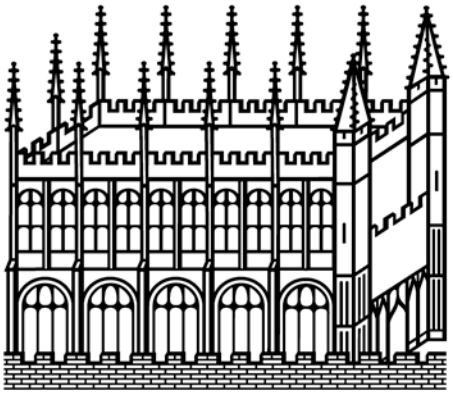
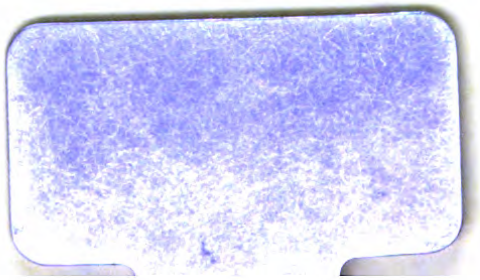


THE LIFE OF A DOG

BY THOMAS MILLER

The life and remarkable adventures of a dog

Thomas Miller, Harrison Weir, H. N. Woods, Sears, Dean & Son



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THE LIFE
AND
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES
OF A DOG.

BY THOMAS MILLAR,
AUTHOR OF "ROYSTON GOWER," "TALES OF THE SEASONS," "POEMS FOR CHILDREN,"
&c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR.

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1857.

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A DOG.

BOW, wow, wow! I know what I know, though I never had any schooling, but picked up what I have learned, as I many a time did my dinner, by hunting about the streets. Often, while lying under the table, or in a corner, as they thought asleep—you all know what a dog's sleep is!—I have heard this, that, and the other person talk of their troubles, and after they have done I have coiled myself up, and with one eye fixed on my tail have looked at it for the hour together, and thought of the troubles I have gone through. Johnny, that they make so much

fuss about, may have had the measles very bad, and may have suffered a good deal in cutting his teeth—but had he ever the mange? "Bow, wow, wo—." I could'nt get another "wow" out —no, not if it would save my tail—when I think of what I went through when I had that complaint; like the "amen" which a play-actor, that was once my master, used to talk about when he had to get off the part of Mr. Macbeth —"it sticks in my throat." "Bow, wow"— what did I not endure! I could no more help having it than little Johnny could help having the chicken-pock or ring-worm; and it was hard to be turned out into the street for it.

That was the beginning of my troubles—and I was but very young and very little then—and what to do I didn't know. I went and sat down opposite the door of the house in which I was born—at the same time as my little blind brother and sister first came into this world of trouble— and I thought my master would relent and take me in again; but often he came out and threw something at me, and, when I came back again, offered a boy a penny to hang or drown me, and

which the cruel boy would have done if he could have caught me. I thought it high time to be off for good and all; and I did run, I can tell you, when I saw a savage-looking butcher-boy after me, with the rope in his hands. Hot and thirsty through running for my life, with my tongue hanging out and my tail hanging down, I stole up to a cab-stand, where a long row of buckets, filled with cool water, stood, and was about to lap a little, to quench my thirst, when one of the cabmen aroused the waterman, who was asleep, with the cry of "Jim, he's got the mange!" Jim made a kick at me, and off I again ran, with the whole rank of cabmen after me with their whips. I got under a little cart, which some poor children, while drawing, had stopped to argue about who was to pull and who was to push behind, and a little bare-footed girl seeing me, lifted me in, to give me a ride along with a baby, that crowed again when it saw me, and stared at me with its large round eyes. I went on very well through several streets, when, in turning a corner, they upset the cart, "baby and all," and as the child's mother came up in a

passion, and began to beat them, I again took to my heels, having had a good drink beside a water-butt that leaked.

While I sat down under a gateway, scratching my head with one of my hind paws, as some people will do while thinking—though it's a very doggish habit, after all—I remembered that I had a brother called Bob, who lived with an ostler, in a stable-yard, and who had called to see me once or twice, and who always came up with a "how-do" sort of wag in his tail when I had passed him in the street; and I thought, at last, that I couldn't do better than ask his advice as to the best way of getting a living. I knew he was a dog who went about a good deal, and knew a great many more dogs, and I thought it very likely that he might tell me of a place; for masters are ever changing us—some run away, others are stolen, many are enticed away. I always avoided sausage-shops. I never could bear the sound of a sausage-machine, though I have had many a whistle and many a coax to get me inside; for I have lost many a friendly dog in the course of my life at the doors of those

houses, and my advice to all dogs is, on no account to run over a cellar-flap when they hear the machine at work, for there's no knowing what might happen, and no jury of dogs could swear to a single hair of your tail after you are once made into sausage-meat. Well, as I was saying, I made a call on my brother Bob, whom I found easy enough; and no sooner had I got into the stable-yard than a low ostler sort of a fellow, who was with Bob's master, pushed to the yard doors, and said, "We'll have a fight."

Fighting's a disgrace at any time, but to have to fight your own brother, "Bow-wow!" I took it very hard indeed, when I saw how little my brother wanted urging on; nay, to this day, I think that he rather liked it than not. Perhaps he thought I wanted a share of the bones that were lying about—that he knew I had come to ask a favour of him; and I have mingled enough with dogs to know that, even in the best brought up families, there are those who would try to pick a quarrel with a relation sooner than do a kindness, if they thought they could get off that

way. Well, he came at me, as I thought very savagely, though I said to him, "Don't be so foolish, Bob; what have you and I got to fight about; am I not a friend and a brother? It's all very well for those who are trying to set us together by the ears; but how would they like to have their throats torn and their ears pulled out by the roots? A blow with the fists, which we cannot give, as we have no fists to double up and strike with, is very different from tearing each other to pieces with the teeth. Let that blackguard fellow who set us to fight just have one taste of our manner of fighting. Why, I would be bound to have his nose clean off at one good, fair, savage bite, and leave no more of it than if it had been held tight for an hour to the edge of a fast-turning grindstone." And I gave a snap as I said so, which made my brother Bob jump again, for I had a good sharp set of white teeth in my head in those days. But Bob said he must fight, it was all his master kept him for, and that he must beat me, too, or be forced to leave his place. So finding it was of no use to reason further, and not wishing to hurt Bob—for I

found at the first stroke that I was his master —and having received a kick from the brutal ostler who first set us on, I returned the kick with a good bite at the calf of his leg, cleared the yard gate at a bound—to Bob's great surprise—and left the low fellow with a taste of the agony dogs have to endure when they fight.

After this I set off to go I knew not whither, for I was very low and sad at heart. I thought of calling on my sister Floy, who lived with a lady, but the last time I met her, led like a slave in a chain, she set her teeth at me and growled; so I thought I had had enough of relations for once.

I had often thought it very hard, while I was only a puppy, that I should be given to my master's children for a plaything; that when they pulled at my bit of a tail, or dragged with all their might at my ears, or thrust their little fingers into my mouth, and I squealed ever so little, I was called an ill-natured little beast, and often driven out of the room, which, if deserved at all, ought to have been done to the children for hurting me. Yet, for all this, I

never bit or snapped at one of them in my life. I felt all this that night—"Bow, wow—wow"—all the more through having that complaint on me, and having been turned out of doors because of it—left without a bed or a bone; but most of all did I think of the reward offered to hang or drown me, when I had done nothing deserving of death.

I was always fond of children; and perhaps these thoughts came into my head through stopping to look at some children standing in an open doorway, watching a dirty old woman, who smelt of gin and snuff, clean the door-steppings. A pretty little boy saw me, and began to cry because I would not come; when I, thinking it would please him if I just went up the steps, licked his hand, and wagged my tail a few times, for his amusement, and also that it would give my mind some little ease, and drive away the harsh thoughts which, the moment before, I had in my head about my master's children—I went up, though not without getting a slight blow on my back from the old charwoman, which I did not deserve, as I cleared the three

steps she had just washed at a bound, without setting my foot on one. She had better have left me alone. She was an old woman full of deceit, and I knew it the moment I turned my eye on her, as she struck me.

She had handed her pail and scrubbing-brush, cloths and hearthstone, to the servant-maid down the area steps, and having got her money, was going home; when, seeing the children playing with me, while their pretty young mother stood looking at us from the parlour door that opened into the passage or hall, the old woman, in her sneaking, whining way, said, "Little Billy will give old Betty her basket from behind the door, when he has done playing with that sweet, pretty, good-tempered dog. Poor Carlo!" meaning me, "how pleased he is! How he wags his nice bushy tail! Even the dogs love your children, marm," meaning the mother; "and well they may; they are sich angels!" How long the deceitful old flatterer might have gone on there is no knowing; but seeing the basket she had placed ready to take away standing behind the door, while playing with the children, I managed

to upset it, and giving the old shawl she had placed over it a shake, out rolled soap and candles, tea and sugar, butter and meat, and a pair of lady's shoes, into the passage, and along the floor, before the very eyes of the lady and her husband, who came out when he heard his wife exclaim, "Oh! you bad, wicked old woman! This honest dog has found the thief out at last, who has been robbing us for months past, and causing us constantly to change our servants. Get away, and never let me see your face again; if you do, I'll have you put in prison."

Oh! what a supper I had that night! And such a clean warm stable to sleep in. And next morning, when the gentleman saw that it was only the mange I had, he told his ostler what to do with me; and as I had found the thief out, and been the means of getting rid of her, I was at once a favourite with master, mistress, and children; and in a few weeks, for a young dog, as fine a looking fellow as any gentleman would wish to have to follow. My sister Floy came pressing up to me now, as dogs will do when you are better off, and do not need their help. "No,

Floy," I said; "though I forgive, I cannot forget that when I had neither bed nor bone, and was very ill, you growled at me, or else passed by, and turned your eyes another way. You did not even say, 'Poor fellow!' which would have been a comfort to me then; for pity, when sincere, is a comfort to the distressed. I will just wag my tail when we pass, for our poor mother's sake; but never more will we rub noses together, Floy, until you say that you are sorry for having slighted me! No, never, never more until then."

I spoke more harshly to Floy than I felt towards her, and although she tossed her head with a kind of "Well, I'm sure, sir," kind of air, still I could see a moisture gathering in her bright, black eyes, which told me that, although she was pretty, and vain, and thoughtless, as many beauties are, her heart was still in the right place. At that very moment I could not only have given her the bone out of my mouth, but champed it into little bits first for her, to have saved her teeth, even if it would have taken me a long day to have crunched it for her. Dogs

have no cambric handkerchiefs to put to their eyes, if they want to make a show of grief; and it is better so, for, as I went home, I shed real tears. I felt them run down my cheeks, and fall cold on my black nose-end. Oh! how happy should I have been could I but have rubbed that cold, unhappy nose against sister Floy's, before I coiled round upon my clean straw! Alas! that pride, which we, in our short-sighted wisdom, call duty, and vainly think it becoming in us to assume, brings its own just punishment! Had I rubbed noses with pretty Floy, when she held down her head, I should have gone home a far happier dog than I did that night.

Dogs dream. And that night, in my sleep, I seemed changed into the form of a dandy, though still a dog in every feeling. It served me right for my pride. I thought they forced boots on my hind feet that were too little for me, pinched in at the ends, where I wanted the most room, as nature formed the toes spreading out; and in these, I dreamt, they compelled me to walk. My own barking at the fancied pain awoke me. Then I slept after a time, but only to dream again.

Then I seemed put into stays, to make me narrow-waisted, while the laces were drawn so tight that I found it difficult to breathe. Coat, vest, and pants were put on me so tight that they seemed glued on my skin. Then gloves were thrust on my fore-paws; but oh!—agony of agonies!—they seemed to bind a leather stock round my neck, which cut like iron; it was such as soldiers wear. The choking sensation awoke me, and I thanked Heaven that I was only a dog after all, and resolved never to give way to my proud feelings again, but all my life to remain an humble, kind, and honest dog. Alas! like a bad dog, I soon broke through these good resolutions; and although I never was wilfully what may be called a wicked dog, yet swerving from what I knew to be the right path caused me many a time to become a sad dog, and left me so that, at times, I could neither eat nor drink heartily, nor sleep soundly.

While in this desponding state I was lured away from home. Dogs never drink when they are low-spirited—there is no such thing as a "drunken dog," and it is unfair and unmanly to

apply the name of a dog to persons who drink more than they should do. But what I did was almost as bad. I allowed myself to be overpowered by some powerful drug, and followed a dog-stealer down a bye-street, where he kept me prisoner for days, and so altered my appearance that neither my brother Bob nor my sister Floy could have known me had they met me in the street. As I was young, he began to break me in for a performing dog. My dream came true. My hind legs were thrust into boots, I wore a spangled coat, ruff, and plumed hat, was compelled to shoulder a little musket, to fire it off, to dance to music, to spell names, to find the days of the month, to beg hat in hand, to bow politely, and never on any account to put my fore-legs to the ground, until my hard taskmaster dropped his hand. I had my beatings at first three or four times a-day, far more regularly than I ever had my bread; I knew almost to the very minute when I should catch it. If I rose not with my fore-paws up the instant he entered the back kitchen, where I was chained to the table leg, I catched it; if I fell on my fore-feet a second

before he dropped his hand, or a second after, I catched it. He would have it done at the self-same motion of time. I was almost worn to death through rehearsing before showmen and street performers, who came to see what tricks I could do, and offer money for me. I knew what I was doomed for, and longed for the day when I should make my appearance before the public. But he had another trick to teach me before it came to that, which was to obey his whistle, so that when he had sold me I might, instantly the signal was given, run off, follow him, and be sold again. I was a dull dog for a long time, as regarded this last roguish trick. But I understood him well enough at last, especially when he allowed a brother dog-stealer to take me—for they obliged one another in acts of villany. This accomplice would take me out secured at first by a very long ball of twine; a beautiful piece of juicy and tender meat was placed before, such as would make any dog wag his tail, and lick his lips; the whistle was heard, I stopped to finish the dainty morsel, and when he came to beat me for not coming instantly, ran as fast as a pick-

pocket at the cry of "Stop thief," until half hanged by the sudden tightening of the long strong string. Then I did catch it, if you please, when he came up. Even now I sometimes fancy that I feel those blows, but that may be old age and rheumatism. I was still at bottom a determined dog, and resolved that, whatever he might be, I would act honestly towards him who bought me, so long as I was treated as a good dog ought to be. For I disliked him for making me learn that last roguish trick. He sold me for a large amount—followed me a week after, and with his fingers in his mouth, whistled until he was black in the face. I drew large audiences in the street, got my little helmet filled with halfpence every time I performed, and kept my honest resolution. The dog-stealer at last grew furious, threw a large stone at me from the crowd, which fortunately went through a shop window, and so saved my life. He was collared on the spot, taken before a magistrate, and it was there proved that he had sold me to another man, who had paid him part of the purchase-money; so that the whole of his villanous plot was discovered, and he was impri-

soned with hard labour. I never was a revengeful dog, but when my new master, who was a kind man, took me one day to see the old dog-stealer, I could not resist giving him a "Bow-wow-wow!" when I saw him on the tread-mill; I knew there was nothing he could throw at me at hand, and as to his shaking his fist, I didn't mind that a bit. But he was my enemy ever after, and if there had been just laws for dogs, I should have sworn my life against him after he came out, and had him bound to keep the peace in heavy sureties.

It was a weary and trying life, performing in the burning hot streets of London, about every half hour in the day, during the dog days, for that was the season when I first appeared before the public. But firing that little musket, biting the ends off the cartridges, and getting the dry powder into my mouth, was not the worst that I had to endure—the leather cross-belt cut my shoulders—the red coat, when in the blazing sunshine, burnt my back, the stiff stock choked me, and the big heavy helmet made my head ache, and slipped over my eyes. Mischievous boys were also con-

stantly dropping something or another into my large pouch, where I kept my cartridges; the ends of these my kind master would sometimes undo, and put them back again, as the powder would bob up when I bit too hard or too quick, and make me sneeze. I had always been taught to aim at my master, who used to fall back as if wounded into the arms of his partner; this was a part of the performance, and drew in a good deal of money. One day a corn-chandler's boy dropped a quantity of hard dry peas into my pouch, some of which must have fallen into one of the cartridges, which my kind master had torn open for me. I only found this out through opening my cartridge-box after the accident had happened. I aimed at him as usual, and guess my amazement and affright when I heard him exclaim, "I am shot, I am shot dead!" and saw the blood streaming from his face. The crowd applauded and clapped their hands; but I knew what I had done—I had played my part too life-like at last. I hardly know what I did, but when I heard him cry out, "Kill the dog, kill the dog, he is firing real shot!" I dropped my musket

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and ran for it, the whole crowd at my heels. Two opposition omnibuses were racing, and going all the faster, because one had run into a gig, and overturned the driver into the road. I sprang on the steps, and one of the cartridges exploded, how, I never knew to this day; the conductor saw me, heard the report, and jumped into the road. What or whom he took me for I can but guess. I steadied myself by the strap as I took his place, after peeping inside, which caused all the lady passengers to faint, excepting a very pretty girl, who laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and the stout old gentleman who roared so with delight, that his hearty laugh brought on a fit of coughing, especially when the driver pulled up about a mile down the road, as he had been told, and not hearing the door close as soon as he expected, exclaimed, "Now, sleepy Sam, *is* you going to be all day?" when I answered, "Bow-wow-wow!"

I never cared much for pictures, though, in my life-time, I have been an artist's dog, and compelled to stand in all sorts of unnatural attitudes while he made his sketch (you have seen me in

the printsellers' windows, here with my feet over a pie, there sitting as a judge, now keeping guard over a parrot that had got the pip, next watching a baby sucking its coral rattle), but all that was business, and as we were compelled to study how to live, with something like stoical severity, we followed no particular school nor style, and as for nature alone, that didn't pay, so I stood in all sorts of unnatural positions. And my master managed to get bread and cheese and beer, while I sometimes got a "bunch" of dog's-meat. But what I meant to say about a picture was, that I should like to have had engraved on a nice brass collar, the likeness of that driver, when he got down from his box, to see what had become of his conductor, and saw me in his place, with one paw holding on by the strap. Both his eyes and mouth gradually opened wider and wider, as he gazed at me in dumb amazement, exclaiming at last, in a kind of gasping speech, "Who is it? What is it? Where did it come from?" And, but for the laughter of the pretty maiden and the stout old gentleman, I do believe he would have run away, and never have driven that omnibus again.

I might have done well on my own account then, if I had but chosen to have worn my undogly attire, for I had only to walk into a shop on my hind-legs, make my usual bow, and fill my helmet with halfpence. For I had long ago, while out performing, walked into dog's-meat shops and purchased my own meat, depositing my money on the cutting-block. I have, at times, met other dogs who did the same, and I once proposed getting up a dog-club, where we might meet and dine together; but one objected to meeting this dog, and another that; so that like many a dog that once carried his tail high, it at last fell to the ground.

By the help of another dog I soon got rid of my ridiculous attire, and for several days I ran about where my fancy led me, for there was something very delightful in the feeling that I was again free; for liberty is sweet, even to a dog. But this I did not enjoy long, for in a few days the walls were placarded over with notices, that "All dogs found astray would be shot." My poor brother Bob was almost one of the first that fell a victim to this severe law. With us, if only one dog is found in a rabid state, we all have to

suffer for it—the innocent for the unfortunate. And as to muzzling us, I should like to know how those who made that law would like to be muzzled themselves—to have their mouths buckled up so tightly, that they cannot even move their jaws? Strap them up that way, when they want to sneeze, and see what they'll say to that. I know what it is, and it makes my eyes water to think of it.

Some who would be thought clever people, have written a great deal of bow-wow-wow about our having no reason, but being gifted with instinct. What's the difference, I should like to know? When I turn down a wrong street in going home, how do I find the right one? Did anybody ever see me stop a policeman and ask him to direct me to where I wanted to go? I should think not, indeed; dogs are much wiser than many people who think themselves our betters. Reason, indeed! They should hear what we have to say, when a dozen or so of us get together, and they would soon find that we had reasons enough, and to spare. I do not find any fault with our being taxed; it is nothing but

right that we should contribute to the expenses of the state, though I think there ought to be a union kennel for poor old worn out dogs, and a poor-rate levied for our support when we are past labour. I have known many a faithful old watch-dog, when he had no longer strength to bark, that has been turned out into the street and left to starve and die, unpitied—excepting by his brother dogs. Men even sometimes drown us in the very rivers of which they drink.

But I am forgetting my own eventful life while advocating the rights of my barking brotherhood. My next master was an old miser, who tempted me into his ruinous back-yard, by the offer of a nice brown crust, which he put into his pocket and ate for his own supper after he had bolted me safely in, and pointed out to me the rotten tub in which I was to sleep. The skin of my predecessor, who died of starvation, hung in the yard to season and dry. He had offered it for sale to several skin-collectors, but asked more for it than they could afford to give. I used to lie in my kennel and look at that skin for hours, and think, if it could speak like me, what a tale

of trouble and suffering it would reveal. He not only did not feed me, but took away the very bones which I picked up in the streets, and laid them aside to sell, and I'm sure some of them were at times so hard and dry, that they would almost have required Nasmyth's steam-hammer (which I have heard engineers talk about under public-house benches) to have broken them. I soon found out that the old miser was terribly afraid of being robbed, and, to spite him for starving me, I used to begin to bark as loud as ever I could whenever the rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew my hair the wrong way up. Then he used to come down, coughing and sneezing, with a candle in his hand, and say, "Good dog; where are they?" and though he couldn't understand what I meant, I would say to him, as plain as dog could bark, "I have fetched you out of bed, you old skin-flint, for taking the bone from me to-day which I found, and for putting it in the dust-bin and shutting the lid down, so that I couldn't get at it. You are such an old niggard, that you would spend a whole night hunting for a flea in a blanket, if, after it

was caught and skinned, and carried to market, you could get a farthing for its hide. If you think the shelter of this rotten old tub is reward enough for watching your house and guarding your ill-gotten wealth, without giving me a mouthful of food of any kind, why—*I* don't. You're not worthy of a good, faithful dog for a servant; neither will I be true to you. You may cough and sneeze; I've no pity on you, not the least; and, unless you behave better to me, I'll as surely bark you out of bed every rainy and windy night, as I live, even if I get a cold, hoarseness, and sore throat through it. Now go your way, and be very thankful if I don't have you down again as soon as you get warm and comfortable between the sheets. You don't deserve an honest dog."

But, bad and mean as he was, I would not look on and see him robbed, for a dog has his own notions of honour, and when I was once outside his gate I was as free as the winds to go wherever I chose, so that it was my own fault if I stayed with him a single hour longer than I pleased. Thieves *did* come one night, and threw

me down a piece of drugged meat, but I was too wary a dog to touch it, for there was something about the smell which told me that it wasn't all right. My word! wasn't he frightened that night, when he got up and saw one of them at the top of the gate, but who was afraid to alight, lest I should plant my sharp white bone-breakers in the calf of his leg? I never saw any one tremble so much in my life as he did. No; while I remained with him, with the exception of barking him up now and then, I was honest. "Two blacks don't make a white," as I have heard wise old dogs say who had picked up a few proverbs; and if he didn't behave well to me, that was no reason why I should behave ill to him. There may be men who act in that way to one another, but not dogs who really pride themselves in our name. I knew one thoughtless, indiscreet little fellow, who had as good a situation and as kind a master as ever a dog wagged his tail to, that was ruined for life through eating drugged meat which had been thrown to him by thieves, and which he had no sooner devoured than (as he told me) "he felt

as if he had neither a bark nor a bite left in him." I have never forgotten that, and when left to watch a place, however hungry I might feel, would not be tempted to take food from suspicious-looking hands.

One dark rainy night I had been out a little later than usual, seeing another dog that I knew a little way home, when we got into a long "barkation" about one thing and another, and I suppose I did not pay much regard to the clocks: however, when I got to the old miser's gate, I found it closed, and myself shut out. Without making any bother about the matter, I just gave myself a curl round, so as to find a warm place for my nose, and resolved to pass the night outside the gate, when a poor lame boy came up and began patting me, and calling me a poor fellow, and said if I would get up and go home with him, though he could only find me a dry crust to eat, I should sleep on the door mat, and he would drag it to the warmest place in the room. So I thought, "Well, kindness is everything, and, though you are poor, I'll go with you," for I was as sick as any dog could be of

the old miser's selfishness; so I got up and went along with him, waiting for him every now and then after I had run on a little way before, for he was very lame indeed.

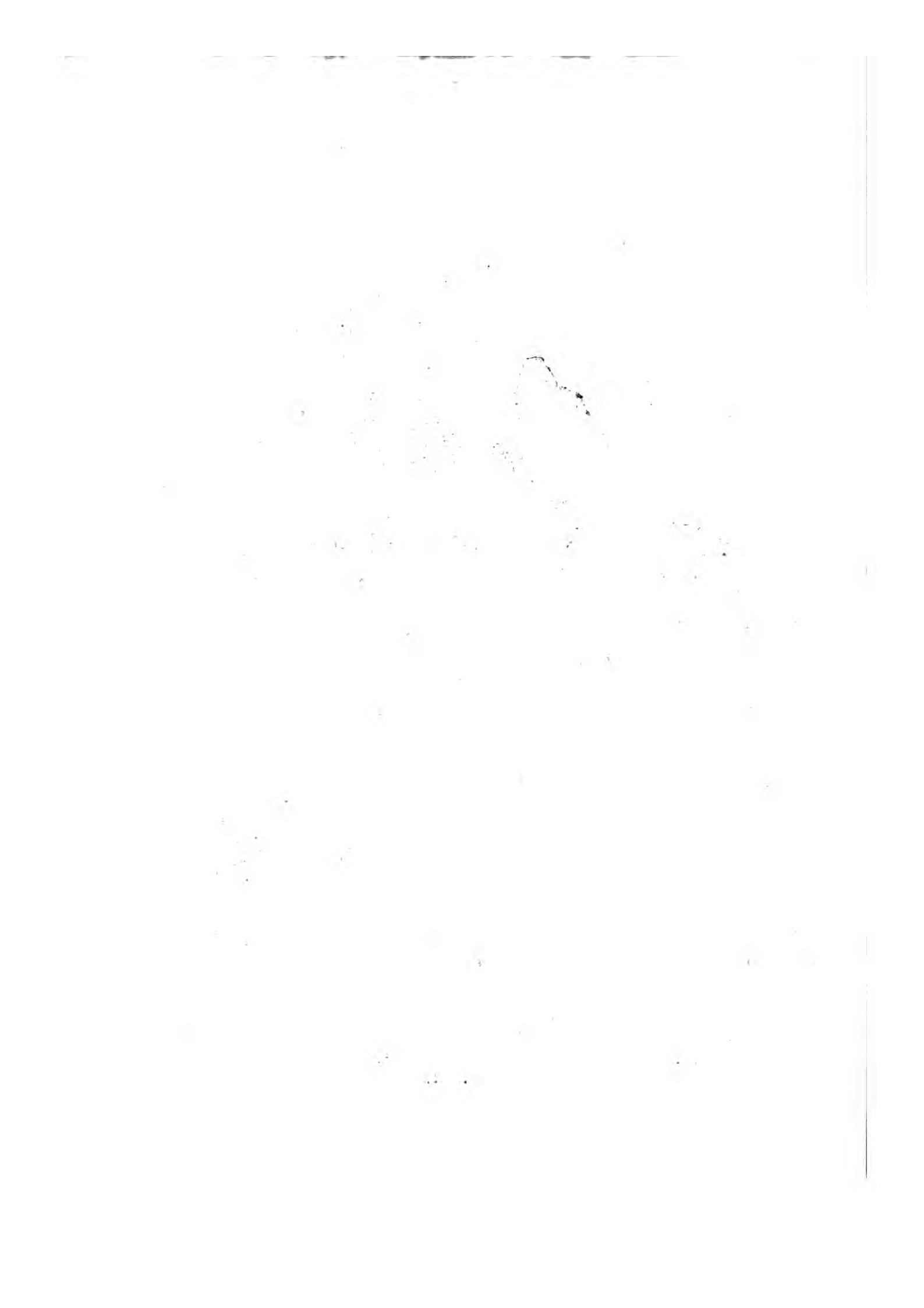
How pleased he seemed every time I stopped and wagged my tail, and put my cold nose in his hand, and looked up at him whenever we came to where a gas-lamp threw both our shadows on the wet pavement. It may be through having been an artist's dog for some time that I take more notice of things than many dogs would do, but it looks very funny in wet weather to see the shadows of men moving along the pavement with their heads downwards. It has often struck me, whilst watching them move along, that it would fare a good deal better with many of them if they looked a little more to their steps, and took more heed of their ways.

I was not happy with the poor lame boy, although I was greatly attached to him; other dogs less conscientious might have been; but when I found him pinching himself to feed me, giving me the very bit out of his mouth when he needed it himself, I felt that I ought not to stay

with him, but look about to do something for my own living. So I left him with a feeling of grief and pity, though I would have given him my very tail if I could have served him by doing so, for in my experience I have ever found the most kindness from those who had the least to give; it may be that the poor have fewer things to love than the rich, or that they have a fellow-feeling with everything that suffers; that having to endure a great many privations, they can—"Bow, wow, wow!" I must not give way to my feelings; there, I've wiped my eyes with my paw, for what can I do for the poor but pity and love them, when I am only a dog?

I have said that at one time I was an artist's dog; an animal painter he called himself, but such animals as he placed before me, to get what he called attitude from, human eye never saw. He would throw an old brush on the floor, and call "rat, rat," just as if I did'nt know the difference, and expect me to set at it, and shake it, as if it were alive. I have been at play-houses with some of my masters, and seen actors do this sort of thing, but I used to think it hard to expect a

dog to get into a passion with a bit of wood and a few bristles; in short, I used to tell him as well as I could that "I was a dog, not trained to assume what I could neither feel nor care for." I had to swim in a tub of water; hold a stick in my mouth; stand with my head tied down to the leg of his easel, as if scenting game; lie still and look fixedly at him whenever he spoke; keep guard over a piece of dirty rag, a make-believe for a "blessed babby" that was asleep; become a mourner over the coal-scuttle, though it did not need much to make me look sorrowful, for the picture dealers ran us down so in price that I had as much difficulty to get a paunch now and then as he had to get a polony to his bread. Poor fellow, if he had kept half the variety of dogs he painted, as he professed, from the life, all his pictures would have been illustrations of anatomy, for even my own bones showed through the canvas. High art, indeed! We lived in an attic, if that was anything near it, but they paid him such wretched prices, that he could not afford to do justice to his own genius; for, besides myself, he had a wife and five children to keep.




WATER
FOR
DOGS.

Now and then he lent me to portrait-painters, and a really kind creature would hold me in her lap, and think a great deal more of me than she did of herself; play with me, and talk to me, and oh! you should have seen her portrait when it was finished! "Bow, wow, wow!" those were the only ones that ever made me wish I had been born a man instead of a dog. Sometimes I had to stand for a lamb, while the young lady held a crook as a shepherdess.

Some think dogs have no gratitude, but they have, although they seldom make any display of it. Many a dog have I known keep watch all night over the house at the Fleet Street entrance of Clifford's Inn, though the kind dog-loving soul, who every day puts out tubs with "Water for dogs" written up over them, never knew that he had such faithful and grateful guardians outside. No one ever heard of that house being robbed, nor ever will while a dog is left alive that has the power to bark; nay, I have known a dozen of us meet together there in the moonlight, and get up a serenade to show how much we loved this good water-giving Samaritan.

It's true enough, we didn't meet with much applause from the neighbours, who threw up their windows, and ordered the police to disperse us, but if they had no ear for our music, the fault was their own; everybody cannot be dogs, however much they may try—more's the pity! As for myself, I have run a full mile before now, without stopping, to get out of the noise of what mankind call singing.

I have been once bundled headlong—nay, why should I mince the truth?—kicked out of a room for howling, during the time that some one was screeching in a shrill loud *falsetto*. It went fairly through my ears, and for the life of me I couldn't help howling. A full chorus of cats at night serenading some sleek and bashful tabby, who would not quit the attic window at which she sat in the silver moonlight, looking down upon her lovers, was dulcet music to me compared to it.

I have heard some dogs say, that the happiest days they ever spent in their lives, was when they were old-maids' pets. I tried it once, and didn't like it; even the living, costly, and shame-

fully so, as it was, was not that which a dog would choose. Then to be constantly fondled and nursed!—to be woke up just as you are dropping asleep!—to be pressed against their snuffy noses!—half-stifled with musk and other old-maidish scents!—not to be allowed to have any followers, nor go out to see company—to be washed, and combed, and rubbed with all sorts of things, if even you are only seen to scratch yourself—but worse than all, to be crammed until you can't breathe, and, when you can eat no more, handed over to some dog-doctor, as I was, before I had been an old-maid's pet six weeks. Well might I howl, and run under my old wrinkled mistress's petticoat, when the fellow looked at me out of the corner of his malicious eye, and said that "in the course of a week he could make me so well that I could eat anything." It's true enough I did bite him when he laid hold of me, for I knew I should catch it just the same when I got to his home, and that if he killed me he would lose the two guineas she had promised to pay him when he brought me back. So I had no fear of that. The physic he

gave me cost him a good deal of labour, and me a great deal of suffering. He never once changed my diet, but gave me stick for breakfast, stick for dinner, and stick, with a finishing kick, for supper; then left me to lap as much water as I liked, but even that luxury was far from clean.

On the third night I gnawed my cord asunder; and when he came next morning to give me stick, as usual, for breakfast, I was ready for him: for, standing on one side the door, I no sooner saw it opened, than off I shot at something like the speed of a race-horse's gallop. After me he came, puffing and blowing and shouting as hard as he could, "Stop that dog! Half-a-crown—five shillings—ten, if you stop him!" One or two made the attempt; but I had a good set of sharp white teeth then, and a way of showing them which said, "Do, at your peril."

So, after leading him a pretty good chase, much further than was necessary, had I pleased to go faster, I fairly knocked him up; and when I saw him fall exhausted by a garden wall, and knew that he had not breath enough left to cry "Stop him," for some time, at least, I came back,

and, sitting down within a few yards of him, gave him a parting "Bow-wow-wow!" In his anger, he threw his hat at me, for he had not strength to get up and take a stone from the middle of the road; it was nearly new, and the last thing I saw was an omnibus go clean over it with both wheels.

Whether he ever saw the old maid—my mistress—again or not, I never called on him to inquire, though I passed her a few weeks after with another pet tied to her by a blue ribbon, and I really pitied him, as I thought of the mountains of unsuitable food he would be compelled to eat, the sloth he would be forced to endure, and the healthy exercise he would have to forego. "Your end," said I to myself, "will be the stick doctor; and you are a dog too heavy-eyed and fat-headed ever to plan any escape. What a life will yours be! Only to eat, drink, and sleep; and then, perhaps, instead of resting your weary bones in the earth after you are dead, you will be stuffed, and have to stand for long years in a case, with a pair of glass eyes in your

unthinking head, and not allowed even the burial of a dog."

After this escape, I became a butcher's dog, and there I had plenty to eat; and, when I pleased, enough of exercise. It is true enough I had to do a great deal of barking, especially on market days. I rather like the sheep. I dare-say it's a feeling common to both men and dogs, each likes to have something to be master over. Poor silly things! how a harmless bark of mine would make them scamper; and if I had a run over their soft, warm, woolly backs, what a fright the whole flock would be in! I never bit but one in my life. I can say that, and put my paw on my heart. It was an old tup who would keep butting at me, and I did give his ear a pinch that made him shake his twisted horns, and scratch his head where it didn't itch. Pigs are stupid things; they squeal for nothing; and the only way to make them go the road you want, is to bark at them, and pretend to drive them a contrary way. They would, if they could, run up nineteen wrong streets at once—if they were

able to avoid the twentieth, along which you want them to go.

Horned bullocks, again, are extremely nasty things to drive; they are so fond of playing at "pitch and toss" with everything they meet. A prize ox once threw me clean into a parlour where the family were at dinner, and I came with my head into a tureen, just as the host was helping his guests to soup, which was rather too hot to be pleasant. But I made one bound from the table, and went out through the same opening at which I had been thrown in, with only a "Bow-wow!" by way of apology. I think I heard the master of the house swear, which was very wrong, especially after saying grace, though I was very sorry, not only at scalding my own nose, but sending the soup with a squelch all over the guests. His cook used too much cayenne pepper; one taste was enough for me.

I led a tolerably easy life at the butcher's, plenty to eat and drink, and not over much to do, though I had my share of fighting while there; some dogs will steal if they have a chance. Now, I could wink occasionally, and pretend to be

asleep, if some poor half-starved brother-dog came up and took away one or two of the fragments, outsides, parings, or "block ornaments," as they are called by the poor people who purchase them at twopence or threepence a pound. Such petty larceny I would seem not to see, for I knew that, in my younger days, hunger had driven me to do the same; and many a butcher's cleaver have I had shied at me for it. But when a great brazen-faced, well-fed thief of a dog came boldly up and laid hold of a shoulder of mutton by the shank, or made a dash at the rump of beef which was on the cut, that was more than flesh and blood could stand; and at him I used to go, without at all thinking about his size; and it's very strange how soon a dog, that would fight until he dropped in a good cause, sneaks off, and gives in, when he knows and feels that he is in the wrong. Depend upon it that conscience, in a bad cause, makes both men and dogs alike cowards.

It was very pleasant, lying in the sun at the door of the shop of an afternoon, when there was next to no meat hanging outside, no business

doing, and my fat master and mistress both asleep in their easy chairs in the back parlour. What heavy dinners they ate, surely! At such times I used to lie down and think about a many things, and wonder why our Jack carried such large joints to some houses, and never anything at all to others. "There's something in this world goes wrong," I have said to myself, "both with men and dogs." I tried hard, but I couldn't make it out at all to my own satisfaction; but I knew it was wrong somehow, and that the fault lay somewhere; so all I could do was to look up to the sky, and think, "If these things are not righted here, they will be somewhere else." So I used to coil myself round, give it up for a bad job, feel thankful that I had not a wife and five hungry little puppies to keep on a pound of meat a day, and go to sleep, blessing my stars that I was a dog, and that whatever might take place in my circumstances, I could always find a bone in some street or another, though perhaps after a good long hunt for it.

I do not know how many times I have been stolen and sold in the streets, in all manner of

disguises, having had false skins neatly sewed over me, and long ears attached to my own natural ones, and feathered with long-haired socks about the heels, like a bantam-cock. One day I was made up with greater care than usual, as a French poodle, with a tuft to my tail, and a fine curly mane, like a lion; but, to give elegance to my shape, they had sewed me up as tightly as an old stout lady laces her stays, to make herself look what she considers to be genteel; and the pain that pride inflicts upon itself, if it be anything like what I endured all that day, is indeed a severe punishment. I was led about a great deal before I was sold, for a large price was asked for me. In vain did I bark, to tell those who looked at me that it was all a take in—that the skin I wore was not my own; they regarded not my voice.

Towards evening a gentleman, returning from the City, and leading a beautiful girl by the hand, was pulled up by his pretty companion to admire me. I liked the expression of her sweet countenance, and though ashamed that I should have to represent what I really was not, yet I quite

longed to have her for my young mistress; and I reared up, licked her hand, wagged my tail, shook the tuft that was fastened to it, and asked her, as plain as I could bark, to purchase me, take me home, divest me of my disguise, and then I would serve her duly and truly, while ever she pleased to retain me. The gentleman, who was her uncle, and could not refuse her anything, purchased me at once, took me into a shop, and bought several yards of pink ribbon; and away I went trotting to the new home of my pretty mistress. Several dogs of my acquaintance, who knew me in spite of my disguise, gave three barks, which meant, "What a shame!" To which I replied, "It is; but what am I to do?"

From our frequent stoppages, I found that the rich merchant who had bought me had sent the carriage home from the City, and walked to his splendid West-end mansion with his sweet little niece, in order that he might show her the splendour of the London shops, for she was a young lady from the country; and the things that she took a fancy to, and which he purchased for her, and ordered to be sent home, must have

amounted to many pounds. I had not eaten anything all day, and was so hungry that if I could have torn my false skin off, I almost fancy I could have eaten it, by the time we reached my new home.

My pretty mistress, who had her own way in everything, ordered a large basin of milk and a loaf to be brought into the dining-room, and would insist upon feeding me with her own dear hand, before she tasted a morsel of dinner. I was so famished that I finished the whole half-quartern loaf and quart of milk at a meal. She clapped her hands with delight, and would make me lie down on the hearth-rug before the fire.

The sweet white loaf was new; and I had not lain many minutes before I felt myself swelling. This would have been misery enough had I no artificial covering to add to its agony; but when, in addition, I was as tightly bound in my false skin as stout needle and the strongest of fine twine could draw it together, some idea of the torment I endured may be imagined; especially by such ladies as lace themselves so tight that they can scarcely breathe, as I have known some

of my numerous mistresses to do—and they make a hearty dinner afterwards.

Guess the consternation of the child when she saw me rolling over and over, and swelling visibly before her pretty eyes as I lay howling in my great agony! I felt as if I had been put into a blacksmith's vice, and having been screwed up as tight as possible by hand, I had, by some kind of leverage, received an extra wrench. I made the whole house wring again by my incessant howling. I could not help it! while, with the tears streaming down her damask-rose-coloured cheeks, my dear little mistress went dancing about the dining-room, wringing her hands, and begging of them to send the carriage for the family doctor, to save my life.

It so chanced that the tall footman had been a bit of a dog-fancier in his days, and as he stooped down to examine me, he said I was a "duffer," and that if Miss would allow him he had no doubt but that he could soon restore me, if she would oblige him by finding a pair of sharp, small scissors. I understood every word he said, and no sooner were the scissors brought than I laid

still on the flat of my back, and held up my supplicating paws, like a pigeon lying with folded feet in a pie. The new bread and milk had by this time swollen me to such a size as to stretch the seam of my false skin, and show all the stitches, and never did I hear such a shriek as that beautiful girl gave, when she saw John cut straight along the whole length of my extended corporation, and beheld the false skin fall off, and lie spread out upon the hearth-rug.

It took some time to thoroughly uncase me; and when this was done, and I jumped and leaped up at my pretty mistress—licked her hands, and wagged my own real undisguised tail—I believe she liked me a thousand times better in my true, natural form, than she ever had done while under that false attire. But, oh! the amazement of the merchant's family and guests, when I came out in my true colours, was indescribable; especially that of one very knowing-looking young gentleman, who had been holding forth on my origin, making it out that all dogs came originally from the wolf, and giving no end of reasons why I had such a curled and woolly jacket. How the com-

pany laughed at him when I looked in his face, and gave a "Bow-wow-wow!"

I think I should have stayed a long time at the merchant's mansion if the cook had been content with one policeman for a sweetheart; but when she took to having two all at once, and I had to bear the blame for all the cold meat they both ate, I couldn't stand it. Her last choice was a countryman, who had brought up with him to London the appetite of three ordinary policemen. He would sit down and finish the half of the best end of a large shoulder of mutton, and all he left on the blade-bone, when he threw it to me, would hardly have been enough for the supper of a blue-bottle fly. He came on duty at midnight, as the other went off. One to three good honest pounds of meat, with what they called a sandwich—another full pound which they took out to eat on the beat—was more than a conscientious dog could be blamed for. If the merchant's wife wanted the cold sirloin, leg of lamb, ham, or tongue, the lying cook invariably said that I had been at it, and mangled and messed it in such a manner that it was not fit to appear

on the table again. I stood this for some time —much longer than many dogs would—until at last I could endure it no longer.

One night the merchant's brother came in rather suddenly off a long journey, hungry as a wolf, and my mistress, thinking the cook had gone to bed, came down stairs to see what there was in the larder. My pretty young mistress, the neice, came with her. The policeman with the three appetites had just sat down before about four pounds of as beautiful roast beef as ever looked into a fire, and had got the large sharp carving-knife in his hand, to "go the whole animal" in length, and a full inch thick. The cook heard them coming, and exclaimed, "Gracious goodness, John, here's the mistress! get into the pantry." John coolly took up the meat, half a loaf, and the knife, and resolved to lose no time while shut up, for I heard him begin his usual "champ, champ," the very moment the pantry door was closed. "The cold beef—send it up immediately, cook," said the merchant's wife. "I can't; the beast of a dog has eaten it again, as usual. I can keep nothing

for him." "Well," I thought to myself, "I'll be one with you at last, cookey;" and knowing my pretty little mistress was present, I commenced barking with all my might, and scratching at the pantry door. "What does doggy want?" said the kind-hearted little beauty, opening the door. There he was! with the large kitchen gas-burner flashing full upon him, the whole of the beef lying on and hanging over the half-loaf, with the knife in one hand, and his mouth so full that he was unable to speak—his eyes wide open in dumb amazement.

The cook fainted (it was no sham), as I took hold of the bottom of the policeman's trousers, and drew him out into the centre of the kitchen. My barking had drawn down the merchant and his brother; and the pretty niece, patting me with one hand and pointing to the policeman with the other, said, while her large-beaded eyes fairly laughed again, "That's one of the dogs, uncle, that has been eating up so much of the cold meat of late. I knew it wasn't my pet." But the cook didn't leave, after all, though I was forced to quit the house, which I did with an

aching heart. She made three attempts to poison me, and killed the cat by mistake, as it ate up the meat she had left out for me. When I saw the poor cat that used to play with me stretched out dead, I thought it was high time to be off, for I knew that my turn must come if I stayed—sooner or later; so, giving the cook a good sharp bite, one day as she was stooping down scouring a fish-kettle, clean through bustle and all, I shot out at the open door, and threw myself once more on the mercy of the wide world. I went to see the poor lame boy, and stayed with him a couple of days, to show my respect for him; and having bid him "Bow-wow," set off to look for a new place.

I have had a good deal of trouble in my day with my sister Floy's followers, especially over a tinker's dog, who was always hanging about the house, and setting his ears at her, though he was as grimy as the saucepans his master mended. She used to pretend to me that she couldn't a-bear him, that her heart was engaged to the white, clean grocer's dog over the way; but, oh! she was like all the rest of the world, deceitful at

times, for I have more than once caught her romping and going out with the tinker's dog; and greatly ashamed she has been—hung her head, and run off with her fine plumy tail down as if she had been scalded, when she heard my accusing "Bow-wow." But "mum" must be the word at times with dogs as well as men; for there would be no peace very often in the best regulated families were dogs to tell all they hear and see. I have kept many a thing to myself in my time for the sake of peace and quietness.

I myself was as deep in love once as ever it is possible for any dog to be. My fair one used to meet me every morning at a fishmonger's shop, to which she came with her mistress, and everything went on very smoothly until one unfortunate day, while I was bowing and scraping to her, I happened to touch a great brute of a black lobster with my tail—quite by accident—when he opened his claw, and laid as fast hold on me as a vice, without so much as saying, "By your leave." I set up a howl loud enough to have made even a deaf man thrust his fingers into his ears, and set off at full gallop, dragging

the black monster at my tail. Didn't he pinch me, while I was trying to dash him to pieces by running over the largest and roughest stones I could find! I think even being sewed up in the French poodle's skin, after having devoured the loaf and milk, and while I was slowly swelling like a sponge, was as gentle as the squeeze from a lady's gloved hand compared to the grasp of that beastly black lobster. I had to run the whole length of some dozen streets before I could make him loose his hold, for he even held on until there was nothing but his claw left—and that I had to crack with my teeth before my tail was entirely free.

But what I suffered was not all—I lost my character as well; for the fishmonger would never allow me to come near his shop again, but said I was a thief's dog, regularly trained to steal lobsters; that I only run round the corner with them, and there my rascal of a master was in waiting ready to release me of my plunder. But a poor dog has no action-at-law for slander—no means of recovering damages for a lost character. I tried as well as I could to convince the

fishmonger of my innocence, but all in vain. And, oh! "Bow-wow-wow"—the unkindest blow of all was the one I received from my false love. I never met her but what she said in a nasty, sneering, jeering manner, "How's your tail?" There was not a spark of sympathy in her inquiry—no pity—no love. What had been fun to her, was almost death to me; and she told all the dogs in the neighbourhood about the attack of the lobster, and instead of being greeted with the usual friendly "Bow-wow-wow," for months after there was nothing else driven in my ears—by every one, from court, alley, street, and square—but "How's your tail?" After that she took up with a butcher's dog, but I don't think they lived very happily together. I speak to some of their puppies now and then when I meet them; but their mother and I never exchanged a kind bark with one another after that time.

One rainy day, while I was out of place, I chanced to run into a celebrated chop-house near the Bank, for a little shelter, as well as to see what I could pick up; for dogs now and then

meet with kind gentlemen at such places who will give them half their slice of bread, and delicate gentlemen, who give us all their fat, because they cannot eat it themselves. All I had had was the bone, well picked, of a mutton chop. I was just about giving it up for a bad job, and was thinking of getting up from under the table and going to the door to see if it had ceased raining, when a kind hand—as I thought—was thrust out under the table with something in it that smelt so savoury, and was so thin and soft and richly larded, that I opened my mouth, and lo! it went down almost without my feeling it. But of all the rows I ever heard in a place—and I have heard a great many in my time—none ever equalled in uproar that which the Dutchman made, who had held out the tempting morsel which I had so eagerly swallowed. Didn't he swear in high Dutch, and dance about the room, and call the whole company rascals, because no one would own me. I really wished myself outside, when I came to understand clearly what had happened.

The Dutchman, it seemed, was in a hurry;

and having ordered a basin of soup, he was about to give the waiter a ten-pound note to change—to save time while he finished his soup, so that he might not have to wait. But in taking it out of his pocket-book, he dropped it in the basin; and it was while trying to shake off the soup that had adhered to it, under the table, that I, thinking it was something for myself—all the more so through his waving it within an inch of my nose—opened my unfortunate mouth, and it was gone beyond recovery. In vain did he lay hold of my poor tail, and, holding my head downwards, call me a "shocking bad tog," and insist upon my ejecting the note. I have no doubt, through being so thin, it was digested the moment it was down. Then he swore I was the landlord's dog, then the head-waiter's, and next a stout old gentleman's, with a very red face, who sat laughing at him as if his sides would split, especially while the Dutchman held me up by the tail, and tried to shake his ten-pound note out of me.

However, I had so much amused the laughing, ruddy-countenanced gentleman, that when he went out he snapped his fingers together for me to

follow him; and off I went, glad to escape with my bones whole. But I cost him a pretty penny afterwards; for my following him, and having been seen in his company for days after I had swallowed the note, was, somehow or another, by the lawyers—who can twist a matter any way they like—considered proof of ownership to ground an action upon, so to law the Dutchman went with my new master. I was in court when the trial came on, and stood up with my paws resting on the edge of the witness-box, and gave my evidence with as clear a "Bow-wow" as ever rung through a court of justice; but judge, jury, and councillors, and all the assembly only laughed at me; and though my new master won the trial, yet he had to pay his own costs, which amounted to so much, that had I lived to the age of Methuselah, whom I've heard mentioned, I might have revelled in the fat of the land up to the day of my death for the money. Yet they call that justice! It would never do among dogs, I know.

I have seen things done in my short lifetime which made me tremble; heard deliberate false-

hoods sworn to as truth—seen character destroyed —witnessed own brothers trying to ruin one another—and when I have looked up at the sky, and fancied that it was a great blue eye looking down alike upon men and dogs, and seeing that not even a sparrow falls to the ground unheeded, I have wondered how wicked men dare do such things when they are alone, and as they fancy unwatched, as I have seen them do.

I have lost many a pleasant companion in my time. There was Tiger, which I have not the least doubt in the world was poisoned; what pleasant rambles he and I have had together. Many, who know no better, think that dogs don't care about flowers; that shows how little they understand us. Tiger and I have set out together many a time for the pleasant fields about Dulwich, so that we might roll and romp among the daisies. Sometimes I have gone alone, and laid down in the sweet green meadows, on purpose to have a good think to myself, turn over matters and try to find out how it is that things are as they are. Why do they let children play with us, pull our tails, as if we had no more feeling than

the wooden dogs they buy them to play with. Tommy must pull open our mouth until the jaws [illegible]. Jacky must be put on his back to this. [illegible], they must think a dog has no more feeling than the knocker of a door. Then we are not always used so, for there are thousands of boys and girls who are as fond of us as they are of their own little sisters and brothers, who would weep to see us hurt, and give us the last morsel out of their mouths rather than see us want. For such as these we would lay down our very lives, wander with them in cold and hunger to the world's end, and then never think that we had done enough.

Do we mourn for the death of a kind master? I will tell you of an affectionate dog that died of grief through losing one he fondly loved, and what I am about to tell you is true. I once kept company with a well-bred lady-dog, that belonged to a very high and honourable family; so high were their notions, not only of themselves, but of everything about them, that I was compelled to [illegible] my [illegible] on the sly. What eyes she had! what a mouth! what beautiful hair! and

7.:

the wooden dogs they buy them to play with? Tommy must pull open our mouth until the very jaws ache again. Jacky must be put on our back to ride. Verily, they must think a dog has no more feeling than the knocker of a door. True, we are not always used so, for there are thousands of boys and girls who are as fond of us as they are of their own little sisters and brothers, who would weep to see us hurt, and give us the last morsel out of their mouths rather than see us want. For such as these we would lay down our very lives, wander with them in cold and hunger to the world's end, and then never think that we had done enough.

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H.N.WOODS.SC

as for teeth, no chicken-bones were ever whiter. "Bow-wow-wow!"

But she is dead and gone—wow;
But she is dead and gone—bow!
They drowned her in a deep fish-pond,
And sank her with a stone—wow!

Una's grandmother had been in France, and it was from her, through her own mother, that she learnt the following particulars about a dog while in that country. During the French Revolution Una's grandmother got acquainted with a beautiful water-spaniel, that belonged to a worthy old magistrate. They were for a long time inseparable companions, so much so that the one could not lie down to enjoy even a bone unless the other was by to partake of it. One day Una's venerable relative missed her friend from the accustomed spot where they had been in the habit of meeting, and great was her grief, as he had barked many a vow of true love in the ear of Una's ancestress. The worthy old magistrate also was missing; and after making many inquiries of dogs that she was on speaking terms with, and many of which were themselves in

deep trouble during those terrible times, she learnt that the worthy gentleman had been thrust into prison on a charge of conspiracy.

Una's grandmother needed no further information, for she knew that where the venerable master was there the faithful spaniel would be also, or as near to him as it was possible to get. She went to the prison, and found her fond Adolphus at the gate, but so wan and woe-begone, that, but for the faint, mournful wag of his tail, she would hardly have known him. He told her that he had sat down there every day until dusk, but that the gaoler would not permit him to enter; but that he had that very morning so far relented as to throw him a crust, and call him "a good dog." Una's grandmother, faithful in love as she was true to her own master, sat down by the disconsolate Adolphus, and the two at last won over the gaoler, and were allowed to enter the prison.

The tears used to trickle down my dear Una's cheeks, as in low, plaintive barks, she described the meeting between the spaniel and his master; and at times she would be so overpowered, that

she would be compelled to rest the soft velvet of her glossy head upon my neck. "Bow-wow-wow!" I have been a wild dog in my younger days; but if I could have converted every hair of my tail into chicken-wings, and my sweet Una could have eaten it bare to the very stump, she should have had them all.

Adolphus remained in prison with his master, and, spite of the guard kept by the soldiers, got into the hall of justice on the day of trial, and lay down at the venerable magistrate's feet, or licked his hand from time to time, as the trial proceeded. When he was sentenced to death, the faithful dog went with him into the condemned cell. After the blood-shedding guillotine had done its murderous work, the devoted spaniel was found lying and whining beside the lifeless and headless trunk of its master. After this Una's grandmother again missed her sorrowful lover for several days; and when she once more found him, he was stretched out, in all his misery, upon his master's grave. The magistrate had an old friend living near the churchyard where he was buried, and to him Adolphus went once a-day for

his food, then returned to keep a sorrowful watch over his melancholy resting-place. In vain did my dear Una's grandmother reason with him, and endeavour to entice him away; he only gave his tail a short, mournful wag, threw his head again on his outstretched fore-paws, and refused to be comforted. She told him of the beautiful litter of puppies that were lying anxious to welcome him among the clean straw in the stable of her master's hotel, but even this appeal to his fatherly feelings failed to move him; his heart was broken. The small portion of it that still beat above ground was as true to my Una's grandmother as on the day when he first won and wooed her in the garden of the Tuileries; as for the rest, it was in the grave with his beloved master.

So three months passed mournfully away; and at the close of that period he was too weak to go as usual for his daily food; and when it was brought to him by the magistrate's old friend, he was no longer able to eat it. And so he died; endeavouring in his last struggles to scratch himself a grave, and expire as near as he could to the remains of the kind master to whom he was so fondly

attached. Una's grandmother quitted France soon after he expired, bringing the mother of my beloved along with her, the only one saved from drowning out of the litter which the heart-broken Adolphus had left fatherless—" Bow-wow-wow !"

But I was barking about the tortures dogs are put to, before I told the tragic story of Adolphus's sufferings and death. Now I have a great objection to an old saucepan being tied to my tail; and should any boy read what I have here barked, with a hope of its being printed, I would ask him to tie one to his own ancle, and drag it at his heels all day. Then it gets fast at times, as I have found it to be the case, when, hooted and followed by a mob of low characters, and seeing a paling off a fence, I have bolted through to get out of their road, and found the saucepan pull me suddenly up, as if it would drag my tail off; for it would not pass through the same opening at which I had found an entrance. But of all the horrible sensations, that of running over a paved street with it clattering at your heels is the most dreadful of all. It goes up your very spine—along the head and down to your nose. Every

bone in your poor body tingles again, as if the hollow portions were filled with little drum-boys, and thousands of them were beating a "rub-a-dub" on your marrow. Your ribs seem to jar and chatter as if they were all loose, and every tooth in your poor head appears to knock against its neighbour. The last old saucepan I had fastened to my tail was by the rascally son of a tailor; he pretended to be playing with me while he fastened on the string, but when I found what he had done, and knew that I should have to run for it, I took care, before starting, to cry quits with him, by making a grab at the nether-most part of his corderoys. I fetched off a little more than I intended, and hurried away with a portion of the real son and heir of Mr. Snip in my teeth; for, besides being new-seated, he had to be poulticed and plastered, and I know not what besides. He took care, for months after he recovered, never to venture on the same side of the street as that I occupied.

Then some masters cut our ears and tails. I wonder how they would like to have their own ears cut? or if they ever think that we are as

sensitive to feeling as themselves? Make us look sharp, indeed! So it would them, if they were to have their ears cropped—and considerably sharper than ever they looked in their lives before. And a pretty howling they would make; the whole neighbourhood, for a full half-mile round, would ring again. I often think of what dogs have done for their little ones—the hardships they have undergone, the privations they have endured, the immense distance they sometimes have carried a puppy in their mouths.

After I left my last place, as I have before stated, I was some time out of a situation. In short, I may say that I was leading a kind of a loose life, when all at once I was laid hold of by a one-armed sailor. I did not at all like the rough "come along" sort of way in which he seized me, and was about to turn round and give him a pinch, as he held me fast by the nape of the neck; but lo! I had no sooner opened my mouth than he thrust an iron hook into it, which was made fast to the stump of the arm he had lost, and asked me "how I liked that?" I shook my ears and told him, as well as I could, that "I didn't

like it at all." I soon found that he had what he called, "pressed me," and that I must serve him, whether I liked it or not. The greatest objection I had to him was, that he swore dreadfully, squirted tobacco-juice all over me fifty times a day, and would every now and then make me eat biscuit soaked in rum. I was compelled to draw a ship on a little truck for my living—the "Gallant Arethusa" he called her—and when we came to a town or village he sung in a voice that made the doors and windows chatter again, something about the ship being

> "A frigate as tight and brave
> As ever stemmed the dashing wave."

Nearly all the money he got—and it was a large sum—he spent in rum and tobacco. I had a great change of diet while with him—rum-biscuit, salt-pork, lobscouse, pea-soup, Irish-stew, suet-dumplings, which he called cannon-balls, and I know not what beside. One day he gave me so much rum and biscuit that I became intoxicated. I could not draw the ship steady at all, but went staggering first on one side of the road then on the other, while my master was not a bit better

—but kept roaring out his old familiar sea-songs, and stopping now and then to laugh at me. He called me a drunken everything he could lay his tongue to, and swore he would make me chaw tobacco before the world was a month older. In vain did he keep calling "larboard and starboard" in his usual way; words which I understood well enough when in my right senses, but on that day I seemed to have no command over my legs, but was compelled to go whithersoever they carried me, which, as he said, "was to every point of the compass."

After a time I began to see two roads, two masters, two trees, and everything double—then I tried to bark to the tune of the "Gallant Arethusa"—found myself lifting up my fore-paws to lay hold of anything I came near to steady myself. At one moment I set off and ran, the next I tumbled down, while the ship I was dragging rocked, and reeled, and swayed to and fro, as if she had been struggling through a storm. We were then travelling in the Lake Districts, and our road now wound along the edge of a vast lake. I cannot tell what possessed me, though I have often heard it said that "when

drink's in the wit's out;" all I know is, that an unaccountable feeling possessed me to jump into the water, and that I had not the power to withstand it. I went to where a fine, smooth, gravelly slope curved in like a little bay; and having lapped my fill, I dashed out swimming with all my might, with the truck and ship floating in my rear. The wind was fair for the opposite shore, and as the little vessel had all her sails set, I had nothing more to do than keep my head above water, as the breeze blew us clean out, and the cool dashing of the water over my head soon began to sober me. In a few minutes I was far beyond hearing of the roaring of my drunken master; nor should I have swam off with his ship if it had not been for the quantity of biscuit soaked in rum which he had forced down my throat that morning.

It was past noon when I was picked up by a pleasure-yacht that was filled with ladies and gentlemen—a wedding party, as I soon learnt. I was taken into the vessel, and my truck and ship taken in tow; and great amusement did my adventure afford the company. I might have stayed a long time with the new-married couple,

no doubt; for they were very kind to me, and as they lived at a beautiful cottage on the border of the lake, I had nothing to do but lie down in the sunshine at the door, and amuse myself with a swim whenever I felt disposed. One morning, however, I heard the voice of my old master, the drunken sailor; somehow or another he had received tidings of the recovery of his ship; and as I had not the least doubt that he would either kill me in his anger for swimming away with the vessel, or kill me in the end with rum and biscuit, if he even forgave me for carrying off the craft, I thought it best to make myself as scarce as possible; and seeing a heavy stage waggon passing and no dog under it, I walked quietly beneath as if I belonged to it, and so got safely out of the Lake District, and escaped the wrath of my drunken master. The waggoner took to me very kindly, and after a time made a sign for me to jump on the shaft and into the waggon, where I found plenty of nice clean straw; and very pleasant it was when I began to understand the thing, and found that I could either ride or walk at my pleasure. I was well fed, and all that I

had to do for my living was to keep watch inside the waggon, while my master obtained refreshment, which he needed very often. We picked up several travellers on the road, but I noticed that when we approached a town the waggoner compelled them to get out and walk, nor did I see them again until we had passed through the town, and journeyed some little distance beyond it, when they again got in, and rode until we arrived at some other town. This was a great puzzle to me for some time, but I found out at last that the waggoner kept all the money he received from these travellers for himself, and did not account for it to his employers, although he ought to have done so. Finding that he was not honest, I left him as soon as we reached London, but we were a long time on the road, and I often thought that the horses drew the waggon in their sleep. That the waggoner slept on the road I well knew, nor can I say that I myself was always awake; indeed it was a complete sleepy establishment, where nothing seemed to be awake but the flies, and they were a great trouble to both myself and the horses. The worst of a fly is, if a dog

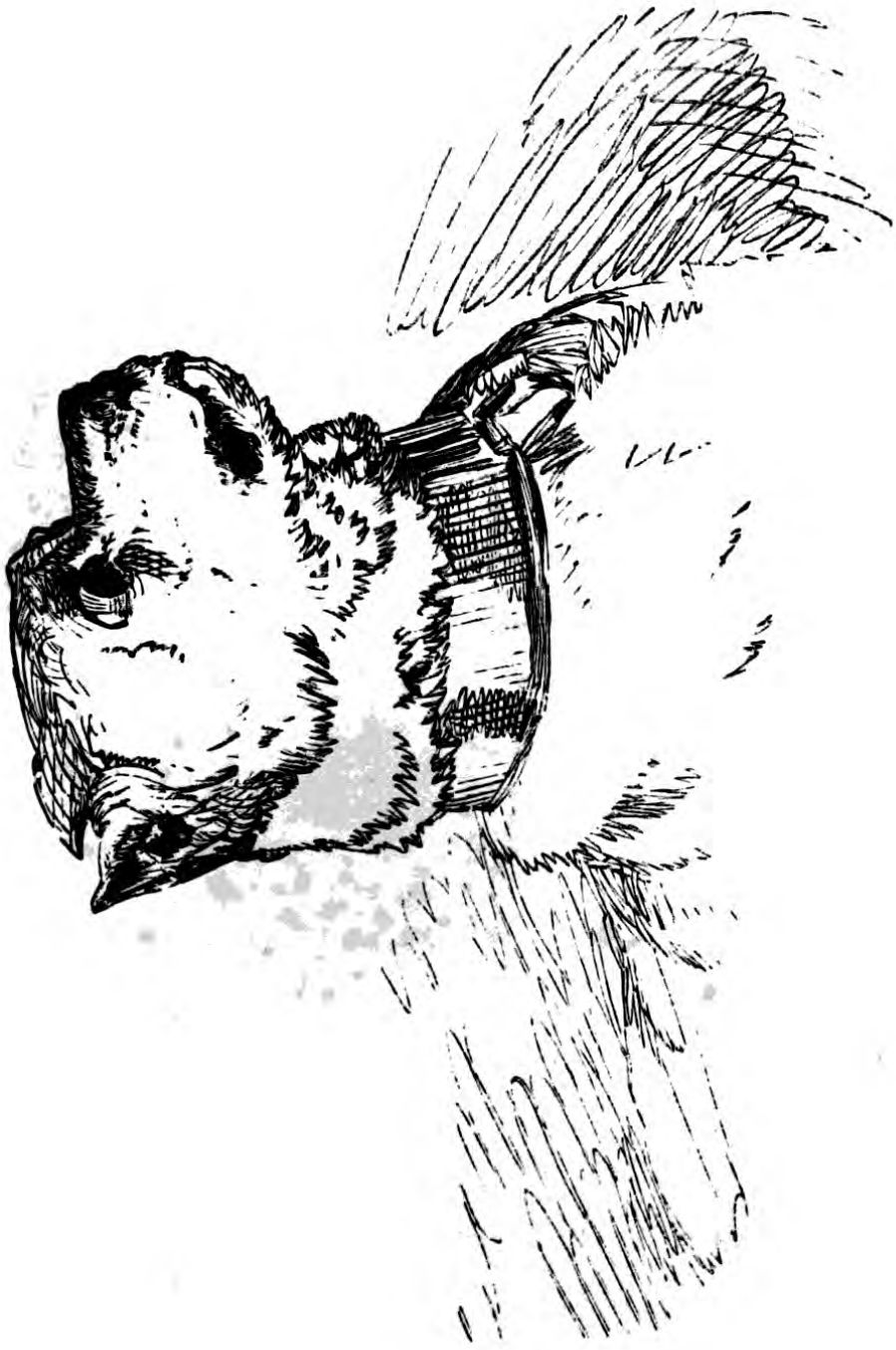
gets him into his mouth all right, he cannot swallow it without again opening his mouth before doing so; when the fly, who is keeping a sharp look out, gives a spring, opens his wings, and away he goes. I believe I have caught the same fly half a dozen times, and that he has rather liked the thing than otherwise.

When I was a butcher's dog, and flies troubled me too much, I would sometimes pretend to lie asleep with my mouth open until a dozen or so had entered, when I was pretty sure to swallow them all; for in the confusion they went blundering and running their heads against one another, when, with a good quick gulp, down they went. But sometimes they kept up a most horrible buzzing when they got inside—kept trying to climb up my throat and out again—and very often I had no peace until I had swallowed one or two nice plump spiders.

I thought, during my wanderings with the sailor and waggoner, that I should not much like to be a country dog, as some of their occupations must be very wearisome. I spoke to one poor terrier who was keeping guard over an old horse

that was feeding in a lane, and asked him if they brought his dinner? He told me that he neither got bite nor sup from morning till night; that before he started off to tend the horse they gave him a bone, or a few bits of the rind of bacon, sometimes a crust, but very seldom; that all he had beside was a drink at the road-side brook, and that he seldom or never had a dog to come and see him. I advised him to cut it, and leave the old horse to go where it liked; that it would be sure to be found in the pin-fold at last, and there it would be out of harm's way. But he only shook his head, said he was attached to the old horse, that he had been with it ever since he was a puppy, and slept in the same stable with it. I told him that leading such a life was like burying himself alive; he admitted it was, said he might pack up his traps perhaps, and be off some fine day; and, having told him my name, and where he could inquire for me, if ever he came to London, we rubbed noses, and I left him to resume his sleep on the green bank.

No; they may say what they like about the country, but London, after all, is the place for a



dog, if he wishes to see life. Why, from the inquiries I made of some country dogs which I found at lonely and out-of-the-way places, I learnt that for a week together, and sometimes a month or more in winter, they never see a fresh face, or meet a dog to exchange a friendly "bow-wow" with. I asked them what they did during their short winter days, when it's dark at four o'clock? They answered "sleep"—that everything slept in the country during the short days. They have no gas even, no cabs or omnibuses to run and bark after, no coffee and chop-houses to run into and warm themselves, and hunt about for a "snack" on the floor.

From the bottom of my heart I really did pity them, and blessed my tail that I was a London-born dog.

After seeing what I did, I no longer wondered at dogs going mad now and then in the country, for a dog that thinks at all could scarcely help it. What a life, to lie beside a farm-house door all day—adjoining the farm-yard, perhaps near a stagnant pond—to hear nothing all day but the grunting of pigs, the quacking of ducks, the

cackling of fowls, the thump, thump, of the thresher's flail, or the drowsy dashing of a churn! To see now and then a parcel of long, hob-nailed fellows come in in smock-frocks, and gobble up a mountain of fat bacon and cabbage, throwing you a bit of the rind, perhaps, or a morsel that is yellow and rusty, or mayhap the stump of a cabbage. Then, if you want a change, you can go with them into the fields and keep watch over their clothes and provisions while they work; but woe be to you if you thrust your nose into the basket and help yourself to a morsel. Ten to one that they would tie a stone to your neck and throw you into the first pond they came to, or, may be, dig a grave for you under some guide-post, and bury you alive where four cross-roads meet.

The only tolerable life a dog can lead in the country is to go out sporting. There is a little amusement to be found in starting game—fine fun in springing a few frightened birds or hares: it makes a dog feel that he is somebody, and he may pick up a meal now and then out of what is shot, if he looks quick about it. But even

this life has its drawbacks; for, instead of hitting the game, they may hit you.

Ay! there's the rub; an ounce of shot in one's leg or shoulder would not create the pleasantest sensation. No; I still stick to London. You may get run over there, it's true, if you don't look sharp; but still you stand a better chance than the thousands of children that are constantly playing about the streets; and he must be a very slow-motioned dog indeed that cannot run out of the way in time enough to escape any passing vehicle, when even old people and children are able to avoid such accidents. Besides, in the country you are only looked upon as a dog—a very dog—and set less store by than a great, greasy, grunting hog, or a fat, silly sheep. As to freedom, why they are constantly spreading their clothes out to dry upon every smooth green grass-plot you come near; and oh, dear me! won't they pitch into you with their clothes-prop, or anything that they can lay hold of, if you happen to run across and leave your footmarks on the linen! You never find the London people so foolish as to

spread their clothes out upon the ground to dry! —not a bit of it.

I believe every dog, and almost every man and woman, if they would confess to it, have something or another on their consciences—that is, they have done something during their lives which they know and feel to be wrong, and are very often sorry for. I once did, and that was during the time that I was a cat's-meat man's dog, and drew his cart; of course it was some years ago, for I do not feel at liberty to tell my age further than to state that I am now a very old dog. The cat's-meat man was a good master to me, and gave me plenty of meat; in fact, I could all but help myself; for, when he had served the cats, I had but to spring forwards, seize any one that I thought had got a nicer bit than usual in their mouths, and give them a hearty shaking, when they would drop the meat, skewer and all, and bolt off with their backs up, and their tails as thick as the rump end of a bullock's. I did get scratched now and then, but that I didn't mind much, so long as I got the cat's-meat. My master had a very tidy cat's-

meat cart, painted yellow, with a pair of scales, and a good sharp knife.

Well, one evening, after we had done our day's work, we were taking a little refreshment at a road-side ale-house in the suburbs, when my master got into conversation with a seedy-looking person, who said that he had been trying to get a situation for weeks past, but couldn't—that he had spent pounds in advertisements, and walked miles about London, but all to no purpose—that he was reduced to his last five-pound note, and when that was gone he didn't know what he should do, unless it were to buy a rope with the last shilling, and go hang himself. My master seemed very sorry for him, and advised him to turn cats'-meat man, telling him that he sold some hundredweight of it a-week himself, for which he got fourpence a pound; that it was considerably more than half profit, to say nothing about giving short weight and such like. After a long conversation, during which my master showed that he cleared some two or three pounds a week—the stranger became so eager to embark in the business, that he offered to purchase me,

the cart, scales and knife, just as the "plant" stood, there and then, for five pounds. Of course my master wouldn't hear a word about selling his own beat, and introducing the stranger to his own connection.

We chanced to be a good way from the grounds of our regular customers that evening. I do not know how it was, but I think the cat's-meat man had been playing a match of skittles some little distance out. Well, the bargain was struck, and my master stood a shilling's-worth of gin-and-water when he got change for the note. I didn't like being sold much in that way; but there I was in the cart, and what could I do? Having finished the gin-and-water, and bidden me good-bye, my master went away, and left me with the purchaser, who I could see was a toper by his nose; besides, he had another sixpennyworth and a pipe after the cat's-meat man went away, and what he had had before we came up, gracious goodness only knows. It was by this time getting dark, and just as I lay wondering where the new purchaser would take me to, and what sort of quarters I should

be installed in, I heard my old master's well-known whistle from round the corner, which was a very peculiar one, and done somehow with two of his fingers in his mouth. Up I jumped in an instant, and off I set at full gallop. The cat's-meat cart seemed to help me on. The cat's-meat man, who was as gaunt and long in the legs as a greyhound, ran beside me, and off we shot, down all sorts of out-of-the-way streets, with the man who had just purchased me, crying "Stop thief" behind us. But, la! he had no more chance of coming up with us than a mail; added to which, the deepening darkness was all in our favour, and we got clean away. We saw that man again several times afterwards; but my rogue of a master painted the cart green that night, shaved off his whiskers, put on another dress, and rubbed over with lamp-black every white spot that he could find about me. So perfect was the change that the poor plundered purchaser actually stopped us to inquire about a cat's-meat man with a yellow cart, and to tell us all about how he had been done out of his five-pound note. This is what has troubled my conscience for many a long

hour, and I trust that after this candid confession, and expressing how sorry I have many a time felt for having lent myself to act so wrongfully, I shall find my troubled mind a little solaced.

"Bow-wow-wow." I have no more to say. I am an old dog now, living with a kind master, who permits me to bask in the sunshine undisturbed; but there are times when I lie and think of the many things I have done in my lifetime which I ought not to have done, and many others which it was my duty to have done, that I neglected. And I feel sorry; but it is too late now. My teeth have long since failed me, and I cannot manage a bone at all, neither can I run much now; but, when I walk along, carry my head very near to the ground.

"My hoary locks proclaim my lengthy years,
And many a furrow down my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears."

My memory and my eye-sight begin to fail me—I cannot remember the turnings in the streets; but if I venture out far, get wrong a score times in a day. Dogs come to see me sometimes, chiefly for advice; and I used, indeed, to keep a sort of

academy, on a doorstep: I had pupils of every kind and condition, and I flatter myself they used to hear sound counsel; but now I can scarcely recognise their "bow-wow," neither can I tell who they are, for my hearing is also dulled. Sometimes they will bark into my ear old memories, and the remembrance of things that we have done together, and I shake my head and say, "Yes, I remember now, but that was long ago—long ago;" and I trot along thinking how time has flown, and how different were my feelings in the days of my youth from what they are now. Sometimes I raise my dazzled eyes as some long-haired, bright-eyed, silken-skinned beauty sweeps past in all her bravery, but it is only to sigh and think of Una, for I see none that can be compared to her—none that carries her tail with so much dignity, that erects her ears with so much grace, or has such a low sweet voice. "Bow-wow-wow." I had hoped once that she would have outlived me, that in my old age she would have been by, to have smoothed the straw in my kennel—soaked my hard crusts, and have brought them to me when I had only bare gums

where teeth once stood; but that hope has fled, and I am left alone in my old age. I have grandsons and grand-daughters somewhere, but they have taken to mingling with other dogs, and do not so much as even wag their tails in recognition of their venerable grandsire when I pass. These are the trials I am doomed to meet with in the last stage of my pilgrimage, for I feel the time is approaching when my tail will drop, my legs be stretched out stiff and motionless, and I shall be numbered with the millions of departed dogs, whose bark will be heard no more for ever. "Bow—wow—wow." Three "bows" are now more than I can manage at a time. I am so wheezy and short of breath: "Wow"—"wow"—"ow"—

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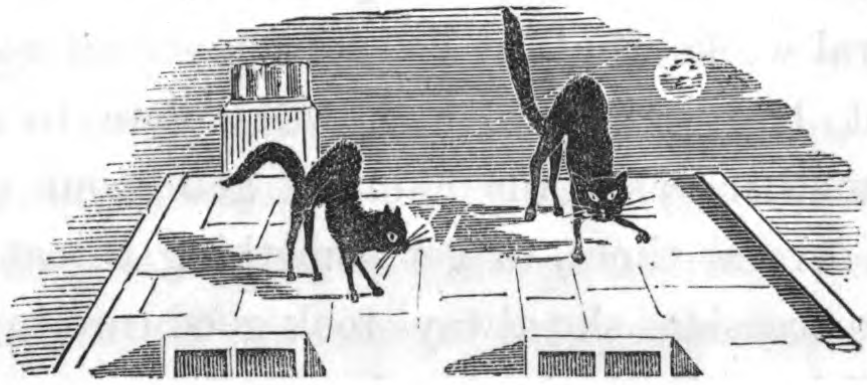
See page 103.

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CAT.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.



ME-OW! M-E-O-O! M-E-E-E-W! Dear little readers, how do you do? Come, sit by the fire a little while, and listen to the story of my life, with all its ups and downs. Perhaps you may learn a few lessons (*even from a Cat*) that will not easily be forgotten. I was born in the year —well, no matter *when* I was born, I am now an old gray-headed cat; and if the summers that have passed over me have not made me wiser, it is to my own door I must lay the blame. My first home (as I have heard my Aunt Tiddles say) was a hay-loft. There I, and my two sisters and

one brother, first saw the light, and there my mother hid us safely until we were grown nice little, plump, playful kittens. How long we might have stayed there, I do not know (for my mother was so afraid of our being seen and taken away from her, that she kept us out of sight for several weeks), but, at last, one morning a great event happened, which I will relate to you. My mother was in the habit of going out every day, several times, to get something to eat; on these occasions she always took good care to hide us all beneath the hay, and to make us promise not even so much as to put our heads out, or mew in the softest possible manner until her return. On the morning in question, she had done all this with more than usual precaution, and having given each a parting lick, she went her way. We waited till she had got down the ladder, and then my brother Tib, lifting up his silky head, and looking very sly and pert, spoke thus:—"Now really, my dear sisters, do you not think our mother a very foolish old person? Here we are, day after day, stewed down in this hot and unhealthy hole, not even allowed to take a breath of

fresh air, unless she is at our heels. If there were *any sense* in our being kept thus in prison, I would willingly submit, but I can see no reason for her hiding us thus carefully; so, I say, let us get up and have a bit of fun." Now cats being no wiser than mankind, are only too easily led astray by the bad advice of others, so we all agreed very readily to Tib's suggestion, and creeping out of our hiding-place, began to enjoy ourselves in fine style. We got several bruises in our play; Tib's foot got cut on the hay-chopper, and one of my sisters' paws a little crushed beneath a brick that fell upon it; but we did not much mind these little troubles, and went on merrily with our fun, never heeding our mother's long absence, until we heard her voice mewing as if in fear for us. We should now have been glad to run home, but Ralph, the farmer's boy, was cutting some hay just close to where our mother had left us, so we boldly determined to get behind the rake, and wait for her there. The door of the hay-loft stood open, and presently a step was heard on the ladder; it was not like that of Ralph, neither like that of Betsy, the dairymaid,

whom we had one day seen, when she came to look amongst the hay for some eggs (*she* did *not see us*, though), it was soft and gentle, as if the ladder were of snow, and the little foot covered with velvet. Presently appeared, just above the door-stone, a small round head; it was covered with curls of gold, and it bent down lovingly over my poor old mother, who was tightly clasped in a pair of fat rosy arms. It is now wonderful to me, how any cat ever could be afraid of such a sweet, beautiful little creature as Miss Marget, but we had hitherto lived in such close retirement, that we should have trembled even at the rustling of a leaf; and when, by degrees, more and more of her little person became visible, till at last her tiny feet were on the door-stone, we were all seized with a panic of fear, and rushing out from behind the rake, ran scampering about like mad things. At this Miss Marget was extremely delighted, and, clapping her hands with glee, let fall my mother, and ran down the ladder, crying out with all her might, "Oh Betsy, Betsy, come and see! Such beauty kitties! SUCH kitties!" Betsy, who I suppose was feeding the

chickens just beneath the hay-loft, seeing us all four crowding round my mother, cried out, "Well, I declare! So they are here, are they! One, two, three, four. Come, Ralph, we must have them in the pond this very hour, or I shall have all their four noses in my milk pans before the day is over." Ah, little readers, *now* we understood why my mother had cautioned us not to come out of our nest, and bitterly repented our disobedience when it was too late. Depend upon it, young masters and misses, it is always best to obey those who have the rule over us, even when we cannot see the reason why.

Poor little trembling kittens! I shall never forget that terrible moment, when I saw Ralph come striding towards us with some great stones in his hand, one of which, in spite of little Marget's cries, he tied round each of our necks. He then carried us all off to the pond, and threw us all into the water. You may imagine what a dreadful scene it was! My little brother and sisters and myself, all shrieking with all our might, while my poor mother ran round and round the pond in the greatest agony of mind. Alas! my brother

and sisters soon lay cold and dead at the bottom of the pond, and, doubtless, I should have shared the same fate, had it not been for a lucky accident that befell me. The string by which the stone was tied round my neck, caught on some spikes of wood by the side of the pond, and broke just as Ralph with my mother in his arms, had turned on his heel to go home, so that I was suddenly set free, and hiding myself amongst the reeds, I waited patiently till Ralph should be quite out of sight, intending then to crawl back to the hay-loft, where I hoped I should again find my dear old mother. At last, finding myself quite alone, I ventured to creep up the bank, and was just congratulating myself on my escape, when I felt myself grasped in a pair of hard bony hands, and, looking up, beheld myself in the arms of a merry-looking little old woman, whose face, however, was so exceedingly like my dear mother's, that I could not be afraid, but tucking my wet head amongst the folds of her warm red cloak, I laid myself snugly down, and gave myself into the old woman's care. As for my new friend herself, she appeared vastly pleased with me, and mut-

tering to herself something about her grandson Dicky, trudged off home with me as fast as she could.

Presently we stopped at the door of a small cottage, and the old dame taking a key out of her pocket, soon let us in. There was no fire in the grate, and no tea spread on the table, but the old dame never grumbled, but merely observing that "Dicky was late," set about lighting a fire, and boiling the kettle without delay. Tea was soon made, and after good old Margery had eaten hers, and given me some nice, new milk in a saucer, she set some in a basin to keep warm for Dicky, and began to knit a pair of warm gray socks. I now settled myself on the hearth very comfortably, and having made up my mind that all my troubles were now past, and I should have nothing else but a life of happiness, I fell asleep.

It might, perhaps, be supposed that I was still unhappy, mourning for the loss of my little brother and sisters, and for my dear mother; but, oh! dear young readers, consider I was but a cat, and all the world knows how selfish the nature of a cat is. I was a *young* cat, too, and had had but

little experience of the troubles and trials of life, so that the joy of finding myself safe, was not greatly clouded by the remembrance of the misery of others. But, readers, do not blame me too much for this cattish fault; for I *have* been told that there are many little girls and boys, yes, and even men and women, who are no better than cats in this respect, and that *selfishness* is by no means an unknown failing amongst mankind. How long I slept I do not know, but when I awoke, I found myself on the knees of a boy, about eleven years old. This was Dicky, old Margery's grandson. He was employed as shepherd boy on a neighbouring farm, and had been, that night, kept out late looking for a lamb that had been lost amongst the snow. Dicky seemed inclined to be quite as kind to me as Margery herself, and he made me a little bed of hay, on which to sleep during the cold winter nights. I passed many happy weeks in this quiet and pleasant manner. I had now grown a stout and strong young cat, and had made for myself many friends in the village. Everything had gone on pleasantly, for I had had very little

to try my temper, and I fondly hoped that all my days would pass in the same delightful manner. My principal companion and adviser was an old cat with whom I had met at the farmhouse, and who, after a time, I found out was no other than my Aunt Tiddles, whom Betsy the dairymaid had given as a present to the farmer's wife. Now I must confess that my Aunt Tiddles had by no means so good a disposition as my mother, and though I am well aware how wrong it is to speak ill of *any one*, especially of our own relations, yet I feel it my duty to say, that my Aunt Tiddles was decidedly a bad and improper companion for *any* cat, and especially for one so foolish and giddy as myself. Soon after I became acquainted with her, I grew discontented with my lot, and longed to leave good Margery's homely cot, and live, like my aunt, in some well-ordered house, where I might eat and drink what I chose. I do not know how far this unhappy feeling might have carried me, had it not been for the good advice and affectionate exhortations of my friend Towler, the farmer's dog, who was my best and dearest friend during that period of my life. Towler,

who perceived the ill effects of my aunt's society, did all in his power to lead me to amuse myself in a more honest and wholesome manner. "Even a cat," said he, "ought to have something better to live for, than merely eating and drinking (though it is said that our betters frequently spend their lives in doing little else). Cannot you, dear Trim, employ yourself in mousing, or in catching the sparrows, and so save your mistress's cheese for her supper, and her currants for her preserves?" "Pray," said I, "since you are so ready to preach, Mr. Towler, let me see how you practise; what do you do to employ your time? Do I not see you constantly roaming about your master's yard for hours together?" "Perhaps so," replied Towler, "but you forget that is part of my business to watch my master's property, and to guard his house from thieves, who might come and steal his goods." Just at this moment a slight rustling was heard in the corner of the stable, in which we were seated, and without another word, Towler had darted from my side, jumped into the corn-bin, and was engaged in a furious battle with three or

four huge savage-looking rats, that were tugging at him with all their might. Now I was not by any means a cowardly cat; I was already renowned for my skill as a warrior amongst the mice, but, as I saw the fierce combat going on, I (like many persons I have since met with) grew so interested in the bloody fight, that I would not have stopped it for the world, not even to save the sufferings of my good and kind friend. At last Towler gained the victory, and when his last foe lay dead at his feet, came ont of the bin, all weak and weary, panting for breath, and covered with blood. He went into the house to get some supper, after his hard work; and, as I had nothing better to do, I followed him. We went into the kitchen just as Jane was serving up some savoury stew for dinner, but seeing the poor dog in such a dreadful condition, she immediately set down her dish, and called the farmer to look at poor Towler, "who," said she, "has been saving your corn, master, and has almost lost his own eye." The farmer seemed to pity Towler as much as Jane did, and having made Dicky wash him well in warm water, ordered Jane to give him a large plateful of

the stew to refresh him. Jane first carefully bound up the dog's poor eye, then gave him his dinner, driving me away, however, with the broom, and bidding me "begone, before she gave me something to remember." So I sulkily stole out of the kitchen, not even deigning to notice Towler, who had laid aside the nicest morsel as my share of the feast. Full of rage and jealousy, I crept into the little pantry near the kitchen, and began to say to myself, how hard it was that I should be thus slighted and reproved, while Towler was so much petted and praised. I forgot that Towler was at home in his *right place*, doing his duty, whilst I was an idler, strolling about with nothing to do, but gossip with any one who would gossip with me, and letting the little birds steal my mistress's cherries and currants, as fast as they liked. I lay under the bench in the pantry for some time, brooding over my fancied wrongs, and no one knew where I was. I was not happy, for no idler ever is, and I was, besides, full of angry feelings. I would not go home to Margery and Dicky, because I had grown discontented with their lowly cottage, so I lay still under the bench till

it grew dark. I was now getting very hungry. I had had nothing much to eat for several days. I had been too idle to look for birds and mice, and the dame had had so little to eat herself (for she had nothing but what Dicky earned as shepherd boy, for himself and his grandmother), that she had been able to give me but scanty meals. My sides therefore were getting sadly lean, and my nose pinched. I remembered Towler's nice dinner, but was too proud to go and fetch the share I knew he would save me, besides I was *jealous*, and no longer felt to love him. I longed for my Aunt Tiddles that I might tell her my sad tale; but Aunt Tiddles never came near me in my trouble, though, I have good reason to believe she knew where I was, at last, for I heard her mewing in the kitchen, and once she came round the corner of the bench, and just peeped at my tail.

At last I grew so hungry that I could no longer forbear, so I stole out of my hiding-place, and slyly jumped on the bench. I knew very well that I was going to do what is wrong (for Margery had well taught me honesty), and people

who do what is wrong knowingly, are almost always sly. I crept stealthily along, till I came to a dish in which was some cold pudding, so I popped my nose in, and ate a few mouthfuls; but not liking it much, I went on to some apples that stood near; those I licked all over, then stole on a little further, till I found the remains of the savoury stew, which was neatly put up on a large plate. This was just to my taste, so I began to eat a hearty meal; but, alas! had only got half way when the farmer's wife came in with a candle to fetch the very dish off which I was so enjoying myself. Oh, that dreadful night! Shall I ever forget it? *No, never.* Not content with beating me herself, which she did unmercifully with the handle of the toasting-fork, she called for Jane, telling her to "come, for there was a horrid-looking cat dipping its nose into everything there was in the pantry." And bidding her "carry me to the stable, and there shut me up till morning, when," said she, "we will have her thrown into the river, as she deserves."

Now, my friends, I think you will all agree

with me that, guilty as I was, my punishment was a little too severe. There is no excuse for children who are well fed, dipping their fingers into any tit-bits that may stand in their way, but for a poor half-starved cat, who has not been so carefully brought up, and who has certainly not so *much sense* as a child, there may be, perhaps, some allowance made. At any rate, I suffered terribly for my fault. Jane, nothing loath to do as she was bid, gave me one or two sharp pinches, and having shaken nearly all the breath out of my body, put me into the very stable where Towler had fought so bravely with the rats. I must confess I felt a little fear, lest I should suffer the same fate in the morning as my little brother and sisters had suffered so long ago; but the thought that Towler would certainly find some way of saving me, comforted me, and I fell asleep. Soon, however, I awoke again, for I heard a rustling amongst the straw, and smelt the well-known smell of mice. "Now," thought I, "I will be no more called idle, I will be as great a victor as Towler, and then I shall not only avoid a watery grave, but also be praised

and petted like him." So I scampered towards the corn-bin, expecting to find plenty of mice there, but not one was to be found, only two or three rats quietly eating away at the corn. At first they did not notice me, but at last a stout looking old fellow, whom I had that morning seen, caught sight of me, and, giving his companions a hint, they all set on me, and, in spite of all my efforts, nearly worried me. I was almost dead with pain—(for rats' teeth are sharp)—and terror, when I heard the key turn in the stable-door, and the farmer himself came in to see that all was right before he went to bed. The rats now hastened to hide themselves in their holes, and I, too glad of this only chance of escape, flew out at the open door, and hid myself behind the barn, where I thought it would be best to remain until morning came, and my friend Towler was let out of the kitchen, and would be able to speak to me. All my pride and jealousy was now gone. In pain, and faint, I thought of my nice bed by the side of Margery's fire, and longed to be there again. I remembered Towler's kind advice, and repenting my

idleness and discontent, vowed that if ever I got better I would lead a new life, and never get myself into such a scrape again. With these wise reflections I fell asleep.

It is wonderful, is it not, dear friends, how easy it is to make good resolutions when one is suffering for one's faults! But is it not also wonderful how easy it is to break them? Presently morning came; not bright, clear, and sunny, but cold, and chill, and gray. My heart was very sad, and my heavy head was aching, and I felt as if I were without a single friend in the world. I dared not stir, lest Jane or her mistress should see me, and put their threat into execution, so I lay down behind the barn and wept bitterly—M-e-e-o-o-o-w! M-e-u-x! Y-e-o-w! It makes me cry, even now, to think of my sufferings at that dreadful time. Dear old Towler! There is an old proverb that "A friend in need is a friend indeed." And so it is. As I sat, or rather lay, in this dejected state, with my head hanging down, and a paw squeezed into each eye, I heard a well-known step draw near, and, raising my bleeding head, I saw dear, dear old

darling Towler, who came up to me and embraced me most tenderly, licking the blood from my wounds, and cheering me by the short, sweet "Bow-wow," that was so familiar to my now tangled ears. I told him all that had happened, and, after he had listened patiently to my story, asked him his advice. Towler then sat down gravely by my side, and curling his tail, and putting his head on one side, as he always did when in deep thought, he asked me if I should like to stay in my old home, and there lead an honest and good life, or go into another village, or town, where my old companion, Tiddles, would not be able to follow me, and where I should be in no danger of being discovered by Jane, or the farmer's wife, "who," said he, "have taken so violent a dislike to you, that they have given orders to all the farming boys to seek you, and put an end to your life!" "I will go," said I, "and that without loss of time; I will try to find some way of earning my living, where my life will be safe, and where I hope to gain a new and better character." To this Towler agreed, and, having brought me some meat for my breakfast from his

kennel, he went with me to the corner of the street, where we bade each other farewell, in a most loving and affecting manner. With my fore-paws round my beloved friend's neck, pressed close to his noble, doggish heart, I wept freely, and once or twice, in the extremity of my grief, I *wowed* so loudly, that Towler assured me he trembled for my safety. So completely were we both overcome by this sad parting, that it was not until it was over, and I had turned to go down the street, that we either of us perceived the impudent and cruel rat who had bitten Towler so slyly the day before, and who had treated me so shamefully in the stable. The heartless and impertinent little creature, however, not content with having caused me so much pain, had been standing all the time on the wall close by, calmly watching our bitter farewell; while, with his fore-paws crossed over his breast, he boldly dared us both, well knowing that he could easily escape us by a subterraneous passage, of which we were unacquainted. (See *Frontispiece.*)

This little event certainly added not a little to the bitterness of parting, but I had now some-

thing to do. Homeless, and almost friendless, I had still my fortune to make, and no time was to be lost in vain reflections, so I scampered along at my greatest speed (for I was still weak and faint) till noon, when I lay down on the bank to rest. I was very weary, so I was in no hurry to go on my way; and as I had been so fortunate as to catch two little birds, which had stayed my hunger, I felt more at ease than I had done for some time past. After a while, however, I was beginning to think of proceeding on my way, when I heard a horse's step approaching, and presently who should turn the corner but my merry little old mistress, Dame Margery, who was going to market, as she did every week, to sell her eggs and fowls. She was mounted, as usual, on an old horse, which the farmer always kindly lent her, and which, from its great age and experience, was considered to be perfectly safe and trustworthy. All my naughty feelings were now gone; and, full of gratitude and love towards my old friend, I crept into the middle of the road, and planting myself before the horse, held up my fore-paw, as Dicky had taught me to do when he said

"Good morning." The dear old dame, whose eyes were as young as her heart, saw me in a moment, and, getting down from her horse far more nimbly than Jane would have done, took me up in her arms, and caressed me with the greatest affection. She seemed greatly distressed at my wretched appearance, and having given me some meat and bread out of her basket, began to ponder with great anxiety, and talk with herself as to what she was to do with me. "I cannot leave the poor thing here to die," said she, "and yet where am I to put her? Most like the fowls and she would not agree, if I put her in this basket; and if I put her in that, surely enough I'd not have a whole egg left when I get to market." Hearing these words, therefore, I being a cat of great cunning and shrewdness, yet not being able to give my opinion in words, crept softly out of the dame's arms, on to her shoulder, and from thence slipped so gently down into the warm hood of her red cloak, that the old lady, after having laughed till she nearly choked herself, said, that there could not be a better place for me, so getting on her horse she said, "Gee up," and the old horse

trotted off at famous speed. As for me, nothing could be more delightful than my present situation; at perfect rest, my hunger fully satisfied, seated at ease at my dear friend's back, riding through the country with every opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery, I gave myself up to enjoyment, and troubled myself with no thoughts for the past or future. Thus we went on for several miles, until we came to the cross road—there, what a sight met my astonished and terrified eyes! Behold the hunters and hounds in full cry, coming towards us at full speed. "W-o-o-o, good Teddy," cried the dame, "W-o-o-o-o!"—for Teddy began to toss his head and paw the ground as if impatient and restive. "W-o-o-o! W-o-o-o! W-o-o-o-o-o!" cried Margery, now in great terror. But all in vain—Teddy had now met with some of his old friends (for I suppose he had in his youth been a famous hunter), and, forgetting the dame and the market and all, started off with the pack, as eager as the finest and youngest steed in the company. Oh me! how my heart panted for fear. I thought my last hour was indeed now come, and most likely the dame thought so too; but she was

a brave old woman, and finding it was impossible to stop Teddy, she gave up all endeavour, and only thought how she should best keep her seat and save herself and her fowls from destruction.

The red-coated hunters soon discovered their new comrade, and scarcely able to keep their seats for laughter, they urged the horse on, calling out to poor Margery to encourage her, and promising her the brush, with all honours. Oh the miles and miles we went over, and the dreadful suspense I was in! At length, however, the poor fox was caught; and the hunters, giving way for their red-cloaked old friend to come in, yielded to her the honour, and, taking her from her horse, made her sit down on the grass and drink some wine to refresh her. Poor old Margery! bravely as she had stuck to her saddle, it had almost been the death of her; and faint and exhausted she lay upon the grass, praying for a drink of water, and begging to be taken home to Dicky. The gentlemen, who were really sorry for her, comforted her as well as they could, telling her she would soon be better, and promising that both she and Dick should be taken care of. But it seemed to

be my fate to bring all my friends into trouble; for now the old dame's greatest danger was past, she had yet another terror in store; the hungry hounds scenting me as I lay concealed in the red hood of the cloak, now pounced in a body upon poor Margery's back. The terrible shrieks of the old lady, however, were soon over, for a fine young gentleman, who perceived the state of the case, managed to save my life and the old lady's too. There was, as may be easily imagined, loud shouts of mirth and laughter at my appearance, which was now, it must be confessed, wretched enough; however, the young gentleman, when the fun had a little subsided, kindly placed Margery on his own steed, and having put me on her lap, led the horse along, till we came to a large beautiful house, standing by itself in a smooth green park. He led the horse up to the hall-door, which was immediately opened, and a fine old lady, with hair even grayer than Margery's, came out to welcome her son. When the old lady had heard the tale of Margery's expedition, she laughed so heartily that her son was obliged to go up the steps and support her. But at last, when she

was able to control herself, she begged the dame's pardon for having thus indulged her mirth, and kindly invited us both in to dine, after which she said we should be sent home in a covered cart. We had a good dinner in the housekeeper's room, and then, after the dame had received a handsome present of money to recompense her for the fowls and eggs she had lost, we set off in the cart on our way home. Oh how glad did I feel to be once more nearing the dame's peaceful cottage, and how solemnly I vowed never to leave it any more! Poor Dicky! how glad he was to see his dear old grandmother safely home again! He had been very unhappy at her long delay, and had come to seek her. We met him about a mile from Margery's cottage, so he got into the cart, and rode by his grandmother's side with me on his knee, while he listened to the tale. He was very glad, but very much surprised to hear of our strange meeting; however, he stroked my fur lovingly with his hand.

The next morning my first walk was to my friend Towler, for I heard Dicky promise to intercede for me at the farm-house. I had no longer

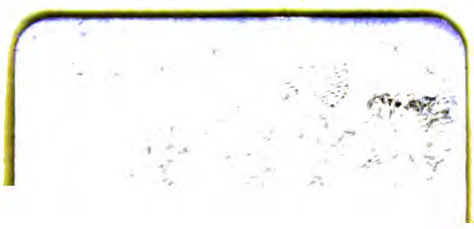
anything to fear. Towler was very glad to see me, and after embracing each other as warmly as we did at our parting, we proceeded to relate our adventures. Dear old Towler! how he laughed when I told him the story of our famous hunt—the tears fairly ran down his honest nose; but when I came to that part where I was so nearly worried to death by the hungry hounds, he trembled in every limb, and I could see his noble heart beat through his shaggy hair. Towler also had his tale to tell, and right glad was I to hear that the bold-faced rat had at last suffered the penalty of death. My life was now indeed a happy one—sitting by Dame Margery's side, purring to the sound of her kind voice; up in her cherry-trees, keeping off the thieves; or busy among the mice that would have shared her scanty meal—I fairly earned my daily portion of milk, which I eat with a hearty appetite, and an honest heart.

But I must now draw my narrative to a close. About half a year ago, old Dame Margery, finding herself growing more and more feeble every day, began to set her house in order before her death.

Having provided a place as house-servant at the farmer's for her Dicky, she next anxiously sought for a home for me. So Dicky was despatched, early one morning, to the house of the old lady who had been so kind to us the day we went a hunting, with a request from his mother that the lady would be so kind as to accept the legacy of her poor old cat. This request was most readily granted, and the day after, having bid all my friends an affectionate farewell, I was taken to my new home. Here I have ever since lived, in peace and luxury, nay, I had not even thought it possible for any cat to hold so high a position in society as that which I at present enjoy. I have no longer need to exert myself in the smallest degree, and though I do occasionally go out in search of a bird or mouse, it is more for amusement than necessity. Still, I hope that I am not now so foolish as to feel any degree of pride or conceit, in finding myself thus raised above so many of my fellow creatures, for I have long since learned, that it is not always the rich and great who are the most to be admired,

and that the best qualities are often to be found in cats, as well as in mankind, whose lot is amongst the poor and lowly. Little readers, farewell.

LONDON: DEAN AND SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL.



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