.

A London dog was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's, and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll just out of the oven, which he instantly dropped, took his money from the counter, and from that day changed his baker. He never did go back again to that shop, but spent his money, like a good, steady customer, with a better-behaved tradesman.

Colonel Hutchinson relates that a cousin of one of his brother officers was enjoying a walk at Tunbridge Wells, when a strange Newfoundland dog snatched her parasol from her hand and carried it off. The lady followed the dog, who kept ahead, but constantly looked back to see if she were coming. At length the dog stopped at a confectioner's, and then went in; the lady entered, and, after trying to regain her parasol in vain, applied to the shopman for assistance. He then told her it was an old trick of the dog; that if she would give him a bun he would restore her property; and this she actually proved to be the case. It is worthy of remark that in each of the three instances, as well as the first, the course taken by the dog was original; in fact, entirely his own. So it was in very different circumstances: the late Lord Truro knew a dog who was tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep; but this was a restraint not to be endured, so the wary animal, when night came, slipped his head out of the collar, and returning before dawn, slipped his head into it, and looked at once perfectly innocent of all forbidden nocturnal indulgences.

The most recent instance of this kind with which I have met is the following. Rover, a dog belonging to Mr. Edwards, of Kingsland, has been for some time in the habit of jumping up and pawing the pockets of any well-dressed

gentleman with whom he met, coaxing him, generally with success, out of a halfpenny, and then running to a shop close by, where he has obtained for the money a bun or a cake. Singularly enough, he never assails in this way any poor-looking person.

His owner recently thought that this practice of Rover might be turned to some account; so, having a card printed with the words, "For the distressed operatives in Lancashire," he tied it around the dog's neck, and sent what he obtained to the Relief Committee. One day Rover came to his master with three halfpence in his mouth; but, instead of dropping all of it, he retained a halfpenny, with which he immediately went to the shop and obtained a cake for himself.

The dog, often exceedingly cunning for its own gratification, has sometimes proved no less remarkable for its intelligent endurance of suffering. The late Mr. Youatt mentioned that he had once occasion to operate on a dog from Islay, the property of Her Majesty, the animal being a faithful and affectionate creature, yet with all the spirit and determination belonging to his breed. The dog had been bitten under somewhat suspicious circumstances, but he submitted to the operation without a cry or a struggle, and seemed to be perfectly aware that he should not be put to pain without some important purpose.

From similar facts we take only one other. A man, named Chabert, who, from publicly exhibiting himself in London and other places, as exposed to extreme heat unharmed, was called "the Fire King," had a beautiful Siberian dog, who would draw him in a light carriage twenty miles a day. He was a very beautiful animal, and no less docile, and Chabert sold him for nearly 200*l.*; but before the sale could be completed, the dog fell and broke one of its legs. As the money was of great consequence to Chabert, he took the dog at night to a veterinary surgeon, and formally introduced them to each other. "He talked to the dog," says Youatt, "pointed to his leg, limped round the room, then requested the surgeon to apply some bandages around the leg, and he seemed to walk sound and well. He patted the dog on the head, who was looking alternately at him and the surgeon, desired the surgeon to pat him, and to offer him his hand to lick, and then, holding up his finger to the dog, and gently shaking his head, quitted the room and the house. The dog immediately laid himself down, and submitted to a reduction of the fracture and the bandaging of the limb, without a motion, except once or twice licking the hand of the operator. He was quite submissive, and in a manner motionless, day after day, until at the expiration of a month the limb was sound. Not a trace of the fracture was to be detected,

and the purchaser, who is now living, knew nothing about it."

A dog will easily take offence, and often under circumstances in which it is difficult to understand the cause. Accustomed to speak kindly to such creatures when I come in their way, I did so, a few days ago, to one I met with in a village walk. After advancing for a moment or two, he went before me several steps, but when I was moving in another direction, and uttered merely a sort of good-bye, he turned his head, looked surly, and showed his teeth; and yet it could not be from any intrusion on his high breeding, for he is only an ordinary butcher's hound.

There seemed some reason for displeasure when a large stranger dog, trotting through a village, was assailed by the yelping of a number of curs; but, though some of them almost flew at his hind legs, he ran on with perfect good temper. At length, happening to stop and look around him, a very ill-looking cur tripped up to his side and seemed to whisper something in his ear; but in an instant the stranger was on him, flung him sprawling on his back, shook him with tremendous force, rolled his howling body over and over in the dust, and then drove him yelping away as fast as his legs could carry him. What, then, was the offence? It was evidently an outrage on endurance which was proof against other assaults.

A dog sometimes inflicts a singular penalty for an offence he has received. The Rev. J. G. Wood relates that a Newfoundland dog, belonging to one of his friends, took a little tormentor in his mouth, swam well out to sea, dropped it in the water, and swam back again. He mentions also another whom a small and pugnacious bull-dog pinned by the nose, and there hung in spite of all endeavours to shake it off; when the Newfoundland, spying a pailful of boiling tar, deliberately lowered his foe into it; the bull-dog escaped as soon as he could, but bore away the pains of scalding as a punishment for his wanton assault.

The late Mr. Basil Montague was walking one day in Portland Place, when he saw a crowd of people gathered round two dogs that were fighting; a larger dog of the mastiff kind having greatly the advantage of the other, who was inferior in size and strength. Many efforts were made to induce the mastiff to relinquish his hold on his antagonist, but all were in vain. An amusing circumstance now occurred. A very smart young man, apparently of the dandy breed, observing what was occurring as he came up, asked that way might be made for him to the dogs; this being done, he very coolly took a pinch of snuff from his box, and then giving another to the mastiff, the huge animal turned away from the other, when his conqueror, far

more sagacious in fact than in appearance, walked quietly away, uttering the apothegm of Bacon: "You see, knowledge is power." Mr. Montague little expected such a quotation from the works of the great philosopher which he had very ably edited.

A colonist, already mentioned, was, one day, told that his dog, Hector, was fighting with another dog; but before a stout riding-whip could be obtained, and scarcely a hundred paces could be taken, the dog was dead. There stood Hector, at a short distance, sullen and thoughtful, intently gazing at the victim of his fury, until the whip drove him off to his kennel. Half an hour afterwards, he was observed busily engaged carrying off his dead enemy, which he could only do with great difficulty, for the animal was at least two-thirds of his own weight. He contrived, however, to drag it to a piece of ploughed land at a considerable distance; where, close to the remains of the stump of an old pine tree, he dug a hole sufficiently large for the grave, and, having deposited the carcass there, dexterously covered it over with the earth he had displaced.

A dog, it seems, on the other hand, can sympathise with the suffering. Thus, whoever looks on Ansdell's picture, or the engraving from it, of "The Wounded Hound," may not only easily conceive that the sufferer, with the bandaged foot, is well aware that the old huntsman, on

whom his eyes are fixed, is tending him kindly; but that the dog, on the other side, sorrows over his pains, and, lifting up his head, howls forth his canine sympathy.

A surgeon of Leeds, walking in the suburbs of that town, found a little spaniel who had been lamed. He carried the poor creature home, bandaged up his leg, and after two or three days sent him away. The dog returned to the surgeon's every morning, till his leg was perfectly well. At the end of several months the spaniel again presented himself in company with another dog, who had also been lamed; and he showed by his most piteous and intelligent looks that he desired the same kind assistance to be rendered to his friend as had been bestowed on himself. A similar application is said to have been made to Moraut, a celebrated French surgeon.

This fact recalls another, in which the same feeling was displayed in reference to a very different object. A dog, whose master had left home, with his servants on board wages, prevented any suffering from "short commons," by ingratiating himself with a neighbouring cook, who regaled him with a daily meal till his master returned. Some days after, the dog found a lonely duck in the street, and, supposing it to be in want, snatched it up in his teeth, bore the bird to his friend the cook, laid it at her feet, said as intelligibly as he could, "Be as kind now, as

you were before to me," and then was off on his usual business.

Some years ago, an ill-fated cat fell into the hands of some young ruffians in Liverpool, who alternately stoned their victim and dragged it through a dirty pool of water. Many persons passed heedless by; but a dog who came up could not endure the sight. Barking his indignation, he drove the cruel boys, one by one, furiously from the spot, sprang to the rescue of the bleeding animal, and, withdrawing it from the ditch, bore it to his own quarters. There, extending it upon straw, and licking it all over, the cat began to revive, and then, laying himself down upon it, diffused through it his own warmth. He now fetched some provision for his charge, when the people of the house, stimulated by his example, gave it some warm milk. Day after day did the sympathising dog continue his attentions, until the cat perfectly recovered; and they were to be seen, during many years, strongly attached to one another, at the Talbot Inn, Liverpool.

Illustrations are numerous of the companionship of dogs, often rising to a devoted friendship, and of these a few may be taken.

"Though dogs," says Mr. St. John, "often disagree, and are jealous of each other at home, they generally make common cause against a stranger. Two of my dogs, who were such ene-

mies, and fought so constantly, that I could not keep them in the same kennel, seemed to have compared notes, and to have found out that they had both of them been bullied by a large powerful watch-dog, belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood. They suspended their own hostilities and formed an alliance; and then they together assaulted the common enemy, and so well assisted each other, that, although he was far stronger than both of my dogs put together, he was so fairly beaten and bullied that he never again annoyed them or me by rushing out upon them as they passed by the place, as he had always been in the habit of doing before he received his drubbing."

A person, having business in London, went thither from Devonport accompanied by his dog. This animal, being maltreated by a watch-dog, returned with his master home, but was missed a day or two after, as well as a favourite companion of his, a very large house-dog, and neither was seen for about ten days. They had scarcely returned before a letter arrived, informing the owner of the dog, that that animal, in company with another, had been seen at the place where he was maltreated, and that they had killed the dog who gave the first offence.

Tilesius relates a fact of his own dog, which he witnessed. The animal had been worried by another of greater strength, and then returned to

his home ; it was observed that he abstained from half of his allotted food, and formed a kind of store with his savings. After some days, he went out, brought several dogs of the vicinity with him, and feasted them upon his hoard. This singular proceeding attracted his master's attention, who, watching the result, saw them all go out together ; and following them, he found they proceeded, by several streets, to the skirts of the town, where the leader singled out a large dog, who was immediately assailed by all his guests, and very severely punished.

A remarkable dog is alive at Florence, of the name of Borrinowsky, who is to be seen every day, and all day, either at the fashionable *cafés* or the other places to which the gay world resort. Whether or not he may have belonged to anybody is not known. At present he belongs to himself, and is willing to be fed by any voluntary contributions. The describer says, " He is more like a human being than a dog, and, from continually living among Italians, has imbibed all the habits and follies of a young Tuscan nobleman."

Another dog, jet black all over from ear to tail, has been so thoroughly fascinated by the cool confidence of Borrinowsky, that he has determined to link his fortunes in an unpretending way to the fortunes of his superior, and to throw himself on the public protection as an illustrious dog's companion. Whenever Borrinowsky makes a

journey, his black companion moves, like his shadow, a little behind him, at his side. The Tuscans have given him the name of "Secretary," from his black and sober dress and his retiring manners. The two dogs march at stated hours of the day from one public place to another, and dine together at the best *restaurant* in Florence, the Secretary refusing to touch a morsel till Borrinowsky has satisfied his taste. In the afternoon they walk side by side in the *Coscine*, among the carriages. At night they are to be found among the coffee-drinkers and smokers at the large *café* just above the Piazza Santa Trinita. When it closes, they repair to another, which is open for an hour longer; and when that shuts too, they have found a little *cabaret* which prolongs the hospitality to a later hour in the morning. Finally, they retire to rest on the door-steps of Messrs. Plowden's bank. The humble Secretary lies down first, and Borrinowsky stretches his illustrious person a-top of him. Like all other foreigners of any pretensions to importance, the pair of dogs go to a fashionable watering-place for the hot weather, and when the dog-days begin, walk across to the baths of Lucca or Pisa. The causes of their voluntary migration are the same as those which induce all foreigners to migrate too. The Secretary, like a great many people, we may presume, simply goes to Pisa because Borrinowsky goes; but why, it has been asked,

does Borrinowsky go? Another question is equally inscrutable: how came Borrinowsky to be an object of such interest to the Secretary?

A hound called Triomphaux, and a pointer named Médor, the property of M. Blaze, maintained a very intelligible companionship. They were in the habit of leaving home, occasionally for several days together, and always returned in good condition, but rather inclined to sleep than feed. It was afterwards found by their master that they carried on the business of poaching for their mutual benefit. Médor, crouching in a trench, along which Triomphaux in full cry drove the hare, suddenly seized the victim as it passed, when the banquet was enjoyed by them both.

Two dogs belonging to M. G., and another dog the property of M. P., of Saint Bonnet-sur-Galaune, went to the chase without their masters; and having pursued a rabbit, which took refuge in a burrow, one of the dogs of M. G. rushed on with such eagerness that he became fixed in the extremity, and could not extricate himself. His companions also scratched to no purpose, and then returned home, but so sad and dejected as to be noticed by their masters, who were unable to divine the cause. The next day the dogs disappeared, and they were seen to return in the evening to their respective abodes, with their paws bloody, and their bodies covered with earth and sweat, and to refuse every sort of

nourishment. Again and again it was so; and M. G., not finding his dog return, and seeing his second one, not only come back at night, but also in a frightful state, told M. P., who declared that his dog had done the same for a week. The following morning, however, M. G. was awakened early by the cries of several dogs, who scratched at his door, and on going down to ascertain the cause, he saw his dog which he thought lost, worn to a skeleton, with the two other dogs, who, seeing it once more under its master's care, went, though scarcely able to move their stiffened limbs, and slept tranquilly on a bundle of straw. M. G. now sought for the scene of suffering and toil; and he found that the narrow opening into which his poor dog had forced itself was made a larger cavity, the working out of which was evidently due to the sagacity and sympathy of the other two dogs.

The attachment of a dog to his fellow has proved to be enduring to the last; and one is mentioned who had lived for many years with another till it died, when, after seeking it in vain in its old haunts, it refused all kinds of food, wasted away, and died ten days afterwards.

Dogs sometimes become attached to creatures of a different kind. A friend of mine has one to whom a tortoise was given, which greatly puzzled it at first; but, on discovering the creature was alive, the dog became interested in the tortoise,

watched all its motions, and was not willing that any one should touch it.

A pointer, having killed a Chinese gander, had the dead bird tied to his neck as a punishment for the misdemeanor. The solitary goose, extremely grieved for the loss of her partner, became exceedingly attentive to the dog. At first he was indifferent to her fascinations, if not annoyed by them; but, at length, he so cordially yielded to their influence as to reciprocate a lasting friendship. They lived under the same roof, fed out of one trough, kept each other warm in the same straw bed, and when the pointer was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were loud and unceasing.

An old parlour favourite in a family, named Tom, a lively and spirited creature, very apt to bark at strange objects, and particularly to torment cats, was, by a strange experiment, introduced to a tame partridge, named Bill. The issue was watched with no little expectation. Strange to tell, the shyness which naturally appeared at first, gradually wore off, and the most cordial friendship was actually established. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge, always on his mistress's shoulder, called with the shrill note so well known to sportsmen; and the spaniel leaped about with equal ardour. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which both ate together; and after their

meal, the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between his legs, and never stir till his favourite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the greatest disquietude till he returned; and once, when the partridge was accidentally shut up during a whole day, the dog diligently searched about the house, expressing his feelings in a mournful cry. At length, unhappily, the beautiful little dog was stolen; the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to his grief.

At Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, there was to be seen in May, 1829, a terrier nursing a brood of ducklings. She had had a litter of whelps a few weeks before, which were taken from her and drowned. The unfortunate mother was quite disconsolate till she perceived the brood of ducklings, which she immediately carried to her lair, where she retained them, following them out and in with the greatest attention; and nursing them, after her own fashion, with the most affectionate anxiety.

When the ducklings, following their natural instincts, went into the water, their foster-mother exhibited the utmost alarm; and as soon as they returned to land, she snatched them up in her mouth, and ran home with them. What adds to the singularity of the circumstance is, that the same animal, when deprived of a litter of puppies

the year following, seized two cock chickens, which she reared with the like care she bestowed on her own family. When the young cocks began to try their voices, the terrier was as much annoyed as she formerly seemed to be by the swimming of the ducklings, and never failed to repress their attempts at crowing.

The dog, already mentioned, who made a pet of a tortoise, became very fond of the cat of the household, and so pleased with her kittens as to appear ready and willing to take the entire charge of them.

M. Weuzel, who wrote a volume on "The Language of Brutes," had a cat and a dog so strongly attached to each other that they would never willingly be separate. Whenever the dog had possession of any choice morsel of food, he could not enjoy it alone, but was sure to divide it with his whiskered friend. Indeed, they always ate out of one plate, slept in the same bed, and daily took their airings together.

To put this apparently sincere friendship to the test, M. Weuzel took the cat into his own room, and had the door carefully watched in another apartment. Desiring to see how the cat would enjoy a sumptuous meal provided for her without her hitherto constant table companion, he observed her attentively, and found she enjoyed the feast, apparently in entire forgetfulness of the dog. He had eaten half a partridge

for dinner, intending to reserve the other half for supper; this madame covered with a plate and put into a cupboard, the door of which she did not lock. The cat left the room, and M. Weuzel walked out on business.

Madame sat at work in an adjoining apartment, and, on the return of her husband, related what had occurred during the interval. The cat, having hastily left the dining-room, went to the dog, and mewed uncommonly loud, and in different tones of voice; which the dog answered from time to time with a short bark. They then went together to the door of the room where the cat had dined, waited till it was opened by one of the children, and immediately entered the apartment. The mewings of the cat exciting madame's attention, she stepped softly to the door, which stood ajar, to see what was going on. The cat led the dog to the cupboard where the half of the partridge was deposited, and, pushing off the plate, laid the intended supper of her master before her canine friend, who eagerly devoured the dainty.

A dog brought from Kangaroo Island, named Count, is the property of a family with whom I have been long very friendly. Though always on the best of terms with their cats at home, yet he no sooner espies a cat when he is on his rambles, than he dashes after her in hot pursuit. Should poor puss find a wall, instantly place her back against it, and strike out fiercely,

she may effectually keep Count off; but he has been known to rush in, and receive for his pains a broadside of scratches. Should the wall-less cat, however, turn tail, or, having this defence, get frightened and attempt to run, it is all over with her at once; he gives his victim but one bite, and that is invariably over the loins.

Count never touches a cat after that one fatal grip; indeed he shows great fear when such a deed is done, doubtless from the severe beatings he has sometimes received over a slaughtered carcase. "I am fully convinced," says my friend, who has favoured me with these particulars, "that he is fully aware of his sin when on the chase, but he goes on like a drunkard who cannot resist his dram, and it is only when the crime is committed that conviction fully seizes him, and he shows it by his hanging head and spiritless demeanour."

On Count's first visit to the house of one of the sons of the family on his marriage, he was, while firmly held, brought into the presence of the cat, and told in stern tones that he was never to touch her; and beyond all question, he understood and remembered this charge for five months. Throughout that time, though frequently at the new house, he expressed no more curiosity about her than he did about those with whom he daily lived, and was equally indisposed to do her an injury. But on one dark and

cloudy night, he was, unhappily, let out into the garden; a scuffle was heard; the cause of it was sought—poor puss was found dead; she lay killed in the very act of running—Count, her destroyer, having mistaken her for a strange cat! After these fatal onslaughts, strange to say, he will lie down on the rug with the house-cats before the fire, and one of them has been placed in his arms as in a cradle, with her head resting on his stomach as a pillow, and so they have slept together for hours.

“He is very fond,” says Mr. H. L., “of coming every two or three days over to my house by himself, and barking to get in, that he may enjoy the bones, &c., that have been collected, as we have now no cat or dog to clear them off; when they are finished he quietly goes home again. I have made use of him on these occasions, when it has been muddy and wet, to carry a letter for me to my mother’s, thus saving me a journey. In this service he has never yet failed.” This dog will not jump, but is very clever at opening gates that are not latched: if the gate requires it, he puts his paw between the bars underneath or at the top, and *pulls*; if it opens the other way, he places his shoulder to it, and *pushes*.

Though it is an extremely rare thing for Count to steal at home, he evidently thinks all is fair game in butchers’ shops, and more than once

has he been chased home by their boys, having a chop in his mouth. There is reason, however, to think he sometimes succeeds without being detected, for he has been known to reach home after a marauding expedition and refuse his supper, though in perfect health; a fact which, in his case, would be inexplicable had it not been preceded by a feast.

Almost every other quadruped has some fear of man, in certain cases rising into absolute terror; but to man the dog becomes strongly attached. Not that he does so because he is chosen from all the rest and trained for our use, but from original and spontaneous impulse. Were it not so, as we travelled from country to country, we should see animals treated as favourites according to the taste or caprice of their respective people, whether sunk in barbarism, partially civilised, or attaining the acme of refinement. But man, whether attired in the sheep-skin garment of the Hottentot, or in the simplest or gayest costume of English gentility, is specially attractive to the dog. Nor can this feeling, manifested by the dog in every part of the earth, be rightly regarded, except as one of God's gifts for human welfare.

The ox and the sheep, as they graze in the meadow, cast their eyes towards us, move onwards at our approach, and are easily driven at our pleasure; but they yield merely to the domi-

nion of man. The horse is, apparently, more social; but he has much selfishness. He hears the stable-door opened, and "whinnies" as the groom enters, but it is that he may have his usual feed of oats or beans; as his master is about to mount, he seems pleased and eager for the start, but he recalls the pleasure he has had in former rides, and anticipates its return; and when the saddle is taken from his back and the bridle from his mouth, he bounds into the midst of the field, delighted at his restoration to liberty. The cat rubs herself against your legs, purrs expressive of her pleasure, and, if accustomed to such familiarity, leaps into your lap, and appropriates in her circumstances of cozy enjoyment; but tread on her tail or her foot, accidentally, and she will, after years of friendship, leap up instantly, spit, raise her back, and look round she goes off with a face which says, as plain a feline one can say it, "I hate you!" tread on the foot or the tail of your favorite dog, and he will express for a moment uneasiness he feels, but in another instant complaint glides into apologies and even accusations. He runs around you, jumps against you, seems to express his sorrow for his cry, he was not intentionally hurt; strives even to make out that *he* was the transgressor, and begs with every licking and whine, that you will think of his murmur no more.

Give him something to do: if used to the water, when he has brought you the stick you cast in, he pleads that he may bring you another, and another, and another; let your shepherd direct him to fetch a hundred sheep from a neighbouring field, he will steal round them silently, that they may not start in another direction till he has them fully in his charge, and as they come in, without a straggler, he asks, with an upturned face and eager eyes, "What would you like me to do next?" And so he will go on, whatever his usual avocation, till he is exhausted by excitement and toil. Thus, the dog is distinguishable from all other creatures. It is said that there was scarcely an animal in the menagerie of the Zoological Society that did not acknowledge the superintendent as his friend; and yet the link between them might be dissolved by a word or a look. At the hour of feeding, the brute principle reigned supreme, and then the companion of other hours would be sacrificed if he dared to interfere. But, as Burns said, "Man is the god of the dog—he knows no other; and see how he worships him. With what reverence he crouches at his feet—with what affection he looks up at him—with what delight he fawns upon him—and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him!"

Kingsley has pictured his little sweep to the life, as he says: "Tom thought of the fine times

coming, when he would be a man and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one grey ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man." And from Tom's very humble level up to the highest grade the same feeling is observable; while it is no unusual thing for the owner to consider his four-footed companion as his *doppelganger*,—his other self.

Singular are the distinctions made by dogs between different classes of people. I well remember a terrier belonging to a gardener who had charge of a bowling-green in the outskirts of a country town. At the top of a long path was the entrance to the green, where, in the lower part of a commodious building having as its motto, "Let no man be biassed," his master dwelt. As long as gentlemen passed along that path for their usual amusement, or it was trodden by a lady or ladies, Trim made no objection, but either looked calmly on, or, knowing that it was not for him to interfere, turned another way. But only let him catch sight in any part of the path, or even at the outer gate, of some ill-clad, vulgar-looking man, woman, or child, and Trim barked loudly his displeasure, and drove them angrily away, as is the practice of many of his race.

Mr. Davy relates that, when he was at Ceylon,

Sir Robert Brownrigg had a dog who was always allowed to accompany his master, except when going to church, to council, or to inspect his troops, when he usually wore his sword; but when the dog saw the sword girded on, he would only follow Sir Robert to the outer door. He would then return, and wait patiently his master's coming back at the door of his private apartment up-stairs.

There is, according to Southey, a chapter in one of our metaphysical writers, showing how dogs make syllogisms. The illustration is decisive. A dog loses sight of his master, and follows him by scent till the road wanders into three: he smells at the first and at the second, and then, without smelling further, gallops along the third. "That animals," he says, "should be found to possess in perfection every faculty which is necessary for their well-being is nothing wonderful; the wonder would be if they did not; but they sometimes display a reach of intellect beyond this."

How a dog keeps time as he does involves a very curious question, but the fact itself is beyond dispute. A dog required to perform any disagreeable office every fourth day, will, somehow or other, contrive to find out when that day comes; nor will he do whatever this may be on any other day without a canine protest against the infliction.

A clothier in Wiltshire, many years ago, some of whose family are well known to the writer, had a large dog, which always knew the day, twice each week, on which the waggon would come home, and regularly set out early in the morning to meet it several miles on the road. Southey states that a dog who had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food on a Friday. A brother of Lord Truro had a dog that distinguished Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he disliked. A dog of M. Roger was actuated by a very different feeling. He set out every Saturday, at two o'clock precisely, from Locoyaine, to go to Hennebon, about three miles distant. On arriving there he went straight to the butchers, because they killed on that day, and he was sure of having a good dinner of offal.

The writer was, some years ago, visiting a gentleman in Suffolk, Mr. J. W. S——, reaching his house on Saturday. In the evening he was about to take a stroll with his friend, when he observed his terrier in a canine ecstasy as soon as the hats were being taken down, and then the dog bounded with them joybusly on their ramble. The next morning the dog saw them go into the hall without any concern, and as they reached the door he turned back; this being remarked to his master, he replied, "O yes, it is always so on

Sunday: Turk knows very well that on that day he is never taken out."

Another dog, Tom, though unchained every morning at seven o'clock, never went out till nine, when he proceeded on his visits to the houses of the gentry for several miles round, where, as he never stole any thing, he was always welcome. He had certain days for visiting certain houses, so that their occupants knew when he was expected, and he took gratefully whatever they offered. But this was merely as a luncheon; for he rarely failed to return home, with equal punctuality, to his dinner at one; and did not go out again till the next morning at nine.

This dog was equally remarkable in another respect. Tom was missing at dinner-time one day, in the first year of his arriving at his last quarters, nor did he return on the day following, but on the third, at one o'clock, the truant appeared. It was found that he had spent the interval at a neighbouring village fair; and he continued to do so every year as long as he lived.

"The Almighty," says Sir Walter Scott, "who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of

man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

In the days of Sir Walter Scott's prosperity, his seat at Abbotsford had various attractions for its numerous visitors, but there was one which some especially felt—it was the reciprocated cheerfulness and kindness between their host and his dogs. Hallam, for instance, wrote as follows:—

"But looking towards the grassy mound
Where calm the Douglas chieftains lie,
Who, living, quiet never found,
I straightway learnt a lesson high;
For there an old man sat serene,
And well I knew that thoughtful mien
Of him whose early lyre had thrown
O'er mouldering walls the magic of its tone.

"It was a comfort, too, to see
Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,
And always eyed him reverently,
With glances of depending love.
They know not of the eminence
Which marks him to my reasoning sense;
They know but that he is a man,
And still to them is kind, and glads them all he can.

"And hence their quiet looks confiding;
Hence grateful instincts, seated deep,
By whose strong bond, were ill betiding,
They'd lose their own, his life to keep.

What joy to watch in lover creature
 Such dawning of a moral nature,
 And how (the rule all things obey)
 They look to a higher mind to be their law and stay."

Washington Irving relates that, as Sir Walter and he sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend them. There was the old stag-hound Maida, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long pendent ears, the parlour favourite; while, when in front of the house, they were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen, wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

As they proceeded in their walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and indeed there appeared a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in the society of Scott and his friend. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of them, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and

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endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imper- turbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them; and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at Scott and Irving, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I cannot help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

There is something exceedingly touching in the following sentences penned by Scott after the wreck of his fortune:—

"Sad hearts at Darnick and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved

me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. 'Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would do if they knew how things may be!"

Lord Erskine celebrated in verse the attention paid at Oatlands by the Duchess of York to birds:—

"And when the kite's resistless blow
Dashes their scattered nests below,
Alarmed they quit the distant field,
To seek the park's indulgent shield,
Where close in the o'ershadowing wood
They build new cradles for their brood,
Secure,—their fair protectress nigh,
Whose bosom swells with sympathy."

But the sympathy thus eulogised, was especially manifested by the duchess in reference to dogs. A pack of thirty or forty English lap-dogs, Dutch pugs, and French barbetstes, might often be seen at one time taking an airing in Oatlands park. Their respective litters were taken great care of, and the young ones were not unfrequently boarded out, under the charge of persons who would properly attend to them; and at their death they were conveyed to a cemetery not far

from the mansion, where their names, merits, and services were faithfully recorded in an appropriate epitaph. One of them, "Jenny Cameron"—the name of the Pretender's mistress—was long remembered as engraved on a perpendicular tombstone.

Knight says:—

"The faithful dog, the natural friend of man,
 The unequal federation first began;
 Aided the hunter in his savage toil
 And grateful took the refuse of the spoil;
 Watched round his bed at sleep's unguarded hour,
 And drove the hungry tiger from his bower;
 In deeds of death and danger led the way,
 And bled, unconquer'd, in the doubtful fray;
 Still fought, though wounded, by his master's side,
 And, pleas'd to save him, grasp'd his prey, and died.
 As more the bounds of social rights expand,
 And peaceful herds submit to man's command,
 Still, as a faithful minister, he shares
 The shepherd's labours, and divides his cares;
 Prowls round the hill, or to the allotted plains
 The climbing goat or wandering sheep restrains;
 With nice discriminating nose inhales
 The passing odours in the tainted gales;
 The wolf's approach o'er distant mountains hears,
 And clamorous barks, and points his list'ning ears,
 And nearer still as the fell savage howls,
 Bristles his wavy back, and fierce defiance growls."

A dog often deeply feels and sincerely grieves over his master's absence. Count, already mentioned, went with his master on a visit to a relation of mine. All activity and sagacity, while his master was there, he no sooner saw him go

away in a chaise than he became disconsolate, gave utterance to his feelings in moans and howls, and even refused to eat; nor was his sorrow soothed till his master's return, when he was buoyant, intelligent and clever, as he had been before.

Argus has long had a place in the memory of those who are interested in the dog.

"Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord;
To him his swiftness and his strength were vain—
The voice of glory called him o'er the main."

Ulysses, after twenty years' wanderings, returned homewards, for life's safety, in beggar-guise; as he stood at his palace-door, so altered was he that his aged dependant, Eumæus, knew him not; yet—

"Near to the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew,
And, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ears, and rears his head.
He knew his lord, he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet all he could, his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master and confess his joys."

Roderick, the last of the Goths, was not recognised on his return by the mother that bore him; yet his dog followed him, and throwing his arms around the faithful creature, he exclaimed—

"Thou, Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master, Theron, none but thou!"

Similar stories might be told of a dog's recollection of his master, after years of absence. Thus, a dog named Lion, who was in a vessel while his master stood on the shore, no sooner heard him say softly, after three years of separation, "Lion!" than he instantly gained the land and bounded about his master with the highest caninè exultation.

Still, Argus must occupy his own high place :

"This dog, whom fate thus granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had rolled,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies,—
So closed for ever, faithful Argus' eyes.
Then pity touched the mighty master's soul,
And down his cheek a tear unbidden stole."

Mr. Henry Hawkes, of Halling, in Kent, returning late from Maidstone Market, drank immoderately at Aylesford, and left the place in a state of intoxication. The whole face of the country was covered with a deep snow, and the frost was intense, when, after escaping many dangers, and passing the river at nearly high water, and overcome with liquor, he fell amongst the snow, in a night of remarkable severity. Turning on his back, he was soon asleep; when the dog accompanying him scratched the snow about him, mounted upon the body, rolled himself round on his master's bosom, and, in this state the dog and his master lay all night; the snow continuing to fall. In the morning, a gentleman out with

his gun was attracted to this strange sight: at his approach the dog got off the body, shook the snow from his warm and shaggy hide, and encouraged his advance. The person of Hawkes was immediately recognised by this gentleman, whose name was Finch; on being conveyed to the first house, a pulsation of the heart was observed; and restorative means proved so successful that Hawkes was soon able to tell the tale of his own intoxication and the dog's fidelity. He afterwards obtained a silver collar, as an expression of gratitude, on which appeared the inscription—

“ In man, true friendship I long strove to find,
But missed my aim;
At length I found it in my dog most kind.
Man ! blush for shame.”

A French merchant set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, with the purpose of receiving some money from a correspondent; and having done so tied the bag containing it before him while his dog frisked about the horse, barked, and jumped, as if he too were specially joyous. After riding some miles, the merchant alighted from his horse to rest himself in the shade, laid his money by him under a hedge, and on his remounting the dog followed crying, barking, and howling, and, at length began to bite the heels of the horse.

The merchant now suspected that the dog was

mad, and his apprehension was confirmed when, in crossing a brook, he observed that the animal would not drink. Wishing he could find some one to put the creature to death, but fearing lest he should be bitten, he fired at the dog, which fell wounded and weltering in his blood, yet still endeavoured to crawl towards his master. The merchant could not bear the sight, but spurred on his horse, trying to console himself by the thought that he had prevented a greater evil by despatching a mad animal than he had endured by its loss; and yet, he felt that he would almost rather have lost his money than his dog. Stretching out his hand to grasp the treasure, he found it was gone, and a thousand thoughts instantly rushed through his mind.

Turning his horse, he galloped onwards; traces of blood were perceptible as he proceeded, but in vain did he look for the dog. At length he reached the shady spot, and under the hedge, bleeding as he was, was the faithful creature, watching to the last his master's treasure. Vain had been his eager and repeated efforts to make known his loss; but he wagged his tail with pleasure on seeing him again, stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him with indescribable regret, and then died.

Wordsworth and Scott celebrated another instance of canine fidelity. The subject of these poems was Mr. Charles Gough, a resident of

Manchester, who made frequent visits to the Lakes. Confiding in his knowledge of the country, he ventured to cross one of the passes of Helvellyn, late in a summer afternoon, attended only by his faithful dog. Darkness, it is supposed, came on before he expected it, he wandered from the track, and fell into a deep recess. The dog was found by the side of his master after a search of many weeks. The following is from the pen of Wordsworth:—

“A barking sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts, and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks:
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

“The dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions too are wild and shy;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry.
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All 'round, in hollow, or on height;
 Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes the ear;
 What is the creature doing here?

“It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps till June December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below!
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land,
 From trace of human foot or hand.

"There, sometimes doth the leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
 The crag repeats the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere ;
 Thither the rainbow comes,—the cloud,—
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
 And sunbeams, and the sounding blast
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;
 But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

"Not free from jodding thoughts awhile
 The shepherd stood : then made his way
 Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
 As quickly as he may ;
 Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground ;
 The appall'd discoverer, with a sigh
 Looks round to learn the history.

"From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The man had fall'n, that place of fear !
 At length upon the shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear :
 He instantly recall'd the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came :
 Remember'd too the very day,
 On which the traveller pass'd this way.

"But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell !
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been, through *three months' space*,
 A dweller in that savage place.

"Yes, proof was plain, that since that day,
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watch'd about the spot,
 Or by his master's side :

How nourish'd here through such long time,
 HE knows, who gave that love sublime;
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate."

Sir W. Scott thus wrote:—

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide,
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me, the echoes replied
 On the right Skiddaw-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was impending,
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer died.

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

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

"When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With escutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
 Through the courts at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
 In the proudly-arched chapel, the banners are beaming,
 Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

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

A revolutionary tribunal in France, just before the overthrow of Robespierre, condemned an upright magistrate and most estimable man on the pretence of finding him guilty of conspiracy. A spaniel was with him when he was seized, but was not suffered to enter the prison. He took refuge with a neighbour of his master's, every day returning to the prison-door at the same hour, but was still refused admittance. As he passed some time on the spot, his attachment won on the porter, the dog was allowed to enter, and joyful was the meeting that took place. The gaoler, however, fearful for himself, carried the dog out of the prison, but the faithful creature returned the next morning, and was afterwards daily admitted.

When the day of sentence arrived, the dog, notwithstanding the guards, penetrated into the hall, where he lay crouched beneath the legs of his master. Again, at the hour of execution he was there, and when the guillotine had done its horrid work he would not leave the headless corpse.

The first night, the next day, and the second night his absence alarmed his new patron, who sought diligently for the spaniel, and found him stretched on his master's grave. From this time the mourning spaniel returned to it every successive morning for three months after, merely receiving food from his protector's hand: At length this was refused, his patience seemed exhausted, and for four-and-twenty hours he was observed, with weakened limbs, digging up the earth that covered the much-loved remains of the departed. His power now gave way, he shrieked in his struggles, and at length ceased to breathe.

A dog of the African breed, which belonged to General Espinasse, who fell at Magenta in 1859, lurked in the neighbourhood of the spot where he died, and could not be coaxed away for any length of time. Though several times taken away to a considerable distance, he invariably returned the first opportunity.

In reference to one of his great battles in Italy, it was strikingly said by Napoleon I.: "In the deep silence of a moonlight night, a dog, leaping suddenly from the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand and ran towards us, thus at once soliciting and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my peculiar turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action

itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, has friends in the camp, or in his company; and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson nature here presents through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man, and how mysterious are his impressions! I had without emotion ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld with tearless eyes the execution of those operations by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were aroused by the mournful howlings of a dog! Certainly at that moment I should have been moved by a suppliant enemy. I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

CHAPTER II.

THE DOG OF THE SLEDGE.

As the traveller scans the north-eastern portion of the Asiatic continent, he beholds only a succession of bare rocks and sterile valleys, whose vegetation is limited to the reindeer lichen, while in a few sheltered spots may be found some willow-like or berry-bearing shrubs. The beams of summer last but a single month, when winter returns in nightly frost and falling snow, which rests, indeed, on the highest summits as well as in some of the warm valleys throughout the year. Such is the country of the Tschuktschi, and to the south is the peninsula of Kamschatka.

In this desolate region, as in others connected with it, dogs render invaluable service, not only by drawing sledges, thus transferring persons from place to place, otherwise inaccessible, but enabling them to engage in the chase of the reindeer, and conveying to their dwellings the fish and other sea animals on which their subsistence also depends. Horses could not be made a substitute for dogs in such countries as these; the severity of the climate and the shortness of the summer render the provision of fodder impossible; the dog alone

is adapted to such circumstances, for he can live where other animals would perish, and move quickly over the deep snow in which those heavier than himself would sink.

These dogs strongly resemble the wolf.* They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, while others have curly hair. Their colour is various—black, brown, reddish brown, white and spotted. They vary also in size. Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness or lie in the water to avoid the mosquitos; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow and lie with their noses covered by their bushy tails. Female puppies are only saved to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training in the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys till the third year. Their feeding and training form a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best trained dogs are used as leaders, and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leaders, no pains are spared so that those intended to go first may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course by the scent of game.

This last is a point of great difficulty. Sometimes the whole team will start off, and no endeavour on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions lookers-on have admired the cleverness with which a well-trained leader endeavours to turn the rest from their pursuit, when, if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. In travelling on dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled with impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow tempests when the traveller is in danger of missing the hovel where he may find shelter and of perishing in the snow, he may owe his life to a good leader. If the dog has ever been in this plain and has stopped with his master at such a hut, called a *powarna*, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where it lies deeply buried in the snow, and, suddenly stopping, indicate significantly the spot where his master must dig.

Nor are these dogs without their use in summer—they tow the boats up the rivers, and instantly obey their master's voice, either in halting or in changing the bank of the river. On hearing his call they plunge into the water, draw the towing line after them and follow the boat to the opposite shore, and, on reaching it, replace themselves in order and wait the command to go on. Sometimes even those who have no horses will

use the dogs in fowling excursions to draw their light boats from one lake or river to another. In a word, the dog is as indispensable a domestic animal to the settled inhabitant of this country as the tame reindeer is to the nomade tribes.

Some years ago a terrible sickness carried off a great number of these useful animals. One Juhakir family had only two dogs out of twenty, and these were just born and, indeed, still blind. So highly were they valued that, the mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir resolved on nursing the two puppies with her own child. She did so; her two strange nurslings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs. In the following year, when most of the people had lost their dogs by the sickness, they were in a very melancholy condition; they had to draw home their own fuel; both time and strength failed them in bringing thither the fish that had been caught in distant places, and, moreover, while thus occupied, the season passed for fowling and fur-hunting, and a general and severe famine, in which numbers perished, was the consequence.

An analogous case to the country of the Tschukt-schi may be found in Greenland, stretching northward from Cape Farewell, in lat. 60° , for the ascertained length of 19° , with an indefinite extent beyond, and a general breadth of about 35° of longitude; yet this immense region produces scarcely anything that can minister to

man's comfort or even existence. Its aspect is throughout of that dreary character which exclusively belongs to the Arctic world.

The most severe cold sets in after the new year; and it is so piercing in February and March, that the stones split in twain, and the sea reeks like an oven. During the whole of the winter months, the cheering rays of the sun are neither seen nor felt, and there are occasional storms of wind and snow. On the return of that orb, the months of May, June, and August, are even occasionally pleasant; but during July, and partially June and August, the densest fogs prevail, which are more depressing to the spirits than even intense cold.

So great and rapid is sometimes the change of temperature that the most hardy of our polar navigators cannot conceal their uneasiness under its first impression. The circulation of the blood is then accelerated, a sense of parched dryness is excited in the nose, the lips are contracted in all their dimensions, the articulation of many words is difficult and imperfect; indeed, every part of the body is more or less stimulated or disordered by the severity of the cold. The hands, if exposed, would be frozen in a few minutes, and even the face cannot resist the effects of a brisk wind continued for any length of time.

A piece of metal, when applied to the tongue, instantly adhered to it, and could not be removed

without its retaining a portion of the skin. Port wine has been found to freeze at -12° ; sherry at -10° ; Allsopp's ale might partly be cut with a hatchet below -22° ; and quicksilver might be consolidated by a single process. The sea, in some places, was in the act of freezing, and, in others appeared to smoke, and produced, in the formation of frost-rime, an obscurity greater than that of the densest fog. In front of a brisk fire, at the distance of a yard and a-half from it, the temperature was twenty-five degrees; water spilt on the table froze, and congelation occurred in one situation at the distance of only two feet from the stove. Hoar frost appeared in the sailor's bed cabins, arising from their breath, and was deposited on their blankets. And one who was carrying a bottle of liquor to some distance, inserted his finger by way of temporary cork, but on attempting to withdraw it, it proved to be so sternly rivetted in the neck that it was removed with difficulty, and then only at the cost of amputation.

The inhabitants of the Arctic circle are therefore forbidden by their climate from seeking anything beyond the supply of the commonest animal wants. In the short summers, they hunt the reindeer for a stock of food and clothing; and during the long winter, when the stern demands of hunger drive them from their snow-huts to seek provisions, they still find a supply

in those animals, and in the bears which prowl about on the frozen shores of the sea.

Seals are also indispensably necessary to the existence of these people. The flesh supplies them with their principal, most palatable, and substantial food. In the spring of the year they are generally fat, and afford several gallons of blubber; even small seals will then yield about four or five gallons of oil, which is used with their food, and also for their lamps and fires. The Esquimaux find the fibres of the sinews the best materials for sewing. Of the skins of the entrails they make their windows, curtains for their tents, and shirts; and part of the bladders they use in fishing, as buoys and floats to their harpoons. Of the bones they were long accustomed to make such instruments, as well as working tools. Even the blood is not lost; for they boil it, with other ingredients, as soup. And of the skins they form clothing, coverings for their beds, houses, and boats, and thongs and straps of all kinds.

Without the exquisite scent and the undaunted courage of their dogs, however, the several objects of their chase could not be obtained in sufficient quantities during the long winter, to supply the wants of the inhabitants; nor could the men be conveyed from place to place, over the snow, with the celerity that greatly contributes to their success in hunting.

These dogs are very similar to our shepherd's dog, but from their constant and severe work, more muscular and broader chested. Their ears are pointed, and the aspect of the head is somewhat savage. They are about the height of the Newfoundland dog, but broad like the mastiff, in every part except the nose. The hair of the coat is in summer very long, but during the cold season a soft, downy under covering is produced, which does not appear in warm weather. Young dogs are put into harness as soon as they can walk, and being tied up, soon acquire a habit of pulling, in their attempts to roam in quest of their mother, or to recover their liberty. When about two months old, they are put into the sledge with the grown dogs, and sometimes eight or ten little ones are under the charge of some steady old animal, where, with frequent and sometimes severe beatings, they soon become expert. Every dog is distinguished by a particular name, and the angry repetition of it has an effect as instantaneous as the application of the whip. This instrument is of great length, having a lash stretching from eighteen to twenty-four feet, while the handle is only one foot long. With this, the driver, by throwing it on one or the other side of the leader, and repeating certain words, guides or stops the dogs.

The harness of these dogs is of deer or seal skin,

going round the neck by one bight, and another for each of the four legs, with a single string leading over the back and attached to the sledge as a trace. A dog of peculiar spirit and sagacity, is allowed a longer trace to precede the rest as a leader, and to which, in turning to the right or left, the driver usually addresses himself. The choice is made without regard to sex or age, and the other dogs take precedency according to their training or sagacity, the least effective being put nearest the sledge. The leader is usually from eighteen to twenty feet from the fore part of the sledge, and the hindmost about half that distance, so that when ten or twelve are running together, several are nearly abreast of each other. The driver sits quite low on the fore part of the sledge, with his feet over-hanging the snow on one side.

When he wishes to stop the sledge, he calls out "Wo, woa," just as our carters do; but the result depends entirely on his ability to enforce his charge. If the weight is small and the journey homeward, the dogs are not thus to be delayed; the driver is therefore obliged to dig his heels into the snow, to obstruct their progress; and, having thus succeeded in stopping them, he stands up with one leg on the foremost cross-piece of the sledge, till, by gently laying the whip over each dog's head, he has made them all lie down. He then takes care not to

quit his position, so that should the dogs set off, he is thrown upon the sledge instead of being left behind.

In drawing the sledges, if the dogs scent a single reindeer, even a quarter of a mile distant, they gallop off furiously in the direction of the scent, and the animal is soon within reach of the unerring arrow of the hunter. They will discover a seal-hole entirely by the smell at a very great distance. Their desire to attack the bear is so intense that the word *nennook*, denoting that animal, is used to encourage them, when running in a sledge, and gives play to the legs and voices of the whole pack. Two sledges have sometimes been observed racing at full speed to the same object, the dogs and men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the holes of water with the velocity and spirit once seen in England in rival stage-coaches. They are indeed eager to chase every animal but the wolf; and of him they appear to have an instinctive terror, which manifests itself on his approach in a loud and long-continued howl.

With heavy loads, the dogs draw best with one of their own people, especially a woman, walking a little way a-head; they are thus sometimes enticed to mend their pace by holding a mitten to the mouth, then making the motion of cutting it with a knife, and then throwing it on the snow, when the dogs, mistaking it for meat,

hasten forward to pick it up. Food is, of course, always attractive, as in cold climates it is required in larger quantities than in temperate regions. The dogs are not, like those of the Tschuktschi, to which they bear a strong resemblance, turned out in summer to provide for themselves, for they are fat and vigorous, having an abundance of *Kaow*, or the skin and part of the blubber of the walrus. But their feeding in winter is very precarious; and in this season they discover extraordinary sagacity. Wanting food in sufficient quantities, they distend the stomach with any filth they can swallow, and thus mitigate the cravings of hunger. Sir E. Parry states that in winter they will not drink water, except it be oily; knowing by experience that their sufferings would be increased by indulgence. The painful sense of hunger is generally regarded as the effect of the contraction of the stomach,—an effect greatly increased by a draught of cold liquid. The Esquimaux dogs, therefore, lick some clean snow as a substitute, which produces a less contraction of the stomach than water.

The rate at which they travel depends, of course, on the weight they have to draw, and the kind of road they have to traverse. When it is level, and very hard and smooth, or what the Americans call "good sleighing," six or seven dogs will draw from eight to ten hundred weight,

at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, for several hours together; and will thus easily perform a journey of fifty or sixty miles a day. On untrodden snow, five and twenty or thirty miles would be a good day's journey. The same number of dogs, well fed, with a weight of only five or six hundred pounds, that of the sledge included, are almost unmanageable, and will run on a smooth road, any way they please, at the rate of ten miles an hour. The work performed by a greater number of dogs is, however, by no means in proportion to this, owing to the imperfect mode of employing the strength of the sturdy creatures, and the more frequent snarling and fighting occasioned by an increase of numbers.

As the Esquimaux dog is a slave, ever toiling and hardly treated, subjected alike to want and blows, to intense cold and extreme fatigue, it is no wonder that his drivers consider him surly and obstinate. The women, however, know how to call forth the better parts of his nature. They treat him uniformly better than the men, and care for him when sick and helpless; and as the consequence, he loves them in return, so that when the threats and blows of the men only urge him to rebel, a word from one of the women secures his prompt and willing obedience.

Akotein, brought to England from the Polar Sea by Mr. Richards, in Sir E. Parry's first

voyage, was almost entirely blackish, of a colour nearly approaching to black on the upper parts, and white underneath, the tail included; he seldom barked, but uttered a low wolfish growl when displeased, and was a very powerful dog.

A remarkably fine specimen of the Esquimaux dog, brought to this country by Lieutenant Henderson, was, for some time, in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Peter, for so he was called, was a truly interesting animal. This variety nearly resembles the shepherd's dog. The ears are short and erect; the tail is bushy, and carried in a graceful curve over the back. The dog referred to, was of a white colour, with somewhat of a yellow tinge; but others are brindled, some black and white, some almost entirely black, and some of a dingy red. Their coat is thick and furry; the hair in winter being from three to four inches long: thus has the Creator provided them with an under coating of close soft wool, that they may endure the rigours of the climate with comparative comfort. This extra garment is lost in the spring.

An Esquimaux dog in the possession of Mr. Cleghorn, of Edinburgh, had a noble appearance, especially when running, when he carried his fine bushy tail inclining downwards, with the body nearly one-third more extended in appearance than while standing. He never barked, but at

times had a sort of whine. He ran swiftly, and often showed great sagacity.

In coming along a country road a hare started, but instead of running after the hare in the usual way, the dog pushed himself through the hedge, crossed the field, and, when past the hare, through the hedge again, as if to meet her direct. The hare, of course, doubled through the hedge, but had the chase occurred in an open country, it would have been a noble one.

To his master the attachment of the dog was very peculiar; for however kind others might be, they never could gain his affections, and whenever set at liberty he always rushed to the spot where Mr. Cleghorn was. "One morning," he says, "he was let loose by some of the men on the ground; he instantly bounded from them to my house, and the kitchen door being open, found his way through it, when, to the great amazement of all, he leaped into the bed where I was sleeping, and fawned in the most affectionate manner on me. On another occasion, when the dog was with me going up the steep bank of the Princes Street Garden, I slipped my foot and came down, when he immediately seized me by the coat, as if to render assistance in raising me. Notwithstanding this particular affection to some, he was in the habit of biting others, without giving the least warning or indication of anger. He was remarkably cunning,

and much resembled the fox; for he was in the practice of strewing his meat around him, to induce fowls or rats to come within his reach, while he lay watching, as if asleep, when he instantly pounced upon them, and always with success."

CHAPTER III.

THE DOG OF THE FLOCK.

ACCORDING to sacred history, "the flocks and herds of Abraham and Lot were so great that the land was not able to bear them,"—that is, for these animals unitedly there was not sufficient pasture. Job had 14,000 sheep, besides oxen and camels. When 12,000 Israelites made an incursion into Midian, they brought away, besides other spoils, three score and twelve thousand beeves, and 675,000 sheep. When the tribes of Reuben and Gad made war with the Hagarites, they obtained as a booty 250,009 sheep. The king of Moab rendered a yearly tribute of 200,000 sheep; and Solomon offered 120,000 sheep at the dedication of the Temple. The youthful David tells of the perils of pastoral life. "There came," he says; "a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock." Christ, when describing himself under the character of the good shepherd, alludes to another foe,—“the wolf cometh for to steal and to kill, and to destroy.” This ravenous animal issued forth in the night, traversed the country, and was only deterred by the cries of the shepherds and the

barking of dogs from glutting himself on his victims. Haynes, when traversing a part of the country over which the flocks of the patriarchs periodically ranged, says: "The approaching to Lene at close of day, as we did, is at once terrifying and dangerous. The surrounding country swarms with wild beasts, such as tigers, leopards, and jackals, whose cries and howlings would strike the boldest traveller, who has not been frequently in a like situation, with the deepest sense of horror."

Of the numbers of sheep that are still bred in some parts of the earth, it is difficult to form an accurate and distinct perception. Some years ago it was said that the estates of Prince Esterhazy equalled the kingdom of Wirtemberg in size, and they certainly contained no fewer than one hundred and thirty villages, forty-four towns, and thirty-four castles. The prince, when visiting this country, astonished one of our great agriculturists, who had shown him his flock of 2000 sheep, and asked with some little pride if he could show as many, by replying that his *shepherds* exceeded this number of sheep. The saying proved literally true by a reckoning made on the spot by one well acquainted with the prince's affairs. His winter flock of merinos was maintained at 250,000, to every hundred of which a shepherd was appointed, thus making the number of shepherds 2500.

D'Azara, when speaking of the Spaniards of South America, states that their shepherds are occupied in guarding about twelve million of cattle, about three million of horses, and a considerable number of sheep. How numerous these animals are, in such circumstances, it is vain and useless to conjecture.

As the patriarch Job, the owner of thousands of sheep, speaks of "the dogs of his flock," so through all succeeding ages, these sagacious and faithful animals have been the constant companions of those engaged in pastoral life. Those of South America are especially worthy of notice; for where there are no shepherds, they act in their place, and take charge of the flocks. Thus, early in the morning, the dogs drive them from the fold, conduct them to the plain, accompany them the whole day, and keep them well together. When numerous, they surround the flock, defending them from beasts of prey, from voracious birds, from man himself, and, indeed, from every kind of injury. At sunset they conduct the sheep back again to the fold, when they lay themselves down on the ground and sleep, and pass the nights in their watchful care over them. If any of the young lambs, in going or returning, lag behind, they carefully take them up in their mouths, and carry them for a time, going to them again and again, if need be, until none remain.

Mr. Charles Darwin favours us with the following curious facts in reference to the dogs in South America. "When riding, it is a common thing to meet a large flock of sheep, guarded by one or two dogs, at the distance of some miles from any house or man. The method of education consists in separating the puppy, while very young, from the mother, and in accustoming it to its future companions. A ewe is held three or four times a-day for the little thing to suck, and a nest of wool is made for it in the sheep-pen. At no time is it allowed to associate with other dogs, or with the children of the family. It has therefore no wish to leave the flock; and just as another dog will defend the property or person of his master, so will these the sheep.

"It is amusing to observe, when approaching a flock, how the dog immediately advances barking, and the sheep are close in his rear, as if round the oldest ram. These dogs are also easily taught to bring home the flock at a certain hour in the evening. Their most troublesome fault when young, is their desire of playing with the sheep; for, in their sport, they sometimes gallop their poor subjects most unmercifully.

"The shepherd dog visits the house daily for some meat, but immediately it is given him, skulks away as if ashamed of himself. On such occasions the house-dogs are very tyrannical, and the least of them will attack and pursue the

stranger. The moment, however, the latter has reached the flock, he turns round and begins to bark, and then all the 'house-dogs take very quickly to their heels."

"In a similar manner," Mr. Darwin adds, "a whole pack of hungry wild dogs will scarcely ever (I was told by some never) venture to attack a flock guarded even by one of these faithful shepherds. The whole account appears to me a curious instance of the pliability of the affections in the dog race. F. Cuvier has observed, that all animals that readily enter into domestication consider man a member of their society, and thus fulfil their instinct of association. In the above case, the shepherd dogs rank the sheep as their fellow brethren; and the wild dogs, though knowing that the individual sheep are not dogs, but are good to eat, yet partly consent to this view, when seeing them in a flock with a shepherd's dog at their head."

There is no 'driving of the flock in Spain. When the shepherd wishes to remove his sheep, he calls a tame wether accustomed to feed from his hands, and the favourite, however distant, obeys his call, while the rest follow. One or more of the dogs, with large collars armed with spikes, in order to protect them from the wolves, precede the flock, others skirt it on each side, and some bring up the rear. If a sheep be ill or lame, or lag behind unobserved by the shepherds,

the dogs stay with it and defend it until some one returns in search of it.

The Abruzzi consist of two mountainous provinces of the kingdom of Naples, which may be called the Highlands of that country. The plains about Sulmona and Chieti, two of the most important cities in these parts, indeed the whole of the valley of the Pescara; the flats and declivities of the hills that surround the beautiful lake of Celano, some strips of land along the coast of the Adriatic, and a few other spots are susceptible of profitable culture, but generally speaking the country is mountainous and rugged in the extreme. Still it is far from being consigned to dreariness and desolation.

Great indeed is the change that meets the view of the traveller. No longer, on entering this region, does he see the vines hang in festoons from the elm trees, nor the broad-bladed and vividly green Indian corn, nor the flowering orchards and shady Italian pines, nor the thronging noisy population he has left behind in the most fertile province of the Terra di Lavoro, or Campagna Felici. Immense flocks of sheep, spreading over the mountain pastures, catch his eye; he hears the continual tinkling of goat bells from the mountain summits; cottages and hamlets, instead of being surrounded by gardens and cultured fields, appear flanked and backed by sheep-cotes and stables; and almost every person he meets

on his way is a shepherd, clad in his sheep-skin jacket, with sheep-skin buskins to his legs, and followed by his white long-haired sheep-dog. Instead of water being carried along in aqueducts of brick and stone, as in the lowlands, he, here and there, sees it caught and conducted in hollow trees, cut from the mountains' sides, fashioned like open troughs, so that the flock may drink out of them at any part of their course. Occasionally, too, he passes also little stone fountains, equally rustic in their structure, before which hollowed trees are placed for the convenience of the sheep.

The shepherds of these regions have very beautiful dogs. They are scarcely so large as the Newfoundland, the coat is long and silky, and the tail is thickly and deeply fringed, the ears are of moderate size, and the general colour is white. Of great service during the summer in the mountains, they do not render less in the winter, when the flocks are conducted to the vast plains of Apulia, there to remain till the spring.

A singular spectacle is presented during this winter sojourn. Large sheds and low houses, built of mud and stone, rise here and there, erected or rented by the great sheep proprietors. Other temporary homesteads are reared by the shepherds as they arrive, and a few pass the winter in tents covered with very thick and dark coarse cloth, woven with wool and hair. The

permanent houses are generally large enough to accommodate a great number of shepherds, but the temporary huts and tents are always erected in groups, that the shepherds of the same flocks may be always near each other. The sheep-folds are in the rear of the large houses, but generally placed in the midst of the huts and tents. The dogs in attendance as their guardians are very numerous. No one can approach these pastoral hamlets, either by night or day, without being beset by them, looking, it may be said, sufficiently formidable when they charge the intruders, as frequently happens, in troops of twelve or fifteen.

The sheep with which we are familiar is so constituted that, following its own inclinations, it gets itself into difficulty, of which the following is an amusing illustration:—A butcher's boy, driving some fat wethers through Liverpool, found suddenly that they took their own course and ran down a street which he wished them to avoid. A scavenger being at work with his broom a little way onwards, the boy called out loudly, "Stop the sheep!" Willing to help, the man did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but, as the agitation of the sheep was now greatly increased, they pushed forwards. At last one came right up to the man,

who fearing lest, while he was stooping, it should jump over his head, grasped the broomstick with both hands and held it as a defence high aloft. He had stood in this position only a few seconds, when one of the sheep leaped clean over his head without touching the broom, and no sooner had the first cleared the obstruction than another followed; a third came in quick succession, and the man, perfectly confounded and continuing in the same attitude, every one of the sheep passed over him without one of them—silly as they were—attempting to pass on either side of the man, though the street, with the exception of him, was entirely clear.

The dog is, therefore, prepared to render valuable service as a guide to sheep, urging them in the direction they are required to go, whether it be along a road of many turnings to the right and the left, or through some dirty path or opening, which, indisposed as they are to soil their feet, they would run in any direction to avoid.

The shepherd's dog is generally of a middle-size, his ears short and straight, the hair long, principally on the tail; and of a dark colour; the tail is carried horizontally, or a little elevated. He is so indifferent to caresses that he will make a very slight or no return for any pattings with which you think to favour him. Sometimes we find only a single breed, in others there are several varieties; but however this may be, the

shepherd's dog lives and maintains its peculiar characteristics, while other races often degenerate.

Little as it may commonly be supposed, sagacity is tasked in driving a flock or any of its sheep, and this is displayed by a carefully trained dog. He hits the exact medium between their going either too fast or too slow, and even keeps them moving at a foot's pace as well as his master could. When sheep are collected and there is no pen, he will keep them in a corner which has been pointed out to him better than it could be done by four men and boys. Should any one try to stray, he will seem as if he were about to bite it, and so drive it within the prescribed line. It is only, however, a make-believe effort; an actual bite would show that he had not been properly trained, and expose him to suffering by the breaking off of his canine teeth.

In hot weather it is necessary for the shepherd to examine his flock, to see which of them have sores, caused by the flies. Scattered as they are over a field, or over several meadows, it would be very difficult, at least, to collect them by himself. If, for instance, he took six to a hedge, it would not be easy to keep these for inspection, and if he sought to increase the number left, these would instantly scamper away. But a well-trained dog will speedily assemble a large number: the raising of the shepherd's right or left hand will point out the direction he should

take, while a semicircular motion will be as promptly obeyed, by his passing quietly beyond them to urge them all towards his master. Some dogs will work with equal skill in the next close to the shepherd.

At the latter end of April, or in the month of May, the Leicester and Lincoln sheep, unlike the Southdowns, are liable to be "cast," from their rolling on the ground to relieve the itching caused by the ticks, and the thickness of their wool rendering them unable to rise. If a sheep lies with its head downhill, suffocation will ensue before long; if it lies with its head uphill, death will not be so speedy. In either case there is danger; hence a thoughtful passer-by will pick up a sheep which he sees "cast" in the meadow, in the absence of a shepherd; but dogs are often sufficiently sagacious to perform the same service. A relative of mine, a Leicestershire grazier, Mr. S——, had a dog who, when at home, no sooner heard the words "cast, cast," than he started off to relieve any sheep he could discover in this extremity.

"Are you going to the service?" said Mr. B——, with whom I am well acquainted, to a farmer, with whom he was one Sunday evening; when the reply was, "O yes, certainly; my dog will shepherd for me." Surprised at this, the visitor asked if the farmer were really in earnest, who, to put the matter beyond doubt, called in

the dog, and told him to go through the fields, and see that the sheep were all right. The visitor was now curious as to the mode in which so strange a charge would be obeyed; and finding an eminence just by, where he could see clearly all that transpired, he watched, with great interest, all the movements of the dog. He saw him enter the first field, and "turn up" all the sheep; and then proceed in due succession to every field on the farm and do the same. Having completed his task, the dog hastened homewards; on his arrival, Mr. B. heard the farmer ask the sagacious animal: "Are all the sheep right?" and saw the look of pleasure and the wagging tail which were a sufficient affirmation.

In a market, sheep may sometimes be observed lying down for rest, after arriving, perhaps, from a considerable distance. Yet only let the shepherd say to his faithful attendant, "put them up—put them up," and the dog will pass 'round, or if necessary, leap from pen to pen, until every one is again on its legs.

A shepherd's dog, belonging to a relation of the writer, Mr. W. S——, is of so pacific a disposition that he cannot bear to see other animals at variance. Only let him [catch sight of two oxen fighting, and he dashes instantly between them and separates the angry combatants.

The sheep of North Wales, from their varying mode of life, assume very different habits to

those of an inland country, while those of the dogs are no less conspicuous. These animals are so sagacious as to render sheep-pens rarely necessary. When a shepherd wishes cursorily to inspect his sheep, he places himself in the middle of the field, or the piece of ground they are depasturing, and giving a shout or a whistle, the dogs and the sheep are equally obedient to the sound, draw towards the shepherd, and the latter are kept within reach by one or two of the dogs till he has accomplished his purpose.

So highly was this breed of dogs esteemed, when cattle constituted one of the grand sources of wealth to the country, that in the laws of Hywell Dda, the legal price of one perfectly broken in for conducting the flocks to or from pasturage, was equal to that of an ox—sixty denarii, while the house-dog was estimated at only four, which was the price of a sheep. If any doubt arose as to the genuineness of the breed, or of the dog being fully trained, then the owner and a neighbour were to make oath that he went with the flocks or the herds in the morning, and drove them, with the stragglers, home in the evening.

In Scotland the dog renders to the stock-farmer and those employed by him the most essential service. Without this animal the whole of the open mountainous land of that part of

the kingdom would be unproductive. A single shepherd and his dog can accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. And it would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining.

The "Collie," as he is called, is indeed no ordinary animal. At an early age the frivolity of puppyism is gone, and he becomes a sedate character.

At home he shares his master's porrich; lies on the best place before the fire; suffers complacently the caresses of the children, who, of course, tug his ears and tail, and twist their tiny fingers into his long shaggy coat; and is courteous to a stranger, though he does not invite any familiarity. When required to do anything, his grave and earnest aspect evinces his consciousness that important interests are committed to his charge; while he declines all civilities, not surlily, for he is essentially good-tempered, but because that is not a time for their indulgence. Of the collie's sagacity and services, we shall give a few illustrative instances.

A shepherd found that about two hundred of his sheep were missing. He searched for them with his dog till nightfall without success. "I

was with him," continues Cuthbert Bede, "when he came back. He explained to the dog—with similar words and manner that he would have used in addressing a fellow-being—that the sheep must be found, and that he (the collie) must manage the business as best he could. With that he dismissed him. The collie answered with an intelligent look and wag of the tail, and bounded away into the darkness.

"The next day the shepherd renewed his search, but neither sheep nor collie were to be seen. In the afternoon the shepherd had reached a distant moor, and heard every now and then the faint barking of a dog. Guided by the sound, he advanced up a glen that narrowed at its farthest extremity into a small plot of ground, guarded on every side but one by lofty rock walls. There, at the outlet, was the faithful collie, giving signal barks, but not daring to stir from his post; and there, before him, hemmed in by the rocky fold, were all the sheep. Not one was missing. This glen was between four and five miles from the spot from whence the flock had wandered."*

Mr. Blaine watched a shepherd boy in Scotland, who was sitting on the bank of a wide but shallow stream. A sheep having strayed to a considerable distance on the other side of the water, the boy directed his dog to fetch it back, but to do it *gently*. "I do not affect to say," he

* Glencreggan.

remarks, "that the dog understood the reason for which he was commanded to perform this office in a more gentle manner than usual; but that he did understand he was to do it *gently* was very evident, for he immediately marched away through the water, came gently up to the side of the sheep, turned her towards the rest, and then they both walked quietly side by side to the flock."

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house in which he and Mr. St. John were talking, said, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf-roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow there, ran and looked into the byre, where she was, and, finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time, the shepherd repeated the same words, and again the dog looked out. But on the false alarm being the third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation, that he could not help laughing aloud at him; when, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner, with an

offended air, and as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

Colonel H. Smith states that a strange cur one day bit a sheep in the rear of the flock, unnoticed by the shepherd. Not so was it with his sagacious dog. Immediately he seized the culprit—a tailor's dog—by the ear, dragged him into a puddle, and dabbled him in the mud with the utmost gravity. Loudly the cur yelled; the noise brought out the tailor slipshod, armed with his goose, which he flung at the shepherd's dog, only to miss him; nor did he venture to pick it up till the merited castigation was over.

A cow, belonging to Mr. Macarthur, who resided in the island of Mull, was missing, nor could a shepherd's dog, named Drummer, be found. On the second or third day the dog returned, and pulled one of the family by the tail of his coat towards the door; but as he was unwilling to go thither, Drummer tried, in the same way, another of the family, and failing with him also, tugged the garment of one of the men-servants. They now determined to follow him, at which Drummer was much pleased, and he ran barking and frisking till he led them to a cow-shed in the middle of the field. There was poor Dolly fixed by the horns to a beam, and much exhausted for want of food; and to Drummer she was much indebted for her immediate extrication.

Another remarkable feat may be mentioned, on the authority of the well-known Mr. Grant of Laggan. A farmer, in a remote district of Scotland, had a shepherd's dog, named Gashkan, which means "a hero," or "my hero." The dog attached himself to one of the servants employed on the farm, who, being married, was boarded out of the house; but times growing hard, and his master indulgent, William often got a good dinner in the farm-house kitchen, by invitation, and Gashkan by permission.

The getting ready of dinner became, therefore, a matter of consequence, not only to the former but the latter; and so observing was Gashkan, that he soon learned to distinguish the signals of preparation. When it was near the time of summoning the servants, a large pot of broth was set down on the hearth, and a long trivet table, usually raised up to the wall to make room, was let down; then the dairymaid gave a loud call at the door, which was answered by the servants from the fields, and while they were on the way, she made all ready for their reception.

The men knew by the shadows on the mountains when the time drew near; and if one of them grew impatient, he would say, "Go, Gashkan, see if dinner be ready." The dog set off instantly. If, on looking in at the door, he saw the pot on the hearth and the table let down, he ran back with great alacrity, licked his lips, wagged

his tail, and frisked about his master; but if he saw no preparation in the kitchen, he went slowly back, with his tail and ears drooping; and when asked if dinner was ready, slunk sheepishly behind his master. All this the servants understood as well as if he had delivered a message in words.

The hill or moor is the great theatre where the collie's rare sagacity, his perfect education, and his wonderful accomplishments are especially conspicuous. On the large sheep-farms a single shepherd has the charge of from three to six or more thousand sheep, varying according to the nature of the country and the climate. In performing his arduous duties he has in ordinary seasons no assistance except from his dogs. When on the hill he is usually accompanied by two dogs: of these one is the driving-out, the other the bringing-in dog.

To the first he points out a knot of sheep, and informs him by voice and action that he wishes them to be taken to a distant hill. The sagacious animal forthwith gathers the sheep together, and acts according to his master's instructions. In the same way he informs the second that a lot of sheep on a distant hill are to be brought to the spot on which he then stands, and with equal certainty they are shortly at his feet. To either dog he indicates the individual sheep which he is to catch and hold. At

a glance it might be supposed from the eagerness and impetuosity with which the dog rushes at the neck of his captive, that the poor sheep was in great danger. Nothing of the sort. The dog handles him tenderly. The hold is only on the wool. The sheep stand in no habitual terror of the dog; though within a few yards of him, the elder will quietly chew the cud, and the younger shake their heads and stamp with their feet, provoking him to frolic or mimic war.

“Without the shepherd’s dog,” says Hogg, so well known as the “Ettrick Shepherd,” “the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he it is indeed that earns the family’s bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel, always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master’s interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side; he will follow him through every hardship, without murmuring or repining, till he literally fall down dead at his feet.”

Accustomed to the road, the dog will, in his master’s temporary absence, convey the flock

steadily forward, without either overpacing them, or suffering any to ramble; and in the bustle of a fair he never becomes unsteady or bewildered. On Falkirk Moor, for instance, on the second Monday or Tuesday in September or October, a scene may be witnessed to which certainly Great Britain, perhaps even the whole world, does not afford a parallel. There may be witnessed the arrival on this flat and open moor of flock after flock, to perhaps the average number of 1,000 each, of sheep,—some black-faced, with horns; some white-faced, and polled,—the individuals of each flock being, however, remarkably uniform in size and character. The flocks arrive in pairs, the first being a draft of wethers, and the second of ewes, from the same farm. The whole number of sheep thus collected, is probably 100,000. Each flock is attended by two or three men, and at least as many dogs. They take up their respective stations on the moor without confusion, and stand in perfect quietude in little round clumps, which are separated from each other by only a few yards. The dogs are the main guardians, and though they are generally lying down and licking their travel-worn feet, no unruly animal who breaks the ranks escapes their vigilance, but, whatever his device, is instantly recovered. The clearing of the ground is as orderly as the immense gathering in the morning, and, under the direction of

the shepherds, greatly aided by their dogs, the immense fleecy mass moves off, with almost military precision, on its southern and eastern journey.

A gentleman sold a considerable flock to a dealer, which the latter had not hands to drive, but the farmer said he had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off; when the dog would only require to be fed and told to go home. The dog accordingly set off with the flock and the drover, but he was absent so many days that the master became seriously alarmed. One morning, however, to his great surprise, he found the dog returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole he had lately sold.

The fact was afterwards discovered, that the drover was so pleased with the dog that he determined to steal him, and locked him up until the time he was to leave the country. But the dog became sulky, tried repeatedly to escape, and at length fortunately succeeded. "Whether," says the narrator, "the dog had discovered the drover's intention, and supposed the other sheep were also stolen, it is difficult to say; but by his conduct it looked so, for he immediately went back to the field, collected all the sheep, and drove them back to his master."

The following is one of many facts of a different character. A young man, a shepherd, folded his

sheep by moonlight, and then, determining to steal some from a former master, took them out, and started with them towards Edinburgh. But before he got them off the farm he had some forebodings of evil, and, quitting the sheep, he let them go again to the hill. He called his dog off them, and mounting his pony rode away.

At that time his dog was playing and capering about him, as if glad of having got rid of a troublesome business, and he regarded the dog no more, till, after having ridden about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, there was the dog driving the stolen sheep at a furious rate to keep up with his master. The sheep were all smoking and hanging out their tongues, and the dog was as warm as they.

The young man was now greatly troubled, for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded a pursuit, and there was no getting them back before day. Wishing now to get clear of them, he wrathfully punished his dog, left the sheep once more, and taking the dog with him rode off a second time.

But he had not gone above a mile before he found that the dog was gone, and, suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined, for daylight now approached, and he durst not make a noise in calling on his dog, for

fear of alarming the neighbourhood, where they were well-known. He resolved, therefore, to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure the dog did not know and could not follow. He took that road, but being on horseback he could not get across the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he shut behind him, and went about half-a-mile further by a zigzag course to a farm-house, where his sister lived, and where he remained until after breakfast time.

While he was standing at the stable-door, a man told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough at the Crooked Sett, and he need not hurry himself. He answered that the sheep were not his, but young Mr. Thompson's, who had left them to his charge, and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road. As he could not now get quit of them, he went down and took possession of the stolen drove once more, carried them on, and sold them, and the theft cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone than the smell of his pony's feet.

Of a dog's acquaintance with an individual sheep, Hogg gives the following remarkable instance:—"I was sent to a place in Tweeddale called Stanhope, to bring back a wild ewe that had strayed from home. The place lay at a

distance of fifteen miles, and my way to it was over steep hills, and athwart deep glens; there was no path, and neither Sirrah nor I had ever travelled the road before. When I left the people of the house, Mr. Tweedie, the farmer, said to me, "Do you really suppose that you will drive that sheep over these hills, and out through the midst of all the sheep in the country?" I said I would try to do it. "Then let me tell you," said he, "that you may as well try to travel to yon sun!" Our way, as I said, lay all over wild hills, and through the middle of flocks of sheep. I seldom got sight of the ewe, for she was sometimes a mile before me, sometimes two; but Sirrah kept her in command the whole way; never suffered her to mix with the other sheep, nor, as far as I could judge, ever to deviate twenty yards from the track by which he and I went the day before. When we came over the great height towards Manor Water, Sirrah and his charge happened to cross it a little before me: our way lying down steep hills, I lost all traces of them, but still held on my track. I came to two shepherd's houses, and asked if they had seen anything of a black dog, with a branded face and long tail, driving a sheep? No; they had seen no such thing: and, besides, all their sheep, both above and below the houses, appeared to be unmoved. I had nothing for it but to hold on my way homewards; and at length,

on a corner of a hill, by the side of the water, I discovered my trusty coal-black friend, sitting with his eye fixed intently on the burn behind him, and sometimes giving a casual glance behind to see that I was coming: he had the ewe standing there, safe and unhurt. When I got her home, and set her at liberty among our own sheep, he took it highly amiss. I could scarcely prevail with him to let her go; and so dreadfully affronted was he that she should have been let go free after all his toil and trouble, that he would not come near me all the way to the house, nor yet taste any supper when we got there. I believe he wanted me to take her home and kill her."

"On another occasion," says Hogg, "about 700 lambs which were under his care at feeding time, broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the neighbouring hills, in spite of all that he and an assistant could do to keep them together. The night was so dark, that we could not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal heard his master lament their absence in words which, of all others, were sure to set him most on the alert, and without more ado he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock.

"Meanwhile, the shepherd and his companions did not fail to do all in their power to recover their lost charge. They spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of

neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. They had nothing for it, day having dawned, but to return to their master, and inform him that they had lost the whole flock of lambs, and knew not what had become of one of them.

“On our way home, however, we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view of them we concluded it was one of the divisions which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation, for it was about a mile and a half distant from the place where they first broke and scattered. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to Sirrah that morning.”

Another trait of character appeared in Hogg's dog Sirrah, when he grew old. As he was still able to work, though incompetent to take charge

of the whole flock; and as his master could not afford to keep two dogs, he was sold for three guineas. Sirrah went away when told by his master to depart, but—strange to tell—when he found that he was abandoned and doomed to serve a stranger, in whom he had no interest, he would never again do his duty as a sheep-dog; on the contrary, he ran in among the sheep, and seemed intent on doing all the mischief he could. His new owner, therefore, gave him away to an old man, who was content to foster him for the sake of what he had been.

Sirrah often visited the neighbourhood in which he had so long and so faithfully served; but afraid of the mortification of being driven away from the farm-house, he never went there. He well knew the road his old master took to the mill every morning, and near that he lay down and waited until he came in sight. He then walked along at his side, not venturing very near, but keeping always about two hundred yards off. After this he went back to his last owner, painfully assured, doubtless, that there was no more shelter near the beloved old one for him. Hogg touchingly says: "When I thought how easily one kind word would have attached him to me for life, and how grateful it would have been to my faithful old servant and friend, I could not help regretting my fortune that obliged us to separate. The unfeeling tax on

the shepherd's dog, his only bread-winner, has been the cause of much pain in this respect. The parting with old Sirrah, after all he had done for me, had such an effect on my heart, that I have never been able to forget it to this day. The more I have considered his attachment and character, the more I have admired them; and the resolution he took up and persisted in, of never doing a good turn for any other of my race after the ingratitude that he experienced from me, appeared to me to have a kind of heroism and sublimity."

Hogg determined then that he would never sell another dog; and it is due to him to state that when he found Sirrah was of no use to the person who bought him, he refused to take a farthing of the stipulated price.

Hector was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah, and is described as a far more interesting dog. After a wearisome journey with some lambs, which, being newly weaned, had proved themselves exceedingly unruly, Hector and his master reached home after it was dark, and candles were obliged to be procured in order to fold the lambs. After closing them safely up, the shepherd went home to supper, but when the usual portion was set down for Hector, the dog was missing. His master went to the door, which was within call of the sheepfold, and called and whistled for some time,

but Hector did not make his appearance. This caused some vexation in the family, for the lambs were to be taken to market the next day, and it would be impossible, they knew, to drive them a mile without the dog's help.

On going to the fold at break of day, they soon saw how it was. The darkness of the night had prevented the dog from observing that the lambs were securely shut in on every side, and therefore he had persisted in guarding what was already safe. "There," says the Ettrick shepherd, "was poor Hector, sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadily fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold, for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other collie would have discovered that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning."

The following are a few verses from Hogg's "Address to his Auld Dog, Hector:"—

Come, my auld towzy trusty friend,
 What gars ye look sae dung wi' wae?
 D'ye think my favour's at an end
 Because thy head is turnin' gray?

Although thy strength begins to fail,
 Its best was spent in serving me,
 An' can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
 Some comfort in thy age to gie!

For mony a day, frae sun to sun,
 We've toiled fu' hard wi' ane anither;
 An mony a thousand miles thou'st run
 To keep my thraward flocks thegither.

Ah me! o' fashion, self, an' pride,
 Mankind hae read me sic a lecture!
 But yet it's a' in part repaid
 By thee my faithful, grateful Hector!

Wi' waesame face an' hingin' head
 Thou wad'st hae press'd thee to my knee;
 While I thy looks as weel could read
 As thou hadst said in words to me,

"O my dear master, dinna greet;
 What hae I ever done to vex thee?
 See here I'm cowrin' at thy feet,
 Just take my life, if I perplex thee.

"Whatever wayward course ye steer,
 Whatever sad mischance o'ertake ye,
 Man, here is ane will hald ye dear!
 Man, here is ane will ne'er forsake ye!"

Yes! my puir beast, though friends me scorn
 Whom mair than life I valued dear,
 An' thraw me out to fight forlorn
 Wi' ills my heart do hardly bear,

While I hae thee to bear a part—
 My health, my plaid, and heezle rung—
 I'll scorn th' unfeeling haughty heart,
 The saucy look, and slanderous tongue.

For He who fed the ravens' young
 Let's naething pass He disna see ;
 He'll sometime judge o' right an' wrang,
 An' aye provide for you an' me.

Hogg gives proof, in the following tale, that a dog will fulfil its trust, if practicable, irrespective of personal suffering. Mr. Steel, of Peebles, had such an implicit dependence on the attention of his dog to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her he took a pride in leaving her to herself. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge, at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition, as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it.

“Whether Mr. Steele remained behind, or took another road, I know not, but on coming home late in the evening he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but on their going out to the street there was she coming with the drove, no one missing, and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! She had been taken in travail on the hills; and how the poor

beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering is beyond human calculation, for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected; but she was nothing daunted, and having deposited her young one in a place of safety she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one one, but the last one was dead."

Another well attested tale is, if possible, more remarkable. A shepherd in one of our northern counties had driven part of his flock to a neighbouring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder during that day and the next night, expecting to see them the following morning. Unfortunately, however, the shepherd, when at the fair, forgot his dog and his sheep, and did not reach home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was whether the dog had been seen: the answer was, "No." "Then," replied the shepherd with a tone and gesture of anguish, "he must be dead, for I know he is too faithful to desert his charge." Instantly he repaired to the heath, when he found the dog just able to crawl to his feet with an expression of joy, and almost immediately expired.

Of the immense snow-falls that occur in mountainous regions, and the danger to which flocks

are consequently exposed, it is difficult for dwellers in the midlands or the south to form an accurate idea. It is often supposed, too, that when a storm is approaching sheep are seldom taken by surprise, or that before it actually comes on they have endeavoured to shelter themselves from its fury. But in snow-storms among the mountains it very generally happens that places in which they seek defence from the bitter and piercing blast are fraught with the greatest peril, for it is there that the drifting snow accumulates in vast masses. And while the flocks that have sought shelter are comparatively warm and comfortable, the drift will have probably become piled up in such a manner as to render all attempts at retreat impracticable, even were they inclined to do so.

Thus it sometimes happens that in the space of a very few hours, some scores, it may be hundreds of sheep become buried beneath the snow to a depth of several feet. In most parts of these mountain-regions, where the hills are pretty steep, their sides are usually furrowed by several clefts, or deep and narrow ravines, down which trickle the waters of small springs that commonly have their rise in the upper parts of the mountain. The spaces along the sides of the hills, between these respective furrows, or dells, for the most part are smooth and bare; so that at the approach of a snow-storm, should these places be resorted to

by the flocks, as places of shelter, they are soon buried to a considerable depth, since all the snow that falls on the smooth portions of the mountain is hurled into these dangerous ravines.

It might be supposed that where sheep are buried beneath eight or ten feet of compact snow, they would be crushed beneath the surrounding weight, if not to immediate death, at least in so severe a manner that they could not long survive. This, however, is rarely the case; and, except when the fall of snow is immediately succeeded by a thaw, and suffocation or drowning naturally ensues, very few, comparatively, perish on account of the great depth of the drift, the snow being so porous that respiration is carried on without much inconvenience.

It has been proved that when sheep that have sought shelter in some ravine or hollow, find the snow rapidly increasing on and around them, they generally get on their feet and attempt to shake it from their fleeces; and consequently in a standing position become finally inclosed in the drift. If, too, they remain beneath the snow for several days, they are commonly found to have acquired sufficient room to turn themselves, and to be able to lie down and rise at pleasure; and where a few of them have happened to stand close together while the drift was forming, a rather considerable space is found around them,

owing to the united warmth of their bodies, as well as their frequent movements.

With the weaker portion this is seldom the case: they commonly continue motionless where they have first lain down, in some sheltered situation, until the snow has accumulated so much that it would be impossible for them to rise were they to make the attempt. The consequence of this is that, if they are not released for several days, they either perish through actual starvation, not being able to move at all, or obtain the smallest particle of sustenance—as others may from the short grass and grass roots—or their limbs become stiff and paralyzed, before death actually takes place.

The great matter, in either case, is their extrication: for which dogs are often employed, bearing the name of "sheep setters," and some of them acquiring renown for such services throughout a wide range of country. One of these animals was no sooner told to seek the sheep than he undertook the task, taking advantage of the wind where that was practicable, and giving his entire attention to those parts of the snow-drift which were pointed out to him. With eyes beaming with intelligence, his nose close to the surface of the snow, his ears on the alert, and anxiously watching every motion of his companion, would he traverse the hard, soft, or slippery drift. As soon as he found that sheep

were buried somewhere in the vicinity, he would examine, with the greatest caution, every part of the surrounding surface, until he seemed to have satisfied himself as to their precise locality. Then he began to scratch away the snow with all his might; this was a sure signal for those who carried the shovels to commence digging; but he was never satisfied without continuing his scratching, as if he were anxious to set the imprisoned sheep at liberty as soon as possible. In a single severe winter one dog has been known to rescue in this way upwards of three hundred sheep, and though a portion of them might have been discovered by other means, the probability is that he was the means of rescuing several scores that otherwise would have inevitably perished.

Only one other "owre true tale" can now be told of the dog of the flock. An overseer, at Invergeldie, became seriously indisposed, and for ten days after he took to his bed his two faithful collies were so greatly distressed as to refuse all kinds of food, and even warm milk, which was at last pressed on them, by the domestics. So ill did they become, that the overseer's mother told her son, and begged him as the last resort to try what effect could be produced on them by his own voice. Mustering sufficient strength to call the dogs by name, and pointing to some food, they at once proceeded to eat; again and again

was the experiment repeated, and thus they took a sufficiency for the support of life. At least once every day, and oftener if they could, they glided together into the sick man's room, slipped stealthily to his side, placed their fore paws on the bed-clothes, and gazed intently together on his pallid face. They did so, indeed, till he became unconscious; and then, as if sensible of an irreparable loss, droopingly retired from the room.

Who that has once seen it, can ever forget that well-known picture, of a darkened room, a pall-covered coffin, and the countenance of the shepherd's dog as he tenderly presses it? It is inscribed, truly indeed, for many an instance, "The Chief Mourner."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOG OF THE HERD.

THE Hottentots are a distinct tribe of African peôple, bearing no resemblance to the Kaffir, Damara, and Bechuana tribes, but standing, as a race, absolutely alone. On the arrival of the Portuguese at the Cape of Good Hope, they found these people rich in cattle; and since that period they have had much to do with these animals, either as their own or as the property of others.

The Hottentots are fond of their dogs, each hut having one or two; and "brave, honest, loving creatures" they are said to be. Exposed as the cattle are to the attacks of ravenous beasts, as the lion, the tiger, and the leopard, the dogs are set to guard them at night, a service which they discharge with great watchfulness and courage. During the day, too, they are in frequent request.

When the Hottentot takes his turn to go with the herds to pasture, he is accompanied by his dog, or dogs. None have môtore skill in watching and driving the cattle than these have. While

the herds are on their way, they are incessant in their attentions to the flank and rear, barking sagaciously to keep them in the proper line. On arriving at the place where the cattle are to graze for that day, the dogs employ themselves, without bidding, partly to fetch in stragglers and keep the cattle together, and partly in scouring the fields in the neighbourhood of the herds, which they do from time to time when required, in a body, to keep off the wild beasts. Though the cattle low, during the night and the day, and are in great disorder on any approach of their enemies, they would often be attacked before the Hottentots could be roused and come to their defence, were it not for the dogs, which patrol from time to time about the herds, and on the slightest lowing or disturbance, bark with all their might, that the enemy may be promptly met and engaged. With all possible speed, therefore, their masters are at their heels, and often, in consequence of the watchfulness of the dogs, is the invader despatched or put to flight.

Campbell, during one of his visits to the Cape, saw a Hottentot going to chastise a dog that had done some mischief in a vineyard, though a stick was tied about his neck to forbid his entrance. The dog was taken near the spot where the offence was committed, and there the punishment was administered. Strange to say, the instant it was over, the other dogs, to the number of about

thirty, rushed upon him in all directions, in order to give him a second drubbing. But on his roughly receiving two or three of his first assailants, peace was restored, at which he seemed not a little pleased. A somewhat eccentric Hottentot now gathered about him all the dogs; they appeared to worry him with all their might; he gradually sank down as if overcome by their force, when from the number around and upon him, he was completely out of sight; but now it was evident that he and they had been engaged in a frolic; he rose from the ground smiling, and the dogs went quietly away.

In all countries where cattle which are among the most precious and useful to man among the herbivorous animals are reared, dogs are of value. The ox, easily tamed and of a placid temper, is maintained at small expense, while he enriches and improves the ground from which he draws his subsistence. He patiently bends his neck to the yoke, and employs his great muscular strength in various services. The milk of the herd yields a rich and pleasant beverage; the flesh is a nutritious food; the skin forms a part of our clothing, and in many parts of the world still contributes to the defence of warriors in the day of battle. In the patriarchal ages, the ox constituted no inconsiderable portion of wealth; and it is still the basis of the riches of nations, which generally flourish only in proportion to the

culture of their territories and the number of their cattle. In these, indeed, our real wealth consists; for silver and gold are only representatives of riches, possessing in themselves little intrinsic value.

On the arrival of vessels with live stock in our West Indian colonies, the drover or cattle-dog of Cuba and Terra Firma is often of great service. The oxen are hoisted out by a sling passed round the base of the horns; and when one of them first suspended by the head is lowered, and allowed to fall into the water, men generally swim and guide it by the horns. But, at other times, one or two dogs catch the bewildered animal by the ears, one on each side, force it to swim in the direction of the landing-place, and instantly let go their hold when they feel it touches the ground; for then the ox naturally walks up to the shore.

A friend of the writer's, Mr. M., knew a dog belonging to a farm-servant, who had a large herd of cows under his charge. During the summer they were depastured on very extensive fields in Cheshire, communicating with one another. Morning and evening, at the bidding of his master, this dog would range the pasturage, collect them together, and gently drive them to the accustomed milking-place. If when he had driven them for some distance, he discovered that one was missing, having wandered astray,

he would run back and traverse the fields till he had met with the object of his search, which he would conduct to the herd, and then pursue his ordinary duty.

The dogs employed among the cattle in Scotland are very valuable. They know their masters' fields, and are singularly attentive to the animals that graze there. A good herd-dog not only faithfully watches them, but goes his rounds with great regularity, and, should any strange cattle appear, he, though unbidden, quickly flies at them, and with keen bites obliges them to depart.

Allusion has been made to thousands of sheep assembled annually on a certain day, on Falkirk Moor. But what shall we say of the gathering of the morrow? Every isle and holm which opposes its rugged crags to the fury of the Western Ocean between Islay and the Orkneys; every mainland glen from the Mull of Cantire to Cape Wrath pours in its pigmy droves, shaggy and black, or relieved only, as to colour, by a sprinkling of reds, and of duns graduating from mouse to cream-colour. From Northern and Eastern Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, and Inverness, they come in, longer on the leg, smooth, and vulgar. From central Argyle, Perth, and from some of the islands, arrive the carefully-bred West Highlanders—the flower of the show; every one of them being a delight to the eye of the connoisseur. Aberdeen and Forfar send in

droves of large and bonny, but useful bullocks. A few Ayrshire cows and heifers for the dairy, some miscellaneous lots, and a few Irish make up the account, numbering, it is said, from 30,000 to 60,000. The October show is the most imposing. The almost universal colour is black; the moor is in appearance one black mass; and here the buyers for north or south may be accommodated with every size, from that of a Newfoundland dog to a bullock of 100 stones.

How then would it be possible, apart from the dog, to have the lesser and the larger droves of cattle driven about as required till they reach the market, and from thence to the slaughter-houses, where they are made ready for our food? It is the dog who regulates the pace at which they should go, prevents their wanderings out of their proper course, separates a few to go in one direction while the rest proceed in another, and will even detach one from the herd, if that only be desired.

Nor less serviceable is the dog in those immense gatherings of cattle and sheep which are required, even during a single year, for our "London Commissariat." Of such an aggregate Dr. Wynter has given a vivid picture:—

"If," he says, "we fix upon Hyde Park as our exhibition ground, and pile together all the barrels of beer consumed in London, they would form 1000 columns not far short of a mile in

perpendicular height. Let us imagine ourselves on the top of this tower, and we shall have a look-out worthy of the feast we are about to summon to our feet. Herefrom we might discover the Great Northern Road stretching far away into the length and breadth of the land. So, as we look, a mighty herd of oxen, with loud bellowing, are beheld approaching from the north. For miles and miles the mass of horns is conspicuous winding along the road ten abreast, and even thus the last animal of the herd would be seventy-two miles away, and the drover goading his shrinking flank far beyond Peterborough. And on the other side of the park, as the clouds of dust clear away, we see the Great Western Road, as far as the eye can reach, thronged with a bleating mass of wool, and the shepherd at the end of the flock (ten abreast) and the dog that is worrying the last sheep, are just leaving the environs of Bristol, 121 miles from our beer-built pillar."

Drovers' dogs are singularly prompt in their actions, and all who have watched them in the crowded, noisy, tumultuous assemblage of man and beast, that used weekly to occur in Smithfield, must have observed their intelligence and courage. Nor in the busy streets of London, through which drove after drove of cattle were taken, could the same qualities fail to be noticed by any sagacious looker-on. These dogs were

accustomed to bite severely, and always attacked the heels of cattle, so that even a fierce bull was easily driven by one of them.

Still further, they might be seen, at their master's bidding, single out both sheep and cattle from any drove, and separate them, or drive them to some spot apart from the rest; even parting the droves of two or more drovers travelling in company, which had become mingled together at a halting-place, by the roadside, and arranging them in order for continuing the journey; turning back the herd from a forbidden gateway or lane; and running before and planting themselves in the way of the cattle, to prevent any of them from going astray.

Lord Truro told Lord Brougham an anecdote of a drover's dog, whose sagacious conduct he observed when he happened on one occasion to meet a drove. The man had brought seventeen out of twenty oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, "Go, fetch them," and he went and singled out those very three.

Mr. Blaine gives us the following fact. A butcher and cattle-dealer, who resided about nine miles from Alston, in Cumberland, bought a dog of a drover. The butcher was accustomed to purchase sheep and kine in the vicinity, which, when fattened, he drove to Alston market and

sold. In these excursions he was frequently astonished at the peculiar sagacity of his dog, and at the more than common readiness and dexterity with which he managed the cattle; until at length he troubled himself very little about the matter, but, riding carelessly along, used to amuse himself by observing how adroitly the dog acquitted himself of his charge. So convinced did the butcher become of his sagacity, as well as fidelity, that he laid a wager he would entrust the dog with a number of sheep and oxen, and let him drive them alone and unattended, to Alston market. It was stipulated that no one should be within sight or hearing who had the least control over the dog, nor was any spectator to interfere. The wager was won. This extraordinary animal proceeded with his business in the most steady and dexterous manner; and though he had frequently to drive his charge through other herds that were grazing, he did not lose one; but, conducting them to the very yard to which he was accustomed to drive them when with his master, he significantly delivered them up to the person appointed to receive them by barking at his door. When the path which he travelled lay through grounds in which other cattle were grazing, he would run forward, stop his own drove, and then, chasing the others away, collect his scattered charge, and proceed.

We are indebted for the following telling fact

to a recent writer.* "At a small butcher's in a shy neighbourhood (there is no reason for suppressing the name, it is by Notting-hill, and gives upon the district called the Potteries), I know a shaggy black and white dog who keeps a drover. He is a dog of an easy disposition, and too frequently allows this drover to get drunk. On these occasions it is the dog's custom to sit outside the public-house, keeping his eye on a few sheep and thinking. I have seen him with six sheep, plainly casting up in his mind how many he began with when he left the market, and at what places he has left the rest. I have seen him perplexed by not being able to account to himself for any particular sheep. A light has gradually broken on him, he has remembered at what butcher's he left them, and in a burst of grave satisfaction has caught a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted the fact that it was he who kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking undivided charge of the six sheep when the drover came out, besmeared with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has taken the sheep entirely into his own hands, has merely remarked, with respectful firmness,

* In "All the Year Round."

‘That instruction would place them under an omnibus; you had better confine your attention to yourself, you will want it all;’ and has driven his charge away, with an intelligence of ears and tail, and a knowledge of business, that has left his lout of a man very, very far behind.”

There is a valuable cross between the collie and the drover’s dog in Westmoreland, and a larger and stronger breed is reared in Lincolnshire. A good drover’s dog is worth a considerable sum; and had he been as fortunate in a biographer as his friend the sheep-dog to chronicle the doings of his faithfulness and sagacity, he might have appeared to, at least, equal advantage.



THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

LEAVING the forest of St. Pierre, and rising to where their elevation above the level of the sea stunts the growth of the larches and the pines, the traveller to the far-famed valley of Aosta, reaches some pasturages dotted with châteaux. Here Mont Velan, a magnificent mass, seems to forbid his further progress. But let him go on, for some of its glaciers, particularly that of Menou, stream down into the plain of Prou, where numerous herds banquet on the rich herbage; and on rising above this basin, he will find a path entering another defile, and beyond it another pasturage.

Steep and rugged is still his path; speedily does the herbage on which he has gazed delightedly, disappear; more and more sterile and dreary is his mountain-way, but onwards, upwards he must go. It is only by such passes in the ridge of the great Alpine chain that this colossal wall of mountains can be scaled. Apart from them no direct communication could be maintained between northern and southern

Europe. As then from these outlets issued the barbarian hordes that desolated, and at length annihilated the Roman empire, so through them the great tide of population has poured since the earliest times.

In crossing the Alps, there is sometimes a remarkable transition to be experienced; for the traveller may pass, in one day, from the climate of summer to winter through spring. Leaving the stubble-fields, where the harvest has been reaped, fields of golden grain, undulating with the breeze, are beheld; higher still, the crop is green; and at a greater elevation, it refuses to grow. Meanwhile forests of pine and larch array the mountain sides; above this the short grass is collected, the only produce of the soil; and then at the confines of the region of vegetation are found hardy green shrubs and lovely flowers. Many of them are extremely beautiful, especially the brilliant gentians, which are among the glories of Alpine heights; some species indeed covering the hills with blossoms of such intense brilliancy that they almost dazzle the eye.

Above this lovely region, with its gushing springs, its flowers of dazzling beauty, and the hummings and dartings hither and thither of its delighted insect tribes, there is, however, the winter of Lapland or Siberia. Snow, glacier, or bare rock, may be looked for around the summit of a high Alpine pass. Dry lichens are the solitary

reliques of vegetable life. The rarefied air has an icy coldness. All is solitude and silence, broken only by the shrill whistle of the marmot, the hoarse cawing of a raven, the rise of the ptarmigan on the wing, or the lammergeyer—the great vulture of the Alps—flying from the carcass on which he has banquetted.

Avalanches, the most dangerous and terrible phenomena to which the valleys embosomed between high snow-topped mountain ranges are exposed, frequently occur in the Alps. They sometimes take place when heavy snow has fallen in the upper region of the mountains during a still calm, and this accumulated mass, before it acquires consistency, is put in motion by a strong wind. The snow, driven from one acclivity to another is so enormously increased in its progress, that it brings down an incredible volume of loose snow, which often covers great part of a valley. The damage caused by these avalanches is less than that of others, as, if there be means at hand, the objects covered by them may be freed from the snow without their having sustained great injury; and yet they often produce such a compression of the air that men and cattle are suffocated, and houses are overturned.

Much more dangerous and destructive are the rolling avalanches: These take place when, after a thaw, the snow becomes clammy and the

single grains or flocks adhere to one another, so as to unite into large hard pieces, which commonly assume a globular form. Such a mass, moved by its own weight, begins to descend the inclined plane, and all the snow it meets in its downward course clings firmly to it. Increasing rapidly in its progress, and descending with great velocity, it covers, destroys, or carries away whatever opposes its course—houses, trees, forests, flocks; and, proving itself the most destructive of the avalanches, causes incalculable loss of life and property.

Pursuing his onward way, the traveller ascending the pass crosses some beds of snow and beholds on the very crest of the mountain range, at an elevation of 8,200 English feet above the level of the sea—

“That house, the highest in the ancient world,
 And destined to perform from age to age
 The noblest service, welcoming as guests
 All of all nations, and of every faith;
 A temple, sacred to humanity!
 It is a pile of simplest masonry,
 With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
 Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
 Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
 Warred on for ever by the elements.”

So dreadful indeed is the conflict, that though the Hospice is sheltered on the north-east and south-west by Mont Chenelletaz, and, in an opposite direction, by Mont Mort, yet tremendous

storms frequently occur in that region; even in summer the ice never melts on the lake on the summit. In some years not a week has passed without snow falling. It always freezes early in the morning, even in the height of summer, and the Hospice is rarely four months free from deep snow. Around the building it averages seven or eight feet, and the drifts sometimes rest against it and accumulate to the height of forty feet. The wood for the fires of the Hospice is fetched from the forest of Fewet, a distance of four leagues.

To climb this pass between Switzerland and Savoy is, therefore, often extremely perilous. Sudden snow-storms overtake the traveller, rendering the task impossible, or the traces of the path so deceptive, that, after floundering through deep snow-drifts, his powers fail, and he sinks benumbed and torpid into the arms of death. Often has he held his breath, and moved along in utter silence, lest the slightest vibration of the atmosphere should loosen the immense masses of ice and snow impending above him, ready in an instant to sweep him to destruction. And frequently the thundering avalanche is heard, now at a distance, now more near among the rocks, as it tears for itself a path through the valley, carrying huge trees and crags before it, and overwhelming all who stand in its way.

It is to render aid amidst such perils that this

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So dreadful indeed is the conflict, that though the Hospice is sheltered on the north-east and south-west by Mont Chenelletaz, and, in an opposite direction, by Mont Mort, yet tremendous

storms frequently occur in that region; even in summer the ice never melts on the lake on the summit. In some years not a week has passed without snow falling. It always freezes early in the morning, even in the height of summer, and the Hospice is rarely four months free from deep snow. Around the building it averages seven or eight feet, and the drifts sometimes rest against it and accumulate to the height of forty feet. The wood for the fires of the Hospice is fetched from the forest of Fewet, a distance of four leagues.

To climb this pass between Switzerland and Savoy is, therefore, often extremely perilous. Sudden snow-storms overtake the traveller, rendering the task impossible, or the traces of the path so deceptive, that, after floundering through deep snow-drifts, his powers fail, and he sinks benumbed and torpid into the arms of death. Often has he held his breath, and moved along in utter silence, lest the slightest vibration of the atmosphere should loosen the immense masses of ice and snow impending above him, ready in an instant to sweep him to destruction. And frequently the thundering avalanche is heard, now at a distance, now more near among the rocks, as it tears for itself a path through the valley, carrying huge trees and crags before it, and overwhelming all who stand in its way.

It is to render aid amidst such perils that this

Hospice was reared. The chief building is capable of accommodating seventy or eighty travellers with beds; three hundred may find shelter; and between five hundred and six hundred have received assistance in one day. To the honour of its inmates, while others have trained the dog for the combat, for the chase of the naked Indian, or for the capture of the runaway slave, they have availed themselves of the fine scent, the intelligence, the courage, and the power of the dog, in rescuing travellers from danger and death amidst Alpine snows.

It seems that more than one race of dogs has been employed in this labour of mercy. Colonel H. Smith says that one of them is closely allied to the Newfoundland in form, stature, hair, and colours, with the head and ears like that of a water-spaniel; but that another has close short hair, more or less marked with grey, liver-colour, and black clouds, betraying an intermixture with the French Mâtin or Great Danish Dogs. It is stated, however, that the first dogs of the Hospice came from Spain; and it is most probable that purity of stock was deemed of little moment compared with the qualities desirable for their appointed task.

The dogs have been named either in allusion to the classical localities of the pass, as Jupiter, Mars, Castor, &c., or to Napoleon's memorable passage in 1800, as Drapeau, Marengo, and the like.

In times of special peril they are sent forth, generally in pairs, one carrying a flask of spirits attached to his neck, the other bearing a cloak for the use of the sufferer. If he can walk, they conduct him to the Hospice, and by their loud barking tell of their return and their need of assistance. If he be insensible, they hasten back for succour, and call the monks to the spot.

“Anselm, higher up,
 Just where it drifts, a dog howls loud and long,
 And now, as guided by a voice from heaven,
 Digs with his feet. That noble vehemence—
 Whose can it be, but His who never erred?
 A man lies underneath. Let us to work!
 But who descends MONT VELAN? 'Tis La Croix.
 Away, away! if not, alas! too late.
 Homeward he drags an old man and a boy,
 Faltering and falling, and, but half awaked,
 Asking to sleep again.”*

So keen, indeed, is the sense of smell in the dogs, that though the sufferer lies beneath the snow-drift to the depth of several feet, they will not pass by the spot, but dig away the snow and exert themselves to the uttermost in his behalf. Nor are these efforts made without danger to themselves; many a noble dog has perished in striving to save the perishing.

Of the persevering efforts of the dog when his friends are in jeopardy, the following is an interesting instance. The Chevalier Gaspard de Bran-

* Rogers's "Italy."

denberg and his servant were buried by an avalanche while attempting to cross the mountain St. Gothard. A dog was with them, and escaped. The animal ran to the neighbouring Hospice, howled, and returned after so doing, again and again, to the spot where he lost his master. Struck by his conduct the inmates of the house followed him, on the following morning; the dog scratched diligently at the very place, and, thirty-six hours after the avalanche, during which the chevalier and his servant heard distinctly the howling of the dog, and the conversation of the people, they were rescued from the snow. At Zug, in the church of St. Oswald, there is a representation of the chevalier and his dog on the tomb of that gentleman, who directed that the memory of his deliverance should thus be perpetuated.

“ Ah ! for that cry may be the last,
And human life is ebbing fast !
And now he hurries on with heaving side,
Dashing the snow from off his shaggy hide ; —
He hears the child !—he hears his gasping sighs,
And, with a tender care, he bears away his prize.”

This child was found in a frozen state by the dog, between the Bridge of Drouaz and the Ice-house of Balsora, and borne by him to the Hospice. Its mother is said to have been destroyed by an avalanche. A French print represents the dog with the child on its back. His stuffed body, with the phial in which he carried the

means of reviving the distressed, suspended round his neck, may be seen in the Museum of Berne.

Another dog, named Jupiter, was also very successful. On one occasion he set out alone, when one of the *maroniers*, remarking his absence, followed his track, and found him posted over a drift of snow, where a poor woman, with her child, were about to perish; and thus he was the means of both being rescued.

In the winter of 1816 a Piedmontese courier reached the Hospice during a dreadful snow-storm, on his way to the little village of St. Pierre, lying in the valley beneath the mountain, where was his home with his wife and children. Already his peril had been extreme, but he resolved to go onwards. In vain were the remonstrances and entreaties of the monks; his determination was not to be shaken. As a last resource, they gave him two guides, each accompanied by a dog, one of them being decorated with a medal, commemorating his having saved the lives of no fewer than twenty-two persons, who but for his sagacity must inevitably have perished. Meanwhile the anxious family of the courier, alarmed at his long absence, began to ascend the mountain in hopes of meeting him, or gaining some tidings about him. But, suddenly, a crackling noise was heard, and then a thundering roar echoed through the Alpine heights; two

avalanches had broken away from the mountain pinnacles, sweeping with impetuous force into the valley below, and at the same moment overwhelming, on the one side of the pass the courier's family, and on the other the courier, his guides, and their dogs, in one common destruction.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder described one of these Alpine dogs, which was in his possession, to Colonel Hamilton Smith, and some portions of his letter will sufficiently illustrate the great sagacity of the animal.

His bark was so tremendous as to lead to his recovery after being stolen by some carters. A letter-carrier hearing it from the inside of a yard, knocked at the gate and charged the owner of the premises with having him; this he denied, but as the former insisted that no dog in or around Edinburgh had such a bark, he admitted buying him for a trifle, and gave him up.

With a bark so terrific, he was exceedingly good-natured and playful; indeed, Raith, a small King Charles's spaniel, was accustomed, for a time, to tyrannize over him. "I have seen the little creature," says Sir Thomas, "run furiously at the great animal when gnawing a bone, who instantly turned himself over on his back, with all his legs in the air, whilst Raith, seizing the bone, would make the most absurd and unavailing attempts to bestride the enormous head of his subdued companion, with the most ludicrous

affectation of the terrible growling that might bespeak the loftiest description of dog indignation. Bass has for some time ceased to tolerate this tyranny, having, upon one occasion, given the little fellow an admonitory shake; but he is at all times in perfect good humour with him, though Raith, from jealousy, is always glad to avail himself of an opportunity for flying at him."

Bass took a fancy to one of the postmen—not the man already alluded to—and he used to give the dog his bag to carry from one house to another; Bass invariably following him through all the villas in his beat, parting with him opposite the gate of St. Margaret's Convent, and then returning home. Another man was one day sent in the postman's place, when Bass curiously scanned his face, while he rather withdrew from the dog, anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place Bass tried to get possession of the bag, when seeing, at length, that civil entreaty was vain, he raised himself on his hind legs, put a great fore-paw on each of the man's shoulders, laid him flat on his back in the road, and quietly picking up the bag, calmly proceeded on his wonted way. The man followed, and made various ineffectual attempts to induce Bass to give him the bag; Bass walked with him to all the houses where he had to deliver letters, and along the road till he came to St.

Margaret's gate, when he dropped the bag, and making his bow to the postman, returned home. The man was somewhat comforted, in the midst of this strange adventure, by hearing at the first house, where he told his fears, that Bass always carried the postman's bag.

A dog, remarkable for his immense size and handsome proportions, a cross between a French Mâtin and a St. Bernard Dog, was presented by Her Majesty in 1847 to the Zoological Society; and it attracted great attention and admiration in their Gardens.

Mr. Charles Taylor of Hollycomb brought a very fine dog direct from the convent in 1850, which he gave to Mr. Richard Arabin. M. de l'Eglise, the Prior, felt great anxiety as to the keeping of this world-renowned breed. The mortality among the dogs had been very great. Shortly after the date just mentioned there were only two at the convent; one was a fine light-coloured fellow, very rudely tempered, the other was a female.

A sister of this dog, and bearing the same name, Diana, was sent as a New Year's gift by the monks to Mr. Albert Smith, in 1854, accompanied by a dog named Lion, not like her of pure breed, as there is a cross of the mastiff about him, but he is much the finer animal of the two, very affectionate and gentle, and enjoying a romp amazingly.

Fortunately there has been no accident on the mountain since 1851, when the body of a young man was found at the Vacherie, a quarter of a mile below the convent. The improving state of the roads, and the establishment of canteens, have increased the safety of the route. It is not improbable that in a few years there will be a carriage-way completely across the pass.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOG OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE fine animal known to us as the Newfoundland dog is only half-bred, and of size inferior to the dog in the country whence it derives its name, where it measures about six feet and a half from the nose to the extremity of the tail, the length of which is two feet. There it only barks when greatly irritated, and then with a manifestly painful effort, producing a sound which is described as particularly harsh.

This dog was employed by the settlers in Newfoundland as a beast of burden, in drawing wood from the interior to the coast. Three or four of them yoked to a sledge would draw two or three hundred-weight of wood with great facility for several miles. It is said they were so sagacious and willing as to need no driver nor guide; but having delivered their burden, returned without delay, in the expectation of receiving some recompense for their labour.

The Newfoundland dog is easily satisfied as to its food. He is fond of fish, whether fresh or dried, and salt fish or meat is more acceptable to him than to most other animals, as well as boiled

cabbages and potatoes. When hungry, however, he has not very strong scruples about appropriating such flesh or fish as falls in his way, or even of destroying poultry or sheep. He has indeed much appetite for the blood of the latter, and sucks it from the throat without feeding on the carcass.

This dog swims very fast, dives with ease, and brings things up from the bottom of the water. Mr. Jukes, who made many excursions in and about Newfoundland, says:—A thin, short-haired, black dog, belonging to George Harvey, came off to us to-day. This animal was of a breed very different from what we understand by the term Newfoundland dog in England. He had a thin, tapering snout, a long, thin tail, and rather thin but powerful legs, with a lank body, the hair short and smooth. These are the most abundant dogs of the country, the long-haired curly dogs being comparatively rare. They are by no means handsome, but are generally more intelligent and useful than the others. This one caught his own fish; he sat on a projecting rock beneath a fish-lake or stage, where the fish are laid to dry, watching the water, which had a depth of six or eight feet, the bottom of which was white with fish bones. On throwing a piece of codfish into the water, three or four heavy, clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland sculpins, with great heads and mouths, and

many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would 'set' attentively, and the moment one turned his broadside to him, he darted down upon him like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without the fish in his mouth. As he caught them he carried them regularly to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down; and they told us that in the summer he would sometimes make a pile of fifty or sixty a-day just at that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his own amusement."

One day Mr. H. left home on foot when snow was on the ground, attended by his dog Mungo, of whom some facts have been related. After walking about two miles, he discovered he had lost one glove, and showing the other to Mungo, told him to fetch the missing article. The dog, accustomed to look earnestly in his master's face before obeying orders, to resolve any doubt in his mind as to his meaning what he said, did so now, and then instantly started back on the search.

Mr. H. watched his movements attentively. Mungo did not miss one of his footprints, but carefully looked into each; when about a mile from the starting point he discovered the missing glove, which he joyously carried back to his master.

Mr. H. thus writes to me in reference to Mungo:—

“I could send him at any time for a fork or rake in the hay-field, in fact, for any one thing I could show him, assured of his bringing it, if not too heavy; a stick or a glove I had been using, I could send him for, though it had not been pointed out to him. If I had been, for instance, at your house at S. with him, and had left my glove, stick, whip, or pocket-book in your house; I mean in the room, on the table, or in a chair, and not have called his attention to it at all at the time; and if, on arriving at T., and only holding up my hand and saying ‘Mungo—lost,’ he would have looked me earnestly in the face, and on my repeating the word ‘lost,’ have instantly started back to S. He would have gone directly to your house, walked into all the rooms I had been in, proceeded to the stable if I had been there, till he succeeded, which he was sure to do if the article had not been removed; and once in his possession, touch him who dare.”

A carrier, plying between Hallaton and Market Harboro’, was always accompanied by a very sagacious dog, and if at any time on reaching home, he discovered he had left a package at the market-town, he was accustomed to send his canine messenger for it. A statement of his to this effect gave rise to a wager that the dog would not do it. An opportunity soon occurred for its

coming off, for the carrier having left a parcel at Mr. G.'s, an ironmonger of the town, the dog was despatched for it in the presence of the parties concerned. Mr. B., whom I well know, not aware that a wager was at stake, was in Mr. G.'s shop when the dog entered, looked round, and then leaping on the counter, found the parcel, and bore it away.

A friend of the writer, well known as "Old Humphrey," thus recalled a dog of his boyhood: "Rover was one of my early playfellows, and if ever I did love a dog, I loved him. He was a fine fellow of the Newfoundland breed, black as a sloe, with a snow-white bosom, soft as silk, nimble as an antelope, and frolicsome as a young kitten. We had our mimic battles, fighting and rolling and tumbling over one another on the ground, till we were too tired to romp, and too happy to lie still. At one moment he lay panting, his vermilion tongue rapidly moving in and out of his mouth, his ears half raised, and his white paws projected. At another he started up and bounded forwards, coming against me like a bundle of wool. His picture, correctly drawn, hangs up in a golden frame in the archives of my memory."

This fact reminds me of Neptune, a fine Newfoundland dog, a favourite playfellow in his boyhood of the gentleman who narrates the story of his sagacity. He belonged to the master of a

school, and seemed glad when he could find an opportunity of visiting the play-ground, where his presence was always welcome.

He was particularly pleased with the hoop, when it came into use in the fine cold days of autumn; and would never tire of running barking after it, as some of his race are fond of doing after coach-wheels. And amusing was it when he took up a hoop in his mouth, holding it by the lower edge, the upper part encircling his head, and rising far above him as he marched slowly along, apparently as proud of his toy as an African belle is of her huge nose-ring. Many a boy has said with Delta:

“Released from school, 'twas ours to wage,
 How keenly! bloodless war—
 Tossing the balls in mimic rage,
 That left a gorgeous scar;
 While doublets dark were powdered o'er,
 Till darkness none could find;
 And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
 And caitiff churls behind.”

But snow-balling matches in the play-ground referred to, were at once suspended if Neptune appeared; for he, brave and good-humoured as he was, would stand against the whole school. Let his companions pelt him as hard as they pleased, he never lost his temper, but stood barking at every ball; trying to catch in his mouth each one as it came, and jumping from side to side, to humour the stragglers, apparently unwilling to let any of

them slip. Thus he would go on from day to day, well knowing the times of play, and frequently in attendance as a sharer in the sport.

One year, however, the Christmas holidays came, as usual, but Neptune had no intimation that the scene of gambols was now to be changed. He therefore went to the usual spot, but the playground door was closed, and none of his companions could be seen. After waiting for some time in vain, he saw people going to the front-door of the house, and determined as he could not gain an entrance by the one he would try the other.

There, then, he posted himself; and whenever the door was opened Neptune wagged his tail, as if he said, "please, let me come in;" but though he was a favourite with the servant as well as others, she was frightened at the thought of four large unwiped feet leaving their prints on the clean stone floor of the hall, and so, with some reluctance, she shut him out. Before long, however, she heard a single knock, but finding only Neptune, she supposed that some one passing had knocked for him. Another single knock came;—still no one except Neptune was at the door. Again it was so; and now her curiosity was excited by the strange occurrence; she would look about for herself, and so she did, and there, beyond a possibility of mistake, the wet marks of Neptune's feet were seen "with her own eyes," distinctly traced on the door, and reaching up to

he knocker. The case was clear. Neptune had observed how others secured what he wanted; so he tried again and again, but, as it happened, only to fail. We should be glad to know the subsequent history of this dog; it doubtless teemed with pleasant instances of his placid and sagacious disposition.

Southey relates that a Newfoundland dog was strongly attached to the crew of His Majesty's ship *Bellona*, and that he kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen with such bravery, that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. This dog was called Victor. After the Peace of Amiens, the ship was paid off, when the sailors had a parting dinner ashore; Victor, placed in the chair, was regaled with roast-beef and plum-pudding; and the bill for the banquet was made out in the canine hero's name.

Dr. Abel states, of a dog of the Newfoundland breed, that when he left his master's house, he was often assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice; but one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his impudence so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the leg. This was a degree of wanton insult beyond what he could patiently endure; and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of the back. In this way he

carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not, however, seem to intend the infliction of capital punishment. He waited a little time till the culprit, who was unused to the water, was not only well ducked, but nearly sinking, and then plunged in and brought him safe to land.

The author of the "History of Newfoundland," the Rev. L. Anspach, relates that Mr. Garland, one of the magistrates of Harbour-Grace, had an old dog that was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, stopping short when his master paused, and advancing when he saw him disposed to follow. If, in his master's absence, the lantern was fixed to his mouth, with the charge, "Go fetch your master," he would immediately proceed to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile. He would then stop before a house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, lay down the lantern, growl, and strike the door with all the noise he could make till it was opened. If his master were not there, he proceeded from one house he was accustomed to visit to another, until he found him. If the dog had been with him to a house only once, that was sufficient to induce him, on failing at the rest, to take this one in his round.

A dog, between a Newfoundland and a St.

Bernard, came into the possession of a friend of mine (Mr. W. W.) when very young, but still of a large size. Just before this, the dog one day galloped up the town, entered a door that was open, jumped upon the table of the first room, and carried away the leg of mutton on which the family were regaling themselves. His master was, however, soon found out, and had to make pecuniary compensation for Toby's frolic.

This animal soon became less frolicsome; but he always exercises no little providence. Whenever he has too much food he makes a hole in which to deposit it, as large, perhaps, as a bushel measure, and then carefully covers it up. His notion seems to be, "I am well off now, but I may not be in a few days, so I'll store it away till then." Greatly improved would some bipeds be if they could gain the wisdom of this dog, who might teach them to "save a penny for a rainy day." He never seems to forget his hoard, but will go and dig it up many days afterwards.

He has always proved a good yard dog. He barks at all strangers, especially if they are in humble life or beggars; not making, indeed, half the noise if they are well-dressed. As his master is a farmer, the dog has a peculiar opportunity for discrimination on the approach of harvest. Many strangers are then moving about, and Irishmen, as well as others, seeking employment. Yet, however loudly he may have barked before,

no sooner has Mr. W—— engaged a man, so that he goes up the yard, than Toby seems to know the fact, and allows the new servant to go backwards and forwards without the slightest disturbance. Should a stranger even pass him carrying a beer-bottle, it proves a sufficient passport.

It is plain, too, that this dog can make a practical distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. A day or two after the fact occurred, his master told me that, being out with the dog, he picked up a wounded partridge, and not appearing to know what to do with it, took it to Mr. W——. Now, however, a new idea seems to have sprung up in his mind. Mr. W—— got off his horse, and tried to take the partridge from him; but the dog still held it, and appeared very reluctant to give it up. As if he thought, however, that his master was determined to have it, the dog gave him the partridge, *after first biting it right through*. Mr. W—— now threw it down, saying, “You wretch, you may keep it now!” when the dog devoured it instantly.

Mr. W—— always takes this dog with him when he rides to the neighbouring town of N——, expecting to be home late at night, and at such times he runs about gaily just as he likes, and comes up to his master only when he pleases. But when night comes, he feels he may gambol about the stable-door as he will in the dark, yet no sooner does his master reach the

toll-gate at the outset of the country road than he seems conscious that he has a trust to discharge. Though Mr. W—— may not see him as he goes to the toll-gate, nor even whistle, the dog is sure to be there, or instantly to come up; and from that spot to his master's house he keeps close to his horse's heels.

The Rev. J. G. Wood mentions a gentleman on a visit to some friends, who suddenly discovered that he had left a valuable gold-headed cane on a part of the Downs, where his attention had been absorbed by an interesting volume. He would have sent his Newfoundland dog to look for it, but he had chosen to accompany a friend in a short walk. However, as soon as he returned, the master told him to search for the lost cane, and was then obliged to take his seat at the dinner-table. A great uproar was heard in the hall soon after the second course appeared, when in rushed the dog bearing the gold-headed cane, despite of all the efforts of the servants to prevent him, resolved to give it up only into the hand of his master.

The writer has known a person, with his dog, accompanied by a friend, walking in a field, when the former has thrown down a stick, and charged the dog to take care of it, remarking, "Now he will not allow you or any one else to touch it." They have then walked onwards together, but the one, wishing to put these words to the

test, has gone back; no sooner, however, has the dog perceived his approach than he has risen, looked fiercely, growled threateningly, and would most certainly have attacked the intruder, had he ventured to touch the article committed to his charge. The following is a still more remarkable instance.

A gentleman, riding with a friend, and attended by a Newfoundland dog, highly praised the fidelity of the animal, and assured his companion that the dog, on receiving the order, would return, whatever the distance, bringing any article he should leave behind. It was then agreed that a marked shilling, being first shown to the dog, should be put under a large square stone by the road-side, and when this was done, and they had ridden together for three miles, the dog was ordered by his master to fetch him the shilling. The dog immediately turned back, and his owner rode home with his friend; but, to their mutual concern, the dog did not return to them during the day.

The painful mystery that thus arose, was afterwards unravelled. It was discovered that the dog had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed there howling, till two horsemen came up, one of whom, on lifting the stone, and observing the shilling, put it in his pocket, not aware it was

On the occasion of the dog's distress. Remounting his horse, the two travellers went on together; but the dog followed them for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room of the inn where they supped, followed the chamber-maid into a double-bedded room, and under one of the beds secreted himself. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers on a nail by the bedside; but, as soon as the travellers were asleep, the dog seized these lower integuments, leaped out of the window, which was left open from the sultry heat, and reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning, bearing with him his prize. In the pockets were found a watch and some money, which led to their being advertised, and the very remarkable efforts of the dog being brought fully to light.

Mr. Youatt had a Newfoundland dog, who was greatly attached to him, but as keeping the animal became inconvenient, he gave it to a person who, he knew, would treat it kindly. He had not seen the dog for four years, when, as he was walking towards Kingston, and was near the brow of the hill where Jerry Abershaw's gibbet then stood, he met Carlo and his master, who exchanged with Mr. Youatt a few words, and then passed on towards Wandsworth, followed by his dog.

But Mr. Youatt was not half-way down the hill when he found the dog was at his side,

every hair of his body bristling, while the animal sent forth a low, deep growl. On looking round, he saw two ill-looking men getting through the bushes which occupied the angular space between the Roehampton and the Wandsworth roads; their intention was scarcely questionable, and it was only recently that he had had a narrow escape from two such miscreants. Presently one of them emerged from the bushes, and was within twenty yards of Mr. Youatt, but no sooner did he descry the dog and hear his growl, which was fearfully increasing in loudness, than he was off; and neither he nor his associate could be seen. "My gallant defender," says Mr. Youatt, "accompanied me to the direction-post at the bottom of the hill, and there, with many a mutual and honest greeting, we parted, and he bounded away to overtake his rightful owner. We never met again; but I need not say that I often thought of him with admiration and gratitude."

Mr. Jesse states, on the authority of the late Lord Stowell, that Mr. Poynder, the brother to the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, brought home from Newfoundland a native dog of that country, though he had resolved to leave him there. Strong, indeed, were the claims of this animal on his master's regard. On two occasions, when Mr. Poynder had lost his way in snow-storms, many miles from any shelter, this

dog had saved his life by finding the way home ; and after his master had embarked for England and was actually under sail, he swam three miles that he might reach the ship.

Mr. Poynder landed at Blackwall, and took the dog to his father's house at Clapham. There he was placed in a stable, which he did not leave till the second day after his arrival, when he accompanied his master in a coach to Christ's Hospital. Mr. Poynder left the coach in Newgate Street, proceeding through the passage to the Treasurer's house, but not being able to gain admittance at the garden entrance, went round to the front door.

In the hurry and excitement of meeting his friends, he for a few minutes forgot his dog ; but the moment he was recollected he went forth to seek him. Nowhere, however, could the dog be seen, and Mr. Poynder prepared a description, offering a reward for him, for the public papers. But early next morning a letter arrived from the captain of the ship, in which he had arrived from Newfoundland, with the pleasing tidings, that the dog had swum to the vessel on the preceding day, and was safe on board. By comparing the time when he was missed with that of his reaching the ship, it appeared that he must have gone directly from Christ's Hospital through the city to Wapping, where without delay he took to the water.

Other dogs can swim, but not so willingly nor so well as the Newfoundland. This superiority

he owes to the structure of the feet, which are semi-webbed between the toes; thus presenting an extended surface to press away the water from behind, and then collapsing when the foot is drawn forward, previously to making the stroke.

A few weeks ago, the ship Hindoo was destroyed by fire off Formby, near Liverpool, when five of the crew perished. A large Newfoundland dog was on board, and was supposed to be lost; but after bearing the full force of a terrific gale, and swimming an immense distance through a frightfully heavy sea, he was found on the following morning by some fishermen, rambling about the shore at Hoylake in Cheshire. Great power in swimming, added to much courage and a generous disposition, enables this dog to render great service in the preservation of endangered life; and induced Sir Edwin Landseer, who has been called "the Raffaele of Dogs," to present to the world his admirable picture of "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." We give of such services a few illustrative instances, taken from a multitude.

A child, some years ago, playing on Roach's Wharf, in Yorkshire, with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang in after the child, and seizing the waist of his frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, and by which the child, who was six years of age, held on, but was unable to get on the top. The

dog, finding itself unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up a yard adjoining, where a girl, nine years old, was hanging out clothes. He seized her by the frock, and notwithstanding her efforts to get away, succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by its hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in his rescue; and, after licking the face of the little boy, leaped off the stage, and, swimming round to the end of the wharf, he appeared bearing the child's hat in his mouth.

Bewick mentions that during a severe wintry storm, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bearing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed in the midst of a number of people, several of whom tried in vain to take it from him. The dog, as if sensible of the importance of the charge which probably was committed to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly on a man whom he perceived in the crowd, and to him he immediately delivered the pocket-book. He then returned to the place of his landing, watched attentively whatever came from the wreck, seized it eagerly, and did his utmost to bring it ashore.

A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent; the surf rolled furiously; and eight poor fellows were crying for help, while no boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a

gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog; immediately he directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The dog, catching at once his master's meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close to the vessel to deliver the stick; but the crew understanding what was meant, made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it towards him. The noble animal immediately dropped his own piece of wood and seized that which had been thrown to him, and then with a determination and force scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was now formed, and every man on board was saved.

Byron wrote in strong terms on the death of his dog Boatswain. The following lines are from the conclusion:

“ Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power ;
Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn ;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
I never knew but one—and here he lies !”

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOG OF THE CHASE.

THE story of Little Red Riding Hood, which pleased us in our childhood, owes all its deepest interest and its tragical character to the wolf. That fearful legend for babes just free from the leading string, was told to their great, great, great-grandfathers, and even to their remote ancestors as they sat around the great hall fire, not by nurse or menial, but by the minstrel, who came with ballad and harp, to cheer their solitariness and to give fresh zest to their festivities. The wolf was long a denizen of our island, and tales of his ravages thrilled through the veins long after his race became extinct.

Verstegan states that the Saxons called January "Wolf-monat," or Wolf-month, because the wolves of our ancient forests, impelled by hunger, at this season were wont to prowl and attack man himself; the inferior animals on which they commonly preyed having retired, or perished from the inclemency of the weather. Abundant proof is derivable from documentary evidence, as well as from coins, gems, and sculptures, that the *Lupus* of the Roman historians and poets, and

the *Lupa* which was fabled to have suckled Romulus and Remus, were the same as the ancient British wolf. Edgar applied himself earnestly to the extirpation of these beasts of prey, enlisting English criminals in the service by commuting the punishment awarded for their crimes to a delivery of a given number of wolves' tongues; and to him

"Cambria's proud kings, though with reluctance, paid
Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account."

But the vast wild tracts and deep forests of early times were holds too strong even for his vigorous measures; for Edward I. issued a mandamus that every assistance should be rendered "to his faithful and beloved Peter Corbet," whom he had enjoined to take and destroy wolves in all forests and parks, and other places, in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Salop, where they could be found.

There is a curious ancient document which stands thus:—

"Mansfield Woodhouse.

"Sir Robert Plumpton, Knight, was seized of one bovate of land,"—(that is as much land as an ox can plough in a year; Caval says it is twenty-eight acres)—"in Mansfield Woodhouse, in the county of Nottingham, called *Wolf-hunt-land*, held by the service of winding a horn, and

chasing or frightening the wolves in the forest of Shirewood."

This land, it will be observed, was called *Wolf-hunt-land*, a name which it had then borne from time immemorial, and was probably given to it when wolves infested that particular part of Sherwood Forest, the famous retreat of Robin Hood.

On the south side of Ben Nevis a large pine forest, which extended from the western braes of Lochabar to the black water and the mosses of Ranach, was set on fire to expel the wolves; and in the neighbourhood of Loch Sloi, a tract of woods, nearly twenty miles in extent, was consumed for the same purpose.

The wild boar, too, seems to have abounded here, as it did in every country of Europe and Asia, and also in some parts of Africa. Fitzstephen tells us that in the reign of Henry II., in the latter part of the twelfth century, the forest by which London was then surrounded was frequented by boars as well as various other wild animals. In Scotland, a tract of country, now forming one of the extremities of the county of Fife, was anciently called Muckross, which in Celtic signifies the Boar-promontory. The tradition is, that it was famous as a haunt of boars. A district forming a portion of it is in old writings designated by the name of the Boar Hills, latterly corrupted into Byre Hills. It lies

in the vicinity of St. Andrew's, in the cathedral church of which city it is said that there were to be seen before the Reformation, attached by chains to the high altar, two boar's tusks, of the extraordinary length of sixteen inches each, the memorials of an enormous brute that had been slaughtered by the inhabitants after it had long infested the neighbourhood.

The sense of smell is, to a certain degree, acute in all dogs. It is a gift of the Great Creator to guide them to their proper food, or to fit them for our service. The hound, at almost the earliest period, has some notion of its specific use. It is the peculiar scent which his nostrils imbibe that urges him to the pursuit. Indistinct as it must be, when it is communicated to, and lingers on the ground, from the momentary contact of the foot of the hare, the fox, or the deer, or the resting for a time of a pheasant or a partridge, yet the hound recognises it for hours, and some have said for more than a day. A good fox-hound will early challenge at the scent of a hare, nor will he be imposed upon when the hare craftily takes refuge in the earth, and thrusts out a new victim before the pack.

THE WOLF AND BOAR HOUND.

Of the species called the wolf-dog much has been said in disputing as to its origin, but it is probable that a wave of colonisation flowed from

Ireland to Scotland, bearing thither this invaluable animal. Scotland, indeed, was by the older writers called Scotia Minor, and Ireland Scotia Major, a name applied to it in the third century, and which continued to the twelfth. It has been therefore conjectured that Fion Mac Cumhail, the Fingal of Macpherson, whose dog Bran, "the mountain torrent," was renowned for the chase of the boar and the wolf, and for might and prowess on the field of battle, was an Irish chieftain, and Bran was an Irish wolf-dog.

As the wolf and wild boar existed in England, it may seem strange that this dog was not introduced here, but for this some reason may be assigned. In Saxon times the people were serfs; the bond-slave fed the swine of his master in the woods, and had strong fierce dogs to aid him against the wolf, but a breed so valuable as a wolf-dog of greyhound race would be reserved exclusively for the chief, the noble, and the prince. As, too, the history of England at that period is one of wars between rival monarchs, and between Saxons and Danes, any particular notice of such a dog cannot be expected. When the Normans rose to power, the forest laws were more stringent and sanguinary than before, and the very dogs used by the serfs were so mutilated as to prevent their engaging in the chase.

On this point Sir William Betham, Ulster King-at-arms, said: "From the mention of the

wolf-dogs in the old Irish poems and stories, and from what I have heard from a very old person long since dead, of his having seen them at the Neale, in the county of Mayo, the seat of Sir John Browne, ancestor to Lord Kilmaine, I have no doubt they were gigantic greyhounds. My departed friend described them as very gentle, and that Sir John allowed them to come into his dining-room, where they put their heads over the shoulders of those who sat at table. They were not smooth-skinned, like our greyhounds, but rough and curly-haired. The Irish poets call the wolf-dog *cu*, and the common hound *gayer*, a marked distinction, the word *cu* signifying a champion."

It is difficult to ascertain with certainty the date of the death of the last Irish wolf, but there was a presentment for killing wolves granted in Cork in the year 1710. Others are said to have been killed in the county of Wexford, about the year 1730 or 1740; and it is asserted by others that a wolf was killed in the Wicklow mountains so recently as 1770.

In the biography of a Tyrone family, published in Belfast in the year 1829, the following interesting facts are stated as to the destruction of the last wolves in their county.

In the mountainous parts of Tyrone the inhabitants suffered much from the wolves, and gave, from a public fund, as much for the head of one

as for a hundred of any other kind.

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of these animals as they would now give for the capture of a notorious robber on the highway. There lived in those days an adventurer, who, alone and unassisted, made it his occupation to destroy these ravagers. The best time for attacking them was midnight, as then they left their lair in search of food, and when the country was at rest, and all was still, they fell on their defenceless prey, and the carnage commenced.

There was a species of dog used for the purpose of hunting them, called the Wolf-dog; the animal resembled a rough, stout, half-bred greyhound, but was much stronger. In the county Tyrone there was then a large space of ground, inclosed by a high wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were secured the flocks of the surrounding farmers. Still, though this fold was deemed secure, it was entered by the wolves and the inmates slaughtered.

The proprietors having heard of the wolf-hunter, Rory Curragh, offered him the usual reward, with some addition, if he would destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed such devastation. Rory, undertaking the task, took with him two wolf-dogs and a little boy only twelve years old, because he only would accompany him, and repaired at midnight to the fold in question.

“Now,” said Rory to the boy, “as the two wolves usually enter at the opposite extremities

of the fold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one, while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat, nor will *you* hear him, but the *dog* will, and positively give him the first fall; if, therefore, you are not active, when he is down, to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise up and kill both you and the dog, and so good-night." "I'll do what I can," said the boy, as he took the spear from the wolf-hunter's hand.

Immediately throwing open the gate of the fold, he took his seat in the inner part, close to the entrance, his faithful companion crouching at his side, and seeming perfectly aware that he was engaged in a perilous business. Very dark and cold was the night, and benumbed by the chilly air, the boy was beginning to fall into sleep, when instantly the dog, with a roar, leaped across him, and laid one wolf on the earth; roused to his utmost activity, the boy now drove the spear, as he had been directed, through the neck of the foe, when Rory appeared, bearing the head of the other wolf.

It was usual in England to defend the rough greyhound—like dogs used in the boar-hunt, with a kind of armour. This is evident from some ancient tapestry in Haddon Hall, situated about two miles south of Bakewell, in Derbyshire, on a bold eminence which rises on the east side of the river Wye. The frieze of the Long Gallery

exhibits carvings of roses, thistles, and boars' heads. Near the end of it there is a short passage that opens into a room having a frieze and cornice of rough plaster, adorned with the heads of boars and peacocks, in alternate succession; and an adjoining apartment is ornamented in the same manner. All the principal rooms, except the gallery, were hung with loose tapestry, a great part of which still remains, and the doors were concealed everywhere behind the hangings, so that the arras was to be lifted up to enable any one to pass in or out. On this tapestry is represented a variety of field sports, and, particularly, a boar-hunt, in which the dogs are defended by a sort of doublet closely laced on, and studded with metallic points.

Ray describes one of these wolf-dogs as the "greatest dog he had ever seen;" and Goldsmith states that he saw several, some of which were four feet high. The decline and extinction of this noble breed in Ireland, and its decline, but not total extinction, in Scotland, admit of explanation. As in the former island the wolf became extirpated, the necessity of keeping up the stock would be diminished, till, at last, the remnants of the breed would be in the possession of a few only. Nor does there appear to have been the opportunity of employing this dog as a deerhound; for it seems that few or no herds of wild or red deer have existed in Ireland for many centuries.

In Scotland, however, when the wolf was extirpated, the red deer still remained the free denizen of the mountain range. The name of wolf-hound would consequently merge into that of deer-hound, and the necessity of keeping up the dog in its original state would cease. A cross with the old rough greyhound would occur, sooner or later, with a corresponding degeneracy of size and muscular power; and thus, though the Scottish deer-hound is a noble dog, he is not what the Irish wolf-dog was in the day of his power.

The Kings of France surpassed all others in their day for the splendour and extent of their hunting establishments. That of Philip the Good consisted of one *Grand Veneur*, or great huntsman, with twenty-four attendant huntsmen, a clerk, and twenty-four valets; one hundred and twenty liverymen, six pages of the hounds, six pages of the greyhounds, twelve under-pages of the hounds, six superintendents of the servants of the kennels, six valets of limers, six of greyhounds, twelve of running hounds, six of spaniels, six of small dogs, six of English dogs (mastiffs), six of Artois dogs (*mâtins*), twelve bakers of dog's bread, a great wolf-hunter, and four wolf-hunters.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley has graphically described his visit of a month to M. d'Anchald, at the Château Sauvages, in the south of France, for the enjoyment of hunting, and especially bear

and wolf-hunting. His earliest impressions on his arrival were adapted to excite his hopes of no ordinary sport; for his host related the legend of an old wolf which had been known for years in the forest around the château, and which, though frequently hunted, as often escaped.

Once, when he was closely pursued, M. d'Anchald saw him run into the midst of a flock of sheep, and though he kept his eye on the flock, he never saw the wolf leave it. On the other sportsmen with the hounds coming up, they surrounded and advanced on the sheep, supposing that the wolf was hidden among them; but after the most minute search, he could not be found. So often, and so oddly, indeed, did he elude his pursuers, that he was supposed to be something more than a wolf; the consequence was that he grew bold with age and impunity, made raid after raid on the sheep, and killed, in succession, three little girls, by whom, as was usual in those cultivated valleys between the woodlands, the flocks were attended.

So great indeed had become the terror occasioned by this old wolf, and so very ineffective were the legitimate means of hunting him, that an extra reward was set on his head. At last, the moon being bright, a dead horse was placed in the forest to attract him, and a man in a tree with a gun. The first night he came not, but, on the second, the temptation proved irre-

sistible, and a bullet laid him lifeless on the turf. His skin, grey, and completely tawny with age, formed the rug of the fire-place in the dining-room of the château where Mr. Berkeley was most hospitably received as a guest.

A chase, for which the French hounds were not fitted, is described by Mr. Berkeley, with his usual animation and energy. Mounted on Coco, the property of his host, the best, quickest horse with which he ever rode through cover, he says: "At last, with a rush, and with every variety of the forest foliage stuck in my belts and boots, saddle, and stirrup-irons, we came out into the open country, and there we raced in the direction where I expected the fun was to fall. I had rounded the corner, and was flying the shortest way to another bend of the wood, when I saw an object standing under a hedge. It was motionless, and dyed with blood, and I knew it to be a hound. The object stood in my way, and as I passed I beheld poor Barricade, one of our best fox-hounds, split or ripped open apparently from flank to head on the right side, the blood, in a jet as thick as the little finger, still pouring out from behind the ear."

Pitying the fate of the poor hound, Mr. Berkeley plunged into the woods, under the guidance of a peasant, and at last came out on the side of the hill of the cover, up which he had cheered the hounds when they first broke, and at once, with

a deep sigh of regret, became aware that the boar was killed. There he lay outstretched on the earth, having received eight balls before he died, topping the fence of the wood like a greyhound, with seven balls in him, and falling, at last, from the eighth ball, as he jumped the fence, which struck him behind, and raked clean up into the vital parts.

“One of M. d’Anchald’s balls,” continues Mr. Berkeley, “was delivered as the boar came almost into his waistcoat, and it broke the under-jaw, and turned the *sanglier* from his charge. A more splendid creature to look at I never saw. From his small and, for a boar, beautifully-shaped head to his tail, he was as straight as a line, small, close, set-back ears, enormous shoulders, loins, and hams, and short legs, with a body well set down and low. In short, as a prize boar, in shape and make, he might have been shown anywhere. He looked, from the length of his coat and his stiff bristles, quite as large as a good-sized bear, with white tusks of the most formidable dimensions; weight above 350 lbs.”

Mr. Charles Boner the well-known chamois-hunter of Bavaria, says of the wild boar, “He is a bully in the full sense of the word, but withal no coward, notwithstanding. If you have an opportunity of witnessing how unflinchingly he faces his enemy, and how bravely he meets death, you will forget his bullying, and admire, nay

respect, his courage. Peculiar circumstances once enabled me to share in such a contest. A large boar had been wounded, and retreated to a dense covert. We tracked, and at last came up with him, concealed amongst some thick bushes. How he was wounded we did not know, if dangerously or but slightly only. Three strong dogs surrounded the bush, yelping furiously. They saw him as he sat within, but could not and dared not approach. The forest rang with their barkings. They at last got nearer, but could do little; and the boar, knowing the advantage of his position, was not to be forced from it. He was so hidden by the dense branches of the young firs that even had the dogs not been near him, it was impossible to fire.

“Thinking there might be an opening sufficient to get a view of him, and so have a shot at a favourable moment when the dogs were on one side, I lay down at full length on the snow, and peered into the hollow of dark boughs. There sat the sturdy animal, of formidable size. His jaws were covered with blood and foam, and he was snorting with rage and suffering. As now and then the almost frantic dogs closed upon him, he merely made a sweep with his head, and they again fell back. He was seated on his hind-quarters like a dog, and did not move to pursue them or rush at me. The bloody foam flew around with his snortings, and his eye

glared at me as he saw mine so near, staring at him.

“I now perceived he had been shot in the lower jaw, which was broken and hanging down, and accounted for his remaining stationary, instead of advancing to the attack. His most powerful weapon was useless; he was like a knight whose sword had snapped at the hilt. But he did not flee, and, devoured with wrath at his inability to wreak vengeance on his aggressors, he sat there and kept them at bay. His watchful head moved on every side, and each attack was repelled, come from what quarter it might. I could not but admire the noble animal keeping thus his foes, both brute and human, at bay; and I was so close to him, that I could watch his expression, and follow every movement that he made. He fell at last, however, maintaining his gallant bearing to the close. A bullet ended the strife; and as he before had uttered no complaint, so he now met his doom without a cry.”

In Lapland the hunter, provided with a pole, with a stout quadrangular iron pike at one end, and a small wheel at the other, to prevent its sinking into the snow, goes forth accompanied by his dog to engage in conflict with the bear, as soon as the first snows fall. Immediately the den is reached the dog attacks the bear, which rises in repulse on its hind feet; when the hunter

avails himself of the opportunity, and plunges the end of the pole into the bear's heart. No species of hunting is more dangerous than this; the fatal thrust must be instantaneous, for were the hunter to miss his blow or to give it feebly, he would become inevitably the victim of the bear.

The Wolf-Dog of Spain is nearly as large as a Mastiff. The nose is pointed, the ears are erect, the coat long and fine, the tail bushy or feathered, and curling over the back. The colour is generally white, with large fulvous or brown patches. Sometimes the coat is closer.

The Indians of Florida have a black Wolf-Dog, which seems not to differ from the wolves of the country, excepting in its bark. So sagacious and trustworthy is this creature, that one is described as trained to watch and keep horses together without any human help.

THE GREYHOUND.

A noble animal was depicted by the younger Xenophon: "I have myself bred up a swift, hard-working, courageous, sound-footed dog. He is most gentle and kindly affectioned; and never before had I such a dog for myself, or my friend, or my fellow-sportsman. When he is not actually engaged in coursing, he is never away from me. On his return, he runs before me, often looking back to see if I have turned out of the

road, and as soon as he again catches sight of me, showing symptoms of joy, and once more trotting away before me. If a short time only has passed since he has seen me or my friend, he jumps up repeatedly by way of salutation, and barks with joy, as a greeting to us. He has also many different sorts of speech, and such as I never heard from any other dog. Now, really I do not think I ought to be ashamed to chronicle the name of this dog, or to let posterity know that Xenophon, the Athenian, had a greyhound called Hormé, possessed of the greatest speed, and intelligence, and fidelity, and excellent in every point."

There is no difficulty in forming an accurate idea of this dog of Xenophon's; its image may be seen sculptured on some of the friezes of the ancient Grecian temples, as well as in many modern engravings, while one in the possession of the Zoological Society showed that the Grecian is not so large as the English greyhound; neither are its limbs so finely formed nor its muzzle so pointed.

Poetry tells of white greyhounds, adorned with collars of gold. It was this favourite kind of dog that Chaucer's lady prioress fed on "mylke, and fleshe, and wastel breade," and in all the romaunts of ancient times, the fate of the greyhound is as minutely described as that of "the good steed," or even of the knight himself. A fine paid to

King John consisted not only of 500 marks and ten horses, but ten leashes of greyhounds.

A treatise "emprynted at Westmestre" by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, says :

"A Greyhounde should be headed lyke a snake,
Fotyde lyke a cat,
Tayled lyke a ratte,
Syded lyke a teme,
And chyned like a bream,"

and the quaint description still holds good.

Xenophon was the first to notice hare hunting; giving in his "Cynegeticus," and that with evident relish, the details of the sport; and it was ardently practised by our chase-loving fathers.

Homer describes the princes of the Trojan war as allowing their dogs to wait under their tables that they might gather up the fragments of the feasts. No fewer than nine such humble retainers are said to have been possessed by Patroclus.* The same princes, too, carried home to their dogs the fragments which fell from the tables of those who entertained them.† Among these were the soft and fine parts of the bread‡ with which the guests wiped their fingers, when the meal was finished, and which were always the special perquisites of these animals. The occasional attention of our ancestors to their dogs in their feudal halls is well known.

* Iliad, xxiii. bk. † Od. x. bk. ‡ απομαρβαλιαι.

One of the greyhounds of Douglas, it will be remembered, was

“The fleetest hound in all the north.
Yet Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck ;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.”

Roderick, King of Connaught, was obliged to furnish greyhounds and hawks to Henry II. A brace of Irish greyhounds obtained high favour for Sir Thomas Roe, when presented to the great Mogul, in 1615; and a special gift of Henry VIII. to the Marquis of Dessarages, a Spanish grandee, consisted of four Irish greyhounds and two goshawks.

The right to possess hawk and greyhound was, at one time, proof of gentility. Hence arose the custom of placing the effigy of this dog at the feet of monumental figures of knights in armour. In the feudal hall, a space behind the left hand of the chief was often assigned for his dogs to sit, and where they might wait to receive from him a portion of food. There were even church services in which certain of the beneficed clergy had the privilege, claimed and yielded, of appearing with hawk on fist and hound in leash.

The English greyhound has a long and atte-

nuated head and face, with a singular sharpness of the nose, and an unusually long mouth, especially adapted to grasp and secure the prey. He hunts by sight alone; he is never taught to scent his game, for which he is unfitted, but to depend on his speed, which, with courage and endurance; are the qualities which give the greyhound his peculiar value among dogs.

No greyhounds used for the hare equal in speed and endurance those of our own island; and none, so improved of late years is the breed, equal them in symmetry. Their actions are all light, easy, and elegant, yet firm and vigorous. Thin as they are, their chest, loins, and limbs are indicative of great power, while, like the race-horse, they have no superfluous fat or loose cellular tissue, and are all compact of iron muscle and of ivory bone. The smooth greyhound, or gaze-hound of the older writers, followed exclusively by the eye, whereas all the old rough breeds could recover the track of the game by scent; but in the modern dog every quality is sacrificed to fleetness.

As to swiftness, the hare and the greyhound are well matched, and their swiftness is truly astonishing. A brace of greyhounds in Lincolnshire ran a hare from her seat a distance measuring in straight lines upwards of four miles, in twelve minutes; but as there were a great many turns during the course, the actual distance was

considerably more. The hare ran herself to death before the greyhounds touched her.

A few weeks ago, a courser ran a hare in Naseby Field, late in the evening, and could not see whether the dogs had killed the hare or not. The dogs not coming up, he proceeded homewards, when he found they were following him, which they did to Guilsborough, a distance of four miles. Next morning, on going to feed the dogs, he found a hare lying in the kennel—one of these sagacious creatures having brought it home safely, unperceived by his master.

Mr. Youatt had a brace of greyhounds, which he says were "as-arrant thieves as ever lived." Not that they committed their felonies without judgment, for, in some of their movements, they displayed a sagacity which such dogs have not been supposed, commonly, to possess. Now and then they would steal into the cooking-room belonging to the kennel, lift the lid from the boiler, and if any portion of the joint or piece of meat rose above the water, suddenly seize it and, before there was time for them to feel much of its heat, whirl it on the floor, and eat it at their leisure as it got cold.

On these pranks being known, it was gravely determined to prevent their recurrence; so the top of the boiler was carefully secured by an iron rod passing under its handle, and tied to the handle of the boiler on each side. But not

many days passed before the greyhounds discovered that they could gnaw the cords asunder; and so successfully did they achieve the task, that they obtained the meat, and regaled themselves as they had done before. Small chains were now substituted for the cords, under the notion that the meat would now be perfectly safe; and so it remained for nearly a week. But now the greyhounds found out that by rearing themselves on their hind legs, and applying their united strength to the top of the boiler, they could lift it out of its bed, and rolling it along the floor, get at the broth, though the meat was beyond their reach. The only course appeared to be to remove the dogs; and the man who had charge of them was glad at their departure; for he said he was often afraid to go into the kennel, and was sure they were devils, and not dogs.

Lord Orford, when seriously ill, resisting all advice, mounted his favourite pie-bald pony, to witness a match in which his favourite bitch Czarina was engaged, and added another to her many triumphs; but, unhappily, his Lordship, in his exultation, fell on his head, and very soon expired. The young Czarina, and Claret, two of her progeny, ran matches against the whole kingdom.

The following epitaph is from the pen of Dr. Arbuthnot:—



THE GREYHOUNDS' STRATAGEM

TO THE MEMORY OF
SIGNOR FIDO,

AN ITALIAN OF GOOD EXTRACTION :
WHO CAME INTO ENGLAND,
NOT TO BITE US, LIKE MOST OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,
BUT TO GAIN AN HONEST LIVELIHOOD :
HE HUNTED NOT AFTER FAME,
YET ACQUIRED IT :
REGARDLESS OF THE PRAISE OF HIS FRIENDS,
BUT MOST SENSIBLE OF THEIR LOVE :
THOUGH HE LIVED AMONGST THE GREAT,
HE NEITHER LEARNED NOR FLATTERED ANY VICE :
HE WAS NO BIGOT,
THOUGH HE DOUBTED NONE OF THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES :
AND IF TO FOLLOW NATURE,
AND TO RESPECT THE LAWS OF SOCIETY,
BE PHILOSOPHY,
HE WAS A PERFECT PHILOSOPHER,
A FAITHFUL FRIEND,
AN AGREEABLE COMPANION,
A LOVING HUSBAND,
DISTINGUISHED BY A NUMEROUS OFFSPRING,
ALL OF WHICH HE LIVED TO SEE TAKE GOOD COURSES :
IN HIS OLD AGE HE RETIRED
TO THE HOUSE OF A CLERGYMAN IN THE COUNTRY,
WHERE HE FINISHED HIS EARTHLY RACE,
AND DIED AN HONOUR AND EXAMPLE TO THE WHOLE SPECIES.
READER,
THIS STONE IS GUILTYLESS OF FLATTERY,
FOR HE TO WHOM IT IS INSCRIBED
WAS NOT A MAN,
BUT A
GREYHOUND.

The Persians rear a sort of greyhound to assist them in the chase. These dogs have generally long silken hair upon their quarters,

shoulders, ears, and tail, and not only are they very handsome, but very sagacious and powerful. A spirited horse has been seen to break loose, and run away at full speed, when one of these dogs has shot after him like an arrow, and soon getting ahead, seized the bridle with his teeth, and held it so firmly, that though not sufficiently strong to stop the horse, yet, as he was dragged along, continued to pull and confine the horse, so that a person was able to overtake and secure him.

THE BLOODHOUND.

Among the hounds valued by our forefathers was one of exquisite delicacy of scent, great courage and power, and unwearied perseverance. This was the sleuth-hound, or bloodhound. The breed in the possession of the late Mr. Jacob Bell, supposed to be of great purity, was of a reddish tan, darker on the upper parts, and often passing into black on the back. The form was very robust, and the height of the shoulders was not less than twenty-eight inches. The muzzle was broad and full, the upper lip large and pendulous, the vertex of the head prominent; the expression stern, thoughtful, and noble; the breast broad, the limbs strong and muscular; the original colour being a deep tan with large spots.

To train this animal the young dog, accompa-

deed by a staunch old hound, was led to the spot thence a deer or other creature had been taken on for a mile or two; the hounds were then laid on and encouraged, and after hunting the "drag," as it was called, successfully, were rewarded with a portion of the venison of which it was composed. The next step was to take the pupil, with his master, to a spot whence a man whose shoes had been rubbed with the blood of a deer had started on a circuit of two or three miles; and the man during his progress was directed to renew the blood from time to time, to keep the scent well alive. At each successive lesson his circuit was gradually enlarged, and thus the young hound became at last fully trained to hunt for itself, or for those in whose service it was engaged, in which its powers became very remarkable.

Sir Walter Scott, describing "the stark moustrooper," Sir William of Deloraine, "good at need," gives as proof of the warrior's merit, that he

"By wily turns and desperate bounds
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;"

and shows how sorrowful his stern nature has become as he thus eulogises his dead enemy:—

"Yet rest thee God!—for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe!
In all the northern countries here,
Whose word is snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear.

'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind;
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray.
I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

Kept at one time in great numbers on the Borders, fugitive kings as well as moss-troopers were often obliged to study how to evade these sleuth-hounds. Bruce is said to have been repeatedly tracked by them, and on one occasion escaped only by wading for a considerable distance up a brook, and thus baffling the scent. A sure way of stopping a sleuth-hound was to spill blood on the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of the scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry, the minstrel, tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance. The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman named Fawdon or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character; and after a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers; whom the English pursued with a Border bloodhound. In the retreat Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no further. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up their hound stayed on the dead body.

Sir Walter Scott states that a person was

live in the memory of man who remembered a bloodhound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time, in consequence of the ravages of Border forayers, the sheep were always watched at night; and, on one occasion, this duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, who, exhausted with fatigue, fell asleep on a bank, near sun-rising, when he was suddenly awakened by the tread of horses. He saw five men well mounted and armed ride briskly over the edge of the hill; they stopped and looked at the flock, but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of the flock away. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, seized the shepherd by the belt he then wore round his waist, and setting his foot on the man's body pulled it till it broke, when he remounted and they rode off at a gallop. The shepherd immediately gave the alarm, when the bloodhound was turned loose and the people of the neighbourhood went in pursuit of the Borderers, who, though sharply followed, contrived to escape. Such a pursuit was called the "hot-trod"; the marauders were chased with bloodhound and bugle, and if the dog could trace the scent into the neighbouring kingdom, it was at liberty, with its attendants, to follow them thither.

But the times have changed since the blood-

hound was accustomed to track these "minion of the moon," who swept away the sheep, cattle and goods of whole districts, amidst all the horrors of fire and sword; and has latterly been employed in pursuing the stealers of deer and of sheep.

Somerville pictures the service rendered by this dog when he says :

" His snuffling nose, his active tail,
 Attest his joy; then with deep opening mouth,
 That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
 Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
 His winding way, while all the listening crowd
 Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
 Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
 O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distained,
 Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
 Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
 The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
 So exquisitely delicate his sense."

Thus, deer-stealing being very common, bloodhounds were kept by the rangers of all the large parks, and were employed successfully in detecting poachers and taking from them their spoil. A bloodhound, trained in Northamptonshire for the capture of sheep-stealers, was, one day, brought to a satisfactory test. A person he was intended to chase started, in the presence of a multitude of people, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and at eleven the hound was laid on. The scent was very indifferent, but after a chase of an hour and a half, the hound ran up to

the tree in which the man was secreted, at the distance of fifteen miles from the place of starting.

When the Tower of London contained a very choice collection of animals, under charge of Mr. Cope, Colonel, then Major Denham, presented two dogs and a bitch of the African bloodhound to this royal menagerie. He stated that with them he hunted the gazelle, and that they displayed great cunning, frequently quitting the circuitous line of scent for the purpose of cutting off a double, and recovering the scent again with ease. They would hit off and follow a scent after the lapse of two hours from the time when the animal had been on the spot, and this delicacy of nose had not escaped observation, for they were commonly employed in Africa to trace a flying enemy to his retreat. For symmetry and action the dogs in the Tower were perfect models; the males were very mild, but the female was of a savage disposition.

THE STAG-HOUND.

Shakespeare, when describing the hounds of Theseus, correctly delineated the old English or Southern hound, said to be the original breed of our island, but now rarely, if ever, to be found in a state of purity:—

“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped, like Thessalian bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit,, but matched in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tunable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly."

The English hound added to the most exquisite sense of smell an equally perfect power of hearing. The latter power, like the former, depends on the structure of the organ. M. Cabanis says, the ears of hounds and other animals designed to hear low sounds—low as opposed to loud—are either pendulous or very movable, to compensate for their difficulty in moving the head, which fully accords with Shakespeare's description. This hound was the cognizance of the ancient house of Shrewsbury ; and from it the stag-hound, like the fox-hound, is descended.

A strange contrast to the present time is met with in stumbling on an old periodical, as, for instance, the following " Court Circular " in the early part of the eighteenth century :—

" August 15th. Their Majesties, with H. R. H. the Duke, and the Princesses, went hunting a stag at Richmond, which was killed in a pond. His Majesty, the Duke, and the Princess Royal hunted on horseback, Her Majesty and the Princess Amelia hunted in a four-wheel chaise, and the Princess Caroline in a two-wheel chaise, and the Princesses Mary and Louisa were in a coach. Several of the nobility attended, and

Among them was Sir Robert Walpole, clothed in the green, as ranger."

And Sir Walter Scott was one day riding over a field on which the reapers were at work, the stooks being placed behind them as usual. Maida the stag-hound, having found a hare, began to chase her, to the great amusement of the spectators, as the hare turned very often and very swiftly among the stooks. At length, being hard pressed, she fairly bolted into one of them. Maida went in headlong after her, and the stook began to be much agitated in various directions. At length the sheaves tumbled down; and the hare and the dog, terrified alike at their overthrow, ran different ways.

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

Mr. Collins of Dulverton has lately favoured us with much valuable information as to the red deer in the counties of Devon and Somerset, and, among others, of the Exmoor Forest Hunt, whose origin is very remote. William the Conqueror, taking much precaution for the preserva-

tion of the deer, shows that this Forest was highly esteemed by his Norman nobles, who probably, were the first mounted huntsmen of stag and hind in the country. Lands were subsequently granted in consideration of "the service of hanging on a forked block of wood the red deer, dying of the murrain, in the king's forest of Exmoor."

A pack of stag-hounds, perhaps the first, may be traced to 1598, when Queen Elizabeth's ranger, Hugh Pollard, Esq., hunted the country, and from that time to this, exclusive of two short intervals, the Forest has been regularly hunted. In the year 1825, disunion arising, unhappily, in the hunt, the hounds, consisting of thirty couple, in splendid condition, were sold to a foreign nobleman. Bred from noble ancestors, amongst whom the bloodhound and the old Southern hound predominated, their size and muscle enabled them easily to cross the long heather and rough sedgy pasturage of the Forest. As to colour, they were chiefly hare-pied, yellow, yellow and white, or badger-pied, with long ears, deep muzzles, large throats, and deep chests. From twenty-six to twenty-eight inches high, perfect in form and tongue, and thoroughly trained, they were everything that "a pack" ought to be. "Alas!" says Mr. Collins, "that these hounds should now be consigned to the kennel of a German baron, where, I believe, they

will hunt their old quarry, the deer, or the
 the better game, the wild boar. The hills and
 woods of Devon and Somerset will never again
 ring to the melody of such a pack."

Some splendid specimens of the deer-hound
 are the property of Captain McNeill of Colonsay,
 and of these two are named Buskar and Bran.
 That gentleman has well depicted their courage
 and energy in a letter to Mr. Scrope, the scene
 being the island of Jura; many schemes and
 manoeuvres preceding its occurrence.

"The dogs were slipped, a general halloo burst
 from us all, and the stag, whirling round, set off
 at full speed, with Buskar and Bran straining
 after him. The brown figure of the deer, with
 his noble antlers laid back, contrasted with the
 light colour of the dogs stretching along the
 dark heath, presented one of the most exciting
 scenes it is possible to imagine.

"The deer's first attempt was to gain some
 rising ground to the left of the spot where we
 stood, and rather behind us, but being closely
 pursued by the dogs, he soon found that his only
 safety was in speed; and (as a deer does not run
 well up hill, nor, like a roe, straight down hill),
 as the dogs approached him, he turned, and
 almost retraced his footsteps, taking, however, a
 steeper line of descent than the one by which he
 ascended. Here the chase became most interest-
 ing—the dogs pressed him hard, and the deer,

getting confused, found himself suddenly on the brink of a small precipice of about fourteen feet in height, from the bottom of which there sloped a rugged mass of stones. He paused for a moment, as if afraid to take the leap, but the dogs were so close that he had no alternative.

“At this time the party were not above one hundred and fifty yards distant, and most anxiously waited the result, fearing, from the ruggedness of the ground below, that the deer would not survive the leap. They were, however, soon relieved from their anxiety, for though he took the leap, he did so more cunningly than gallantly, dropping himself in the most singular manner, so that his hind legs first reached the broken rocks below; nor were the dogs long in following him. Buskar sprang first, and, extraordinary to relate, did not lose his legs. Bran followed, and on reaching the ground, performed a complete somerset. He soon, however, recovered his legs, and the chase was continued in an oblique direction down the side of a most rugged and rocky brae, the deer, apparently more fresh and nimble than ever, jumping through the rocks like a goat, and the dogs well up, though occasionally receiving the most fearful falls.

“From the high position in which we were placed, the chase was visible for nearly half a mile. When some rising ground intercepted our

deer, we made with all speed for a higher point, and, on reaching it, we could perceive that the dogs, having got on smooth ground, had gained on the deer, who was still going at speed, and were close up with him. Bran was then leading, and in a few seconds was at his heels, and immediately seized his hock with such violence of grasp, as seemed in great measure to paralyse the limb, for the deer's speed was immediately checked. Buskar was not far behind, for soon after, passing Bran, he seized the deer by the neck. Notwithstanding the weight of the two dogs which were hanging to him, having the assistance of the slope of the ground, he continued dragging them along at a most extraordinary rate (in defiance of their utmost exertions to detain him), and succeeded more than once in kicking Bran off. But he became at length exhausted, the dogs succeeding in pulling him down; and though he made several attempts to rise, he never completely regained his legs. On coming up we found him perfectly dead, with the joints of both his forelegs dislocated at the knee, his throat perforated, and his chest and flanks much lacerated."

Buskar, it is also stated, was utterly exhausted, and had lain down, shaking from head to foot much like a broken-down horse; but on the hunters approaching the deer he rose, walked round him with a determined growl, and would

scarcely permit them to get near him. He has not, however, received any cut or injury, while Bran showed several bruises, nearly a square inch having been taken off the front of his fore-leg, so that the bone was visible, and a piece of burnt heather had passed through his foot.

In deer-stalking, the stalker trusts chiefly to the unerring accuracy of his rifle, yet still the dog often renders him good service. Mr. Scrope has thus most graphically described the scene when the hart, wounded by the cautious deer-stalker, has darted away, and the dogs are slipped:—"Away they go over moss and rock, steep and level, in and out of the black mire, unto the foot of a hill, which they ascend with slackened pace. Up the nearest eminence runs one of the hunters, and with levelled glass endeavours to watch their course. The deer-stalker at his topmost speed follows the chase, listening anxiously as he runs for the bark of the dogs, significant of their having brought the stag to bay.

"The wished-for voices soon break upon him; he redoubles his speed, and a sudden opening being entered, there is the magnificent creature, standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock, within the cleft, in the middle course of the mountain cataract, the rocks closed in upon his flanks, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold! On the very ridge of the precipice the

dogs are baying at him furiously ; one rush of the stag will send them down the chasm to their death, yet in their fury they seem wholly unconscious of their danger.

“ Delay would now be fatal ; the stalker creeps cautiously round to the nearest commanding spot ; every moment is precious, yet the least carelessness on his part that should reveal his presence to the deer would cause the latter to break bay, and in all probability precipitate the fate of the dogs. Meantime the stag, maddened by their vexatious attacks, makes a desperate stab at one of them ; which the dog endeavouring to avoid, retreats backwards, loses his footing—his hind legs slip over the precipice—he is lost ! No ! he struggles courageously, his forefeet holding on by the little roughnesses of the bed of the torrent. He rises a little, but slips back again ; he gasps painfully, but summons up all his strength and resolution for one last effort ! Hurrah ! the gallant dog has recovered his footing ; and, not taking breathing time, rushes at the hart as rash and wrathful as ever ! The stalker is now ready on a mount overlooking the scene ; he levels, but a sudden movement brings the dogs within the scope of the gun. Three times is the aim taken and abandoned ; a fourth—crack ! The ball is in the deer’s head—he drops heavily into the splashing waters.”

Of her Majesty's stag-hounds we hear occasionally. A short time since they met at Stoke Common, where there was a numerous field, including most of the officers of the Royal Horse Guards and Scots Fusileers, and many sporting gentlemen from London, Hounslow, and the surrounding neighbourhood. The beautiful deer Redheart went off at tiptop speed right across the country in the direction of Amersham and Watford, and after a severe run, was taken at Fordham Wood, about three miles from St. Albans, being about twenty-five miles from home; only a few of the select being up at the take. In consequence of their being so far from the kennel, the hounds were taken back on the following day.

THE FOX-HOUND.

In various old writers the hart, the stag, the hind, and the hare are constantly mentioned, as is also the wild cat, now nearly extinct; but the fox does not appear to have been included in the list of the Anglo-Norman sportsman. At one time this animal was taken generally in nets or hays, set on the outside of his earth; and when he was hunted it was among rocks and crags, or woods which would be inaccessible to horsemen. Not so far back as two hundred years, the stag, the buck, and even the hare ranked before the fox as an animal of the chase. Even in Somers-



THE FOXHOUND.

ville's poem of "The Chase," practically master of his subject, and indulging in descriptions always accurate and frequently vivid, fox-hunting is treated of with less of detail and much less of enthusiasm than the hunting of the stag or even of the hare.

A pack of hounds could not, obviously, be gathered together at once; and like many other things, its beginnings, if we take Chaucer's words as describing them, were sufficiently rude:—

"Aha, the fox! and after him they ran;
 And eke with staves many another man.
 Ran Coll our dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
 And Malkin with her distaff in her band.
 Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges
 So fered were for berking of the dogges
 And shouting of the men and women eke,
 They ronned so, hem thought here hertes brake."

Strype, in the reign of George I., speaks of "riding on horseback and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds when the common hunt goes out," as among the recreations of the Londoners. The maintenance of a pack of hounds, indeed, formed a part of the expenses of many corporations in former times, as the donations of purses or pieces of plate did in after days.

The sports of Cockneydom led, of course, to many jokes, and among them, Tom D'Urfey's description of the Lord Mayor's field-day:—

"Once a year into Essex a hunting they do go;
 To see 'em pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show:
 Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street, and so to Aldgate
 pump
 Each man with 's spurs in 's horse's sides, and his backword
 'cross his rump.
 My Lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er;
 I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before.
 A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to
 laugh;
 My lord, he cried, a hare! a hare! but it proved an Essex
 calf."

And yet, however sly or caustic might be the jokes, Colonel Cork, who hunted in part of Essex, says, in a pamphlet of the time:—
 "Should you happen to keep hounds at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (Cockneys, if you please) good sportsmen, well mounted, and riding well to hounds; they never interfere with the management of them in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly."

Who that ever made his acquaintance, can forget one part of Mr. Jorrocks's speech, as he stood in the balcony of the Dragon, and addressed the assembled beauty, fashion, turf, road, and chase of Handley Cross?—

"Of all situations under the sun, none is more enviable or more 'onorable than that of a master of fox-'ounds! Talk of a M. P.! Vot's an M. P. compared to a M. F. H.? Your M. P.

lives in a tainted atmosphere among other M. P.s, and loses his consequence by the commonness of the office, and the scoldings he gets from his constituents; but an M. F. H. holds his levee in the stable, his levee in the kennel, his levee in the 'unting-field—is great and important everywhere—has no one to compete with him, no one to find fault, but all join in doing honour to him to whom honour is so greatly due. (Cheers.) And, oh, John Jorrocks! my good friend," continued the worthy grocer, fumbling the silver in his small-clothes with upturned eyes, "to think that you, after all the ups and downs of life—the crossins and jostlins of merchandise and un-governable trade—the sortin of sugars—the mixing of teas—the postins of ledgers and handlin of invoices, should have arrived at this distinguished post, is, most miraculously wonderful—most singularly queer. Gentlemen, *this* is the proudest moment of my life! (Cheers.) I've now reached the top-rail in the ladder of my ambition! (Renewed cheers.)"

Somerville, the poet of the "Chase," has thus eloquently delineated the merits of the English fox-hound:—

"His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Flee't here and there, in gay enamel'd pride
Rival the speckled pard. His rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch

On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round eat foot, straight hams, and wide-spread thighs,
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportioned, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice—
Of such compose thy pack."

The various hounds bred and maintained for the sports of the field, are carefully trained for the services they are required to render, and often present remarkable proofs of docility and sagacity. One example of this may be given in the feeding a kennel of fox-hounds. The energy and fierceness of the dogs cannot be overlooked. They are hungry, and know they are about to be fed; but as there is nothing slavish and crouching in their demeanour, so they manifest no rebellious impatience. The feeder stations himself at the door which separates the outer kennel from the feeding-room. At his presence a cry of joy is set up by the whole pack, but it is instantly silenced at his command. Without even hearing, much less feeling, the whip, no one dares to stir until the order is given to move. And what is the order given? Why, at the words "Come over, bitches," or, "Come over, dogs," every hound of each individual sex comes forward, as the sex it belongs to may be called for, leaving those of the other sex in their places. Or, he calls "Juno," and Juno passes out;

“Ponto”—Ponto follows; and so on through the pack, even if there be thirty, or even sixty, couples. If a young dog should attempt to go out of his order, he is turned back: he recollects the punishment, and seldom again transgresses. The pack has arrived at this state of discipline by gentle correction, and what is more important, by—strange as it may seem—a system of mutual instruction.

A good huntsman is well acquainted with every dog in his pack, while every dog answers at once, like the soldiers of a regiment, to the calling of his name by his movements, as words are denied him. A crisis comes, for instance, in the chase, in which the huntsman sees that there is something to be done, for which Ponto will best take the lead; he tells Ponto, therefore, what to do, and is instantly obeyed. And singular, even incredible, as it may seem to those who are unacquainted with such facts, every observing sportsman knows that this has, at the same time, an influence on other dogs. As certainly as the Sepoys of India knew whether their officers were soldiers or not, so do the other dogs of a pack know that Ponto is a good leader, and they will accompany him with corresponding ardour and energy. Izaak Walton speaks of “the music of a pack of dogs,” and adds, “I know the language of my hounds, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know

the voices of those with whom we converse daily." The proofs are many that dogs can distinguish between the ill-doing or well-doing of any service to which they are accustomed. Even in the kennel, if a hound gets down of his own accord from the bench on which he is lying, no notice is taken of it by the others. But if a hapless hound falls off the bench from awkwardness, his companions fly at him and bite him to death.

"It would appear," says Captain Apperley, who wrote much on the chase under the name of "Nimrod," "that the breeding of a pack of fox-hounds, bordering on perfection, is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Not only is every good quality obtained if possible, but every imperfection or fault is avoided. The highest virtue in a fox-hound is his being true to the line his game has gone, and a stout runner at the end of the chase. He must also be a patient hunter when there is a cold scent, and the pack is at fault. It is a principle in such a training that the whip should be used as little as possible; and the highest authorities on the subject deprecate the cruelty which has often occurred."

Another eminent writer on this subject says: "If teachers of dogs will only make their pupils clearly understand what is wanted, they willingly and pleasantly perform all that nature has given them the power to do, and the instinct to comprehend. Their memories are excellent; and if

they seldom forget ill-usage, they never fail to remember kindness; let them once learn to associate the idea of holiday with your presence, they will become the partners of your joys—anticipate wants and wishes—love, honour, and above all, obey. Under all circumstances spare the rod; break the self-will of your young dogs, but never their courage and temper. If their moral qualities be destroyed, your scholar, says the grave Buffon, becomes 'a gloomy egotist, instead of an honest courtier!'"

Hounds have been fast in former days, as well as now. Mr. Barry's Bluecap ran the four miles over the Beacon Course, at Newmarket, with Mr. Meynell's hounds in a few seconds over eight minutes; and Colonel Thornton's bitch, Merkin, is said to have run the same distance in seven minutes and half a second.

Scrutator speaks in the highest terms of the hounds of "the wonderful Squire of Tedworth." He says: "His hounds have a rough, flinty, and woodland country to contend with, where they must hunt as well as run. In their performances they are like their master, second to none. They are not hallooed and hustled about by whippers-in, although the squire is occasionally very cheery when things go well; and that happens so often, that I hardly ever saw a dog with him when he was not cheery. His hounds, however, are left to do their work pretty much by themselves; and I

may venture to say that no pack of hounds in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales can beat them in any respect."

It has been said that to witness the "fascination" this gentleman, the late Mr. Assheton Smith, seemed to possess over his hounds, and the strong attachment they always evinced to their master, was truly surprising. On one occasion he had out five couples of drafts he had never seen before. His kennel huntsman gave him names written down; he then called each hound separately, to give him a piece of bread, then returned the list to the huntsman, saying, "I know them now," and so they did him. On other occasions, when the hounds were waiting his arrival, Dick Burton used to say, "Master is coming, I perceive by the hounds," and this long before he made his appearance. When he came within three hundred yards, no huntsman or whip in the world could have stopped the pack from bounding to meet him. In the morning, when let loose from the kennel, they would rush to his study window or to the hall door, and stand there till he came out. Each hound had then a peculiar whining note of its own to express its joy, and the delight of the hounds was reciprocated by their master. This was the more singular, as Mr. Smith never fed his hounds in the kennel, but directly the hunting was over for the day, he mounted his hack and galloped home, and the

hounds returned quietly with the whippers-in. After a severe illness, he rode to "the meet" without his scarlet, and remarked that if he had worn his hunting gear, and his pack had observed that he could not follow them, they would have shown their sorrow by refusing to hunt the fox.

THE BEAGLE.

The beagle is a small and well-proportioned hound, having a capital nose, and of most enduring diligence. Queen Elizabeth is said to have had some which could be placed in a man's glove. "The good old English gentleman" prized these creatures, for he could keep his ten or eleven couple, not more individually than so many inches high, and mounted on his easy pad go forth in chase of the hare. That wary animal, of course, distanced them immeasurably at first; but greatly did he enjoy the sight of his admirably matched pack running so well together that they might have been covered with a sheet, while his ears were regaled with their tunable cry; and the neighbouring rustics, who followed them on foot, shared his delight. In the course of the run the hare might be observed to sit and listen, "sad on some little eminence," but her pursuers put forth fresh power, and almost always she became their victim.

Colonel Hardy's beagles are celebrated not only

as diminutive, but as effective also. Amounting to ten or eleven couples, and always carried to and from the field in a pair of panniers upon a horse's back, they rarely failed, though unable to get near enough to the hare in the early part of the run, to stick to her, whatever her speed, shifts, and doublings, and worry her to death at last.

THE OTTER-HOUND.

Of the otter it was said,

“ ——— Nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide, greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, raging around,
Insatiate, swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call.”

A breed of rough-haired powerful dogs were employed in aiding his exertions. As water is the genial element of the otter, a single dog has but little chance against so active and resolute an antagonist, and therefore many more were found necessary to effect his destruction.

Of these otter-dogs—a cross between the old southern hound, the Scotch terrier, and water-spaniel—there were specimens in the Islington

Agricultural Hall, looking, however, naturally enough, "like fish out of water."

Often has the spear been used in aid of the dogs ; but, on the otter being wounded,

" Lo ! to yon sedgy bank

He creeps disconsolate ; his numerous foes

Surround him, hounds and men. Piero'd through and through,

On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;

Bid the loud horns, in gaily warbling strains,

Proclaim the spoiler's fate : he dies ! he dies !"

THE DALMATIAN, OR SPOTTED DOG.

There is a breed of very handsome dogs, of a white colour, thickly spotted with black, called by us Dalmatians, but by the French Brague de Bengale, it being regarded as of Indian extraction, but its origin is not certain. This dog is generally kept by us as an appendage to the carriage, and is bred up in the stable with the horses, to which he becomes very strongly attached. The Dalmatian is said to be used in his native country for the chase.

A Dalmatian dog, the property of the late Rev. T. F. Dibdin, so well-known for his works on Bibliography, was taken by his master on one of his "Tours." It was impossible for any animal to be more sportive, yet more inoffensive, than this dog. Throughout the mountainous parts of Cumberland and Scotland, his delight was to chase the sheep, which he would follow

with great alertness even to the summits of the most rugged steeps ; and when he had frightened them and made them scamper to his satisfaction—for he never attempted to injure them—he constantly came back wagging his tail, and appearing very happy at the caresses he received.

About seven miles on this side of Kinross, in the way from Stirling, he had been playing his usual pranks, the sheep flying from him in all directions, when a black lamb turned upon him, and looked him full in the face. He seemed astonished for an instant, but before he could rally his resolution the lamb began to fawn and play with him, which produced on the dog so strange an effect, that he appeared in the utmost dread, and, with his tail between his legs, shrunk away, confused and distressed.

Presently the lamb invited him by all manner of gambols to a game at romps, when the dog, gradually overcoming his fears, accepted the challenge, and away they raced together, rolling over one another like two kittens. It was not long, however, before the shepherd's boy came in distress to reclaim the lamb ; but the little creature would pay no attention except to the dog, and they were speedily at a considerable distance. The pace of the travellers was now slackened for the convenience of the boy, but nothing would do ; they could no more call off the dog than he could catch the lamb. They

continued sporting as they had done for more than a mile and a half. At length, having taken a circuit, they were in the rear of the travellers, and after crossing a small bridge the boy, with his pole, kept the lamb at bay, managed to catch him, and having tied his plaid round him, prevented his escape. The dog followed reluctantly, but the lamb made every possible attempt, even at the risk of tumbling into the river, to rejoin his playfellow, until it was carried out of sight. Strange to tell, the Dalmatian never afterwards gave chase to sheep.

THE BULL-DOG.

The bull-dog differs from all others, even from the mastiff, in not barking as a warning of an attack, but at once grappling with his antagonist, and without in the least estimating their comparative weight and powers. "We have seen one," says Colonel Smith, "pinning an American bison and holding his nose down, till the animal gradually brought forward his hind feet, and, crushing the dog to death, tore his muzzle out of the fangs, most dreadfully mangled. We have known another hallooed on to attack a disabled eagle; the bird, unable to escape, threw himself on his back, and as the dog sprang at his throat, struck him with his claws, one of which penetrating the skull, killed him instantly,

and caused the butcher, his master, the loss of a valued animal, and one hundred dollars on the wager."

The *Cambridge Independent* lately published the following story, told by the collector himself: "One day this week the collector of assessed taxes in Chesterton had occasion to leave a 'tax-paper' with a gentleman who has a small white bull-dog; the paper being, in fact, a notice to tax that animal. No one was at home, but the collector thrust the paper under the door. Glancing at the window, he saw the dog looking steadfastly at him. The dog then deliberately took the paper in his mouth, placed his feet upon the fender, and thrust the objectionable paper into a low fire, and perseveringly held it between the bars of the grate. The collector rattled meanwhile at the window, and made a noise, to induce the dog to bark and drop the paper, but utterly in vain; it was held in the fire till it was consumed."

THE BULL TERRIER.

"The wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the

baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said 'the baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced."

This dog began to droop early, and became incapable of accompanying Sir Walter in his rides; but he preserved his affection and sagacity to the last. At Ashestiel, as the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would address the dog, lying on his mat by the fire, and say, "Camp, my good fellow, the sheriff's coming home by the ford,"—or, "by the hill;" and the sick animal would immediately hasten himself to welcome his master, going out at the back door, or the front door, according to the direction given, and advancing as far as he was able, either towards the ford of the Tweed, or the bridge over the Glenkinnon burn, beyond Laird Nipsey's Gate.

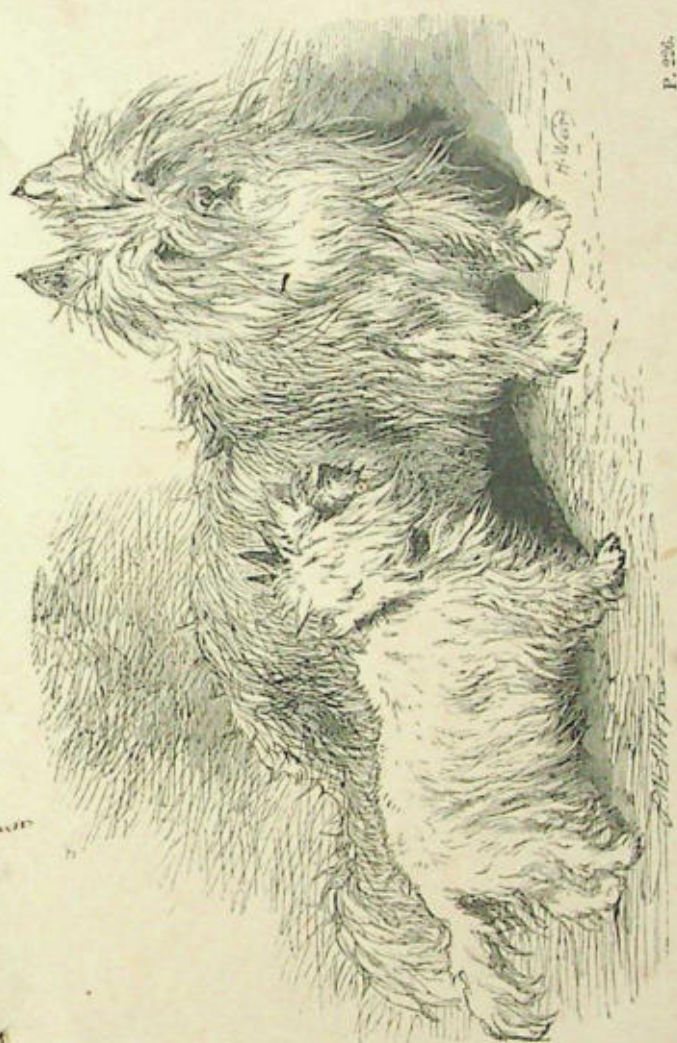
Mr. Lockhart, who married Sir Walter's eldest daughter, remarks: "Camp died about January, 1809, and was buried, on a fine moonlight night, in the little garden behind the house in Castle-

street, immediately opposite to the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family standing in tears about the grave, as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp, with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine also on that day, but apologised on account of 'the death of a dear old friend;' and Mr. M. Buchanan was not at all surprised that he should have done so, when it came out next morning that Camp was no more."

A black retriever at Northampton was very recently accustomed to go with a boy to the stationer's shop for the newspaper; but one day he took it into his head to go alone for it, and the boy met the dog carrying the paper in his mouth. As this became known he was told to fetch the paper; and the writer's informant has seen him doing so; nor would he allow any one on the way to take it from him.

The Isle of Skye terrier has a great deal of quiet intelligence, and his attention to his master's looks and words is truly astonishing. Without the blind courage of the English bull-terrier, and often somewhat shy and reserved, yet once roused in the conflict by scratches and bites, he fights with great cunning and skill to the very last. "Unless well entered," says Mr. St. John, "when they are young, these dogs are

E. E. Petrovichius.



P. 226.

SKYE TERRIERS.

very apt to be noisy, and yelp and bark more than fight.

“The terriers which I have had of this kind show some curious habits, unlike most other dogs. I have observed that when young they frequently make a kind of seat under a bush or hedge, where they will sit for hours together, crouched like a wild animal. Unlike other dogs, too, they will eat (though not driven by hunger) almost anything that is given them, such as raw eggs, the bones and meat of wild ducks or wood pigeons, and other birds, that every other kind of dog, however hungry, rejects with disgust. In fact, in many particulars, their habits resemble those of wild animals; they always are excellent swimmers, taking the water quietly and fearlessly when very young.

“In tracking wounded deer I have occasionally seen a Skye terrier of very great use, leading his master quietly, and with great precision, up to the place where the deer had dropped, or had concealed himself; appearing, too, to be acting more for the benefit of his master, and to show the game, than for his own amusement.

“I have no doubt that a clever Skye terrier would in many cases get the sportsman a second shot at a wounded deer with more certainty than almost any other kind of dog. Indeed, for this kind of work, a quiet though slow dog, is often of more use than the best deer-hound. I had at

one time an English bull-dog, who accompanied me constantly in deer-stalking; he learned to crouch and keep up to the deer with me, never showing himself, and seemingly to understand perfectly what I wished him to do. When necessary I could leave him for hours together, lying alone on the hill, where he would never stir till called by me. If a deer was wounded, he would follow the track with untiring perseverance, distinguishing the scent of the wounded animal, and singling it out from the rest, never making a mistake in this respect; he would also follow the stag till he brought him to bay, when, with great address in avoiding the horns, he would rush in and seize him either by the throat or the ear, holding on till I came up, or, as he once did, strangling the animal, and then coming back to show me where he had left it."

THE TERRIER.

The terrier, deriving its name from *terra*, the Latin word for earth, denotes a variety of the dog remarkable for the eagerness and courage with which it attacks all quadrupeds called "vermin" by the gamekeeper, from the fox to the rat. These dogs may, perhaps, be classed under three heads; the smooth and rough terriers of England and Ireland, and the rough terriers peculiar to Scotland.

The English terrier is a handsome, sprightly dog, and generally black on the back, sides, upper part of the head, neck, and tail; the belly and throat are of a very bright reddish-brown, with a spot of the same colour over each eye. The hair is short and somewhat glossy, the tail rather truncated and carried slightly upwards; the ears are small, somewhat erect and turned back at the tips; the head is small in proportion to the size of the body, and the snout is moderately lengthened. The English terrier varies considerably in size and strength, and is to be met with from ten to eighteen inches in height. Both species are so similar in their powers and habits that they may be correctly described without being minutely discriminated.

The Scotch terrier is rather low in stature, rarely exceeding more than twelve or fourteen inches in height, with a strong muscular body and short and stout legs. The ears are small and half-pricked; the head rather large in proportion to the size of the body, and the muzzle considerably pointed. This species is generally of a black or sand colour.

Sir Walter Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of one of his dogs, a little shame-faced terrier with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself

from the light of day in a lumber garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him.

Young terriers used to be entered at a fox or badger when their age was ten or twelve months, with an old terrier to lead them on. When entered at a fox, and the old one was taken, the young terriers were set to attack the cubs unassisted and when they killed them, both young and old terriers were rewarded with the blood and livers, fried with cheese, with foxes' or badgers' grease; while the dogs were shown the heads and skins to encourage them. Dandie Dinmont's race, it may be remembered, were very remarkable. "I have six terriers at home," he said to Brown, "forbye twa couple of slow hunds, five grews, a when other dogs, this auld Pepper and Mustard, and young Pepper and Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard." And when Brown alludes to the limited variety of their names, Dandie replies, "O that's a fancy o' my ain to mark the breed, sir; the Deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlieshope to get one of Dandie Dinmont's terriers. Why, man, he sent Tam Hudson, the keeper, and siccan a day we had wi the fumarts and the tods, and siccan a blithe gae down as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!"

“An old hound I had, called Pilgrim,” says Scrutator, “showed most extraordinary sagacity one day, which may be considered too romantic to be true, but I vouch for the fact. He was out with us in the early part of the season, when we brought a fox to our home coverts and ran him to ground there in a large rabbit pipe. As we tried on for another fox the earth was stopped up, but not finding again, I returned home and fed the hounds. Old Pilgrim was with us then, and the terriers, which after feeding were, as usual, let run about. This was about two o'clock in the day.

“At four o'clock I went down to see the hounds again, and, not finding the terriers or old Pilgrim in their usual sleeping apartment, I made inquiries where they were. No one could tell; but the feeder had seen them about an hour previously in the yard together. We searched and looked everywhere for them, but in vain. It being a fine afternoon, and having nothing to do, I walked across to the covert where we had run the fox to ground in the morning, to see if he had scratched his way out again, as some loose stones only had been thrown into the earth. Great, indeed, was my surprise when I discovered old Pilgrim lying at the mouth of the pipe, having removed all the stones, and dug a hole nearly large enough to hold himself; greater still was my surprise, when upon listen-

ing at the earth, I heard the two terriers inside at the fox.

“The old dog wagged his tail, and gave me a knowing look, as much as to say, ‘That will do, we shall soon have him out;’ and I was so much pleased with his cunning, that I resolved he should not be disappointed. I accordingly hallooed to a man I saw at work, and sent him home for the whipper-in and a spade. We soon dug the fox out, and carried him home in a sack. Nothing could exceed the delight of the old hound when he saw the fox safely bagged—he danced and jumped about, and led the way in high glee, as much as to say, ‘Here he comes: this is my doing.’ Having deposited the fox in a safe place, the old hound appeared quite satisfied; but when it became dark, we turned him loose again.”

Mr. Daniel states that, on one occasion, his hounds found at Branfield Hall Wood; but, by some accident, the whipper-in was thrown out, and after following the track two or three miles, gave up the pursuit. As he returned home, he came through the fields near the cover where the fox was found. A terrier that was with him whined and was very busy at the foot of a pollard oak, and he dismounted, supposing that there might be a hole at the bottom harbouring a polecat or some small vermin. No hole could he discern. The dog was eager to

get up the tree, which was covered with twigs from the stem to the crown, and upon which was visible the dirt left by something that had gone up and down the boughs. The whipper-in lifted the terrier as high as he could, and its eagerness increased. He then climbed the tree, putting the dog before him. The instant the terrier reached the top the man heard him seize something, and to his surprise found him fast chapped with a bitch fox, which he secured, as well as four cubs. The height of the tree was twenty-three feet; nor was there any mode for the fox to go to or from her young, except the outside boughs; the tree had no bend to render the path easy. Three of the cubs were bagged and bred up tame to commemorate this extraordinary case; and one of them used to run tame about the coffee-room at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

One dog of which we have read was a capital rat-killer, but he always ate his victims, and never could be taught to leave the rat or the mouse that he had slain. But another had more self-control; he always threw them on the ground when dead, and never meddled with them, except perhaps an occasional indulgence in rolling over them.

Spratton, a small black and tan terrier, well known to me, was a first-rate rat and rabbit dog. Only let him see a ferret put safely in the hole of

either, he would look round for any hole there might be, and going quietly to it, wind it, to discover, if possible, whether there was any prospect of a speedy kill. He would then retire just far enough from the hole to prevent the rat or rabbit seeing him, yet so near that the moment it came out sufficiently for his purpose, Spratton secured his prize, which speedily received the *coup de grace*.

His owner often set a trap in a drain much frequented by rats; and it was Spratton's habit to walk as softly as possible across the pebbled court to smell if a rat were in the trap. If so, off came the bricks that covered the trap, and trap and rat were speedily above ground; but if not, he walked back with the same fear on his mind of disturbing any game.

So strong was his passion for-rat-killing, that when a mere puppy he was so bitten by the number of rats he killed in the course of a morning, that fomentation was absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life. Of course, though so small, he soon gained sufficient "science" to gain his victories without so much suffering. Once, however, he engaged in no common affray. A large rat in a wall, which Spratton was trying to get out, fixed her teeth firmly in his nose, and thus continued to hold him; but the sagacious terrier bided his time, without a whine or a wink, and at last, by some

canine dexterity, got hold of his foe, pulled her out of the wall, and speedily exulted over the fatal revenge.

“Prince,” writes Sir Patrick Walker, “in appearance is of the English terrier breed, but in manner indicates a good deal of the Scotch colley, or shepherd’s dog. He has a remarkably good nose, is a keen destroyer of vermin, and is in the habit of coming to the house for assistance ever since the following occurrence:—He came into the parlour one evening when some friends were with us, and, looking in my face, by many expressive gestures evinced great anxiety that I should follow him. Upon speaking to him, he leaped, and his whine got to a more determined bark, and he pulled me by the collar or sleeve of the coat until I was induced to follow him; and when I got up he began leaping and gambolling before me, and led the way to an out-house, to a barge filled with pieces of old wood, and which he continued by the same means to solicit to be moved. This was done, when he took out a large rat, killed it, and returned to the parlour quite composed and satisfied.

“Similar occurrences have frequently taken place since, with this addition, that, as I sometimes call the servant, he often leaves me and runs in the same manner to get his assistance, as soon as he finds one quitting the room to follow him. In no instance has Prince been

wrong, his scent is so very good. Once, when he had got assistance, he directed our attention to some loose wood in the yard; and when part of it was removed, he suddenly manifested disappointment, and that the object of pursuit was gone. His manner and look seemed more than instinct, and at once told his story. After a little pause, and some anxious looks, he dashed up a ladder that rested against a low out-house, and took a large rat out of the spout, whither it had apparently escaped whilst Prince came for assistance."

Over the door of a parlour of a public house in Denmark Street, St. Giles's, is a glass case, inclosing the stuffed remains of "Billy," an extraordinary animal of rat-killing notoriety. A dog would be accounted a good rat-killer if he destroyed twenty in five minutes; but in one of Billy's matches he killed (dead) a hundred in five minutes and a half. His weight was from eighteen to nineteen pounds.

The race of turnspits is almost extinct, as their services have been superseded by simple machinery, but in some places this has not been of long date. These dogs knew the roasting day most decidedly. At the Jesuits' College at Fieche, the cook took one of these dogs out of its turn to put it into the wheel of the spit; but the animal giving him a severe bite, ran away, and drove in from the yard the dog whose turn

it really was. Arago, the great astronomer, describes something similar; he saw several dogs at an inn whose duty it was to turn the spit in regular rotation, one of which skulked away, and obstinately refused to work because its turn had not come round, but went willingly enough into the wheel after its comrade had turned for a few minutes.

In various parts of America, a churn is worked by a dog, and called, in consequence, the dog-churn. A pretty large circular wheel is placed not quite horizontally, but inclining obliquely at a moderate angle. The dog is made to walk the outer circle of this wheel, so that, on the principle of the tread-mill, his weight sets it in motion; and his position upon the wheel is such, that as it moves from under him, he finds it necessary to continue walking up the inclined plane. This large wheel turns a shaft that acts upon another wheel more immediately connected with the churn; it acts indeed so as to put the "dashers" in motion within the churn, by which the operation of churning is performed.

Some dogs become so reconciled—nay, it may be said, so attached—to this species of daily exercise, that they will mount the wheel of their own accord, and eagerly enter on it, toiling and panting until the operation of churning is completed, and they are relieved from their toils. Others require a considerable time to break them

in, and never become so trustworthy unless tied to a post or fastening.

The Rev. T. C. Atkinson describes a Scotch terrier of singular sagacity and acuteness, the property of one of his clerical friends. If, for instance, his owner, perhaps breaking off conversation to address the animal, said, though in a quiet ordinary tone, "Pepper, there's a strange dog in the garden; go and turn him out"—he was on his feet in a moment; the next saw him in the seat of the chair in the window, and standing up with his fore-paws on its back, for the purpose of reconnoitring.

If he could not see the dog from the window he went to first, Pepper directly went to the other in the same manner. The moment he became aware of the intruder's whereabouts, he rushed to the door of the room, leapt up to the handle, and tried to open it with his teeth; and no sooner was it opened than he dashed out of the house. The strange dog might be twice or thrice the size of himself, but after sundry turnings and twistings before and about him, the issue invariably was that Pepper, apparently in the most amicable way, walked him off, even to some little distance, and then, with a self-satisfied wag or two of the tail, laid down again in his accustomed corner.

"This dog's custom was," says Mr. Atkinson, "if he had reason to suspect that his master's

pursuits for the day were likely to be, according to a rather 'knowing' dog's estimation, somewhat 'slow,' to trot over either to my lodgings or those of a third bachelor clergyman not far distant, as if to inquire whether we were not about to do something in which he could take part, with a reasonable hope of enjoying a little canine recreation.

"One day, while I was concluding my morning's work, he lay very quietly under the sofa, and then, on my adjourning to the river-bank, while I was busy with my flies he amused himself with hunting the reed-beds and other cover at the water's edge. While he was thus engaged, only a few feet distant from me, I heard the plunge of a large water-rat which he had disturbed. I expected to hear the plunge of the dog in quick succession; but it did not follow. On turning half round to ascertain the reason, I saw that he had gone several paces along the bank, down stream, and was now standing at the very edge of the water, with one foot up, ready to dash upon the fugitive the instant it reappeared at the surface. In a second more I saw him make his spring, and a few moments later he was at my feet, with the dead rat in his mouth."

One other fact must yet be added to those now given.

The common Truffle grows entirely underground, and is sometimes called the ground mushroom. There are several kinds, but the

eatable one in some degree resembles an ill-shaped potatoe, and varies in size, from that of a hazel-nut to the bigness of a moderate-sized fist. Before it is ripe, it has merely an earthy smell, but when becoming mature, it diffuses a peculiar odour, very pleasant to many.

The truffle is rare in most countries. It is eaten plain boiled or roasted, but it is much sought after as an article of luxury. It is used in the more luxurious kinds of cookery to give a flavour to sauces, and a turkey stuffed with truffles, so that the flavour may be dispersed through the meat, is one of the greatest delicacies of the French kitchen. They have been considered a delicacy in all times. They are noticed even by Pliny, Martial, and Juvenal, and both Apicius and Athenæus expatiate on their merits.

The truffle is usually found under trees in open forest-grounds, and in plantations of deciduous trees. It requires to grow in a place shaded from the sun, and in light loamy soil. In England they are generally found in or near the chalky ranges; they are very plentiful about Goodwood, Slindon, and Eastham, in Sussex, and near Winchester, and all along the chalky parts of North Hampshire and Wiltshire. When they become ripe, which is about the end of August or the beginning of September, their strong odour is diffused.

Truffles sometimes appear almost out of the ground; their usual depth below the surface is two or three inches, but sometimes they are as low down as six or seven inches or more. Dogs are taught to hunt them by the odour, and then to scratch them up. The poodle or the French barbet is usually selected for this purpose; both kinds have a good nose, are docile, and have another special merit, for, not having any strong instinct for following game, they are not taken off their pursuit of the truffle by the starting of a hare, or the rising of a pheasant or a partridge.

A dog, under training, is first taught to fetch and carry; then the thing he has to fetch and carry is buried in the ground, and he learns to scratch it up and take it to his master, who duly rewards his docility by a piece of bread. As he becomes expert, real truffles are fetched; then they are buried in the ground, and the dog is rewarded for each successful finding. After he is sufficiently acquainted with the smell of the truffle, when hidden, as to scratch for it, the hunter takes him into the field, generally accompanied by a well-trained dog, and the two are set to hunt about, under the trees, in plantations, and in other likely spots, to discover by the scent, and then to scratch up the truffle. The hunter usually assists the dogs when they begin to scratch by the use of a spud, and as soon as a

truffle is found, each one is rewarded by a piece of bread, which is sometimes flavoured by being kept in the bag with the truffles.

A gentleman, walking many years ago, with a truffle hunter in Amesbury Park, the dog found many truffles, and as he continued his hunting, the dog, to the great surprise of both, suddenly leaped over the hedge which surrounded that part, and ran with the utmost haste across the field. He made for a hedge opposite, at the distance of at least a hundred yards, when under a beech-tree he found and thence he brought in his mouth to his master, a truffle of uncommon size, weighing twelve ounces and a half.



THE DOG OF THE GUN

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOG OF THE GUN.

LEADENHALL and Newgate Markets, as all the world knows, are the great metropolitan depôts for game and poultry, especially the former. The quantities of game and wild birds consigned to some of the large salesmen almost exceeds belief. After a few great *battues* in the Highlands, it is not at all unusual for one firm to receive 5000 head of game. Without reckoning the quantity which goes direct to the retailer, nor the thousands of birds sent as presents, it has been estimated that of grouse, partridges, pheasants, snipes, wild birds, mostly small, water-fowl, plovers, and quails, some 700,000 enter these markets annually. To add hares, rabbits, and other creatures, is to make up a total of millions. An incalculable number of these are obtained by the gun; and thus we are led to consider another of the services rendered by the dog to man.

Captain Clarke, when in the north of Europe, says: "We had a valuable companion in a dog belonging to one of the boatmen. It was of the true Lapland breed, and in all respects

similar to a wolf, excepting the tail, which was bushy and curled, like those of the Pomeranian race. This dog, swimming after the boat, if his master merely waved his hand, would cross the lake as often as he pleased, carrying half his body and the whole of his head and tail out of the water. Wherever he landed, he scoured all the long grass by the side of the lake in search of wild fowl, and came back to us, bringing wild ducks in his mouth to the boat, and then, having delivered his prey to his master, he would instantly set off again in search of more."

The dweller in the backwoods of America, already quoted, states the following fact. Near his cottage there was a small lake, covering a space of seventy or eighty acres, and surrounded by dark woods, the timber being cleared away only in one part, that there might be an unobstructed view from the house of the lone and silent waters. In spring and autumn the lake was frequently visited by flocks of wild ducks, when they were shot from the covert of the surrounding trees, or from a canoe provided for their pursuit.

At such times Hector was in constant attendance, and seemed highly to enjoy the sport; and though there was nothing to indicate that he belonged to any breed of water-dogs, yet from his puppyhood he delighted to dabble in that element. A long gun-shot was but a moderate

distance for him to swim to a dead or wounded duck, which he never failed to bring safely ashore and deposit at his master's feet. Sometimes when a duck was wounded, but still able to dive, he would exercise a marvellous degree of cunning when he found his utmost exertions in swimming were unavailing. Thus, after the bird had dived a few times to elude his eager pursuit, Hector would sink as low as practicable in the water, with only his eyes and nose above the surface, and thus paddle silently and slowly towards his victim; when the duck not being fully aware of what was approaching, would make little effort to retreat, and the dog taking advantage of some little inattention on the part of the duck, would plunge forwards and seize his prey. He has been known to seize ducks in this way, when they had not been wounded or hurt, but which seemed to apprehend no mischief from so mild and honest a countenance.

So great was the partiality of this dog for such sports, that if his master were otherwise engaged when a flock of ducks appeared on the lake, Hector would exhibit for a time signs of extreme impatience, and then set off alone to pursue them. Nor did he confine himself to feathered game, for he would wade and swim, during successive hours, in chase of the numerous shoals of sun-fish, which in summer inhabited the shallow bays and inlets. His success, however, as a fisher was

very limited; for, amidst all his watchings and snatchings, he seldom succeeded in bringing any of the finny tribe to land.

Near to the barn and stables was a little streamlet that issued from a neighbouring bed of shelving rocks, and which, for the convenience of supplying the farm-stock, was collected into a small pool. Though this water was usually cold and pure, yet, as the warm season advanced, it became infested with frogs, and no means could be devised for preventing it. Hector, however, who had witnessed the efforts that were made, set himself eagerly for several hours of a warm summer day to catch the frogs. And here he succeeded much better than among the sun-fish; for he used his feet in dislodging them from their hiding-places, and seldom failed to seize them when they rose to the surface of the water. Hector, as a puppy from a breed of mongrels, would not have been expected to have shown so much interest and sagacity in such aquatic excursions; but his is one of many instances in which untrained instinct maintains a rivalry with canine education.

In one of Seymour's comic sketches of the field-sports of Londoners, though a thorough-bred cockney himself, we have a city *swell* with a shot-belt and gun, pointing to a dead sparrow across a piece of water, shouting to a plethoric pug-dog—"Fetch it, Prim; fetch it; vy, vot a perverse

dog you are." Nor is another less amusing, exhibiting two urchins with one gun, tugging along a poodle pup by a great heavy chain; the puller observing to the shooter, doubtless in dolorous tones—"Vot with buying powder and shot and keeping that 'ere sporting dog, shooting's werry expensive." The true game-dogs are now to be noticed.

THE POINTER.

Training for the gun is not of the violent and cruel kind which some have supposed. "So long," says Colonel Hutchinson to a sportsman, "as you are unmarried, you can make a companion of your dog without incurring the danger of his being spoiled by your wife and children. The more, by the bye, he is your own companion and nobody else's, the better; all his initiatory lessons can be, and can best be, inculcated in your own breakfast room." The colonel then gives sixteen words of command which constitute the drill of the dog, and states that till he is master of these he must never be taken out. As to acquaintance with the gun, it should be commenced gradually, by burning a little powder, snapping a copper-cap, and at last firing in his presence, the teacher turning his back towards the dog, as if he were not the party concerned, and at every report giving him a bit of carrot; his greedy ears will soon con-

nect sounds with slices, and, as it is often with human beings, the appeal is successful to their digestive reason through their acoustic organs.

A relative of mine went, on one occasion, some distance from home, to see if a brace of pointers, named Grouse and Windham, would suit him. He accompanied the keeper and feeder in a walk, and after seeing them make some points, they came to the corner of the field which they were about to beat. Mr. C. W. — then said, "Keeper, you and the dogs beat this by yourselves; I can see their performance here." Off the man and dogs started, but they had not gone more than fifty yards, when the pointers came back to the probable purchaser. As the keeper called and whistled, but the dogs only looked at him and wagged their tails, he at length returned, when the remark was made, "This is a queer business, keeper, the dogs will not follow you; what is the reason?" "Don't you know, sir," he replied, "these here dogs know by your looks and dress that you are a gentleman and a sportsman, and so they prefer your company to mine, who am only a servant." "I have seen, before and since, other instances," the narrator remarks, "of dogs preferring those who show them game to those who feed them; but I never saw them before prefer a stranger, to a man who attended and fed them."

Gay long since said, truly:—

C "The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 V Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to his prey.
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear.
 The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
 The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight."

A pointer whose parents have for generations been trained for field-sports, will take to pointing with scarcely any instruction further than what is necessary to quell his early exuberance, while a dog descended from parents which had not been so exercised will require some pains to teach it what is desired.

The term "scent" expresses, as we have seen, the odour or effluvia which is constantly issuing from every animal, and especially when it is in more than usual exercise. The pores of the skin appear relaxed, and a fluid or aqueous vapour is secreted, which escapes in small or large quantities, adheres to the persons or substances on which it falls, and is particularly received on the olfactory organs.

So firm does the habit of pointing become, that it is said that Mr. Gilpin, the artist, painted a brace of pointers, Pluto and Juno, the property of Colonel Thornton, while in the act, and that they stood an hour and a quarter without moving.

We may judge of the value that gentleman set on^{with} his pointers, by his selling another, named^{ir} Dash, for 160*l.* worth of Burgundy and Champagne, one hogshead of claret, an elegant gun, and a pointer, with the proviso, that if an accident should disable the dog, he was to be returned to the colonel at the price of 50*l.*

Trained as a good pointer is to beat the ground in the same field as his master, and not to break any fence, or leap any hedge, if the wind is with him he crosses it, that he may have the full scent of the game. As soon as he finds a bird or birds, he instantly stands firmly, raises one of his fore-paws, and with his tail quite rigid, and his nose towards the game, looks towards his master as if he would say, "I have it!" The expression of a well-trained dog's face will sometimes lead the sportsman to infer what the game is.

As he walks up to his dog, if there are birds and they lie well, one or more will most likely rise, and as the gun is discharged, the pointer will still keep his position, watching where the bird that is shot falls. If they do not lie well, the dog "draws," that is, walks after the game until it settles; and he continues drawing, giving his master other chances of a shot, until the birds take wing, and elude the sportsman for a time. When he supposes from the look of the pointer, after the discharge of the gun, that there

no more game, he says "seek dead," when the pointer will bring whatever has been killed. If a bird is only winged, the dog will follow it as soon as it reaches the earth.

A good pointer will prove the goodness of his scent, by the directness with which he goes to the best covey. Many old ones will catch living birds, thus showing their natural instincts, so marvellously restrained in the service of man. A good pointer going out with a bad shot will "flush his birds," that is, will rush at them instead of making his points, as if that were all that was required by one who used his gun so ill. Instances are unquestionable, too, in which a dog, discontented and mortified at failure after failure, has left the luckless sportsman to himself.

Captain Brown adduces a case of this kind. A gentleman, on requesting the loan of a pointer from a friend, was apprised that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds; but if he frequently missed them it would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, the borrower was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched; till, at last, the pointer became careless, and often missed his game. As if seemingly willing, however, to give the would-be sportsman another chance, he made

a dead stop at a fern bush, and pointed as usual. Thus he remained until the gun-bearer was close to him, with both barrels cocked, then, moving steadily forward for a few paces, he stood, at last, near a bunch of heather, his tail moving backwards and forwards regularly, expressing his anxiety. Out sprang a fine old black-cock, and bang, bang, went both barrels, but the bird escaped unhurt. And now the patience of the dog was gone; he turned boldly round, placed his tail between his legs, gave one howl, loud and long—what did it say?—and then set off as fast as he could to his master's house.

On the other hand, the pleasure of the pointer is unmistakeable, as he brings the game in his mouth, and lays it at his master's feet. He seems to do it with the feeling that it is the result of their mutual skill, and that the pleasure of the feat is shared by them both. Ill would it be with any dog who attempted to snatch a pheasant or a partridge which the pointer was directed by his master to bring him; the struggle would involve injury to the assailant, it might cost him his life.

Of the adherence of a pointer to his special task, the following fact, related by Captain Brown, affords sufficient proof. "A servant who used to shoot for Mr. Clutterbuck, of Bradford, had, on one occasion, a pointer of this gentleman's, which afforded him a capital day's sport. On returning,

the night being dark, he dropped, by some chance, two or three birds out of his bag, and on coming home he missed them. Having informed a fellow-servant of his loss, he requested him to get up early the next morning, and seek for them near the turnpike, being certain that he had brought them as far as that place. The man accordingly went there, and not a hundred yards from the spot mentioned by his companion, he, to his surprise, found the pointer lying near the birds, and where he had probably remained all night, although he had been severely hunted the day before."

Pointers are taught not only to point game, but when one dog points the others are taught to point too; or else they might run up the game before the sportsman wished. When a dog points, not because he smells the game, but because another dog is pointing, he is said to "back" the other. The pointer, named Windham, was once out with another dog, called Rake, the two being strangers to each other. Almost as soon as they started, in the first piece of turnips, they both made a stand. Their masters walked up with their guns, and tried to raise the game, supposed to lie first near one dog and then the other, but it was a false alarm. This happened three or four times; and as both dogs were very sure on game, their masters were greatly puzzled to know why they should make such mis-

takes. But after carefully watching the doth they discovered that the moment one dog showed that he thought he smelt game, the second dog backed him, and the first dog seeing the second standing, thought he was pointing, so he stood too. The fact was that neither was pointing; both were backing; but this for a time surpassed their comprehension. After the first half hour, however, each dog began to see what a fool the other had been making of him, and both to understand each other's *modus operandi*; the mistake ceased to be repeated; nor did it ever again occur, though they were afterwards often out together.

THE SETTER.

Probably derived from the large English spaniel and the Spanish pointer, is the setter, used for the same purpose as the pointer. This breed, however, is not so numerous, and it is dearer. The setter is said to be more active than the pointer; to stand continued hard work better; to take the water when necessary, and to be more companionable and attached. He loves his master for himself, and not, like the pointer, merely for the pleasure he shares with him.

Tolfrey gives the following remarkable fact in reference to a setter:—"On gaining some high ground, the dog drew and stood. She was walked up to, but to my astonishment we found no bird. She was encouraged, and with great difficulty

coaxed off her point. She kept drawing on, but with the same ill success.

“I must confess I was for the moment sorely puzzled; but knowing the excellence of the setter, I let her alone. She kept drawing on for nearly a hundred yards—still no birds. At last, of her own accord, and with a degree of instinct amounting almost to the faculty of reasoning, she broke from her point, and dashing off to the right made a *détour*, and was presently straight before me, some three hundred yards off, setting the game whatever it might be, as much as to say, ‘See if you escape me this time!’ We walked steadily on; and when within about thirty yards of her, up got a covey of red-legged partridges, and we had the good fortune to kill a brace each.

“It is one of the characteristics of these birds to run for an amazing distance before they take wing; but the sagacity of my faithful dog baffled all their efforts to escape. We fell in with several coveys of these birds during the day, and my dog ever after gave them the double, and kept them between the gun and herself.”

A handsome yellow setter called Medor, the property of M. d’Anchald, was, doubtless, fully entitled to all the praise given him by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, as thoroughly unbroken, and yet one of the highest naturally-gifted dogs he ever saw. With plenty of speed, and a thorough

knowledge of the haunts of game, and how to find them, he was perfectly certain of making his point. Once on game, he was caution itself, and as a retriever he was perfection. "On Medor's nose and power of winding even a snipe," says Mr. Berkeley, "nothing seemed to have any deteriorating effect. On days of the heaviest gossamer-fall I ever saw in any country, with the webs lying like skeins of white silk across his muzzle and forehead, and so thick that they whitened the 'aftermath' or long grass in the meadows, he would draw up to and stand a snipe as if, on a fine but light-breezed day, he had come on a large covey of partridges.

"To show the sagacity of Medor, and his knowledge of my meaning, one afternoon I came in from fishing about half-past four, when game were on their feed, and at a time when he did not expect to be taken out, and seeing him sitting by the kitchen door as I went by to go to my room for my gun, I said, patting his head, 'I shall want you, dear old man, in a minute.' I then passed to the front of the house, and went up the chief staircase to my room, assumed my gun and game-bag, and when I came out of my bedroom there sat Medor, who could only have come in and up to my room the back way, waiting for me in the passage by my door."

Mr. Thomas Bell, speaking of the setter, says: "By far the most interesting, and, if I may so

employ the term, amiable animal I have ever known, was a bitch of this kind, formerly belonging to my father, which he had from a puppy, and which, although never regularly broke, was the best dog in the field that he ever observed. The very expression of poor Juno's countenance was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her; and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals, as well as to her human friends.

"A kitten which had been taken from its mother had been sent to us, and on Juno's approach showed the usual horror of the cat towards dogs. But Juno seemed determined to conquer the antipathy, and by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance,—advancing and receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required,—she completely attached the kitten to her; and as she had lately lost her puppies and still had some milk left, I have often seen them lying before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring.

"She would play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the

young of her own species, that when a spaniel bitch of my father had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, Juno would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest, and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest tenderness. Poor Bessy, the mother, also a good-tempered creature, as soon as she discovered the theft, hastened, of course, to bring back her little one, which was again to be stolen on the first opportunity; until at length the two bitches killed the poor puppy between them, as they were endeavouring each to pull it from the other; and all this with the most perfect mutual good understanding. Juno lived to a good old age, an unspoiled pet, after her master had shot to her for fourteen seasons."

It might not be supposed that dogs sometimes become cunningly intent on saving themselves toils, and yet Mr. Berkeley says of the old French hounds: "When the cry was the least too full or too fast to please them, they cut it, and went sneaking about to find a scent for themselves; and many a hearty rating, which they understood from tone more than verbal expression, they got from me for *hanging on my gun*."

"My friends, I know, will not believe it of their worthless favourites, but some of these sensible old brutes, finding, from past experience,

that if they don't take care of themselves as to too much work, their masters won't (for French gentlemen, so long as they are not tired themselves, will never see that their hounds are), will not exert themselves at animals whom *they know they cannot catch, unless shot at and wounded.*

"Hence, in time having learnt the use of the gun, if they find out its position they will be for ever skirting for it; and as they know that the ride is the place where guns are posted and the animals killed or wounded, they separate from the honestly-working pack, and hang or skirt for a ride wherever it may be, and *are always getting between the gun and an animal coming right upon it, to the certain discomfiture of the shot.* More animals, wolves, bears, deer, and foxes, owe their lives to the noisy skirting propensities of these hounds in their crafty old age, than ever they assisted to kill in their youth; and if I could but get my friends to do good execution on them all, they would find their larder better supplied with wild boar and roe-deer venison, and their rugs and backs of chairs more fully ornamented with skins."

THE SPANIEL.

According to Colonel H. Smith, the spaniel was known to the Romans, and it is clearly figured

on some of the later monuments. This dog was the companion of the Falconer at a very early period; and to a little book on his sport, dated 1611, there is appended a cut in which he appears, hawk on fist, hat on head, staff in hand, and pouch on side, in trunk hose, and with bare-headed attendants, accompanied by two couple of spaniels.

In a sporting print, engraved by Holler after Barlow, a number of these dogs are seen, engaged in "Partridge Hawking;" and at the foot of the plate we read:—

The fearful Partridge being sprung by quest
Of Spaniells from their pleasing feede and rest
The keene and bloody Hawke pursues; the Knight
Hath then his sport, and feasts on them at night.

The spaniel is often used for ground-shooting, as hares and rabbits, and for wood-shooting, as for pheasants. It is allowed more liberty than the pointer or setter, as instead of restraining itself at any effort—and doubtless it is often great—the spaniel may rush in to put up its game.

A relative of the writer, Mr. W. S——, had a spaniel, named Fan. Fan had something of the terrier as well as the spaniel. No matter how quietly she was lying on the hearth, the instant she saw the gun taken down, she jumped up, in all possible ways demonstrating her joy. As her master was on the look-out for rabbits on one

side of a hedge she went on the other, and if she did not at any time hear his approach, she would come and peep through, as much as to say, "Where are you?" Her delight was great when a rabbit driven out by her was shot, and she had to bring it to him. If a plantation she would diligently hunt every tuft over, putting her nose into the tummock, and even when a rabbit was not supposed to be there, one, startled by her presence, would leap out. Four or five dogs have been seen about gorse, searching in vain, while as soon as Fan was busy there, the rabbit was visible. Superior to many dogs in the field, she was, at the same time, very amiable at home. It was only for her master to hold out a small biscuit and say, "Fan, take it in a lady-like manner," and she would do so immediately with the greatest gentleness.

M. Blaze was one day shooting wild ducks with a friend near Versailles, when, as soon as the first shot was fired, they were joined and caressed by a fine spaniel dog. They shot throughout the day, and the dog hunted with the greatest zeal and alacrity. Supposing him to be a stray dog, they thought of taking him for themselves; but, as soon as the sport was over, the dog ran away. They afterwards found he belonged to one of the keepers, who was confined by illness to the house. His duty was to shoot ducks on one particular day of the week, when he was accompanied by this

spaniel. The keeper lived six miles from this spot, and the dog knowing his precise day of service, went there to enjoy the strangers' sport, and then returned to his master.

An epitaph of Cowper's deserves here to be quoted:—

Though once a puppy, and a fop by name,
 Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim :
 No sycophant, although of Spanish race,
 And though no hound, a martyr to the chase.
 Ye pheasants, rabbits, leverets rejoice,
 Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;
 This record of his fate, exulting view—
 He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.

“ Yes,” the indignant shade of *Fop* replies,
 “ And, worn with *vain pursuits*, man also dies.”

It is the opinion of those skilled in field sports that a separate dog should be kept for retrieving. Whether in partridge or grouse-shooting, the same kind of nose and style of hunting will rarely serve the purpose of finding live and dead or wounded birds. “ For partridge and grouse-shooting,” says “ Stonehenge,” “ I am quite sure that far more game will be killed if the pointers are never suffered to touch a feather, than if used as retrievers as well as in their ordinary capacities. The best dog for this purpose is, I think, a little rough terrier, expressly broken to retrieve, and kept for this purpose alone. He has a wonderful nose, is perfectly under command, much more so

than the spaniel, and will retrieve any game, from the snipe to the pheasant."

A neighbour of mine, Mr. P., was out one day with a very clever terrier he had, named Brag, and hearing a gun go off in a neighbouring field, he soon found that the sportman's dog—a pointer, I believe—had set the bird in the hedge. Brag was now directed by his master to act as a retriever, when he brought a winged partridge alive in his mouth to his master, from one end of a turnip-field to the other.

"The dog," says Mr. St. John, "that lives with his master constantly, sleeping before his fire instead of in the kennel, and hearing and seeing all that passes, learns, if at all quick-witted, to understand, not only the meaning of what he sees going on, but also frequently, in the most wonderful manner, all that is talked of. I have a favourite retriever, a black water spaniel, who for many years has lived in the house, and been constantly with me. He understands and notices everything that is said, if it at all relates to himself, or to the sporting plans for the day.

"If at breakfast time, I say, without addressing the dog himself, 'Rover must stop at home to-day, I cannot take him out,' he never attempts to follow me; if, on the contrary, I say, however quietly, 'I shall take Rover with me to-day,' the moment that breakfast is over he is all on the *qui-vive*, following me wherever I go, evidently

aware that he is allowed to accompany me. . . . His great delight is going with me when I hunt the woods for roe and deer. I had some covers about five miles from the house where we were accustomed to look for roe. We frequently made our plans overnight, while the dog was in the room. One day, for some reason, I did not take him; in consequence of this, invariably when he heard us forming our plans at night to beat the woods, Rover started alone very early in the morning, and met us up there. He always went to the cottage where we assembled, and sitting on a hillock in front of it, which commanded a view of the road by which we came, waited for us there; when he saw us coming, he met us with a peculiar kind of grin on his face, expressing, as well as words could, his half doubt of being well-received, in consequence of his having come without permission; the moment he saw I was not angry with him, he threw off all affectation of shyness, barked, and jumped upon me with the most grateful delight."

Mr. Westcott relates the following fact.* A gentleman met with a retriever while on a shooting excursion. The dog came in obedience to a whistle, and, after a little coaxing, made himself quite friendly. There and then the dog adopted a master who could appreciate his noble qualities, and so they went home together.

* "Recreative Science," vol. i.

Some weeks after this, a stranger happened to be shooting in the neighbourhood, and passing near the house where the dog had taken up his abode, he was seen by the owner, who invited him in to partake of refreshments. In the course of conversation he was asked "What sport?" "None worth speaking of," he replied; "my dog is unequal to his work. I lost one a short time since worth his weight in gold, and, unfortunately, have heard no tidings of him since."

"But how and where did you lose him?" inquired his host. "Why, about fifteen miles from here; while out shooting, I missed several birds, which made me angry. I beat the dog, and threatened to shoot him. When I got into the next field 'Grouse' was gone. I thought I should find him at home; but no, he had gone utterly; and I believe he went because I threatened to shoot him."

So far had the visitor proceeded, when the dog already described entered the room, and proved to be the one he had lost; but at once he disowned his former master. To his call he was stubbornly deaf; an attempt to pat him was responded to by a significant growl; though a cord was then tied round his neck, Grouse planted his foot firmly, and could not be moved; and crouching under the sofa, he refused to stir till the object of his hatred, who now gave him to his host, had left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOG OF THE STREET.

THE dogs of Constantinople belong to everybody and to nobody; they are littered and reared in the streets. Though a nuisance to walkers, their general utility is obvious; for as the Turks throw the leavings of their kitchens out of doors, the streets would very soon be impassable were it not for the scavenger-like propensities of the dogs, assisted occasionally by the storks and vultures.

The Mohammedans of Africa consider dogs unclean; but, though they refrain from keeping them in their houses, all the large towns of Egypt and Barbary maintain public troops of dogs, which perform the offices of common scavengers, establish themselves in particular quarters of the city, maintain a kind of self-government, and are extremely watchful to prevent strangers intruding into their particular districts.

As they subsist entirely on charity and what they pick up, instinct teaches them the necessity of a division of labour; and in the same manner as beggars when associated together have had separate walks assigned to their members,

they divide the city and its suburbs into districts. Were a dog found in a strange quarter, the resident dogs would tear him in pieces. It is therefore a singular but well-authenticated fact, that not even a bone of roast meat will induce a dog to follow a person beyond his own district. A visitor to the city caressed, by way of experiment, one of these animals, whose post, with many others, was near the Mevlevi Khan; he daily fed the dog till he became fat and sleek, carried his tail high, and was no longer to be recognised as his former self. He was even so greatly improved as to lose his currishness, and when his friends approached, expressed his gratitude by fondling upon them and licking their hands; yet he would never follow them beyond an imaginary limit either way; here he would certainly stop, wag his tail, look wistfully after them till they were out of sight, and then return to his post. On one occasion, and only one, when very hungry, and allured by tempting food, he overstepped his limit, but he had not exceeded it twenty yards when he recollected himself and ran hastily back.

“No one, I suppose,” remarks the Right Hon. W. G. Rose, “who sees the dog depending upon his master for meat, drink, and home, and only pursuing his game under his instruction, can easily imagine him the citizen of a canine republic, governed by certain laws, and supporting himself

by his own exertions. Yet this may be seen at Lisbon and Constantinople.

“At Constantinople dogs so entirely cover the streets that the French expression of *c'est de quoi les rues sont pavées*, may, literally speaking, be applied to them. These live masterless, and under a sort of federal government of their own, for they seem to have national and provincial laws. Thus, though they are united for general purposes, if a dog of another street intrudes into that of which he is not a denizen, he is driven out by the simultaneous attack of the autochthones.

“This has been witnessed and related by hundreds of Europeans. What I am going to relate rests upon the authority of one alone, the son of an ambassador to the Porte, long resident at Pera. He assured me that if the intruding dog made a respectable resistance, a single champion was assigned him to contend against, and if he proved victorious, he not only received his denizenship, but was installed in the best quarters, to wit, in those nearest a butcher's shop. Nor do dogs only unite under a combination of artificial circumstances. They will do so in a state of nature. The buccaneers report that they form associations in South America for purposes of chase; and Wood Rogers describes them as hunting under a captain of their own, and, when the quarry is brought down, suspending their feast till he is satisfied.”

According, too, to Sir E. Tennent, "there is no native wild dog in Ceylon, but every town and village is haunted by mongrels of European descent, which are known by the generic description of *Pariahs*. They are a miserable race, acknowledged by no owners, living on the garbage of the streets and sewers, lean, wretched, and mangy, and if spoken to unexpectedly, shrinking with an almost involuntary cry. Yet in these persecuted outcasts there survives that germ of instinctive affection which binds the dog to the human race, and a gentle word, even a look of compassionate kindness, is sufficient foundation for a lasting attachment."

So it is, too, with many a London *Pariah*. The man whose occupation requires him to return home late at night or early in the morning, will often see some dissipated canine ne'er-do-wells, houseless, preying in the kennels and gutters, hovering on the outskirts of markets, and battling with cats for cast-away bones. Slinking along the streets and lanes like human thieves, and no less like them in dread of the police, they would fain, however, be friends with men. A little ragged terrier will eye you through his only remaining optic, as he stands half-way over the crossing, as if he were questioning the safety of coming within reach of your stick; but only whistle, chirrup, or snap your fingers at the little brute, and his inward wretchedness

is gone, he becomes frantic with joy, and, if you will allow him, will joyously spend in your service the remainder of his days. It is plain, too, that there is strong sympathy in his feelings with numberless outcasts.

A familiar service of the dog in the metropolis is that which he renders to a blind master subsisting by charity. Not only is he the guide of that forlorn object whose woe-tale is written [or painted on his breast in large letters, but he is actually *the* beggar. How tenaciously does he hold that tin vessel in his teeth; how zealously does he ask of you a copper if you only pause for an instant to look on, rattling it, perhaps, that he may appeal to your ear as well as to your eye; and how faithfully does he carry backward every tribute to the can, that his master may quickly transfer the current coin to his capacious pocket! But, rap, rap, rap, sounds the blind man's stick, and at a word, with, it may be, a tug at his collar-rein, on goes the dog. Very soon is memory on the alert; he will quickly reach a shop-door from which the other day some one threw him a bone, and well does he remember it. See! how earnestly he pulls onwards, only, however, to be checked in his eagerness; and when he reaches the very door, how anxiously will he look out for another bone, most likely only to be disappointed. In any contest, however, between his own appetite and his master's

will, you cannot fail, if you observe the dog carefully, to mark the strength and triumph of his fidelity.

A recent writer* says: "There is a dog residing in the borough of Southwark, who keeps a blind man. He may be seen most days in Oxford-street, hauling the blind man away on expeditions wholly un contemplated by, and unintelligible to the man; wholly of the dog's conception and execution. Contrariwise, when the man has projects, the dog will sit down in a crowded thoroughfare and meditate. I saw him yesterday wearing the money-tray, like an easy-collar, instead of offering it to the public, taking the man against his will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently, to visit a dog at Harrow—he was so intent on that direction. The north wall of Burlington House-gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointments among blind men at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. They sit, very uncomfortably, on a sloping board there, and compare notes. Their dogs may always be observed at the same time, openly disparaging the men they keep to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take their men when they begin to move again."

If this vivid picture is slightly exaggerated, it

* "All the Year Round."

is still more truthful than those who have not carefully studied the intelligence and sagacity displayed by a dog accustomed to move within a certain range, would be disposed to believe.

A blind beggar, accompanied by a dog, was some years ago well known in Westminster, and particularly in Dean's Yard, where he was often observed by the Westminster scholars. When persons threw halfpence from the windows, the dog searched carefully for them, picked them up with his mouth, and deposited them in the hand held out to receive them; and this he repeated without being tired, whatever the number of halfpence flung out. The boys often amused themselves by hiding the money in the mud, and thus tasking his dexterity; but in some way or other he generally contrived to succeed in his search for the covered coin.

Mr. Ray describes a blind beggar as led through the streets of Rome by a dog, and not only so as to defend him from danger, but as so sagacious as to call at the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week, without passing by any one. When the mendicant began to ask alms, the dog lay down to rest; but the man was no sooner relieved or refused, than the dog rose of his own accord, and without sign or word, proceeded to the next house on his visiting list. "I observed, not without surprise and pleasure," says Mr. Ray,

“that when a small copper coin was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the old man’s hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it unless he received it from the hand of his master.”

At Rome, in recent times, the dogs of the blind have been observed to conduct their masters to the places where the largest company is assembled, and to visit the various churches; but if on their road they reach a handsome house, where they see the solemn pomp of a funeral, they never fail to stop there, making sure of alms in such a place, as at such times they are in Italy freely bestowed.

“The French Fiddler’s Lamentation,” as given by Béranger, deserves to be quoted:—

“My poor dog ! here ! of yesterday’s festival-cake
 Eat the poor remains in sorrow ;
 For when next a repast you and I shall make
 It must be on brown bread, which, for charity’s sake,
 Your master must beg or borrow.

“Of these strangers the presence and pride in France
 Is to me a perfect riddle ;
 They have conquered, no doubt, by some fatal chance—
 For they haughtily said, ‘ You must play us a dance !’
 I refused—and they broke my fiddle !

"Of our village the orchestra, crushed at one stroke,
By that savage insult perished !
'Twas then that our pride felt the stranger's yoke,
When the insolent hand of a foreigner broke
What our hearts so dearly cherished.

"For whenever our youth heard it merrily sound,
A flood of gladness shedding,
At the dance on the green they were sure to be found ;
While its music assembled the neighbours around
To the village maiden's wedding.

"In that fiddle a solace for grief we had got ;
'Twas of peace the best preceptor ;
For its sound made all quarrels subside on the spot,
And its bow went much further to soothe our hard lot
Than the crozier or the sceptre.

"But a truce to my grief !—for an insult so base
A new pulse in my heart has awoken !
That affront I'll revenge on their insolent race ;
Gird a sword on my thigh—let a musket replace
The fiddle their hand has broken." *

* Father Prout's "Reliques."

CHAPTER X.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

CAMERON, a Newfoundland dog, belonged to Lieutenant Keith Maitland, of the 79th Regiment of Highlanders, who presented him to a gentleman in Quebec, who thought he would get harness for him and teach him to draw a sleigh. But the dog did not like this sort of work, and having formed a strong attachment to the band of the regiment, he started off to his old friends: nor could he be induced to leave them by any efforts that were made. So determined indeed was he to remain, that if a civilian entered the band-room he would fly at him, thinking, doubtless, there was a purpose to take him away.

Cameron's affection, though specially excited by the band, seems to have extended to the soldiers of the regiment generally, and yet particularly to any one of them whom he can help. If any one of them happened to be out of the Cape Barracks, where they were at the time referred to, built, like Stirling Castle, on a height, and got tipsy, Cameron used to give him the preference in attention, manifest every anxiety to get him safely in, pulling

him by the sleeve, and resorting to any other needed device. If a soldier fell on the deep snow, the dog redoubled his efforts to get him home.

The ordinary business of Cameron was to make a round of the Castle daily, very often twice—in the forenoon and afternoon—calling at the gate and the guard-room, as if to see that they were right, looking at the sentinels, apparently anxious for their discharge of their duty, and then returning to his quarters in the band-room, delighting as he does in its music. When the band stops, he often lies down in their front. Of course he regularly visits the cook-house, where, a general favourite, he is duly regaled with a bone. When these particulars were given a handsome collar was being prepared in Edinburgh for Cameron, the regimental dog of the 79th Highlanders, with a suitable inscription.

A dog named Fairy, known to a friend of mine, would always, if allowed, accompany one of the family playing on the cornet-à-piston; but as his style was too melancholy, and not sufficiently musical to be agreeable, very commonly was compelled to submit to the indignity of being turned out of the room.

Another, known in the beginning of the French Revolution to the musicians by the name of Feydeau, because he regularly attended the military at the Tuileries, stood by, and marched

with the band, and at night, went to the Opéra, Comédie Italienne, or Théâtre; Feydeau dined with any musician who intimated by a word or gesture a wish for his company, and yet always withdrew from attempts to be made the property of any individual.

Sandy, the property of Lieutenant George R. Lempriere, R.E., the adjutant of the corps of Sappers and Miners, had for his sire a thorough-bred Scotch terrier, and for his mother a thorough-bred English bull-dog. He was born in the year 1849, and has travelled with his master "far and wide." In 1850 he went to Gibraltar, whence he took constant trips into Spain; he then returned home, and, after going to several stations where his master was quartered, embarked with him and the men, at the commencement of the late war, for the East.

He was constantly with them at Malta, Gallipoli, Constantinople, and Varna; and at the latter place proved useful in foraging expeditions and a great guard to his master's tent against the natives, whose honesty was not proverbial. From Varna Sandy went to Sinope, Trebizond, Redoubt Kaleh, Charaksee, and many other ports along that coast, where the adjutant was stationed with the Turkish army from time to time. Strange to say, being a most excellent water-dog, he made great friends with the Turks and Bashi-Bazouks, and greatly distinguished himself on

two or three occasions, when, in going off to different vessels, the boat was swamped and capsized, by rushing into the most fearful seas, and rescuing coats, oars, and other articles. Thence he went to the Crimea; was present at the battle of Inkermann; received a bayonet wound which caused him to go on three legs for some time, and the effects of which long remained.

His master being compelled by ill health to leave the army, Sandy was taken care of by some of the officers, and returned home, some months after, to the great delight of his master, who never expected to see him again. At one place in particular, where the corps was short of supplies, poor Sandy, although nearly starved himself, was in great danger of being devoured, but was happily preserved by the arrival of provisions.

Sandy always marches out at the head of the men, to whom he has become so attached that he will not follow those of any other regiment. He is well up to all the bugle-calls, especially those for dinner, breakfast, and supper, at which hours he generally makes off to one of the barrack-rooms.

A short time before Sandy left Woolwich for Brompton Barracks, Chatham, he marched into his master's room with a medal round his neck, put on by some one who knew he had seen active service; but who did so was never found out.

This medal being stolen from him, his master procured another, in which he might appear on parade when Sir John Burgoyne went down to present the men with their medals. From that time he always wore the medal on drill parades, attached by a piece of blue ribbon. This second medal was also stolen, but was recovered by some of the men, and the delinquent handed over to the police. The medal, of course, is not a Crimean one, as dogs are not so decorated, however distinguished in the service.*

Another dog, who had attached himself to the Fusileers, greatly distinguished himself during the war in the Crimea. As they climbed the hill of Alma, they laughed to see him gaily trotting among the vines and chasing the rolling shot. When too, as they struggled on from day to day and amidst the bitter coldness of the night, the ever-memorable morning of the 5th of November came, to usher in the day of Inkermann, when there was "slaughter wild and grim," the Fusileers' dog stood bravely by them till the great fight was done. Throughout the snow and frost by which they were afterwards assailed, he maintained his fidelity, to which he at length fell a victim. Of the eulogy pronounced upon him by General Doyle we take only the first and the last verse:—

* "Illustrated News."

“Go, lift him gently from the wheels,
And soothe his dying pain,
For love and care e'en yet he feels,
Though love and care be vain.
'Tis sad that, after all these years,
Our comrade and our friend,
The brave dog of the Fusiliers,
Should meet with such an end.”

“Marked by the medal, his of right,
And by his kind ken face,
Under that visionary light
Poor Bob shall keep his place.
And never may our honoured Queen
For love and service pay
Less brave, less patient, or more mean
Than his we mourn to-day !”*

At the close of the more recent war of the Spaniards in Morocco, the troops made a triumphal entry into Madrid, when, besides General Prim and a trumpeter, who were enthusiastically greeted, a dog was actually the next in honour. This animal belonged to the riflemen of Baza. He was sold by his owner for a loaf to the fourth company at Barcelona; his master gave him the name of Palomo and shared with him his food. As the other soldiers treated him kindly the dog became strongly, attached not only to his master, but to the whole of the men. On the breaking out of the war with the Moors the battalion was ordered to Algeiras to embark,

* “Macmillan's Magazine.”

and Palomo was left behind at Barcelona; but just as the soldiers were about to leave he reached that port and joined them; how he found out his way no one could tell. Again he was left behind; yet, to their greater surprise, he one day mysteriously arrived in Morocco, and again joined his battalion. Nor was this all: he took part in all the combats up to the taking of Tetuan, when he was struck by a ball and lamed for life. In the entrance of the troops he marched modestly at the head of his battalion, covered with flowers and laurel. He had received the appointment of its honorary corporal, and wore the insignia of that grade.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOG OF THE FIRE.

SOME thirty years ago, a gentleman residing a few miles from London was called to town in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. The removal of his furniture and papers of course immediately claimed his attention; yet, notwithstanding this and the bustle that is ever incident to a fire, his eye every now and then rested on a dog, which, during the hottest progress of the devouring element, he could not help noticing, running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir.

When the fire was got under and the gentleman had leisure to look about him, he again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. What passed may perhaps better be told in its original shape of question and answer.

between this gentleman and a fireman belonging to the Atlas Insurance Office. /

"Is this your dog, my friend?"—the gentleman stooping down to pat the dog.

"No, sir; he does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the Firemen's Dog."

"The Firemen's Dog! Why so? Has he no master?"

"No, sir; he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat; but he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London, and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we go along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at."

All this was afterwards abundantly corroborated. The dog was called "Tyke"; he was perfectly well known to every fireman in London. His home, if so it might be called, was in one of the recesses of Blackfriars Bridge; and it was supposed that he acquired his taste for fires from being noticed by the firemen that passed over it. It was remarked that he invariably followed on the heels of every fireman he saw, until driven away. This led to the supposition that it was for the men, and not for the fires, that Tyke

cherished so strong a regard. He has had, too, several successors, no less remarkable for his peculiar predilections.

Another dog followed a fireman, after a conflagration in Shoreditch, to the central station of the brigade, in Watling Street, in the city of London. Here he stayed for a time, being petted by the men, who called him "Chance"; but his master found him out and took him home. So strong, however, was his attachment to the firemen that he returned to them at the earliest opportunity, and it was not till he had been taken back again and again that he was left to follow his own inclinations. Forthwith Chance took up his quarters at the station, and during several years he went forth with the engines on an alarm of fire; sometimes riding on one of them, but always, when they were ascending a hill, running on before, as if to tell by his bark that help was advancing. So far did he enter into the spirit of his companions, as to seize with his mouth burning logs of wood and drag them out of the flames. Often were his legs broken, but, as soon as it was possible, he was again at a fire. At length, after an accident of more than usual severity, he was carefully attended to by the brigade at the central station; but before their patient had recovered, a cry of fire reached them, and he made a vigorous effort to climb on the engine which was first ready to

start; it was, however, a fatal effort, for Chance fell dead at their feet. Sorry for his loss, these strong and brave men had his remains stuffed, and, for a time, he was to be seen at the station. Nor is it a little remarkable that Chance was so honoured even when dead, that being raffled for in behalf of the widow of an engineer who had committed suicide, 123*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* was actually realised.

Samuel Wood, one of the bravest of the brave men who form the fire-brigade, it was said some three years ago, has saved nearly a hundred men, women, and children from the flames. Bill, a very remarkable dog that has greatly contributed to this amazing result, distinguishes him from all men similarly employed, as the special object of his strong attachment. As he has, like his master, to be very wakeful, and at his post of duty throughout the night, he sleeps during the day, and, at the time just mentioned, had done so for nine long years. Bill never allows his master to sleep too long; he, at least, is sure to wake in good time; yet he never attempts to run out of doors until the time approaches for them to go to the station. How is it that he keeps time, as he undoubtedly does, so well?

When the fire-escape is wheeled out of White-chapel churchyard, at nine o'clock, Bill is sure to be there. On an alarm of fire being heard, though commonly very quiet, he begins to bark

most furiously. Wood has no occasion to spring his rattle, for the policemen come up at this well and widely-known sound. If the alarm takes place when few people are in the streets, he runs round to the coffee-houses near, and pushing the doors open barks his "Come and help!—Come and help!" and his call is promptly and cheerfully obeyed.

In dark nights the lantern has to be lit, when Bill seizes it, and runs on before his master; and when the ladder is reared, active as Samuel Wood is, the dog is at the top before him. He leaps into the rooms, and, amidst thick smoke and approaching flames bounds from chamber to chamber, helping his master to find and bring out the inmates.

On one occasion, so rapidly did the fire burn and so dense was the smoke, that Wood and another man could not find their way out, and feared, at length, that escape was hopeless. But, as if fully aware of their danger, Bill began to bark, when Wood and his comrade, half suffocated, crawled after the dog, and in a few moments they providentially reached a window and their lives were saved. At another time a kitten was found by Bill in a house on fire, when he drove it down from stair to stair until it reached the door, when it was cared for by a policeman.

Bill's silver collar bore the following inscription:—

"I am the Fire-escape-man's-dog—my name is Bill;
When 'fire' is called, I am never still.
I bark for my master, all danger I brave,
To bring the 'Escape,' human life to save."

Poor Bill, too, has had his sufferings as well as honours. Once, at a fire, he fell through a hole burnt in the floor, into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully, and narrowly escaped a bitter death; and on three other occasions he was unfortunately run over, but was soon restored to perform his usual services.

Bob, a low-standing, long-bodied dog of a sandy colour, was also very useful. He wore a brass collar, on which was engraved—

"Stop me not, but let me jog,
For I am Bob, the London firemen's dog."

Whenever the fire-bell at the station rang he was in the habit of making ready to start, and then running in front of the engine to clear the way; and when he reached the fire he would run up ladders, force his way through windows, and enter jeopardised rooms better than the firemen could. Some time ago, at the time of the explosion in the Westminster Road, Bob darted into the burning house, and was seen to bring away a cat in his mouth. At another fire in Lambeth Bob was present as usual, and the firemen were told that all the inmates had been saved; but Bob went to a side door and barked loudly, which attracted the notice of the brigade,

who felt convinced that some one was in the passage, and on opening the door a child was found nearly suffocated.

Poor Bob got very severely burnt on one occasion, and became in consequence a much-cared-for inmate of the hospital of the Veterinary College. As soon as he was equal to the effort, it was only for a fireman to say, "Show the gentlemen how you can pump," or, "how you can run up a ladder and fetch," for Bob to obey, exciting the admiration of all the lookers-on. In a little time Bob was fully restored by the attentions he received in that establishment. In May, 1860, he went through his various extraordinary performances at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the purpose of showing how obedient dumb animals may be made by kindly treatment; and so greatly were the audience gratified that he was to have appeared again before them at the next anniversary, but, unhappily, a few days before its occurrence, he was run over by an engine while proceeding to a fire, and killed, like all his predecessors.



THE DOG OF THE WATCH

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOG OF THE WATCH.

ANIMALS that may thus be properly denominated may be seen in various parts of the earth. Gigantic creatures of this kind, for example, are found on the table-land of the Himalaya mountains about Thibet. Their masters, the Bhotas, to whom they are most strongly attached, are a singular race, of a ruddy copper colour, rather short, but of an excellent disposition. Their clothing is adapted to the cold climate which they inhabit, and consists of fur and woollen cloth. The men till the ground and keep sheep and cattle, and at certain seasons come down to trade, bringing borax, tincal, and musk for sale. Sometimes they penetrate as far as Calcutta. On these occasions the women remain at home with the dogs, and the encampment is watched by the latter, which have an almost irreconcilable aversion to Europeans, and, in general, fly most ferociously at a white face.

A characteristic anecdote of them is thus furnished by Captain Turner:—"Entering a Thibet village, and, being indolently disposed,

and prompted by mere curiosity, I strolled alone among the houses; and, seeing everything still and quiet, I turned into one of the stone enclosures which serve as folds for cattle. The instant I entered the gate, to my astonishment up started a huge dog, big enough, if his courage had been equal to his size, to fight a lion. He kept me at bay with a most clamorous bark, and I was a good deal startled at first; but, recollecting their cowardly disposition, I stood still; for, having once had one in my possession, I knew that they were fierce only when they perceived themselves feared. If I had attempted to run, he probably would have flown upon me and torn me in pieces, before any one could have come to my rescue. Some person came out of the house, and he was soon silenced."

At Pompeii a mosaic pavement was discovered, some years ago, representing a Roman watchdog, remarkably stout and muscular, with a tail somewhat fringed, a large head, long and broad muzzle, and sharp erect ears, wearing a spiked collar, fastened by means of a chain, while underneath his feet was written, *Cave canem*—beware of the dog. A representation of this animal, with this inscription, has been observed by many at the entrance of the Pompeian Court of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Captain Raper mentions dogs of the same kind, one of which was a remarkably fine ani-

mal, as large as a good-sized Newfoundland dog, with very long hair, and a head resembling a mastiff's. His tail was of an extraordinary length, like the brush of a fox, and curled half-way over his back. He was, however, so fierce that he would allow no stranger to approach him; and the same spirit was observable in the rest of the species. Mr. Moorcroft also states that the Uniyas had dogs with their flocks which were fierce and much disposed to attack strangers. Some years ago there were specimens of these Thibetian dogs in our Zoological Gardens. They were larger than any of our mastiffs; their colour was a deep black, slightly clouded on the sides; their feet and a spot over each eye alone being of a full tawny or bright brown. They had the broad, short, truncated muzzle of the mastiff, and lips still more deeply pendulous. In fact, there appeared throughout a general looseness of skin.

The mastiff with which we are familiar is remarkable for the shortness and breadth of the head; not, however, from a corresponding development of the brain, but from the magnitude of the temporal muscles, which are attached to a bony ridge passing down the median line of the skull. The expression of the eyes is louring; the jaws have enormous strength; the lips are pendulous; the limbs extremely muscular; and the general form thick-set and robust. It has

been supposed that the mastiff was imported from the cold regions of Central Asia into Europe, and ultimately by the Cimbric Celts into Britain; but, however this may be, the mastiff is of old standing in our island, and has been long renowned for its great powers and courage.

Rogers relates that, when the late R. H. T. Grenville was a young man, he one day dined with Lord Spencer at Wimbledon. Among the company was George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, who declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spencer said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the court-yard here, which is the terror of the neighbourhood; will you try your powers on him?" Pitt agreed to do so; and the company descended into the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him steadily in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and, leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after. "During one of my visits to Italy," adds Rogers, "while I was walking a little before my carriage, on the road not far from Vicenza, I perceived two huge dogs, nearly as tall as myself, bounding towards me from out a gateway, though there

was no house in sight. I recollected what Pitt had done; and, trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again."

Another instance of self-possession should not be omitted. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a dog appeared pursued by the peasants, which she discovered was mad. With admirable bravery, she went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and, muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt, but she fainted after it was all right.

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

The vigilance the mastiff displays in its master's service is very remarkable. A visitor at a gentleman's house in the country was taking a moonlight walk through the shrubbery and pleasure grounds, when he was startled by a noise behind him. On turning his head he saw a large mastiff, which was ordinarily let loose as evening closed, and which had tracked him through the grounds. The dog with a fierce growl roughly seized him, and the visitor thought that "discretion is the

better part of valour." He was unceremoniously led back to the hall-door, where he was relieved by the master of the house. Subsequently assured he had no cause for fear, he repeated his walk; but he found the dog again at his side, in the style of one, however, who had become acquainted with a friend of his master,—acknowledging in the usual way his words of conciliation.

The writer was well acquainted with two ladies, Misses T——, who were sleeping together at the house of a country friend to whom they were paying their first visit. In the middle of the night they were both awake from that uneasiness of stomach of which, many persons have much painful experience. It suddenly occurred to one of them, Miss S—— T——, that she had seen some very nice-looking loaves taken into a pantry in the course of the day, and that a piece of one of these would relieve their inward cravings, and she proposed to go down stairs, make her way to the pantry, and obtain the needed and desired relief. A second thought, on the suggestion of her sister, Miss B—— T——, prevented her so doing, and soon after they fell asleep. At breakfast next morning the former related to the family what had transpired, when, to her astonishment, her host said: "I am thankful you did not come down; our mastiff is always let in at night as a guard below, and he would certainly have torn you in pieces!" The emotions produced by

such a statement may easily be imagined; and never did the lady referred to recur to it subsequently without feeling unspeakable obligation to the God of Providence, who had thus graciously saved her from a sudden and dreadful death.

A lady at Bath, when walking out one day, found her progress impeded by a strange mastiff dog, until, somewhat alarmed, she discovered the loss of her veil. Retracing her steps, the dog went on before her till she found the veil, when the sagacious animal instantly hastened after his own master.

In the life of Sir Walter Scott it is said: "Lord R. Kerr told us he had a letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), stating that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when he was awakened by a sense of suffocation which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, when the fresh air restored his powers of existence and of escape. This is very different from most cases of preservation of life by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which element he has force and skill; that of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind."

Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxford, the ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff as a watch-dog, but which was no favourite with his master, or any of the household.

One night, as Sir Henry was retiring to rest, attended by a confidential valet, an Italian, the mastiff followed them up stairs, as he had never done before, and to his master's astonishment, entered his bedroom, and was instantly turned out as an intruder. The dog now scratched violently at the door, and howled loudly to be re-admitted. The valet was sent to drive him away, but he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Henry, tired of opposing him, greatly surprised at the dog's apparent fondness for one who had never shown him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, told the valet to open the door, to see what he would do. The mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at Sir Henry, deliberately walked up, and, crawling under the bed, laid himself down. He was allowed to remain there; the valet withdrew, and all was still.

About midnight, the chamber-door opened, and a person stepped across the room. Sir Henry started from sleep, the dog sprang from his covert, and instantly fixed the intruder to the spot. All was dark, and in great trepidation Sir Henry rang for a light, while the person who was

pinned to the floor by the mastiff roared loudly for assistance. It proved to be the valet.

He now apologised for his intrusion, and attempted to explain it; but the appearance of the man and the conduct of the dog excited so much suspicion in Sir Henry's mind, that he ordered the valet to be taken before a magistrate. In his presence, the valet, fearing punishment and yet hoping for mercy, confessed it had been his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house; which was frustrated entirely through the means of the mastiff's affection and sagacity. A full-length portrait of Sir Henry, with the mastiff by his side, is preserved among the family pictures, bearing the highly appropriate inscription: "More faithful than favoured."

A dog of such strength as the mastiff would not be expected to be, at any time, gentle in its treatment; and yet there are occasions in which it becomes suddenly so. A large and fierce-looking mastiff broke his chain, and ran along the Bath road, to the great terror and consternation of those he passed. Suddenly running by an interesting little boy, the child struck him with a stick, when the dog turned on his assailant. The little fellow, so far from being intimidated, flung his arms round the neck of the mastiff, which instantly became appeased, and in return caressed the child. Few dogs will bite a child, or even a puppy; and Captain Brown states that

he has a mastiff which will not allow any one of his family to take a bone from him except the youngest child.

A boy at the High School of Edinburgh made acquaintance with a dog called Rab, the guardian of the wain of the Howgate carrier, in consequence of seeing him comport himself nobly in a fight with one of his own species. The acquaintance was kept up till the youth became a medical student and clerk in the Minto House Hospital; and in after-days, when well known as Dr. Brown, he told the tale of Rab* in such a manner that it is not likely to be forgotten by any one who has the rare pleasure of making its acquaintance.

"We had," he says, "much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratchings of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him, he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me 'Master John,' but was laconic as any Spartan."

His wife Ailie suffered from a cancer in the breast, and applied for aid to Minto House Hospital. Here, then, we take up the narrative, as specially adapted to our purpose:—"I got her away to bed. 'May Rab and me bide?' said

* Brown's "Sydenham," &c.

James. 'You may; and Rab, if he will behave himself.' 'I'se warrant he's do that, doctor,' and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. 'There are no such dogs now; he belonged to a lost tribe. He was brindled and grey, like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds weight at the least. He had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night; a tooth or two, being all he had, gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the record of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out; one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's, but for different reasons; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was ever unfurling itself like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about an inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long: the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and the swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and, having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy,

he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and he had the gravity of all great fighters."

It was necessary for Ailie to undergo a fearful operation; but one look at her quiets and abates the eager multitude of students crowding the operating theatre. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. Behind her was James with Rab, who looked perplexed and dangerous, for ever cocking his ear, and dropping it as fast. Ailie lays herself calmly on the table, chloroform is administered, and the surgeon does his work. Rab's soul was, meanwhile, working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up and importunate; he grunted, and gave now and then a short impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glance from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James: it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

With the help of James and Mr. Brown, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. He behaved well, showing how meek and gentle he could be, but occasionally in his sleep giving intimation that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with Mr. Brown, but he was sombre and mild, declined doing battle, though some

provocations occurred; he submitted, indeed, to sundry indignities; and was always ready to turn, went faster back than he had come, and trotting up the hospital staircase with great lightness, went straight to *that* door.

Four days after the operation, Ailie became worse; James, who had proved a most skilful and tender nurse, was never in the way, never out of it; while Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie died, and Rab was left in charge of the corpse. When he heard the well-known noise of the cart for the removal of the beloved remains, Rab never moved. James, with an utterly miserable face, strode with them along the passage and down stairs, followed by Rab, who, in a few minutes, presided alone behind the cart. A little while after, James buried his wife, his neighbours mourning with him, and Rab observing the funeral from a distance. A low fever was prevailing in the village; James took it rather suddenly, and soon died. The grave, though it was winter, was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

Mr. Brown thus concludes the tale which we have slightly sketched:—"And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier, who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now

master of Jess and her cart. 'Where's Rab?' He put me off, and said rather rudely, 'What's *your* business wi' the dowg?' I was not to be so put off. 'Where's Rab?' He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, 'Deed, sir; Rab's deed.' 'Dead! what did he die of?' 'Weel, sir,' said he, getting redder, 'he didna exactly die, he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doing wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I temptit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak' naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur-gurrin' and grup-gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill; but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else.' I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete."

A mastiff, brought up by M. D'Obsonville in India from two months old, accompanied him and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than 300 leagues. "Our journey," he continues, "occupied nearly three weeks; and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and to go along several by-paths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with

whom I had generally lived. Now, the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food, but how he should so well have found his way after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

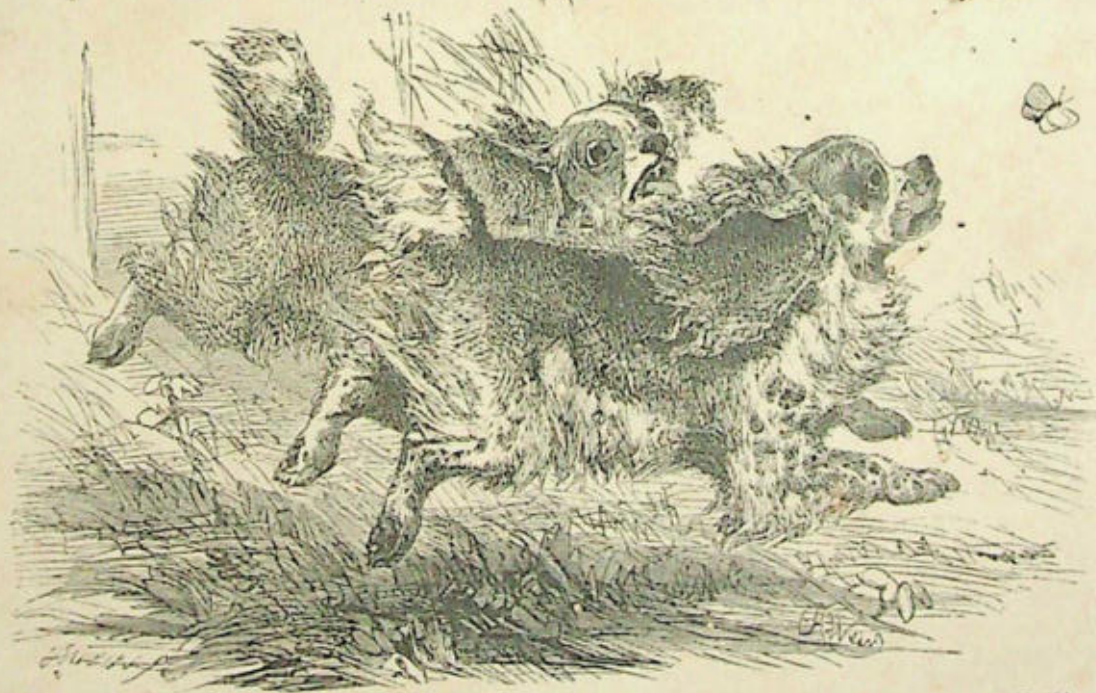
CHAPTER XVII.

THE DOG OF THE HOME.

"EVERY family," says Dr. Brown, "should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and the crony of the whole house. It keeps them all going; and then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed; is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly ask your pardon."

A dog, called a cocker, was quiet when the morning was rainy, but when it was fine the dog would pull his master by the flap of the coat; and, on the door being opened, run far away to the keeper's lodge, as a signal for the other dogs to be brought up; when it would trot back gaily to announce their coming.

The King Charles, that has now for many years stood as prime pet with ladies, ranks in estimation as he exhibits more or less the



SPANIELS—THE "KING CHARLES."

following perfections:—Smallness of size, symmetry of proportion, richness of colour, and length of ears. The black and tan are the most admired—the depth of colour in the black and the richness of the tan constituting the beauty of each hue. The absence of white greatly enhances the value of these colours.

The Blenheim spaniel belongs to a breed cultivated by one of the Dukes of Marlborough, the beauty and occasional gaiety of which renders it a favourite in the drawing-room, but it sometimes shows its taste for the sports of the field.

“A good spaniel is” still “a great jewel.” Its intelligence and affection secure it a place at the fireside as well as a task amidst the sports of the field. We have read of the

“Spaniel, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir”

and at the late Islington Dog Show, the grand-daughter of Rose, the most luxuriant-coated lady-dog ever known in England, whose tresses were thirteen and a half inches in length, had her family tree placed at her door, so that all might notice her lofty lineage. Other spaniels were there, each one reclining on its little cushion, and having a scarlet ribbon in its jet-black hair, only to be bought by those who could give from ten to seventy guineas for a canine pet. We have heard even of the latter sum being refused for a choice spaniel.

Mrs. H——, a friend of mine, has a black and white spaniel of no particular breed, about three years old, sharp in temper, a capital house-dog, very fond of her mistress, and commonly jealous of her attentions to any other dog. It was supposed that this creature, named Topsy, would not make herself very agreeable when there was brought to her own home and hearth a little seven-months' old spaniel, named Ven, which had been bred at Blenheim Palace. But the contrary proved to be the case.

When Ven had the canker in her teeth, and her gums were rubbed with powdered burnt alum, causing soreness, Topsy seems to have found out that she could afford some relief to the sufferer. As Ven was sitting on the hearth-rug, Topsy was observed to be standing, licking her gums and lips, and then going round and round, with great patience, while Ven turned her head about to enjoy the full pleasure of the process.

"Since then," says their mistress, "I was feeding them in the kitchen from the same plate, but removed it on seeing Ven eat voraciously, as I thought she had ate sufficiently, and called Topsy to take what was left. She came to the plate, but would not touch its contents, looking only at Ven; when, however, I allowed her to accept the invitation, both resumed eating. Again Ven was sent off, and again Topsy ceased to eat, looking very dejected, with her ears and tail hanging

down; and as my efforts to induce her to eat alone failed, Ven was permitted again to return, when her friend's ears and tail went up, and her eyes brightened. A third time I sent away Ven, when once more Topsy refused to eat, and her dejection increased; only to be removed by the return of her companion to what remained on the plate."

A little Blenheim spaniel accompanied her mistress to the house of a relative, where it was taken into the kitchen to be fed, when two large favourite cats flew at it several times, and scratched it severely. In the habit of following its mistress in her walks in the garden, it gradually formed an attachment to a young cat of the gardener's, tempting it first into the hall, and then into the kitchen. Finding one of the offenders here, the spaniel and its ally fell upon it, and beat it soundly; then waited for the other culprit, which they also punished, and finally drove both cats from the kitchen. The spaniel, during the remainder of the visit of her mistress, ate off the same plate as the cat.

A dog belonging to some friends of the writer, was especially fond of a game at "hide and seek," and would frequently express, in all possible ways, his importunity, till his master went to the drawer containing the ball. The moment he saw the drawer being opened, he scampered into the hall to wait the hiding, until he heard a well-

known whistle, when he commenced a thorough search for the ball through the room. On finding it, he always threw it at his master's feet, and ran into the hall to wait for another hiding.

Another spaniel well-known to the writer, gave numerous proofs of her sagacity. At night, for instance, her master was accustomed to say, "Good night, Flora!" and opening the door of the sitting-room, she at once went to the kitchen, where she slept on one of the chairs which she preferred to the rest. More than once by way of experiment, he took up the candle, and said "Good night, Flora!" but she only followed a few steps and looked up in his face as if she would say, had she the power of language, "No! No! you don't mean it." The fact was, he was accustomed when about to withdraw for the night to put out the fire, look to the window, and take with him a plate-basket, and if these things were done Flora retired unhesitatingly, but never otherwise.

As regular washing kept up her pleasing appearance (for when quite clean her coat was very beautiful) as well as promoted her health and comfort, this was attended to, with some little difficulty on Flora's part, on a Saturday night. No sooner, however, did she catch sight of the well-known tub, placed on the floor or on a stool, than she was off into the garden, or over the wall into the next; anywhere, in fact, to escape

the dreaded infliction ; while, if the door defied all her efforts to open it, she slunk into the darkest corner, and squeezed herself up into the smallest possible space, hoping by such devices, that the servant would not see her.

And yet, no sooner was she captured, placed in the warm water, and well rubbed, than, could she have spoken, she would have said, " Now, that is good ! " and if she was told to turn about, she did so at once, becoming, as she was one of the most comfortable, one of the most tractable, of dogs. When she was told to get out of the tub, and then to shake herself, she instantly obeyed ; standing still at the word of command, when she was carefully wrapped up in an old shawl, with only her head out, and laid in a chair, which she well knew, and in which she was accustomed to sleep, till the morning came, when her night-dress was removed, and she was once more at liberty. Flora, however, never profited by experience ; she always went through the same round of fears and joys ; and so it was precisely with another of the writer's canine acquaintances.

A spaniel belonging to a friend of the writer's, kept out of the way, or hid himself in all sorts of places, and sometimes successfully, to escape his Saturday night's washing ; but when once soaped in the tub, looked the very picture of meekness and resignation. A strong mutual friendship was formed between him and the cat ;

she licked him assiduously after this process had been gone through, and always laid upon him before the fire. He, in return, was not only fond of her, but of her kittens, fondling them affectionately, and apparently disposed to take the care of them on himself.

A friend of mine had a spaniel and a terrier, both of small size; and if any one said, by way of trial, in the ordinary tone of voice, without looking at the dogs, "I am sure a cat must be somewhere about the house," they were instantly excited, and searched in every place for the creature they instinctively hated.

Mr. Edwards mentions a dog who, however, apparently unconcerned before, no sooner heard the word *gants*, gloves, than he was off in search of what he supposed to be the missing articles; and M. Audoin knew another, belonging to his aunt, who, on hearing the word *gimblettes*, gingerbread cakes, ran instantly to the cupboard where they were kept.

Dr. Gall remarks, and his statement has been quoted approvingly by eminent men in our own country:—"I have often spoken intentionally of objects that would interest my dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention. He, however, showed no less pleasure or sorrow, as it might be; and, indeed, manifested by his behaviour that he had perfectly understood the

conversation which concerned him. I had taken a bitch from Vienna to Paris; in a very short time she comprehended French as well as German, of which I satisfied myself, by repeating before her whole sentences in both languages."

A friend of the writer, Mr. B——, had a spaniel of the long-nosed and long-eared tribe, approaching in appearance that of a small water-dog, whose movements were not a little amusing. They lived in the suburbs of the metropolis; and one of its habits was, when his master returned from town, as he did daily, to watch for his being quietly seated and at leisure, and then to spring up, hug him round the neck, licking his face and behind his ears; and this warm embrace once over, he never took any further notice of his master till he next came home.

It was this dog's practice to shake paws with every visitor. With great gravity would he go round the drawing-room, holding out his paw to each one there, with a sort of grunt as *his* word of welcome. It was easy for those who knew him well to work powerfully on his feelings. Ask him if he would like a mutton-chop, say "such nice eating,"—"O so good!"—and at each successive stage of the appeal his tongue would take a wider range, and his gustatory powers seem revelling in the ideal repast. In like manner, when seated before his master or mistress, if either told a doleful story, interspersing

it with such phrases as "poor dear,"—"O so sad!"—in a mournful tone of voice, his look was that of great interest; then he would give a slight grunt, as if indicative of comprehension, gradually the tears would come into his eyes, and at last his sympathy was expressed in a howl.

This dog was very jealous of a baby; and if one were in the room he would creep under the sofa, and look with extreme dissatisfaction at the little creature. So long as it was there he would not come out, but sulk. All attempts to pacify him were utterly in vain; the proffered cake was indignantly refused; and it was only for one of the family to take the baby, thus adding insult to injury, to excite his wrath to the utmost. On the next day, however, he fairly recovered his composure.

When any of the family were going out and said W, this dog would get up from the hearth and listen attentively; the utterance of A would increase his excitement, but it reached its acme when L and K were added; though till he heard W he was perfectly still. He wanted, too, to be off at once, of which he gave many sufficiently practical illustrations. Thus, if his master lingered, he would go down-stairs, bring up a boot, and lay it at his feet, as much as to say, "What on earth are you waiting for?—Is it for this?" Any boot would be seized, however, as answering

his purpose; he knew as well as anybody about him that a boot, like a hat, was wanted for a walk.

One day, taking a walk with Mr. B——, sen., he dropped into a filthy ditch, and acquired an odour of which the family were glad to be free; so the dog was shut out of the rooms in which he usually roamed. Another gentleman, the father of Mrs. B——, called, and learning the cause of the dog's absence, said he would take him out and give him a thorough washing, as it was then pouring with rain, thus risking his own discomfort for the dog's benefit. But though, at other times, accustomed to take wide ranges, going far a-head, and looking carefully out at all turns of the road for those who were coming, the dog had, to Mr. B——'s great annoyance, kept close under his umbrella, and immediately returned to the same shelter, however often he was driven away.

Dr. Edward Walsh described, some years ago, a dog in his family, well deserving a high place in the records of canine sagacity. Quail was a brown water-spaniel; she stood nearly three feet high; her hair was dark auburn, curled in different parts with a crisp and graceful wave, but her bosom was of snowy whiteness. Vivacious as she was usually, she was particularly so when spoken to and receiving directions; she then inclined her head a little on one side, and looked at the person addressing her with the most

inquiring sagacity. She was, in fact, a model of canine beauty and intelligence.

The accomplishments taught her by the boys of the family, bore no proportion to those Quail obtained without instruction. When young, the first preparatory step was to make her perfect in fetching and carrying whatever she was sent for, both in and out of the water, till both elements were alike to her; and this seemed the foundation of everything else. She soon learned to distinguish what belonged to every person of the family, and to every part of the person. If a glove were lost it was only to show the hand to Quail, and she set out on a quest, searched every place in and near the house, and almost always succeeded in finding it. This she soon improved into finding of herself whatever was dropped, and conveying it safely to them. Many a pocket handkerchief was saved in this way, for which they never thought of sending Quail in search.

If one of the family met, out of doors, a companion, who asked him to walk, and he did not wish to lose time by returning for his hat, he had only to touch his head to Quail, and go on. The hats lay on the hall table, and she never failed to return to the house, select the one required from the rest, and, holding it out of the dirt as she had been taught, carry it to him. When sent back on such occasions, she

sometimes found the door shut, and could not get in; when, having tried in vain to gain an entrance by scratching, she adopted another method. As there was no rafter to the back-door, and persons generally thumped it with their fist, Quail learned of her own sagacity to imitate the action with her tail, and never failed to bring some one to open the door.

"On one occasion," says Dr. Walsh, "I remember I went out to shoot rails, and having fired at a bird, I prepared to charge again, but could not find my powder-horn. This loss Quail soon comprehended, and instantly went back in search of it. My way had been through several meadows and fields, and across roads and ditches, since I had last used it; through all these she retraced my footsteps, frequently questing through the intricate crossings I had made several times over the same fields, and so unravelling the whole distance I had gone for several miles, at length found the powder-horn, and returned to me with it after an absence of nearly an hour."

A very old woman in the family was fond of snuff, but not able to fetch it herself; and as the servant boy was not always willing, he taught Quail to be his substitute. Putting a halfpenny into the empty box, he gave it to the dog, who, forthwith, carried it in her mouth to the snuff-shop; and then, rising up to the counter with her fore-legs, she shook her head and rattled

the halfpenny. This was soon understood by the shopman, who took the money and filled the box, which Quail bore safely to the old woman.

Her sagacity within doors was equally in requisition. The family sat in the winter time, in a large parlour, reading round the fire, with Quail between the legs of one of them, and her head resting on the knees, waiting for any orders which might be given her. Told to shut the door, she lifted up her right fore-paw—for she actually had a preference for the use of the right paw—and pushed the door forward till the lock clicked. On one occasion she could not move the door; and after sundry efforts she returned, whining in that peculiar way by which she expressed embarrassment. It appeared that the room was smoking, and the servant having opened the door to let the smoke out, placed a smoothing iron against it. Quail, with her head on one side, pondered the case, when, as if the cause suddenly struck her, she ran at the iron, dragged it away, pushed with both feet against the door, shut it, and returned to her friends, with no ordinary exultation. Similar obstructions were often placed at the door; but the cause was no longer a mystery to Quail; she always, however, barked at it and shook it after its removal, as if to express her displeasure at the trouble it had given her. But the

instances of her sagacity appear absolutely endless.

When the portraits of his "Two Boys," painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, and admired by numbers at the International Exhibition of 1862, were sent home, they were instantly recognised with great joy by a spaniel who had been a favourite with the originals. The faithful creature endeavoured by every demonstration of affection to attract the notice of her friends; and was with difficulty withheld by one of the bystanders from leaping on them and overwhelming them with her caresses. This interesting recognition continued for many minutes, and was repeated on the next and following days; when, finding, doubtless, that the scent was wanting, Flossy slunk away abashed, evidently mortified, that her well-known play-fellows were so regardless of her proffered kindness, and yet turning upon them many a wistful look.

A somewhat similar fact is stated by Dr. Walsh. During the absence of his mother from home, a portrait of her arrived, and was placed, prior to its being hung up, on the sofa where she used to sit. He could not account for the boisterous joy of Quail in the dining-room one day, when, on looking in, he saw she had recognised the portrait, and was wagging her tail and frisking about, as she always did to express her joy, frequently looking up and licking the face—a

mark of affection she tried to pay to those she was fond of. When the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for some time before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently; and this she did till Mrs. Walsh's return, when the original, whose constant kindness she most warmly repaid, detached her attention from the portrait. The artist frequently declared—naturally enough—that he considered this recognition the highest compliment that could be paid him.

Very remarkable for its docility is the Spaniel race. One of these dogs has been taught to wait at table, take away plates and fetch others, carry wine in a glass without spilling, and even to hold the stirrup in his mouth for his master while he was mounting his horse. Mr. Daniel, the well-known author of "Rural Sports," gave to the Hon. Mr. Greville a spaniel, which in addition to the usual tricks performed by dogs in fetching and carrying, would bring bottles of wine by the neck from the corner of the room to the table without breaking one, and acted even as "boots" to the mess-room.

The late Colonel Hardy being sent for express to Bath, many years ago, was accompanied by a favourite spaniel in his chaise, which he did not quit till his arrival in that city. After staying there four days, he accidentally left his spaniel behind him, and returned, with equal haste, to

his residence at Springfield, in Essex. Three days after, the spaniel arrived there also, though the distance of that place from Bath is 140 miles, and she had to explore her way through London, to which she had never been except in her passage to Bath, and then within the confines of a close carriage.

Mr. Blaine says: "I was once called from dinner in a hurry to attend to something that had occurred; unintentionally I left a favourite cat in the room, together with a no less favourite spaniel. When I returned I found the latter, which was not a small figure, extending her whole length along the table by the side of a leg of mutton which I had left. On my entrance she showed no signs of fear, nor did she immediately alter her position. I was sure, therefore, that none but a good motive had placed her in this extraordinary situation, nor had I long to conjecture. Puss was skulking in a corner, and though the mutton was untouched, yet her conscious fears clearly evinced that she had been driven from the table in the act of attempting a robbery on the meat, to which she was too prone, and that her situation had been occupied by this faithful spaniel to prevent a repetition of the attempt. This property of guarding victuals from the cat, or from other dogs, was a daily practice of this animal; and while cooking was going forward, the floor might have been strewed

with eatables, which would have been all safe from her own touch, and as carefully guarded from that of others. A similar property is common to many dogs, but to spaniels particularly.

An Italian greyhound is often a pet in a drawing-room; and is said not to be remarkable for intelligence and to change its attachments with great facility. No doubt its qualities depend largely on the treatment accorded to it and its race.

One service, at least, a small Italian greyhound rendered to Frederick the Great of Prussia; it was a great favourite, and he used to carry it about with him under his cloak. When a secret alliance between France, Austria, Saxony, and Russia led to what was called "the Seven Years' War," the King of Prussia's situation was most critical, and once it was so desperate that he seriously contemplated suicide. Pursued by a party of Austrian dragoons, he took shelter with his pet greyhound, under the dry arch of a bridge, and ill-tempered and noisy as it was, perhaps from over-indulgence, a yelp or a bark would have led to the capture of its master; but it clung close to him in perfect silence, as if aware that they were both in danger, and thus it was he escaped. When this dog died it was buried in the gardens of the palace at Berlin, and a testimony to its value placed over its grave.

The Pug-Dog is generally considered of Dutch

origin; and of one of the race the following story is told. The Prince of Orange, father of William III., in one of the actions in the Low Countries, having retired into the camp, Julian Romero with much persuasion obtained leave of the Duke of Alva to hazard a night attack on the Prince. At midnight Julian sallied forth with a thousand armed men, who forced all the guards they found in their way into the place of arms before the Prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries.

So resolute was this attack that the guards of the tent took no alarm until the others were running to the place of arms with the enemy at their heels. The Prince was awoke before any of his men by the noise of a pug-dog, and as he always slept armed, with a lacquey holding his horse bridled and saddled, he happily escaped. To show his gratitude, the Prince kept a pug-dog as long as he lived.

"Hold! hold!" said a boy to a livery servant, who had been carrying a meagre, diseased, and miserable looking pug-dog in his arms from the mansion, at the command of his mistress, and was preparing a noose for his execution. "What would you do, my lad, with such a filthy dog?" was the reply; "he is better out of the way, as my lady says; so here goes." As, however, the boy, moved with pity, held the hand of the servant, throwing it to him with unfeeling violence, the servant exclaimed, "There, then, take

the brute if you will, only don't let us be plagued with it again, and I wish you joy of your bargain."

The attentions of the boy and his mother to the overfed pet were soon effectual, and Cast-off as the boy called him, was soon able to jump and caper and beg as usual, and to bark as loudly as he had ever done; and only the removal of the lady from the mansion put an end to the fear that his beauty and hilarity would lead to his being reclaimed.

The bequest of a little money to the mother and her son soon became known, and a man in the village, of bad character, determined on robbing them of it at night while they were asleep. But no sooner did the ruffian try to open the slightly fastened door than Cast-off set up such a loud and continued barking that the boy was awakened, and on seeing him the man made a swift retreat. He afterwards confessed, when taken up for another crime, that he would have murdered the cottagers had it not been for the barking of the dog.

An affectionate little pug-dog accompanied Dr. E. D. Clarke in his travels in the north of Europe, enduring all the vicissitudes of heat, cold, and fatigue with the most perfect good humour. Naturally afraid of the water, and always averse from entering it, he crossed all the rivers and lakes of Lapland, Sweden, and Norway; and detesting bodily exercise, accompanied him for three years.

in different climates, and ultimately performed a journey on foot, keeping up with horses, from Athens, through all Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace; making the tour of the Archipelago to Constantinople, and thence, in the same manner, through Bulgaria and Wallachia to Bucharest.

Instances have already been given of the strong attachment of dogs to members of the family, but of this there is sometimes a very extraordinary expression. Of this Mrs. Barrett Browning was satisfied, as she said:—

“ Yet, my pretty sportive friend,

Little is't to such an end

That I praise thy rareness !

Other dogs may be thy peers,

Haply, in those drooping ears

And this glossy fairness.

“ But of thee it shall be said,

This dog watched beside a bed

Day and night, unwearied,—

Watched within a curtained room

Where no sunbeam broke the gloom

Round the sick and dreary.

“ Roses, gathered for a vase,

In that chamber died apace,

Beam and breeze resigning—

This dog only waited on,

Knowing that when light is gone

Love remains, far shining.

“ Other dogs, in thymy den

Tracked the hares and followed through

Sunny moor or meadow—

This dog only crept and crept

Next a languid cheek that slept,

Sharing in the shadow.

“Other dogs of loyal cheer
 Bounded at the whistle clear,
 Up the woodside hieing—
 This dog only watched in reach
 Of a faintly uttered speech,
 Or a louder sighing.

“And if one or two quick tears
 Dropped upon its glossy ears,
 Or a sigh came double—
 Up he sprang in eager haste,
 Fawning, forlorn, breathing fast,
 In a tender trouble.”

Flora, already mentioned, would, doubtless, have been as sympathetic in similar circumstances. The mistress of the family was, for some weeks, confined to her bed, and when partially recovered the dog was taken up stairs into her room; Flora instantly bounded on the bed, loaded her with expressions of the greatest fondness, and displayed so vehemently her canine ecstasy, that it was too much for the invalid, who reluctantly desired that she might be removed. When, too, the mistress of the next house, with whom Flora was a great favourite, was laid aside, the dog regularly visited her until she was unable to bear its caresses, and then Flora set up such a moaning at the chamber door that the husband of the sufferer directed that she should be shut out of the house, being unable, as he said, to endure any longer the expression of her grief.

THE TERRIER.—“The genteel Terrier,” as

Bewick * calls him, has left many a story of sagacity, kindness, and fidelity.

Spratton, already mentioned, was always a good house dog, but, remarkably enough, invariably the most vigilant when the house was worst protected. When he knew that only the weaker sex were at home—which often happened—he was not easy without constantly trotting down to the road, about a hundred yards from the house, to proclaim to all within sound of his most furious bark that he would show any of them no mercy should they dare to enter the domain which had been entrusted to his charge.

Spratton often shared the hassock at the fire with his friend the cat, with whom he frequently joined in a game of romps on the hearth. To his friends he was one of the most loving of his race. He always made a broad distinction between visitors and beggars; to the former he was quickly reconciled, but there was something about the latter that painfully jarred with his sense of propriety, nor did any demonstration he could make seem to give it an adequate expression.

A Skye ferrier, given to a young lady, seemed fully aware from the first that she was her special property, and for a long time declined to go out for a walk even with her husband, without first going to her and asking permission in "doggy" fashion; nor would she then go unless the answer were clear and decided. She is now about four

years old and is very fond of all the children, but is forbidden to visit the nursery. Sometimes, however, she longs for that pleasure so much as to steal up the back stairs to them when at breakfast, before her master and mistress have left their room; but always takes care to run down through the kitchen into the garden, and so into the house, to avoid their detecting her, and is found by them lying on the mat as usual, ready to say to them "good morning."

Nip, as Susan Nipper is usually called, regularly accompanies her master in his stroll about the garden after breakfast, and if he hesitates longer than usual to light his cigar she invariably reminds him by walking round and round him, and perpetually sneezing till her hint is taken and they go out of doors together.

When Nip had puppies, she went into the house, sought for her mistress, pulled her by her dress to the stable, and exhibited her treasures; and on each successive day she proceeded to the house expressly to caress her and her master in an unusual manner for about five minutes, till her puppies could run about. These visits were not paid for food, as this was stately taken to her; her object was simply to tell her much-loved friends that she was called away from them by other duties—almost to her regret—and when her puppies could properly be left she returned to her usual places in the house.

On one occasion, her master found a very young hare, whose mother he had shot, and gave it to Nip, who immediately took charge of it with a puppy of her own, and was equally kind to it. After a while the leveret died, when Nip, grieving much over it, dug a hole in the garden and buried there her little protégé.

"I am sure," says my informant, "she knows a great deal of what we are talking about, if the matter has any interest to her. If we say, in the most casual way, for instance, to one another, 'Really, I don't believe John has washed that dog for ever so long,' though Nip may have been apparently asleep before the fire, she contrives, somehow or other, to disappear."

Another Skye terrier, who lives not far from Nip, is equally clever and amusing. Fido knows what time the postman will ring in the morning, and directly he hears the bell rushes out, brings all the letters, sometimes eight or ten, in his mouth, drops them into the lap of his mistress, and then waits for a lump of sugar, his usual reward. When his master and mistress return from a walk, Fido first fetches his master's slippers, which are near at hand, then runs up stairs to his mistress's room for her shoes, and should a visitor be with them will provide for her or him also.

His most recent attainment is that of singing for cake or some other dainty. In these per-

performances Fido sits upright on a chair, and makes extraordinary efforts to produce sounds. Sometimes his mistress will tell him he does not sing high enough, when, setting an example herself, he reaches a higher note. It is most amusing, if he is kept singing longer than he likes, to listen to his tune subsiding into a short bark, saying plainly enough, "I'm sure I have been singing quite long enough—why don't you give me the cake?"

Douglas Jerrold was fond of dogs. As he pushed through the gate of his cottage, on Putney Common, about eight o'clock in the morning, according to his son and biographer, a little black-and-tan terrier followed, and rolled over the grass at intervals; as a response to a cheery word from its master. As the family gathered round the study fire, where beech-wood crackled, this dog, Mouse, would creep to her master's feet, and be instantly raised to the arm-chair, to form the subject of some odd anecdote. But only let her master pet the cat, or even a chubby little grandson, and Mouse would surlily leave the company, and look *doggedly* out of a window. She might be called while the cat or child was being fondled; but she would not turn her head for a moment. Yet let one of the family fall ill, and Mouse would lie at the foot of the bed day and night, and be restless if turned thence for a few minutes.

Jerrold had also a tawny bull-terrier, savage to strangers, but to him gentle as a kitten. The frolics of this dog and Mouse were often amusing; Mouse, following closely at her master's heels, turning sulkily away as he pats Vic; or Mouse barking at the ferocious Vic—Vic not condescending to take the least notice of the angry little pet. And shortly before Jerrold's death it is affecting to read that when he had risen from bed, determined to lie on his study sofa, within sight of the garden: "I," says his son, "could only look at him as he lay, with his white hair streaming upon the pillow, and his thin hand upon the head of little Mouse, who had followed him from his bed-room, and was lying by his side."

The poodle, probably of continental origin, and originally a water-dog, which may be trained to almost any useful purpose, has thick curly hair, concealing almost every part of the face, and an unusually large cerebral cavity. And to these must be added the Italian greyhound, which is far from being so gifted, but sometimes combines great beauty with much good nature.

Mr. Broderip, having described some little French dogs as having "very fine neat limbs, very high foreheads, prominent expressive eyes, long ears, which they erect so as to look a little like Fennecs, a tight-curved tail, and a very close fine coat," pictures three of them in company

with Rundy, a beautiful beagle, especially when a splendid fellow of a French pointer was occasionally admitted into the party.

"The well-educated pointer," he most graphically says, "who could do everything but talk, was ordered into a chair, where he sat with a most becoming gravity, and there, wrapped in a cloak, and with his foraging cap jauntingly cocked over one eye, and a roll of paper in his mouth for a cigar, he looked much more manly than the whey-faced bipeds who pollute our streets and add their mouthful of foul smoke to 'de fog and filthy air' of this reeking town.

"When the little hapless dogs on the carpet saw this they would surround his chair, sitting up in the usual begging position, and hoping, apparently, that among his other accomplishments he had learned the all-soothing art of nursing. Rundy generally took this opportunity of securing the best place on the rug, where he lay stretched out on his side before the fire. The suppliants finding that the Frenchman in the chair made no sign, and that they could produce no impression on the flinty hearts of the rest of the company, to each of whom in succession they had sat up, adjourned one after the other, and after sitting up for a moment to the recumbent Rundy, sat down upon him, looking, as a friend once said, like a coroner's jury sitting on the body; and indeed Rundy, who was good-tempered and used to the

operation, lay as still as if he had been no longer of this world.

“They seemed to have the greatest objection to resting on the floor, richly Turkey-carpeted though it was. When they were thus seated, looking at the fire, with their backs to the company, the words, ‘Well, you may come,’ uttered without any particular emphasis, would bring them all in a moment bounding into the laps of the speakers. At night they would always look out for a friend who would take them to bed, otherwise the mat was their portion. At the well-known ‘*au lit, au lit,*’ they would rush from the snuggest of laps, and gambol before you to your bed-room. As soon as they entered it and were told, ‘you may go into bed,’ they would creep in between the sheets at the top, and work their way down to the bottom, where they would lie all night at your feet, without moving, unless a particularly favoured Lilliputian was permitted to come up and lay its head on the pillow or your arm.”*

Some eighty years ago, when preparations were being made at St. Paul’s Cathedral, for the reception of King George III., on the thanksgiving appointed to take place on his recovery from temporary mental derangement, a favourite dog followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome; here all

* “Zoological Recreations.”

at once it was missing, and calling and whistling were of no avail. Nine weeks, with the exception of two days, had elapsed, when some glaziers at work in the cathedral, heard among the timbers supporting the dome a faint noise, and thinking it might proceed from some unfortunate human being, they let a boy down by a rope near the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The boy humanely rescued the living dog, greatly emaciated, and scarcely able to stand, from its wretched situation, and it was placed at about ten o'clock in the morning in the porch of the cathedral by the workmen, who knew not whether it would die or live.

Some time after it was seen endeavouring to cross the top of Ludgate Hill, but its extreme weakness attracted the attention of a boy, who carried it safely over. Aided by the houses it reached Fleet Market, and passed over two or three narrow crossings, in its way to Holborn Bridge; and about eight in the evening it reached its master's house in Red Lion Street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, which, though nearly exhausted, it had intently sought for ten successive hours. Its master could scarcely recognise in that shrunken frame, with eyes so sunk in the head as to be scarcely discernible, his former favourite, but no sooner did

he say "Phillis," than the response was made with unmistakeable joy. Unable to eat or drink for a long time, this dog, so devotedly attached to its home, was gradually fed with a teaspoon by its mistress, and was restored by her care.

The restraint that a dog can impose on itself during religious services would not easily be imagined. On the arrival in the family of Flora, already mentioned, it was thought desirable to shut her out of the breakfast-room, when domestic worship was about to take place, but as she made her way back whenever it was possible, it was determined she should remain if she were well-behaved. A French window opened into the garden, a mat stood by the window, and when the service was about to begin, if she were passing from one to another or warming herself in front of the fire, a word, "go to the mat," or the pointing of a finger to it, was immediately obeyed. In a very little time she needed no such directions, but, as soon as she saw the service was about to begin, Flora rose softly, proceeded to the mat, laid herself down, resting her head on her fore-feet, nor did she stir until she saw the family in their usual state. One morning they assembled in another room, with no French window and no mat, at which Flora was rather disconcerted; but soon espying a hassock, she ventured on this, and conducted herself with her ordinary propriety. On another occasion, a

stool for flower-pots was placed in the French window, instead of the mat. Flora thought this would serve her purpose, but, unhappily, climbing too near one end, the stool tilted up and dislodged her; the only instance in which a mishap of hers occasioned the slightest disturbance.

In the house of M. Rôger, at Locoyaine, family worship was conducted every evening, and the dog would listen quietly to the pater-nosters until the last was begun, when he would get up and place himself at the door, ready to go out as soon as it was opened. It was evident that he knew how to count the number of prayers usually repeated.

We add another fact from the Calendar of the Ettrick Shepherd:—"It was customary with the worthy old farmer with whom I resided, to perform family worship every evening and morning; and before he began it was always necessary to drive Sirrah to the fields, and close the door. If this was at any time forgot or neglected, the moment that the psalm was raised he joined with all his zeal, and at such a rate that he drowned the voices of the family before three lines could be sung. Nothing further could be done till Sirrah was expelled. But then! when he got to the peat-stack knowe before the door, especially if he got a blow in going out, he *did* give his powers of voice full scope, without mitigation; and even at that distance he was often a hard match

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

Count, the Kangaroo Island dog, of whom several facts have been given, directly he sees preparations being made for the worship of the household, always leaves the room.

Count is a hound, with a very short, close coat, unlike other dogs from Australia, which have long hair; and as he emits no smell whatever, even in a warm room, while all long-haired large dogs do, he is often admitted to the society up-stairs, which he greatly prefers to that of the kitchen. When, however, he misconducts himself he is taken off there by one of the servants, but contrives very sagaciously to get over this difficulty. Watching for the servant going to lay the cloth, he slyly follows her up-stairs, but not into the dining-room; he waits in the library behind; and not until she is gone

does he venture in, apparently trusting to the clemency of the inmates to be allowed to stay; sometimes gaining his point, because they do not take the trouble of ejecting him again.

A pet of Mr. afterwards Sir T. F. Buxton's, came into his possession in a singular manner. He was at the door of the old House of Commons, talking to a friend, when a beautiful black-and-tan terrier rushed between them, actually took his *standing*, though not his *seat*, in Parliament, and even began barking furiously at Mr. Joseph Pease, who was then addressing the chair. All the members jumped up, shouting and laughing, while the officers of the House chased the terrier round and round, till at last he took refuge with Mr. Buxton, who, as he could find no trace of an owner, carried him home. "Speaker," as the dog was called, proved quite an original. One of his whims was that he would never go into the kitchen nor yet into a poor man's dwelling; his home was in the midst of Sir T. F. Buxton's family; but he formed a habit of going alone to visit the country houses in the neighbourhood of Cromer; and his refined manners and intelligence made "Speaker" a welcome guest wherever he pleased to go.

The following epitaph by Miss Jewsbury on a favourite dog is worthy of being recalled:—

"My name is Bravo—and my home was placed
'Mid those with kindness and with bounty graced;

No surly cook e'er circumscribed my prey,
But well-filled trenchers met me every day ;
No teasing children marred my temper sweet,
I never showed my teeth—except to eat.
I had one mistress (I salute her hand),
The oldest, yet the youngest of the band,—
And many friends, and, what is more, all true ;
Princes and courtiers, is it thus with you ?—
I loved them all, and ever unto each
I duly wagged my tail—for lack of speech :
And proved my love, by guarding well the house
From every robber, save a casual mouse
Thus free from care, and poverty, and strife,
I passed a happy and well-spent life.
Scorn not my being as of base degree :
Though all I had, 'twas all a dog's might be ;
I had no spirit separate from my dust,
And if *thou* hast, beware thy heavier trust."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOG OF THE COLLEGE.

I ENTIRELY agree with the Rev. J. G. Wood when he says: "I think that college dogs deserve to be reckoned as a separate class, like shepherds' dogs, for they, as a body, have certain peculiarities that distinguish them from all other dogs. It is said that almost any breed of dogs can be trained as shepherds' dogs, and it is quite certain that there is no living species of dog that has not led a collegiate life. Almost every resident member of the university possesses a dog, and many possess several. Indeed, at my own college it was estimated that each member of the college had a dog and a third, while in another college two dogs and a quarter was the average."

The same intelligent and agreeable writer has also recorded some very interesting facts in reference to these creatures; and I shall, therefore, borrow some colours from his palette, as well as from that of others, to paint, so far as I am able, a picture of the college dog.

Should the animal be born in college, he is placed, with his brothers and sisters, on a tea-

tray, and, despite of his mother's remonstrances, he is carried about for the inspection of all the collegians. His education begins without delay; insufficiently rough, indeed, for he is tossed about as if he were a ball, but producing so much endurance, that if pitched into one of the gas lamps adorning the quad, he will quietly curl himself up and go to sleep.

He has no kennel, and as to a sleeping-place he finds one for himself, as the mat outside the door, in the wine-bin, or the sofa, or the easy chair, which was probably built up in the room, as it is so large that it cannot be got out of it. He usually dreads the hearth-rug; perhaps from a painful experience of the result of the kettle boiling rapidly over, as it often does, from the fierceness of the fire beneath, collegians being in haste to get hot water, however little they may like to be *in* it.

In his master's rides or drives, he runs unlimited distances a-head, and commonly returns home covered with mud, only to have his cleanliness restored by the energetic pumpings on him of the scout. With that person he has an intimate acquaintance; but as he sometimes has a sly kick from the scout for eating certain things which would otherwise have gone into his own basket as perquisites, the dog shows a decided preference for the servants employed in the kitchen department.

At breakfast he conducts himself with great propriety, and at a wine party he sits upright on a bracket by the fire-place, and catches very dexterously pieces of biscuit thrown to him, or supports, with the air of a victim, a long pipe put in his mouth, which he utterly abominates but dreads to let fall.

Into all the master's amusements, his dog enters; ensconcing himself quietly behind the netting in the tennis-court, watching his play with the greatest eagerness, sitting at the head of his skiff when he rows, lying at the bottom of his canoe when he paddles, or running about his punt as he poles it up the Cherwell or Isis. In the former case the punt is usually moored to the river side, and the occupant stretched at ease on certain "long cushions" belonging to the punt and ingeniously composed of carpeting and straw, smokes a pipe with a large bowl to save the trouble of filling, and reads a novel until he goes to sleep. In this case the dog takes on himself the care of his sleeping master, and guards him against the various practical jokes to which a sleeping dogless man is sure to be subjected. Accompanying his master to the cricket-ground, he contemplates the game, or follows him to the "weirs," where, if his master is not a skilful shot, he frequently receives part of the charge intended for a pigeon. No matter to him how he is taken from place to place; it may be

by a leg, a tail, or one of his ears, or by a handful of skin on any part that comes uppermost; yet, strange to say, the college dog seems perfectly content.

In one college the authorities, dissatisfied with the prevailing rage for dogs, issued a peremptory edict that none should be allowed. The large dogs were consequently at once turned out, and the little ones hidden in band-boxes and drawers, until their barks of distress led to their expulsion, and a fine being inflicted on their masters.

So miserable, however, were the collegians without their canine companions, that various devices were resorted to for the repeal of the edict. One of these is worth recalling. It was well known that the venerable person who presided over the college was likely to leave it at a certain hour. Accordingly, the conspirators prepared themselves, and as he walked through "the quad," all the quondam dog-owners, being seven-eighths of the entire college, met him, each of them leading a very small *kitten* by a blue riband. The *ruse* was effectual; the "don" smiled good-naturedly at the phalanx of kittens; and by some wonderful coincidence of circumstances every dog was reinstated that very day.

Mr. Wood amusingly describes a dog, named Crab, whom he used frequently to take out for a

walk during his master's absence from Oxford. "Sometimes he evidently thought that his walk was not long enough, and after I had brought him back, he contrived to escape from the house and follow me. It was of no use to shut him in, so I set people to watch the manner of his escape. The house had a garden attached, and at the bottom of the garden is a river; into this river Crab jumped and swam against the stream until he reached a landing-place communicating with the road. He then got out of the water, and followed my footsteps. He had one failing, that he was *too* faithful; for when his master went to call at any house he would lie down at the door, and assault every one who attempted to enter, as he had some wild idea in his head that no one could possibly enter the house without felonious intentions. One day he missed his master, and set off after him. Not being able to find him, he went to one of the houses at which he had called with his master, and, by mounting guard at the door, effectually blockaded the house, not letting any one approach. The master of the house came in while he was lying there, and knowing the dog well, stepped over him, whereupon Crab coolly bit him—an act of fidelity which was not altogether appreciated, and gained him a severe stroke or two with that species of stick denominated a 'Penang Lawyer.'"

A regular college dog is perfectly at home in a boat, whether rowing, paddling, punting, or sailing; and as he has gained some experience from having been swept overboard, as the latter kind of boat tacked, he always ducks at the proper moment when the boom gybes. But Crab, though a fearless swimmer, had never been in a boat, until one day when Mr. Wood lifted him in from the bank. The moment he felt the unsteady movements of the boat, he sprawled about in the most abject manner, and made himself more like a paralytic toad than any dog could be supposed to be. Finding that no amount of sprawling would render him steady, he gave it up, and spreading out his four legs, laid the side of his head on the bottom of the boat, and looked so thoroughly terrified, that Mr. Wood, at the risk of upsetting the boat, was fain to restore him to his usual spirits by throwing him overboard. The moment Crab was in the water, he was rid of his fears, and swam merrily to the river side.

Rory, a dog of Mr. Wood's, could sit on a chair, with his fore-paws resting on the table, and even remain perfectly unmoved when such a dainty as the leg of a fowl was placed on his plate. His owner says:—"He had often executed this feat at my breakfast table, and had been frequently invested with a cap and gown, in which venerable raiment he used to sit with cor-

responding gravity, occasionally looking in a very imploring manner at us if a particularly fine bone were placed on his plate; but he never touched it until he had obtained leave. When his habits became known, he was often regularly asked to breakfast by the collegians, and being decorated with cap and gown in a manner similar to that adopted much about the same time, by Tiglath Pileser, the Christchurch bear, was accustomed to parade the room on his hind legs, with the most laudable gravity, and afterwards to take his place at the breakfast-table with due dignity.

“He was also perfectly at home at a wine-party, and took his port and filberts with gentlemanly ease. He underwent a long course of instruction in cigar smoking, but could never learn that art. Indeed, although he did not mind the dense clouds of smoke that generally accompany, or rather conceal, a college wine-party, he never could endure a cigar or pipe near his nose, and, whenever one was put into his mouth, sat blinking and patient until the annoyance was removed.”

It is sometimes amusing to see how cleverly a dog discovers the real character of an advance that is made. Many efforts were made at Oxford to seduce Mr. Wood's sagacious dog, Rory, from his allegiance, but they were instantly and indignantly repudiated; while he promptly used his

teeth, which the assailant found were remarkably sharp, whenever force was resorted to. If a dog-stealer offered him a piece of meat, he ate it, and waited for more; but only let the felon's hand approach Rory's neck, for he was too well-known to need a collar, and he quietly bit the man's wrist and ran away.

To trace the college dog throughout his varied career, would be again to recount tales already told as to the dog of the chase and the dog of the gun, in which characters he often figures during the amusements of term. Nor is it even to these sports his powers are always restricted. About two years ago a relative of mine met at a hotel in the Isle of Arran, a college man and his dog. The dog was manifestly one of the fighting race—a sturdy-limbed, low-browed, savage-looking brute, one of whose eyes had been wrenched out by the fierce gripe of some mighty antagonist; and the *pleasure* of whose aspect, as he stood on his hind legs with his paws on one side of the table, to anyone sitting or standing at the other, may easily be imagined. Many were the tales his master was inclined to relate to any listening ear of that dog's prowess; nor did he fail to tell that the real object of the ramble of that "long" was to give fresh air and to find fresh antagonists, for the huge, ill-favoured, one-eyed brute, whom he pronounced invincible.

A college man, whom I have often seen, years

after he had left his Alma Mater, was as fond of field sports as ever he was in his younger days; and as full of stories of the capital dogs he had at different times possessed. Every one in his circle has heard him gravely relate, again and again, one feat, for instance, of a matchless pointer. Out with his master, one day, he made a point, but, strange to tell, it was at a fish in the water; the mystery, however, was soon unravelled, for on the fish being captured, it was found to have swallowed a *partridge!*

A college dog has been observed to make acquaintance with others when his master is out of the way, but to cut them dead as plebeian when his master is with him; and his life, for two or three years, is doubtless a happy one; for when he leaves college his troubles really begin. As he is seldom such a dog as a lady patronises, he is banished the house. The breakfasts and wines at which he "assisted" occur no more. The games he contemplated, and those in which he took part, are entirely at an end. Tugging furiously at the chain of his kennel, and moaning piteously all day and most of the night, how can it be otherwise than that the college dog should lose all his accomplishments, and sink into a very common-place animal?

Scrutator states, that "one of the first foxhounds he ever possessed, he obtained from the kennel of Sir T. Mostyn, who hunted the Oxford-

shire country (now belonging to Mr. Drake) for many years—his sire, the Duke of Beaufort's Rallywood; and his dam, Mr. Ward's sort. I had him with eight couples of other hounds, in the autumn of the year 1822, when pursuing my studies at Alma Mater."

At the end of the term, instead of travelling by road, he commenced his homeward journey across country with these hounds, mounted on a fine old hunter, which he had picked up at Oxford. One of his adventures he relates as follows:—

"Taking my route over the Downs, with the hounds all in couples, except this one dog, named Deputy, and a favourite old greyhound, a hare suddenly jumped up in view, and off went Deputy, with the greyhound after her. I checked back the other hounds, and rode on to the top of the hill to see how this affair would end, little expecting my old friend Nimrod could manage a Down hare, which are generally both stout and fleet. A severe course ensued up and down the hills, the fox-hound coming in for his turn occasionally; and at last, to my great delight, they managed to overhaul poor puss.

"No sooner had this feat been performed, and the hare safely deposited in my valise, strapped to the pommel of the saddle, than a party of coursers made their appearance, in search of the very hare which I had just snugly stowed away. She had been found sitting by a shepherd, who

had gone off to give intelligence to the coursers, whose sport I had thus unfortunately marred. It so happened that one of the party was a friend, to whose house I was then wending my way; and after dinner, when relating the circumstance, and regretting the run they had lost, I told him the hare was quite at his service, and I would send her to him the next morning. He thought I was joking at first, and would scarcely believe that, with a single greyhound, assisted only by a foxhound, I could have mastered one of their famous Down hares."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DOG OF THE CHURCH.

So accustomed have dogs been to frequent churches that we have some singular records of their doing so, as in the churchwardens' account book for the parish of Forest Hill, near Oxford, which contains the item, "1694, Paid to Thomas Mills, for whipping dogs out of the church, 1s." John Rudge, by his will, 1725, gave 6s., one-fourth of which was to be given to a poor man, who was to go about the parish church of Trysull, in Staffordshire, during sermon, for the double duty of keeping dogs out of the church and the people awake; and this sum is still paid for the same purpose. An acre of land in the parish of Peter Church, Herefordshire, is applied to the payment of a dog-whipper; an office which is stated to have existed, some fifty years ago, in the church of Heversham, in Westmoreland.

The Rev. Leonard Jenyns states that a lady, living in the neighbourhood of his own village, had a favourite Scotch terrier, which always accompanied her in her rides, and was also in the habit of following the carriage to church every Sunday morning. One summer the lady

and her family were from home for several weeks, while the dog was left behind. It, however, continued to go to church by itself for several successive Sundays, starting from home at the accustomed hour, and arriving at the time of service commencing. After waiting in the churchyard a short time, it was seen to return home, quiet and dispirited. This fact is specially remarkable, because the distance of the house from the church was three miles, and beyond that at which the ringing of the bells could be ordinarily heard.

A dog which was in the habit of accompanying its master from Paris to Charenton, where he spent the Sunday with a friend, having been locked up on two successive occasions, ran off alone to Charenton one Saturday evening, and waited there for its master.

In some districts of Scotland the dogs always accompany the shepherds to church; some of them are indeed more regular attendants than their masters, for they never fail resorting thither unless actually employed in attending the flock. To a stranger their appearance is somewhat remarkable in such a place, but the propriety with which they conduct themselves is far more singular. In one parish, however, complaints were made against some disturbances occasioned by them, when it was agreed that all who had dogs should confine them, and not allow them

to go to church. This did very well for the first Sunday or so, but the dogs did not like imprisonment on a day on which they were accustomed to their liberty, and so contrived to escape the bondage and reach the church before their masters.

A dog at Congreve went every Sunday to Penkridge Church even during the year it was undergoing thorough repair, and if he could get in, passed the proper time in the family pew.

That entertaining naturalist, Mr. Broderip, states that not far from Bath there lived, towards the close of the last century, a worthy clergyman, who was as benevolent as he was learned. Toby, the turnspit, was with him a special favourite, and he waddled after his master everywhere, sometimes not a little to his annoyance. Things however came, at last, to such a pass, that Toby contrived somehow or other to find his way to the reading-desk on a Sunday, and when the door was opened he would whip in, well-knowing that his master was too kind to whip him out.

Dr. B. determined to stop the impropriety, but Toby was locked up in the stable on Sunday morning all to no purpose, for he scrambled through the shut window, glass, lead, and all, and trotted up the aisle after his annoyed master as usual. Another expedient was now devised. As soon as Toby had prepared on Saturday, the roast beef which was to be served cold for the

Sunday dinner, and had enjoyed his own meal on being taken out of the wheel, he was forbidden to take his evening walk, and to make sure of him, was put into the wood-hole, and bolted in; his prison house having no windows. But he had his revenge by a series of loud expostulatory yells, during the remainder of Saturday, and the greater part of Sunday. However there was the consolation that Dr. B. had not been *dogged*, and the hope that Toby would be warned against further disturbance.

The week revolved as usual, and Toby was active and amiable as before, but when Saturday noon had arrived Toby was gone, and the meat was uncooked. The boy who cleaned the knives was sent to the barn, where the dog relieved his culinary toils by hunting rats; but of Toby there was no trace. Nothing of him could be seen or heard that day; and at night the worthy family retired lamenting the loss of one to whom they felt attached, despite of his vagaries. The worthy Dr. B. shared this feeling; the fear prevailed that the dog was irrecoverably lost; but no sooner had he entered the reading-desk and began to adjust his hassock, than he caught the eye of Toby twinkling at him out of the darkest corner. What could now be done? "Toby," says Mr. Broderip, "was permitted to go to church, with the unanimous approbation of the parish, as long as he lived."

A spaniel, belonging to a friend of the writer, Mr. G. L——, became very remarkable. When the family were going out, he was always very unwilling to be refused the pleasure of accompanying them, but on one occasion followed them to chapel, at M——, and into the pew, where he lay perfectly quiet during the service. He was afterwards very resolute in repeating his visit; though for some time carefully shut up in the house, yet he would make his escape with some one of the family and follow them, so that, in consideration of his uniform good conduct, he was at length permitted to lie in the place he had chosen. If he had been detained or had loitered on the way, he would proceed directly to the pew-door, and wait for the attendant to open it for him. He always took his place behind his mistress's feet, as he regularly did at family worship, though she never gave him any indication of her wish that he should do so. He was invariably still in both places, and only gave notice of his presence when once or twice accidentally trodden on.

This dog evidently knew, from some of the family arrangements, when Sunday morning had come, and as he had been occasionally shut up in the house, he took care to avoid the imprisonment by leaving the house, and keeping a good look-out before the time of service. A large spaniel belonging to the family, once accompanied him to the chapel door, but he was told

to go home, and he promptly obeyed, never going thither again, nor did this dog ever set foot a second time in a room he had once been required to leave.

The former was the dog already mentioned as petting a tortoise; and when the first Sunday came, a difficulty arose as to whether he should go to chapel as usual, or stay at home with his newly-found friend. He even attempted to surmount it by trying to carry the tortoise with him, but as this proved to be beyond his strength he left his friend and pursued his usual course.

During the removal of the family to the immediate neighbourhood of London, this spaniel was for some time subject to rough and cruel usage from another family; and to protect him from this it became needful to have him tied up in a bedroom by day for three months, and to take him out only at night with a tether.

On the Sabbath evening, a day or two after the dog was restored to liberty, his master and mistress proceeded together to a chapel a mile or two from their new home, leaving the house, they believed, quite unknown to the dog. To their surprise, however, they found he was following them, and so determined not to be sent back that he must be taken with them. As he trotted before them along Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell, the first time of his being there, and though there were no steps to the chapel in

the country he had been accustomed to visit, he went, entirely of his own accord, straight through the gate and up the steps of Dr. Steane's chapel, pushed open the door and had gone quite to the top, to the exact position of the pew at M.—, all before Mr. and Mrs. L. had entered the chapel. The pew-opener met them at the door, with much concern, and asked what she could do; but Mr. L. telling her to leave the door open of the pew where they were placed, the dog immediately found them, and was as quiet as usual during the service. *

A dog, Fang, already mentioned, was accustomed on Sundays, three or four minutes before any of the family entered the house on their return from church, to walk with a peculiar step to the front door to meet them. A poodle I well knew delighted to accompany his master in his walks, not only displayed no desire to go with him on a Sunday, but resisted all the enticements of servants to take him with them; as another dog did belonging to friends of mine. This one might be seen taking up his position against the hall-door and shaking with excitement as if he had a cold, about half an hour before the return of the family, when he received them with great glee. The poodle, on the contrary, always perched himself against one of the front windows, as I have often seen him, to catch the first sight of their coming.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOG OF THE EXHIBITION.

PLUTARCH relates that, at the theatre of Marcellus—more familiar to us under the name of the Coliseum, at Rome—a dog was exhibited before the Emperor Vespasian so well instructed as to practise every kind of dance. He afterwards feigned illness, exhibiting various symptoms of pain; then fell down as if dead, afterwards seemed to revive, as if awaking from a profound sleep, and then sported about, showing various demonstrations of joy, to the great astonishment of the spectators. The latter part of the performance is gone through by a dog at the word of his mistress, with whom the writer is well acquainted.

Mr. St. John thus gives an illustrative instance :—

“The dog was a well-fed, comfortable-looking kind of a bull-terrier, slightly rough about the muzzle. . . . On entering the hall he cast a kind of hasty look about him, much as you would expect a rogue to do on entering a shop from which he intended to purloin something. However, on the woman producing certain dirty cards,

with their corners all worn round by constant use, and marked with numbers, letters, &c., the dog prepared himself for action with a preparatory lick at his lips and a suspicious look at his mistress.

“The tricks consisted of the usual routine of adding up figures, spelling short words, and finding the first letter of any town named by one of the company. The last trick was very cleverly done, and puzzled us very much, as we—that is the grown-up part of his audience—were most intensely watching, not him but his mistress, in order to discover what signs she made to guide him in the choice of his cards, but we could not perceive that she moved hand or foot or made any signal whatever. Indeed, the dog seemed to pay little regard to her, but to receive his orders direct from any one who gave them. Now I dare say I shall be laughed at for introducing an anecdote of a *learned* dog, and told that it was ‘all trick.’ No doubt it was all trick, but it was a very clever one, and showed how capable of education dogs are far more so than we imagine. For here was a dog performing tricks so cleverly that none out of four or five persons who were most attentively watching him, could find out how he was assisted by his mistress. The dog, too, as the woman said, was by no means one of the kind easiest to teach.”

A white poodle was accustomed, some years

ago, to play his part admirably at the exhibition of the Ombres Chinoises; and two Newfoundland dogs discovered equal histrionic power in a drama entitled, "Les Chiens du Mont St. Bernard." A frequent canine feat on the stage has been the seizing of some ruffian, perhaps in the midst of a crowd, and the rescue of a child or a man from the water into which it had been cast. But a troop of poodles and spaniels who could effectively conduct and repel a siege, and who afterwards, in elegant attire, could exhibit all the courtesies of a concert and a ball, as they did in London many years ago, have, probably, in such performances, never been surpassed.

A very respectable and honest-looking man, some years ago, for instance, brought to a friend of the writer, Mr. G. L——, such ample testimonials from noblemen and gentlemen as to the performances of his dog, that he very readily engaged his services, with the result that he has communicated. The party sat and stood round the room, the dog occupied the middle and the master one end, only moving to put down what the dog brought him. The dog did not look at his master; he listened to his voice attentively, and was encouraged and rewarded by a piece of bread and butter, a plate of which, according to his master's stipulation, was set in readiness.

At the commencement, some fifty, or more,

large cards, about the size of playing cards, were laid on the floor, both sides of these being printed with large letters, digits, sentences, and signs of the zodiac. The master now questioned the dog, thus:—"Are you like the learned pigs, who perform what their master tells them?" when the dog took to his master, in succession, the letters forming the answer, "No." He was then asked if he acted by an effort of memory; when he replied, in the same way, "Yes." To the questions whether he was taught by kind or harsh methods, he gave an affirmative to the former and a negative to the latter. When his name was inquired, he spelt the word "Ponto," as also some other words:

A set of cards was then placed in the hands of the party, and on any question being selected, the master said, "Ponto! the question is"—reading it to him aloud—and added, "Give the answer, Ponto." The answers, in this instance, were not visible to the dog—they were on the reverse sides of the cards, next the floor; and the only clue the dog had was in the letters or figures on the upper surface; and yet, after apparently considering and selecting the proper card, he took it with its face downwards to his master, who turned it up, and read the answer, which was always correct.

Several questions were selected successively from a series placed in the hands of the company.

The question selected was read aloud by the master, and the dog, guided as before, only by the digit or letter on the upper side of the card on the floor, and otherwise dependent only on his memory, invariably took up the card on the reverse of which the correct answer to the question appeared.

A smaller set of cards was now distributed, with the abbreviated symbols of the signs of the zodiac. Any one of these, on being selected, was to be placed within a small box, and the lid being closed tightly, this was given to the master without the card being seen by him or his dog. A particular direction had, however, here to be observed: at one corner of each card was a spot of sealing-wax; on the upper outside of the box was a brass pin; but while the card just fitted the interior of the box, it was required to be so inserted that the spot of wax should be in the direction of the pin. All this being done, the man laid the box on the floor, and desired Ponto to bring the card corresponding with the one in the box. Here was another tasking of Ponto's memory; for the cards on the floor had the usual figures, and not the abbreviated symbols of the zodiac, and Ponto had to select the letter or digit, as it might be, from among the entire fifty or sixty cards, on the reverse of which the sign required would appear, and yet he succeeded in every instance.

In another effort a larger box was handed to the company, containing the first three digits, which might be transposed and placed in any order of succession, thus allowing of six variations; and a selection being made, and the cards placed at pleasure, the order known only to the person who placed them, who at the same time closed the box, on its being placed in this state again and again on the floor, once folded up in a pocket handkerchief, when, even, no failure took place, the dog invariably took up the corresponding numbers, and arranged them in the proper order.

In the last experiment of the kind the party had presented to them a flat circular box, having within it a card which could be carried around the interior by means of a brass pin, running round a groove on one of the outer sides of the box; while the other flat side had a small opening sufficient to show together two digits, written on the card within, which contained a series of numbers extending from one to fifty or sixty. The dog was now to tell the age of any one of the company, though, in fact, as they made the card revolve by means of the pin, they could set it to any number they pleased of the series.

The box being given to the man, was laid on the floor, with the card side underneath, the dog having nothing to observe but the exact position of the brass pin in the circular groove in

the upper side, which could not have supplied the least clue to any one of the spectators. As bidden, the dog took from the floor the numbers required, always rightly; first the ten and then the units figure of the number, as he could take up only one card at a time. The man, throughout, never moved towards the dog, except to lay the box on the floor, nor did he use any distinguishable or perceptible sign; and the dog approached his master only to deliver the card he had taken up, that it might be clearly exhibited to all in the room.

That there was no collusion was proved by one remarkable fact. In one of his rounds the dog seemed undecided which card he should take up; he moved about his range two or three times, and it was particularly noticed that he stopped and considered the number 2, and then, passing a considerable distance to number 3, considered that also. Though he seemed inclined to select one of these, he hesitated as to which it should be, went round the circle again, until his master, apparently impatient at the delay, spoke rather sharply, and told Ponto to make more haste. Once more the dog looked at 2 and 3, and took one of them.

On the box being taken up, it was found that the card within had been negligently set or had slipped, for it stood just between the 2 and 3. It is believed, however, that the num-

bers were not the units 2 and 3, but the numbers 32, 33.

It was now proposed that the dog should tell the time—the hour and minute—by a watch. A watch being handed to the master, he called Ponto to him, held the watch to the level of his eyes, desiring him to look carefully, and to tell the time. Ponto eyed the watch most considerately for nearly a minute, the man not speaking, when the dog, returning to his cards, first took up one or more for the hour, and then for the minutes, giving precedence to the two figures, the whole reading, as we do railway time, as 10·50.

Here again a discrepancy arose; the time of the day being between one and two, while the dog stated it to be 6·35. Supposing that Ponto's reading was wrong, his master exclaimed, "What are you thinking of? 6·35 at this time of day? Ponto! come and take your lesson again!" On taking up the watch, however, at which the master had not previously looked, it was found that it was not going, and had stopped precisely at the time indicated by the dog. It was observed, however, that, as in other watches, the seconds dial almost displaced the numbers for 6 o'clock or 35 minutes, so that half the figure, at most, was visible, and the dog must have judged by the position.

In a plate were placed gold, silver, and copper;

one giving a sovereign, another a shilling, a third a crown piece, and a fourth a penny; and on this being taken by the man, he said, "Ponto! here are gold, silver, and copper," and after naming the coins, added, "now tell the company how many farthings these will make." The dog listened attentively, went his rounds, and took up all right the successive digits for the first three figures, from the thousand downwards, but he could not find the figure for the units—this was 2, and as he had used one figure 2, he had not another left. As delay again arose, his master said; "If you are not quick, I shall make your sum harder;" and as the dog was still perplexed the master asked for another coin, told the dog what he added, and desired him to state the total in farthings, which he very soon accomplished. Had Ponto taken the 12 for 1 and 2 he would have been right at first, the number of farthings in the coins already specified being 1252, answering exactly to the circumstances stated as to the 2 and the 12. The master was asked if Ponto ever took two figures together; his reply was, "he does sometimes, but generally he takes the figures separately." The concluding task was to play a game of dominoes with a youth of the party. As the dog's deal of dominoes had to be laid on the floor, the youth was asked to turn his back to them; and the master premised that the dog did not understand the double dominoes,

but played them as singles. When it was the dog's turn to play, the master stated what the number was, the dog listened with evident attention, and then, going to his dominoes, brought the right one in his mouth for his master to place in the game. If the dog had no domino he could play, he went to the cards, and took the word "go" to his master, that his playfellow might be told to go on; and in the issue proved, as he generally but not invariably did, the victor.

When the man called in the evening for a testimonial he had a young dog with him, which he said was a pupil of Ponto's, but though making some progress, did not promise to equal him. In an autobiography of his sagacious companion, he is made to say that he had tried hard to learn to write, but that his performances in penmanship were not yet fit for bringing before company.

Not long ago, M. Léonard, a gentleman of independent fortune, and who took up the instruction of dogs as a curious and amusing investigation, favoured a party in London with a private exhibition of the attainments of two fine dogs of the Spanish breed. He introduced them to the company with the customary French *politesse*, the larger by the name of M. Philax, the other as M. Braque; the former having been in training three, the latter two years, in vigorous health. They bowed very gracefully, and seated themselves on the hearth rug side by side.

M. Léonard now gave a lively description of the course he had pursued. Fond of the chase, and ambitious of possessing the best trained dogs, he had employed the usual means, under the full conviction that by gentle usage and steady perseverance in inducing a dog to repeat again and again what was required, he would not only be capable of performing that specific act, but that the part of the brain which was brought into activity by the mental effort would become more largely developed, and hence a permanent increase of mental power would be attained. This reasoning accords with the established laws of the nervous system, and is illustrated in a work by Dr. Verity,* and another, of much larger size, by M. Léonard, of a later date.†

An unlooked-for circumstance occurred in the training of these two dogs. When Braque, for example, was under instruction, Philax, who was left to himself during the time, was notwithstanding attentive, and appeared as if he also took an interest in the lesson. But when M. Léonard afterwards undertook to teach him what he had been explaining to Braque, he found that he comprehended it far more readily and quickly. He fancied that he was the dupe of an illusion, but recommencing his course, he tried the ex-

* "Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation."

† "Essai sur l'Education des Animaux."

periment very many times, but always with the same result.

The introduction being completed, M. Léonard spoke to his dogs in French, in his usual tone, and directed one of them to walk and the other to lie down; they were then ordered to run and to halt, to gallop and to crouch, which they did as promptly and correctly as the most docile and well regulated children. Then he directed them to go through the usual exercises of the manege—the movements in fact of the highest trained horses—which could not have been surpassed by those of Astley's.

He next placed six cards of different colours on the floor, and sitting with his back to the dogs, directed the one to pick up the blue card and the other the white, and so on, yet varying his orders rapidly, and speaking in such a manner, that the dogs could not have executed his commands unless they had been perfectly acquainted with his words. M. Léonard said, for instance, "Philax, take the red card, and give it to Braque; and, Braque, take the white card, and give it to Philax," when the dogs instantly exchanged cards with one another. He then said, "Philax, put your card on the green, and Braque, put yours on the blue;" this order, too, was immediately obeyed. Pieces of bread and meat were placed on the floor, with figured cards, and a variety of directions were given to the

dogs, so as severely to test their knowledge and obedience; yet they brought to M. Léonard the meat, bread, or cards, precisely as he directed. Philax was then ordered to bring a piece of meat and to give it to Braque, and then Braque was directed to return it to Philax, while he was charged to restore it to its place untouched. Philax was next told that he must bring a piece of bread and eat it, but his master stopped him before he had time to swallow it, and to show his entire obedience, the dog instantly protruded the crust between his lips.

Another test of obedience was given: during many of the feats M. Léonard snapped a whip violently, to prove that, so complete was the discipline of the dogs, that they would not heed any interruption. At the close of the performances, which it is unnecessary further to particularise, M. Léonard invited a gentleman to play a game of dominoes with one of them. Braque seated himself on a chair at the table, and the gentleman and M. Léonard seated themselves opposite. Six dominoes were placed on their edges in the usual manner before the dog, and a like number before the gentleman. The dog having a double number, took up one in his mouth, and put it in the middle of the table; the gentleman placing a corresponding piece on one side, the dog immediately played another correctly, and so on, until all the pieces were engaged. Other six dominoes

were then given to each, and Braque's antagonist intentionally placed a wrong number. Braque looked surprised, stared very earnestly at his opponent, growled, and finally barked angrily. Finding his remonstrances unnoticed, Braque pushed away the wrong domino with his nose, took up the proper one from his own pieces, and played it in the stead of the other. His antagonist now played correctly, but Braque followed and won the game. The player in this instance, who has described the exhibition in a well-known scientific work,* states that not the slightest intimation had here been given by M. Léonard to the dog, and that his mode of play must have been entirely the result of his own observation and judgment.

Two poodle dogs, educated in Milan, exhibited their powers in Paris, and Mrs. Lee says, "I can vouch for the veracity of the following statement. The elder was named Fido, and the younger Bianco. The former was a serious, steady dog, who walked about with much solemnity; but Bianco was giddy and frolicsome. A word was given to Fido from the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, or English languages, and selected from a book, where fifty words in each tongue were inscribed, which altogether made three hundred combinations. He selected from the letters of the alphabet those which composed the given

* The Lancet.

word, and laid them in order at the feet of his master. On one occasion, the word *heaven* was told to him, and he quickly placed the letters till he came to the second *e*, when, after vainly searching for the letter in his alphabet, he took it from the first syllable, and inserted it in the second. He went through the four first rules of arithmetic in the same way, with extraordinary celerity, and arranged the double cyphers in the same way as the double vowels in *heaven*. Bianco, however, although so heedless, was quicker than Fido, and when the latter made a mistake, was called on to rectify it, but as quickly dismissed, as he was wont to pull his companion's ears to come and play with him.

“One day Fido spelt the word *Jupiter* with a *b*, but the younger *savant* being summoned to correct the error, he carefully contemplated the word, and pushing out the *b*, replaced it with a *p*. A lady held her repeating watch to the ear of Fido, and made it strike eight and three-quarters. Fido immediately selected an 8, and then a 6, for the three-quarters; the company present and the master insisted on his error, and he again looked among the cyphers, but being unable to rectify it, he goolly sat himself down in the middle, and looked at those around him. The watch was again sounded, and it was ascertained that it struck two for every quarter, which quite exonerated Fido.

“Both dogs would sit down to play écarté, asking each other for, or refusing, cards, with the most important and significant look, cutting at proper times, and never mistaking one card for another. Bianco occasionally won, and went to the cyphers to make his points; and when he was asked how many his adversary had gained, he took out an 0 with his teeth. They sometimes played écarté with one of the company assembled to see them, when they evinced the same correctness, and seemed to know all the terms of the game. All this passed without the slightest audible or visible sign between them and their master.”

The dog already mentioned as paying his respects to any company in the drawing-room, had a great dislike to music; it was only indeed for any person to go to the piano and open it, for the dog to rise, as if fearing a serious infliction, and to leave the room with an expression of intolerable disgust.

Far different we have seen it to be with Hogg's dog, Hector; but an instance yet to be given is far more remarkable. Mr. S., a gentleman at Darmstadt, in Germany, occupied himself, on his retirement from business, in making his household thoroughly musical, and determined even that his spaniel dog should bear some part or other in the domestic concert. Accordingly, every time that a *false note* escaped either from

instrument or voice, its master's cane came down on the back of the unfortunate dog, until she expressed her pain by many a howl; but soon she showed every disposition to utter the same sound without waiting the excitement of a blow, and soon a glance of her master's eye was, of itself, effective.

In the course of time this spaniel became a prompt and decided musical critic, but one whose whole force was expended, like that of many a biped, in the expression of displeasure. Play with ability, sing with expression, and she made no sign; but let the execution be slightly defective, and she instantly showed her teeth, whisked her tail, yelped, barked, or growled. So it was not only at home, but in the concerts and operas to which Mr. S. was invited, *with his dog*. In some instances discordant sounds have been produced for the sake of annoying this musical oracle, but the experiment has proved dangerous, the spaniel flying wildly and fiercely at her tormentors and their instruments.

Leibnitz stated to the French Academy that he had seen a dog in Germany, that was able to pronounce certain words. A Saxon peasant boy who had noticed that some sounds made by the dog resembled, indistinctly, certain sounds of the human voice, determined to try if he could make it speak. The dog was now three years old, certainly an unfavourable age, but by dint of

great labour and of perseverance during three years, the boy taught it to pronounce thirty German words. It would call for tea, coffee, chocolate, and various other articles; but it was stated also that the dog required its master to pronounce the words first, and never seemed entirely reconciled to the exhibition it was forced to make. But here we must pause; we should carry our work far beyond the desired limits were we to narrate all that might be told of a dog's acquisitions.

That wild and wondrous tale, "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," seems to have been written for the beneyolent purpose of showing that all wanton cruelty is most offensive to the Great Governor of the Universe. Its moral, though quaintly expressed, we would now ask every reader to ponder:—

"Farewell! farewell! but this I tell,
To thee, thou wedding guest,
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Of all animals, the dog is peculiarly sensitive to human love, and that under circumstances in which this would not be readily supposed. A lady, a friend of mine, Mrs. B., was visiting a

house where she found in the morning a great watch-dog chained up. Feeling kindly towards all such animals, she approached this creature, and placing her hand gently, not above his head, which might have excited his displeasure, but under his mouth, she occasioned him no disturbance. She then fetched a slice of bread, which he accepted and ate with great pleasure. A few minutes afterwards her hostess came out, and finding her friend, as she thought, in great danger, said, "Oh, never go near that dog—it is extremely fierce; indeed, I have told my husband that I hope he will immediately get rid of it;" and greatly surprised was she to hear what has now been narrated.

The same lady had, on one occasion, reached the platform of the Dover Railway, and was about to proceed thither by train, when her sympathy was excited by a dismal yell, which, on looking round, she found proceeded from a large Scotch hound, hungry, dirty, footsore—the very picture of canine desolation—and with a label round his neck, denoting the place to which he was to be despatched. Yet, withal, so huge was the animal and so fierce his aspect, that though not commonly afraid of dogs, she did not like to approach him.

Pity, however, over-riding other feelings, she got some buns, gradually approached him, offered him a piece, which he quietly took; this was fol-

lowed by the gift of others, which proved equally acceptable, and she then obtained for him some water. The fierce-looking hound, during these attentions, displayed the liveliest feelings of pleasure and gratitude. Again and again he offered his kind benefactress his paw, and licked her hand, and seemed only at a loss as to how he could repay her with caresses. But, at length she must leave him, when he raised another yell of distress; but she once more went back, patted the hound and told him he must be quiet, and in a few moments, as if afraid of any show of ingratitude by disobedience, he curled himself round, and prepared for sleep.

No services can be rendered by the dog for which he may not be trained by kindness; with which any discipline necessary in particular instances, is entirely accordant. We would ask then, in conclusion, for this to be manifested in every possible way. The ruffianism with which the use of dogs is sometimes associated admits only of the most emphatic condemnation; nor is there any difficulty in singling out from the party the *real brutes*. Since the year 1860 some humanely disposed persons have established an asylum for lost or homeless dogs in Hollingworth Street, St. James' Road, Holloway; and here more than a thousand have been rescued from starvation. Let the feeling which originated and sustains it receive its due meed of honour. If

any are indifferent to the restoration of dogs that stray from their homes, or to the recovering of others attacked by disease, or fallen into evil hands, they surely cannot be to the hopeless being put out of their misery. "A dog," says Lord Carnarvon, is "united by so many sympathies to the human race—his habits are so identified with ours—the love of his own species is so completely superseded by his love of man,—he is so often the companion of our sports, and the minister of our pleasures—he is so frequently 'the first to welcome, foremost to defend,' that the individual who can inflict causeless suffering on a dog has, in my humble opinion, little of manhood but the name."

THE END.

