CLEVER DOGS HORSES &c.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

Winthrop G. Lippincott

Christmas 1870

59

c1870

23 full page
illus

$150 —

THE DOG AND RAVEN.

Frontispiece.]

[Page 39.

CLEVER DOGS, HORSES, ETC.

WITH

ANECDOTES OF OTHER ANIMALS.

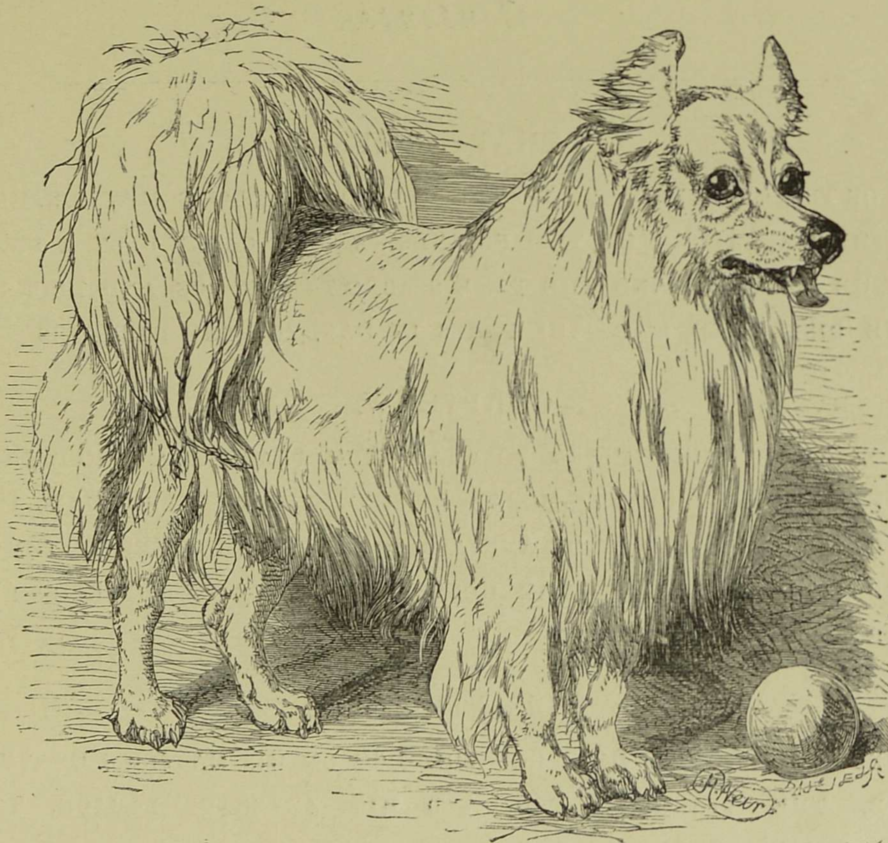
BY

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

ANIMAL LIFE AND CHARACTER, AND THE KEY TO ITS SECRETS - - 1

CHAPTER II.

THE MIND OF THE CREATURE, AND HOW TO GET AT IT—THE FIVE PIGS—LANDSEER'S LION—SMART, THE CIRCUMVENTING SHEEP-DOG—REASON AND INSTINCT—HOW DOGS TAKE CARE OF PROPERTY—TROT AND TOPSY—CANICHE, THE DOG DETECTIVE—THE DOG THAT OBJECTED TO BE SHOT 5

CHAPTER III.

THE DOG THAT COULD COUNT SIX—THE ARTFUL DOG THAT SHUT THE SERVANTS IN—PRIDE STANDING IN THE WAY OF KNOWLEDGE—THE MISSIONARY DOG—THE DOG THAT LEARNED A TRADE—THE SLIPPER FETCHER IN DIFFICULTIES—THE PONY THAT TURNED THE WATER ON - 17

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

THE HEART OF THE CREATURE, AND HOW TO RULE IT—ANIMAL COMPANIONSHIPS—THE WAGTAILS—THE TWO FRIENDS—A RAT CARRIED BY A SWAN—THE WILD CAT AND THE TAME SPARROW—THE DOG AND DUCKS—THE DISTRESSED EWE—THE FOALS IN DANGER—THE PARTNERS - 28

CHAPTER V.

THE LOVE OF HOME—THE WINGED POSTMAN—THE PEACOCK A WIDOWER—FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH—MORAL DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN MAN AND ANIMALS—ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS TO MAN—THE QUEER CUSTOMER AT THE COFFEE-STALL—THE HORSE THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR—THE HERO OF THE WRECK - - - - - - 40

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE—SABINUS AND HIS DOG—THE DOG ON HIS MASTER'S GRAVE—BOB, THE FIREMAN'S DOG, AND HIS ADVENTURES—JACK, THE POLICEMAN'S DOG—THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY—COCKY, THE TRUMPETER - - - - - - - - 56

CHAPTER VII.

KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS PRACTICALLY APPLIED—TOPSY AND THE MILKMAN—MR. RAREY AND VICIOUS HORSES—THE HORSE AND THE UMBRELLA—SWIMMING HORSES—OUR RESPONSIBILITY AS MASTERS OF THE WORLD—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS—THE RANDOM SHOT - - - - 73

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOG THAT STUDIED NURSING—THE TOM-CATS—THE SWIMMER THAT REFUSED TO SWIM—PRINCE ALBERT'S PETS—THE SQUIRREL - - 88

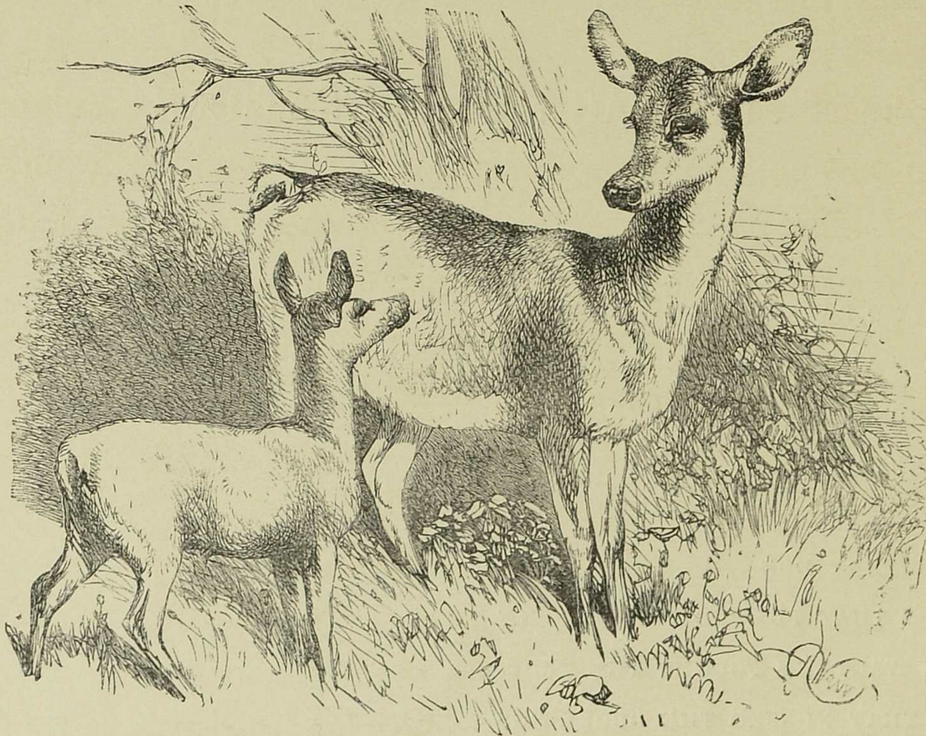
CHAPTER IX.

THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE—ROSA BONHEUR—PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE—SPARROW CHAPELS—PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK—OLD POLL, THE LIVELY PARROT—A FEW NOTES ON TEACHING ANIMALS—THE PONY JUMPER—OLD PARCELS—LAST WORDS - - - - 95

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PAGE
THE DOG AND RAVEN - - - - - -	*Harrison Weir.*	*Frontispiece.*
THE WISEST WAY WITH THE SHEEP - - -	,,	- 8
CANICHE RUNS AWAY WITH THE TROWSERS - -	,,	- 13
KEEPING GUARD - - - - - -	,,	- 18
HOW TO CARRY TWO HATS - - - -	,,	- 22
THE MISSIONARY DOG - - - -	,,	- 22
THE HORSE THAT PUMPED FOR HIMSELF - -	,,	- 26
HOW THE WAGTAILS FOUGHT THE TERRIER - -	,,	- 30
THE DOG THAT NURSED THE DUCKLINGS - -	,,	- 34

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PAGE
PARTNERS IN CRIME - - - -	*Harrison Weir.* -	38
THE PEACOCK A WIDOWER - - - -	" -	45
A CUSTOMER AT A COFFEE-STALL - - -	" -	50
THE MASTIFF THAT SHOWED HIS CONTEMPT FOR A BULLY	" -	53
A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY - -	" -	56
THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY - - -	" -	66
SHYNESS CURED BY KINDNESS - - -	" -	78
"THE WIDOW" - - - -	*After Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*	87
WATERFOWL - - - - -	*W. French.* -	92
WHICH IS IT TO BE, CRUST OR CRUMB? -	-	97
HIGHLAND CATTLE - - - -	*After Rosa Bonheur.* -	99
SHEEP AND LAMBS - - - -	" -	104
MRS. DICK AND THE BREAKFAST PARTY -	*W. Bayes.* -	108
THE TRAVELLER'S REST ON HIGHGATE HILL	*R. Huttala.* -	124



CLEVER DOGS, HORSES, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ANIMAL LIFE AND CHARACTER, AND THE KEY TO ITS SECRETS.

When I sit down to play with my bees, or birds, or dogs, I try with all my might to look into their hearts. I sometimes fancy I can see through their eyes into their minds; but it seems to be harder work to reach their hearts, because, I suppose, of my stupidity. But you may depend upon it there is a key wanting to unlock the secrets of their nature; and until we obtain that key, much that we might learn will be hidden from us. You may think it odd for me to begin a book in this sort of way; but I assure you I do play with bees and birds as much as I do with dogs, and sometimes get a little change by having a romp with a goat, a pony, or a monkey. I want to be able to talk to them all, and have them all talk to me. Did you ever talk to any of them, except in a dream? and would you like to be a magician, and know all their ways and thoughts, and join with them in their fun and frolic; not to alarm or tease them, but to win and enjoy their confidence,

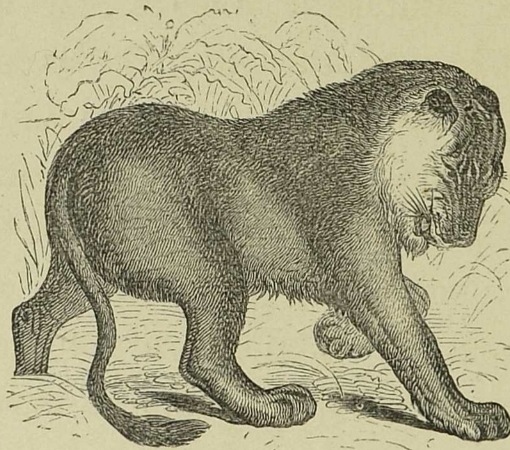
and see into their minds, and understand their hearts? But, have they minds and hearts worth inquiring after? Is it fair to begin by taking it for granted, that animals are like ourselves in any respect at all? Well, we will go into those questions presently; but just for a moment consider what a confusion the world would be, if between man and animals there was such a wide gulf fixed, that we could neither tame them, nor teach them to know us, nor discover any of their ways and wants, so far as to be able to sympathise with them, or receive their sympathy. Why, the best part of the glory of the world and the joy of life would be gone.

In one of my walks I pass a field where a number of sheep graze. At my hour for walking, the sheep are usually collected close together in the shadow of a great haystack, and are quite out of sight. But for a moment's amusement, I stop and make a little noise on the fence with my walking-stick, and presently a sheep pops out his head from behind the haystack to see what is going on. I then move back a little, and this sheep comes out more boldly to have a good look at me; presently another and another follow, and all the while I keep moving very slowly away, yet looking at them all the while, until at last the whole flock leave the shadow of the haystack; and I am amused when I find them all staring at me. When taking a sketch of some old trees one day, three labouring men left their work to come and see what I was doing. They and the sheep just spoken of, were actuated by the same feeling—*curiosity*. When riding in a donkey-cart with Mr. Barnes, last spring, about the grounds at Bicton,

a whole herd of deer left off grazing, to have a good look at us. They knew Mr. Barnes and the donkey and cart well, but they did not know me; and before we had gone across the glade where we met them, the leaders had advanced, and made a careful examination of the stranger. I hope they made a favourable report of me to their comrades; for the good opinion of animals is worth having. You would never suppose that bees are almost as curious as sheep and deer; but if you go to a hive in the evening, when the bees are quiet, and gently tap on the board in front, and watch a few seconds, you will see several bees come out, looking so wise, that if you are not very much entertained by their inquisitiveness, it will be your fault, not theirs; for their comical way of ascertaining who knocked at the door is about as queer a proceeding as can be imagined of creatures that appear, generally speaking, so far removed in habit and thought from us. But as to that, it strikes me that there is not a very great distance in life, thought, purpose, and habit between human beings and all animals. If there were, they would be of little use to us, and we could never make friends or companions of them. It is well known, and needs no proof to be believed, that animals of almost every kind have been tamed by man—quadrupeds, birds, fishes, even spiders; and as for bees, I can tame them so far as to be able to catch them and keep them in my hand for a time without any fear of their stinging me, provided I do not hurt them. I have seen my friend Mr. Tegetmeier do the same thing. Yes, we have only to find the key; and, depend upon it, the way to the mind and heart of almost any

creature is easy enough. At the waxwork exhibitions, you will see represented the story of the man to whom a lion came to have a thorn extracted from his foot—a story that has always been accepted as true, and that persons who have had much to do with animals have no difficulty in believing. We only want the key, and there is an end of the mystery.

> I want to know all about every feature,
> And every secret of every creature:
> Who'll be my guide, my counsel, my teacher?
> Who'll give me the key to the mind of the creature?



CHAPTER II.

THE MIND OF THE CREATURE AND HOW TO GET AT IT—THE FIVE PIGS—LANDSEER'S LION—SMART, THE CIRCUMVENTING SHEEP-DOG—REASON AND INSTINCT—HOW DOGS TAKE CARE OF PROPERTY—TROT AND TOPSY — CANICHE, THE DOG DETECTIVE—THE DOG THAT OBJECTED TO BE SHOT.

PHILOSOPHERS have had great disputes about the nature of animal intelligence. We shall not want to dispute about it. Look here; I've got five pigs, and I feed them every day at five o'clock; at other times my man feeds them, and I don't know how they behave to him. But as I go across the yard to them, they all get up and grunt in a chorus. I get a laugh at their expense; for it is very funny to see a lot of pigs grunting for their meal, and recognising the *footstep* and the *voice* of their benefactor. Nothing wonderful in this, you know. I was at the Zoological Gardens a short time ago, in the cool of the evening, when the place was almost deserted. The keeper of the lions and tigers was sitting a long way off, and the animals were all lying down, looking as comfortable as if kindness had made them happy. For my amusement, the keeper called out to the great lion that Sir Edwin Landseer was so partial to, and said, "Will you get up if I give you a bit of meat?" Would he? Oh, yes; he was on his feet in an instant, pacing to and fro, and I could see a smile on

his face, but my friend either could not or would not see it. Presently the keeper came with the meat, and the lion put his huge paw through the bar to seize it. "No, no," said the keeper, "if you like to stand up and take it like a gentleman, you shall have it." And he did stand up as much like a gentleman as it is possible for a lion to do; he stood on his hind-legs, with his front paws clasping the bars high up—such a spread of lion; he seemed about ten feet high, while in the capacity of gentleman; and he took the meat from the top of a pole on which the keeper fixed it, so that the gentleman should be fed in a gentlemanly way.

My pigs and that lion know the voice of a friend. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," says the word of God; for He who gave them strength, bestowed with it *talent;* in other words, God has given them mind enough for their ways and wants. When people take an interest in the ways of animals, they generally speak of these things as the result of instinct; but that is a misuse of the word. But you don't want a dry book; so I will tell a story, and then say a few words about the difference between intelligence and instinct.

SMART, THE CIRCUMVENTING SHEEP-DOG.

We are indebted to Miss M. A. Rogers for the story of the dog that was taught how to drive sheep, and especially how to turn them back when they took the wrong road, without worrying them. Our kind informant says:—

I knew an industrious, painstaking farmer in L——, who

was also a very humane man, and would in no way oppress any of his cattle, nor allow any of his servants to overwork or ill-treat them; and he found his full reward: for not only had he the satisfaction of a good conscience, but his cattle did more work, and were in better condition than many amongst those of his neighbours. It was often remarked, "How well Mr. Scott's horses look! how well the oxen plough up the ground! They must cost a great deal to be kept in *such* order." No such thing! Regularity in feeding and kind treatment were the grand secrets. He had amongst his animals a fine sheep-dog. It was a long time before he could make up his mind to have one, as he had so often seen them ill-use the poor sheep. But after reflecting that the harshness of the dog towards the sheep was caused more by bad training, arising from the example and encouragement of the shepherds, than any inherent disposition, he resolved to make a trial. The dog he procured was *young;* so he trained him after his own ideas of right, and soon found the docile creature a very useful auxiliary in driving a flock from one pasture to another. The sheep often took a wrong turn, and then scampered off as fast as they could go. At such times it is the custom to send the dog after them, at the top of his speed. He is not long in overtaking them, when, if the weather be warm, and the lanes narrow and dusty, the sheep are much frightened, and not unfrequently hurt by falls or by crushing each other. Now, to prevent this, Mr. Scott would order his dog Smart to go to the other side of the hedge, saying, "*Now go ahead, and bring 'em back.*" In a

short time Smart would peep over or through the hedge, when, satisfying himself that he was *ahead* of the sheep, he would come coolly out of the hedge, and bring them back down the lane so gently as not to give them the least alarm! Smart never attempted to go ahead of a flock in the usual way; but, looking at his master, and wagging his tail, would cross the hedge, and overtake them as just described.

Sometimes Smart was out of the way when his master started from the farmhouse to visit his sheep. When the dog returned, his mistress would say, "Smart, you are behindhand; master is gone to see the sheep." The sagacious dog would instantly run off at the top of his speed, and it was seldom indeed that his master found himself at the field gate without Smart being at his heels; for well did the dog remember where he had last seen the flock. It was clear, however, that Smart considered it his business to attend chiefly to his master and mistress; for seldom could any other person induce him to work, not even to drive the pigs out of the orchard, when they had trespassed there, although this was an occupation in which he took much delight; nor could the milkmaid make him bring the cows, without an order from master or mistress. One day a butcher came from a neighbouring town to purchase some sheep of Mr. Scott. Having concluded his bargain, a difficulty arose as to how he could drive them home. Appealing to Mr. Scott, he said, "Will you lend me a boy to go as far as Dark Lane? (about two miles off). When I once get them *there*, they will go straight enough." The

THE WISEST WAY WITH THE SHEEP.

[Page 8

farmer could not do this without stopping a team, which just then would have been peculiarly inconvenient; but he said, "I will lend you Smart."

"That would do very well," said the butcher, "if you were going too, but he will not follow *me*."

"Never mind," said Mr. Scott, "I will manage *that*. I'll give him to understand that he must follow the sheep as far as you like, and I shall trust to you to send him back when you get within the lane."

Incredible as it may seem, the dog obeyed the directions. Smart returned so speedily, however, that Mr. Scott was fearful that he had not gone all the distance agreed upon; but on meeting the butcher a few days afterwards, and making the inquiry, he found that Smart had strictly discharged his duty. The butcher added, "When I buy sheep of you again, Mr. Scott, I would rather have the *dog* than *two boys;* for he neither frightens nor worries them."

Noble dog! A worthy servant of a worthy and kind-hearted master.* Poor Smart had an unconquerable dread of thunder, and would curl himself up during the time it lasted, and nothing could induce him to come out of his hiding-place. If he could get access to his master's bedroom, and rush under the bed, that was his favourite retreat. If this was impracticable, then he would hide in some dark corner.

* *See* "A Few Words on a Neglected Subject: specially addressed to those who have care of the young." By Mary Howitt.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Take two cases. In the first, a dog hides a bone because it was given him when he was not hungry. Of course you know that dogs *do* hide bones when it suits them to save a trifle for a rainy day. The dog knows that in due time he will be hungry ; he knows also that if he does not hide the bone it may be lost ; and he knows also that a little scratching will make an end of the matter. The time comes when a bone would be acceptable, so the dog goes to his larder. But he cannot do this without employing his memory ; in fact, if he had no memory, he would not know when hungry that he had stored away a bone when full. To make short work of this case, I call it an example of reasoning, because, to all appearance, every step of the process is the result of *thought* founded upon knowledge, which knowledge is the result of experience.

Now for the other case. A butterfly roams all through the garden, resting not until she finds a nettle. It may be a cabbage or any other plant, but we suppose it to be a nettle, for the sake of a distinct case, and because also very many kinds of beautiful butterflies resort to nettles. But why does she stay on the nettle only, refusing to rest on any other plant ? It is her nature to deposit her eggs on the leaf of the nettle, for *only on the nettle* can her offspring feed. She lays her eggs and dies. In due time the eggs are hatched, and the little caterpillars come forth, and feed upon the nettle. I call this selection of the nettle by the butterfly an example of instinct, because, to all appearance, every step of the

process is the result of *impulse*, having no foundation in knowledge, and altogether independent of experience. It does not hurt my pride or perplex me at all to discover that the higher animals—quadrupeds and birds especially—have considerable power of thought; they would be quite uninteresting and perhaps horribly repulsive, were it otherwise. Let us see by a few more examples, not imaginary like the last, but taken in truth from the book of nature, how the reasoning of animals is made manifest.

HOW DOGS TAKE CARE OF PROPERTY.

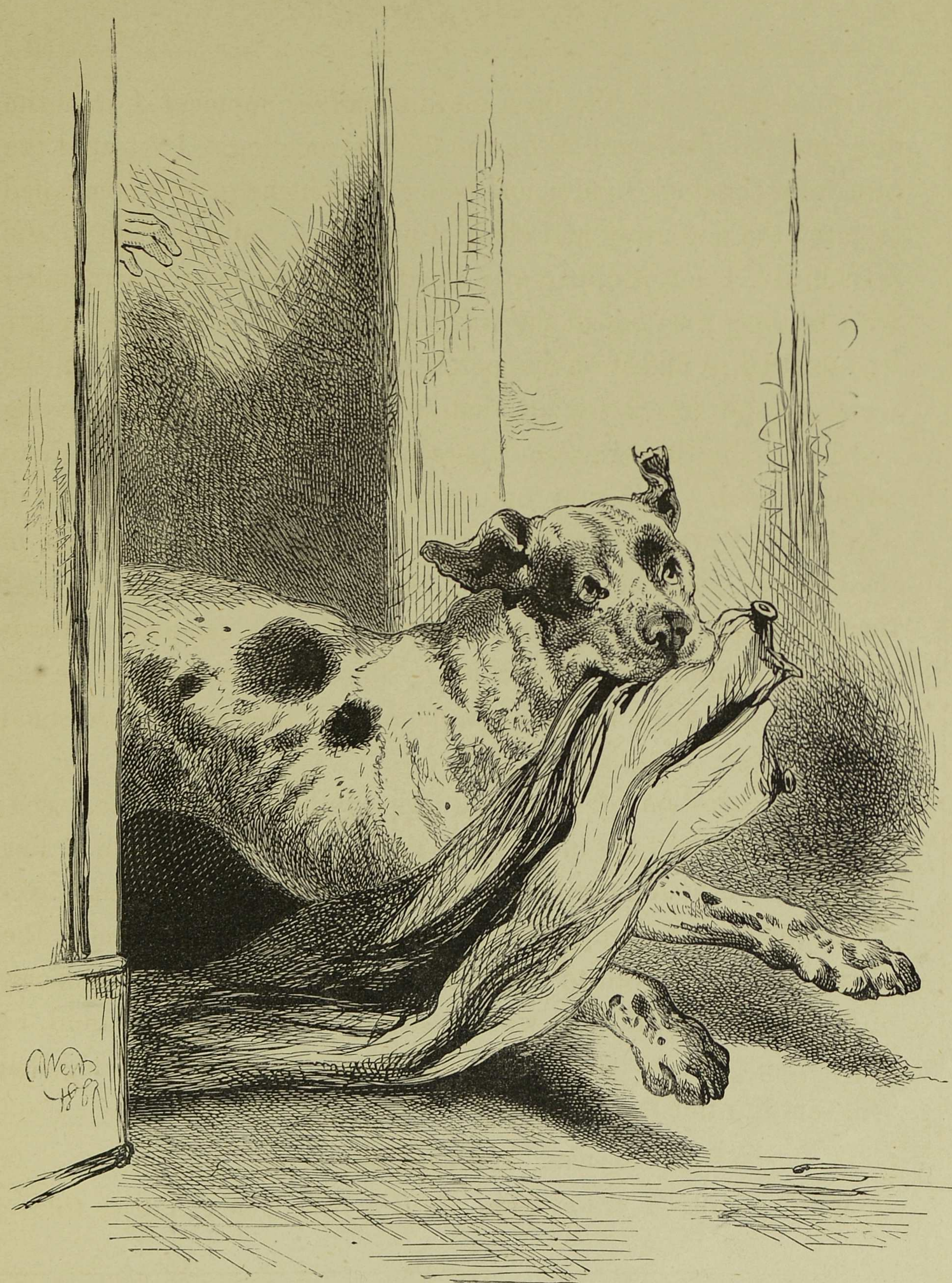
You will often see in the country a little dog sitting beside a small heap of clothes, with perhaps a tin can, and a staff, and a basket. Don't go near him, don't disturb him; he is rather spiteful *now*, but for that very reason deserves respect; for he is minding his master's jacket and other properties, while he is at his work in the field. Not long ago, there was an account in the papers of a drover who left his dog to mind his jacket while he went across a railway to look after some cattle. In crossing the railway, the poor man was struck down by a train, and killed. The dog never left its charge, but died guarding its dead master's jacket. We keep in our house a number of parrots and a few small birds. Our good dog Topsy is such a faithful guardian of them that we may place them all on the lawn, and leave them there without watching; for Topsy suffers no cat to come near. When this dog (a pure-bred retriever) first came into the house, our pretty "Trot," the sulphur-crested cockatoo was on his perch, and the appearance of the dog startled him, and he flew round the room. In a moment

the dog sprang upon the bird, and in another moment I, and the dog, and the bird were all on the floor, struggling. I released the bird from the dog's mouth, and being without help, was compelled to carry the dog away and chain it up, ere I could attend to the poor bird. I left it apparently dead upon the floor, surrounded with feathers torn out in the fray; when I went back to its aid, I was startled to find it on its perch as before, and very little the worse for the attack, except that it was frightened; for the dog had held it by the wing, and there was not a mark of its teeth to be discovered. This first unfortunate meeting was the result of accident. I was not aware any of the birds were then out of their cages. But the next day I allowed Topsy to go amongst them; and *knowing now they were property*, she assumed towards them the character of a guardian. Since the painful struggle she has been on good terms with them, and they quite understand each other.

The recognition of a master's property is one of the most convincing proofs of high intelligence in dogs. They learn in a few days, or even hours, the extent of the garden or other land over which they are to keep watch, and may be taught to guard the merest trifle, and even to distinguish minute objects as the property of their masters. If they were destitute of reason, this would be impossible. There is a capital story of a Frenchman's dog that will serve to illustrate this point of our argument.

CANICHE, THE DOG DETECTIVE.

M. Dumont, a tradesman of Rue St. Denis, Paris, told a



CANICHE RUNS AWAY WITH THE TROWSERS.

[Page 13.

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

literally *sans culottes.* Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of double Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived in a moment afterwards, very much enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your trowsers, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling; "without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

What a strange thing it would be for an animal incapable of reason to understand human speech! Why, my old parrot knows the meaning of many of the words she says, though she does not understand *my* speech with anything like the perfection of any of my dogs. I taught Poll to cry out at dinner-time, "Is that for Poll? Thank you; so nice." And a maid we had, who was very fond of Poll, used to place a hot leg of mutton for a moment before Poll's cage, before she brought it up to the table; and Poll used to look at it

askance, and cry out, "Is that for Poll? Thank you." But if we forget, she does not forget, dinner-time, for as soon as she hears the rattle of the plates, she shouts at the top of her voice (N.B., the *top* of her voice is a very loud one), "Thank you; so nice;" and she gets many a dainty bit that she would go without through our forgetfulness, if she did not *connect with the words the material meaning of them.* Everybody knows that animals obey the commands of those who tend them; for that is the essence of our management, and the very life and soul of a performance by animals of all kinds that have been taught to perform. But we will illustrate this power by another true story, for which I am indebted to Mr. Westcott, of Wells, in Somerset, the author of the "Life of a Butterfly."

THE DOG THAT OBJECTED TO BE SHOT.

A sportsman met a stray retriever in the stubble, and the dog became friendly with him at once, and entered heartily into the business of the day. They were soon on the best of terms with each other, and the dog was valued for his cleverness and good temper. A month afterwards this sportsman met another, the retriever not then being in the field. The new comer complained that his sport had been spoiled by the stupidity of his dog. "And I feel this the more," he said, "because a month ago I lost a dog that was worth its weight in gold." The other inquired into the circumstances, and learned that the complaining sportsman was out one day with a valuable retriever, and through having missed some birds he lost his temper, and threatened to shoot the dog. Presently afterwards the dog was missing, and he had never seen him since.

It immediately struck the other that the dog that made friends with him a month before in the stubble might be the runaway; and in his anxiety to be just, he sent for his new favourite, and it was instantly identified by the ill-tempered sportsman as his property. The next thing to be done was to hand him over; but the dog refused to be a party to this procedure; *he would not return to his former master;* neither coaxing nor compulsion availed, and the original owner at last gladly presented him to the friend whom he had served so faithfully. There might be some doubt if this dog understood the meaning of the words his former master used when he threatened to shoot him; but I can tell you another story that I know to be true, and which proves that dogs do understand human speech, provided it refers to matters within their experience

CHAPTER III.

THE DOG THAT COULD COUNT SIX—THE ARTFUL DOG THAT SHUT THE SERVANTS IN—PRIDE STANDING IN THE WAY OF KNOWLEDGE—THE MISSIONARY DOG—THE DOG THAT LEARNED A TRADE—THE SLIPPER FETCHER IN DIFFICULTIES—THE PONY THAT TURNED THE WATER ON.

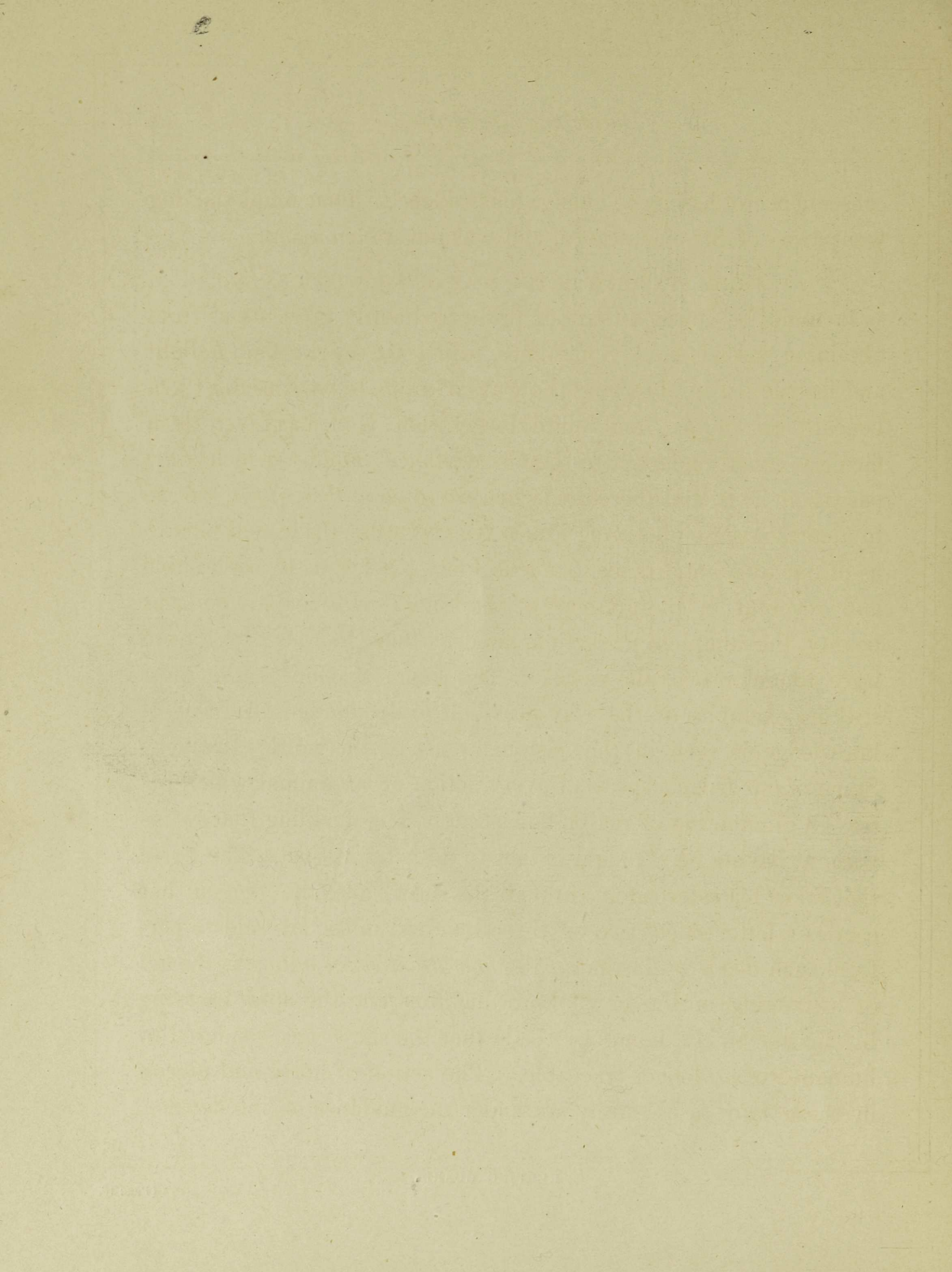
A GAMEKEEPER kept his belts in a very methodical manner. He could go in the dark and take any one he wanted, so careful was he to put each in its proper place, and to have his guns and other necessaries of his business in proper order. One day he was out with his favourite dog, and he found he should want a belt. So he said to the dog, "Go home and bring me belt No. 6." The dog went home and barked. His mistress came out, and the dog led her to the shed where the belts were kept. She took down No. 1, the dog barked "No," she took down No. 2, again the dog barked "No;" she proceeded thus until she came to No. 6, which the dog took from her hand, while making a low pleased expression of thankfulness and fled away to its master. If you are not tired of stories of dogs, I will tell another which is strictly true, and in one point resembles Mr. Westcott's anecdote. I shall call it the story of

THE ARTFUL DOG THAT SHUT THE SERVANTS IN.

The Rev. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, had, when he lived at Liberton, a dog that took great interest in its master's welfare, and he proved his sincerity on one occasion in a very remarkable manner. The servants, unknown to their master, and during his absence from home, invited a number of their friends to a feast. They were not aware that though the master knew not of the riotous way in which they were making use of his property, the dog knew all about it, and artfully contrived his plan to trap them. He took no notice of the visitors as they arrived, and appeared to be unconcerned about their procedure in the feasting; but when they were preparing to leave, he stood guard at the door, made them understand that not one could pass him, and there he kept them prisoners until Mr. Simpson returned home and became acquainted with their dishonest behaviour. Mr. Harrison Weir has given us a lively picture of this artful dog keeping guard over the terrified servants. May it make an impression on the minds of my young readers in favour of truth, candour, and honesty; for if a dog may thus punish and reprove the wicked, how shall we hope to escape the watchful eye of our Omnipotent Father, who has said, "Such as are upright in their way are my delight"? I must not forget another fact in the history of this dog, especially because it is in some measure a reply to the question—Do dogs understand human speech? Mr. Simpson one day stated to a friend, in the hearing of the dog, that he should be compelled to get rid of him, in

KEEPING GUARD.

[Page 18.



consequence of having to change his residence. That night the dog went away of his own accord, and was never seen again.

PRIDE STANDING IN THE WAY OF KNOWLEDGE.

It cannot be doubted that our pride frequently prevents us from obtaining knowledge. Sometimes, when we might find delight and instruction in observing the ways of animals, we consider them beneath our notice, and quite forget that God has given them faculties exactly adapted to the circumstances amidst which they pass their lives, and therefore, when we observe *their ways*, we are in a certain sense observing HIS WAYS IN THEM. Pride whispers to us of our own importance, but true Piety teaches us to be humble and reverent in the presence of the boundless life, the wondrous beauty, the complete perfection, amidst which God has placed us to have dominion over the works of His hands. One of the most striking examples of the way in which pride stands in the way of knowledge is seen in the customary use of the word "Instinct." Some of our friends speak of every action of an animal which betrays a glimmering of reason as instinct. The duckling that swims without having been taught is said to do it by instinct. The horse that takes his rider safely through the snow, and the pigeon that carries a letter safely two or three hundred miles, are said to perform such deeds by instinct. Yet *how different in nature* is the act of swimming in the newly-born duckling, and the horse carrying his master safely home by roads that the snow has rendered to human eyes no longer traceable. The action of horse and pigeon in these two cases surely are under the guidance of intelligence,

and we must own it to be such, or confess that we cherish our pride more than the truth of nature. One of the most interesting of all studies, that of determining in the actions of animals the true distinctions between instinct and reason has been made obscure, and sometimes has been treated absurdly by those who should have set a good example, solely because pride has ruled them more powerfully than love, and they have made the mistake of supposing the whole case could be settled by attaching to the word instinct any meaning which convenience or pride required. I will take the explanation of instinct which Lord Brougham has given in his entertaining work upon the subject. He contends that its operations are all conducted in the dark, and he supposes, in accordance with this consideration, that the honey-bee works without any knowledge of what she is doing, or what purpose her labours are to serve. He says, "I perceive her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about." Now I would instance the honey-bee as an example of instinct, as I have already done the butterfly; but I would not be so rash or vain as to say that neither of these insects possess a glimmering of reason; for, indeed, I believe they possess more than a glimmering. But let us accept for a moment the hypothesis, and it follows that a bee goes out without knowing she will have to find her way home again; that she gathers honey in complete ignorance of the use it will be in winter as food; that she constructs cells of wax, wondrous in workmanship, without knowing what they are to be used for;

that she stores up honey in these cells, and seals them to prevent the honey running out, and that without knowing that the sealing is necessary; she comes to the hive she belongs to in preference to any other, though she has not a single idea about "home, sweet home." Now I avow my belief that although the bee must be in great part impelled by wonderful instinct, and must in great part work without knowledge, she has nevertheless *some knowledge*, some power of reason—else the least disturbance of her operations would result in ruin; whereas she soon adapts her work to changes of circumstances, and must therefore know something of its nature and import. I will give an anecdote to light up this little essay. Here it is :—Being very much interested in bees, I determined once to try if I could deceive them. I got a lot of artificial flowers made in the most careful manner to imitate real flowers that were then in season. I planted these in a spot the bees were accustomed to visit, and sat down to watch. Not a bee alighted upon them, nor a moth or butterfly paused near them. I then dropped into a few of the flowers some fresh liquid honey. Presently a bee came by; he hovered about the flowers, darted straight to one that had been flavoured, extracted the honey, went to another, did the same, and so on, until, appearing to be well filled, he flew away. Some may say this only affords a proof that the bee is guided by the sense of smell more than by the sense of sight. Granted, but I cannot help thinking that *that bee knew what she was about* when she preferred the flower flavoured with honey to the flower that had none.

One of the simplest but most unmistakable examples of dog-reason I can call to mind amongst hundreds of such that might be woven into our scheme, is that of a Newfoundland dog sent across a stream to fetch a couple of hats, while his master and a friend had gone on some distance. The dog went after them, and they saw him attempt to carry both, and fail; for the two were too much for him. Presently he paused in his endeavour, took a careful survey of the hats, discovered that one was larger than the other, put the small one inside the larger, took the larger in his teeth by the brim, and swam away, the happy carrier of the burden appointed him. I say, if we could deal with difficulties in this way, there would be an end of moping, and moaning, and whining; we should cram a lot of little troubles inside a big one, and take hold of that big one firmly, and commit ourselves to the deep waters in faith. But we love our little troubles too much to dispose of them that way, and keep them at hand to fret and frown over, as excuses for discontent. Come along, let us have another dog story.

THE MISSIONARY DOG.

The editor of the *Band of Hope Review* some time ago received a letter from Charles Payne, the servant of a gentleman in Norfolk, in which the writer stated :—" Having occasion to put my horses up to be baited at a small inn, at Frodisham, in Cheshire, I thought I would take the advantage of attending a missionary meeting, which was going on in a chapel close by; but finding it already crowded, I was obliged to remain outside. One of the speakers

HOW TO CARRY TWO HATS.

[Page 22.

was reading over the amounts collected during the year, and amongst the names mentioned was 'Master Jowler,' for £1 13s. and some pence, but I was not able to catch the exact amount from my being outside. Now this Master Jowler I learned was none other than a dog belonging to a Mr. Jones, living in that neighbourhood. Jowler has been taught to collect money for Foreign Missions. This he has done, I was told, some years. The manner in which he goes about his work is most peculiar. He is supplied with a basket, which he carries in his mouth, and his knock and bark at the doors are well known by the people who live in the village. As soon as the door is opened, Jowler gives a bark, and wags his tail; and the people of whom I made inquiries informed me that there is no getting rid of the dog until some sort of money is put into his basket. He is a small white bull-terrier. I have heard of men, women, and children being pressed into the missionary cause, but never before heard of dogs. I do not know whether he was present to hear the cheers and loud clapping that were given for him by the meeting, but certain it is that he *seems* to manifest an interest in his duty, though unconscious of the end for which he labours. I think, sir, that you will not fail to teach a lesson to your readers from this fact. Jowler certainly belongs to the 'Try Company.'"

THE DOG THAT LEARNED A TRADE.

E. L. P., writing from Ashburton, says:—"I was once residing in the country for some months in a hired house; the person to

whom this belonged owned a beautiful retriever, named 'Ben.' Finding that its kennel was neglected, I determined to undertake the office of cleaning it out myself. Accordingly, having unchained the dog, I set to work with a rake and a broom, and put in fresh straw. The following day I repeated this operation, but took the dog with me to the tool-house, and made him carry the rake and broom. Having ordered him to lie down, he remained close by me until I had finished my work ; then I returned with him to the tool-house, and sent him back to fetch the tools which I had left behind. This was repeated several days, until Ben had learned to distinguish the broom and the rake from all the other tools—to bring them to me at the kennel—to take them back, and put them in their places, and to return and be chained up. By degrees I taught him to fetch his collar, and lay it at my feet, that I might chain him up."

THE SLIPPER FETCHER IN DIFFICULTIES.

The correspondent to whom we are indebted for the foregoing says, " I will relate an anecdote of a skye-terrier, belonging to my brother,who taught her to fetch his slippers when he returned home from his walks. He generally went from the hall to his own sitting-room, at the end of a long passage ; but one night he came into the drawing-room, and being very tired, he called Bella, and said, 'Go fetch them, Bell,' pointing to his boots, which I was unlacing. The little dog immediately began smelling, and running about, but soon she knew it was not his sitting-room. She ran down the

THE MISSIONARY DOG.

[Page 22.

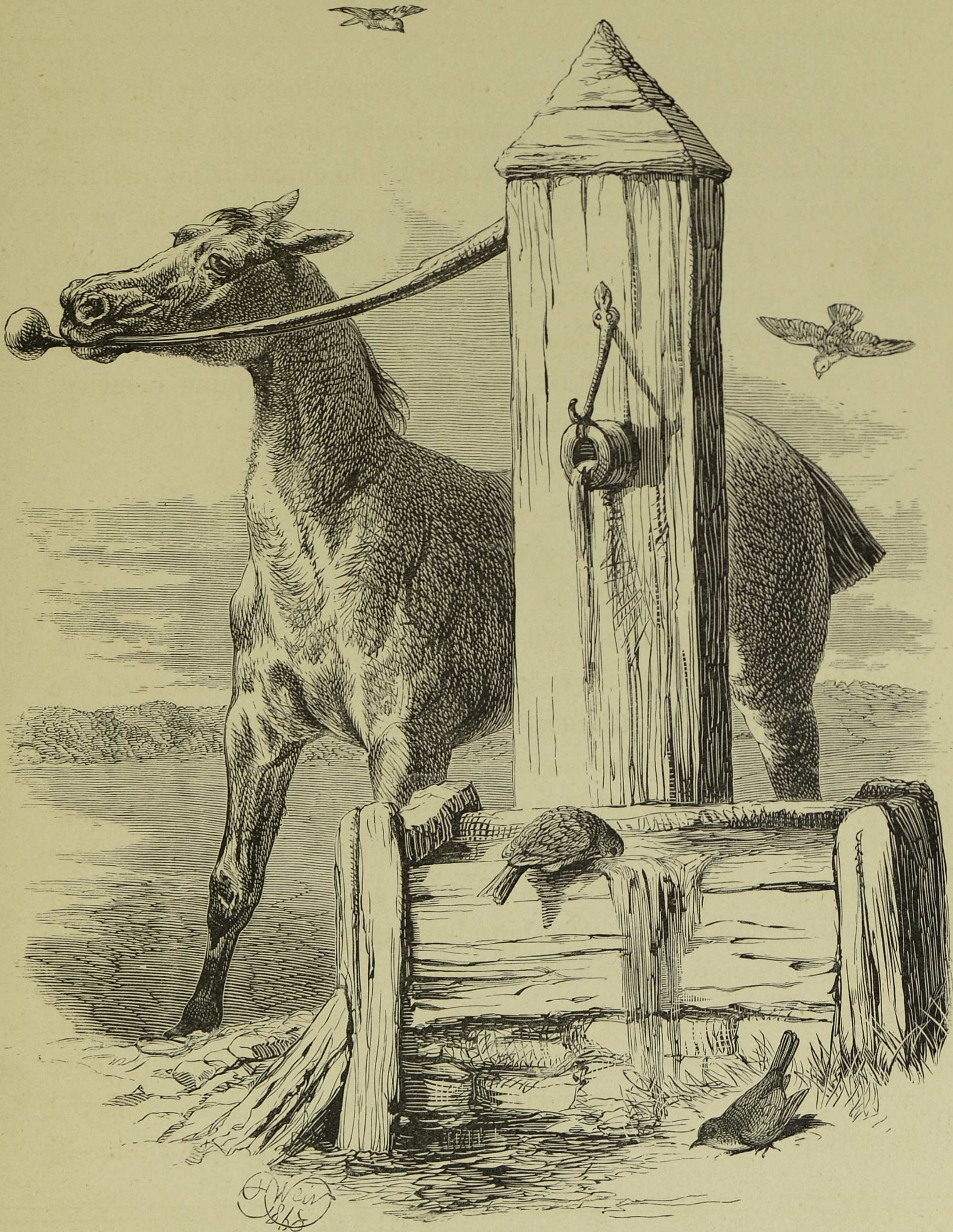
passage, and in a minute returned—but with no slipper! She was sent again, and after some little time brought a slipper out of the next room, belonging to my mother, showing that she knew *what* was wanted. We then went to the farther sitting-room, and found that the door was shut. The moment we opened it, Bella rushed in and brought both the slippers."

It will make a change to leave the dogs, and go amongst the horses, for they are scarcely less clever than the dogs, though we have fewer opportunities of observing the evidences of their ability. You see, a dog becomes one's daily, hourly companion, and it has a peculiar gift of following its master, and guarding his property. Horses have been known to exhibit these two qualities in a very marked manner, but it is not a common thing for a horse to follow anyone far, or to watch, as a dog will, for the safety of its owner's property. Horses have a peculiar talent for taking care of themselves; and before I get to the end of this book I shall bring forward some instances. Considering the cruelties and insults to which horses are exposed, and their usually perfect silence and submission when suffering, it is somewhat of a consolation to be assured that when left to the free exercise of their own talent, it is chiefly directed to their own preservation and welfare. Wild horses live in communities, consisting of from ten to twenty females, governed by a chief, which of course is a male. They never feed or sleep without a sentinel on the watch, and they join their forces admirably when any common danger threatens them, as if fully conscious of the value of the motto, "Unity is strength." I think it

will be found that striking examples of intelligence in the horse are of a less unselfish nature than similar instances in the dog, though, as we shall see hereafter, this noble animal is not deficient of devotion and generosity. However, for the present, let us see our friend Dobbin exercising his wits and his teeth for his own benefit. In the *Rock* newspaper of the 30th of June, 1868, appeared a paragraph extracted from the *Scotsman* newspaper, the heading of which was, "Extraordinary case of equine sagacity," but which I shall reproduce with a new heading:—

THE PONY THAT TURNED THE WATER ON.

"An almost unparalleled circumstance was noticed at Muirhall, near West-Calder. During the great heat that prevailed on a recent day, an Iceland pony, the property of Mr. John Waddell, contractor, was for a time left to its own free will during the temporary absence of its driver. The pony, which had been driven for a considerable distance, and was seemingly actuated by a craving for water, was observed by the proprietor of Muirhall, and others who chanced to be in the vicinity, to deliberately walk a distance of fully fifty yards, and with its teeth turn the cock of a water-pipe projecting out of the road embankment, supply itself with a draught of the refreshing beverage, readjust the cock, and return to the position in which it was left." This case is not only paralleled but surpassed by one that occurred at Leeds in 1794. A gentleman's horse was regularly turned into a field where there was a pump, the water of which never failed. The horse observed how the pump worked, and at last took to pumping for himself,



THE HORSE THAT PUMPED FOR HIMSELF.

[Page 26

thus saving the groom the trouble of providing him with water. His mode of procedure was to take the handle of the pump between his teeth, and pump away until the trough was full. Mr. Weir has given us a life-like picture of this incident, which is undoubtedly one of the most curious in all the history of animal intelligence.

That animals possess reasoning powers and use them as we use ours, will now, I hope, be no longer disputed by any of our readers. How to get at the mind of an animal has been demonstrated. It must be done by **observation.**

Ponder on that word, for it is closely related to your happiness as a reasonable being. You can know nothing, and you can enjoy but little, without observation; merely looking or seeing by accident is not observing ; we must see, touch, taste, reflect ; we must reason upon the facts of nature, to be truthful and useful observers. In respect to animals generally, we have not learned all that may be learned by merely observing them. We want a key to their natures—to their inmost natures; and we must look for it in our own inmost natures, or we shall search for it in vain. The gracious Parent who has given us eyes to see and ears to hear, has given generously to all creatures faculties suited to the scope and purpose of their lives, that each in its sphere may have its share of safety and happiness. By the little harvest mouse, by the cloud-dividing eagle, by the flying steed, by the huge elephant that makes the ground tremble beneath him, we are reminded of the great Creator, whose work is perfect.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEART OF THE CREATURE, AND HOW TO RULE IT—ANIMAL COMPANIONSHIPS—THE WAGTAILS—THE TWO FRIENDS—A RAT CARRIED BY A SWAN—THE WILD CAT AND THE TAME SPARROW—THE DOG AND DUCKS—THE DISTRESSED EWE—THE FOALS IN DANGER—THE PARTNERS.

EVERYBODY knows what is meant by the term "heart," when employed to designate the moral status of its possessor. If I ask, Has my dog a heart? it may be understood that I am anxious to know if my dog has any good *moral* qualities. It will be found, on inquiry, that animals have many moral qualities, which render them the subjects of hope, fear, joy, sorrow, affection, and solicitude; and in their possession and exercise of these qualities they resemble ourselves. It is a very great argument for dealing justly and kindly with animals, that they are capable of intense feeling. Their emotions are neither so deep nor so various as ours; but they have emotions, and suffer like ourselves when abused, insulted, neglected, disappointed. Most touchingly has James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," in his sketch of the sports of autumn, described the sufferings of the hunted hare—"a weak, harmless flying creature;" and of the "stag, too, singled from the herd," giving

"—— all his swift aërial soul to flight.
* * * *
He sweeps the forest oft; and *sobbing* sees

> The glades, mild-opening to the golden day,
> * * * *
> And puts his last mean refuge in despair."

Yes, these creatures around us, that people the forests, that labour for us at the mill and in the street, that beautify our dwellings, and sweeten our lives by their companionship, are capable of sharing with us in many of the joys and sorrows of life, and have their *own* joys and sorrows that demand our kindly consideration. It has been said that nobody ever knew a dog to *borrow*, but many a dog has been known to *give.* So again it has been said—of course only in a playful manner—that no animal was ever known to read the Catechism. But all our domestic animals are capable of distinguishing, in reference to matters pertaining to their own life, between *right* and *wrong.*

My pretty dog, Topsy, endeavours every morning to steal my breakfast, and so far Topsy is an immoral dog. She succeeds but rarely, for we know her ways; but she is always ashamed of the base endeavour, and is never, when watching for an opportunity to steal, the lively, sprightly, confident dog she is at other times. The very fact of a desire to do wrong, coupled with a sense of shame, and fearing consequences, proves the existence of a moral nature, and a capability of improvement; and, as a matter of fact, animals are very much improved by good training, so that cats and dogs that begin life in dishonesty, become, at last, trust-worthy and good. To draw the line between man and brute, in respect to moral distinctions, may not be an easy matter; but cer-

tain great distinctions are obvious, and these may very well form the subject of a few remarks farther on.

The most striking and usually the most pleasing example of powerful feeling, combined with quick intelligence, is when an animal finds its young in danger, and resorts to some contrivance suddenly to avert calamity. Here we see intense love overcoming fear ; the timid and apparently foolish creature becomes suddenly courageous and wise. A common fowl has been known to drive a powerful dog away from her young brood. It is no uncommon thing for the lapwing and other birds to lure intruders from their nests by pretending to be injured; and when they have drawn the suspected enemy away from the spot where the nest is situated, rise boldly on the wing, and leave the pursuer to regret that he should have tried to capture a bird which was only simulating disablement. Mr. Harrison Weir gives us a story and a picture in illustration of the courage and skill of birds in the protection of their young. He was walking round his grounds one day, accompanied by his dogs, and approached a heap of sandstone that had been quarried for him. Here he was startled to find a couple of water-wagtails attack one of his dogs, a black and tan terrier. Carrie, the dog, was at first so taken by surprise as not to know what to do, but surprise gave way to temper, and her temper at last overcame her judgment, as it does too often with us. She dashed at the bird right and left, while they, fired with this show of fight, buffeted her unmercifully. Mr. Weir got the dog away, and stopped the absurd encounter, and immediately afterwards discovered a

HOW THE WAGTAILS FOUGHT THE TERRIER.

[Page 30

nest of young wagtails hidden among the very stones where the attack on the dog began. The birds had gained their point; they had put the dog out of temper, and the dog had thereby lost what might have been an easy prize.

ANIMAL COMPANIONSHIPS.

There are many cases on record of strong friendships subsisting between animals, and of acts of devotion by powerful creatures to the interest of weak companions. I daily witness, in my parrots and dogs, proofs that these animals have been endowed with social feelings of a high order, different and better than such as regulate animals that live in communities. For example, we find a herd of deer keep together and constitute a distinct family, but the social feeling in this case is neither so strong nor so beautiful as when two or three animals, never destined by nature to form alliances, become constant friends, and help and protect each other. Amongst our animal friends at home is an Amazon parrot, the property of a friend who kindly allows her to visit our parrots occasionally. Her name is "Popaguy," a name not likely to be forgotten, for she reminds us of it frequently. When Popaguy comes here, even if a year has elapsed since her last visit, all our birds know her, and there is such a merry greeting. The birds are sure of a treat on the day that Popaguy comes; for, as we cannot endure the noise they make in the house, they are all taken to their several places under the trees in the garden, and there they have their gossip out. It consists of fun only; there is no mischief and no slander. The loudest and merriest of all is Popaguy. Once upon a time, Trot,

the sulphur-crested cockatoo, was in a poor state of health, and the feathers were falling from his breast. Popaguy came on a visit; Trot was delighted, for he was allowed to be always near her. The visit lasted a month, and by the end of that period Trot's feathers were restored, and he was as bright and healthy a bird as ever. As for Popaguy, her principal friend when at home is a jackdaw that is allowed perfect liberty, and he comes every morning to see Popaguy, and in cold weather "caws" to her through the window. Who that has watched the growth of companionship and mutual regard amongst pets, can doubt that animals feel keenly and profoundly, and like ourselves participate in the emotions of love, and fear, and joy?

In the "Natural History of Selborne," by the Rev. Gilbert White (a book which every young person should read and *keep*), occurs an anecdote to the following effect:—

A very intelligent person had assured him that, "in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. The two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees, an apparent regard began to take place between the two sequestered individuals; the fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion."

A more remarkable case than this is one related in Brown's "Popular Natural History." During a dreadful storm in England, in 1829, a singular instance occurred of sagacity in a rat. The river Tyne was much swollen by the water, and numbers of people had assembled to gaze on the masses of hay it swept along in its irresistible course. A swan was at last observed, sometimes struggling for the land, at other times sailing majestically along with the torrent. When it drew near, a black spot was seen on its snowy plumage, and the spectators were greatly pleased to find that this was a live rat. It is probable that it had been borne from its domicile in some hay-rick, and, observing the swan, it made for it as an ark of safety, in the hope of prolonging its life. When the swan at length reached the land, the rat leaped from its back and scampered away, amid the shouts of the spectators.

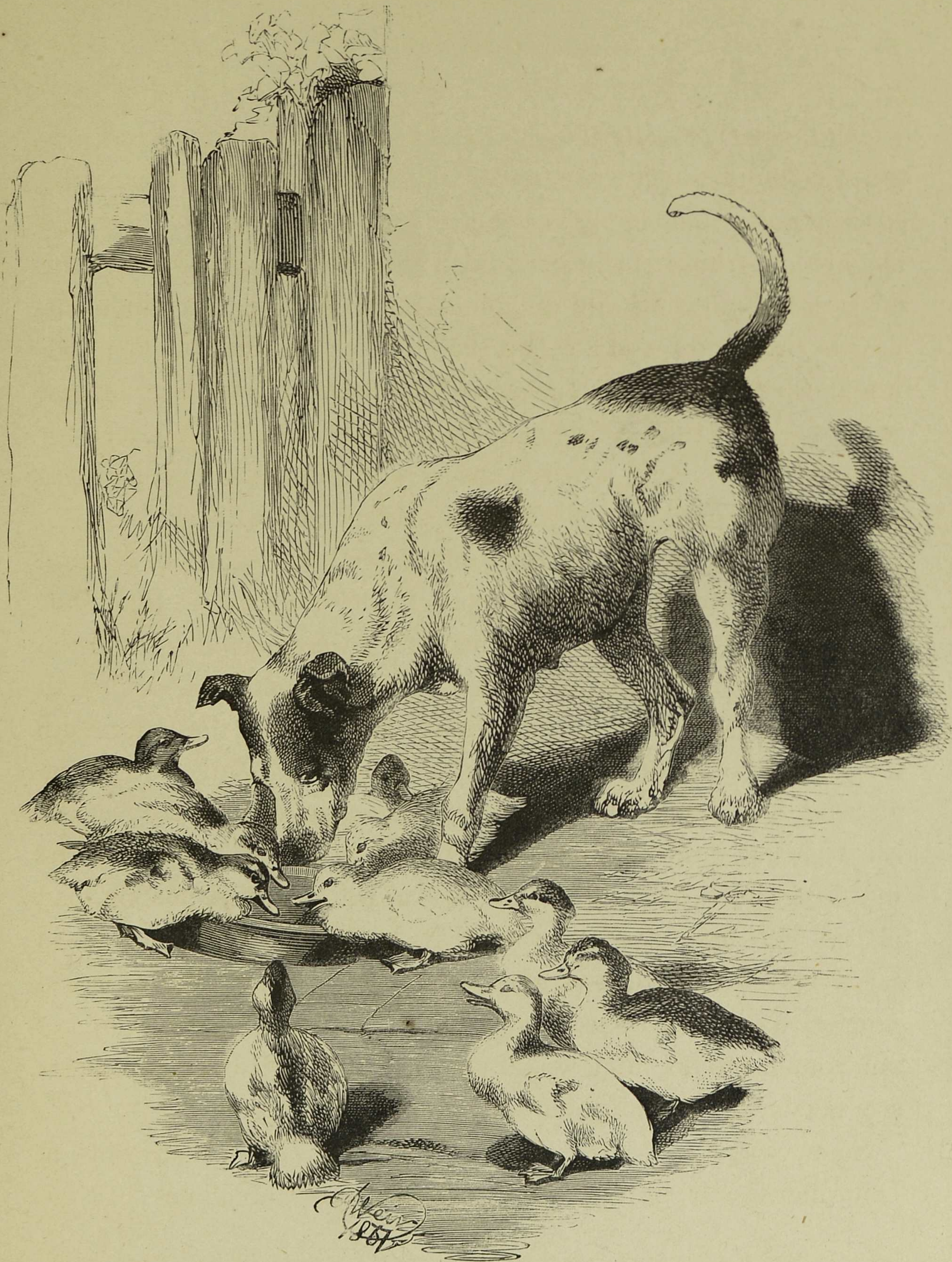
From the work last quoted, we extract the following :—A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without doing it the smallest injury.

M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat,

which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat, belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

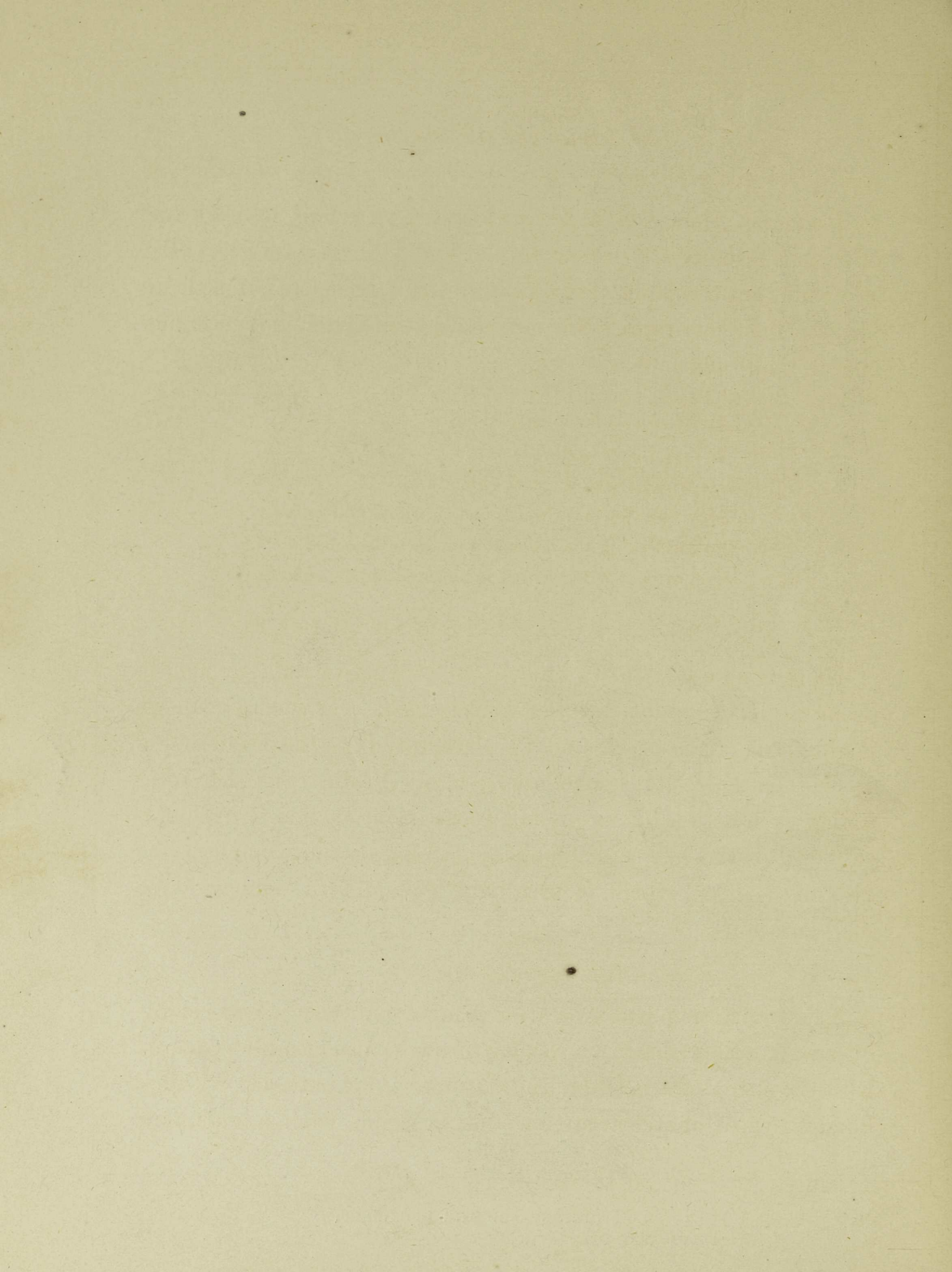
The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his admirable "Anecdotes of Natural History," states:—"A pigeon once made her nest in a hay-loft much infested with rats, which had more than once destroyed the eggs, or devoured the young ones. Her repeated losses at length induced her to rebuild her nest in another part of the loft, where a cat was rearing three kittens, with whom she contrived to form a strong friendship. They fed from the same dish, and when the cat went out into the field, the pigeon was often observed to be fluttering near her. The pigeon, aware of her protection, had placed her nest close to the straw bed of the cat, and there in safety reared two broods of young ones; and in return for the protection she experienced from the cat, she became a defender of her young kittens, and would often attack with beak and wings any person approaching too near."

Some years ago, says Captain Thomas Brown, there was, at Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherland, a seat of the Marchioness of Staf-



THE DOG THAT NURSED THE DUCKLINGS.

[Page 34.



ford, a terrier bitch, which, having lost its own young, took a brood of ducklings under her protection, and nursed them with great care. We could not complain very loudly if this terrier had eaten them, for "'tis their nature to." She must have been actuated by a higher motive than Selfishness.

> He who lives for himself alone,
> Is very likely to die alone ;
> He who lives to do good to another,
> May find, when he wants one, a friend or brother :
> So don't think too much of your own little body,
> It may chance in the end to be cared for by *nobody.*

THE MORAL FEELINGS STIMULATE THE MENTAL POWERS.

There is no doubt that a knowledge of what is right frequently prompts men and women to do what is right. In such a case, we might speak of the process taking place within, as the Mind acting on the Heart. But it is much more likely, I think, that the moral feelings will act on the mind, and rouse it into action. Undoubtedly such is the case with animals; and here is an example in the case of a sheep, which is usually a slow-minded animal. We shall entitle it

THE DISTRESSED EWE.

A lady correspondent writes:—"A few evenings ago, I was enjoying a walk with a friend, who led me through some meadows covered with the sheep of a neighbouring farmer. Our path lay within a hundred yards of a clear stream that descends from a mountain.

Many ewes and lambs were feeding near us, but one in particular drew our attention by the singularity of its motions. She approached us bleating very loudly, and after looking pitifully in my face ran off toward the brook. At first we regarded her with a careless eye; but, on a repetition of the bleatings, we gave more attention to her actions, which, to say the least, were strange. She ran towards the water, bleating piteously, and repeatedly looking behind her until she reached the brook, where she stood still. Having watched her for some minutes, without being able to account for her behaviour, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next field, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed yet more earnest, if possible, than before. We then determined to follow her, in order to discover the cause of her uneasiness. As soon as we turned towards the rivulet, she ran with all her speed, frequently looking back to see if we were following. When we reached the brink of the stream, she peeped over the edge of a hillock into the water, looking up in our faces as if to solicit our commiseration, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard from one of those creatures we call 'dumb.' Judge of our surprise when, on looking over the brink, we perceived her lamb standing close under the hillock, with the water nearly over its back. My friend ran to the farm-house for help, whilst I stayed beside the anxious mother to assure her of our assistance. The lamb was presently rescued from its dangerous situation, when its fond dam began to caress it; looking up at us with pleasure, if not with gratitude,

and expressing her sensations by several cries, very different from those bleatings she had uttered in her distress."

We not only learn from this occurrence how the wit of an animal reputed to be dull may be sharpened by affection, but how necessary it is on our part to pay attention to the actions of animals, with a view, if possible, to understand them, not disdaining to listen to their cries, and show them that they are heard and heeded even when the need for doing so is not apparent. No doubt, many a cry for help has been uttered by suffering creatures in vain, not in the solitude only, but in the very midst of those who could have afforded the help required, had they but given a moment's attention to the supplication with a view to understand it. A case resembling that of the Distressed Ewe is related by Captain Brown. We may call it

THE FOALS IN DANGER.

It is related that, in the month of April, 1794, owing to a strong contrary wind blowing to the current of the river, the island of Krontsand, surrounded by the two branches of the Elbe, became entirely covered with water, to the great alarm of the horses which, with some foals, had been grazing on it. They set up a loud neighing, and collected themselves together within a small space. To save the foals, that were now standing up to their bellies in water, seemed to be the object of their consultation. They adopted a method at once ingenious and effective. Each foal was arranged between two horses, who pressed their sides together, so

as to keep them wedged up and entirely free from injury from the water. They retained this position for six hours, nor did they relinquish their burden till, the tide having ebbed, and the water subsided, the foals were placed out of danger.

An amusing instance of companionship, with something of a business end in view, is related by M. Weuzel, the author of "Observations on the Language of Brutes." We shall entitle it

THE PARTNERS.

"I had a cat and a dog, which became so attached to each other that they would never willingly be asunder. Whenever the dog got any choice morsel of food, he was sure to divide it with his whiskered friend. They always ate sociably out of one plate, slept in the same bed, and daily walked out together. Wishing to put this apparently sincere friendship to the proof, I one day took the cat by herself into my room, while I had the dog guarded in another apartment. I entertained the cat in a most sumptuous manner, being desirous to see what sort of a meal she would make without her friend, who had hitherto been her constant table companion. The cat enjoyed the treat with great glee, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dog. I had had a partridge for dinner, half of which I intended to keep for supper. My wife covered it with a plate, and put it into a cupboard, the door of which she did not lock. The cat left the room, and I walked out upon business. My wife, meanwhile, sat at work in an adjoining apartment. When I returned home, she

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

[Page 38.

related to me the following circumstance:—The cat, having left the dining-room, went to the dog, and mewed uncommonly loud, and in different tones of voice, which the dog from time to time answered with a short bark. They then both went to the door of the room where the cat had dined, and waited till it was opened. One of my children opened the door, and immediately the two friends entered the apartment. The mewing excited my wife's attention. She went softly up to the door, to observe what was going on. The cat led the dog to the cupboard which contained the partridge, pushed off the plate which covered it, and taking out my intended supper, laid it before her canine friend, who devoured it greedily. Probably the cat, by her mewing, had given the dog to understand what an excellent meal she had made; but, at the same time, had given him a hint that something was left for him in the cupboard, and persuaded him to follow her thither. Since that time, I have paid particular attention to these animals, and I am perfectly convinced that they communicate to each other whatever seems interesting to either."

CHAPTER V.

THE LOVE OF HOME—THE WINGED POSTMAN—THE PEACOCK A WIDOWER—FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH—MORAL DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN MAN AND ANIMALS—ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS TO MAN—THE QUEER CUSTOMER AT THE COFFEE-STALL—THE HORSE THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR—THE HERO OF THE WRECK.

I SUPPOSE no reader of this book will expect a philosophical explanation of the attachment of animals to certain spots. I cannot offer an explanation; but as there is scarcely a human being to be found who has not felt it, especially when required for the first time to leave home, examples from the histories of animals will be more amusing than explanations. Perhaps no creature loves its home more than the cat; for when all other inmates have quitted it, Puss persists in haunting the empty premises. The case of the bee is peculiar; for if there be a hundred hives all together, every bee amongst millions knows its own domicile, and will not enter another, or allow a stranger in its own. We have not often met with instances of strong attachment to locality in the sheep; but here is one, for which we are indebted to Captain Brown, and it is certainly one of the most curious of its kind on record. It is that of a black ewe that returned, with her lamb, over from a farm in the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of

Harehope, at Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd was despatched in pursuit of her, who followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned, and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on; she would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May; and, judging it imprudent to venture through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds lying close by the road-side. But next morning, when all became quiet, a little after the break of day she was observed stealing quietly through the town in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the street. The last time she was seen on the road was at a toll-bar near St. Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several times to break through by force, when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently back. She had found some means of eluding him, however; for home she came, on a Sabbath morning, the 4th of June; and she left the farm of Lochs, in Glen-Lyon, either on the Thursday afternoon or Friday morning, a week and two days before. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she remained on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

THE WINGED POSTMAN.

The utility of a passion, or, as we may otherwise call it, the economic use of a sentiment, is amusingly exemplified in the case of the carrier-pigeon. It is not many years since, that these birds were of the utmost value for the conveyance of intelligence, with great speed, over vast distances, and large sums of money were expended in rearing, improving, and training them. Improved means of communication, and especially the invention of the electric telegraph, has made us careless of the capabilities of the carrier-pigeon; yet it remains as ever, a possible means of instituting almost immediate relationships between places widely sundered. To what particular quality more than others are we indebted for the accuracy and swiftness of this winged postman? We are indebted, in the first place, to its Love of Home; and secondarily, to its remarkable power of vision, its long endurance and swiftness of wing, and its accuracy in determining for itself the shortest way from the place of its departure to its destination. Having been a pigeon-fancier, I can well understand the interest taken in these birds, apart altogether from their utility; and the prices that have been paid for them recall the extravagances of the "Tulipomania," and the more recently developed passion for fancy poultry. Carrier-pigeons have been employed from time immemorial as bearers of intelligence; and I am not sure whether Noah's liberation of the dove from the ark may not be taken as evidence that in his day the homing habit of the pigeon was taken advantage of for purposes of communication. At all events, we find mention of the

pigeon as a bearer of epistles in the works of Anacreon, who wrote 2,500 years ago; and Pliny, in the tenth book of his Natural History, gives an account of the employment of the "messenger that cleaved the air," at the siege of Mutina. During the Holy War, our brave King Richard was indebted to a carrier-pigeon, belonging to the Saracens, for the conquest of Acre; for Saladin kept up a correspondence with the besieged city by means of carriers, and one of these, while flying over the English camp, was killed with a shaft from a cross-bow, and by this means Richard became acquainted with Saladin's plans, and was enabled to take possession of Acre almost immediately. In modern times, carrier-pigeons have been employed in less dignified tasks than conveying intelligence to leaders of armies and defenders of cities. In one of Hogarth's pictures, we see the bird flying off with news of the execution of a felon at Tyburn, and there are many persons living who can remember when they were employed to convey intelligence of the prices of corn, and of changes in the money market, and the names of winning horses at races. The Belgians and the Dutch have taken more pains to perfect the breed of carriers than the English. Great matches are occasionally instituted, in which as many as a hundred birds compete. Favourite racing courses for these matches are between Paris and Antwerp, a distance of 180 miles; between London and Liege, a distance of 300 miles; and between London and Amsterdam, a distance of 200 miles. In a great match by the Belgian Society of Amateurs, in 1825, ninety carriers were flown from Paris to Antwerp, and the

first that arrived home accomplished the distance in four hours and a half, the average rate of flight being forty miles an hour. In 1828, fifty-six carriers, brought to London from Liege, were sent home from Aldersgate-street, and the first of them reached Liege in five hours fifty-five minutes, the speed being at the rate of a little over fifty miles an hour. A good carrier is expected to travel at a rate exceeding fifty miles an hour, and it is said that a strong bird can accomplish a flight of 600 miles in twelve hours; but I have never met with any record of such a feat, and know not upon what authority the statement has been made. But in proof of the rapid travelling expected of them, the celebrated flight against time which took place at Maestricht in 1829 is sufficient. Forty-one birds were started together, and although the bird that first arrived home in Liege accomplished the journey at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, the prize was withheld from it. Owing to the intense attachment of these birds to the place of their nativity, it is a dangerous thing for a young amateur to purchase carriers; for on the first occasion of their getting loose, they will be sure to leave him; and even if they have young in their nest at the time, their anxiety on behalf of these will not be sufficient to restrain them. Nor are carriers peculiar in this respect, as I have known to my cost in days gone by, when valuable birds, purchased at high prices, would leave their young and betake themselves to their former owners. The very first pair of pigeons I ever had did this. They were a pair of genuine Guildhall pigeons, that were captured for me by a friend in the City, into

THE PEACOCK A WIDOWER.

[Page 45.

whose bedroom these pigeons used to come to be fed. I kept them six months closely shut up, and at last they made their escape through one of the laths of their large cage being broken. They left in their nest two newly-hatched young ones, which I endeavoured to nurse up, but failed, and lost them. That they went back to the Guildhall there could be no question; for they entered my friend's bedroom on the very day that they escaped, and he wrote to ask me if he should capture them again, as it was an easy matter to do so. I must confess, when I reflect on these things, it is difficult to admire the homing passion of a pigeon, knowing it may be gratified at so great a cost as the life of its young. Here assuredly we have a wonderful example of instinct; but there must be great intelligence combined with it, else the rapid flight of these birds through immense distances, without error, or with errors so few and trifling as not to materially affect their rate of travel, must be regarded as miraculous.

THE PEACOCK A WIDOWER.

Availing ourselves once more of the labours of Captain Brown, we select the following anecdote as very touchingly illustrative of the strength of affection in animals, and a good counterpoise to the fact last narrated, that pigeons will desert their young. The story of the mourning peacock contains at least two good points for reflection; the poor bird had an object in view in his attentions to the dead body of his mate—his object was to revive her. Another point is that he was ignorant of death; it was

long ere he would believe that the dead feel not, neither do they know us.

The late Mrs. Saville had a pair of beautiful pea-fowls that were the prime ornaments of her poultry-yard, and remarkably fond of each other. It happened unluckily that a fox, who had been for some time a depredator of the neighbouring hen-roosts, found his way into her yard, and in an unguarded moment seized the poor pea-hen, and carried her off. The robber, by some accident, being disturbed in his flight, left his prey, undevoured, in the hedge at the bottom of the orchard. The body being found, was brought home, and, after being honoured by the lamentations of the whole family, was deposited upon the dunghill. In the meantime the peacock missed his companion, and with anxious search paraded about the yard, till at last he discovered her remains ; and, no doubt hoping to cherish her with his warmth, he sat down upon them, and continued his post for three days, till, finding all his efforts ineffectual, he at length gave up the attempt.

THE DOG AND THE DUCKS.

A clergyman had a very fierce house-dog, within the length of whose chain it would have been dangerous for a stranger to have ventured ; but, notwithstanding his apparently savage disposition, a brood of ducklings, reared in the yard in which he was kept, soon became so fond of him, that whenever, from his barking, they apprehended danger, they would rush towards him for protection, and seek shelter in his kennel. For this story we are indebted to

the Rev. F. O. Morris. Something very like it fell under our own observation lately, when visiting Alfred Smee, Esq., at his beautiful garden at Carshalton. A great, but gentle dog, that keeps guard there, allows the young ducks and chickens to sleep with him in his kennel; and if any danger threatens, they rush to the shelter their huge canine friend is ever ready to afford them.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Mr. Edward Jesse, amongst his notes on the "Natural History of Selborne," tells of a cock golden pheasant, the property of a gentleman in Scotland, which was placed in a pen with a solitary chicken. These birds formed a strong attachment for each other, which was shown in a variety of ways. The pheasant died, and was stuffed. The chicken was turned loose, but appeared miserable after the death of its companion; and on being shown it in its stuffed state, dropped its wings, and, after vainly striving to get at it, fixed its eyes on it earnestly, and in this attitude died.

MORAL DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN MAN AND ANIMALS.

We have seen a few points of resemblance in the moral constitution of man and animals, more especially in the manifestation of the affections; but the differences are perhaps more striking than the resemblances, and it may be proper to point out a few of them. It must be premised, however, that we do not know the whole mind and heart of the animals; we know but little of either. We cannot put questions to a dog about his affection for his mother;

we can only watch for manifestations of that affection, and we may ofttimes fail to witness proofs of love, even where it is as strong as life or death. There appears to be, at least, one distinction about which there cannot be a mistake. Man, in every clime, worships the unseen God, and in that worship, no matter what peculiar form it may take, he acknowledges God as a Creator, a Benefactor, a Friend. Man is a *religious being*, but we never have observed any trace of the existence of the religious sentiment in animals. It must be repeated, however, that we do not know much of the inward life of animals, and it is a question if the devotion of a dog to his master does not partake, in some sense, of worship ; but undoubtedly it is an act of reverence, of such a nature that it may be said, not unreasonably, that the man is the god of the dog, the highest form of existence the animal is acquainted with, and entitled, therefore, to the reverence shown. If this distinction—the possession of an inborn sense of the existence of a Power supreme above all material things, entitled to the service of the lip, the homage of the heart—be allowed, it leads us directly to another, and that is the desire in man for moral perfection, the proof of which we see in all the institutions and efforts that are directed to the improvement of society, and the suppression of every vice and every cause of physical and moral suffering. Christianity, of necessity, prompts us to deeds of charity and virtue ; but, apart from the lovely example and teaching of our blessed Lord, there is in man, as part of his nature, the power of advancing, as it were, beyond himself; of building on the foundations of the past; of improving continually

as the future unfolds before him : the power, in fact, of *moral progression*, which we have never yet seen evidences of in the lives and actions of animals. Take, for example, the history of our native land ; consider the time when this our England was a "wolfish den," as Alfred Tennyson has described it, and consider its aspects to-day—the land of peace and plenty, the land of liberty, intelligence, and Christian energy. No matter by what means the improvement has been made, or the length of time it has required, it is enough to prove the point before us, or, to quote Mr. Tennyson again, history indicates to us the power of men to rise

> On stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

But we dare only speak of man in general, when we claim for him these distinctions. There are human beings in whose conduct it would be hard to find even the merest traces of religious sentiment, and whose history affords no evidence of the power of moral progression. Let us draw the veil, lest by the manifest virtues of animals, we should be made ashamed of ourselves or any of our kindred.

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS TO MAN.

It is scarcely possible to pass five minutes in any place where human beings and animals are associated, without observing the immense moral influence exercised by man on the living creation. I speak not now of the influences resulting from fear and cruelty; they indeed do more than is required of them, even by those who wickedly resort to such means. But observe where cruelty is un-

known, as at your own fireside, where puss confides in you, and is never weary of making known her regard ; observe the horse that is treated justly and kindly, how it becomes devoted to its master's service; observe, in the field, the cattle surrounding the kind herdsman, and the sheep following the good shepherd, and it will not be hard to believe that if the tenderness of fallen man is capable of doing so much, there can be no doubt at all that the love of God can melt the hardest human heart. Oh ! it is one of the joys of life, one of the blessings of our earthly state, that we may ensure for ourselves the sympathy of all creation, if we show ourselves worthy of it by a sympathising nature ; for in sympathy begins the relationship that ripens into love. My budget is crowded with stories illustrative of the devotion of animals to the interests of man, and, of course, a number of these relate to dogs. I shall only bring forward a few of this kind, because I want yet to make some remarks on the acquisition and application of a knowledge of these matters.

Friendships between man and animals partake, in many respects, of the features of friendships purely human. In some cases, self-interest is prominent on one or both sides ; in others, self-sacrifice and devotion, especially of the animal to the man, is the principal characteristic. A comical story is told, by the Rev. F. O. Morris, in which the animal thought chiefly about his own comfort, and this we shall entitle

THE QUEER CUSTOMER AT THE COFFEE-STALL.

A young orang-outang, of about four years of age, which died a

A CUSTOMER AT A COFFEE-STALL.

[Page 50.

short time after its arrival in England, had, by its intelligence and docility, conciliated during its voyage the general favour of all on board. Accustomed to sit at table, it behaved with more decorum than many children, and used a spoon more dexterously. At a port, where the vessel lay for some time on her homeward passage, the orang-outang was taken on shore, and, it is supposed, had once accompanied some of the men to the shop of a woman who sold coffee, which he found so much to his taste, that he took the liberty of going to the same place alone every morning for his breakfast, which was given without hesitation, and thus he contracted a bill which the captain had to discharge.

Another example of the same kind, but of a painful nature, is related in White's observations on quadrupeds, in his "Natural History of Selborne." "An old hunting mare, which ran on the common, being taken very ill, ran down into the village, as it were to implore the help of man, and died the night following in the street." In this short, sad story, what an insight have we into the mind and heart of the animal—the knowledge of man's power to give aid in distress, the confidence in man's kindness if the need for help to suffering creatures were made known! What more eloquent appeal to a tender—aye, or a hard heart—than the suffering horse dragging his aged limbs into the village street, where, like a spectre, he wanders up and down, seeking for relief in his dying agony, and finding none? Such an occurrence ought to afford mankind a lesson on the beauty of kindness, for evermore; for, depend upon it, in the animal world, human kindness is understood and appreciated.

THE HORSE THAT WENT TO THE DOCTOR, AND WAS REFUSED ASSISTANCE.

In illustration of the last remark, we take another anecdote from Captain Brown. A horse, whose stable was situated about a quarter of a mile from Dundee, had been for some years regularly shod by Mr. Gow, and had also undergone several operations by him as veterinary surgeon. Years, however, had incapacitated the animal from executing his wonted tasks; but his master, grateful for past services, had humanely tended him in the winter, in the hope that spring might bring fresh vigour to his aged limbs. Some time after, Mr. Gow and his workmen were astonished by a visit of their old customer, without any attendant. The afflicted animal stood before his former benefactor, and commenced licking and biting his own sides, accompanying the action with a low moaning, as indicative of some internal commotion. Unfortunately, however, his dumb eloquence was lost on the person he addressed, who, unable to conjecture what this meant, shifted his place. His petitioner, still following him, met with rebuffs, and was at last dismissed. Foiled in this, the distressed creature returned as he came, lay down in his stall, and in less than fifteen minutes afterwards expired. It was found that in the agonies of death he had broken a strong rope by which he had been fastened, and disposed of the stable door according to his mind, before he got out in search of that relief which, after all, was unwittingly denied him.

Now, observe how patiently a powerful beast, insulted and injured, deals with an enemy, his conduct, when revengeful punish-

THE MASTIFF THAT SHOWED HIS CONTEMPT FOR A BULLY,

[Page 53.

ment might have been expected, consisting in a monition, only given with firmness and forbearance. A blacksmith, of the name of Smith, at Stirches, near Harwich, had a large mastiff, which, generally lay on the smith's hearth in cold weather. One evening a farmer's servant in the neighbourhood, who had come for some plough irons, which were repairing, gave the dog a kick, and possessed himself of his place on the warm stones. The mastiff, in the meantime, only looked sulky at him, and lay down at the door; but when the man went away with his plough irons on his shoulders, the dog followed him, and, at the distance of sixty yards from the smithy, flew upon him, and seizing him by the collar, brought him to the ground. He offered him no personal injury, but treated him in a manner which strongly indicated his sovereign contempt for the delinquent.

Dogs are not all alike. It is not long since I read in the newspapers of a bloodhound that was habitually ill-treated by a lady in France. On one occasion, when the dog had given no offence, and solely to gratify a cruel disposition, she chained the dog as she thought securely, and administered a savage flogging. The dog bore it without a murmur, and then lay down to lick his wounds, and brood over his wrongs. At last he made up his mind to forbear no more; and when next she came within his sight, he made a spring, broke his chain, and in a few seconds tore her almost to pieces, so that she died before her servants could come to her aid.

Let us now find a few examples of unselfish devotion to human

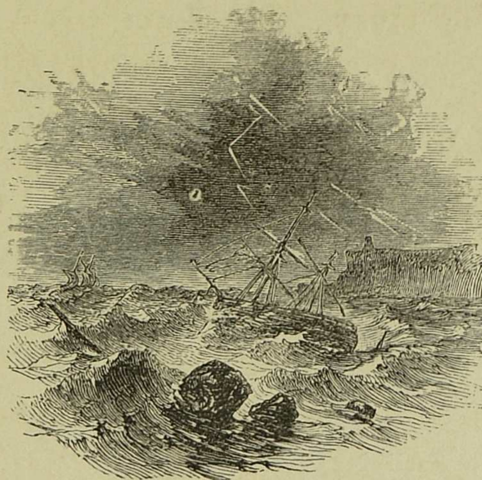
interests. Here we are compelled to produce a few more stories of dogs; for the dog is the best friend of man, when self-sacrifice, devotion, and unchangeable fidelity are required. One of the best known of this class is that which forms the subject of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "The Faithful Dog." A traveller, accompanied by his dog, "far in the bosom of Helvellyn," missed his foothold, and fell into a deep recess. Three months afterwards, a solitary shepherd, wending his way amongst the rocks, hears "a cry of a dog or fox," and presently discovers the skeleton of the poor traveller, and the dog keeping guard beside it. Read the poem for yourself, but deny me not the pleasure of transcribing into this book one of its tender verses—

> Yes, proof was plain, that since the day,
> On which the traveller thus had died,
> The dog had watched about the spot,
> Or by his master's side ;
> How nourished here, through such long time,
> *He* knows, who gave that love sublime,
> And gave that strength of feeling, great
> Above all human estimate.

THE HERO OF THE WRECK.

Of all the different kinds of dogs, the Newfoundland seems to possess the most sense and the strongest attachment. An extraordinary instance of both, Bewick, in his "History of Quadrupeds," relates, in the following words : "During a severe storm, in the winter of the year 1789, a ship belonging to Newcastle was

lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice amongst the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for everything that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing hold of them, and endeavouring to bring them to land."



CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE—SABINUS AND HIS DOG—THE DOG ON HIS MASTER'S GRAVE—BOB, THE FIREMAN'S DOG, AND HIS ADVENTURES—JACK, THE POLICEMAN'S DOG—THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY—COCKY THE TRUMPETER.

Mr. Thomas Mackaill happened one day, in the year 1812, to be walking along the banks of the Thames, nearly opposite the Penitentiary at Millbank, when a wherry upset, with two men on board. A gentleman happened to pass at the same time, accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog ; but as he did not at first observe the accident, he was surprised at his attendant making a sudden leap into the river. He soon discovered that he was making all possible speed for the unfortunate men, one of whom could not swim, and was using violent efforts to sustain himself ; the dog seized him first, as seeming to stand most in need of his assistance, and brought him safely to the shore, and returned to the other, and brought him also, in the presence of at least a hundred spectators.

SABINUS AND HIS DOG.

In the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, a nobleman of high rank, named Titius Sabinus, was seized and put to death through the

A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

Page 56.

artifice of Sejanus, the Prime Minister of the Emperor. He was apprehended in the street, and dragged to the dungeon ; thither his favourite dog followed him, and, after his execution, followed his body as it was ignominiously dragged to the brink of the precipice of the Gemonæ, where it was ordered to be exposed as a warning to all against rendering themselves obnoxious to the displeasure of the Minister.

Still the faithful animal continued to guard the remains of his deceased protector, whose loss he lamented by such pathetic howlings as awakened the sympathy of every heart. The pitying spectators brought food, which they kindly encouraged him to eat, but, on taking the bread, instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations. Days thus passed, nor did he for a moment quit his post. The body was at length thrown into the Tiber, and the generous creature, still unwilling that it should perish, leaped into the water, and, clasping the corpse between his paws, endeavoured to preserve it from sinking.

How does the gratitude of an animal, so inferior in the gift of reason, condemn the conduct of those who are daily living on the bounty of their Almighty Benefactor; and yet are totally regardless of the hand that feeds them! So true is it that "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;" but men do not consider from whom they receive the benefits which they daily enjoy, nor remember that "God in whom they live, and move, and have their being."

It is not long since a short narrative appeared in the newspapers, to the following effect:—A drover died in Glasgow, and his remains were followed to the grave by his faithful dog. There the dog remained, and in the course of a few days was observed to be much emaciated. A kind-hearted man tried to coax the dog away, but the dejected animal refused to leave the grave of his master. The sexton fed him for some time, hoping that he would forget his sorrow, and attach himself to a new home; and more than once he drove him from the graveyard, and shut him out; but by some means the dog always contrived to return, and was stubborn as ever in watching the grave. The affair became publicly known through a claim made against the sexton for dog-tax, and he was then compelled, in self-defence, to appeal to a magistrate, and explain that, although he had fed the dog, and taken considerable interest in its welfare, the animal refused to attach itself to anyone, and therefore was legally without an owner. Shortly afterwards, a gentleman who became acquainted with the facts of the case, offered to take charge of the dog, and pay the tax for him; but whether he succeeded in securing its confidence, I do not know.

BOB, THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

I had carefully written the history of this celebrated dog, believing that his life had never been the subject of a connected narrative. But, to avoid needless repetition of facts, and especially to pay proper respect to one of the most delightful books on animals ever

written, "Our Dumb Companions," by my friend and neighbour, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, I referred to its pages, and there, to my delight, I found that Bob had received the tribute due to him from our Rector's pen. But when I had resolved to destroy my own sketch of Bob's career, I found amongst my papers an original letter, by Mr. Henry R. Godward, of the Farringdon-street Fire Station. It is dated June 26th, 1861, and it contains a history of Bob from first to last, as a fireman's dog. After careful deliberation, I resolved to print Mr. Godward's letter; and here it is, altered only as much as the requirements of publication render necessary.

"I shall first tell you how Bob acquired his name. I gave a shilling for him, and a shilling, you know, is vulgarly called 'a bob;' and when we were considering what his name should be, Mr. Henderson proposed that he should be called 'Bob.' The matter was settled, and under that name he became our companion at the Fire Station in Farringdon-street, and very soon was the favourite of all. We had only kept him a week when we took him with us to a fire. He behaved so well that we took him again, and it became a regular thing for him to go with us whenever we were called out. You must not suppose he was taken merely in the companionable sense that men take their dogs with them on journeys and in business; the fact is, Bob made himself useful, and we very soon saw that he possessed a talent for attending fires, as he was always collected in his manner, and, if needful, would look after the horses or the men's clothes. The first act, as a dog-fireman, that Bob performed of any note, was bringing a cat alive from the fire at

Mr. Wallace's, at Duke-street, London-bridge. The next piece of heroism occurred at Camberwell-gate, where five lives were lost. I must tell you, however, that a few days previous to this event, Bob had been run over, and was very much hurt, and we wanted to keep him at home, to give him time to recover; but it was no use, he would go to the fire; he seemed to regard this as his duty, and duty appeared to him to be the business of his life. Well, he went, and after we had been there some time, engaged in extinguishing the fire, one of our men saw Bob rush into the cellar, which was half full of hot water, and presently after came swimming to the opening with a black dog in his mouth, which he was unable to drag out until a man went to his assistance. He and the dog he rescued were much exhausted, but they both soon recovered, and in a few hours afterwards Bob was as well as ever.

"Bob's next great performance was at Messrs. Pickford & Co.'s, at Camden Town, where a tremendous fire occurred. Bob set to work there to save some pigs. There were many of these animals shut up in a yard, and their alarm was so great that they broke away, and actually rushed into the flames. Bob quickly saw their miserable condition, and as they came out he got between them and the fire, to prevent them rushing to their destruction. I must own poor Bob's exertions were of little use—they rushed past him, and disappeared amidst the flames. The dog's anguish was great; he knew not what to do. The pigs were too many, and too mad for him. One at last he saved by his adroitness; this he seized by the ear, and held until assistance arrived. He would have saved them

all, if the poor things could have put themselves under his care; as it was, his labours were almost vain, and he got his feet badly burned.

"At the fire at Madame Cattans, in the Westminster-road, there was a terrible explosion of fireworks, by which Bob was much burnt about the head, and knocked down several times, and so much disabled that he was obliged to go home. But, however much alarmed or hurt, his courage always returned, and in this case he appeared to endeavour to make up by some brave deed for having turned his back upon a fire. There was a little girl missing, and we were compelled to give up searching after her; but next day Mr. Henderson came, and we made another search, at which Bob assisted might and main. We had looked in every direction, and found no trace of the lost child; presently we discovered Bob scratching amongst the smoking ruins, and when we came near him we understood him, by a look, to say, 'Here she is.' We dug amongst the smoking rubbish, and there we found her; the earnest, noble-hearted dog being, to all appearance, as glad as we were, to have found the dear child's body—precious it was, even in death.

"I cannot tell you half the stories that might be told of him, relating to events in which he and I have worked together in extinguishing fire and saving life. He had saved many cats and dogs. He would go up a ladder, no matter how high it was, and would indicate to our men the room in which some one might be surrounded by fire, thus hastening their rescue. Even when at home he was useful. When anyone came with a call to a fire, he would

run to the men's houses, and call them by his well-known bark, which they always understood. When the engines were ready to start he would station himself before the horses, prepared to clear the way, and he always ran just before the horses all the way to a fire, and *would be the first to enter the burning house*, in hope of saving life, if there was any possibility of entering.

"I believe Bob knew what everyone said to him; and when he himself was talked about, as often happened when he had become known, he would look into the speaker's face, and seem to smile, while his tail wagged merrily. Yes, Bob desired the world to have a good opinion of him, and in that he was not disappointed; for there could be no other opinion of one so wise and so good. When the conversation ceased, or when the subject changed, Bob's tail would cease wagging, and he would walk away, as much as to intimate that the subject now was one he didn't understand, so it was not worth his while to listen any longer. Strange to say, and it bears out my belief that Bob understood human speech, if any one offered to spend a halfpenny upon him, he would go to the meat-shop with the most perfect stranger. When he got the promised meat, he would return to the station, looking pleased; but if he had been deceived, we knew it by his appearance.

"Bob was, in many respects, a comical character. His imitation of pumping the engine was a perfect treat. This, of course, was a trick we taught him; indeed, we were never tired of educating him in his profession, as we used to call it. We had a good deal of fun over the silver collar we put on Bob's neck, to encourage

him, as we said, in his arduous calling. The inscription was as follows:—

Stop me not, but onward let me jog,
For I am Bob, the London fireman's dog.

Shall I keep back a bit of truth ? No, I must not, but I wish I might. This collar was stolen from Bob's neck, of course because of its weight in silver. Can you imagine a more despicable act ? It always appeared to us a worse act than robbing a human creature.

"The untimely end of Bob was in great part owing to his becoming over-fond of fire-engine stations. He actually embarked in a systematic visitation of them, and in the course of this he visited the Holborn Station when they were preparing to start to a fire. Bob knew his duty, though away from home, and placed himself as usual at the horses' heads, and away they went, full speed towards a fire in the Caledonian-road. The engines had not proceeded far when a savage dog flew at Bob, and knocked him down, and, before he could recover himself, the wheels went over him, and his life was at an end. Poor Bob ! he died in harness as a volunteer, and one, too, that had seen plenty of active service. Forgive me if I speak unreasonably; but I do assure you we so deepy lamented the death of this poor dog, who had so long been our companion in danger, that we wept for him.

"Henry R. Godward."

JACK, THE POLICEMAN'S DOG.

The policeman's dog, Jack, was a most extraordinay animal, for many years an active member of the police force of the city of Lincoln. The following account of his life is by T. G. R., who knew him well:—

When quite a pup, he would steal away to join "the man in blue," and as he grew older, his decided preference to the policeman became so strong that it was found impossible to keep him at home. The police therefore made a subscription among themselves, and purchased him; and from that time until his death Jack served on duty both night and day; for it is a most extraordinary fact that he never had any stated time for rest. All the sleep he ever obtained was by occasional naps during the day at street corners, or near the Stone Bow, a place where some of the police are generally on duty. Jack was a great favourite with all classes as well as the police, especially with the youngsters; and many a time a child would save its halfpenny for Jack, who took it to the nearest shop for biscuits. Occasionally the man in charge of the shop would throw down a piece of meat unsuited to his palate; this indignity Jack always resented by picking up his money and proceeding to another establishment. Jack also knew the number of biscuits he ought to get for his money, and would not on any account be cheated, waiting patiently until the deficiency was made up.

When not troubled with the pangs of hunger, he would save

halfpence for hours, until his appetite returned. But it was in his public capacity that Jack's conduct was the most extraordinary. He always associated with the police, yet was never partial to anyone in particular. No member in the force could persuade him to remain with him for a night's rest. He defied the coldest weather, and was literally always on duty. When the men assembled at the station to be told off on their several beats Jack would present himself, and accompany each one in turn, thus taking them all in rotation, never going twice with the same man. At night-time he was particularly active, and many a robber has he brought to justice by his vigilance. If Jack found an unfastened door, his well-known bark quickly aroused the inmates; or if this was unsuccessful, he would fetch the watchman. Drunkards too, came under Jack's especial notice, and if he found them sleeping in any hole or corner, they were never allowed undisturbed repose; for he quickly had a policeman on the spot. The instances in which he has saved life in various ways are very numerous. He has on one or two occasions dragged the policeman by the coat to rescue drowning people from the river, and has several times jumped in himself when children have slipped in, and saved them from a watery grave.

One particular exhibition of his prudence I must not omit, which occurred one stormy night. Jack, on his rounds, discovered an intoxicated man lying near the river in imminent peril, with his feet hanging over the side. Now Jack seems to have reasoned that if he went for a policeman the man might in the meantime

roll over, and thus perish ; so he began dragging him from the side, and after many desperate efforts succeeded in removing him some distance from the brink, and then fetched assistance.

Some time before his death, he showed symptoms of declining health, and, notwithstanding every care that was bestowed on him by the men of the force, he was at length found in a dying state on the Holms Common, from whence he was conveyed to the police-station, where his last moments were tenderly watched by the moistened eyes of many of his old friends. Such a dutiful and faithful guardian of the public welfare is not often seen, whether in canine or human form.

THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

"A circumstance happened in my own neighbourhood a few years ago," says Mr. Palmer, "the truth of which I cannot doubt, as it was related to me by a person who was a spectator of the occurrence. The mistress of the house was sitting by the fire, when the cat came to her, and, looking up in her face, mewed most piteously. At first, being engaged, she paid no attention to it ; but the cat was not to be discouraged by this neglect ; she continued her cries, going towards the door, and then returning to the lady in the greatest agitation. These actions were so often repeated, and in such an expressive manner, that she felt curious to know the cause of such uneasiness, though she was reluctant to leave her seat till the cat, extending her claws, *pulled her by the apron.* She could no longer resist the importunity of the distressed

THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

[Page 66.

animal. She rose and followed her conductor into a small wash-house, where some tubs, partly filled with water, were standing, into one of which a child, nearly two years old, had fallen, and was in danger of drowning. This intelligent cat saved the child's life, and in this instance showed a degree of attachment superior to that commonly observed in her kind. Yet, on the removal of the family some time afterwards, she could not be retained in their new habitation; but, in spite of every precaution, returned to her former abode." A curious instance this of love of home over-ruling the love of persons in an animal possessed of a fine perception of the relation subsisting between herself and her mistress.

A number of interesting circumstances have fallen under my own observation, illustrative both of the influence we exercise on animals, and their reciprocation of our kind offices. Our parrots are very affectionately attached to us, and we can play with them and take them out of their cages, and put them in again, at times when their natural irritability would render it dangerous for a stranger to approach them. There is nothing peculiar in this, however, as all who have given any attention to household pets will know. But more interesting in itself, besides being indicative of a deep feeling of regard, is their behaviour when we have been absent from home for a short time. Usually our reappearance is the signal for an outbreak of such joyous clatter, such whistling, singing, dancing, and shouting, as amounts to a distinct entertainment, and produces, on our parts, irresistible and long-continued laughter. Lately we came home from a long journey, and as we

approached the house we heard the noise,—it was glorious; but our sudden appearance took the birds by surprise, and they ceased suddenly, and were silent for about half an hour; then they resumed the entertainment at the point where it was broken off, and added sundry new snatches of comic melodies and impromptus that were almost too funny to be borne. The best bird we ever had was

COCKY THE TRUMPETER.

He obtained his name from his loud and peculiar trumpeting, his voice varying from the sound of a trumpet to that of a clarionet, according to his mood and his circumstances. He lived for five years with us in the enjoyment of perfect freedom, being neither caged nor chained, and having free access to the garden, to go in and out as he pleased. He used to follow us about, and fly thirty or forty yards at a time after us, if we hurried out of his way. He was passionately fond of his mistress, and, I believe, would have gone through fire, or have died in the attempt to reach her, if she called him. Several times Cocky took to flight with the pigeons, and settled himself on the topmost boughs of an apple or pear tree, there to crow, trumpet, bow his head, and expand his crest in a most abandoned manner, like a cockatoo bewitched. Our hearts would tremble at such times, but we never had one serious trouble. He would either come down at last when called, or would take hold of a stick lifted up to him, and so be saved from wandering. On one occasion when I rose at daybreak, in the summer, to have a

quiet walk in the garden, I left the garden door open quite unwittingly. Presently I heard a trumpeting that startled me, and, looking up, was surprised to see Cocky happy as a king on one of the limbs of a lime tree near the house. I called him, but he only capered and crowed in return. He was too happy to come down. I went upstairs and awoke his mistress, and she instantly shared my alarm, and came down in her night-dress, and, mounting a pair of steps, called him to her, and he came instantly.

We talked of dogs that understood human speech. This cockatoo could not speak a word, though he tried with a desperation that was equally amusing and alarming. But he understood human speech, so far as it related to himself, and if an order was given to a servant to "take that bird in-doors," he was off like a shot, first like an ostrich, running and working his wings like a pair of paddles, then, when hard pressed, taking a circuit overhead, and at last, rather than be beaten, up into a tree, where he would put up his crest like a war gear, and crow like a cock. He was a rare performer, especially in "knocking at the door," a trick which consisted in hammering hard with his beak on the tip of one's nose, or on the forehead. This he did with a rapidity and earnestness that made beholders fear illness from excess of laughter. He used to go up and down stairs cleverly, and if he wanted to enter a room, the door of which was shut, he tapped at it, literally this time knocking at the door. If the door happened to be unfastened it yielded slightly to the knocking, and then he pushed his way in. He would enter his mistress's chamber early

in the morning, before she was awake, and silently fly on to the pillow, and tap her forehead to wake her, and if she purposely kept her eyes closed, he would tenderly lift one of her eyelids with his beak. Those who have seen this done when she has pretended to be asleep in order to persuade him to do it, have trembled for the safety of her eyes; but he never so much as scratched her, though they had a sort of fight occasionally when his wilfulness made coercive measures necessary for his own safety. Once he was in the bedroom, when his room was desired in preference to his company. The maid was requested to "take that bird away." He heard the words, and off he went clean out of the window. He circled round in the manner of a pigeon, and presently came in at the other window, then dodged everybody, and found his way down to the kitchen, and took his place on the perch that was kept there for him. I suffered, however, more than once, and I have a mark on my left thumb now, the result of a wound caused by his terrific beak. It was my own fault. I used to run round the table, and he ran after me trying to catch my feet. Finding he could not get a grip at one of my slippers, he flew on the table, and put himself in an attitude of defiance, with all his splendid war gear and war paint, and the war cry, a loud trumpeting. I playfully sparred at him, and he thought real fight was the business on foot, and he made a dash, caught me by my thumb, and made an awful gash, and I was compelled to be rough and decisive for a moment, for I knew not what next might follow. Never again did I play with him in that

way. It was by no means certain for a time whether the wound in my thumb might not prove a serious matter, but it healed like a common wound, and the scar remains, a pleasant remembrance now of one of the dearest of pets.

Cocky the Trumpeter met with an untimely end. Oh, how many a pet have I seen come to an untimely end! I have kept many tame jack-daws, and they always came to a sad end. The very last of them was killed by a servant, who had the bird beside her while she was cleaning the windows. In a moment of forgetfulness she drew down the sash suddenly, and broke the poor bird's back. But about Cocky. It was winter; Mrs. Hibberd was so ill that we were compelled, in order to secure perfect quiet, to parcel out our birds amongst our nearest friends. Cocky went on a visit. The friend to whom he was entrusted became so enamoured of him as to take him about when visiting, just as pet dogs are taken. In one of these journeys he was carried in a muff, which was supposed to be sufficient protection against the cold. It was not; he took cold, and died a few hours afterwards. His pretty form, covered with a glass shade, is beside me as I write this; and amongst the moss which the artist has dressed the case with, as a rebuke to me for speaking of him, or (now we come to the fact) *her*, in the masculine gender, is an egg. We always spoke of the bird as "that boy;" *she* was so like a happy boy in many of her ways; but one morning we found in the cage an egg broken. A few mornings afterwards we found another unhurt. That egg is now in a little basket amongst the moss; it is white,

the shape and size of a bantam's egg. Poor Cocky ! she came home in my pocket, and jumped out on to the table and crowed and said cock-a-tua, and loved us from the first ; in a lady's muff she met her death.

CHAPTER VII.

KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS PRACTICALLY APPLIED—TOPSY AND THE MILKMAN—MR. RAREY AND VICIOUS HORSES—THE HORSE AND THE UMBRELLA—SWIMMING HORSES—OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

I HAVE several times mentioned that if we wish to understand animals, to enjoy their society as companions and embellishments of our life, and to take fullest advantage of their strength, sagacity, and faithfulness, we must have a key to the secrets of their inner constitution. I gave you the key when I spoke of sympathy.

Yes, there must be sympathy. No man can ride a horse well until he and the horse understand each other. You cannot be sure of the attachment of a dog until there is established between you and him mutual sympathy. When he knows you are concerned about his welfare, when he experiences kindness and consistency of treatment, when there is an exhibition of constancy on your part, you have gained his heart, and he will love you unto death. 'Tis better to rule by love than by fear; gentleness, though combined with firmness, will do more than harsh words and harsh treatment, or even than a fickle mixture of indulgence and severity. I had a pleasing proof of this with Topsy. She took a

strange dislike to the man who brings the morning's milk, and flew at him savagely whenever he appeared. The moment I discovered it I was vexed, and half inclined to punish her. But as the man must come, and as he had vowed he would not again come through the garden until she softened towards him, the thought occurred that I must coax her to like him, else she might hate him the more I punished her; for she would have sense enough to know that the punishment arose in some way out of his coming. Besides, I don't want a dog of mine to be a nuisance or annoyance to anybody, more especially to one who ministers to my comfort. So I had a quiet word with my friend at the gate one morning, and I begged him to bear her assault for once, and try if he could prove to her that he was a friend to the house, and no intruder or robber. I am bound to say he took a sensible and kindly view of the case. He said, "It is no use having a dog in such a place as this, if it is not sharp and suspicious of strangers, especially if they come in rough garments, as I do." Next time she flew at him I happened to be near, and he felt safe. I left him to deal with her in his own way. He spoke gently to her, and gave her some milk. She drank the milk with delight, and while enjoying it he patted her kindly, and she wagged her tail, and played with him, and ended by putting out her paw to "shake hands." He continued this treatment a few mornings, and then she used to come and wait for him, and her delight when he appeared was extravagant. That was a case of training. You may have seen, or perhaps you may not, a cage

filled with all sorts of animals that a man used to exhibit in the western parts of the metropolis. It was called "The Happy Family." It contained cats, rats, mice, ravens, squirrels, monkeys, hedgehogs, sparrows, magpies, and other small animals of the most opposite natures. They all lived peaceably together. I once had a long talk with the man who owned it; he was not a prepossessing creature, but he understood his business. He assured me that the secret of success was kindness, and I readily believed him. Observations of the ways of animals have taught me that their hearts are tender if you touch them.

Having seen the late Mr. Rarey's performances, I shall speak of them as if he were still living. His method is based on kindness, but his kindness is based on sympathy. He does not go and absurdly coax a savage horse, and expose himself to the chance of being kicked. He first puts a strap upon its head, but he shows the horse the strap first—makes it see it—that there may be no mystification as to what it is, and what he intends to do. If he put the strap on by sleight of hand, the horse would be alarmed; but having seen it, there is nothing to be alarmed about. Then, having made the horse believe he intends nothing wrong, he is enabled to apply another strap, and next a bridle, and next he puts a strap round one of its fetlocks, and every time he shows the horse the implement he intends to employ. The horse and he soon understand one another. He straps up one leg, then another, and at last he gets the horse down, not with violence, but gently, as in play, and on a comfortable bed of straw. Then he speaks kindly

to it, and he is allowed to recline upon it, and to beat a drum beside it; and when he removes the straps, one at a time, the horse recovers confidence, begins to like him, follows him round the ring; he finishes his performance by riding off upon its back in triumph. One horse that I saw him handle in this way was fearfully savage when he began, and was as gentle as a lamb when the performance was over; the spectators were terrified when they saw its efforts to bite and kick him when he entered the ring, but they laughed most heartily when at last it seemed enchanted, and followed him with its nose thrust into his neck, as if they had been companions for years. One of the most savage horses ever known was the beautiful "Cruiser;" but it was perfectly useless, for no one could harness it. At last Mr. Rarey took Cruiser in hand, and was so successful by his gentle method, that Cruiser has been a serviceable horse ever since.

It may be that the late Mr. Rarey's success depended more upon his own personal qualities, than upon his system. It cannot be doubted that courage, coolness, a quick and skilful use of the limbs and of the hands especially, and a countenance expressive of kindness—qualities which Mr. Rarey certainly possessed—are of the utmost value in the training of the horse, or any other animal. If, since Mr. Rarey passed away, there are none left, like-minded and with similar gifts, to vindicate the value of kindness in the treatment of the noblest of our domestic animals, he will nevertheless have done something for humanity; for he demonstrated perfectly the sin and the folly of compelling horses in harness to wear

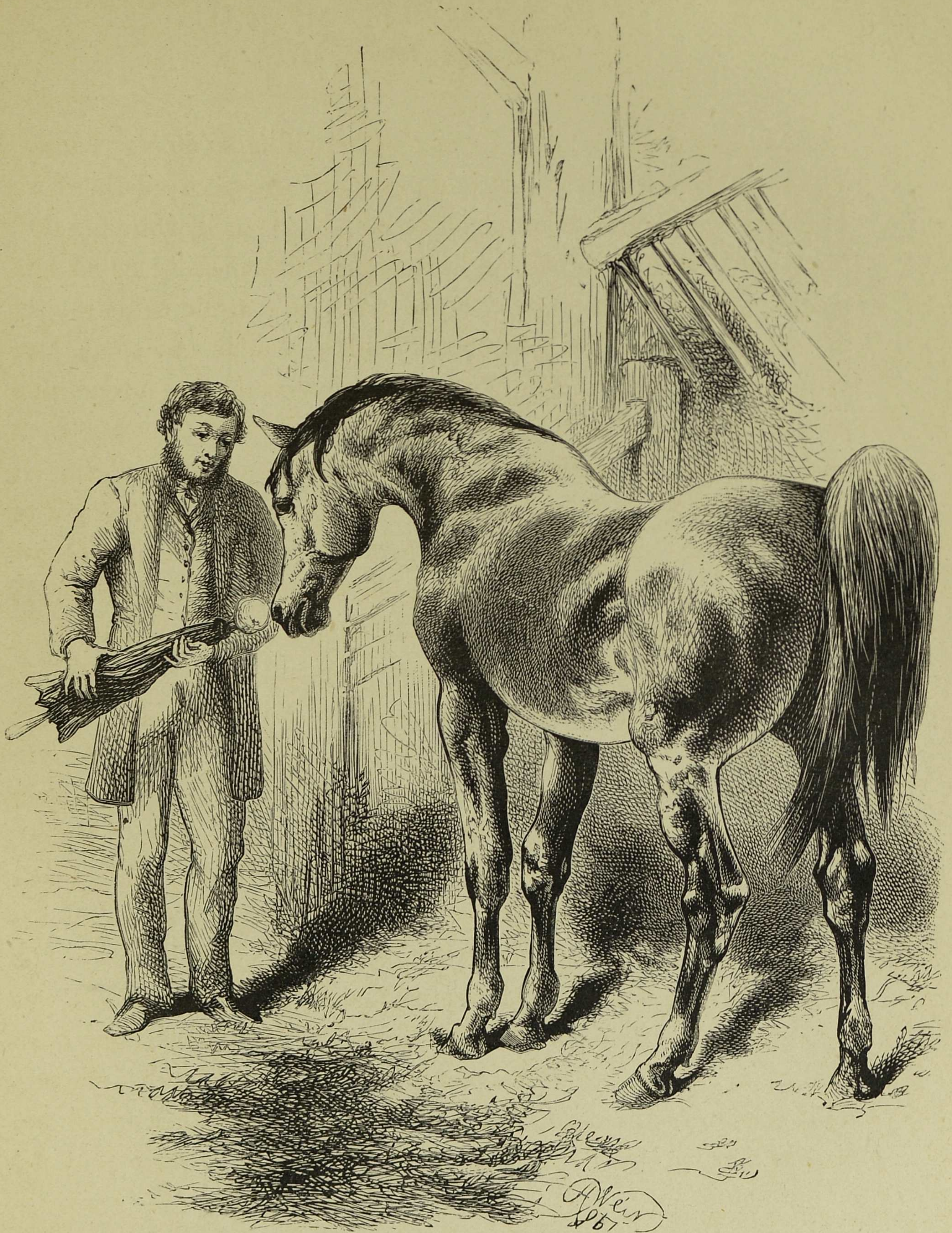
blinkers and bearing-reins, two of the most stupid and cruel inventions, which happily are beginning to be regarded as unnecessary.

As we have thus got upon the subject of horses again, I shall illustrate this division of the subject by a few anecdotes ; and I shall select, first of all, one which bears directly on the case just stated, that in dealing with them we should consider they have minds to understand, to a certain extent, what is required of them, and that, if we will but appeal to their minds, we may save ourselves all the consequences that may result from alarm ; for the horse is a nervous creature, and extremely timid when involved in mystery, though rarely wanting in courage when it clearly understands the nature of the circumstances in which it is placed. I am indebted for the following anecdote to a letter addressed to the editor of the *British Workman* by John Coates, Esq., secretary to the grand jury of the county of Antrim, Ireland.

THE HORSE AND THE UMBRELLA.

"I have a very good mare, named 'Fanny.' She is very gentle and quiet in harness, and very suitable for a family car. Formerly, she had acquired one very bad habit. She always shied at an open *umbrella ;* she did not shy at anything else. So great, however, was her terror for this article, that whenever she met a person carrying one, she would start and run to the opposite side of the road, at the imminent risk of upsetting the car against the bank. This was a serious fault, and the safety of my family required that I should at once either try some means of curing her bad habit or

part with her, which latter I was most unwilling to do, as 'Fanny' was such an excellent creature in every other respect. I therefore began to consider *how* she might be cured. Would whipping do? No, I said; *that* never cures a horse shying: it generally makes him worse; for, after whipping, a horse is not only afraid of the object at which he shied, when he meets with a similar one again, but, remembering also the whipping, he is in expectation of a repetition of the punishment, and prepares to run off, hoping to escape both the object and the whipping by a more violent effort each time it occurs. I did not, therefore, approve of *that* plan; but thought of a milder and wiser one. Horses are generally fond of raw potatoes. I provided myself with a few small ones, nicely washed; and taking in my left hand a shut umbrella, I went into the stable; and after giving the mare a potato from my right hand, I presented her with one *stuck on the point of the closed umbrella.* Shortly afterwards I gave her another with the umbrella *slightly opened*; then another, and another, each time opening the umbrella still farther, and so on, until it was presented fully open. At first, 'Fanny' appeared alarmed at what she doubtless considered as her old enemy; but seeing the potato on the point, she soon became reconciled, and took it off, though showing a little shyness. The next time she took it with scarcely any fear. This lesson was repeated a few times, until she became so familiar with the open umbrella, and so fond of the potato presented with it, that she permitted it to be furled and unfurled, under and over her head, and about her in every direction; and, being ever rewarded by the



SHYNESS CURED BY KINDNESS.

[Page 78.

potato, in the end she actually became fond of seeing me carry the umbrella, or make my appearance in the stable. But how would she act out of the stable? that was the question.

"Not long after these lessons were given, an opportunity occurred for testing her out-of-doors one rainy day. A person was met on the road carrying an open umbrella. Fanny was left with a tolerably free head, and the success of the experiment was fully proved. *The mare actually went across, of her own accord, to the other side of the road, where the umbrella was*—doubtless expecting a potato! She was disappointed for the moment, but was rewarded with one when she went home, *and never after that did she shy at an open umbrella.*"

Thus, by taking a little pains, a valuable horse was made more valuable still. Kind treatment succeeded where whipping and severe measures would have failed, and the lesson learned by me and which I wish to extend to others, is, that many of the faults which the horse acquires by bad training, may, as in this case, be overcome by the exercise of a little reflection, a little pains, with patient perseverance and kindness.

Many and great improvements have been effected in the treatment of horses, but there is much yet to be done. One great cause of injustice and cruelty to horses is the ignorance of carmen. It is astonishing that owners of valuable teams will entrust them to men who are not only ignorant but brutal in disposition, finding delight ofttimes in compelling horses to hard tasks which there is no real occasion for them to perform. In almost every place

where building works are in progress, horses are shamefully treated, having to draw heavy loads up steep inclines worn into deep ruts. As a rule, however, those who keep large numbers of fine horses secure kind and prudent drivers and keepers; and there is much to afford gratification in the care taken of their horses by many large and wealthy trading firms, and by some great contractors and manufacturers. Where much mind is employed, as there is in these great undertakings, the horses appear to participate in one of its fruits; for, as a rule, knowledge is favourable to humanity, as ignorance is the nest and nourishment of vice and cruelty. To see the horses cleaned by machinery in Mr. Greenwood's carriage company at Manchester, will convince anyone that horses are best off in the hands of intelligent owners, for with these they have the double advantage of the kindness and the prudence which usually accompany intelligence. The man who knows that cruelty to a horse tends directly to lessen its value, will be less likely to act with injustice than one who, being ignorant, is more readily swayed by prejudice and passion.

SWIMMING HORSES.

M. de Pages, in his travels round the world, says :—"I should have found it difficult to give it credit had it not happened at this place (the Cape of Good Hope), the evening before my arrival; and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every indi-

vidual at the Cape. A violent gale of wind setting in from north to north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged ; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile, a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck ; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he determined to make an effort for their deliverance. He instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers, on his horse's back. At first, both disappeared ; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held on by one of his boots, he brought them safely to shore. This perilous expedition was repeated seven times, and the result was the saving of fourteen lives. On his return the eighth time, alas ! his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land, but his gallant rider was no more."

When Ducrow's equestrian company was approaching the stone pier at Newhaven, two of the horses, getting a glimpse of the green shore, became impatient of their situation, and so desirous of the

grass, that they leaped overboard, and made towards it. The groom instantly sprang after them, and kept swimming beside them, guiding and cheering them in their progress. When they got out of the water, they, by snorting and various kinds of gambols, expressed their high satisfaction at being restored to their natural fields. Unless this groom had understood the horses well, and enjoyed their perfect confidence, he and they might have been drowned together; his object, of course, was to keep them under control, and to guide them to a safe place of landing, without spoiling their enjoyment of the water.

The horse is well gifted with the power of swimming, and whole regiments of cavalry have often thus crossed broad rivers. Very extraordinary feats of the horse in swimming are on record. We shall mention only one. It is related, in a letter from Kingston, as having been achieved by a horse which, as well as other live stock, was thrown during a stress of weather out of a vessel from America. The horse, which was of a white colour, of great strength and agility, after his companions had sunk, continued to contend with the waves, and having kept company with the vessel through a heavy sea for two days, was then taken on board, and brought safely into port.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY AS MASTERS OF THE WORLD.

Unto man was given dominion over every living thing, and we have the right therefore to make reasonable use of animals of every kind. We may, consistently with the privileges accorded us by the Al-

mighty, and consistently with our position and power in the realm of nature—which, you will perceive, are the necessary concomitants of the general privilege of dominion—employ animals to carry burdens, to transport us from place to place, to give us of their wool, or whatever other product of their bodies we require while they live, and we may take their lives in order to obtain their flesh for our sustenance. But in every one of our transactions with animals, we are in the position of *stewards of the gifts of God.* Nothing in this world is our own absolutely, for the simple reason that we have not created anything. When man can *create* something, he may call it *his own,* but not till then; and therefore, as man is himself but a *creature,* that will never be. In reference to all the beauties of the world, and the comforts and advantages of life, we are in exactly the position of one of those servants in that parable of our Lord, in which He speaks of so many talents given to one, and so many given to another. As I am writing chiefly for young minds, I will not pursue the argument into all its details, but will illustrate it in a way that will be instantly understood. I am the owner of a dog; her name is Topsy. She is one of God's creatures, fashioned by His hands, and into her nostrils and into mine the giver of all goodness breathed the breath of life. By my possession of that dog, I am responsible to God, as unto one who has lent me a beautiful creature, that I may be amused and instructed by her gambols. If I am unkind to that beautiful creature, I *insult my Maker.* Have I not been taught, from a child, that it is wicked to waste bread? I have, and I feel that I was rightly taught, and I

bless God that I had parents to teach me *that;* else, possibly, many a meal I have been privileged to give to the poor would have been wasted; but it is the rule of my household that not a scrap of wholesome food that skill and care can save, shall ever be lost. Now let me ask you, Why do people teach their children not to waste bread? Surely there is plenty of it in the world. I will tell you why it is; they feel, in respect to bread, that they are very directly dependent on God's mercy; that is why. In respect to bread, a religious feeling appears to possess all mankind, and it is consistent with all history and experience that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ should speak of himself as that Living Bread which came down from heaven. The reason of the peculiar association of the religious sentiment with bread is the known precariousness of the harvest. The corn may grow until the ear is formed, and then be blighted. It may grow until the ear is ripened, and then be swept away by floods. It may grow and ripen, and be cut in safety and perfection; but rain may keep it standing in the fields, and there it may sprout and rot, and in the face of plenty—a plenty spoiled by unfavourable weather—there may be no bread. Now, I have said all this about bread, because it will be perfectly understood by every young person who reads this book, and also because it is an illustration of the entire case of our dependence upon God. He gives us bread, and we *feel* that bread is His gift. So also is the ox His gift, the sheep His gift, the horse His gift, the dog, the cat, the bird,—all nature, according to the power of man to appropriate things for his own use and

comfort,—is the gift of God TO US; *and we are responsible to the Giver*, *that we show respect unto His gifts.* Now you see how it is that if I am unkind to any living thing, I am guilty of the dreadful crime of insulting God. Yet how many wantonly ill-use animals! yes, and animals too that are devoted to their service, and ready at any time to give them their strength and their affection. I have seen boys treat a donkey as if they were heathens, bred up in cruelty, and as if the donkey was utterly incapable of feeling. I am ashamed of such boys; they are no friends of mine. It is a comfort to know that all sensible people who see them at such cruelty, despise them for it. Verily they have their reward. I have seen men ill-treat the horse that earned their living for them, which is quite as ridiculous and as wicked as throwing bread into the fire. Here we see that Cruelty and Stupidity are closely allied; the man who is cruel to the horse that labours daily for his master's good, is not only wicked in the sight of God, he is also a fool in the sight of men.

The responsibility to treat animals kindly is not confined to a few—it is shared by all; for none of us can escape it. When we travel, we should take care that our horses are not over-worked for us; when we are at home, amongst our domestic animals, whether we are at the farm or in the drawing-room, we must remember that they are dependent upon us, as we are dependent upon God, and they may suffer much through our neglect and forgetfulness, even if we are not intentionally cruel to them. So in the sports of the field, and in our amusements, we must never

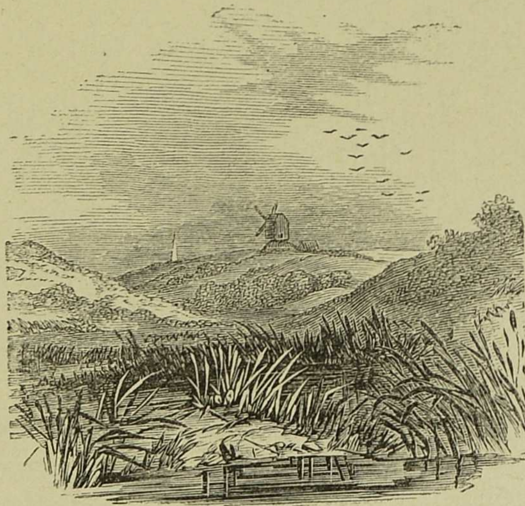
inflict needless pain, or take life wantonly. If sportsmen would reflect upon the miseries they inflict when they break a leg or a wing, and the poor bird lives only to suffer, or dies after long-protracted suffering, they would be less anxious to carry the weapons of destruction into nature's calm retreats. In Mr. A. E. Knox's charming work on "Game Birds and Wild Fowl" occur some excellent advices to sportsmen on the necessity of avoiding needless cruelty. He says, "Who that has ever seen it can forget the emotions of pity which a contemplation of Landseer's exquisite picture of 'A Random Shot' never fails to produce? Here is an incident of ordinary occurrence in the early experience of a thoughtless deer-stalker. A hind, who has received her death-wound from a rifle that was perhaps hastily discharged at one of the antlered lords of the herd, lies dead upon the snow. She has apparently strained every nerve to continue her retreat as long as possible and her deep and blood-stained tracks are visible up to the spot where she has fallen. At her side stands her shivering calf, destined, poor thing! to a certain and lingering death. It has followed its dam to the last, and now, unconscious of the calamity that has befallen her, is vainly endeavouring to extract a drop of nourishment from her rigid carcase. Many and many a sportsman, who, as he gazed on this beautiful work, has experienced a pang of remorse, and readily acknowledged its benign influence, is, alas! too apt to forget, in the field, the moral lesson which it inculcates, and to prove, by his reckless expenditure of powder and shot in the ensuing season, that other animals besides red deer are

AFTER SIR E. LANDSEER, R A. BY PERMISSION OF MR. GRAVES.

" THE WIDOW."

[Page 87.

doomed to the miseries entailed by a random shot." Another of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures, "The Widow," inculcates the same lesson as his "Random Shot." Here a pair of birds, that just now were happy amidst the wild herbage and the mountain streams, are suddenly parted, the remorseless gun has laid one low in death, and the survivor knows of life only as a scene over which a cloud is spread, that makes it dark with sorrow.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOG THAT STUDIED NURSING—THE TOM CATS—THE SWIMMER THAT REFUSED TO SWIM—PRINCE ALBERT'S PETS—THE SQUIRREL.

My friend and neighbour, Miss Hargraue, had a pet dog, of a peculiarly sharp, yet affectionate, disposition. He took notice of all that went on in the household, and, in fact, it appeared as if nothing would go right unless watched over by Pluto. When his mistress was laid by with illness, he appeared so busy about the house, that if he had only been as clever as he appeared, doctors, nurses, and even cooks and housemaids, might all have been dispensed with. However, he was a little deficient in medical and domestic knowledge, and so the utmost he could do was to prove his sincerity, and be content. So he went about proving his sincerity with might and main, and on one occasion, took particular notice of Mrs. Hargraue, who was engaged in preparing beef-tea for her sick daughter. Pluto saw the whole of the process, from the putting of the beef into the saucepan, to the serving-up of the gravy, hot and fragrant, with sippets of toast. As for the beef that was used, that was given to Pluto, and that perplexed him. He looked at it and reflected, and the conclusion

he came to about it was, that the patient would be cheated of the best part of the affair unless he kept a look-out. So he kept a look-out, and when all was quiet, he stole into the sick daughter's bed-room with the beef in his mouth, and gently got upon the bed, and laid the cold ragged beef carefully on the bed, close to the face of the patient, who was then asleep. As it was necessary still to keep a look-out, Pluto stationed himself at the door, determined that no one should enter. In due time some one wished to pass. "No," said Pluto. This woke his mistress, who put her warm hands upon the cold, moist beef, and shrieked; and then Pluto was laughed at, though not loved the less, as a very foolish, though faithful and affectionate dog.

In the frontispiece of this work, Mr. Weir has illustrated an instance where it may be said that an animal acted in accord with the Golden Rule—Do unto others as you would others should do unto you. A dog, belonging to an Inn at Hungerford, had his leg severely injured through being run over. A raven watched the operation of binding up the limb, and was in the habit of bringing bones to the helpless dog; and one night, when the stable door had been accidentally shut, the raven actually picked a hole in it, and thus gained admission to its invalid friend.

My own sister Clara is intensely affectionate and patient with animals, and will incur much risk and trouble to do justly by them, according to her strength and means. I have seen her in many difficulties, but never knew her to fail, for she is one of those kind-looking, true-hearted ones whom animals readily recognise as their

friend. I remember on one occasion, when we were residing in Pentonville, a dreadful battle took place between two cats that had come together on a stealing expedition into one of our kitchens. The household was in a dreadful state of agitation, in consequence of the hideous noises and savage warfare of the cats. Clara went down quietly, perfectly self-possessed, and found that the stronger of the two cats—an immense and powerful Tom—would very soon kill the weaker, unless the fight was stopped. So she stopped it, and drove the strong cat away, though its appearance and behaviour, insolent with success, and half mad with excitement, were such that very few strong men would have had the courage to venture near it. When she had driven out the bully, she took up the miserable victim, and found that one of its eyes was torn out, and lay upon its cheek. She quietly shut the doors, that it might not escape, gave it milk in one bowl and water in another, that it might choose its refreshment, and then procured linen rags and ointment, bound up its wounds, and actually replaced the eye in its socket. All this was done with wonderful coolness and dexterity, and all who knew of the event were astonished. You might suppose her to be a big, strong woman, but she is a little, weak one, but rosy, cheerful, and good: an example to us all, of tenderness and self-sacrifice.

THE SWIMMER THAT REFUSED TO SWIM.

When a boy, I had a friend named Shearer, who kept a dog. He found much gratification in the cruel and stupid practice of throwing this dog into water, to compel it to swim. Strangely enough,

he used to call the dog " Swimmer," though his mode of dealing with it was such as to render it impossible it should ever become a swimmer. I was out with him one day on a trip to Gravesend, and we walked from there to Springhead. Whenever we came to a stream or pond, he caught the dog and tossed him in. I had been taught that such deeds were wrong, and I expostulated; but I was too much of a coward to say, "I shall leave you; your conduct is such that I cannot any longer be your companion." Well, I soon observed that the dog was on the watch for the next piece of water, and sure enough, presently, when we came to a pond, he was not to be found. So Shearer was disappointed of playing the fool, and indulging in cruelty to his unoffending dog. After a time Swimmer appeared again, then, as we approached water once more, he vanished. As the evening approached, we were on our way to the steamboat, and we again missed Swimmer; but I had seen him just before, hurrying on as if to reach the boat first. And sure enough he did, for we saw him on board a steamer that was then starting, and Shearer said, "Now, that's his cunning; I told him I'd pitch him into the Thames, when I got him in the boat, to punish him for bolting, and he's got the best of me." Sure enough, it looked like it; for when we reached London-bridge, we saw nothing of him, but when we had gone some distance towards home, he quietly glided out of a bye-street to meet us, and followed us at some little distance all the way home. Whether his master flogged him for this artful defence of himself, I do not know; but he was bad enough to do it, and I was fully half to blame for the ill-

treatment that poor dog endured, that I did not exercise the right of a friend to protest determinedly and authoritatively against it.

PRINCE ALBERT'S PETS.

It is a characteristic of great minds and warm hearts to cherish a sympathy with the beauties of creation, and especially of those many happy living creatures that ask for nothing more than admiration and protection. Prince Albert was not more devoted to the cultivation of the social virtues, and the arts and sciences, than to the encouragement of all the minor embellishments of home, which contribute so much to make it homely. As the Prince was much occupied in public affairs, the royal family, during the greater part of the more active years of the Prince Consort's life, resided frequently at Buckingham Palace, where the good Prince exerted himself in every possible way to render a town residence agreeable to the Queen and her children. He bestowed great pains on the improvement of the garden, which is one of the most retired and picturesque spots anywhere to be found in the heart of London; and special instructions were given to all the servants employed, that the wild birds should not be molested, and every care should be taken to protect their nests from robbery. He introduced pheasants, doves, song-birds, and water-fowl; and in every way possible made his garden like a great and glorious book, for his beloved children to read, and what they read there was God's handwriting. The consequences of this watchful care were increased enjoyment of the spot by all who were located upon it, the Queen, the princes, the princesses, and the household; blackbirds and

WATER-FOWL.

[Page 92

thrushes, and robins, and wrens, and other charming songsters took up their abode and nested in the trees; and by the constant exhibition of kindness towards them, many of them became so tame that they would come and feed from the hand, and the royal children were taught to take delight in the songs and the familiarities of the *uncaged* warblers. In this pleasant retreat, Prince Albert set before his children a good example, which it is to be hoped will bring forth the fruits of joy and peace throughout the whole of their lives. It was their delight to enjoy the society of their pets, and the subjects of the Queen, who love her with a love that she understands and values as a solace in her widowhood, will surely love her children none the less because from infancy they have been taught the sweetness of a gentle temper.

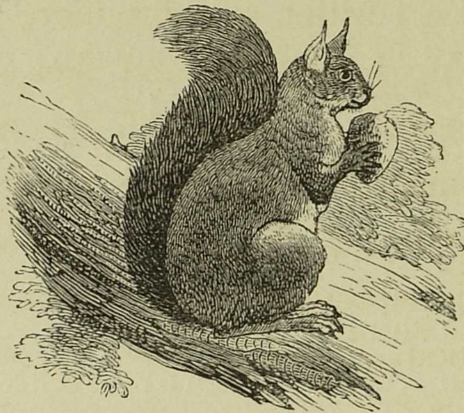
THE SQUIRREL.

The squirrel, with aspiring mind,
Disdains to be to earth confined,
  But mounts aloft in air;
The pine tree's giddiest height he climbs,
Or scales the beech tree's loftiest limbs,
  And builds his castle there.

Soft is his shining auburn coat,
As ermine white his downy throat,
  Intelligent his mien;
With feathery tail and ears alert,
And little paws as hands expert,
  And eyes so black and keen.

Soaring above the earth-born herd
Of beasts, he emulates the bird,
Yet feels no want of wings;
Exactly poised, he dares to launch
In air, and bounds from branch to branch,
With swift elastic springs.

And thus the man of mental worth
May rise above the humblest birth,
And adverse fate control,
If to the upright heart be joined
The active, persevering mind,
And firm, unshaken soul.



CHAPTER IX.

THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE—ROSA BONHEUR—PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE—SPARROW CHAPELS—PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK—OLD PARCELS—LAST WORDS.

It is impossible to enjoy the beauties of the world if our hearts are insensible to love. In everything around us we see the evidences of God's love to us; and if we are not touched in heart by it, a flower has no more beauty than a flint, and the bounding chamois or playful kitten afford no more pleasure than the sight of whitened bones. To be in sympathy with the things around, and especially with animals—for they can, and do, give sympathy in return—is to be in a position to learn more and more of God's wondrous workmanship in nature, and feel more and more of God's goodness in the vast provision He has made for our sustenance and our amusement. Sympathy is the key to art as well as to nature, and the pursuit of art begins in the love and observation of the world and its inhabitants. Do you wish to be happy? get knowledge, and be good. Do you wish to be wise or great? apply your knowledge to good purposes, and reflect upon every lesson nature teaches you, especially how it bears upon the happiness of yourselves and others. I have often reflected upon the wondrous joys of poets and painters; for they look on nature as a book or a

picture, and interweave their own fancies and the wisdom they have acquired by study, with the colours, and powers, and thoughts that Nature offers them in her open volume. A picture-gallery serves me for the present, instead of a tour round the world. There I see the mountains, the valleys, the rivers, forests, cities, villages of various climes, their people, their animals, their cloudy skies, their fierce sunshine, their melancholy moonlight. I might have been quite wrong in the thought that haunted me as I lately came home from Leeds, where I had enjoyed a leisurely inspection of one of the finest collections of pictures ever brought under one roof, away from London. The thought that haunted me was this, that we owe more to painters than to poets for the higher enjoyments of our intellectual existence. But then the impressions derived from some of the best pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer and Rosa Bonheur were vivid, and they seemed to drive all books out of my head. But whether I was right or wrong, I can say this much, that the painters teach us how to enjoy nature, and give us, in their works, proof that they themselves have experienced joys in the study of nature, which really lift them high up above all common mortals. The painter of historical scenes must be deeply versed in chronicles, and costumes, and customs, all of which he may study at home ; but the painter of landscapes and animals must go out, must sometimes brush the brown heather, sometimes sit in peace in the sleepy valley, must meet the morning on the breezy hills. In the works of such artists as the two great animal painters we have just mentioned, and others, like Ansdell, Lin-

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GOUPIL AND CO.

WHICH IS IT TO BE, CRUST OR CRUMB?

[Page 97

nell, and Cooper, we have such vivid transcripts of life that the most diverse and distant scenes become familiar to us, and they serve as direct aids in the study of natural history. Look at Landseer's charger, and is there not in the expression of the noble steed's countenance a suggestion of its intention to speak to us? Or study for a moment the more homely and simple picture from one of our modern painters, ot the child cutting bread for her pets, Fido and Pussy—what language is there in their eyes! How we should rejoice that it has been given to man to exercise such skill as by a few marks and scratches to effect such a life-like result! If you read the poet Cowper's lines on his mother's picture, you will see in what estimation he held the painter's art, because it preserved to him a faithful remembrance of one so dear. There is a story of a painter of old who painted fruits so well that the birds came and pecked them; when we have passed an hour amongst good pictures, we find no difficulty in believing it. I had not the least idea, when I began this chapter, of saying so much about pictures; perhaps the charming engravings prepared for this work led me into the remarks I have made. However, I shall give you a short sketch of the life of the greatest animal painter of the present day, engravings from whose gifted pencil adorn my humble work.

ROSA BONHEUR

was born at Bordeaux, on the 22nd of March, 1822. Her father, himself an artist of high repute, trained her hand with care, and encouraged her from earliest youth in the study of scenery and

animals, in the painting of which her chief delight has consisted. At an early period of her life, a residence in Paris became necessary, and this appeared to be fatal to the course of study in which she was engaged. But her dauntless spirit enabled her to find subjects enough for the exercise of her pencil in the streets of the city; she sketched the horses, she visited the cattle sheds at the markets. Those who love nature may find much of nature's work, to entertain and instruct them, in the crowded street,—the jaded ox, on his way to the *abattoir;* the spirited horse, chafing under the restraint of his driver; the leisurely dog, sunning himself at his master's door. Nature is never far removed from those who have eyes to behold and hearts to feel the impressions of beauty. At an early age, Rosa Bonheur exhibited her pictures, and from the first appeal thus made to the lovers of art her reputation was established. Success encouraged her, and she continued her work in an earnest spirit, losing no opportunity of improving her acquaintance with the subjects to which she chiefly devoted her attention. The greatest of her early works was the "Labourage Nivernais," finished in 1849; which is now in the collection at the Luxembourg. Since then she has painted pictures of higher merit, the result of harder work; for, finding it a difficult task for a woman to frequent cattle markets and stables, and such other places as afforded subjects for study, she adopted male costume, and in this disguise, which her countenance agrees with tolerably well, though she has a well-proportioned and pleasing face, she has pursued her observations, and made purchases of animals with

AFTER ROSA RONHEUR

HIGHLAND CATTLE.

[Page 99.

advantages a thousand-fold above the best that she enjoyed previously. She fitted up a stable and sheepfold near her studio, for the convenience of having the animals required for her studies near her for frequent inspection. It is this thoroughness of work that fills Rosa's pictures with their peculiar spirit and reality. Her greatest work undoubtedly is the "Horse Fair," a glorious portrayal of the rough strength and courage, and fine harmony of form, in the horse ; the animals are not such as would be developed out of the moral consciousness of a drawing-room artist; they are horses instinct with life, and they seem to lead their grooms in harmonious motion, as vigorous horses do when brought fresh and in perfect training to such a scene for public inspection. This picture formed one of the great attractions of the French exhibition of pictures in London, in the year 1855, and was so generally admired that its appearance constitutes an epoch in the history of modern art. It has been engraved with wonderful fidelity, and the copies thus produced give a glorious gleam of beauty to many an English home. Rosa Bonheur is as good as she is great; she gives her time in the instruction of youth, and is one of the foremost amongst cultivated Frenchwomen in works of benevolence and public improvement.

The charming picture of "Highland Cattle," by Rosa Bonheur, presents a group of happy creatures reposing amongst the purple heather. Let it be for a lesson to us beyond the moment. The easy grace of their appearance, expressive of content, may be contrasted with what they will present hereafter when the time has

come for their transit to London, and they take their places in the market, doomed for the slaughter-house. I am not about to deduce from the contrast that animal food should not be eaten, but that the cruelty which accompanies the cattle trade is only to be seen in its true light by making a comparison of the life they lead in the meadows and on the mountains, and the sufferings they endure on the decks of steamboats and in railway trucks. To see cattle and sheep at home, knee-deep in rich pasture, or searching amongst brown fern and golden furze, or roaming over vast rolling downs, that appear as if newly carpeted, is to obtain impressions of the glory of the world such as no pictures can supply. These rural scenes would have few charms for us, were they not peopled with happy forms of life. If the purple heath, glowing amongst white stones, and the round knolls that the hand of the Lord has planted, to make myriads of glittering gardens in the wilderness, are beautiful, and fill our hearts with joy, how much more so are these noble creatures, in whose forms and features power and gentleness are so mysteriously combined? But oh! the misery that awaits them, not because man needs subsistence, but because, in seeking it, he will be unjust. They are taken from the hillside and from the odour of the mountain thyme; they bid a forced farewell to green pastures and cool shallows where they were all their lives before so happy: their doom is now to be driven weary miles, along flinty roads, with goads, and dogs to keep them to their pace. Days passed in weariness and succeeded by nights that afford little rest, for they are crowded into lairs where

the ground is trampled into mud, and the air is loaded with noisome vapours. How sweet to them now would be a fresh breeze from the stony moor, or the sound of the rippling brook that used to invite them to the wood-side shade. Perhaps the ship is waiting for them? if not, there is a train waiting instead, the journey hitherto was only a painful prelude to unbearable horrors. "Unbearable," I say, though, as a rule, they live through them, but deaths do occur on shipboard and in railway trucks, and the agonies which cattle and sheep endure on their way to a distant market are such that they become stupefied, and are commonly found in a state of bodily prostration when they reach their journey's end. Look at the cattle train as it rumbles along, and for a moment try and guess by what process all those poor beasts were packed so close; reflect further upon their many and long privations, the hours they suffer hunger and thirst: consider how, in the burning heat and the keen frost alike, they have no shelter, and you will surely agree that in our treatment of them we are most unjust. Why dwell on these painful particulars? Just for this reason: I suppose this book will be read by a few young people; amongst them may be some who, in a few years' time, will have influence enough to accomplish, or at all events aid, in a reform of the whole system of the cattle trade, the cruelties of which are as injurious to society, by enhancing the price and deteriorating the quality of meat, as they are to the immediate victims—the helpless creatures thus made to experience the extreme possibilities of the tyranny of man. More than that,

I will hope that parents may dip into these pages occasionally; and I would implore of them to lose no opportunity—aye, and to make opportunity—for lessening the miseries of cattle in transit; for amid ten thousand forms of cruelty that prevail, this is one of the least excusable or justifiable, as it is also one of the most injurious to the interests of mankind, and fraught with insult to the Great Provider, who covers our tables with good things.

It is a happy circumstance, however, that the painter enjoys no monopoly of nature's beauties. Nor does the poet; nor does the countryman. Amongst the many great English writers and painters who have understood nature best, the majority have been townsmen. Once begin to love, and you will soon discover how to know. Gather a weed from the nearest bank, and study its history, and it will prove to you a highway to the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom. When the great Linnæus was once walking with his pupils, he stooped down and covered a tuft of vegetation with his hands, and told them that the various grasses and mosses he had hidden for a moment would furnish a sufficiency of subjects for the labours of their lives, if they would earnestly devote themselves to the investigation. Now, just you look into the midst of yonder tree; there you see nothing: but you hear a bird singing. Well, look for the bird, and tell me what it is. Now you have a work to do. There are birds in every tree and bush; and if you take any interest in the beauties of nature, you must learn their names and histories, and how to distinguish them by their plumage, flight, and song. I will tell you of a great help to the

practical study of nature, especially in the observation of birds, and that is a short-focus telescope or a good opera-glass; with an instrument of this kind you may watch a bird without disturbing it, and see every feather, and note its movements, and what it feeds upon. You will not care to kill birds or rob their nests, or suffer others to do such wrong, if you make yourself acquainted with their habits. Observe everything as opportunity presents: the plants that grow wild on the sides of the stone quarry, the insects that buzz about the wood-sides, the butterflies and birds that haunt the garden—and, by the way, always grow a little patch of common hemp, if you can, for on this plant many of the most beautiful butterflies lay their eggs. Gather knowledge, and be kind, and gather knowledge, and be just and true; there is no happiness for those who do wrong; there is no success for those who hate the light, for God, who loves goodness and truth and virtue, is the author of it. And how aptly does Rosa Bonheur's beautiful picture, which is here engraved, agree with the whole spirit of Sir Henry Wotton's sweet old poem :—

PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

By Sir Henry Wotton.

Mistaken mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in those bowers

Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmur e'er come nigh us,
Save of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic masque or dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another;
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
But wounds are never found,
Save that the ploughshare gives the ground.

Go! let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save that the yellow harvest bears.

SPARROW CHAPELS.

The habits of the sparrow are so well known, that what is called in London a "sparrow chapel," will be readily understood by readers who have never seen one. It is the custom of the sparrows to assemble in great companies at nightfall,

AFTER ROSA BONHEUR.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

and they usually select for their meetings large trees, and the trees in London, that are especially favoured by evening meetings of sparrows, are called "sparrow chapels." To the Londoner these chapels afford considerable amusement, for as dusk approaches, the sparrows assemble from all the adjacent streets and squares in immense numbers, and every one of them has a song to sing, not much of a song, but such as Gilbert White would describe as an agreeable sibilant murmuring, and the sound of thousands chirping together is truly pleasant to hear; it is a cheerful sound, and, on the whole, a peaceable one, though it is occasionally interrupted by a quarrel and its scolding accompaniment, for wherever sparrows meet, there must be a row sometimes. There are a few chapels of great note in London, great trees which the stranger who would take away agreeable remembrances should contrive to visit on a summer's evening; but the visit should be made while it is yet full daylight; for as the shades of evening thicken, the numbers lessen rapidly, and the fighting and the chattering draw to a close. The sparrow goes to bed early, but does not rise early; it is, in fact, one of the latest birds to turn out in the morning, whether dwelling in the country or the town. We shall not be able to name a third part of all the London trees we are acquainted with as the places of resort for immense flocks of sparrows, but we call to mind that there is a fine tree of the sort in Goswell-street, near its junction with the City-road; it is a poplar with a great wide-spreading head, and it affords accommodation to an immense assemblage

of sparrows; and at evening, when they collect and chirrup, their united voices may be heard, not only on the opposite side of the City-road, but some distance beyond, in Duncan-terrace. In the interior of the Bank is one of the best of the sparrow chapels. The noble lime trees—in the midst of which a fountain makes a pleasantly cool, splashing sound—are admirably situated for the purpose; for, being literally within four walls, when the sparrows congregate, the place may be likened to a concert, and all their voices are echoed back to them again. The great plane tree at the corner of Wood-street, Cheapside, where rooks used to build, and where an old rook's nest remains, is a capital chapel; but very few of the citizens know anything about it, for they are mostly gone away home ere the musical meeting takes place. The trees on the Middlesex side of Southwark-bridge, the plane trees in Bucklersbury, a great tree in Wilton-place, Belgravia, and a lime tree in Tavistock-square, St. Pancras, are amongst the more celebrated of sparrow chapels; and it must be understood that groves of trees in greens and gardens are not considered chapels, however much they may be frequented with sparrows. A genuine chapel is a big tree, or two or three small ones together, that serve for the sparrows of a large district where there is no grove or garden for them to assemble in, and where, consequently, they crowd so thickly as to constitute an interesting feature of the locality. The elm trees in Gray's-inn, and those in Lincoln's-inn, are crowded with sparrows nightly, but they are not sparrows' chapels; they are groves that afford abundant space, and never present the strange

appearance, or give forth the strange sound, of such a sparrow-laden tree as that in the Goswell-road.

PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK.

Did you ever see an early coffee-stall? You must rise early to see it as it should be seen; the coffee smoking, the customers surrounding it, quaffing the refreshing beverage, and chatting pleasantly about their work and the events of the time. The keeper of a coffee-stall is usually a ragged person, of very humble pretensions, who evidently does not expect to make a fortune; and as for the stall, it is, perhaps, a barrow enlarged by means of a plank or two, and covered with a tattered cloth, which, for the sake of a name, we may call an awning. In places in the suburbs, where market-carts pass, the coffee-stall is opened at midnight, and a great comfort it must be to the waggoner, who has been trudging some hours in the cold, to rest his horses for a few minutes while he treats himself to a cup of hot coffee and a thick slice of bread and butter, for the whole of which, with perhaps a smell of the fire, the shelter of the awning, and a cheerful chat with the keeper of the stall or some other of the customers, he has only to pay a single penny. In busy places, quite within the town, the street coffee-shop is a more substantial affair, and it rarely opens for business before 5 A.M., when a few labourers appear in the streets on their way to work; soon after, crowds of artisans follow, also a few postmen who have to attend to the mails that come in from the country ready for the morning delivery. Carters, of

course, are then becoming plentiful. From amongst the number of these the customers are found, and the stall-keeper obtains a livelihood, though in a most humble way, by affording wholesome cheer to a most worthy class of people.

Patrick Corbett kept a coffee-stall beneath the pleasant shade of the lime tree in Tavistock-square; it was a substantial stall, travelling well on four substantial wheels, in fact, a double wheelbarrow, with a roof that really kept the bread dry and the coffee warm on the second floor, and a nice ground-floor, resting on the axletrees, that was dark and cool for the bread and butter kept in reserve as the customers kept clearing the supplies away from the top story. Patrick Corbett was a kind-hearted man, and never drove away the sparrows that used to swarm about to gather up the crumbs, when the customers had departed. And Patrick was well rewarded; for a pretty sparrow fell in love with him. I say a pretty sparrow; for in a letter written by Cornelius Nicholson, Esq., of Bernard-street, Russell-square, who, I believe, had seen this sparrow, it is described as distinguishable from the rest by having a peculiarly-shaped crest, and a very few dark feathers behind the nape of the head. Patrick loved this sparrow quite as much as it loved him, and they soon became so familiar that as soon as the shop was open, "Dick," as Patrick named his friend, was the very first customer, who paid nothing and expected extra attention; for Patrick used to feed his Dick from his hands, and hold a cup of coffee whilst Dick sipped from it. Friendship without guile, how pleasant to think of it! Dick grew more and more familiar

MRS. DICK AND THE BREAKFAST PARTY.

[Page 108

with Patrick, used to kiss him, perch on his finger, and chatter impudently with such of the customers as had good-tempered faces and kindly voices. Oh! Dick was the life of the party, and very likely drew customers to the shop; for working men delight in such simple, truthful love as this. Patrick never considered whether his pet was a lady or a gentleman, until one morning she brought with her a brood of little sparrows to be fed, and poor Patrick, out of his very little, found bread and butter and coffee for them all. He professed never to *give* credit, and with the sparrows he kept his word; for they took what they wanted, and never thought of payment. Yes, Patrick had to feed the family, but he was well repaid by the fun it afforded him to see them learn to fly. But they had scarcely grown up to full sparrowhood, and taken their independent places in the great lime-tree chapel, when Dick—whom we now call *Mrs.* Dick—came with another lot of little downy things, looking all beak and wool, and filling one with wonder how, when they had once got out of the nest, they should ever fly back to it. Well, to tell the truth, they did *not* always fly back to it, and this gives occasion for a painful episode. Once Mrs. Dick came down with three very small children to partake of Patrick's hospitality, and, of course, they were welcome. Oh, to be sure; but to make a visit complete and pleasant to all parties, we must not only come, but *go*. Now one of the little ones was too weak to go; it could not rise upon the wing, and Patrick, in pure kindness, put it in a basket in the cool dark ground-floor, over the axletrees, and there he fed it, and at

night he carried it home and fed it again, but next morning the poor little thing was dead. The episode is not ended yet ; but I stop to observe that little birds taken out of their nests, or caught when very young, generally die at daybreak the next morning. I could tell you the reason why, and all about it, but I only make this observation while the matter is on my mind, in order to implore you *not to take little birds at all.* Well, to go on with the story, Mrs. Dick came next morning to demand her child, and Patrick could not give it her. Oh, if he could have whispered but one word in her ear, he could have told her the truth, and she would have been at peace ; but, poor thing ! she thought Patrick had *robbed her of her child*, and SHE LEFT HIM. Now, who was most to be pitied, Patrick, or his long-tried pet ? neither of them to blame, yet one suspected, and the other suspecting. Blessed, healing power of time and forgetful-ness ! Patrick never forgot the bird, nor did she forget him ; but they both forgot their sense of injury, and, in three months' time, Mrs. Dick again appeared, blithe as ever, with a troop of youngsters. Thus the friendship lasted four years, during which time Mrs. Dick had shown Patrick no less than sixty of her children. At times, when Patrick was late in arriving at the lime tree, and Mrs. Dick had no children to keep her at home full of anxieties, she used to go and *meet him*, and at a distance of two or three streets off, would alight upon the great double-sided barrow and chirrup merrily until it arrived in its place, and the shop was opened. Patrick Corbett has gone to his rest, but likely enough Mrs. Dick is alive still ; and it is just possible that she remembers him, and regrets that against

one so kind and true she should ever have entertained a suspicion. We should never suspect those we have tried and found faithful, nor keep silent when one candid word may dispel illusions, that else would darken and embitter all our lives. It would be something indeed, if friends, who differ about a matter that cannot be cleared up, would agree on both sides to forget it, and try again to be true and friendly with each other.

OLD POLL, THE LIVELY PARROT.

The parrot so-called in our "Happy Family," is a favourite with all who know her. She is old and gray, very gray, but displays a little vanity in wearing scarlet skirts. The spirit of avarice is strongly manifested in her tastes and occupations, for she engages in six different callings, and pursues them all with vigour. She deals in live soles, old clothes, milk, butchery, bakery, and bonnet-boxes. There is, at least, one more branch of trade she cultivates, and about which she makes many vociferations, but I never could make out the nature of it; for when loudly inviting people to purchase the wares, her utterances are in some foreign tongue —"Kry-i-i-o-o-squau; He-o-o-skay-ark-om; Kreek-ike-oke-um." Whether these sounds are addressed to the people in the house or the people in the street, I do not know, but I am sure they have a commercial meaning, and imply that there is something to be sold. A strange character is Old Poll, always in a good temper, always availing herself of the privilege to use her tongue, and often in a

way not becoming so gray a personage, for she shouts, scolds, and whistles, and rejoices in an uproar. The chief of her diet is bread and milk, but she likes nuts, and is not above amusing herself by champing up a wooden stick or cotton-reel. She dances, whistles, and laughs "ha-ha." She tries to persuade us she is greatly afflicted; she has a bad cough, and she moans often, "I'm so ill." She sneezes loud enough to wake a parish, and she relieves herself of all tedium of affliction by mingling loud laughter with loud complaint. With all her weak points, she is very sociable, and has a cheerful greeting for the stranger as well as the friend. Age is allowed to be familiar. Old Poll will say to anyone who shows a kindly face, "Glad to see you, my dear; come and kiss me—kiss me quick!" but it is clear that her heart is not in her speech, else why the sudden thought of trade made manifest by the loud ejaculations in a masculine voice, "Bonnet-bock, bonnet-bock; buy a bock—ma'am?" or the impudence that drives a would-be customer away by the inquiry, "Who are *you*—who are *y'eh?*" She sometimes feels her solitary position, but has most ingenious methods of dispelling the gloom. When not surrounded by her relations, as she is usually, some in gray and scarlet skirts like herself, others in bridal dresses of snowy white, and others decked out in festive costume of azure blue and emerald green, dotted and splashed with gold and crimson;—when removed from such society, she surrounds herself with imaginary personages, drives bargains with them, has conversations with them, and imitates their several voices, throwing in occasional ejaculations of "Oh!" "Ah!" "Yes!" "No!" the

end of which generally is, that Old Poll is called on for a song, and, forgetful of live soles, kry-i-i-o, and bonnet-boxes, she strikes up for their amusement, “Pop goes the weasel,” the words of which she sings loudly, then whistles the tune more loudly, and finishes the performance with a very loud peal of laughter. At other times she sings confessedly to amuse herself. The sun shines—the window is open—there are no customers—she forgets the shop, and is determined to be happy. Then she runs the gamut up and down in whistling notes that could not be surpassed, no, nor equalled, by a blackbird. She goes through the chromatic and diatonic scales; then she whistles “The girl I left behind me,” not so loud as when she entertained her friends, and more sweetly. She next soliloquises, bestows praises on herself, describing her personage as “pretty,” and even going so far in self-adulation as to declare herself a “dear old duck.” The lively spirit returns, and she sings “Oh, dear, what can the matter be, Johnny is gone to the fair!” Then, to secure peace of mind for her favourite song, she inquires after the health of the family, expresses a desire to kiss them all round; avers that she is “glad to see them,” when she really does not see them, and fires off about twenty loud kisses through the open window, to which anybody is welcome who can get them. She is then ready for her song, and she does a proper amount of fidgetting before she begins—“Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, how doo-oo, how doo-oo,” a song which makes her heart glad, and impels a finale of concerted whistling. Now and then she dances, the step being a kind of fidgetty

shuffle, which she is almost ashamed of, for if we look on and admire she ceases performing, and declares the looker-on to be an "old silly."

Biography is the essence of history, for it admits us to the minds and hearts of the people by whom history is made. The biography of Old Poll will explain many of her eccentricities, for she is not a native of this country. She came from Western Africa about twenty years since, and put up at a place frequented by her kindred, at No. 6, Bear-street, Leicester-square, the manager of which, Mr. Hawkins, has the peculiar gift of reconciling such people to change of scene. Her proper name amongst philosophers is *Psittacus erythacus;* it is a name she is ashamed of, and never utters. But it is an honourable name, and includes a large family of gay and garrulous people, many of whom Poll has for her companions here in our happy family. Though so vain, she is the most demure of her kindred, who mostly dress in green, and red, and gold, and are generally less talkative and less commercial in their tastes. What was her habit of life in her native place, I know not. She was, probably, a wild savage, living in the hollow of a decayed tree, and uttering a language mostly made up of hideous screams, and varied by mocking the voices of people no more respectable than herself. She joined the family sixteen years ago, being then ignorant of a single word of English, and her first expressions were those of anger and foolishness. She first gnawed into dust the main beam of her upper apartment, and then tore her wigwam, though made of stout steel rods, into pieces. She

refused her food, and when spoken to, crouched on the ground, and, in a menacing attitude, gave vent to terrible rage. We have tamed too many of these African savages to fear any of them. She was dealt with kindly, but firmly. Not a harsh word was given in exchange for her abuse. She was supplied with hemp-seed, bread and milk, and water; brought into the sitting-room for an hour now and then, and occasionally shut in a quiet room by herself, that she might forget her troubles under the temptation of newly-prepared food. Her rage made her thin for a time, but by degrees she began to perceive the excellence of civilisation; she ceased to threaten the hand that fed her, and then of an evening, when she was rather drowsy, and shut in her room quietly, the first lesson in English was attempted by repeating it through the half-open door about half a dozen times, and then leaving her to ponder it. The lesson was "Polly, pretty Polly!" While this went on, she was becoming familiar and reconciled, showed delight when her benefactor appeared, and exhibited a docility that was quite touching when food and drink were offered her.

Robinson Crusoe acted on the proverb that hunger will tame a lion, as you will remember, where he tells of his pitfalls for goats: so we subjected our African friend to a mild starving process, that she might be under no mistake as to whom she was indebted for nourishment. Now she began to show another sign of being civilised. When all was quiet, you might hear her mumbling her lessons to herself; not, however, in a very agreeable manner, for her first attempt resulted in mere gurglings in the throat, as if she

were choking. At the end of three weeks from the commencement of the lesson, during which it had been repeated half a dozen times a day, and always during the process of feeding and cleaning her new wigwam, she began to stammer out, "Pollo," which in a day or two improved to "Polly," and in another fortnight was completed as "Polly, pretty Polly!" You are of course aware that parrots of all kinds like to have their heads scratched, and the task is, with a newly-imported savage, *to do it;* yes, to do it, and keep your fingers sound. Like the burning of the powder in the story of "skying a copper," it must be done by degrees; but you will make little progress in taming a parrot till you have done that. When becoming docile and familiar, turn hunger to account for the experiment. Present a can of food, and as the bird reaches forward to obtain it, give her head a rub with your finger. There is no danger at that moment. In three weeks the pupil will have learnt to like the operation, and through it you obtain a key to her character, and a charm over her affections. Another peculiarity of these people is a propensity to bite, but those who get bitten generally deserve it, for they never betray real confidence, and meddlesome strangers should learn to abstain from teasing, and poking their fingers in places of danger. But suppose the party *will* bite: then take it coolly, do not snatch your hand away, bear the pain patiently. If you resist, you increase the bird's desire to punish you; if you submit, the biter is bitten with remorse, and will follow better ways. I had to lift a young parrot out of a small cage in which she came from shipboard into her proper

house, immediately on her arrival not long since. She drew herself up, and growled, and menaced me in a way not to be misunderstood. But I used my bare hand, grasped her round the waist, transferred her quickly and neatly, and she had my thumb fast between her awful pincers all the time. I was none the worse for it, but if I had snatched my hand away, the flesh would have torn, so non-resistance was the winner. Thorough familiarity between both parties is the best safeguard against the fear of being bitten, and there must be unlimited confidence. Betray fear in the presence of my old Poll, and if she can get hold of your finger she will imprint her seal upon it; but see here, I open the door of her wigwam, introduce my hand with a kindly coaxing word, and she steps upon it, comes out on my shoulder, and amuses herself by pulling my hair, or whispering among my whiskers. Persevere with kindness and firmness, and you soon accomplish that feat of poll-scratching, and then you have the mastery, and must proceed in the same way to keep it. If from that day forward you make note of any of your friends taking to teasing, or even *teaching*, remove the pupil out of that friend's way, for no good will come of it. To be familiar with strangers is admirable, and all the members of Poll's family are sociable creatures; but the best part of all your training may be undone in a few days by some trick of teasing with the finger, or speaking in a nasal voice, practised by a friend for the mere love of mischief.

Now to go on with Poll's history, she became so fascinated by the English tongue, that in less than six months she had given up

all her native yells and screams, and was so occupied, whenever left alone for a few hours, in practising by herself, that she deserved to be considered a thoroughly civilised being. Then she was allowed to come to the dinner-table, and to eat and drink as she pleased. Then by degrees she was taught to eat cake and drink milk, two articles of diet she never tasted before. She grew fat and strong. She had a bath frequently, and the confident method was followed of taking her in the bare hands, and sousing her into it; the mistress wiped her dry in her warm lap, and coaxed her before the fire till her garments were in order again.

I may as well confess that old Poll is the favourite, the principal personage in our family of pets, and she represents to me the whole of her large family, of which we rejoice in the possession of a moderate gathering of variously habited and variously gifted members. One thing I note as particularly interesting, and that is the high intelligence with which she is endowed, an intelligence shared largely by the rest of the family. There must be some intelligence necessary to acquire a moderate knowledge of another language, and if the act be imitative, it must still be confessed that the faculty of imitation is not a mean one. But we may go farther, and say that she understands very much of the spirit of the words she utters. I cannot forget how, in times when sickness has spread a gloom over the house, Poll has talked in a subdued tone, and for a season restrained her boisterous merriment. At such times she has used the tenderest of her speeches, whistled her tunes in a soothing manner, and would come out of her cage and place her

gray cheek against the face of the afflicted one in a way to betoken more than a mere familiarity with a benefactress. All who take to the training of parrots must note that the imitative faculty is so strong, and acquires such additional force and system by education, that it has scarcely any limits.

The imitative faculty is observable also in the tone of the voice. A person with a weak voice should not attempt such teaching; and for the same reason, where there are people of Poll's kindred, servants should be chosen who have unobjectionable modes of utterance. Poll speaks in at least six different voices. She imitates my voice so distinctly as to be frequently mistaken for me, to the annoyance frequently of the servants, for the gardener has many a time dropped his spade and ran, thinking there was something the matter, on hearing the cry, "Quick, quick, come along;" and as for the maids, she calls them too distinctly, for they are often deceived by her; and by the action of her beak on the wires of her cage she can produce an admirable imitation of a "rat-tat-tat" at the entrance door. She has tried to imitate the striking of a clock and failed, but she imitates the ticking of a watch perfectly. Perhaps the best thing Poll ever did was to catch the word "Clo" from a wandering child of Israel. She imitates his approaching voice, his passing voice, and his voice going away, and in the exact nasal twang of her gratuitous teacher. She imitates the flowing of water beautifully; has learnt a few snatches of blackbird and thrush music, and rejoices especially in an imitation of the sparrows, though the chirp is a very large edition of the original.

I must notice also, as another evidence of intelligence, the immense jealousy of these people. Jealousy must spring from a sense of self-importance, and however objectionable may be such a feeling, it implies intelligence of some sort. If I were to nurse a baby—and I never had one of my own to nurse, else perhaps I should not have bestowed so much time in training parrots—Poll would show by looks and gestures that she would have no division of affections. She appears capable of readily distinguishing those of our friends that love animals by the cast of the countenance. If I see Poll make overtures to a visitor, I know that visitor to be one who has a tender regard for animated nature. Shall I name one more trait? It is a wonderful memory, combined with a power of classification, for Poll never mixes together words that do not fit. Her vocabulary includes about forty sentences and verses, more ejaculations and words of greeting than I can pause to count up, and a whole budget of tunes, enough at least for a grand concert. Lessons taught her at first, and scarcely ever repeated since, are remembered as perfectly as those taught a week ago. She went three years since on a visit, where she learnt the name of a dog, with whom, by-the-bye, she scraped a close acquaintance, and she calls that dog now occasionally, seeming very desirous of a friendly word with "Jack." Of course very strange things happen sometimes that would be worth telling if we had any more space left for anecdotes, but I must not venture beyond one. Poll was once visited by a cat; grimalkin looked as if she would like to pick Poll's bones. Poll looked at the cat with one eye sideways, and

says she, "Ah, who are you, eh? how are you?" Whereat the cat scampered, no doubt a little astonished to hear plain English from the scarlet-tailed foreigner. She will talk to the sparrows too, as they creep through the wires of her wigwam to pick hemp-seeds from her trough. I have heard her coax and kiss them for half an hour together, but sometimes she will change her tactics and make a snap at one, whereat there is a mighty bustle for a moment, and a general clearance of the intruders. She has just seen a leg of mutton pass her on the way to the dinner-table, and she asks in a loud voice, "Is that for Poll?" and presently adds, louder still, "Thank you," in sheer mockery that the savoury treat has disappeared. But she shall have a taste of something good, and there will be a general silence while she makes her dinner, surrounded by family friends, all equally indebted to the spirit of civilisation for knowledge of language and tricks, and all equally engaged, as Wordsworth says, "forty feeding like one."

There is so much amusement in the training and teaching of a bird, that those who have the necessary skill and patience should prefer a newly-imported parrot to the most finished talker and performer. Our parrots are daily supplied with bread and milk and Indian corn, softened by a sort of stewing on the "hob." As a rule they have no other food, but occasionally they get a Brazil or Barcelona nut. I am an advocate for liberal feeding, for these birds exhaust themselves by their incessant action and the use of their vocal organs, and a poor diet will cause them to lose their feathers and appear dejected. But the appetite should not be

pampered, sweets are injurious, raw vegetables very injurious; but nuts, biscuits, fruits, and the stones of plums and cherries are excellent to vary the diet, and keep the birds in health. The dreadful habit of picking off their feathers arises through giving them sweets, salt food, excess of hemp-seed, or supplying bread and milk in too dry a state; the bread should be scalded, pressed nearly dry, and be then wetted with sufficient milk to soak it through, and a little over for them to drink; it nourishes, and renders other drink unnecessary. The bath is essential often in summer, occasionally in winter; and to be able to perform the ablution, the birds should be kept in such a familiar state that you can do anything with them. In cases where the possessor of a parrot cannot safely handle it, the bird should be treated to a mild shower from a hand syringe; this it will enjoy immensely in warm weather. It may be worth mentioning, for the benefit of any of our readers whose parrots are given to the bad habit of picking off their feathers, that *amusement* is a grand remedy. Leave the bird to its own resources, and, when tired of talking and whistling, it will begin again to pluck off its clothes; but throw into the cage a short stick with the bark on it, or a wooden cotton reel, or anything of a harmless kind that may be stripped and torn to pieces, and it will forget the habit in the amusement thus obtained. This hint may be worth the whole value of the best gray parrot to many readers who are unfortunately perplexed with the spectacle of a favourite bird hacking itself to pieces. Small cages are a serious injury to parrots, as they prevent the expansion and fluttering of the wings,

in which they delight. If a small cage must be used, there should be no swing in it, or the bird will lose the feathers from the pinions by frequent contact with it in moving to and fro. I prefer cages measuring not less than 17 inches wide by 28 inches high.

In teaching, great patience must be exercised, and the first lessons must be very short and simple, very plainly uttered—uttered in exactly the tone they are to be repeated by the parrot, and with a little spirit, such as will be agreeable to others beside the teacher. It is quite painful to hear a parrot chatter in a minor key, or mumble syllables as if it had plums in its mouth. Every accent, tone, and gesture of the teacher is acquired with exactitude, and a really clever bird will improve upon and exaggerate them so as to introduce original elements of its own into all the lessons. It is in the style in which the lessons are appropriated that constitutes the great difference in the respective merits and values of the birds; and the reason why I consider my dear old Poll the best parrot that ever was seen or heard, is because she has certain ways of her own that give originality and comicality to every one of her sentences and antics. A good bird to begin with, and patient perseverance, and there need be no rarity in a parrot talking like a Christian.

A FEW MORE NOTES ON TEACHING ANIMALS.

One of the most important qualities for a teacher of animals is *patience*. Their minds are not so quick to understand what you want as to justify impatience. Before you attempt much in the way of teaching, it is necessary that you and the pet should be *used*

to each other. Another matter of some importance is to keep the teaching very much in your own hands, for if you allowed a number of friends to assist and interfere, your bird, dog, or whatever it be, will be spoiled entirely. Take such a stray dog as here represented, begging of the poor traveller, who is getting a little rest and a frugal meal on Highgate-hill, and what can you do with him? You can do nothing with him but feed him, and he is equal at any time to that. It is of the utmost importance to watch over the health of pets, to observe their habits, and provide for all their wants, for if their health fails, their beauty soon departs, and they become peevish and unmanageable. This is especially the case with birds, and much more the case with parrots than with pet birds of any other kind. People give them too much hemp-seed and they become fevered, and their feathers fall off. Sometimes they are allowed to live in the midst of dirt, their food vessels sour and unwholesome, their very perches greasy and slippery through never having been washed. Do justice to your pets, and they will make you a splendid return for very little trouble—trouble, did I say? depend upon it, those who talk of pets being a trouble, ought not to keep any; for the bare idea of considering a trouble what should be a pleasure, is fatal to success. Make your lessons easy at first, and endeavour patiently to ascertain the extent of your pet's ability. I have had dogs that learned to walk on their hind legs in a month, and others that never learned at all, though most patiently treated. I have had carp and minnows that would come and nibble my fingers, when I put my hand in the water, having learnt to know

THE TRAVELLER'S REST ON HIGHGATE HILL.

[Page 124.

and like the fingers, because I constantly fed them, and coaxed them to take snails and bread from my hands ; and I have had carp of the same kind as the tame ones, that never acquired the courage to take food from my hand. It is a great point to discover the proper coaxing foods, and to give them little tastes of these relishes at proper times, and indeed the common every-day food may be employed as an aid in teaching. I once saw a trained seal that beat successively a tambourine, a triangle, and a drum, and after firing off a gun, turned summersaults in its tub, and the performance closed by the seal kissing a black man, who held a fish in his hand, which the seal received the moment it had kissed him. The story of the horse and the umbrella will afford a key in the art of training and teaching to anyone who possesses a little judgment. When we begin to teach a new parrot, we remove it far away from all the rest into a room by itself, and about dusk we speak a few words distinctly to it while keeping out of sight. The sounds are new to the bird, its curiosity is excited, it begins at once to stutter and splutter in the effort to repeat the lesson, and in a few days has learned it. If the lesson were given before other birds or other people, the pupil would pay less attention to it, perhaps would be too much pre-occupied to hear it, and would make no progress.

THE PONY JUMPER.

I once saw my worthy friend, Mr. Richard Headly, of Stapleford, take a young hunter out of the hands of a groom, and in an instant cure it of a dulness or stubbornness, against which the

groom had long been labouring in vain. The lesson for the horse was the leaping of a bar, and the horse simply refused to leap, but stopped short every time the groom rode or led him to it. Mr. Headly went across the field, took the horse from the groom, directed his attention to the bar, and then *jumped over it himself.* The horse was no such fool as it had appeared in the groom's hands; it immediately imitated its kind master, and leaped over the bar easily and gracefully. After that, the groom had no difficulty in continuing the lesson.

OLD PARCELS.

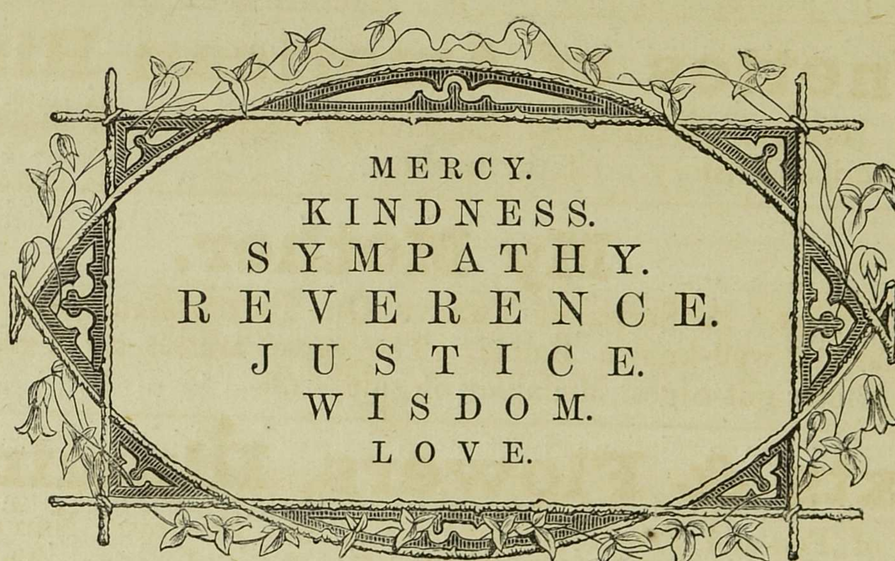
I once had great difficulty in teaching a dog to carry a basket; and it was for a really useful purpose, and not for a mere whim, that the lesson was to be taught. I carried the basket in my mouth, but the dog could not take the hint. At last I said, if I give him a bone, he'll carry it: so I tied the basket to a great bone, and gave the dog the bone, and walked rapidly away expecting him to follow. Yes, he did follow; but he had first lain down and torn bone and basket asunder, and had come on with the bone, and left the basket behind. My next procedure was to borrow a dog that carried well, and to send the two along together, one with a basket and one without. They had not travelled long, ere the experienced carrier put down his basket to have a drink, and no sooner was this done than the other picked it up, and they almost quarrelled over it. But my dog carried well after that, and became so expert and trustworthy, that it was sent on errands to the village, carrying in the

basket a list of the things it was to bring back. We called him "Parcels Delivery" at first, but finding the name too much for frequent repetition, we shortened it to "Parcels," and in time he came to be called "Old Parcels." Be firm, be kind, and remember always that rewards are more effectual than punishments, for they increase confidence, while punishment destroys it.

LAST WORDS.

In all your observations of nature, cherish for the Author of all things a feeling of *reverence*; for without this you cannot appreciate the beauties of the world. In all your dealings with your brethren of the human family, in all your dealings with animals, show forth *kindness* in the largest sense, both of manner and of deed, controlling your temper when tried, and maintaining a cheerful air to inspire respect and confidence. Never forget that God and nature alike demand of you *justice;* for you are not to allow your kindly feelings to carry you away so that you may be found giving to dogs what should really be bestowed on starving children. Let us be moderate and reasonable in all things, never suffering our pets to take attention from our duties; never, above all things, pampering them wastefully, and thereby giving occasion for others to say that we esteem them more highly than our fellow-creatures. No, no, better have no pets at all than for once be unkind or unjust to a brother or a sister; better to know nothing of the animal world than to neglect, for the sake of its attractions, one human creature whom we might benefit by a cheerful word or kindly deed.

An excessive and foolish regard for animals is as much to be avoided as that injustice which denies them comfortable shelter, sufficient food, and a due adapting of their tasks to their strength and ability. I plead for justice as anxiously as kindness, for kindness over-done is injustice, and must be frowned upon. If you study nature, and treat animals under the influence of such principles, you will surely attain to *wisdom*, you will show *mercy*, you will *love* and *be loved.* You have experienced the Kindness, the Justice, the Mercy, the Love of God, whose Wisdom claims your reverence; join, therefore, in His praise with all created beings, and bless Him gladly for having revealed to us so much of His holy mind and will in His word and His works. Remember the words I have now spoken unto you, and which I here append to close my book,—



International Exhibition, 1862. *Jurors' Award—S. W. Partridge, Class XXVIII, Section C., Honourable Mention for Illustrated Books.*

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co.'s

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,

9, PATERNOSTER ROW,

LONDON.

Clever Dogs and Horses.

With Anecdotes about Parrots, Squirrels, Birds, Monkeys, &c. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq. With many Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s. Extra gilt, 7s. 6d. [Uniform with "*Our Dumb Companions.*"

Jack, the Conqueror;

Or, Difficulties Overcome. By C. E. BOWEN, Author of "Dick and His Donkey." With THIRTY Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s. [Extra gilt, 7s. 6d. [Uniform with "*Our Dumb Companions.*"

Vignettes of American History.

By MARY HOWITT. With many Engravings illustrative of the principal events in American History. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

My Mother.

BY ANN TAYLOR. A Series of TWELVE OIL PICTURES engraved to illustrate this popular and well-known Ballad. The verses are set up in engraved Borders. 4to., Cloth, gilt edges. Medallion on side, 5s.

Texts & Flowers, Illuminated.

A Series of Pen and Pencil Illustrations of the Primrose, Narcissus, Sunflower, Lily, Red Rose, Woodbine, Tulip, Foxglove, Jasmine, Thistle, Carnation, Marigold. 4to., Cloth, gilt edges, 5s. [In assorted Packets, 2s. 6d.

Children and Jesus;

Or, Stories for Children. By Rev. E. P. Hammond. Ten Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

The Brewer's Family;

Or, Experiences of Charles Crawford. By Mrs. Ellis. Eight Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d

The Mysterious Parchment.

An American Story. Revised and edited by J. W. Kirton. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Our Dumb Companions;

Or, Stories about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys. By Rev. T. Jackson, M.A. With Seventy-five Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s. [Cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Nancy Wimble,

The Village Gossip. By T. S. Arthur. With Eight Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Crosses of Childhood;

Or, Little Alice and Her Friends. By Mrs. Waller. Five Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Bible Pattern of a Good Woman.

By Mrs. Balfour. With Thirteen Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Animal Sagacity;

Or, Remarkable Incidents Illustrative of the Sagacity of Animals. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Seventy-five Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side. 5s. [Extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

The History of Susan Gray,

As related by a Clergyman. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. With many Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Three Opportunities;

Or, the Story of Henry Forrester. With EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Bible Jewels.

By Dr. NEWTON. The Pearl—The Diamond—The Ruby—The Amethyst—The Emerald—The Opal, &c. With TWENTY-FOUR Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Our Four-Footed Friends;

Or, the History of Manor Farm, and the People and Animals there. By MARY HOWITT. With FIFTY Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s. [Extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

Ellerslie House;

A Book for Boys. By EMMA LESLIE. With THIRTY-SIX Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Christian Monitor;

Or, Selections from Pious Authors. With FIFTY Engravings. 2s. 6d. [Gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

Anecdotes of the Aborigines.

Historical and Missionary. With TWENTY-FIVE Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Our Children's Pets;

Being Stories about Animals, in Prose and Verse. By JOSEPHINE. With SEVENTY Engravings. Cloth, Medallion on side, 5s. [Extra gilt, 7s. 6d.

How Paul's Penny became a Pound.

By the Author of "Dick and His Donkey." With TWELVE Engravings. 1s.
[*"Children's Friend" Series.*

Cousin Bessie;

A Story of Youthful Earnestness. By Mrs. BALFOUR. EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

With NINETY-FOUR Engravings. Two vols., cloth, 1s. each.

Kiss for a Blow;

Or, a Collection of Stories for Children. By H. C. WRIGHT. EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Sketches from my Note-book.

By GEORGE MOGRIDGE (Old Humphrey). FIFTY-EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Giants;

And How to Fight Them. By Dr. NEWTON. With EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

The Little Woodman, and his Dog Cæsar.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD. With THIRTEEN Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

The Great Pilot, and His Lessons.

By Dr. NEWTON. With TWELVE Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d. [*New Edition.*

How Peter's Pound became a Penny.

By the Author of "Dick and His Donkey." With TWELVE Engravings. 1s.
[" *Children's Friend*" *Series*.

Tom Burton;

Or, the Better Way. With EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists.

By WILLIAM TALLACK. With a Portrait. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Cliff Hut.

Or, the Perils of a Fisherman's Family. With TWENTY-SEVEN Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Willie Heath & the House Rent.

By Rev. WILLIAM LEASK, D.D. With EIGHT Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Golden Year.

A Book For Young Persons. By the Author of "Marian Falconer." SIX Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Domestic Addresses and Scraps of Experience.

By the late GEORGE MOGRIDGE (Old Humphrey). 23 Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Songs & Hymns for the Little Ones.

Compiled by UNCLE JOHN. 160 Engravings. Cloth, 5s.
[With Coloured plates, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Thoughts for Young Thinkers;

By G. Mogridge (Old Humphrey). Twenty-five Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Sunday School Illustrations.

By Ephraim Holding (Old Humphrey). Thirty-nine Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Haunted House;

Or, the life of Dora Langley. By E. S. Oldham. Four Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Ronald's Reason;

Or, the Little Cripple. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Ten Engravings. 1s.
[One of "*The Children's Friend*" Series.

Reminiscences of the Prince Consort.

His Life and Character. By Rev. J. H. Wilson. With Six Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

The Children's Party;

Or, a Day at Upland. By Cousin Helen. Six Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

The Dairyman's Daughter.

By Rev. Legh Richmond. Twenty Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Sybil and Her Live Snowball.

By the Author of "Dick and His Donkey." With Twelve Engravings. 1s.
[One of "*The Children's Friend*" Series.

Marie and the Seven Children.

A Tale for Girls. By Mrs. GELDART. TEN Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Illustrated Penny Readings;

Being Twelve separate Readings by various Authors. TWELVE Engravings. 1s.

Every-day Lessons.

From the Experience of G. MOGRIDGE (Old Humphrey). 60 Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

John Oriel's First Start in Life.

By MARY HOWITT. With TWENTY-ONE Engravings. Illuminated Cover, 1s.
[One of the "*Children's Friend*" *Series.*

Passages in the History of a Shilling.

By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. With FIVE Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

The Story of Little Alfred.

By the Author of "Story of the Lost London." ELEVEN Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Wanderings of a Bible.

And My Mother's Bible. By Mrs. BALFOUR. With EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Short Steps for Little Feet.

By the Author of "The Children's Party." With TEN Engravings. 1s.
[One of "*The Children's Friend*" *Series.*

Ernest Clarke's Fall;

Or, Lead us not into Temptation. By NELSIE BROOK. With EIGHT Engravings. Cloth, 6d.

Little Sermons for Little People.

By WILLIAM LOCKE. With TWENTY-TWO Engravings. Cloth, 6d.

"Right Opposite,"

A Tale, By LUCIUS M. SARGENT. With TEN Engravings. Cloth, 6d.

Tottie's Christmas Shoes.

By NELSIE BROOK. 6d.

The Governess;

Or, the Missing Pencil-Case. With TWELVE Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

Dick and his Donkey;

Or, How to Pay the Rent. 6d.

Scrub;

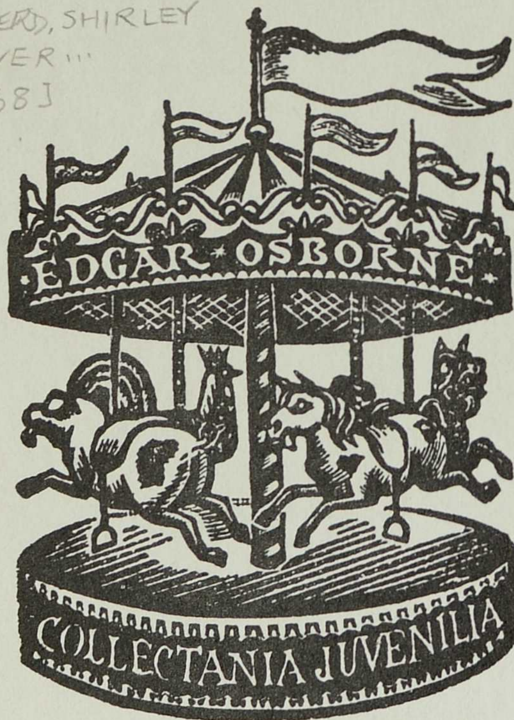
Or, the Workhouse Boy's First Start in Life. By Mrs. BALFOUR. 6d.

The Mother's Picture Alphabet.

With TWENTY-SIX Engravings, 5s. [Cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

00 J
Rra

NS (7H)
HIBBERD, SHIRLEY
CLEVER ...
[1868]



37131 009 563 479