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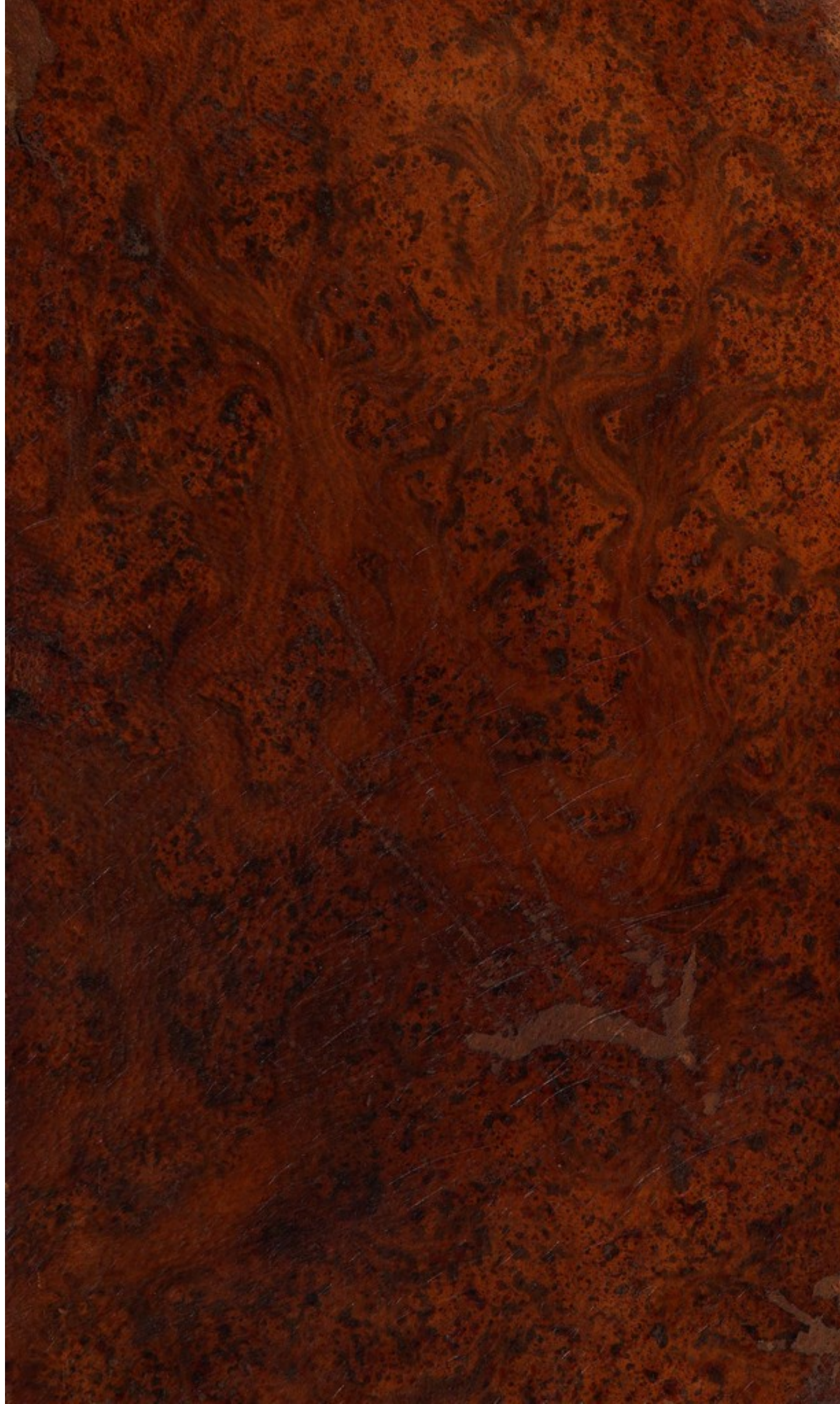
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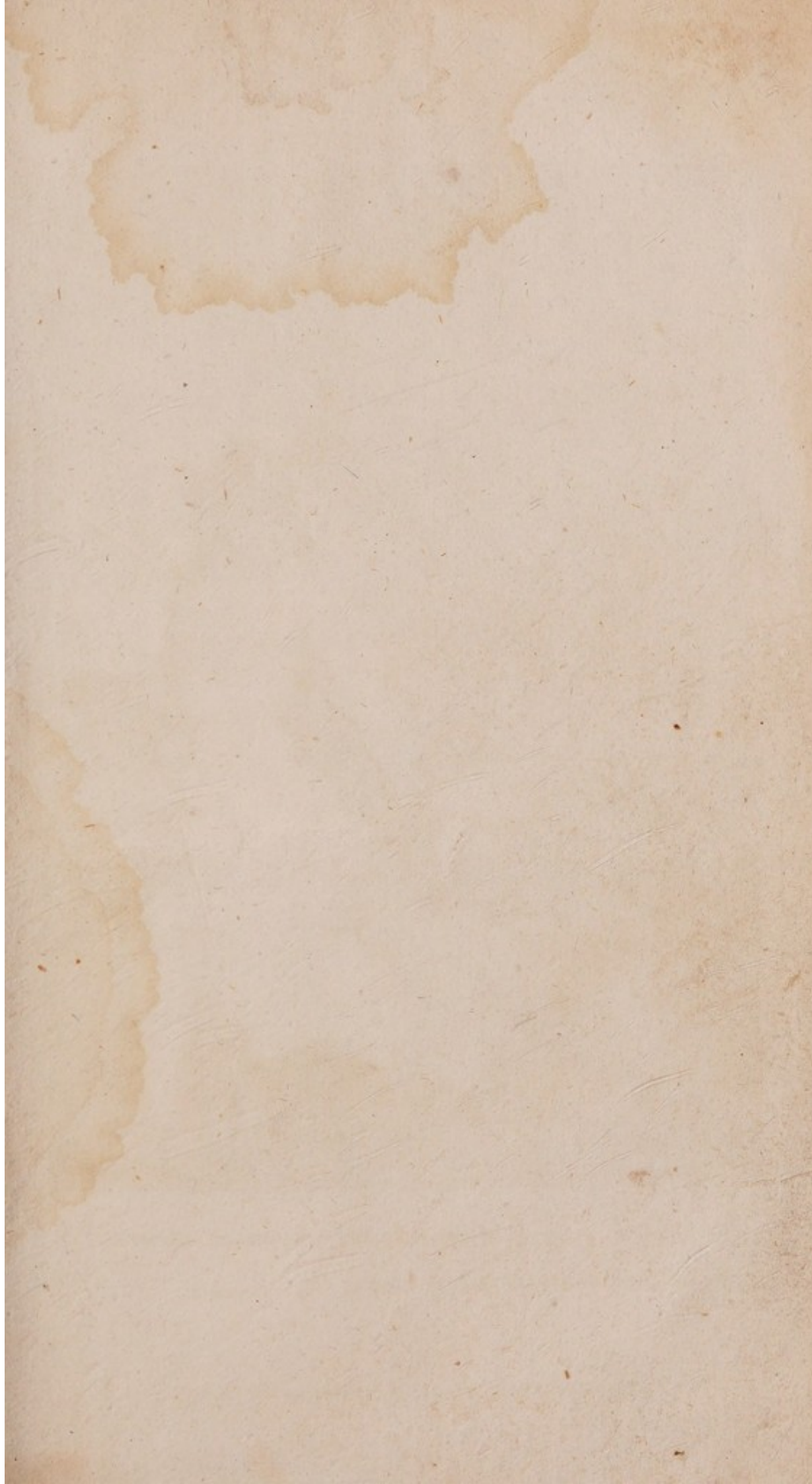
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FRONTISPIECE.



The Pieman, understood what the animal wanted, shewed a penny, and pointed to his master.

See page 25

THE
GENERAL CHARACTER
OF
THE DOG:

ILLUSTRATED BY
A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING
ANECDOTES

OF THAT
BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL ANIMAL,
IN PROSE AND VERSE,

By JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Quid rides?

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1804.

GENERAL CHARACTER

THE DOG

A TREATISE ON THE NATURE AND HISTORY

OF THE DOG

BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL ANIMAL

IN PROSE AND VERSE

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR

LONDON

PRINTED AND SOLD BY D. HENRY



TO THE READER.

I HAVE long been a painful observer of the great cruelties which the brute creation frequently undergo, and particularly the Dog, who is the subject of the present work: It is but too obvious that young people, repeatedly, from incaution and not knowing their generous nature, inflict severe punishment on these kind creatures, which Divine Providence has been pleased to make subservient to us, without once considering how necessary they are, as links of the grand chain of the universe, for our assistance, amusement, and very frequently our preservation. I have, therefore, as the friend of that *truly* generous animal, whose merits I am proud to rehearse, completed

pleted with great pains, and at some expence, a volume of Canine Anecdotes, in hopes that the various instances of sagacity and faithful attachment which I have introduced, will prevent, in some measure, the future ill-treatment of merit so transcendant. This idea, even in anticipation, affords me much pleasure; and if my humble efforts meet your approbation, I shall conceive it a favourable omen, and flatter myself that an undertaking, founded on the abhorrence of barbarity, may not be found altogether undeserving the notice of benevolent beings, who wish to exterminate cruelty from a Christian land.

I am, with respect,

Your very humble servant,

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

THE
GENERAL CHARACTER
OF THE
D O G.

IN almost all parts of the habitable globe, and in all ages of the world, the dog has been considered as the friend and humble companion of man; and has contributed largely to his service or amusement, insomuch that, in the rude and uncultivated parts of the earth, he might, in point of intellect (if we may use the term) be placed almost on a footing with his master, who, such is the poverty of his ideas, conceives that the services of his Dog will be requisite to the completion of his comfort, even in a future state!

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind :
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way :
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n ;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island, in the wat'ry waste ;
Where slaves once more their native land behold ;
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold :
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful Dog shall bear him company.

POPE.

THE DOG'S CHARACTER.

A wild Dog is a very ferocious animal ; but the domesticated Dog is remarkable for his attachment to mankind, and his desire of pleasing. He runs with cheerfulness at his master's call, and attends for orders, which he is always ready to execute. A single glance of the eye is often sufficient, and he is remarkable for his fidelity, and the steadiness of his affection.

He

He is all zeal, ardour, and obedience. More apt to recal to mind benefits than injuries; he is not discouraged by blows or bad treatment, but calmly suffers, and soon forgets them. Instead of flying, or discovering marks of resentment, he exposes himself to torture, and licks the hand from which he received the blow: to the cruelty of his master, he only opposes complaint, patience, and submission.

More pliant and tractable than any other animal, the Dog is not only soon instructed, but even conforms himself to the manners, movements, and habits of those who govern him. Always eager to obey his master or his friends, he pays no attention to strangers, and furiously repels beggars. When the charge of a house or garden is committed to him during the night, his boldness increases, and he sometimes becomes perfectly ferocious. He watches, goes the rounds, smells strangers at a distance, and, if they attempt to break in, he instantly darts upon them, and by

B 2 barking

barking, and other marks of passion, alarms the family and neighbourhood.

Equally furious against thieves, as against rapacious animals, he attacks and wounds them, and forces them from whatever they have been attempting to carry off; but, contented with victory, he lies down upon the spoil, and will not touch it even to satisfy his appetite—exhibiting, at the same time, an example of courage, temperance, and fidelity.

Without the aid of the Dog, how could man have conquered and tamed other animals, whose assistance he stands in need of? How could he discover, hunt down, and destroy savage beasts? The Dog is better heard at the head of a flock, than the shepherd. Sheep and cattle are subjected to his management, which he prudently conducts and protects, and does not employ force against them, but for the preservation of peace and good order.

In desert and depopulated countries, there are wild Dogs, which, in their manners, greatly resemble wolves, except that they

they are much easier tamed. They unite in troops, and attack wild boars and bulls, and even tigers. The wild Dogs of America are of the domestic kind, and were transported thither from Europe. Some of them have been abandoned in these deserts, where they have multiplied so prodigiously, that they spread over the inhabited countries in great packs, attack the domestic cattle, and even assault the natives, who are obliged to kill them in their own defence. Wild Dogs, though they have no knowledge of man, yet, when approached with gentleness, soon soften, become familiar, and remain faithfully attached to their master. But the wolf, though taken young, and brought up in the house, is gentle only while he is a mere cub, and never loses his taste for prey.

The Dog may be said to be the only animal whose fidelity is unshaken, who always knows his master, and the friends of the family; who distinguishes a stranger as soon as he arrives; who understands his

own name, and the voices of the domestics; who confides not in himself; who calls his master by loud cries and lamentations; who, in long journeys, which he has travelled but once, remembers and finds out the roads: in short, the Dog is the only animal whose education is always successful.

BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

The understanding of Dogs surpasses that of all animals, except man, and the elephant.

The superiority of Dogs over all other animals is to be attributed to their sensibility. This makes them susceptible of affection and capable of attachment. Nature has given them this disposition, which is improved by a constant society with man. The qualifications of Dogs depend materially upon their education, as is evident from the extreme dissimilarity of the habits

habits and manners of different individuals. They are even silent or noisy, according to the company they are used to keep.

The shepherd's Dog, who is all day long upon silent and solitary downs, scarcely ever barks, unless the sheep go astray; while the ladies' Lap-Dogs, on the contrary, are almost incessantly yelping.

Larger Dogs are not only more silent, but better natured. The English Mastiff, in this particular, surpasses all the rest of the species. He has so much temperance and judgment, that in performing the duty of a watch Dog, he will permit a stranger to come into the yard, or place which he is appointed to guard; and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as he touches nothing: but the moment he attempts to meddle with any of the goods, or endeavours to leave the place, he informs him, first by a gentle growling, or, if that is in-

effectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief, nor go away. He never uses violence unless resisted ; and he will even in this case seize the person, throw him down, and hold him there for hours, without biting. This sagacious creature, therefore, is not a mere machine, but acts from sentiment and reflection.

“ It has been charged on the spaniel, that man learned to fawn and be servile in imitation of that creature.”

A witty writer, in some of the periodical papers, entirely changes the accusation. After praising, being obliged, at last, to admit that they do fawn and flatter, and sometimes even the unworthy, he says in extenuation, “ we ought to look with great lenience on this fault, in an animal, who, after six thousand years intimacy with man, has learned but one of his vices.”

Of their social habits, and useful qualities, a beautiful description may be found in Mr. Cowper's Task ; where, condemn-
ing

ing cruelty to animals in general, he goes on to speak of Dogs in particular

“ Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help, than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oft times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
Some shew that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Barely exemplified among ourselves.
Affection never to be wean'd or chang'd
By any change of fortune : proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect :
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move nor warp : and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.”

THE

THE DOG'S CHARACTER.

BY ANOTHER AUTHOR.

“A Dog,” says one of the English poets, “is an honest creature, and I am a friend to Dogs.” Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a Dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man. To man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue, with patience and resignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity;—no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor. Studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him, alone, fawning is not flattery. By him the midnight robber is kept at a distance, and the thief is often detected. The poor man finds in his Dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen

lessen his toil, and content with a very small retribution. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man ! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services.

THE DOG'S CHARACTER,

BY ANOTHER AUTHOR, IN VERSE.

THE Dog, of all the quadrupeds,
 For sport and faithfulness exceeds ;
 Of all the beasts, he best attends
 His master, and with care defends ;
 Does what he's bid, and tho' he's beat,
 Submissive lays him at his feet,
 So soon he can his wrongs forget.
 Nay, tho' he's driv'n away with spurs,
 With wagging tail he still returns.
 When you his excellence display,
 He's sensible of what you say,
 And in dumb show his thanks will pay.
 Whene'er you sail, he goes on board,
 And when you swim, he takes the ford :

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Pursues you thro' the boist'rous waves,
Nor in the horrid tempest leaves.
With you o'er rugged mounts he goes,
And guards you thro' a host of foes,
But to your friends due fondness shews.
Still all the day he keeps in view,
Nor is he in the dark less true,
He loves not him that loves not you.
Thro' all the labours of the wood,
He toils to make your pastime good;
Runs down for you the nimble hare,
And in his mouth untorn does bear;
Pursues all game, thro' bush and brake,
Not for his own, but master's sake.
When you repose, he couches by,
Or bears his chain contentedly:
Your house's and your poultry's guard,
Drives thieves and foxes from your yard;
In sleep secure your household store,
He barks all treachery from the door.
He asks no dainty bit, or cup
Profuse, to keep his spirits up.
Content the humblest food to lick,
A crust to gnaw, or bone to pick;
Whom would not such cheap servants please?
Who would not love such friends as these?

WHEN

WHEN I see the several actions and designs of my Dog, I profess it is impossible to avoid being amazed. His passions are more quiet than those of many men. There are some whose joy or grief at accidents, give them so little emotion, and are so dull, as to render it difficult to say which it is that affects them: but, in this honest animal, both are lively and strong. When any of the family return home, he discovers great gladness in caressing and skipping about them, and seems dull and concerned at their going out. But there is one among them whom he distinguishes in a most peculiar manner. When this person goes abroad, he is void of all comfort, and sits in a window crying incessantly, refusing victuals, and watching for his friend's return: who is always welcomed by much rejoicing and noise. If he wants to go out of the room, he puts his fore feet up against one of the company, and being taken notice of, runs to the door, rising up
against

against it in the same manner, looking at the person he gave notice to before, till he be let out. If he wants to drink, he gives the same notice, and immediately runs into a closet, where stands a bottle of water, continuing to run to and from the person till he be served.

DR. PARSON, on *Animals*
and *Vegetables*.

“ THE Dog is obedient, docile, complaisant, does every thing that we wish with alacrity and without murmuring; is satisfied with an old dry crust of bread, or a bone to pick; does hurt to nobody, watches day and night in the house, and will risk his life in defence of his master.

“ This animal actually forgets the bad treatment he receives from man, and retains a long remembrance of favours. It is no matter that he has a hard and cruel master, who, instead of giving him food, strikes

strikes and torments him ; far from taking the smallest vengeance on him, he has not even the thought of leaving him ; and after seeking with risk some miserable food, he turns to follow him. If he has committed a fault, he comes to crouch at his master's feet, and to implore his clemency ; but if he be not fortunate enough to obtain it, he submits without murmuring to chastisement, and the next instant humbly licks the hand that punished him, recovers his gaiety, ceases his complaint, shows himself more obedient than formerly, runs at the voice, waits the orders of his master with an ear attentive and pricked up, flies on the first signal, guesses on the slightest motion of the eye his inclinations, and executes them punctually.

“ Does he lose his master ? he groans, he howls in the most doleful manner, and gets no repose till he finds him ; he discovers his track, pursues his steps to the distance of three or four leagues, and finds him out in the midst of the greatest crowd.

“ And

“ And in journeys*, what services do Dogs render us? a single one is of more

* I have read, that in several convents situated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, travellers assure us a custom prevails that does honour to human nature: in these sequestered cloisters, which are often placed in the most uninhabited parts of the Alps, strangers and travellers are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of Dogs are trained to go in search of wanderers, and are every morning sent from the convents, with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshment; and a direction to travellers to follow the sagacious animal. Many lives are by this means preserved, in that wild, romantic country.

Few cities in the world appear to contain so many Dogs as those of Egypt. From their natural propensity to be useful to mankind, they are the terror of thieves and disturbers of the night; *spontaneously* watching, with the greatest care, the merchandize on quays, the boat, and the interior of cities. Another singularity is, that these Dogs never move from the districts in which they are bred; formed into separate tribes, they keep to certain limits; and should one pass his own boundary, he would be attacked by the whole cohort, whose quarters he intruded into, and with great difficulty, if at all, escape being torn to pieces.

consequence

consequence to our safety than ten domestics ; he allows no person to come near the baggage, or the apartments, and still less the person of his master ; and watches carefully over every thing that belongs to him, or is near him."

PROFESSOR RAFF.

THE French Academicians make mention of a Dog in Germany which would call, in an intelligible manner, for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c. The account is from no less a person than the celebrated Leibnitz, who communicated it to the Royal Academy of France.

This Dog was of a middling size, and the property of a peasant in Saxony. A little boy, the peasant's son, imagined that he perceived in the Dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, and therefore took it into his head to teach him to speak. For this purpose he spared
neither

neither time nor pains with his pupil, who was about three years old, when this, his education, commenced: and at length he made such a progress in language, as to be able to articulate so many as thirty words. It appears, however, that he was somewhat of a truant, and did not very willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed into the service of literature: and it was necessary that the words should be first pronounced to him, each time, which he, as it were, echoed from his preceptor. Leibnitz, however, attests that he himself heard him speak: and the French Academicians add, that unless they had received the testimony of so great a man as Leibnitz, they should scarcely have dared to report the circumstance. This wonderful Dog was born at Zeith, in Misnia, in Saxony.

SHAW'S GEN. ZOOLOG. vol. i. p. 289.

MR.

MR. PRATT tells us, that in Holland, Dogs are constrained to promote the trade of the republic; infomuch that (save the great Dogs of state, which run before or after their lords' and ladies' equipages, and, in imitation of their betters, are above being of any use) there is not an idle Dog, of any size, in the Seven Provinces. You see them in harness at all parts of the Hague, and some other towns, tugging at barrows, and little carts, with their tongues almost sweeping the ground, and their poor hearts almost ready to beat through their sides. Frequently three, five, and sometimes six a-breast, carrying men and merchandise, with the speed of little horses. In the walls, from the Hague gate to Scheveling, you will meet, at all hours of the day, an incredible number loaded with fish and men, under the burden of which they run off at a long trot, and sometimes (when driven by young men or boys) at full gallop, the whole mile and a half, which is the distance from gate to gate; nor, on their return,

are

are they suffered to come empty, being filled not only with the aforesaid men or boys, (for almost every Dutchman hates walking when he can ride, though half a mile,) but with such commodities as cannot be had at the village.—These poor brutes (he observes) I have seen in the middle of summer, urged beyond their strength, till they have dropped on the road to gather strength. This, however, is seldom the case, except they have the misfortune to fall under the management of boys; for the Dutch are far from being cruel to their domestic dumb animals.”

This humane friend to the canine race further observes :—“ In my first visit (a winter one) to the Hague, I entered into the interests of these poor day-labouring Dogs so truly, that I wondered they did not go mad, or that I did not hear of the canine distraction more in this country than in ours; and on being told there were certain times (the dog-days) when a heavy fine was to be paid upon any dog being
seen

seen in the street, I supposed this was the case, till the summer following, being at this delightful sea-side village of Scheveling, I observed, several times in the day, these draft dogs brought down to the beach, and bathed; a practice, which no doubt equally prevented them from this dreadful disorder before mentioned, and gave them strength to go through their work.

It is fortunate, also, that Holland is a country somewhat prone to be strict in the ceremonies of religion, by observance of which, the Dogs, like their masters, find the seventh a day of unbroken rest: for "Sunday shines a Sabbath day to them." The first impression (which is allowed a grand point) being much in favour of these industrious creatures, I had an eye on them, as well in the hours of their repose, as toil: and felt my heart warm to see several, whom I had observed very heavily laden on the Saturday, taking a sound nap, outstretched and happy at their masters' doors, on the day in which their leisure is
even

even an allotment and bounty of heaven. All the morning and afternoon they have remained, basking in the sun, or in the shade, in profound tranquillity ; while a number of whelps, and lazy puppies, who had been passing their time in idleness all the week, were playing their gambols in the street, not without a vain attempt to wake the seniors, and make them join in their amusement. Towards evening, I have, in my sun-setting rounds, been much pleased to notice the honest creatures, sit at their respective thresholds, looking quite refreshed, giving occasionally into a momentary frolic, and the next morning returning to the labours of the week absolutely renewed.

“ Dogs are honest creatures,
Ne’er fawn on any that they love not ;
And, I’m a friend to Dogs. They
Ne’er betray their masters.”

“ Mark but his true, his faithful way :
“ And in thy service copy Tray.”

DR.

DR. CAIUS, in his curious treatise on British Dogs, tells us, that three mastiffs were reckoned a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

We have a curious account, recorded in Stow's Annals, of an engagement between three mastiffs and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den was soon disabled by the lion, which took it up by the head and neck, and dragged it about: another Dog was then set loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till being severely torn by his claws, the Dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement; but taking a sudden leap over the Dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the Dogs soon died of their wounds: the last survived, and was taken great care of by the
king's

king's son ; who said, " he that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

The mastiffs of Great Britain were noted in the time of the Roman emperors, who appointed an officer, whose sole business it was to breed and send from hence such as would prove equal to the combats of the amphitheatre.

The following anecdote will shew, that the mastiff, conscious of its superior strength, knows how to chastise the impertinence of an inferior : A large Dog of this kind, belonging to the late M. Ridley, Esq. of Heaton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its continual barking, at last took it up in his mouth by the back, and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any farther injury to an enemy so much his inferior.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE I.

THERE is a Dog, at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man, who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this Dog with a pie. The next time the Dog heard the pieman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble looks and gestures. The master then put a penny into the Dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pieman, and received his pie in exchange. This traffic, between the pieman and the grocer's Dog, has been daily practised for

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some months past, and still continues, to the great amusement of the neighbours.

SMELLIE'S *Philosoph. of Nat. Hist.*

ANECDOTE II. *

THE Hon. Mr. Boyle relates a story of a person of quality, that, to make trial whether a young Blood-hound was well instructed, caused one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market-town three miles from thence. The Dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, followed him by the scent, to the above mentioned place, notwithstanding the multitude of market people that went along in the same way, and of travellers that had occasion to cross it. And when the Blood-hound came to the chief market town, he passed through the street, without taking notice of any of the people there, and continued his route till he came to the house where the man he sought rested himself,

* Derham's *Physico Theology*.

and

and found him in an upper room, to the great astonishment of those who followed him.

ANECDOTE III.

THE servants of a gentleman, who had a house near the river's side, opposite to a little island in the river Thames (which is said from this circumstance to have been named the Isle of Dogs), observed that a Dog came constantly every day to them to be fed, and, as soon as his wants were satisfied, took to the water and swam away. On relating this to their master, the gentleman desired them to take a boat and follow the Dog, the next time he came. They did so—and the Dog at their landing expressed great pleasure, and made use of all the means in his power to invite them to follow him, which they continued to do, till he stopped, and scratched with his foot upon the ground; and from that spot he

would not move. Either that day, or the next, they dug up the earth in the place, and found the body of a man, but it was impossible to discover who it was, and after every requisite step had been taken to find out the murderer, the corpse was buried, and the Dog discontinued his visits to the island. The gentleman, pleased with a creature which had shewn such uncommon sagacity, and attachment to his former master, carested him greatly, and made him the frequent companion of his walks.

When he had been in possession of the faithful animal some time, he was going to take boat at one of the stairs in London, when the Dog, which had never before been known to do such a thing, seized one of the watermen. The gentleman immediately thought that this fellow was the murderer of the Dog's master, and taxed him with it; and he directly confessed it, on which he was taken into custody, and soon after hanged for the crime.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE IV.

SOME few years ago, a ship was launched at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and going off the stocks sooner than was expected by the people on board, several persons were thrown into the water; some boats were quickly employed to save the people, though they could not give immediate assistance: but a large Newfoundland Dog, seeing their situation, rushed into the water, and swimming to their relief, towed first one and then another out of the deep shallow of the water; and by this means saved the lives of several men and women, though some were drowned for want of timely assistance.

ANECDOTE V.

IN the Travels of Nicolai Karamsin, from Moscow through Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England, is the following very extraordinary story:

“ In the reign of Charles the Fifth, the Chevalier de Mayeux, in the sight of all Paris, fought with a Dog—but a Dog who might have served as a pattern to many men. The spot, which was the scene of this singular rencounter, is still shewn. The following circumstance gave rise to it: Aubry de Montidier, while taking a solitary walk in the neighbourhood of Paris, was murdered and buried under a tree; his Dog, which he had left at home, went out at night to search for his master, and discovered his grave in the forest: having remained some days on the spot, his hunger compelled him to return to the city. He hastened to the Chevalier Ardilliers, a friend of the deceased, and by his melancholy howling, gave him to understand that their common friend was no longer in existence. Ardilliers offered the Dog food, and endeavoured to quiet him by caresses, but the distressed animal continued to howl, licked his feet, and laying hold of his coat, pulled him towards the door. Ardilliers

Milliers at length resolved to follow him; the Dog led him from street to street, and conducted him from the city to a large oak in the forest, where he began to howl louder, and scratch the earth with his feet. Aubry's friend surveyed the spot with melancholy foreboding, and ordered his servant to dig up the earth; in a little time he discovered the body of his friend. Some time after, the Dog accidentally met the murderer of his master, he rushed upon him, barked, and attacked him with so much fury, that the spectators could with difficulty extricate him. The same circumstance occurred several times. The faithful animal, which in general was as quiet as a lamb, became now like a raging tiger, every time he saw this person who had murdered his master. This circumstance excited great astonishment, and some suspicions having arisen, it was remembered, that Maquer, on several occasions had betrayed symptoms of enmity to Aubry; and various other circumstances being com-

known

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bined,

bined, brought the matter almost to a certainty. The king, hearing of the affair, was desirous of being convinced with his own eyes, whether the Dog was in the right; and that the animal which fawned upon every body else, attacked Maquer as soon as he perceived him.—At that period it was customary, when the evidence was not decisive, to determine the fate of the accused by single combat. Charles therefore appointed the time and place. The chevalier entered the list, armed with a lance, and the Dog was let loose upon him: a most dreadful contest now took place. The chevalier made a thrust, but the Dog springing aside, seized him by the throat, and threw him down. The villain now confessed his crime, and Charles, that the remembrance of the faithful animal might be handed down to posterity, caused to be erected to him, in the forest where the murder was committed, a marble monument, with the following inscription:—“Blush, hard hearted wretch! an irrational animal,
knows

knows and loves gratitude ; and thou, perpetrator of crimes, in the moment of guilt, be afraid of thine own shadow.

ANECDOTE VI.

SOME time since, a gentleman on a party of pleasure in the vicinity of the romantic scenes of Cumberland, retired to bathe in one of the rivers with which that country abounds ; a fine Newfoundland Dog accompanied him. Being an excellent swimmer, he stripped on the delightful bank, and plunged into the stream, about the middle of which he was seized with an excruciating cramp ; in consequence of which he cried out with pain, and, being utterly unable to exert himself, was about to sink, when his faithful Dog, who had watched him with the greatest degree of anxiety and agitation, rushed forward, and cautiously seizing his arm, rescued him from his perilous situation.

ANECDOTE VII.

Two near neighbours, in the county of Suffolk, a tanner and a farmer, entertained great friendship for each other. The tanner had a large yard dog, which, for some unknown cause, conceived such an inveterate hatred to the farmer, that he could not go with safety to call on his friend when the Dog was loose, and on this account the tanner loaded him with a heavy clog, that he might not be able to fly at the farmer.

As the farmer, and one of his plough-boys, were going about the grounds together one day, the latter espied at a distance something on a stile. As they drew near they perceived it was the tanner's Dog, which, in attempting to leap the stile, had left the clog on the other side, which had almost strangled him. The boy, knowing the enmity which the Dog had to his master, proposed to dispatch him, by knocking him on the head; but the farmer was unwilling to kill a creature, which he
knew

knew was useful to his friend : instead of doing so, he disengaged the poor beast, laid him down on the grass, watched till he saw him upon his legs, and then pursued his walk. When the farmer returned to the stile, he saw the Dog standing by it, quite recovered, and expected an attack ; but, to his great astonishment, the creature fawned upon him, and expressed his gratitude in the most lively manner ; and from that time, to the day of his death, attended the farmer, and never could be prevailed upon to go back to his former master.

ANECDOTE VIII.

SIR HARRY LEE, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late earls of Litchfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and the yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite Dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

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

Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the Dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master that had never shewn him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up,
and

and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

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

All was dark, Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor, by the courageous mastiff, roared for assistance. It was found to be the valet, the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the Dog, the time, the place, the manner of
the

the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind; and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

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

words, "more faithful than favoured," are still to be seen at the family seat of Ditchley, and will be a lasting memorial of the gratitude of the master, and the fidelity of the Dog.

ANECDOTE IX.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Irvine, who lived near Aberdeen, and who died about 1778, in walking across the river Dee, when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sunk; but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. A Dog, who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the first person he met. The man, alarmed, would have disengaged himself; but the Dog regarded him with a look so kind, and so significant, and endeavoured to

to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master, in time to save his life!

Was there not here both memory and recollection, guided by experience, and by what in a human creature we should not scruple to call good sense?

ANECDOTE X.

In Lambeth church, there is a painting of a man with a Dog, on one of the windows.

Tradition informs us, that a piece of ground near Westminster Bridge, containing one acre, and nineteen roods, (named Pedlar's Acre), was left to this parish, by a pedlar, upon condition, that his picture, and that of the Dog, should be perpetually preserved on painted glass, on one of the windows

windows of the church, which the parishioners have carefully performed. The time of this gift was in 1504, when the ground was let at two shillings and eightpence per annum; but, in the year 1762, it was let on lease at 100l. per year, and a fine of 800l. and is now estimated to be worth 250l. yearly. The reason alledged for the pedlar's request, is, that being very poor, and passing the aforementioned piece of ground, he could by no means get his Dog away, who kept scratching a particular spot of earth, until he attracted his master's notice; who going back to examine the cause, and pressing with his stick, found something hard, which, on a nearer inspection, proved a pot of gold. With part of this money he purchased the land, and settled in the parish; to which he bequeathed it on the conditions aforesaid.

ANECDOTE XI.

DURING a severe storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland Dog alone escaped to the 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 familiarly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among 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 every thing that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing it, and endeavouring to bring it to land.

BEWICK.

The

The following is another instance of their great docility, and strength of observation:

A gentleman walking by the side of the river Tyne, and observing on the opposite side a child fall into the water, gave notice to his Dog, who immediately jumped in, swam over, and catching hold of the child with his mouth, brought it safe to land.

BEWICK.

ANECDOTE XII.

In the year 1760, the following incident occurred near Hammersmith :—" Whilst a man of the name of Richardson, a waterman of that place, was sleeping in his boat, the vessel broke from her moorings, and was carried by the tide under a West-country barge. Fortunately for the man, his Dog happened to be with him, and the sagacious animal awaked him by pawing his face, and pulling the collar of his coat, at the instant the boat was filling with water;

ter; he seized the opportunity, and thus saved himself from otherwise inevitable death.

ANN. REG. vol. iii. p. 90.

ANECDOTE XIII.

A blind beggar was led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized Dog. This Dog, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish not only the streets, but the houses, where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever the animal came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the Dog lay down to rest; but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the Dog rose spontaneously, and without either

either order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. "I observed," says he, "not without pleasure and surprise, that when money was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of the Dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the blind man's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hands of his master."

RAY'S *Synopsis of Quadrupeds.*

ANECDOTE XIV.

A SON of Thespis had a wig, which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and some time after called on him. He had his Dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. The player staid a little while with
his

his friend, but when he left him, the Dog remained behind: for some time he stood looking full in the man's face, then making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured by jumping to hang it up in its usual place*.

ANECDOTE XV.

SOME time since, discoursing with a lady on the sagacity of animals, she told me the following story, and as she is a person of the greatest veracity, I make not the least doubt of the truth of it:—Her husband was many years a worthy member of parliament; he kept a pack of hounds: among them was a favourite bitch, that he was very fond of, and which he permitted to be a parlour guest. This bitch had a lit-

* Lackington's Life.

ter of whelps, and the gentleman one day took them out of the kennel, when the bitch was absent, and drowned them: shortly after, she came to the kennel, and missing them, she sought for, and at last found them drowned in the pond: she brought them, one by one, and laid them at her master's feet in the parlour, and when she brought the last whelp, she looked up in her master's face, and laid herself down and died.

WEEKLY AMUSEMENT.

ANECDOTE XVI.

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

horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate his joy.

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

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the Dog would drink. The animal was

too

too intent on its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so, my poor Dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded; and weltering in his blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his

D

poor

poor Dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual :—" I am most unfortunate," said he to himself, " I had almost rather have lost my money than my Dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly.—" Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded;

ceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his Dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor Dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue, to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kind-

ness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

PRATT.

ANECDOTE XVII.

A FEW days before the overthrow of the dreadful Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal, in one of the departments of the North, had condemned Monsieur R. an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. This gentleman had a Water-Spaniel, at that time about twelve years old, which had been brought up by him, and had scarce ever quitted his side. Monf. R. was cast into prison: his family were dispersed by the system of terror; some had taken flight; others, like himself, were arrested and carried to distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his house was destroyed; his friends, from necessity or fear, abandoned him, to conceal themselves.

—In

—In the silence of a living tomb he was left to pine in thought, under the iron scourge of a tyrant, whose respite from blood, was but to gain by delay some additional horror: and who, if he extended life to those whom his wantonness had proscribed, even until death became a *prayer*, it was only to tantalize them with the *blessing* of murder, when he imagined he could more effectually torture them with the curse of existence.

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

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

its

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

The fatal hour of execution arrives with the morning; the prison opens, the unfortunate man passes out; his Dog receives him at the threshold! His faithful Dog *alone*, amongst the thousands that revered and loved him, *dared*, even under the eye of the tyrant, to own a dying friend! He clings to his hand undaunted. “Alas! that hand will never more be spread upon thy careffing head, poor Dog!” exclaimed the condemned.—The axe falls!—the mas-

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

His protector, at length, endeavoured to wean him. He first tied, then chained him ;
but

but what manacle is there that can ultimately triumph over nature? He broke, or bit through his bonds; again escaped;—again returned to the grave, and *never* quitted it more! It was in vain that all kind means were used once more to bring him back. Even the humane gaoler assisted to take him food, but he would eat no longer: for four and twenty hours he was absolutely observed to employ—(O force of genuine love!)—his weakened limbs, digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served. Affection gave him strength, but his efforts were too vehement for his power: his whole frame became convulsed; he shrieked in his struggles; his attached and generous heart gave way, and he breathed his last gasp with his last look at the grave, as if he knew he had found, and again should be permitted to associate with, his master.

PRATT.

ANECDOTE XVIII.

A Dog, which had been the favourite of an elderly gentlewoman, some time after her death discovered the strongest emotions on the sight of her picture, when taken down from the wall, and laid on the floor to be cleaned. He had never been observed, I believe, to notice the picture previous to this incident. Here was evidently a case of passive remembrance, or of the involuntary renewal of former impressions.

PERCIVAL.

ANECDOTE XIX.

A Dog, the property of a gentleman who died, was given to a friend in Yorkshire. Several years afterwards, a brother from the West Indies paid a short visit at the house where the Dog was then kept. He was instantly recognized, though an entire stranger,

stranger, in consequence, probably, of a strong personal likeness. The Dog fawned upon, and followed him, with great affection, to every place where he went*.

ANECDOTE XX.

SOME years since, a large stag was turned out of Whinfield Park, in the county of Westmorland, and pursued by the Hounds, till, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack were thrown out, except two staunch and favourite Dogs, which continued the chase the greatest part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence he set out, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and expired as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the Hounds pursued to the wall, but being unable to get over it, lay down, and almost immediately expired. The other was also soon found dead at a small distance.

* Percival.

“ The length of the chace is uncertain: but, as they were seen at Red-Kirks, near Annan, in Scotland, distant, by the post-road, about forty-six miles, it is conjectured, that the circuitous and uneven course they were supposed to take, was not less than one hundred and twenty miles*.”

ANECDOTE XXI.

MR. BARTRAM, in one part of his journey through North America, observed, in an extensive lawn, a troop of horses that were feeding, and under the controul only of a single black Dog, similar, he says, in every respect, to the wolf of Florida, except that he was able to bark like a common Dog. He was very careful and industrious in keeping them together; and, if any one strolled from the rest to too great a distance, the Dog would spring up, head the horse, and bring him back to the

* Bewick.

company.

company. The proprietor of these horses was an Indian, who lived about ten miles from this place; who, from a whim, and for the sake of experiment, trained his Dog from a puppy to the business. He follows his master's horses only, keeping them in a separate company where they range; and, when he finds himself hungry, or wants to see his master, in the evening he returns to the town where he lives, but never stays from home at night.

ANECDOTE XXII.

IN the very severe winter, betwixt the years 1794 and 1795, as Mr. Boustead's son was looking after his father's sheep, on Great Salkeld Common, not far from Penrith, in Cumberland, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was then three miles from home, no person within call, and evening approaching. Under the impulse arising from the desperate circumstances

stances of his situation, he folded up one of his gloves in his handkerchief, tied this about the neck of his Dog, and ordered him home.—Dogs that are trained to an attendance on flocks are generally under admirable subjection to the commands of their masters. The animal set off; and, arriving at the house, scratched at the door for admittance. The parents were alarmed at his appearance; and concluding, on taking off and unfolding the handkerchief, that some accident had undoubtedly befallen their son, they instantly set off in search of him. The Dog needed no invitation. Apparently sensible that the chief part of his duty was not yet performed, he led the way, and conducted the anxious parents to the spot where their son lay. The young man was taken home: and the necessary aid being procured, he was soon in a fair way of recovery.

GENT. MAG. *Feb.* 1795.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE XXIII.

DURING the winter of 1794, as a farmer of Bowbrink, in the county of Norfolk, was returning home in the evening, he was seized with a drowiness, which caused him to fall several times. He had, however, sufficient perseverance to rise and continue his journey ; but, at last, fell, and had no longer the power to rise. When he was in this situation, his Dog, as if sensible of its master's danger, getting upon his breast, stretched himself over him. By this means the action of the lungs was preserved ; and the incessant barking which the Dog kept up, at length attracting assistance, the preservation of the master's life was thus effectually completed.

STAR, *Feb.* 3, 1795.

ANECDOTE XXIV.

THE following instance of docility and faithfulness in a Dog, is copied from
T. Young's

T. Young's Essay on Humanity, which is given by the author on the authority of a friend. It occurred some years ago, in the part of Scotland which borders on England:—A shepherd had driven a part of his flock to a neighbouring fair, leaving his Dog to watch the remainder during that day and the next night, expecting to revisit them the following morning. Unfortunately, however, when at the fair, the shepherd forgot both his Dog and his sheep, and did not return home till the morning of the third day. His first enquiry was, Whether his Dog had been seen? The answer was, No. "Then," replied the shepherd, with a tone and gesture of anguish, "he must be dead, for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He instantly repaired to the heath. The Dog had just sufficient strength remaining to crawl to his master's feet, and express his joy at his return; and almost immediately after expired.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE XXV.

THE following anecdote, related by Mr. Hope, and well authenticated by other persons, shews also that this animal is both capable of resentment when injured, and of great contrivance to accomplish it; and that it is even possessed of a certain power of combining ideas and communicating them to one of his own species, so as to produce a certain preconcerted consequence.

A gentleman, of Whitmore, in Staffordshire, used to come twice a year to town, and being fond of exercise, generally performed the journey on horseback, accompanied most part of the way by a faithful little Terrier Dog, which, lest he might lose it in town, he always left to the care of Mrs. Langford, the landlady at St. Alban's: and on his return, he was sure to find his little companion well taken care of. The gentleman calling one time, as usual, for his Dog, Mrs. Langford appeared before him

him with a woful countenance:—"Alas! Sir, your Terrier is lost! Our great House Dog and he had a quarrel, and the poor Terrier was so worried and bit before we could part them, that I thought he would never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and no one saw him for almost a week: he then returned, and brought with him another Dog, bigger by far than ours, and they both together fell on our great Dog, and bit him so unmercifully, that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your Dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Alban's." The gentleman heard the story with patience, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to the loss. On his arrival at Whitmore he found his little Terrier; and, on enquiring into circumstances, was informed that he had been at Whitmore, and coaxed away the great Dog, who it seems had, in consequence, followed

followed him to St. Alban's, and completely avenged his injury.

ANECDOTE XXVI:

MR. JOHNSON, a traveller from Manchester, on his rout through Scotland, on horseback, was benighted, and passing a small public house on the road, he thought it better to take up his lodgings there, if possible, than to proceed farther that night. On entering the house, he found only an old woman, who, to his inquiries answered, she would accommodate him with a bed, and provide for the horse in a small shed, if he would assist her in giving him hay, &c. as there was no other person then in the house. This was agreed to by Mr. Johnson, who, after taking a little refreshment, was shewn by the old woman to his bed-room.

A large

A large Dane Dog, which accompanied him on his journey, offered to go up to the room along with him, which the old woman strongly objected to ; but Mr. Johnson firmly persisted in having him admitted. The Dog, on his entrance, began to growl, and was very unruly. His master attempted to quiet him in vain—he kept growling and looking angrily under the bed, which induced Mr. Johnson to look there likewise ; when, to his very great astonishment, he saw a man concealed at the farther end. On encouraging the Dog, he sprung immediately at the man, whilst Mr. Johnson seized his pistols, and presenting one to the man, who had a large knife in his hand, and was struggling with the Dog, swore he would instantly shoot him, if he made further resistance. The man then submitted to be bound, and acknowledged his intention was to rob and murder Mr. Johnson, which was thus providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of his faithful Dog. Mr. Johnson,
after

after properly fastening the man, and securing the door, went (accompanied by his Dog) to the shed where his horse was left, which he instantly mounted, and escaped without injury to the next town, where he gave the minister of justice a full account of the horrid attempt, who had the culprit taken up, and punished for the villainy.

ANECDOTE XXVII.

ON the 13th of November, 1803, the following singular circumstance occurred at Briston in Yorkshire:—As Mr. Pettye, a baker of that place, and his wife, were returning home in their bread cart, on turning into the yard, the cart was overturned, when Mrs. Pettye fell with her neck directly under the wheel, and her husband was fixed between the wall and the cart. While in this perilous situation, his Dog rushed forward, and seized the horse by the nose, which effectually prevented him from

from stirring, until Mr. Pettye, with great difficulty, extricated himself, and came to his wife's assistance.

Never before published.

ANECDOTE XXVIII:

EXTRACTED from a work, entitled "Letters from an American Planter on Cultivation:"—

"In the county of Ulster, in the neighbourhood of Pennsylvania, lived a man, whose name was Le Fevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly his country at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He might well have been called the *last* of mankind, for he possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for animals of the deer kind.

This man, having a family of eleven children, (a thing by no means uncommon in that country), was greatly alarmed one morning

morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age—he disappeared about ten o'clock.—The distressed family sought after him in the river, and in the fields, but to no purpose.—Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbours in quest of him. They entered the woods, which they beat over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, and were answered only by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the Mountain of Chatagniers (or chestnut-trees) without being able to bring the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands—and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home, for their fright was constantly increased by the knowledge they had of the mountain cats, an animal so rapacious, that the inhabitants cannot always defend themselves against their attack.—Then they painted to their imagination the
horrid

horrid idea of a wolf, or some other dreadful animal, devouring their darling child.—“Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?” frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most poignant language—but all was of no avail. As soon as day-light appeared, they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. Fortunately an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did on his travelling through that part of the country. He was much surprised to find no one at home but an old Negress, kept there by her infirmities. “Where is my brother?” said the Indian. ‘Alas!’ replied the Negro woman, ‘he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbourhood are employed in looking after him in the woods.’ It was then three o’clock in the afternoon:—“Sound the horn,” said the Indian, “and try and call thy master home—I will find his child.” The horn was sounded; and as soon as the
father

father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had worn last. He then ordered his Dog, which he brought with him, to smell them—and then, taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, semi-diameter; ordering his Dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed, when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The Dog followed the scent, and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor Dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures seemed to indicate that his search had not been in vain. “I am sure he has found the child!” exclaimed the Indian.—But whether dead or alive, was at present the cruel state of suspense. The Indian then

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followed

followed his Dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state, nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents.

Happily, the father and mother were in some measure prepared to receive their child. Their joy was so great that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the kind restorer of their child. Words cannot express the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of the child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, whose heart in unison melted with theirs. Their gratitude was then extended to the Dog—they caressed him with inexpressible delight, as the animal, who, by means of his sagacity, had found their beloved offspring; and conceiving that, like the rest of the group, he must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him, after which he and his master pursued

fu'd their journey ; and the company, mutually pleas'd at the happy event, returned to their respective habitations, highly delighted with the kind Indian and his wonderful Dog.

ANECDOTE XXIX.

THE following Anecdote is taken from a very scarce old book, called "Sir Roger Williams's Actions of the Low Countries," printed in the year 1618.

"The Prince of Orange being retired into the camp, Julian Romero, with earnest persuasions, procured licence of the Duke D'Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or night attack, upon the Prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms, before the Prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries, the Prince himself escaping very

narrowly ; for I have often heard him say, that, as he thought, but for his Dog, he had been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels, when this Dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching, barking, and crying, and thus awakened him before any of his men ; and as the Prince lay on his arms, with a lackey always holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet at the going out of his tent, with much ado, he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless, one of his equerries was slain, taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The Prince, to shew his gratitude, not only kindly preserved the faithful animal that had thus been instrumental in saving his life, but kept one of his race until his dying day ; as did likewise many of his friends and followers.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE XXX.

DURING M. Le Vaillant's travels in Africa, he one day missed a favourite little Bitch, that he had taken out with him. After much shouting and firing of guns, in order, if possible, to make her hear where the party was, he directed one of his Hottentots to mount a horse, and return some distance in search of her. In about four hours, the man returned with her on his saddle, bringing with him, at the same time, a chair and a basket, which had been unknowingly dropped from one of the waggon. The Bitch was found at the distance of about two leagues, lying in the road, and watching the lost chair and basket: and had the man been unsuccessful in his pursuit, she must unavoidably either have perished with hunger, or fallen a prey to some of the wild beasts, with which these plains abound.

VAILLANT'S TRAVELS,
vol. i. p. 231.

ANECDOTE XXXI.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a Mastiff, is related by M. D'Obsonville.—This Dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. “Our journey (he continues) occupied near three weeks; and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and to go along several bye-paths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Bayliu, then commandant of artillery, my friend, with whom I generally lived. Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the Dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month!

month! This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting.

D'OBSONVILLE.

ANECDOTE XXXII.

THE following remarkable story of the fidelity of a Dog, is related by a learned French author, Mons. Huet, Bishop of Avranches.

“ In a village, situated between Caen and Vine, on the borders of the district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly, untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries, to interpose, in order to prevent further mischief. Being at length weary with living always with one whom he hated, he resolved to make away with her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his

conduct; and, on holidays, invited her to walk out with him into the fields, for pleasure and recreation. One evening, in summer time, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink; he laid himself down on his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and advising her to refresh herself in like manner. She believed him, and complied. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard, but could not have saved herself, had it not been for the assistance of a Dog, who used to follow, was fond of her, and never left her company. He immediately flew upon the husband, seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and thus saved the life of his mistress.

M. HUET, *Bishop of Avranches.*

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE XXXIII.

A FEW years since, a lady, by the name of Osborn, who lived a few miles out of town, came to London to receive a large sum of money, granted her by parliament, for discovering a cure for the stone. She received the money, and returned back with it in her own carriage to the country, without any thing particular happening on the road. It was evening when she arrived, and being fatigued with her journey, she proposed retiring early to rest. On her stepping into bed, she was much surpris'd at the uneasiness of her little Dog, who always slept in the chamber with her. He kept pulling the clothes repeatedly. Mrs. Osborn then chid him, and desired him to lie still, that she might go to sleep. The Dog still persisting in his efforts, kept pulling the bed-clothes, and at length jumped on the bed, and endeavoured, with great avidity, to pull them off. Mrs. Osborn then conceiving something very extraordinary must

occasion the Dog's uneasiness, immediately jumped out of bed, and being a very courageous woman, slipped on her under petticoat, and placed a brace of pistols (which were always in a closet adjoining), at her side, and boldly went down stairs. She had not proceeded far, when looking around, she perceived the coachman coming down another pair of stairs, quite dressed—with great presence of mind she pointed one of the pistols, threatened him with instant death, unless he directly returned to his bed. She then proceeded to the back parlour, when, on hearing a distant murmuring kind of noise, she advanced to the window, and fired in the direction from whence the noise came. All was then immediately silent, and nothing further transpired that night. The next morning she traced blood through her garden to a considerable distance: and not thinking it prudent to keep so large a sum any longer in the house, ordered her carriage, and drove to town with the utmost expedition; and after depositing

positing her property, went to Sir John Fielding, and related the whole of the circumstance to him, who after applauding her singular courage, advised her to part with the coachman directly, and he would endeavour to investigate the matter minutely, and punish the offending parties according to their deserts. Thus was robbery, and murder, most likely, prevented by the instinct of this faithful little animal.

The above story was related to the compiler by a gentleman of veracity, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Osborn, and from her had the particulars.

Original.

ANECDOTE XXXIV.

At the late battle of Ballynahinch, one of the insurgents who fell in the engagement was followed by a Dog. The faithful animal, for three days, lay across his master's bosom, until buried, and then for some

time constantly attended his grave, only at intervals when hunger forced him into town. His remarkable sagacity being observed, a person took him, and, by care and attention, he seems to forget the loss of his unhappy master.

ANECDOTE XXXV.

IN the year 1796, a very respectable farmer, at a village near Gosport in Hampshire, had a Dog of the Terrier breed, which followed him wherever he went; and, as his business frequently led him across the water to Portsmouth, the Dog as regularly attended him. The farmer had a son-in-law, a bookseller by trade, settled at Portsmouth, and being a family comfortable in themselves, a friendly intercourse was constantly kept up; and whenever visits were exchanged, the Dog was always sure to be of the party. One day, the animal having lost his master in Portsmouth, after a fruitless

less search at many of his usual haunts, he trotted to his friend the bookseller, and by whining, and many gesticulations, gave him to understand he had lost his master, and wished to renew his search on the Gosport side, where the master then lived; but the crossing the water was an insuperable barrier to his felicity, it being too wide for him possibly to swim over. His supplications, however, were not in vain, for his friend the bookseller, who understood his language, immediately called his boy, gave him a penny, and ordered him to go directly with the Dog to the beach, and give the ferryman the money for his passage to the opposite shore (that being the usual fare). The Dog, who seemed to understand the whole proceeding, was much pleased, and jumped directly into the boat, and when landed at Gosport, immediately set off full speed home, where finding the beloved object of his pursuit, his joy was inexpressible. Ever after that time, when he lost his master at Portsmouth, he went

to the bookseller, who gave his servant strict orders always to pay his passage, and not to let him wait, (he being too valuable a servant to be kept in suspense), which was always constantly done, to the very great satisfaction of the Dog, and high entertainment of his customers, who viewed with astonishment the sagacious creature undertake his nautical voyage.

The said animal, always on the Sabbath day, constantly attended his master and the family to church, and during the service lay quietly under his master's seat; and from his extreme silence, and orderly behaviour, one might suppose he understood as much of the sermon as the greater part of the congregation. It is likewise worthy of remark, that if the Sunday proved rainy, he would sometimes, by following the chaise, make himself in a very dirty condition; but if the master or mistress only exclaimed, "For shame! Tinker, (which was his name) you surely would not go to church in such a filthy trim!"

trim!"—he would immediately hang down his head, flink back, return home, and rest quietly in the barn, until, conscious that he made a more decent appearance, he would scratch at the parlour door for admittance, where he was always, when clean, a very welcome guest.

Original.

ANECDOTE XXXVI.

*Remarkable Preservation from Robbery
and Murder.*

ABOUT sixty years ago, a lady, who resided in a lone house in Cheshire, permitted all her servants, except one female, to go to a supper and dance, at a Christmas merry meeting, held at an inn, about three miles distant, and kept by the uncle of the maid, who remained in the house aforesaid. They were not expected back till the morning, consequently the doors and windows
of

of the house were, as usual, secured; and the lady and her servant were going to bed, when they were alarmed by the noise of some persons apparently attempting to break into the house. Fortunately a great Dog, named Cæsar, was in the kitchen, and began to growl and bark very much. The servant-maid plainly heard that some person was attempting to force a way through a hole under the sink stone, in an adjoining back kitchen, or scullery. She went towards the place, with the Dog, and patting him on the back, exclaimed, "At him, Cæsar!" The Dog ran furiously to the place, gave something a violent shake, and returned with his mouth very bloody. A little bustle succeeded, on the outside of the house, and the lady sat up without farther molestation, until the morning, when a considerable quantity of blood was found on the outside of the wall. The other servants, on their return, brought word to the maid, that her uncle, the innkeeper, had died suddenly in the night, they understood

stood of an apoplectic fit, and was intended to be buried that day. The maid got leave to go to the funeral, and was surprised to find the coffin, on her arrival, screwed down. She insisted on taking a last view of the body, which was unwillingly granted, when, to her great surprise, she found his death had been occasioned from his throat being torn open: and, on further enquiry it was proved, that he and one of his servants had formed a plan to rob the house, and murder the lady, during the absence of her servants; but were prevented by her faithful Dog.

Never before published.

ANECDOTE XXXVII.

IN the severe winter of the year 1793, a hairdresser at Hanover went out of the city gate, in the dusk of the evening, with one of his friends, who had business at a neighbouring village, in order to shew him
the

the road, as the ground was then covered with snow. They were scarce arrived in the open country, when they met a Dog, who came running from a different part, and, by his whining noise and piteous gestures, seemed desirous to gain their attention. On their noticing him, the Dog ran back a little part of the way—then returned to them—and, by his actions, indicated his desire that they should follow him. Struck by the expressive countenance of the Dog, they agreed to follow him, and therefore turned towards the way from whence he came. They had not gone many yards, before the Dog, by his frisking about, and repeated gambols, appeared to express great joy at this circumstance. He then continued running a little way before them, and at times returning to point out to them the road from whence he came. After following him for some time, the Dog suddenly stopped, when, on examining the place, they discovered the body of a man, apparently frozen to death, around whom
the

Dog went moaning most piteously. They conveyed the body to a neighbouring village, where, by proper care, suspended animation was restored, and the Dog was thus providentially the means of preserving his master's life.

Original.

ANECDOTE XXXVIII.

Mutual Attachment between a Dog and a Horse.

THE late Mr. Thomas Walker, of Manchester, had a Dog, which was accustomed to be in the stable with two of his carriage horses, and to lay in a stall with one of them, to which he was particularly attached. The servant who took care of the horses, was ordered to go to Stockport, (which is distant about seven miles), upon one of the horses, and took the one above mentioned, (the favourite of the Dog) with him,

him, and left the other with the Dog in the stable, being apprehensive lest the Dog, which was much valued by his master, should be lost upon the road. After the man and horse had been gone about an hour, some person coming accidentally into the stable, the Dog took the opportunity of quitting his confinement, and immediately set off in quest of his companion. The man, who had finished the business he was sent upon, was just leaving Stockport, when he was surprised to meet the Dog he had left in the stable, coming with great speed down the hill into the town, and seemed greatly rejoiced to meet with his friendly companion, whom he had followed so far by scent. The friendship between these animals was reciprocal——for the servant going one day to water the carriage horses at a large stone trough, which was then at one end of the exchange, the Dog as usually accompanying them, was attacked by a large Mastiff, and in danger of being much worried, when the horse, (his friend) which
was

was led by the servant, with a halter, suddenly broke loose from him, and went to the place where the Dogs were fighting, and with a kick of one of his heels, struck the Mastiff from the other Dog clean into a cooper's cellar opposite; and, having thus rescued his companion, returned quietly with him to drink at the conduit.

Never before published.

ANECDOTE XXXIX.

A FAVOURITE Dog, belonging to an English nobleman, had fallen into disgrace, from an incorrigible habit of annoying the flocks of the neighbouring farmers. One of these having, in vain, driven the depredator from his premises, came at length to the offender's master, with a dead lamb under his arm, the victim of the last night's plunder. The nobleman being extremely angry at the Dog's transgression, rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to be
immediately

immediately hanged, or some other way disposed of, so that, on his return from a journey he was about to undertake, he might never see him again. He then left the apartment, and the fate of the Dog was for a few hours suspended. The interval, though short, was not thrown away. The condemned animal was sufficiently an adept in the tones of his master's voice, to believe there was any hope left for a reversion of his sentence. He therefore adopted the only alternative between life and death, by making his escape. In the course of the evening, while the same servant was waiting at table, his lordship demanded if his order had been obeyed respecting the Dog. "After an hour's search, he is no where to be found, my lord," replied the servant.—The rest of the domestics were questioned, and their answers similar. The general conclusion for some days was, that the Dog, conscious of being in disgrace, had hid himself in the house of a tenant, or some other person who knew him. A month, however,

however, passed without any thing being heard respecting him, it was therefore thought he had fallen into the hands of his late accuser, the farmer, and hanged for his transgressions.

About a year after, while his lordship was journeying into Scotland, attended only by one servant, a severe storm drove him to shelter under a hovel belonging to a public house, situated at some distance from the road, upon a heath. The tempest continuing, threatening rather to increase than abate, the night coming on, and no house suitable to the accommodation of such a guest, his lordship was at length induced to dismount, and go into the little inn adjoining the shed. On his entrance, an air of surprise and consternation marked the features and conduct of both the innholder and his wife. Confused and incoherent answers were made to common questions; and soon after a whispering took place between the two forementioned persons. At length, however, the guest was shewn into a small parlour,

parlour, a faggot was thrown on the fire, and such refreshments as the house afforded, were preparing, there being no appearance whatever of more favourable weather allowing them to depart.

As the servant-maid was spreading the cloth, a visible tremor shook her frame, so that it was not without difficulty she performed her office. His lordship noticed a certain strangeness of the whole groupe, but remembering to have heard his servant mention the words, "my lord," as he alighted from his horse, he naturally imputed this to their having unexpectedly a guest in their house above the rank of those whom they were accustomed to entertain. The awkwardness of intended respect in such cases, and from such persons, will often produce these embarrassments. His lordship having now made up his mind to remain that night, supper was served; when a most unexpected visitor made his appearance. "Good heavens!" exclaimed his lordship, "is it possible I should

should find my poor Dog alive, and in this place?—How wonderful!—how welcome!—He stretched out his hand to caress his long lost favourite; but the Dog, after looking earnestly at his ancient master, shrunk from him, and kept aloof, and took the first opportunity of the door being opened to leave the room; but still took his station on the other side of the door, as if watching some expected event.

Of the Dog's history, from the time of his elopement, little more resulted from enquiry, than that he had one day followed some drovers who came to refresh themselves and their cattle: and that, appearing to be foot-sore with travel, and unable to proceed with his companions, he staid in the house, and had remained there ever since. This account was obtained from the ostler, who added, he was as harmless a creature as any betwixt Scotland and Ireland.—His lordship, intending to rise early in the morning, to make up the time thus sacrificed to the night, which was still

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stormy,

stormy, ordered the servant to shew him to his chamber.—As he passed the common room which communicated with the parlour, he noticed the innkeeper and his wife in earnest discourse with three men, muffled up in horseman's coats, who seemed to have just come from buffeting the tempest, and not a little anxious to counteract its effects; for both the landlord and his wife were filling their glasses with spirits. His lordship, on going to his chamber, after the maid and his own servant, heard a fierce growl, as from the top of the stairs. "Here is the Dog again, my lord," exclaimed the servant.—"He is often cross and churlish to strangers," observed the maid, "yet he never bites." As they came nearer the door, his growl increased to a furious bark; but upon the maid's speaking to him sharply, he suffered her to enter the chamber, and the servant stepped back to hold the light to his lord. On his old master's advancing towards the chamber, the Dog drew back, and stood with a determined air
of

of opposition, as if to guard the entrance. His lordship then called the Dog by his name, and on repeating some terms of fondness, which, in past times, he had familiarly been accustomed to, he licked the hand from whose endearments he had so long been estranged.

But he still held firm to his purpose, and endeavoured to oppose his master's passing to the chamber. Yet the servant was suffered, without further disputing the point, to go out; not, however, without another growl, though one rather of anger than of resistance, and which accompanied her with increased fierceness all the way down stairs, which she descended with the same strange kind of hurry and confusion that had marked her behaviour ever since his lordship's arrival. His lordship was prevented from dwelling long on this circumstance, by an attention to the Dog, who, without being solicited farther, went a few paces from the threshold of the door, at which he kept guard: and after caressing his lordship, and

using every gentle art of affectionate persuasion, (speech alone left out), went down one of the stairs, as if to persuade his master to accompany him.—His lordship had his foot upon the threshold, when the Dog caught the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and tugged it with great violence, yet with every token of love and terror; for he now appeared to partake the general confusion of the family. The poor animal again renewed his fondling, rubbed his face softly along his master's side, sought the patting hand, raised his soliciting feet, and during these endearing ways he whined and trembled to a degree, that could not escape the attention both of the master and the servant.

“I should suspect,” said his lordship, “were I apt to credit omens, from a connection betwixt the deportment of the people of this inn, and the unaccountable solicitude of the Dog, that there is something wrong about this house.”—“I have long been of the same opinion,” observed the servant,

servant, "and wish, your honour, we had been wet to the skin in proceeding, rather than to have stopped here."

"It is too late to talk of wishes," rejoined his lordship, "neither can we set off now, were I disposed; for the hurricane is more furious than ever. Let us, therefore, make the best of it.—In what part of the house do you sleep?"—"Close at the head of your lordship's bed," answered the domestic, "in a little closet, flipside of a room by the stairs—there, my lord," added the servant, pointing to a small door on the right.

"Then go to bed—we are not wholly without means of defence, you know; and whichever of us shall be first alarmed, may apprize the other. At the same time, all this may be nothing more than the work of our own fancies."

The anxiety of the Dog, during this conversation, cannot be expressed. On the servant's leaving the room, the Dog ran hastily to the door, as if in hopes his lordship would follow; and looked as if to en-

tice him so to do. Upon his lordship's advancing a few steps, the vigilant creature leaped up with every sign of satisfaction; but when he found those steps were directed only to close the door, his dejection was depicted in a manner no less lively than had been his joy.

It was scarcely possible not to be impressed by these unaccountable circumstances, yet his lordship was almost ashamed of yielding to them, and finding all quiet, both above and below, except the noise of the wind and rain; and finding that no caresses could draw the Dog from the part of the room he had chosen, his lordship made a bed for the poor fellow with one of the mats, and then sought repose himself. Neither the Dog, however, nor the master, could rest. The former rose often, and paced about the room: sometimes he came close to the bed curtains, and sometimes whined piteously, although the hand of reconciliation was put forth to sooth him. In the course of an hour after this,
his

his lordship, wearied with conjecture, fell asleep; but he was soon aroused by his four-footed friend, whom he heard scratching violently at the closet door; an action which was accompanied by the gnashing of the Dog's teeth, intermixed with the most furious growlings. His lordship, who had laid himself down in his clothes, and literally resting on his arms—his brace of pistols being under his pillow—now sprung from the bed. The rain had ceased, and the wind abated, from which circumstances he hoped to hear better what was passing. But nothing, for an instant, appeased the rage of the Dog, who, finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the obstruction. There could be no longer a doubt that the cause of the mischief, or danger, whatsoever it might be, lay in that closet. Yet there appeared some risk in opening it; more particularly when, on trying to force the lock, it was found to be secured

by some fastening on the inside. A knocking was now heard at the chamber door, through the key-hole of which a voice exclaimed—‘For God’s sake, my lord, let me in.’ His lordship, knowing this to proceed from his servant, advanced armed, and admitted him. ‘All seems quiet, my lord, below stairs and above,’ said the man, ‘for I have never closed my eyes. For heaven’s sake! what can be the matter with the Dog, to occasion such a dismal barking?’ “That I am resolved to know,” answered his lordship, furiously pushing the closet door. No sooner was it burst open, than the Dog, with inconceivable rapidity, rushed in, and was followed both by the master and man. The candle had gone out in the bustle, and the extreme darkness of the night prevented them from seeing any object whatever. But a bustling sort of noise was heard at the farther end of the closet. His lordship then fired one of his pistols at random, by way of alarm. A piercing cry, ending in a loud groan, immediately came

came from the Dog.—“Great God!” exclaimed his lordship, “I have surely destroyed my defender.” He ran out for a light, and snatched a candle from the innholder, who came in apparent consternation, as to enquire into the alarm of the family. Others of the house now entered the room; but, without paying attention to their questions, his lordship ran towards the closet to look for his Dog. “The door is open!—the door is open!—ejaculated the publican;—then all is over!”—As his lordship was re-entering the closet, he was met by his servant, who, with every mark of almost speechless consternation in his voice and countenance, exclaimed, ‘O, my lord!—my lord?—I have seen such shocking fights;’ and, without being able to finish his sentence, he sunk on the floor. Before his master could explore the cause of this, or succeed in raising up his fallen domestic, the poor Dog came limping from the closet, while a blood-track marked his path. He gained, with great difficulty, the

place where his lordship stood aghast, and fell at his master's feet. Every demonstration of grief ensued; but the Dog, unmindful of his wounds, kept his eyes still intent upon the closet door; and denoted, that the whole of the mystery was not yet developed.

Seizing the other pistol from the servant, who had fallen into a swoon, his lordship now re-entered the closet. The wounded Dog crawled after him; when, on examining every part, he perceived, in one corner, an opening into the inn yard, by a kind of trap-door, to which some broken steps descended. The Dog seated himself on the steps; but there was nothing to be seen but a common sack. Nor was any thing visible upon the floor, except some drops of blood, part of which were evidently those which had issued from the wound of the Dog himself, and part must have been of long standing, as they were dried into the boards. His lordship went back into the bed-chamber, but the Dog remained in the closet.

closet. On his return the Dog met him, breathing hard, as if from violent exercise, and he followed his master into the chamber.

The state of the man-servant, upon whom fear had operated so as to continue him in a succession of swoons, now claimed his lordship's affections, and while those were administered, the Dog again left the chamber. A short time after this, he was heard to bark aloud, then cry, accompanied by a noise, as if something heavy was drawn along the floor. On going once more into the closet, his lordship found the Dog trying to bring forward the sack which had been seen lying on the steps near the trap-door. The animal renewed his exertions at the sight of his master; but, again exhausted both by labour and loss of blood, he rested his head and his feet on the mouth of the sack.

Excited by this new mystery, his lordship now assisted the poor Dog in his labour, and, though that labour was not light, curiosity, and the apprehension of discovering

something extraordinary, on the part of his lordship, and unabating perseverance on that of the Dog, to accomplish his purpose, gave them strength to bring at length the sack from the closet to the chamber. The servant was somewhat restored to himself, as the sack was dragged into the room, but every person, who in the beginning of the alarm had rushed into the apartment, had now disappeared.

The opening of the sack surpassed all that human language can convey of human horror.

As his lordship loosened the cord which fastened the sack's mouth, the Dog fixed his eyes on it, stood over it with wild and trembling eagerness, as if ready to seize and devour the contents.

The contents appeared, and the extreme of horror was displayed. A human body, as if murdered in bed, being covered only with a bloody shirt, and that clotted, and still damp, as if recently shed; the head severed from the shoulders, and the other members

members mangled and separated, so as to make the trunk and extremities lie in the sack, was now exposed to view.

The Dog smelt the blood, and after surveying the corpse, looked piteously at his master, and licked his hand, as if grateful the mysterious murder was discovered.

It was proved, that a traveller had really been murdered two nights before his lordship's arrival at that haunt of infamy; and that the offence was committed in the very chamber, and probably in the very bed, wherein his lordship had slept; and which, but for the warnings of his faithful friend, must have been fatal to himself.

The maid-servant was an accomplice in the guilt; and the ruffian travellers, who were confederating with the innholder and his wife, were the murderers of the bloody remains that had been just emptied from the sack, whose intent it was to have buried them that night in a pit, which their guilty hands had dug in an adjacent field belonging to the innholder; whose intention it likewise

was

was to have murdered the nobleman, which was providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of the Dog. The innkeeper and his wife were taken up, and punished according to their deserts; and the nobleman was so affected at his miraculous escape, that he bound up the wounds of the faithful Dog with the greatest care, and the balms of love and friendship were infused. The master's hour of contrition was now come: he was sorry he had ever neglected so invaluable a friend; and, as the only peace-offering in his power, departed with this faithful companion from the house of blood, to that mansion he had formerly left in disgrace; where the caresses of a grateful family, and an uninterrupted state of tranquillity, meliorated with every indulgence they could bestow, was regularly continued as long as he lived.

PRATT.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE XL.

IN the early ages of history, we are informed that Lodbroc, king of Denmark, was murdered by one Bern, a falconer to King Edward, who slew and buried him privately. This murder was afterwards discovered by a Hound that Lodbroc kept, who would not forsake his master's body, but when compelled by the extremity of hunger, and then but just to satisfy his present wants; fawning upon the king and courtiers, as often as compelled to visit them. Being known for Lodbroc's Dog, he was observed and followed, till he had directed them to his master's body; and, by his fierce behaviour towards Bern, and other circumstances, Bern was discovered to be the murderer, and condemned, as a punishment for his crime, to be put to sea in a boat, without either oars or sails, and left to the mercy of the elements.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE XLI.

MR. LACKINGTON, speaking of his portrait, annexed to the volume of Memoirs of his Life, says, that before the original painting was finished, Mrs. Lackington called on the artist to examine it. Being introduced into a room filled with portraits, her little Dog being with her, immediately ran to that particular portrait, paying it the same attention as he was always accustomed to do the original; which made it necessary to remove it from him, lest he should damage it; though this was not accomplished without expressions of dissatisfaction on the part of the Dog.

ANECDOTE XLII.

A GENTLEMAN, who resided last war at the village of Forton, near Gosport in Hampshire, relates the following story, which may be depended upon as a fact.

“ In

“ In the summer of 1796, having a small Terrier Dog, which he was particularly attached to, and which followed him wherever he went, he was much surpris'd at the following remarkable instance of sagacity:— It being a very hot summer, the animal was filled with fleas, and as the master, in his evening walks, usually cross'd a mill-dam, he took the liberty for several evenings, without the Dog's consent, to plunge him in the stream, by way, as he suppos'd, of comforting the distressed animal, in making him swim to the opposite side, while he walk'd over the bridge. This was regularly repeated for some time, when one evening, on going the accustomed walk, the master was surpris'd at observing the animal keep considerably a-head—at times he would approach somewhat nearer, and wag his tail, but always kept at a most respectful distance, until he came to the edge of the water near the bridge; here he stopp'd again, look'd wistfully, and with dumb eloquence thus address'd his master:—

“ If

“ If you conceive it necessary for my comfort, the preservation of my health, or your amusement, do not act by me clandestinely — (for Dogs are a generous animal, and require no compulsion) exhort me kindly; do not throw me in by force, and I will instantly take to the water myself.” He immediately plunged into the stream, and ever after that time, as regularly swam over the brook, without any bidding, as the master walked over the bridge.

The same Dog would likewise, on being shewn a newspaper, or book, and desired to read, make a most unaccountable noise between a bark and howl, for several minutes, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Original.

ANECDOTE XLIII.

THAT Dogs will sometimes imitate the actions of their masters, is well known—
some

some will open a door that is fastened with a latch, or pull a bell, where they are desirous of gaining admittance.

Faber mentions one, belonging to a nobleman of the Medici family, which always attended his master's table, took from him his plates, and brought him others; and if he wanted wine, would carry it to him, in a glass placed upon a silver plate, which he held in his mouth, without spilling the smallest drop. The same Dog would also hold the stirrups in his teeth, whilst his master was mounting his horse.

BEWICK:

ANECDOTE XLIV.

THE fidelity of the Dog is recorded in the Noble Order of the Elephant, instituted by Christian the First, king of Denmark, so far back as the year 1463. The origin was, his being deserted at a most critical period, by all his friends and courtiers, at
the

the time he stood in great need of their assistance. And having a favourite Dog, called Wildbrat, who loved, and constantly attended him, the contrast between this grateful animal, and the infidelity of the vipers he had formerly cherished, struck him so forcibly, that he commemorates the fact, by having the following initials placed under the elephant's feet, which hangs at the bottom of the order.

T. I. W. B. — *Trew is Wildbrat.*

ANECDOTE XLV.

A FRIEND of the compiler being at Ramsgate, for the benefit of his health, in the year 1798, was often diverted by observing a person stand on a cliff, which looked into the inner basin of Ramsgate pier, and calling his favourite Dog, shewed him a halfpenny, and then threw it down the cliff among the shingles. The Dog immediately took a circuit to the bottom
of

of the cliff, and searched till he found the halfpenny, which he carried directly into town to a baker's shop, where the baker gave him a roll in exchange for his money, and was better pleased with the orderly behaviour of this four-footed customer than with one half of the bipeds.

ANECDOTE XLVI.

THE late celebrated Dr. James relates the following story, as a convincing proof of the wonderful sagacity of that animal, (in particular) relative to their terror of the dreadful hydrophobia.

A man, who used to come every day to the doctor's house, was so beloved by three spaniels, which the doctor kept, that they never failed to jump into his lap, and caress him the whole time he staid. It happened that this man was bitten by a mad Dog, and the very first night he came under the influence of the distemper, they all
ran

ran away from him to the very top of the garret stairs, barking and howling, and shewing all other signs of distress and consternation. The man was cured, but the Dogs were not reconciled to him for three years afterwards.

ANECDOTE XLVII.

THAT Dogs are sensible when we act unjustly towards one another, particularly when labouring under any mental affliction, is clearly evident from the following fact :

A poor idiot, who lived with his father, and was inhumanly treated by him on account of his infirmity, was one day severely beaten for some trifling cause. The father kept a Dog, who was then standing by during his brutal behaviour. The idiot, who was remarkably fond of the animal, and used to caress him, burst into tears, and exclaimed, as he eyed the Dog with compassion, "As there is no one to take
my

my part, I am sure the Dog will ;" upon which the animal instantly seized the father, nor would let go his hold until he left off beating his son.

ANECDOTE XLVIII.

PLUTARCH tells us, that he himself was a spectator at Rome of the wonderful docility of a Dog, which belonged to a certain mimic, who at that time had the management of a farce, wherein there was great variety of parts, which he undertook to instruct the actors to perform, with several imitations proper for the matters and passions therein represented. Among the rest there was one who was to drink a sleepy potion, and, after he had drank it, to fall into a deadly drowsiness, and counterfeit the actions of a dying person. The Dog, who had studied several of the other gestures and postures, more diligently observing this, took a piece of bread that was
sopped

fopped in the potion, and after he had eat it, in a short time counterfeited a trembling, then a staggering, and afterwards a drowfiness in his head. Then stretching out himself, he lay as if he had been dead, and seemed to prefer himself to be dragged out of the place and carried to the burial, as the plot of the play required. Afterwards, understanding the time, from what was said and acted, in the first place, he began gently to stir, as if he were waking out of a profound sleep; then, to the amazement of the beholders, he rose up, and lifting up his head, he gazed about him; and then went to the master to whom he belonged, with all the signs of gladness and fawning kindness, insomuch that all the spectators, and even Cæsar himself, for old Vespasian was present, (in Marcellus's theatre) were taken with the sight.

ANECDOTE XLIX.

PLUTARCH likewise records, that a person getting into the temple of Esculapius, after he had stolen all the massy offerings of gold and silver, made his escape, not believing he was discovered. But the Dog which belonged to the temple, which was called Cipparas, when he found that none of the sacristanes took any notice of his barking, pursued himself the sacrilegious thief; and, though at first the fellow pelted him with stones, he could not beat him off. As soon as it was day, the Dog still followed him, though at such a distance, that he always kept him in his eyes. When the fellow threw him meat, he refused it; when the thief went to bed, the Dog watched at his door; and when he rose in the morning, the animal still followed him, fawning upon the passengers upon the road, but still barking and baying at the heels of the thief. These things, when they heard who were in pursuit of the fa-

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crilegious

crilegious person, and were told withal by those they met, the colour and bigness of the Dog, they were the more vigorous in the pursuit, and by that means overtaking the thief, brought him back from Cromyon; while the Dog ran before, leaping and capering, and full of joy, as it were challenging to himself the praise and reward of apprehending the temple robber: and the Athenians were so grateful to him, that they decreed such a quantity of meat to be publicly measured to him, and ordered the priests to take care to see it done.

ANECDOTE L:

THERE was a certain Roman slain in the civil wars, whose head nobody durst cut off, for fear of the Dog that guarded his body, and fought in his defence. It happened that King Pyrrhus, travelling that way, observed the Dog watching over the body of the person slain; and hearing that

that the Dog had been there three days without meat or drink, yet would not forsake his dead master, ordered the body to be buried, and the Dog preserved and brought to him. A few days after there was a muster of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The Dog lay quietly by him for some time, but when he saw the murderers of his late master pass by, he flew upon them with a more than ordinary fury, barking and tearing their throats, and ever and anon turning about to the king; which did not only increase the king's suspicion, but the jealousy of all that stood about him. Upon which the men were immediately apprehended, and though the circumstances were very slight, which otherwise appeared against them, yet they confessed the fact, and were executed for the same.

PLUTARCH.

ANECDOTE LI.

THE same author informs us of a Dog, that would not stir from the body of his deceased master; and when he saw the carcase burning, ran and threw himself into the flames. The same is reported to have been done by a Dog, that was kept by one Pyrrhus; (not the king, but a private person of that name;) for upon the death of his master, he would not stir from the body, but when it was carried forth leaped upon the bier, and at length threw himself into the funeral pile, and was burnt alive with his master's body.

PLUTARCH.

ANECDOTE LII.

A SHOEMAKER, at Preston in Lancashire, had, in the year 1794, a female Dog, of the large Water Spaniel species, who, when her puppies were taken from her, attended the
bearer

bearer of each of them to their places of destination, and then returned home. She was observed, however, to visit them every day, for several weeks, and carry each of them whatever she could cater and spare from the cravings of her own appetite. This conduct she uniformly practised towards every litter.

ANECDOTE LIII.

A Dog belonging to Mr. C. Hughes, a son of Thespis, was one afternoon passing through a field in the skirts of Dartmouth, where a washer-woman had hung her linen to dry; he stopped and surveyed one particular shirt with attention, and presently seized it, and dragged it away through the dirt to his master, whose shirt it proved to be.

Vide LACKINGTON'S LIFE.

ANECDOTE LIV.

THE following story is extracted from Miss Williams's Sketches of the French Republic, vol. ii. p. 188.

“ At the moment when the ranks of the Imperialists were broken, at the famous battle of Castiglione, and the heat of the pursuit was in proportion to the obstinacy of the contest, Buonaparte coming to the spot where the thickest of the combat had taken place, where French and Austrians lay strewed in horrible profusion, he perceived one living object amidst those piles of corpses, which was a little Barbet Dog. The faithful creature stood with his two fore feet fixed on the breast of an Austrian officer; his long ears hung over his eyes, which were rivetted on those of his dead master. The tumult seemed neither to distract the attention nor change the attitude of the mourner, absorbed by the object to which he clung. Buonaparte, struck with the spectacle, stopped his horse, called his attendants

attendants around him, and pointed out the subject of his speculation.

“The Dog,” said Buonaparte, “as if he had known my voice, removed his eyes from his master, and throwing them on me for a moment, resumed his former posture; but in that momentary look, there was a mute eloquence beyond the power of language; it was a reproach, with all the poignancy of bitterness.” Buonaparte felt the appeal; he construed the upbraidings of the animal into a comprehensive demand of mercy; the sentiment was irresistible; it put to flight every harsh and hostile feeling. Buonaparte gave orders to stop the carnage instantly.

ANECDOTE LV.

Nor many years ago, a gentleman, somewhat too distinguished for scolding his huntsman in the field, was so incensed at a reply the fellow made, that he turned him

off instantly on the spot. The huntsman, after delivering up his horse, got into a rabbit cart, and away he went. The next morning, when the gentleman was going out, and had got to the end of the town with his hounds, the voice of the huntsman saluted his ear, who begun hallooing the Dogs, till not one of them would leave the tree where the man had perched himself. What could be done? The gentleman wished to hunt, but there was no hunting without Dogs, and there was no stopping the man's mouth; so he was at last obliged to make the best of a bad bargain, and take the fellow down from the tree into his service again.

COUNTY MAG.

ANECDOTE LVI.

A REMARKABLE instance of the sagacity of Dogs, occurred on Thursday about eleven o'clock. As a gentleman was going

ing along the path that leads from Kennington Common to Camberwell, and which stands between two ditches, he observed several children playing at a distance, and almost at the same instant perceived one of them fall into the ditch; he hastened to the spot, accompanied by a very large Newfoundland Dog he had with him; the sagacious animal no sooner perceived the child struggling in the water, than he plunged in, and seizing her by the hair of her head, brought her with some difficulty to the side of the foot-path, when, with the assistance of his master, she was hoisted up on *terra firma*, without sustaining any other injury than a violent vomiting, occasioned by the stagnant water she had swallowed, and which was of so foul a nature, that it would have caused almost immediate suffocation. The gentleman saw the child safe home to its parents, who lived near at hand, and gave them a very proper caution against sending their children out from home in so dangerous a situation.

BRITISH PRESS, Dec. 24, 1803.

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ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE LVII.

IN October, 1803, during the deluge with which the island of Madeira was visited, a remarkable circumstance happened near St. John's river. A maid-servant, in flying from one of the falling houses, dropped an infant from her arms, which was supposed to have perished. Next day, however, it was found unhurt, on a dry piece of ground, along with a Lap-Dog, belonging to the same family. The Dog was close by the child, and it is imagined that the child was kept alive by the warmth of the faithful animal's body.

ANECDOTE LVIII.

A CERTAIN gentleman had a most excellent Pointer, which, whenever he went a shooting, he was sure to take out with him. The gentleman's custom was, on his return from his diversions, to discharge his piece
at

at magpies, or carrion crows, which he would take some pains to look for in the trees as he passed along. The Dog, on this occasion, always kept behind, I suppose that he might not frighten those birds away, but that his master might have a fair chance at them. It happened one day, as he was upon this business, that a magpie, perched in the top of a large oak, escaped the gentleman's notice. The Dog, ever attentive to his master's pleasures, peeps into the tree himself, and espies the party-coloured animal, whereupon he runs up to his master, who was got some yards from the place, lays hold of the lap of his coat behind, and gives it a smart pull with his teeth. The gentleman, in surprise, turns about to see what was the matter, when the Dog immediately trots back to the tree, and shews him the bird, which the gentleman very soon tumbled to the ground. I wonder, after such an instance of sagacity in a dumb animal, how any man alive can have the ef-

frontery to maintain that brutes are unintelligent machines.

DEANE, *on the future Life of Brutes.*

ANECDOTE LIX.

THE following remarkable instance of canine affection, is attested by several living characters of great respectability.

A Dog for eleven years has bemoaned the loss of a beloved master, who lies buried in the church-yard of St. Olave, Southwark. For the above space of time, his faithful adherent hath been noticed to lead a pathetic kind of life. His constant practice, and the gloomy habits of his existence, are as follow: Opposite to the house of a gentleman, near the aforesaid church-yard, there appears a cragged aperture, scarcely large enough to admit the mournful animal into the subterraneous ruins, where he pursues his way, unseeing and unseen, till (as has since been discovered) he explores the spot

spot that is consecrated to his sorrows. This pensive animal, whose visits are constantly to the dead, invariably follows one course of conduct, shunning all canine as well as human intercourse, at once resigning our species and his own; going gloomily into his cavern, and never returning but on the extremest calls of nature, by which he is instinctively driven into day-light. He, however, endures it no longer than just to eat the morsel sufficient to keep alive the lamp of life; which he probably takes, because he would not wish to shorten his sorrows over the sacred dust, of which he is now the generous sentinel. He is a steady martyr to his fidelity, and knoweth not the shadow of changing: even the sweet voice of benevolence, nor the liberal hand of friendship, which offers the means of subsistence, have not the power of seducing him into one hour's forgetfulness. The great duty of the mourner's life is evidently drawn to a point, that of attending the ashes of his ancient benefactor. From this, no
bribes

bribes or bounties can entice him; and, wonderful to tell! no sooner has he satisfied his abstemious wants, than the memory of the dear charge he has forsaken returns invigorated upon him, and he entombs himself again, in this pious manner, for two or three days; then once more he crawls forth, lean and emaciated, his eyes sunk, his hair dishevelled, and with every other mark of the prisoner and the mourner. Thus does he literally pass his days and nights "in darkness and the shadow of death," exhibiting a striking example of the faithfulness and gratitude of a poor Dog, whose fidelity is not to be shaken, even though his departed master is no more.

ANECDOTE LX.

"It was with pleasure," observes the compiler of this work, "that I watched the motions of a grateful animal belonging to one of the workmen employed at Portsmouth.

mouth dock-yard. This man had a large Dog, who regularly every day brought him his dinner upwards of a mile. When his wife had prepared the repast, she tied it up in a cloth, and put it in a hand-basket; then calling 'Trusty, (for so he was properly named,) desired him to be expeditious, and carry his master's dinner, and be sure not to stop by the way. The Dog, who perfectly well understood his orders, immediately obeyed, by taking the handle of the basket in his mouth, and begun his journey. It was laughable to observe, that, when tired by the way, he would very cautiously set the basket on the ground; but by no means would suffer any person to come near it. When he had sufficiently rested himself, he again took up his load, and proceeded forward, until he came to the dock gates. Here he was frequently obliged to stop, and wait with patience until the porter, or some other person, opened the door. His joy was then visible to every one—his pace increased, and with wagging tail,

tail, expressive of his pleasure, he ran to his master with the refreshment. The caresses were then mutual, and after receiving his morsel as a recompence for his fidelity, he was ordered home with the empty basket and plates, which he carried back with the greatest precision, to the high diversion of all spectators.

ANECDOTE LXI.

A FEW nights since, a medical gentleman, who was returning from the theatre, seeing a crowd about St. Martin's watch-house, he ventured in, to see what was passing there: he found that some gentlemen, who had been sacrificing to Bacchus, had got into a row, and recognized among them the face of an old friend, whom he had not seen for some years: the latter requested his card, which the medical gentleman gave him from his pocket-book. This pocket-book contained bank notes to the amount
of

of five hundred pounds, which he had been so incautious as to bring with him to the theatre. He left the watch-house, and two men who came therein followed him. He had scarcely left the steps, before he felt something touch his hand, and on looking round discovered a large Newfoundland Dog, which immediately leaped on him, and kept following him. When they reached Grosvenor-square, (the gentleman resides in Park-lane), the two men attacked him, and seizing him by the collar, demanded his pocket-book. The Dog instantly flew at them both, one of whom he severely bit by the leg, and they both made their escape. The faithful guardian attended the gentleman to his house, and waited at the door until the servant opened it. The gentleman endeavoured to coax the animal in, but without avail; he refused all their entreaties to enter, and they were compelled to shut the door. On opening it a few minutes after, they found he had taken his departure.

COUNTY HERALD, *Jan.* 1804.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE LXII.

SOME few years since, a Mr. Lock, a pork-butcher, in Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, was in a public-house at Newington in Surry, where he staid until it was rather late in the evening, and it coming on to rain, he requested the landlord to lend him a great coat, which he did, and it happened to be that of a drover, his son-in-law, who put up at his house. Mr. Lock, on going along the London Road, was stopped by a foot-pad, near the Royal Mortar, when on a sudden the robber was seized by a Dog, who bit him very severely, and he begged for God's sake that Mr. Lock would take him off; which, on being done, he precipitately escaped. Mr. Lock was in great astonishment, being a stranger to the Dog, and did not perceive that he followed him. The Dog then went with Mr. L. to his house in Fetter-lane, where he remained perfectly quiet all night. In the morning, Mr. L. went to Newington to return the
great

great coat, and took the Dog with him; when, on relating the circumstance which had taken place to the landlord, he found that the Dog belonged to the drover, his son-in-law, whose coat he had worn the preceding evening, which was no doubt the cause of the Dog's following him in the manner above described, and was thus fortunately rescued from the robber, by the faithful animal.

ANECDOTE LXIII.

THE following anecdote is extracted from a letter of Sir John Harrington, to Prince Henry, dated the 14th June, 1608.

“ Having good reason to suppose your Highness has been pleased with what others have told you concerning my rare Dog, I will even give you a brief history of his good deeds and strange feats; and although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse, yet will I match my Dog
against

against him ; for if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am proud to say, he did often bear the sweet words of a greater princess on his neck. I did once relate to your Highness after what fashion his tackling was made, wherewith he sojourned from my house at the Bath, to Greenwich palace, and delivered up to the court there, such matters as were entrusted to his care: This he hath often done, and returned back safe to the Bath, or my house at Kellstone, with whatever returns the nobility were pleased to entrust him with. Nor was it told the queen, that this messenger did ever blab aught concerning his high trust, as many other Dogs have done in more special matters. He was once sent with two charges of sack wine, from the Bath to my house, by my man Combe ; and on his way the cordage slackened, but my trusty bearer did now conduct himself so wisely as to hide one flasket in the bushes, and take the other between his teeth to the house, after which he went forth again, and returned
with

with the other part of his burthen in time for dinner.

“ Your Highness may, perhaps, marvel and doubt the circumstance, but there are many living characters, who at that time were labouring in the fields, and espied his work, and now relate how much they longed to play the trick upon him, and to drink the wine themselves : however, they did refrain, and admired the whole proceeding.

“ I need not inform your Highness how much I was once grieved at missing this faithful animal. On my journey towards London, some idle people were indulging themselves with hunting mallards in a pond, and by some means they enticed him away, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassador's, where six weeks after I had the pleasure of hearing of him ; but such was the court paid to him by the Don, that he was no less admired there than at home. Nor would the household listen to my claim or challenge, until I rested my suit on the Dog's

own

own knowledge, and made him perform such feats before the nobles then assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I sent him to the hall at the time of dinner, and made him bring from thence a pheasant out of a dish, which created great mirth! but much more so, when he returned at my command to the table, and put it again in the same cover; whereat the company, with one consent, allowed my claim, and we both returned to our own home.

“ I will now inform your Highness in what manner the poor creature died:— As we travelled towards the Bath, he leaped on my horse’s neck, and was more earnest in fawning, and courting my notice, than I had observed for a long time. After my gently chiding him for his interruption, he gave me some glances of such affection, as moved me to caress him; but alas! they were of short duration, for he suddenly sprung from my horse, and crept into a
thorny

thorny brake, where he died in a very short time.

“ Thus have I strove to rehearse the merits of my poor Dog Bungay, (which was his name,) and as I doubt not your Highness loved him, I have been thus prolix; and again say, that of all the Dogs near your father's court, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasing, than him I write of; for, verily, a bone would content my servant, when some expect great matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.”

ANECDOTE LXIV.

A FARMER, living at Hainton, near Market Raifon in Lincolnshire, a few years since lost an ewe, the mother of two lambs. He chanced to have at the same time, a Mastiff Bitch, with a litter of puppies. Not having occasion for these puppies, he drowned them, and putting the orphan lambs in
their

their places, the Bitch gave them suck, and brought them up with great paternal tenderness. About a twelvemonth after her nurselings had quitted her protection and society, for a mode of living more consonant to their nature, the same Bitch heard the bleating of a lamb from a basket which a boy was carrying, she instantly flew at the basket, and having got it down, made several attempts to extricate the lamb from its confinement ; but being unable to effect that, she shewed it repeated marks of instinctive affection.

ANECDOTE LXV.

THE late Mr. William Taylor, who kept the Marlborough Head public-house in Bishopsgate-street, had a very small Terrier Dog, which had been so well instructed to notice money wherever he found it, that the writer observes, he has frequently seen the master strew a handful of halfpence on
the

the floor or table, before the Dog, and desire him to be careful. The animal would then instantly fill his mouth, and scrape the rest with his fore paws under his breast; clearly indicating how zealous he was to protect the property his master was so fond of. If a halfpenny was thrown by any of the guests through an iron grating in the parlour, communicating to the cellar, the Dog would immediately dart down stairs, and return not till he found it. Once, when his master was particularly busy with a gentleman in the parlour, the Dog came to him in a very importunate manner, scratched his feet, whined, and made every effort in his power to attract his master's notice, but without effect; as he was then so deeply engaged in conversation, as to be quite insensible of his faithful servant's gestures, until at length, recovering from his reverie, he involuntarily looked down, when, to his great astonishment, he found his faithful little Dog closely guarding a small dirty bag, which, on opening, he found

it to contain fourteen shillings and ninepence, which no doubt had been the property of some poor person; but from whence the Dog brought the hoard the master could never discover.

ANECDOTE LXVI.

LATELY died at Congleton in Cheshire, Fanny, the late Mr. Alderman Yearfley's favourite Bitch.—Yes, Bitch! for, though but a Bitch, she was, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of saving a very valuable life, in such a manner as, in the opinion of some people, deserves to be published.

Mr. Yearfley had gone out one evening with a tradesman to a public house, and the Bitch went along with him. A little before he was expected to return, Mrs. Yearfley was going to wash herself in the back kitchen, when the Bitch returned and scratched at the door for admittance. Being let in, she followed her mistress in-
to

to the kitchen, where she set up a strange kind of whining or barking, and turned towards the street door, as if beckoning her mistress to follow. This she repeated several times, to the great astonishment of Mrs. Yearfley. At length a thought struck her, that Mr. Yearfley had met with some accident in the street, and that the Bitch, which could scarce be ever driven from him, was come to guide her to him. Alarmed with this idea, she hastily adjusted her cap, and followed the Bitch, which led her to her master, whom, to her agreeable disappointment, she found very well at the house he went to. She told them the cause of her coming, and got herself laughed at for her pains. But what was their feelings when they were informed by their next neighbours that the kitchen had fallen in, the very instant Mrs. Yearfley had shut the street-door, and that the wash-bowl she had left was crushed into a thousand pieces. The animal was preserved twelve or thirteen years after, till she had

turned her sixteenth, when her death was a little accelerated by the bite of a mad Dog.

COUNTY MAGAZINE, *June, 1787.*

ANECDOTE LXVII.

SOME few years since, a distiller, who lived at Chelsea in Middlesex, had a middle-sized brown Dog, of the mixed breed, between the Cur and Spaniel, which had received so complete an education from the porter, that he was considered a very valuable acquisition. This porter used generally to carry out the liquors to the neighbouring customers, in small casks, tied up in a coarse bag, or put in a barrow; and whenever the man thought proper to refresh himself, (which was frequently the case,) he would stop the barrow, and calling Basto, (which was the Dog's name,) in a very peremptory manner, bid him mind the bag—and away he went to drink, and frequently

frequently left the barrow in the middle of the street. Basto always rested near his trust, and sometimes apparently asleep, which induced many idle people, who, seeing a bag in the road without an owner, to attempt stealing the same; but no sooner had they endeavoured to decamp with the prize, than this vigilant creature flew at them with such outrage, as obliged them immediately to relinquish the undertaking; and glad were they to escape with a few bites, and whole bones, and leave the tempting bait to catch other dishonest rogues, as it had done them.

One day, a person having particular business with the master, which required dispatch, went to the distillery adjoining the dwelling house, thinking it very likely he might meet him there giving orders to the servant; and finding the outward door open, walked into the still room; but no sooner had he gone a few steps, than a fierce growl assailed his ears, and almost imperceptibly he was pinioned by fear to the
H 3 wall.

wall. The affrighted person called loudly for help, but the family being at the other part of the house, his cries were fruitless. The generous animal, however, who had the frightened man close in custody, scorned to take a mean advantage of his situation, by recommencing hostilities;—he remained perfectly quiet, unless the delinquent attempted to stir—he then became as furious as ever; so that the prisoner prudently remained like a statue fixed against the wall, while Basto, like a sentinel on his post, kept a strict guard, lest he should escape before the family arrived. In about twenty minutes, the master, in coming from the parlour to the counting-house, beheld the prisoner, and Basto walking backwards and forwards beside him. The Dog, by a thousand gesticulations, seemed to wish a proper explanation might take place. The master laughed heartily at the poor fellow's expence, as did he likewise when liberated; but he had ever after the prudence, when business brought him to the house,

house, to ring loudly at the door, notwithstanding it frequently stood wide open.

ANECDOTE LXVIII.

IN the year 1796, a farmer, at the village of Boarhunt, near Southwick, in the county of Hants, had a small brown Spaniel, which being used regularly to hunt with his master in the neighbouring manors, became so enamoured with the sport, that he frequently went from home in the night by himself to course, (if he could entice any of his companions to follow,) and always returned with game in his mouth. This so disconcerted the master, for fear of offending the neighbouring gentry, that he ordered him ever after to be locked up early in the evening. A few nights after this order, the servant accidentally left the door open for a few minutes, and the Dog escaped to pursue his nightly perambulations. His absence was undiscovered by any of the fa-

mily till about three o'clock in the morning, when a tremendous noise of the barking of Dogs alarmed the farmer, who instantly jumped out of bed, reached his fire arms, and came down stairs; when, to his very great astonishment, he found all his ducks tied together by the legs, and writhing about on the ground. It seems, the brown Spaniel, on returning from his night's diversion, leaped over the fence, and discovered a thief in the act of stealing poultry from the hen-house. He instantly laid down the dead game, and by barking alarmed the other Dogs, and was thus the means of saving the yard from being robbed.—The farmer fired at the villain, but without effect, as he had nearly cleared the premises when he entered the yard.

ANECDOTE LXIX.

THE following anecdote was communicated to me by a friend, whom I shall
name

name Supple, and who assured me every word in the narrative was literally true.

Crossing a ferry noted for the barbarism of its ferrymen, he observed them seize a little black Dog, of king Charles's breed, for which no one answered to pay the fare, and toss him into the water. Supple instantly took it up, caressed and protected it from the brutality of the boatmen, and answered the demand for its passage. The creature gratefully clung to its protector, and a strong feeling of mutual amity immediately commenced between them. The passengers were struck with the fondness they suddenly conceived for each other. Supple patted and stroked, and made so much of the Dog, that it was quite transported; it frisked and fawned on its benefactor, and would at intervals look up in his face, and howl with very kindness.

"I should be sorry," said an old clothesman on the other side of the barge, who had not spoke a word till now, "to part so loving a couple."—"Will you sell your

Dog?" asked Supple.—"There is not a better Dog of his size and kind in England," answered the Jew. Supple demanded his name. "He answers," replied the Jew, "to *Trusty*, and will prove on occasion how well he merits the title."

The terms of the bargain were instantly adjusted, and Supple brought *Trusty* along with him; and it was not long before an opportunity occurred, which satisfied him that the Jew had not deceived him in his character.

Supple, on a tour near the western extremity of the island, was benighted in a road he knew not, and, losing his way, fell into a coal-pit ten fathoms deep. All night long did poor *Trusty* run about the mouth of this frightful abyss, howling, and deploring the misfortune of his master. In the morning, he hied him straight back to the publicans they had left the preceding evening, at the distance of some miles from where the accident happened.

Here he did every thing but speak, to
excite

excite the attention of the domestics. He was restless and uneasy, looked at every one piteously, threw himself on his back, held up his feet in a supplicating attitude, refused all sustenance, and howled and fawned, running to and from the door in such visible distress, as nobody could overlook.

The hostess, a good-natured woman, struck at last by the painful importunity she perceived in Trusty's conduct, ordered a servant to follow him out. He led the way directly to the pit, where his master remained in a state of despair, more easy to conceive than describe. The servant returned for assistance; and Supple, by the fidelity of his Dog, was happily delivered, though in a condition more dead than alive.

From that day Supple and Trusty became more inseparable companions than ever. What a pity, ties thus reciprocal, sincere, and endearing, should not last for ever! One morning, as Supple stepped

out of his bed, he found his intimate Trusty dead at his feet. "I will bury him," said he, as he hung over the carcase, with a sigh, "in my garden, and mark his grave with a stone."

He was as good as his word, graced the funeral obsequies of Trusty with a tear, and inscribed this borrowed couplet on the recording stone:

"Here little TRUSTY, best of Dogs, is laid,
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

Young Gent. and Lady's Mag. No. IV:

ANECDOTE LXX.

A GENTLEMAN, who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town residence, together with a favourite house Dog, to some servants, who were placed at board-wages. The Dog soon found board-wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, he

he had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had occasionally visited. By a hearty meal, which he received here daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchen where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he probably concluded to be no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then scampered off with much seeming complacency at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

MONTHLY MAG. *April*, 1802.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE LXXI.

THE following anecdote is an instance of that sagacity and attachment, which so justly contribute to make the Dog our favourite.

Those valleys, or glens, as they are called by the natives, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures, over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back, by means of his Dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is a usual practice among the Highlanders,

landers, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his Dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child: but, owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless research of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts, with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken

overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist; and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child, and his Dog who had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the Dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child; and still, on returning home at evening disappointed to his cottage,

tage, he found that the Dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the Dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The Dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the Dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd

herd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the Dog had just brought him; while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency! From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The Dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food; and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
April, 1802.

The

The Grave of the Greyhound.

THE story of the following ballad, is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house. The Greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205; and the place to this day is called *Beth Gelert*, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
"Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"O where does faithful Gelert roam!
"The flow'r of all his race:
"So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
"A lion in the chace!"

'Twas

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless Hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells,
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The Hound was smear'd with goutts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet ;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too ;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood glouts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent ;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood he found on every side,
But no where found the child !

Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devour'd !
The frantic father cried :
And to the hilt his vengeful sword,
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Past heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had mis'd ;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kifs'd.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a **great** wolf, all torn, and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear,
The gallant Hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe :
" Best of thy kind, adieu :
" The frantic deed which laid thee low,
" This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd ;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here

Here never could the spearmen pass,
 Or forester unmov'd;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkl'd grafs,
 Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
 And oft as evening fell,
 In Fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold,
 The name of Gelert's grave!

MORNING HERALD.

The Hermit and his Dog.

IN life's fair morn, I knew an aged seer,
 Who sad and lonely pass'd his joyless year;
 Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
 And shunn'd, oh dire extreme! the face of man;
 Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
 Hermit's his vest, a hermit's was his food.
 Nitch'd in some corner of the gelid cave,
 Where chilling drops the rugged rock-stone lave;

Hour

Hour after hour the melancholy sage,
Drop after drop to reckon, would engage
The ling'ring day, and trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well;
Then thus he moraliz'd, as slow it pass'd,
"This brings me nearer Lucia than the last;
"And this, now streaming from the eye," said he,
"Oh, my lov'd child, will bring me nearer thee."

When first he roam'd, his Dog, with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the forrower fought a lonely woe.
The hermit paus'd, th' attendant Dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;
Up rose the hermit, up the Dog would rise,
And every way to win a master tries.
"Then be it so. Come, faithful fool," he said;
One pat encourag'd, and they sought the shade.
An unfrequented thicket soon they found;
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;
Mellifluous murm'ring told the fountains nigh,
Fountains which well a pilgrim's drink supply:
And thence, by many a labyrinth is led,
Where ev'ry tree bestow'd an evening bed.
Skill'd in the chase, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er at morn or moon-light course he caught;
But the sage lent his sympathy to all,
Nor saw unwept his dumb associate's fall,

He

He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind,
 And, though a hermit, had a social mind :
 " And why," said he, " must man subsist by prey,
 " Why stop yon melting music on the spray ?
 " Why, when assail'd by hounds and hunter's cry,
 " Must half the harmless race in terrors die ?
 " Why must we work of innocence the woe ?
 " Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow :
 " A heart too tender here, from man retires,
 " A heart that aches, if but a wren expires."
 Thus liv'd the master good, the servant true,
 Till to its God the master's spirit flew :
 Beside a fount, which daily water gave,
 Stooping to drink, the hermit found a grave ;
 All in the running stream his garments spread,
 And dark damp verdure ill conceal'd his head ;
 The faithful servant, from that fatal day,
 Watch'd the lov'd corse, and hourly pin'd away ;
 His head upon his master's cheek was found,
 While the obstructed water mourn'd around.

PRATT.

The Dog and Water Lily.

THE morn was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide ;
 When, 'scap'd from literary cares,
 I wander'd on its side.

I

My

My Spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree:
Two nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
That Spaniel found for me.

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into fight;
Pursu'd the swallow o'er the meads,
With scarce a flower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
Its lilies newly blown,
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With care extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains,
With fix'd considerate face,
And puzzling fat his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirup, clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The winding of the stream.

My

My ramble finish'd, I return'd,
Beau trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cry'd,
Shall hear of this thy deed;
My Dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at Duty's call,
To shew a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.

COWPER.

HOMER tells us, that after Troy was destroyed by the Grecians, Ulysses, returning from the siege in mean apparel, having gone through various dangers, and been

absent twenty years, was unknown to his queen, and to every one in his palace, except his Dog, who immediately recognized him.

FORGOT by all his own domestic crew,
The faithful Dog alone his master knew :
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay.
Touch'd with resentment to ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.

Him when he saw, he rose and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawned and lick'd his feet;
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then, falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died !

Hence learn fidelity :—with grateful mind
Repay the courteous ; to your friends be kind :
Whatever fortune on your life attend,
The best of treasures is a faithful friend.

The Shepherd's Panegyric on his Dog.

NOR all the pleasures of the fragrant field,
This crook, this ancient sceptre which I wield,
Nor large dominion o'er my fleecy care,
Could I with joy without my Lightfoot share :

My

My faithful Dog, my old experienc'd friend,
Who dost my morn, my ev'ning walk attend :
In dangers prov'd, in difficulties try'd,
Nor storms nor thunders drive thee from my side.
Tho' drench'd his shaggy hide with soaking rain,
He ne'er retreats for shelter from the plain.
Nought seems afflictive if with me he's join'd,
The driving snows, keen frosts, nor piercing wind.
He waits me still, and skips with jocund bound,
Tho' rattling icicles his sides furround :
He shares my labours, lightens all my care,
Content the roughest toils of rule to bear ;
Surveys my subjects with a watchful eye,
And sounds th' alarm whenever danger's nigh.
No vagrant ever does my flock forsake,
But he pursues, and brings the wand'rer back.
The insults of beleag'ring foes he quells,
And soon th' invader's force with loss repels.
Nor joins he only the more arduous cares
Of my high office, and my state affairs,
But sympathizes in my private weal,
In each domestic joy or grief I feel :
He knows the lovely maid for whom I sigh,
Watches, like me, the motions of her eye.
When early with her pail she seeks the mead,
He knows her hour, her path, her voice, her tread ;
With frisking play my charmer he precedes,
And thro' the flower-enamell'd pasture leads ;
Then swift to me returns, and seems to smile
And bid me hasten to th' accustomed stile ;

Where, if she smiles, he leaps with glee replete,
 But if she frowns, runs crouching to her feet,
 And seems in murmuring accents to complain,
 And sues for pity to his master's pain.
 Nay, once (and 'tis no fable, this I swear)
 When Colin seiz'd with rude embrace my fair,
 My Lightfoot on my hated rival fell,
 Whose coat, still torn, his great defeat can tell.
 Where, 'mongst the human species, can we find
 So fast a friend, so faithful and so kind?
 How might his fame in tuneful numbers shine,
 Employ'd it a more skilful muse than mine?
 This pow'r at least I boast, with grateful breast
 His unexampl'd merits to attest;
 And if my fate the longer life ordains,
 A decent grave shall keep his lov'd remains,
 And on the sculptur'd stone, a verse commend
 The virtues of my dear departed friend.

WEEKLY AMUSEMENT.

THE following beautiful lines are taken
 from Mr. PRATT'S *Gleanings*.

How oft some hero of the canine kind,
 A Cæsar, "guiltless of his country's blood;"
 A blameless Pompey, tho' for power design'd,
 Intrepid champion of the oppress'd has stood!

Now

Now snatch'd a friend from the assassin's steel,
From raging fire, or from the whelming wave;
Now taught the haughty rational to feel,
The bold to feel, the coward to be brave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Monarch

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

Yes, mighty lord of all that move below,
Without thy Dog, how vain the temper'd steel,
Thy fate-wing'd bullet, and thy plastic bow,
And all thy arts to conquer and to kill.

Without his aid, say, how would'st thou oppose
The noontide ruffian, and the midnight thief?
Enthrall'd on every side by dang'rous foes,
Who, but thy faithful Dog, could bring relief?

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

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

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

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

Verses to my Dog Rover, when grown old.

I LOVE thee, honest fellow—faithful friend !
Altho' thou art grown old, and scarce can hear,
Still art thou fond thy mistress to attend,
And I am fond, my Dog, to see thee near.

As o'er the grassy turf each morn I rove,
On the sweet banks of yonder winding stream,
Or seek a shelter in th' adjacent grove,
From burning Sol's too sultry parching beam :

I love to see thee gambol at my side,
Or plunge thee in the cooling serpentine ;
Amid the glassy current smoothly glide,
Or at my feet in easy state recline.

“ Poor Dog,” I cry, and gently stroke thy head,
“ Alas, thou'rt almost blind ! but what of that ?
“ Still shalt thou share my dwelling and my bread,
“ Still will I cheer thee with affection's pat.”

I love

I love thee, grateful creature!—whilst I live
Never will I an aged friend forsake;
Thou lick'st my hand, as if to say, "Receive
"The only thanks I have the pow'r to make."

Yes, yes, my friend! we know each other's true:
An old companion is to me most dear;
Rover loves me; and I, my Dog, love you,
And hope to pass together many a year.

Epitaph on an old favourite Dog.

HERE lies a pattern for the human race,
A Dog that did his work, and knew his place:
A trusty servant, to his master dear;
A safe companion and a friend sincere:
In spite of bribes and threats severely just,
He sought no pension, and he broke no trust.
The midnight thief, and strolling gipsy found,
That faithful Sancho watch'd the mansion round.
Strange pigs and foxes, vermin, ev'ry foe,
All felt how far his honest rage could go.
To walk obsequious by his master's side,
Was trusty Sancho's pleasure and his pride:
No squire, than he, more zealous for his knight;
By day to serve him, and to watch by night;

By

By ways so various he was skill'd to please,
 That spleen and vapours soften'd into ease.
 Truth warm'd his breast, and love without disguise,
 His heart was grateful, and his action wise.
 In him, thro' life, all social virtue shone ;
 Blush, foolish man, by brutes to be outdone !

May no rude hand disturb his peaceful grave,
 Who us'd as nature taught, what nature gave ;
 For nature's gift to use in nature's way,
 Is all the duty beast or man can pay.

The following lines by Mr. PRATT, it
 is presumed, will not be thought inapplica-
 ble to the subject :—

And thou, my faithful Tiny*, household friend,
 Who, tho' twelve months of absence have elaps'd
 Since last we met—an age in thy short span !
 Flew to my lap, and with an honest joy
 Confess'd a friend !—most welcome thy true love !
 Ah longer livers, who have greater cause
 To recognize the hand that gave them bread,
 And held the cordial to their famish'd lip,
 In far less time have prov'd ingrate. On thee

* The name of a small Dog.

What more has been bestow'd than the small crumbs,
Ev'n from the genial board, where I, like thee,
Was but a guest. I gave thy perquisite
Haply a little earlier, but reserv'd
For Tiny's banquet. Yet thy memory
Of this scant boon retains a kinder sense
Than thou, Avaro, who, in one short day,
The day of trouble too, forgot the man
Who from a wreck built up thy bark again,
And sent thee proudly on a golden voyage;
From whence return'd, thou saw'st thy helping friend,
Saw'st thy preserver struggling with the storm,
And left him to the billow.

Ode on a favourite Lap-Dog.

PRETTY, sportive, happy creature,
Full of life and full of play,
Taught to live by faithful nature,
Never canst thou miss thy way.

By her dictates kind instructed,
Thou avoid'st each real smart;
We, by other rules conducted,
Loose our joy to shew our art.

Undisguis'd

Undisguis'd each reigning passion,
 When thou mov'st or look'st we see;
 Were the same with us the fashion,
 Happy mortals should we be.

WEEKLY AMUSEMENT.

Epitaph.

GEN'ROUS of temper, as by nature brave,
 Tho' thy uncoffin'd bones to dust descend,
 Still not without a trophy is thy grave,
 For thine the pensive Muse and mourning friend.

Thine was the magic eye that mark'd each thought,
 So brightly clear its glance all words supply'd;
 Thy light'ning look the ready meaning caught,
 And gave what nature to thy tongue deny'd.

Mild as the lambkin's was thy wool-white vest,
 By art improv'd with all affection's care,
 Soft as that fleecy mantle was thy breast,
 And kind, as gentle peace, thy voice and air.

Yet when thy blood was chaff'd, that skin so sleek,
 Like arrowy bristles of the tusky boar
 Wou'd rise indignant, and that voice so meek,
 Enflam'd by wrongs, would like the lion's roar.

Yet

Yet for a heart—not he of humour's race
 The chief, of fancy and of feeling form'd,
 Thy heart—not Yorick's Toby would disgrace,
 Not one more kind his corporal's bosom warm'd.

PRATT.

The Shepherd and his Dog.

ON a green slope, beneath a hawthorn's shade,
 Poor Will, the shepherd, carelessly was laid;
 His nibbling flocks were busied all around,
 Some on the high, and some the low land ground;
 The faithful Trusty watching near his side,
 In which his master took a world of pride.
 And now the swain uplifts his pensive eyes,
 Surveying round the clear expanded skies,
 Beheld the sun with mid-day lustre shine,
 From which he learnt it was his hour to dine;
 His humble viands from his scrip he took,
 And from his pouch a tatter'd pious book,
 From which some grateful oraison he read,
 'Ere he partook his scanty share of bread;
 For small is now, alas! each poor man's lot,
 And meagre hunger stares from out each cot:
 Yet whatso'er might prove the shepherd's fare,
 He scorn'd to stint his Trusty in his share.

But

But while he eats, his usual portion gives,
 Which his poor slave right thankfully receives,
 Wags his frank tail, and fondles at his feet
 For crumbs of bread—for he had seldom meat.
 Now while he hous'fs out his humble meal,
 Trying how much to Trusty he can deal,
 Pats his lean sides, with many a tender stroke,
 Then straight as tenderly to him he spoke :
 " Thou little know'st, poor Trusty, of thy state,
 " Thou little know'st what miseries await
 " On thee, I fear, and all thy wretched kind,
 " Plann'd and contriv'd within some human mind :
 " As with fidelity they were at strife,
 " A price is set upon thy harmless life.
 " Faithful to me thou'st been, and to my fold,
 " In burning summers, and in winter's cold,
 " In early morning, or in evening late,
 " In darksome nights a guardian to my gate :
 " In roads of peril hast thou been my guide,
 " Thro' wayward paths, o'er dreary heaths, and wide,
 " And when we've ceas'd the wearying hills to roam,
 " Thou'st cheer'd my heart with little tricks at home.
 " Must I resign thee!—that shall never be,
 " Or tamely part with such sincerity?
 " No!—while these hands possess the pow'r to toil,
 " Or while these lands yield nurture from the soil,
 " Thou shalt partake while here on earth I live,
 " Then beg to die, when I've no more to give.

G. S. CAREY.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Lap-dog.

To courts accustom'd, yet to cringe aſham'd,
 Of perſon lovely, as in life unblam'd,
 Skill'd in thoſe gentle and prevailing arts,
 Which lead directly to ſoft female hearts;
 A kind partaker of the quiet hour,
 Friend of the parlour, partner of the bow'r,
 In health, in ſickneſs, ever faithful found,
 Yet by no ties, but ties of kindneſs, bound;
 Of inſtinct, nature, reaſon, what you will,
 For to all duties he was conſtant ſtill.
 Such was the being underneath this ſhrine:
 Study the character, and make it thine.

A LITTLE Spaniel Bitch ſtrayed into the
 theatre in Drury-lane, and fixed upon
 Mr. Beard as her maſter and protector;
 ſhe was conſtantly at his heels, and attend-
 ed him on the ſtage in the character of
 Hawthorn. She died much lamented,
 not only by her maſter, who was a mem-
 ber of the Beef Steak Club, but by all the
 other members. At one of their meetings,

K

as

as many as chose it were requested to furnish, at the next meeting, an Epitaph.—Among divers, preference was given to the following, from the pen of the late worthy John Walton, author of many beautiful little pieces.

Epitaph.

BENEATH this turf a female lies,
That once the boast of Fame was ;
Have patience, reader, if you're wise,
You'll then know what her name was.

In days of youth (be censure blind)
To man she wou'd be creeping:
When, 'mongst the many, one prov'd kind,
And took her into—keeping.

Then to the stage she bent her way,
Where more applauded none was ;
She gain'd new lovers every day,
But constant still to—one was.

By players, poets, peers, address'd,
No bribe, nor flatt'ry mov'd her,
And tho' by all the men caress'd,
Yet all the women lov'd her.

Some

Some kind remembrance then bestow,
Upon the peaceful sleeper!
Her name was Phillis, you must know,
One Hawthorn was her keeper.

F I N I S.

Some kind of resemblance then being
found in the general aspect
of the name was Philip, you may know
One Hawthorn was his father

And the name of the mother was

And the name of the mother was

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