

ing ascertained results, as contrasted with the estimates of McCulloch and other writers:

	Former estimates	Ascertained.
	1854.	1855.
Wheat . . .	1,225,000 . . 606,063 . .	632,817
Barley . . .	1,800,000 . . 554,950 . .	751,613
Oats	6,500,000 . 4,231,789 . 3,758,893	
Beans & Peas .	150,000 . . 135,115 . .	147,956

9,675,000 5,627,917 5,301,279

The potato crop this year yielded 732,141 tons, against 529,915 tons in 1854. If the whole produce of the two last harvests in Scotland be reduced in tons weight, and potatoes be included, the result is found to be that there is very little difference between the two; the year 1854 having yielded 1,532,004 tons of food for man and beast, and the present year 1,592,604 tons.

THE DOG.

It is no unpleasant employment to study the degree in which the several breeds of dogs are not highly intelligent, but fitted by nature for the particular duty they have to perform. The pointer, the setter, the hound, the greyhound, the terrier, the spaniel, and even the bull-dog, were made, and almost perfected, by a nature chiefly for one office alone, although they may be useful in many other ways. This is well illustrated in the sheep-dog. If he be but with his master, he lies content, indifferent to every surrounding object, seemingly half asleep and half awake, rarely mingling with his kind, rarely counting, and generally shrinking from the notice of a stranger; but the moment the duty calls, his sleepy, listy eye, becomes brightened; he eagerly gazes on his master, inquires and comprehends all he is to do, and, springing up, gives himself to the discharge of his duty with a sagacity and fidelity, and devotion, too rarely equalled even by man himself.

Mr. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, living in his early days among the sheep and their quadruped attendants, and an accurate observer of nature, as well as an exquisite poet, gives some anecdotes of the colley, (the Highland term for sheep-dog,) with which the reader will not be displeased. "My dog Sirrah," says he, in a letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, was beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He had a somewhat surly and unsocial temper, disdainful all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to my commands and interest will never again be equalled by the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him with a rope. He was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal; for he was almost black, and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. I thought I perceived a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance, and I bought him. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding he had never turned a sheep in his

life; but, as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions; and when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it."

On one night, a large flock of lambs that were under the Ettrick Shepherd's care, frightened by something, scampered away in three different directions across the hills, in spite of all that he could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," said the shepherd "they're a' awa!"

It was too dark for the dog and his master to see each other at a considerable distance, but Sirrah understood him, and set off after the fugitives, the night passed on, and Hogg and assistant traversed every neighbouring hill in anxious but fruitless search for the lambs; but he could hear nothing of them nor of the dog, and he was returning to his master with the doleful intelligence that he had lost all his lambs. "On our way home, however," says he, "we discovered at lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking round for relief, but still true to his charge. We concluded that it was one of the divisions that Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to the commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the flock was missing! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising sun; and, if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater promptitude. All that I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

A shepherd, in one of his excursions over the Grampian Hills to collect his scattered flock, took with him (as is a frequent practice, to initiate them in their future business) one of his children about four years old. After traversing his pastures for a while, attended by his dog, he was compelled to ascend a summit at some distance. As the ascent was too great for the child, he left him at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to move from the place. Scarcely, however, had he gained the height, when one of the Scotch mists, of frequent occurrence, suddenly came on, and almost changed the day to night. He returned to seek his child, but was unable to find him, and concluded a long and fruitless search by coming distracted to his cottage. His poor dog also was missing in the general confusion. On the next morning by daylight he renewed his search, but again he came back without his child. He found, however, that during his absence his dog had been home, and, on receiving his allowance of food, instantly departed. For four successive days the shepherd continued his search with the

same bad fortune, the dog as readily coming for his meal and departing. Struck by this singular circumstance, he determined to follow the dog, who departed as usual with his piece of cake. The animal led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the child had been left. It was a rugged and almost perpendicular descent which the dog took, and he disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cavern, what were his emotions when he beheld the infant eating the cake which the dog had just brought to him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency! From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down, the torrent preventing his re-ascent. The dog by means of his scent had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up a part, or, perhaps, the whole of his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child night or day, except for food, as he was seen running at full speed to and from the cottage."

Mr. Hogg says, and very truly, that a single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a flock of sheep from a Highland farm than twenty shepherds could do without dogs; in fact, that without his docile animal, the pastoral life would be a mere blank. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole flock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he it is indeed that earns the family bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel; always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interests. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst treatment will drive him from his side, and he will follow him through every hardship without murmuring or repining. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new owner, or condescend to work for him with the willingness that he did for his former lord; but, if he once acknowledges him, he continues attached to him until death."

We will add another story of the colley, and proceed. It illustrates the memory of the dog. A shepherd was employed in bringing up some mountain sheep from Westmoreland, and took with him a young sheep-dog who had never made the journey

* Annals of Sporting, vol. viii. p. 83.

† "The Ettrick Shepherd has probably spoken somewhat too enthusiastically of his dog; but accounts of the sagacity and almost superhuman fidelity of this dog crowd so rapidly upon us that we are compelled to admire and love him." — Hogg's Shepherd's Calendar, vol. ii. p. 308.