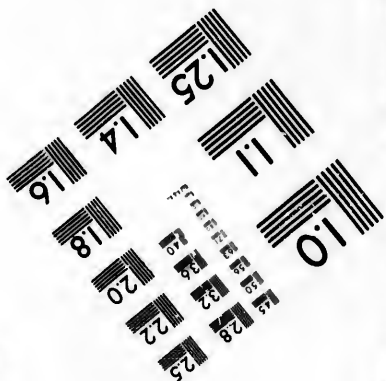
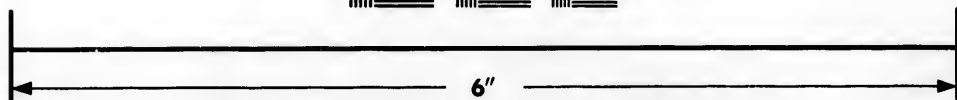
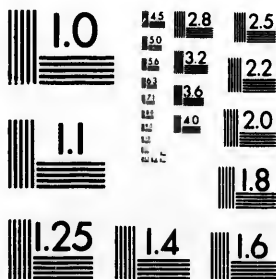


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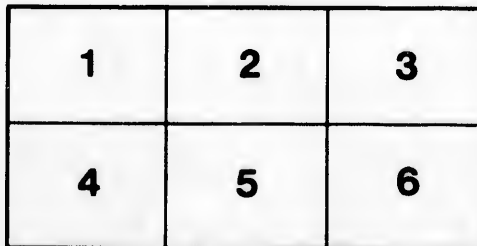
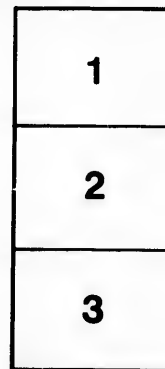
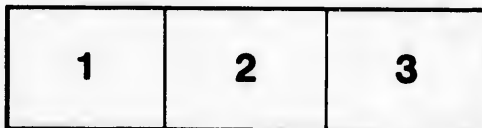
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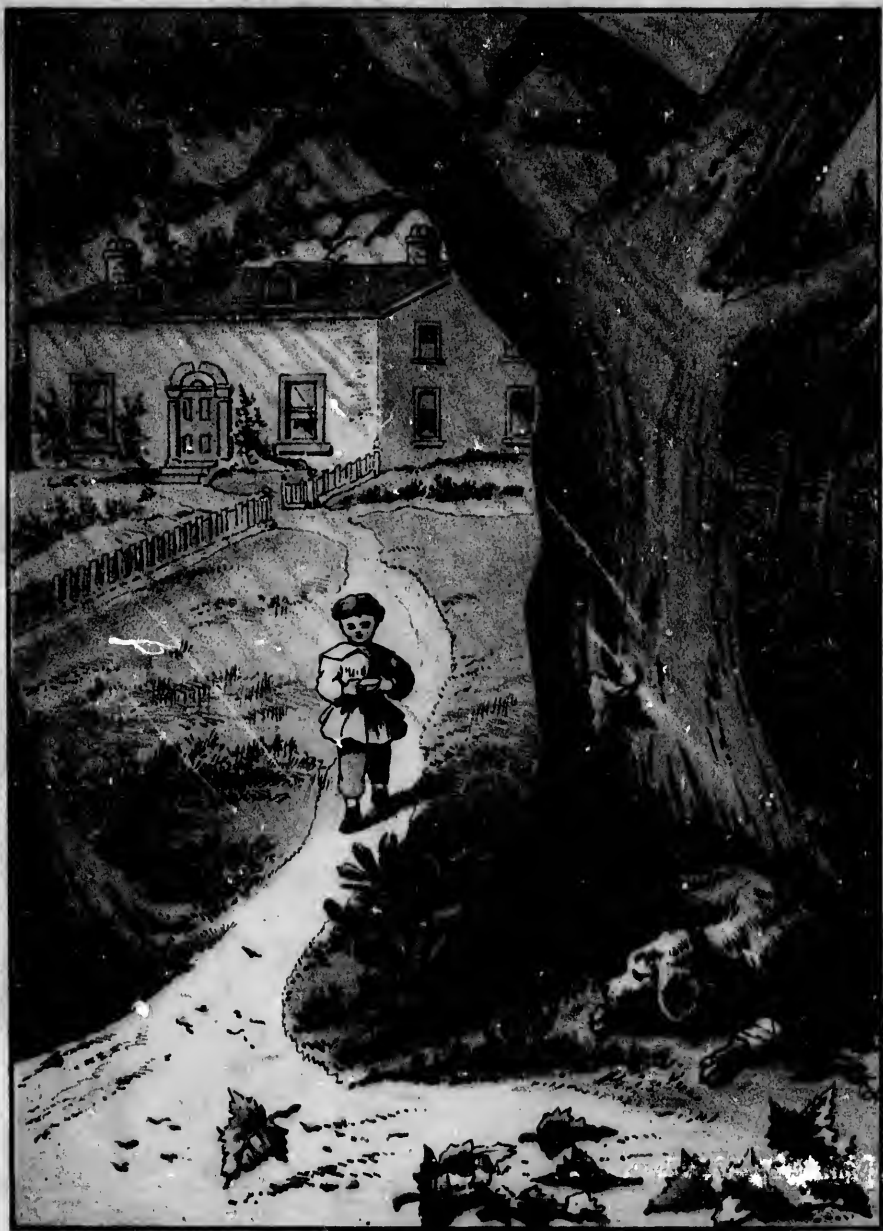
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"If you look at the frontispiece, you will see the old homestead Kinlochaulin. Just under the first tree of the avenue, you see an invalid dog lying with his leg bound up in rags. The dog is Rover; and the boy coming towards him, with a plate in his hand, is my dear brother Cammy."—p. 80.

True Anecdotes

OF

Pet Animals

BELONGING TO OUR HOUSEHOLD.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

BY J. FLORA MACLEAN.

TORONTO.

PRINTED BY G. BLAKEFF, ROBINSON, 5 JORDAN ST.

1877.



"If you look at the frontispiece, you will see the old bookcase. Under the
tree of the avenue, you see an invalid's boy lying with his leg bound up by
a boy bending towards him, with a plate in his hand, in my dear brother's
name."

True Anecdotes
OF
Pet Animals

BELONGING TO OUR HOUSEHOLD.

FOR

THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

By J. FLORA MACLEAN.

TORONTO :
PRINTED BY C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, 5 JORDAN ST.

1882.

1800

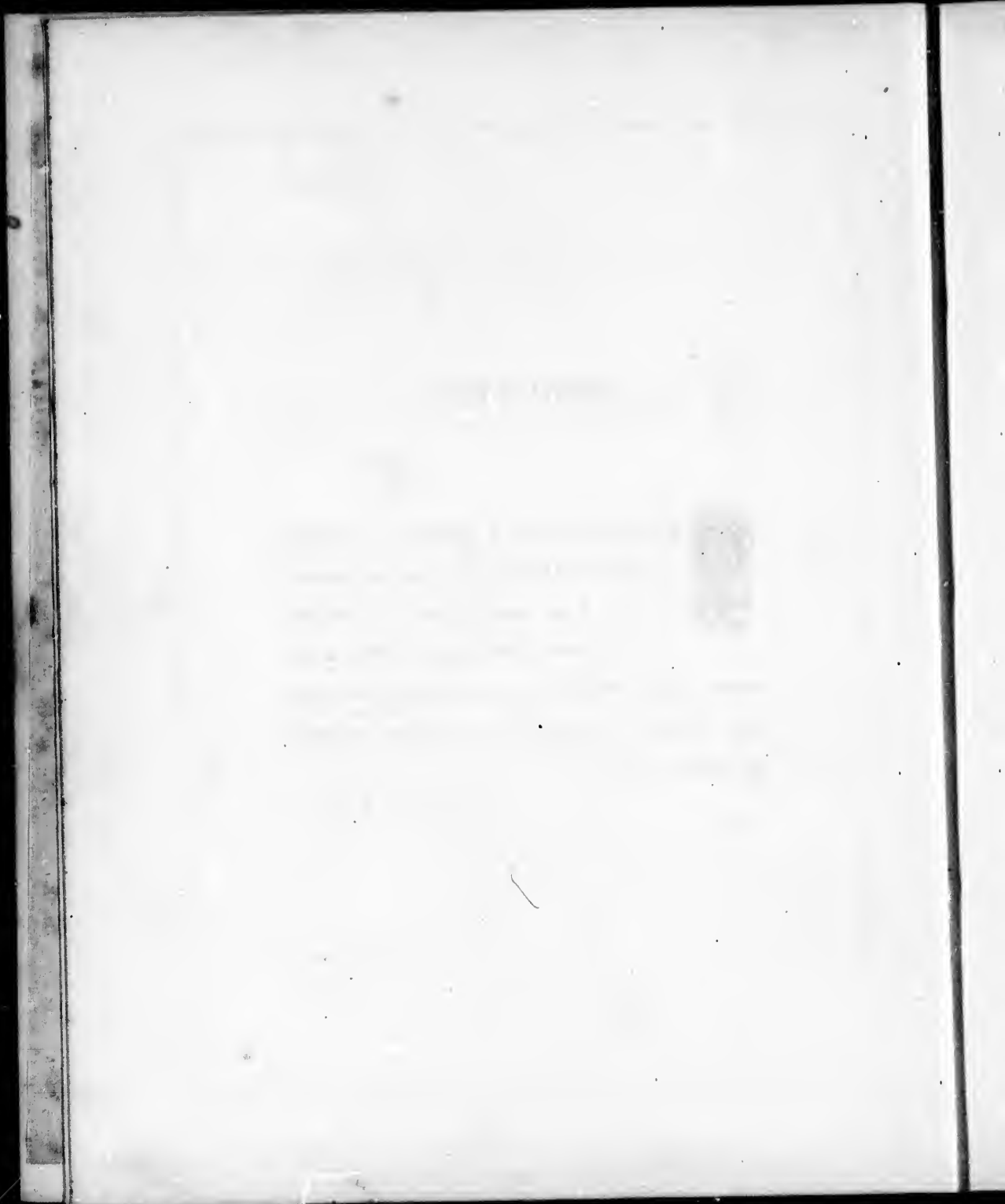
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DEDICATION.



THESE Anecdotes I dedicate to my dear Mother, and to the surviving Brothers and Sisters of our family, to whom I feel sure the incidents related will come with a sweet familiar thrill as of a voice from the happy past, recalling days gone by and faces unmarked by care or sorrow.

J. F. M.



INTRODUCTION.



HAVE just finished reading the *manuscript copy* of a modest little work, soon to issue from the press in Canada, entitled "*True Anecdotes of Pet Animals*," from the facile pen of a young lady (a Canadian by birth), Miss J. Flora Maclean.

The simple yet touching style in which different phases of individual character are portrayed therein, and scenes from family life recalled, invests the story from beginning to end with an irresistible charm.

Eminently healthful in its moral tone, tastefully illustrated, and happily free from the too common defect of *unnaturalness*, this unpretending volume will, I am persuaded, meet with a very cordial reception from the "Boys and Girls of Canada," for whose special benefit it has been brought to light.

Introduction.

That it may be largely instrumental, in God's hands, in cultivating among the rising generation of this fair Dominion a type of life at once *sympathetic*, *pure* and *true*, is the earnest prayer of a subscriber.

JAS. C. SMITH, M.A., B.D.,

Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, Ontario.

FEBRUARY, 6, 1882.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
INTRODUCTORY	9
CHAPTER II.	
FANNY RETTA	11
CHAPTER III.	
JACKO AND PETE.....	21
CHAPTER IV.	
CAVACK	29
CHAPTER V.	
TOTTACHK.....	39
CHAPTER VI.	
JACK, THE HORSE	41
CHAPTER VII.	
BLACK CHLOE.	49

	CHAPTER VIII.	
TRICKSY.....		55
	CHAPTER IX.	
DAISY		59
	CHAPTER X.	
FAN, "THE RUNAWAY MARE"		73
	CHAPTER XI.	
ROVER.....		79
	CHAPTER XII.	
ROVER—Continued		91
	CHAPTER XIII.	
GEORGE		102
	CHAPTER XIV.	
BILLY		109
	CHAPTER XV.	
TAN		118
	CHAPTER XVI.	
BOBBY.....		123
	CHAPTER XVII.	
BOUNCE		126
CONCLUSION		131
APPENDIX.....		134



TRUE ANECDOTES OF PET ANIMALS

BELONGING TO OUR HOUSEHOLD.

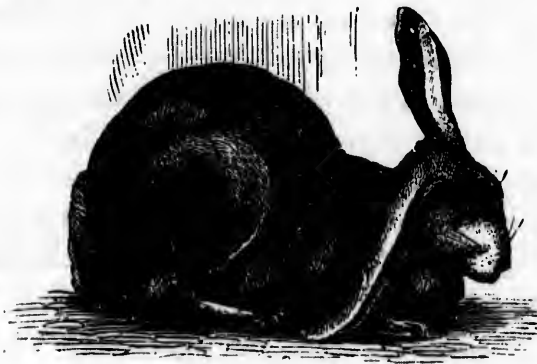
CHAPTER I.

BOYS and girls of Canada, or whoever my readers may be, many, many times I have been asked by my numerous nieces and nephews, or other friends, to tell some of the *true* tales which I have now written down for your entertainment; and if you like the kind of books that I like, and are as fond of animals as I am, and those to whom I have so often told the *facts* related in this volume, you will be quite sure to be pleased with your new Christmas book.

We were a great family for having pets of all kinds. Douglass and Cammy always had rabbits, and my Father terriers, from my earliest recollections, and earlier.

But terriers and rabbits made no end of trouble to the unhappy possessors, for they never caught sight of each other but war, death, desolation and howls ensued in hot haste and rapid succession, followed by my Father's voice, vainly trying to conceal his delight at the pluck and breeding of his canine pets, assuring the poor weeping boys that they were foolish fellows to attempt to keep rabbits where there were *real* thoroughbred Skye terriers.

The boys must have ignored the fatherly advice, for over and over again, at short intervals, the same scenes were enacted, as my Father certainly always stuck to his terriers, sometimes having as many as three or four at one time.





CHAPTER II.

FANNY RETTA.



AVACK and her daughter Tottachk were both members of the "Household" at the time that a fresh instalment of pets, which I am about to mention, arrived.

After the destruction by fire of our pretty new house, with all its contents, including a valuable library, all my Mother's wedding gifts, bed and table linen, and innumerable possessions that could never be replaced, we left Canada for a five years' visit to the romantic and beautiful city of Edinburgh, Scotland. There my brothers and sisters attended the best schools, and laid the foundation of their education.

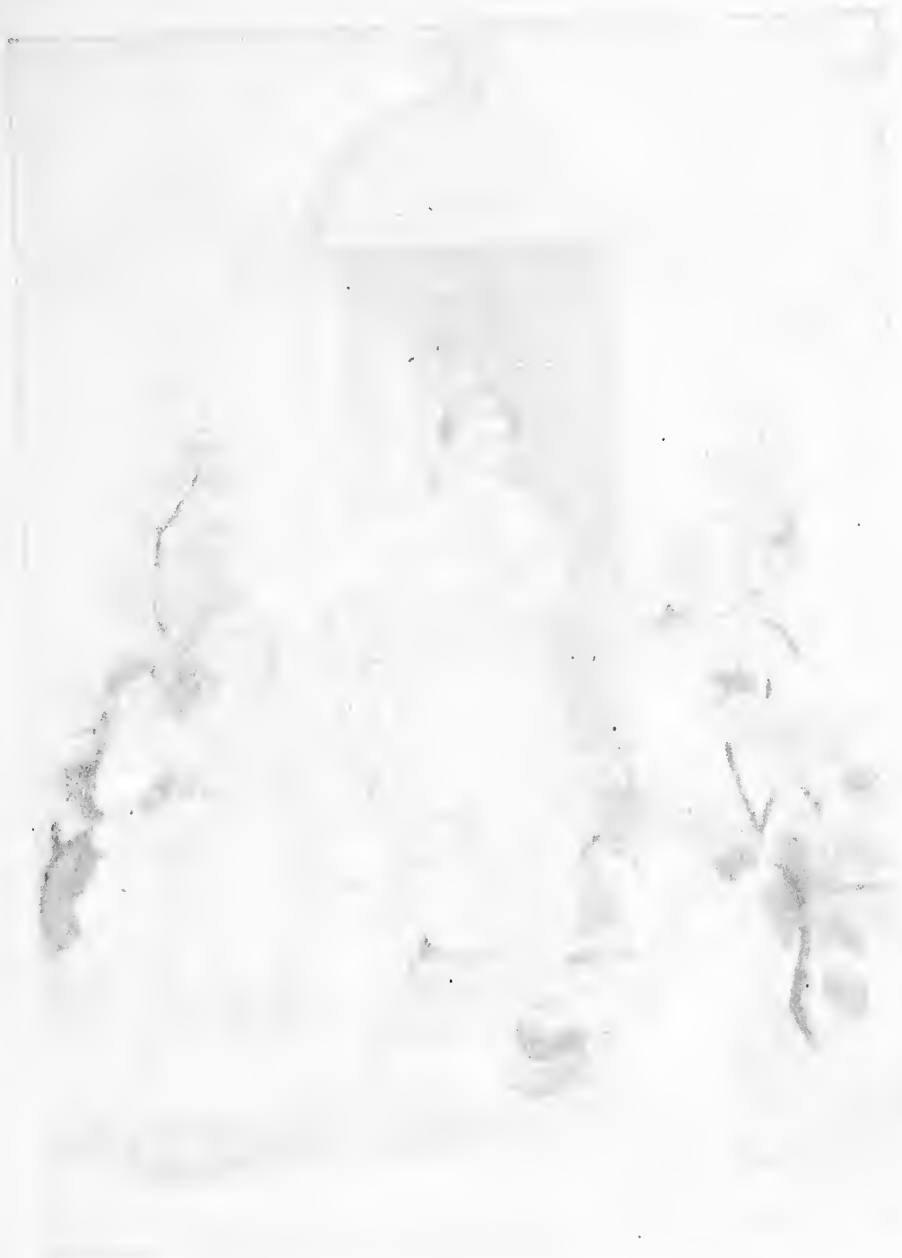
It was upon our return to the rebuilt roughcast stone residence, near the site of the first one, that our old nurse, Mary Currie, came to see us. We

hardly remembered her; indeed, I was only an infant in arms when we went away, and the two younger children were born in Edinburgh, but Mary kissed and hugged us all with great fervor, saying, as she bade us good-bye, that she had been keeping something nice for each of us, and that she would return with her presents in a few days.

Mamma was teased to distraction, as soon as Mary was gone, to guess what the promised gifts were likely to be, for the suspense to us was terrible. "Cakes of maple sugar, most probably," was the suggestion made, and as this was something in the sweetmeat line which we had never seen nor tasted, we looked daily for Mary's return with the greatest eagerness.

Well, one fine bright winter morning we spied Mary coming slowly up the avenue, and on her arm she had a large covered basket.

We quickly and secretly came to the conclusion that if the presents were in that huge basket they could not be little cakes of maple sugar such as Mamma had described to us, for there were *only*





"She opened the lid of the mysterious basket, and displayed to our delighted, and poor Mother's horrid gaze, seven as lovely sweet little kittens as ever were seen."

seven of us, and seven little cakes would not require so much space for their accommodation.

However, our curiosity was soon satisfied, for directly after we had impatiently received from the affectionate woman a due amount of kisses and hugs, she opened the lid of the mysterious basket and displayed to *our* delighted, and poor Mother's horrified gaze, seven as lovely sweet little kittens as ever were seen.

I can see them distinctly before my mind's eye at this moment, and remember the colours and features of each as well as if it were but yesterday that we got them.

It was a day of ecstatic joy and happiness to us. I have no recollection of what it was to Mother and the other senior members of the family. The seven kittens also have, happily for them, long since gone where no reminiscences of the day's experiences can haunt their breasts.

Bessie had first choice, being the eldest, and, of course, selected and seized the darling little jet black one, which each had coveted from the first.

Douglass' was grey with a good deal of white about it.

Nina's was a very pretty, distinguished-looking kitten, nearly white, but beautifully marked with black about the face and sides. It was a perfect beauty, and very like its mistress in character—a bright, untameable creature, full of fun and frolic. You might chase it for hours and not succeed in getting hold of it; and, bless me, how it could spit and scratch!

Fanny Retta, the one that fell to my lot, was a very plain, every-day sort of black-and-white kitten. I saw and acknowledged this painful fact on my first glance at her. No doubt my countenance fell as she was handed to me out of the big basket. Ah, the remorse of it! But as soon as I took her in my arms all disloyalty was forever put to flight, and from that moment I would not have exchanged her for any other cat or kitten in the universe. Her very homeliness commended her to my tenderest love. She was *mine*, my very own, and I determined to give her my whole heart's devotion, and if ever



" And whenever I sat down, either outside or in the house, she sprang into my lap and purred in the greatest contentment."

two creatures loved each other we did, till "death did us part," and even after, for I used to go alone to weep over the poor dead carcass which lay all winter on top of the snow in the garden. I was so glad that no one thought of burying her out of sight.

I puzzled my brain for days after she came into my possession before I decided on a nice poetical-sounding name, and at last fixed upon one that was to be engraven ever after on my memory.

Fanny Retta never was very playful even as a kitten. There was always an air of pensive melancholy about her, as if she were not long for this world.

We took silent romantic walks side by side, and whenever I sat down, either outside or in the house, she sprang into my lap and purred in the greatest contentment.

There was one tree in particular that we used to sit under for hours while I read some of my favourite books, and Fanny Retta basked and purred in the sun. I remember feeling a severe pang

of regret that it was of no use, and quite out of the question, to read "Conversations on the Parables," or "Pilgrim's Progress," aloud to my companion; an indefinite perception that there was *something* lacking in our affectionate companionship floated through my mind as I sat enjoying my books.

Fanny Retta and I grew together, for she lived for two years or more, and became a large, full-grown cat. But alas! she fell into a decline, and one day, in the depth of winter, was found a lifeless corpse in a clothes closet under the stair.

I had been out all day for a long sleigh drive with my Father and Mother, and on coming home tired, sleepy and hungry, it was decided not to inform me of Fanny Retta's sudden demise till after tea, in case I should not be able to eat for grief. But the sad tidings could not long be withheld, for I missed her loving welcome, and wondered while I ate what could keep her from coming to me as usual.

I think one of the cords of my heart must have

broken that night, for there was such an aching pain while I cried myself to sleep, and my Mother sat by the side of my cot and sang to me.

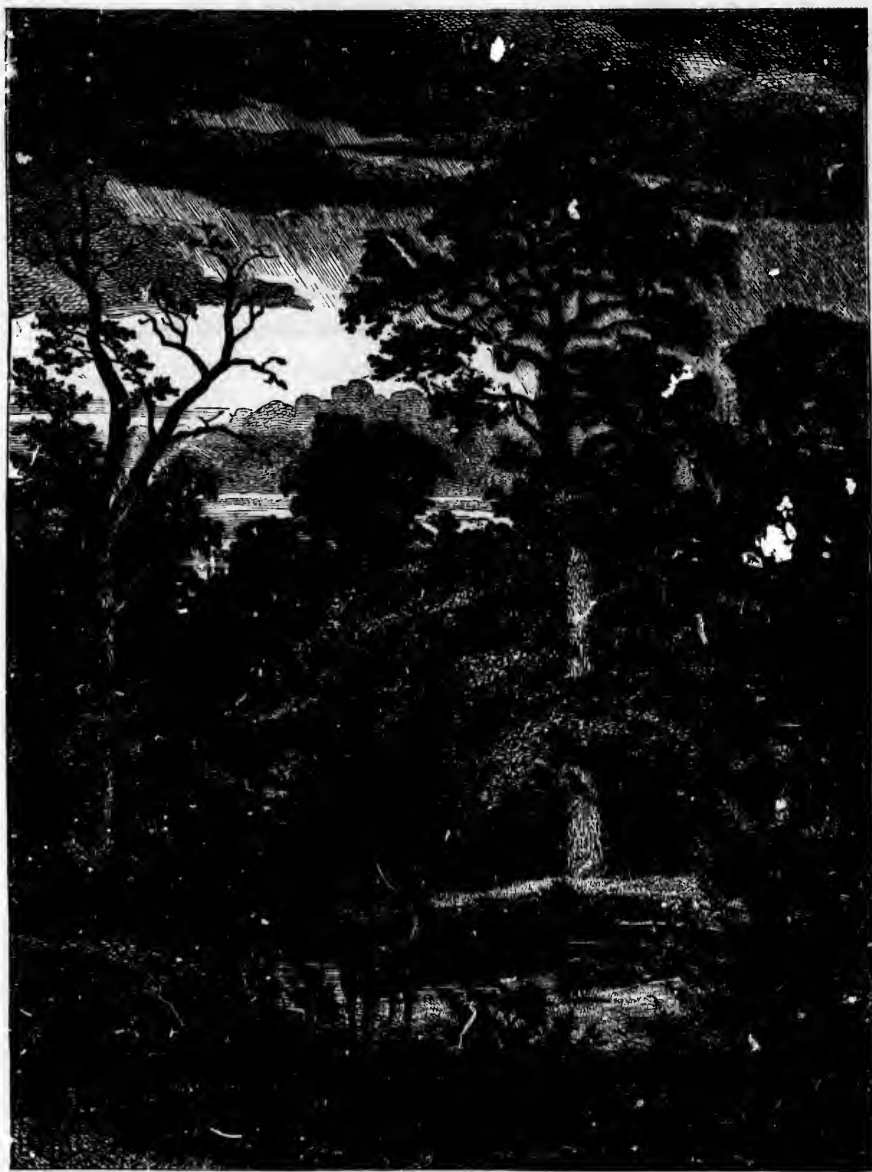
But I must not forget to tell what a commotion the arrival of the seven kittens made on account of the two terriers. Terriers *can* be taught to reverence *one* household cat; but poor Cavack and Tottachk could not comprehend that there were *seven* household kittens, all demanding their social respect and consideration. *Some* of these must be intruding villains whom it was their bounden duty to catch by the cuff of the neck and shake to death as they would any other vermin.

After a fortnight of constant excitement, confusion, barking, screaming, crying and scolding, six of the kittens disappeared quite suddenly. Our servant got orders to fill a canvas bag with kittens—all except mine—and to put them under the seat of the buggy one night when the man-servant was going on a journey of seven or eight miles.

He was to open the bag and let out a kitten at different points on the road, near houses where they

might find comfortable homes for themselves. The owners of the kittens could not imagine what had become of their pets ; but they did not mourn very long for them, and then they were told how they had been disposed of.







CHAPTER III.

JACKO AND PETE.



WHILE we were residing in Edinburgh, my mother and I were invited to spend a few weeks in the town of Ayr, for change of air, as we had both been delicate for some time ; and my uncle, Dr. Whitmore, insisted that we must be under his own special charge to be restored to health and strength. It was a lovely morning in April that we set out ; and the hedges, covered with tender young leaves and beautiful blossoms and buds, perfumed the air as we drove along in a comfortably cushioned carriage.

Sweetbriar, hawthorn decked in pink and white, and the dark green privet hedges enclosed fields, where pretty little lambs were frisking by the side of their mothers ; or meadows, where the bright green of the grass was almost hid from view by a perfect

wealth of the "Scottish blue bell." Sometimes, when passing a cottage garden, a delicious scent of violets surrounded us for a moment, making us sniff up the air with keen enjoyment; but almost more delightful than all this was the exquisite singing of the thrushes and linnets, the cawing of the rooks, and the far-off song of the lark. We enjoyed it all so intensely that we were sorry when our journey was ended.

Aunt Whitmore met us with the warmest of welcomes in the hall, and enveloped us in her capacious arms in a tender embrace. Cousin Flora carried me into the drawing-room, and sat down with me on her knee, taking off my hood and pelisse. This was the commencement of a most delightful visit, which never faded from my memory.

Next morning Flora showed me a drawer full of pretty toys and treasures that had been her own when she was a child; among others, an enormous, grandly-dressed doll, with jetty curls and flashing eyes; a superb creature, and the most imposing doll I had ever beheld. Flora still valued Ludivina so

highly that she would only let me hold her in my arms for a few minutes daily. When I was peevish and ill I used to cry for the doll, and Flora would tease me by holding her up at the glass door of the room where she was locked up, and then running off with her through another door. Round and round we would scamper; Flora laughing, and I bawling, till Uncle Whitmore would come in and severely reprimand his daughter for teasing me, and make her give me Ludivina for a little while.

Cousin Flora had always been an only child, and had possessed, when a little girl, everything that her heart could desire in the way of playthings. Every day my meals were set out on an elegant miniature mahogany telescope table, which had been Flora's, with little tablecloth, and exquisite dinner and tea sets of the finest Dresden china. I had my tiny tureen-full of soup, my little ladle, pretty meat dishes, and everything so complete that it was impossible not to have an appetite, and certainly mine came fully back to do justice to my well-appointed table.

"Now, my dear," said Aunt Whitmore to me the

day after our arrival, when Cousin Flora had finished showing me her drawer full of toys, and Ludivina, "there are two friends down-stairs waiting to make your acquaintance, and you will like them better than anything you have yet seen."

"Who can they be?" I wondered, and I felt very shy and reluctant to meet any more strange faces; but Aunt Whitmore held out her hand, and I took it and went away with her.

"Jacko!" she called, "Jacko! Jacko!" as we went down the long winding stair. "Jacko and Pete, come here." Just as we reached the last step, Jacko and Pete met us, in answer to their mistress' call, and at sight of them I gave a scream and hid behind Aunt Whitmore's gown, for what were they but two monkeys—Jacko, quite a large fellow, and Pete, a funny, active little sprite, never still a moment, and full of antics. My Uncle's brother had brought them from India and presented them to my Aunt, who was really quite fond of them, especially Jacko.

My fears passed away very soon, for Jacko made

great friends with me ; putting his arms round me, and hugging me most affectionately. He followed me everywhere, and I do believe loved me dearly. As for Pete, the very sight of his comical little head and face was enough to set one laughing. He would spring on the table, pull my hair and be down again before I turned round, looking so demure and sedate that you would never suspect him of the trick. He loved to tease cook above all things ; would run off with her dish-cloth, or whatever she was likely to miss the most ; and when she flew into a passion, and ran to strike him, he would spring out of reach in a twinkling, and grin and chatter in ridiculous derision at the indignant victim of his sport.

One day she went to the knife drawer to get out the knives for dinner ; but not one was there, and it was a long time before she found them in a barrel of water, at the back door, where the mischievous Pete had dropped them one by one.

But my worst story of Pete's naughtiness remains to be told.

My Uncle and Aunt had invited a large and very

select party to dinner one evening, in honour of my Mother's visit. The guests had all arrived, and were sitting in the drawing-room waiting for dinner to be announced. There were a lot of ladies, very beautifully dressed, and a corresponding number of gentlemen. Aunt had on a lovely lace cap and a purple satin dress, and was talking and laughing, first to one and then to another; but her face was flushed, and she looked with anxiety towards the door every moment. Uncle glanced at his watch. What could be detaining dinner? A maid appeared at the open door and beckoned, but no notice was taken, then cook herself, in all her dishabille, stood in the hall opposite Aunt Whitmore, and gesticulated violently to attract attention. In this she succeeded, and poor Aunt, much abashed at having to leave her guests, excused herself and left the room.

"Oh, cook, what is the matter? Why is dinner not announced? I am so ashamed, it is seven minutes late now."

"Oh, mistress, I'm just distracted," said cook, wringing her hands in mental anguish, "come to the kitchen to Pete; I wish he was dead, I do."

Cook had scolded Pete early in the day for some little trick he had played, and had succeeded in giving him a rap with the broomstick, and the wicked little monkey had thirsted for revenge ever since, till a fit opportunity presented itself. Cook was going to place her pot of early potatoes (all that she had in the house) on the fire, when she had to speak to a messenger at the door for a minute or two. Down sprang Pete, seized a potato, and climbed with it to the top of a high shelf near the ceiling. Down he came, got another, and placed it by the side of the first, another, and another, till the pot was empty, and a complete row of potatoes formed along the shelf.

When cook returned, Pete grinned at her from behind the potatoes, shook his fist as she shook her's, chattered, and mocked everything she did. First she scolded, then she coaxed, but it was not one bit of use.

"Dear, good little Pete, bring down the potatoes, and I'll give you a lump of sugar. Do, Pete! oh, do, and I'll never, never scold you again while you

live," said she, looking up at him with beseeching eyes and clasped hands.

The shelf was so high that it could not be reached without a step-ladder, and there was none in the house. The things placed up there were not touched but once a year, at Martinmas times.

One good trait in Pete was that he always obeyed his mistress at once ; so there was nothing for it but to go and bring her down stairs.

"Pete, bring down those potatoes instantly," said my Aunt in great wrath.

Down came Pete with a potato like a flash, and dropped it into the pot, another and another, till the pot was full, and the shelf empty.

Aunt Whitmore hurried back to her guests, and informed them that a trick of master Pete's had delayed dinner, but that it would shortly be on the table now ; and in a wonderfully brief space of time the doors were thrown open, and the welcome announcement made.

Though Jacko and Pete did not belong to our own "Household," I could not leave their familiar names out when speaking of all the other pets. Now I must go on to tell of Cavack and Tottachk.






"As soon as the guns were shouldered by Mr. Russell or Douglass, Cavack would get into the wildest state of excitement to be off to the woods or the marsh, rabbit hunting or pigeon shooting."



CHAPTER IV.

C A V A C K .

AVACK was a very fine imported thoroughbred Skye terrier that we brought with us from Scotland. The name Cavack means "quick," in Gaelic, and a more appropriate one could not have been chosen. Cavack was a splendid ratter, and was renowned for hunting all kinds of game. As soon as the guns were shouldered by Mr. Russell or Douglass, Cavack would get into the wildest state of excitement to be off to the woods or the marsh, rabbit hunting or pigeon shooting. She was famous for finding the pigeons when shot, and bringing them to be put into the game bags. Such quantities as used to be brought home each time; more than sufficient for the whole neighbourhood.

Cavack knew as well as the sportsmen that when

they turned in the direction of "The Back Channel" they were going after black duck just as surely as she knew that the "marsh" meant pigeons, and the woods rabbits.

We were all very fond of her, and had been accustomed to her society so many years, about seven or eight I think, that we looked upon her more as a human being, and a member of the family circle, than merely a dog.

I should have told you that her colour was dark blue, her length a foot and a half, and her hair long, rough and shaggy.

I could mention many curious and interesting instances of Cavack's sagacity, but will confine myself to one funny incident which came under my Mother's observation.

Mamma was nursing the baby at the fire one day, when the house was very quiet, every one else being out. Cavack was in a corner of the room in a box, with a litter of five pups.

The only sound to be heard was the incessant yelping of one of the pups. The yelping, or rather

squealing, had gone on for some time, when Cavack jumped out of the box, took the pup by the back of the neck with her teeth, and set it on the floor; she then proceeded to lick it tenderly all over with great solicitude, and after doing so, lifted it again into the box and followed herself.

The squealing went on as badly as ever. After waiting patiently for a few minutes Cavack bundled out of the box in a tremendous hurry and flurry, seized the pup by the back of the neck, as before, put it on the floor in the middle of the room, and then she gave it such a worrying and shaking that Mamma was quite alarmed, thinking she was devouring it. She then carried it to a far corner of the room and left it there, returning to the box alone.

For a short time the squealing continued, as if the little one was in pain, and then it ceased entirely. Cavack at once got out of her box and went to her erring offspring, licked it most tenderly all over, and carried it back to the bosom of the family. After this piece of judicious maternal discipline all

was perfectly quiet and orderly for the remainder of the afternoon.

One day my Father called Mr. Russell aside and said he wished to speak to him privately on important business.

Mr. Russell was an elderly gentleman who always resided with us. He had some eccentricities and peculiarities, and was extremely short-sighted.

"Mr. Russell," said my Father, "poor Cavack has become so old and infirm that it will be a mercy to shoot the poor beast before the cold weather sets in; I wish you would take her down to the wood below the meadow immediately after dinner and shoot her."

"Very well, sir; it ought to be done, I suppose, but I hate the job."

"Do it as quietly and quickly as you can," added my Father, "that the poor children may not know till all is over."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; to be sure."

We wondered why Papa took us all into the play-room when dinner was over, and remained

with us, laughing and talking and telling us funny stories. Suddenly we heard the report of a gun echoing through the wood below the meadow.

This wood and meadow were favourite resorts of ours, and only that morning we had been playing for a long time there, swinging on the limb of a fallen tree that had been prevented by a large stump from coming to the ground. We had also play-houses up in the branches of some fine old maple trees, so that we were very familiar with the place, and we at once recognised that the shot proceeded from that vicinity.

Papa heard the report too, for he had been straining his ears in the midst of the noise we were making to catch that very sound, and immediately his face and voice changed, and he said:—

“Now, children, I have something to tell you, and you are not to make a great fuss, for it had to be done. You know poor old Cav——”

But poor Papa got no further in his self-imposed mission of breaking the news to us, for we all shouted at once,—“Oh, you’ve gone and shot

Cavack! Oh! oh! how could you be so cruel?" And then the howling we set up was something fearful, for each one tried to exceed the other in the uproar, in order to give unmistakable evidence of a greater depth of affection for the dear one who was now no more.

Suddenly we became aware of a rushing noise on the stairs—a bounce at the door—and lo! delight of delights! in frisked the dead dog, jumping up upon each of us in turn, as if to tell us of her narrow escape from a murderous death.

"Russell has missed his shot," said my Father, with an angry stamp of his foot.

Nina took in the situation in a moment, and, ever full of fun and mischief, rushed into a cupboard with the trembling dog in her arms, just as Mr. Russell, gun in hand, and with a jaunty, self-satisfied air, entered the room.

"Well, Mr. Russell, did you do that job?"

"Yes, sir," innocently replied Mr. Russell, in a becomingly sad tone.

"Had you any difficulty?" enquired my Father, in a husky voice.



"Nina took in the situation," etc.

All this time our smothered laughter was mistaken for sobs of deep grief, while Nina's ebullitions from the recesses of the cupboard were imagined to be outbursts of sorrow, so heartrending from the tenderly affectionate child, that she could not endure that any should be eye-witnesses of the same.

"Oh! no sir; no difficulty whatever. The poor creature stood perfectly still against the tree where I placed her, and looked right at me. I just turned my head away and fired, and she fell like a log at the first shot. It must have gone right through her head."

"Did you not look to see?"

"Oh! no, sir; I was sure of it, and I could not bear to look at her, so I just hurried away from the spot. I felt as if I had committed a murder."

"And what's this, Mr. Russell?" cried the laughing Nina, bouncing out of the cupboard, just at this climax of horror.

"Good God! what *is* that?" exclaimed the affrighted murderer.

"It can't be Cavack," laughed Nina, with naughty

impudence, "for she 'fell like a log at the first shot,' you know."

"Well! well! well! I was sure I saw her lying there dead. She is a cunning beast yet to have slipped through my fingers like that!"

However, a few days afterwards, poor Cavack did disappear by the hand of a better marksman, and we missed and mourned her for many a day.








CHAPTER V.

T O T T A C H K .

 HERE is not much to tell about Tottachk, except that she was a first-rate ratter, and had so much of the true terrier spirit in her that, although always of a delicate constitution, being afflicted with palsy all her life, which caused a constant trembling and lameness on one side of her body, and made her feel changes of the weather, and cold, to a most painful degree; yet the slightest sound of "game in the wind," made her forget all her aches and pains in a moment, and she would dart like lightning to the scene of action, never giving in till conquest was achieved.

It was very touching to witness the constant care and consideration of Cavaack towards her invalid daughter, ever resigning to her the coziest nooks by

the fireside, and even the choicest morsels of their joint meals.

And Tottachk returned her fond old mother's affection with all the earnest warmth of her inherited Highland nature.

Sometimes on a cold morning we would find Cavack lying right over Tottachk, almost hiding her from view with her own shaggy coat, to shield the poor trembling form from the keen frosty air.

The word Tottachk is a term applied to a witch in the Gaelic language, and is used in the Island of Mull alone.


Tottachk was shorter and slimmer than her mother. Her colour was a very pretty bright brown, shading from light to dark, and her eyes, also brown, had a particularly soft, affectionate expression. She lived for several years after her mother's death.





CHAPTER VI.

JACK, THE HORSE.

T was in the days of Cavack and Tottachk that Jack, the horse, made his appearance amongst us. He was a fine, large dark bay, with black mane and tail, a well-arched neck, and a gentle disposition.

My Father had purchased him from a man in the neighbourhood for one hundred and forty dollars. A hundred dollars was paid down and the remainder was to be settled in six months.

We all liked Jack from the first, and many a delightful ride we took on his back during the next three months. He was a nice carriage horse; and, indeed, gave perfect satisfaction in whatever way he was employed.

After Christmas, or about three months after the purchase of Jack, my Father decided to do, as many gentlemen did in those days, namely, to send a

man-servant and a span of horses to the lumber shanty.

This was a severe disappointment to us children, as we had expected to enjoy sleigh drives without number ; but our loss was made up by what we ever afterwards called "The Robert King sleigh drives."

Robert King was a man who had once been in my Father's employment, and his wife also had been a servant of my Mother's. I believe their marriage was celebrated in our house.

Papa thought a great deal of Robert, having always regarded him as a most faithful, honest workman.

Well, Robert was engaged to come about six times in the course of the winter, with a large sleigh and a span of horses, to take the whole family for the longest, merriest, most charming drives that ever were enjoyed in the world.

I once heard an orator deliver an address at a St. Andrew's Concert, and he spoke of countries, nations and individuals having what might be termed "red letter days," standing out in bold relief from all



ALFRED R. CLINE, CARLETON, ILLINOIS.
" 'Here's the sleigh!' 'Here's Robert!' 'Girls, get on your boots!' 'Boys, where are your overcoats?' 'Jump in! Jump in!' 'Ah me! what a merry, laughing, shouting set we were, and how very happy!'"

others, as St. Andrew's does to every Scotchman ; and truly those days when we went for our " Robert King sleigh drives " were " red letter days " to us.

From early morning till about ten o'clock we would perch ourselves at the up-stairs windows, and watch for the first glimpse of the horses' heads coming in sight from behind a certain clump of trees, that shut out farther vision ; or we would open the window occasionally to try and catch, if possible, the sound of the sleigh bells ; for we could sometimes hear them for five or ten minutes before the horses appeared in sight.

" There he is now ! " " Here's the sleigh ! " " Here's Robert ! " " Girls, get on your hoods ! Boys, where are your overcoats ? " " Jump in ! Jump in ! " Ah me ! what a merry, laughing, shouting set we were, and how very happy !

We all went. Papa, Mamma, and every chick and child, and the two terriers.

We always drove to a distant town or village, where we dined and spent our pocket money, returning home about seven or eight in the evening, as

hungry as hawks, for tea. The great blazing fire in the open fireplace was just luxurious as we sat round it telling all we had seen and heard on our long journey. Robert's sleigh bells were the loudest and clearest I ever heard. I hear them now; and my brother Bruce used to say that their rhythms went exactly to the fine old tune of

“Fareweel Edinbro’,
Where happy I hae been,
Fareweel Edinbro’,
Caledonia’s Queen.

“Auld Reekie, fare thee weel,
And Reekie new beside;
Like a chieftain, auld and grey,
Wi’ a young and bonnie bride.”

And so they did; and we used to sing these words and the tune in concert with the bells as we lay curled up under the buffalo robes in the bottom of the sleigh. To this day I always associate the old song with our merry Robert King sleigh drives.

But I have got far away from the subject of Jack, the horse.

Jack and “Lazy Bill” (a vicious, sulky brute, that

no one could say a good word for, except that he was very strong when he chose to exert himself) were the horses sent with the man, James Michaelwin, to the shanty.

James got strict orders to be very careful of both horses, and of Jack especially; but he was not a man to be trusted, and getting intoxicated one day at the very outset, he raced poor Jack for a wager with one of the other men over a piece of rough land where there was a great deal of brushwood, and the unfortunate animal got a splinter run into his foot, from which accident he never recovered.

If the man had only been honest enough to tell about it, and to bring the horse home, something might have been done; but he was afraid to do so, knowing how justly angry my Father would be; so it was not till several days had passed that my Father became aware of what had happened. The horse was immediately brought home, and everything imaginable done for his relief; but it was of no use. The splinter had gone up into his body, and after lingering in great pain for six weeks, he died.

Poultices were made many times every day, and there he lay on the barn floor, bearing it all so patiently, and receiving our caresses as if he really understood and appreciated our sympathy and sorrow for his sufferings.

I remember that after a while his skin began to break from lying on his side so long, and then he was slung up to the beams of the barn in ticking, with ropes sewed to the corners. He looked so queer with just his head and sorrowful eyes looking out, and the four legs dangling down, that if we had not been so very sad, besides being too considerate to hurt dear Jack's feelings, we would have laughed.

But, as I said, he died, and one morning when we ran down before breakfast to ask for him as usual, he was not there, and the barn, where he had been for such a long time, looked very empty without him.

When my Father went to our neighbour's, a short time afterwards, to pay the forty dollars still owing for Jack, he said it was really "paying for a dead horse" in a more literal sense than the old proverb meant.



“ The ferny dell, the mossy brook,
To these our way we often took.”



CHAPTER VII.

BLACK CHLOE.

Y Sister Nina was sent one day with a little basket to Auntie Peggy's, to get some fresh eggs. Auntie Peggy was a mean little woman, from whom we used to get butter and eggs occasionally. I say "mean," for she had the name of being very hard in her dealings, and was not known to possess a single generous impulse.

"Auntie Peggy, I have come for a dozen fresh eggs," said Nina, going up to her as she was milking her cow.

"Well, Miss Nina, we will just have to look for them," answered Peggy.

Nothing delighted Nina more than to have a romp through hay-lofts on a search for eggs, so away she went pell-mell, in high glee. Peggy followed more

slowly, and before long they had between them collected the dozen eggs.

On coming out of a shed, a large black hen ran quickly past the door, cackling vigorously.

"Miss Nina, if you can catch Black Chloe I'll bestow her on ye."

"Peggy, will you really?" said Nina, locking with round eyes of astonishment at the woman's face to see if she were in earnest. Peggy had never been known to *bestow* anything on anybody in her life, not even a kiss, so Nina thought she must be only joking.

"I will," repeated Peggy; "she's nothing but a bother to me, for I can never find her nest, and when I want to kill her she's no to be caught; I've tried many a time. You'll no catch her neither, I'm thinking."

But was there ever anything that Nina could not catch when she made up her mind to do it? Not Black Chloe, at any rate; for after a breathless chase for nearly an hour, with a flushed face and her long golden hair tossed in wild confusion over her shoul-

ders, Nina came forward triumphantly to Peggy, carrying Black Chloe scrawking in her arms.



"Nina's care did not rest with Black Chloe alone, for she took a special protecting care over not only her numerous sons and daughters and grandchildren, but of their nieces and nephews."

"Ye're welcome to her, I'm sure." But the old woman's tone was not so cheerful as it had been, and Nina felt pretty sure that she had never expected her to succeed in catching the hen.

“But,” when telling us about it at home, Nina said, “that was just what made me determine to get hold of Black Chloe, if it had killed me to do it.”

She was truly a very fine fowl, and laid beautiful large eggs. She reared several healthy families during her life, and was really quite an acquisition to our circle.

Nina's care did not rest with Black Chloe alone, for she took a special protecting care over not only her numerous sons and daughters and grandchildren, but of their nieces and nephews, even to the second generation; and when fowls were to be slaughtered, would go herself to superintend the selection in case of a mistake.

“That's ‘Dark Specky's’ aunt.”

“The mischief it is!” replied the man-servant at this bad beginning.

“And that's ‘Light Specky's’ niece,” when the next was brought down from the roost.

“And, botheration, what'll this be?” bringing down a third.



"She reared several healthy families during her life, and was really quite an acquisition to our circle."

“That’s the brown hen’s son, and nephew to both the Speckies,” promptly replied his tormentor.

By this time the fowls would all be wide awake, and the man in a tearing rage. He was often heard to say that he would rather do anything under the sun than go to get the fowls that were to be killed.

Black Chloe was not permitted to have the honour of dying a natural death, for she was brought up with her neck wrung one night, whether by mistake or not none could tell. It was affirmed of her that, as a striking evidence of her wonderful spirit and vitality, after she had been lying dead for ten minutes on the ground, she terrified those who had taken her life by giving a last, long, loud scrawk.





CHAPTER VIII.

TRICKSY.

ONE day, when I was up in my play house in the maple tree, what should I spy but a pretty little chipmunk right beside me. I sat quite still and looked him in the face, and he looked at me in return.

We soon got accustomed to each other's countenances, and my little visitor kept running away and coming back all afternoon, at which I felt more complimented than if Royalty herself had stooped to enter my habitation.

I had some bread in my pocket, and I put crumbs along the branch on which I was seated, beginning as far off as my arm could reach, and then nearer and nearer to myself, finishing with my own pinafore, and finally some nice bits in my lap.

You see what I wanted: I thought if he would only come into my lap and let me stroke his pretty

striped back, and kiss his black nose, I would be delighted and charmed; and—would you believe it?—he actually did pop in for a moment. I was afraid of frightening him if I moved my hand or arm, so I sat like a statue, and he just seized a crumb and was off in a jiffy.



"What should I spy but a pretty little chipmunk right beside me."

We carried on this game for several days, and he used to appear instantly when I gave a chirrup like his own, or called in a low voice "Tricksy!"

At last I caught him, and that was the end of his confidence in me.



"We carried on this game for several days, and he used to appear instantly when I gave a chirrup like his own, or called in a low voice, 'Tricksy.'"

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He tried so hard to escape that I was obliged to confine him in very close quarters—in fact, I was silly enough, being only a very little child, to shut the poor little fellow up in my beautiful rosewood workbox, which was lined and cushioned with crimson silk.

Tricksy bit my finger severely when I was putting him into this luxurious house, to show me that it was not at all suited to his taste, and that I was taking all the happiness out of his life by removing him from his own natural home beside the maple tree.

A short time afterwards, when I went to feed him, I was dismayed to find him languishing and panting in the bottom of the box, of which the beautiful lining was quite destroyed by his sharp teeth, and the wood at the corners gnawed nearly through.

Mamma scolded me, as I well deserved, for my presumption in doing such a thing without first asking her permission, and insisted that Tricksy should be set free at once.

I never saw him again.



CHAPTER IX.

DAISY.



ND now I must relate the interesting though tragic history of our pet lamb, Daisy.

We had finished breakfast one cold, snowy April morning, and were looking out at the play room window, when we saw one of the men-servants coming towards the house from the barn, carrying some white object in his arms. He went in at the kitchen door, and we were wondering what the white bundle could be, when my Mother called up the stairs, "Children, come and see what John has got down here!"

"What has he got? What is it?" we cried, rushing down stairs as fast as our legs could carry us; and there beside the fire, in a basket, lay the smallest and weakest of lambs, cold, wet, and shivering; the very most pitiable object that ever was seen.

“Oh, the wee darling!” exclaimed Nina; “may I have it, Mamma?”

“You may all have it for your own, if you can get it to live; the poor little forlorn creature has no mother to take care of it; its mother is dead.”

“The lamb would have been dead, too, in half an hour more, if I had not found it and brought it in to be warmed and fed,” said John Anderson.

There was great danger that that lamb would be too well cared for, and should die from over-feeding; for each child, in turn, supplied it with a superabundance of nourishment and fondling. I am sure I can say with all truth that Daisy never felt the want of a mother's love and care; that, in fact, she was far better off, far happier and more comfortable, with her seven human foster-parents, than if the mother sheep had lived to raise her up to the years of discretion.

A few days after we first saw her she looked like a different animal; so soft, and comparatively plump. Before long she could run about everywhere; all over the house; up and down stairs; into every

room; wherever she could have a romp with us. She was so strong as she grew up that she could force her way into any room or place against our united efforts to keep her out. She had a most



"There was great danger that that lamb would be too well cared for, and should die from over-feeding."

provoking way of bunting over pans of milk or any vessel left within her reach; so that the amount of mischief she contrived to accomplish was not small.

There was to be a large pic-nic up the river T—, given by a lady of our acquaintance, and my Father

and eldest Sister were invited to join the party. My Sister was greatly flattered by the invitation, which was one of her first to a grown-up party, and was much absorbed for some days in making preparations for it. She was to wear a new dress considerably longer than what she had ever yet worn, and her hair was to be fastened up for the first time. A little vanity and self-conceit was excusable, I suppose, under the circumstances; she was caught looking in the glass very frequently; her hair was done up in this fashion, and then in that, and different-coloured ribbons flying from head and neck. Very angry she got, too, when she was twitted upon her silly vanity.

However, the day of the pic-nic, of course she had to look in the glass when getting ready. Wishing particularly to judge of the effect of the lengthened dress, she took down the large handsome mirror from the top of the bureau and set it on the floor against the wall; then she paraded backwards and forwards, gazing admiringly at the figure she cut, till she was startled by my Father's voice calling

that if she did not come down immediately, he would go off without her.

They had to drive seven miles before reaching the



"Nina and Daisy were having a game of romps."

house from which the pic-nic party was to set out, so it was very necessary to make an early start.

Seizing her hat, gloves, and parasol, my Sister ran down stairs as fast as she could, leaving the room in sad disorder, and the looking-glass on the floor.

Nina and Daisy were having a game of romps round the house, and just as the travellers were passing out at the front door, in scampered Daisy, up the stairs and into the bedroom to hide herself from her pursuer. "The glass! the glass! Daisy will break it!" shouted the vain lady with the long dress and tucked-up hair. Crash went the mirror; it was too late. Jealous at seeing another lamb on the same familiar social terms with the household as herself, Daisy instantaneously resolved to give her rival such a bunt with her head as would cause the said rival to quit the scene with *sore* regrets at having ventured thereon. The glass did vanish quickly enough, for it was shivered to atoms.

Our servant, Mary Macgregor, a very ignorant, superstitious Highland girl, on coming up to view the catastrophe, called on all the saints to preserve us; for, she said, the breaking of a looking-glass was a *sure* sign that there was going to be a death in the family within the year.

"It is a 'sure sign' that a new looking-glass will have to be bought, at any rate," said my Mother,

looking woefully at the shattered remains of the pretty mirror.

These delinquencies of our pet lamb made my Father resolve to sell her, and one day a gentleman came to call, to whom my Father sold our pretty Daisy. He promised us faithfully that she would not be killed, and that we could see her every time we went to his house.

In a day or two we paid a visit at the gentleman's house, and asked to see Daisy. We were told that she was in a certain meadow a good distance off; but we were not to be put off or discouraged by the prospect of a long walk, so away we started for the meadow. We sought in vain. Daisy was not to be seen. We ransacked the whole place, calling her by name as loud as we could; but no Daisy came bounding to us to receive our caresses.

We came back to the house crying, and feeling sure that foul play had been practised on our darling.

“Have you killed Daisy, Mr. Graham?” we demanded imperatively.

The cruel wretch turned his face away to hide a heartless smile, and then we knew that our pet lamb had indeed been slaughtered and eaten by the faithless monster.



"We ransacked the whole place, calling her by name as loud as we could."

Mary Macgregor's name has brought to my mind such an amusing anecdote in connection with her that I will just give it here.

Papa and Mamma left home for a couple of days,

giving Mary sole charge of the house and children till their return. The drawing-room door was locked, and the windows fastened securely; also the door of my Mother's room was locked, Mamma taking the keys of both apartments with her.

Poor Mary was a good, faithful, affectionate girl, but she was certainly wholly unequal to the arduous and precarious task of controlling so many "High go mads" as we were, in the then irresponsible stage of our existence.

Our first prank after the departure of our parents was to sally into the kitchen and insist on the unfortunate, overwhelmed Mary getting out pots, pans, spoons, etc., as also flour, milk, meat, etc., in fact everything we could think of, in order that each child might make for himself or herself a savoury dish for dinner, according to individual fancy—a little "Micawber relish," such as had never been suggested by any manual on cookery, nor invented by any housewife.

Mary, quite bewildered by the noise and confusion, just did what we told her.

One of my brothers, who required fresh eggs for his concoction, and being told by Mary that she could not find any more, caught two or three hens and shut them up in barrels till they provided the required ingredient in sufficient quantity.

Well, we mixed and cooked our dishes amid a deafening uproar, and were just proceeding to test the success of our cooking abilities, when, perhaps luckily for the well-being of our digestive organs, a new and all-absorbing commotion rendered the partaking of our several dishes impossible.

Douglass had gone up-stairs for something he wanted, and came back with terror depicted in every feature, exclaiming, "The piano is playing!"

We all listened, and, of course, imagined we heard the notes sounding, though we would not venture up the stairs for the world, to make sure. Douglass, who was generally the leading spirit in every mischief, went to look in at the window to see who was playing the piano in the *locked-up* room; the result of his investigation being a positive assertion that a man with a long black beard and a white coat was standing in the middle of the room.

Hastily, and in great trepidation, we sped in a body, with Mary at our heels, into what we called "the low room," and locked ourselves in. This room was directly under my Mother's, which, as I said before, was also locked up.

Here we stood, pale and breathless, when suddenly Douglass, thinking it was time for a fresh sensation, declared he heard stealthy footsteps in the room overhead. We listened, and were sure we heard them too.

It was too much for our excited nerves to remain any longer where we were; so we got out as fast as we could. The boys procured a ladder, that they might look in at the window; but it was some time before sufficient courage was summoned to enable any one to get further than the middle of the ladder. When they did succeed in reaching the top, we were terrified to hear that the figure of a *human being* was distinctly visible in this room also.

A man who was labouring in an adjoining field was asked to come and see into the cause of our fears; he walked once round the house, saying, "I

never heard tell of any one having *died* here," and then hurried away as if he was thoroughly scared himself.

His words gave a new turn to our imagination. We had been thinking only of robbers; now our thoughts were all of ghosts and hobgoblins, and our terrors increased tenfold.

Mary declared she could not stay another minute in the haunted place, and wanted to take us all away with her, but we refused to go.

As she ran across the meadow, Douglass, disgusted with her cowardice, stoned her off the premises, calling her a "Hieland gawky."

I think *he* was well aware of just how much cause there was for alarm from first to last.

Poor Mary never forgot this insulting treatment from my Brother; and many years after, when he was anxious to procure her services as housekeeper in his own family during his wife's absence in England, she refused to go for any wages he could offer. Mary did not leave us long to the mercy of the ghosts and goblins, for she hastened to the

house of a friend of my Father's, and sent him, his wife and ten children, up to remain with us till the return of our parents.





" The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest ; and the streams
most sweet



Are those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank."

—Whittier.

John C. Staples



CHAPTER X.

FAN, "THE RUNAWAY MARE."



FAN was the pride of my brother Cammy's heart.

The reason why she was called by all who knew her, far and wide, "The Runaway Mare," was that her pace when going at full speed was so remarkably quick, that she had the appearance of running away; but she never ran away in her life, and was as gentle and loving as could be.

A mile in less than two minutes Fan could go easily; and once, when some articles of dress, for a wedding my sisters were going to, had been forgotten by the dressmaker, Douglass got over six miles in ten minutes on her back. We hardly knew he was gone till he galloped furiously into the yard, and sprang from the saddle, leaving the reeking horse to be cared for by Cammy, who cried shame on him for the state she was in.

Fan was a handsome, glossy dark bay, with a sparkling eye. My Mother rode her frequently, and preferred her to any other.

On one occasion, when the saddle turned and my Mother fell off and fainted, Fan turned round and stood over her like a guard, watching her with the utmost solicitude till assistance came; and when they were carrying Mamma to the house, "The Run-
away Mare" followed quietly behind of her own accord. Cammy used to ride, drive, and care for Fan more than any one else, so there was a great attachment between them; and when she had to be sold, it cost him much sorrow to part from his favourite.

The last winter we had her, Cammy and I used to drive five miles twice a week to dancing school, and I have a very vivid recollection of the swiftness with which we would scud over the snow in the little cutter, with Fan going like the wind in front.

Cammy had a most tender heart towards all dumb creatures, and on very cold stormy nights he would have a great struggle with himself between taking

his dear Fan out in the storm, and disappointing himself and me by missing the dancing, of which we were both extremely fond. But his hesitation invariably ended by his calling to me to dry my eyes and get on my wraps, and his going to the stable to shower on Fan an extra amount of attention and endearments; and then hurry her out, attach her to the cutter, bring her round, and we were off like a shot.

“Kate,” Fan’s colt, was petted by each of us like a child, and was on such familiar terms with the “Household,” that many times, after she was full grown to a much greater size than her little mother, she marched into the kitchen on hearing our childish voices, and there she would insist on standing while we fed her with bread, and stroked and patted her soft cheeks. Two or three of us would get on her back, and the others would run under her from side to side, pull her nice long black tail, and just do whatever we chose, at which Kate seemed mightily pleased. After Fan’s departure we felt as if we could not make enough of Kate, so she had a very

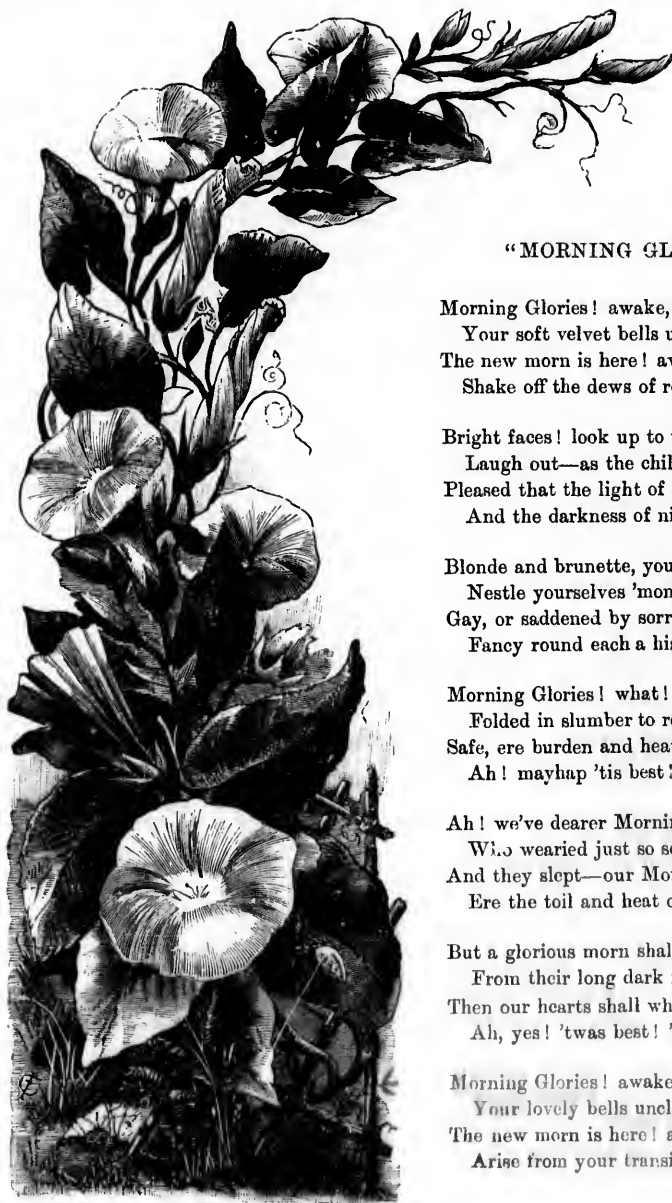
merry, happy time of it, with precious little to do except to enjoy herself, although quite capable and willing for duties of any kind. But she was sold, too, about a year after Fan, and then we gave up keeping horses.

I might have told you of pretty Snowball, the pure white pony on which we first learned to ride; and of dear old Prince and Charley, our oldest and steadiest horses; and of the day that "Lazy Bill" lifted his great strong wicked head, when Mr. Russell was putting on his bridle, and knocked his arm out of joint: how Mr. Russell shouted for help, and Douglass ran to the rescue, and with great fear and trembling, and a few nervous tears, shoved the joint "home" according to the sufferer's directions. But I must pass on to tell about *Rover*, whose name occupies the most prominent place in all our memories, not so much on his own account, as because of his association with our beloved Cammy.

It is a long, long time since all that I am writing about took place, and many changes have taken place in our "Household" in the interval. Indeed,

we are not that "Household" now at all, and never can be any more. The members still living are scattered, some of them thousands of miles apart, while Cammy and Bruce have been peacefully sleeping, for many long changeful years, side by side in the quiet churchyard near our old home. When we lost them we were, at least some of us, too young and inexperienced to comprehend fully the meaning of such expressions as "Being taken from the evil to come," and "Beyond the reach of woe;" but we understand what they mean now, and can rejoice that our dear ones have been safe, and free from toil and care and sorrow all this time. Thoughts such as these passed through my mind one morning lately when walking in my garden, and admiring the lovely many-hued "Morning Glories," in all their September luxuriance, looking out from amongst their green leaves to welcome the light of a new day.

Sitting sewing under the trees, I watched them close as the heat and light became too strong for them; and it seemed to me that thus it had been with our dear boys and other friends who are resting in the sleep of death.



“MORNING GLORIES.”

Morning Glories! awake, awake!
Your soft velvet bells unclose.
The new morn is here! awake, awake!
Shake off the dews of repose.

Bright faces! look up to the sun;
Laugh out—as the child from his cot,
Pleased that the light of day hath come,
And the darkness of night is not.

Blonde and brunette, youthful and grave,
Nestle yourselves 'mongst the leaves;
Gay, or saddened by sorrow's wave,
Fancy round each a hist'ry weaves.

Morning Glories! what! tired so soon!
Folded in slumber to rest,
Safe, ere burden and heat of noon.
Ah! mayhap 'tis best! 'tis best.

Ah! we've dearer Morning Glories,
Who wearied just so soon,
And they slept—our Morning Glories,
Ere the toil and heat of noon.

But a glorious morn shall wake them
From their long dark night of rest;
Then our hearts shall whisper to them,
Ah, yes! 'twas best! 'twas best.

Morning Glories! awake, awake!
Your lovely bells unclose;
The new morn is here! awake, awake!
Arise from your transient repose.



CHAPTER XI.

ROVER.



MY Father was a great connoisseur in dogs, and knew all the points that a thorough-bred dog, of whatever species, should possess. He would never permit anything but a real aristocrat within the precincts of his establishment.

Rover was only a very poor, plebeian specimen of a sort of half-mastiff, half-bull dog, black and white in colour, but with a capacity for love and gratitude not to be surpassed in any inferior animal. I need not tell you, then, that Rover did not belong to my Father, but came into our circle at first an unwelcome guest scarcely to be tolerated, and not to be named with the aristocratic terriers.

Papa and all of us came to look upon him in such a different light, and with such tender feelings

afterwards, that it seems strange and sad to recall the general aversion towards him on our first acquaintance.

If you look at the frontispiece you will see the old homestead, "Kinlochaulin," with a path leading from the garden gate to the avenue entrance. Just under the first tree of the avenue, you see an invalid dog lying, with his leg bound up in rags. The dog is Rover; and the boy coming towards him with a plate in his hands is my dear brother Cammy.

I should explain that "Cammy" is a contraction for Campbell, Colin Campbell being the full name. He has not taken time to put on his hat, although the rain is pouring down on his poor little bare head, and his linen blouse is soaked through; for the act he is performing is a stealthy one, and he is so anxious to accomplish it without detection that he has overlooked any care of himself.

The plate contains his own breakfast of porridge and milk, which he is taking for the nourishment of his canine patient.

Every day for a fortnight past he has slipped out

of the house unnoticed, and fed the helpless stranger with his own breakfast.

Cammy was an exceedingly robust boy, with the keen appetite of a growing child, and his continued course of self-denial in doing without the whole of his morning meal, and a part of other meals, for the sake of a lame dog whose name even he did not know, for such a length of time, places him, in my mind, on the same platform of heroes as the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson. In fact, the acts of Cæsars, Scipios, and Pompeys sink into insignificance in comparison.

An ambitious craving for worldly applause and earthly power enables men to endure and accomplish much to call forth our admiration and astonishment. The knowledge that their noble deeds will be recorded for future generations makes them dare and do what they would not otherwise attempt.

But here was a lad of eleven, secretly performing, from the very tenderness of his large heart, a succession of self-sacrificing acts, which he imagined would bring upon his head severe punishment if found out.

He knew that this dog did not possess a single point to recommend him to any consideration or toleration from my Father; and it was a well-understood and standing law that no dogs should be encouraged about the place without my Father's consent.

That Mamma would disapprove and object to the transfer of his breakfast he had not a doubt; yet he braved all, like the little hero he was.

The dog had appeared in the avenue one morning, and been found there by Cammy with his leg so badly cut, evidently by a stone that had been thrown at him, that his agony was intense, and he was quite unable to go away.

When it was discovered by mere accident that Rover was being cared for by Cammy in the avenue, and the whole story came out bit by bit, Mamma recollected that fully a *fortnight* previous Cammy had come to her for some linen rags, and would not tell what he wanted them for. When closely questioned, the culprit stood with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, and confessed with great shame



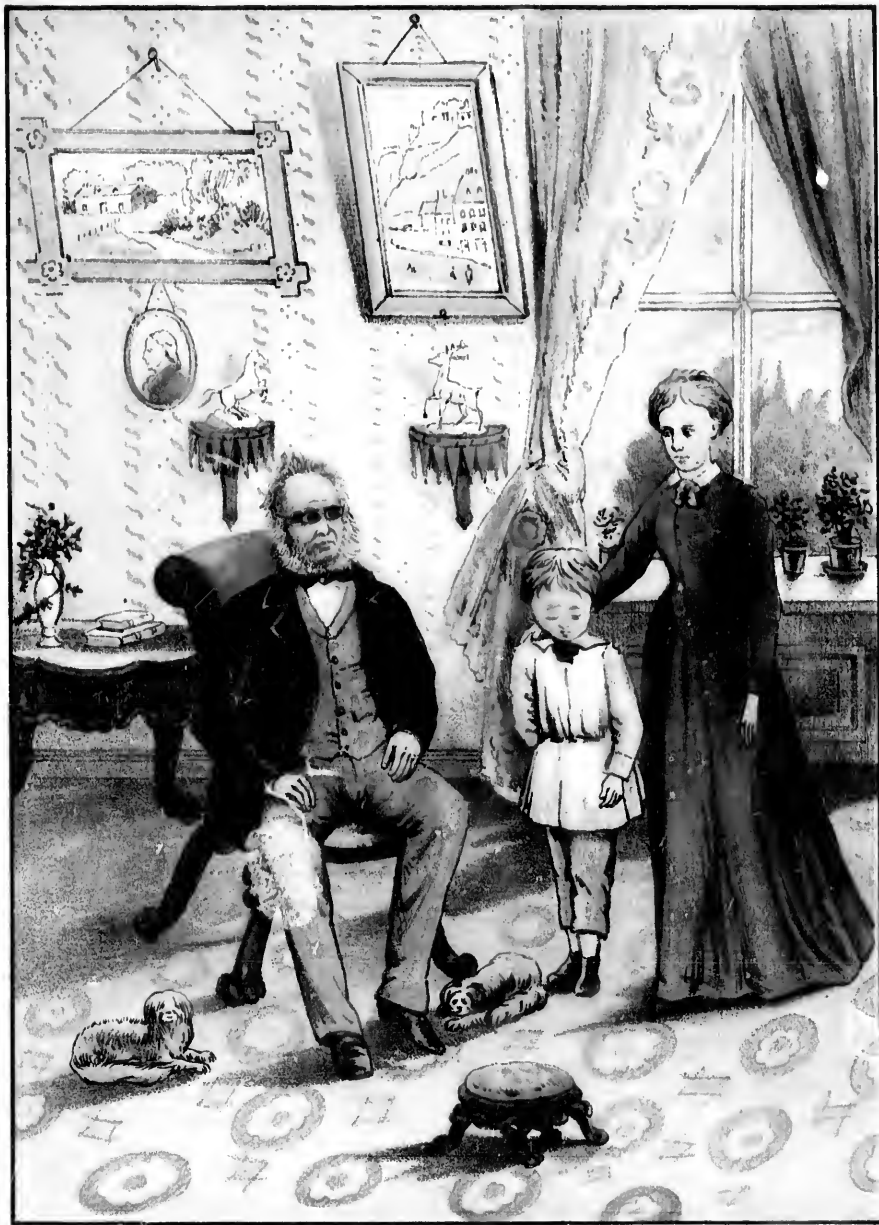
"When you are with me, I look at you with downcast eyes and hurried breath, and I feel with great anxiety that you will fly away from me, just as you did when I was a child, and I have to hold you tight to me."

He knew that this dog had just passed a single point to reach a point to give him confidence or tolerance. He was not a dog, and it was a dog's duty to do what he could for his dog, and he was not a dog's duty to do what he could for his dog.

That Mamma would be surprised and angry at the transfer of his breakfast he had not a doubt, yet he braved all, like the little hero he was.

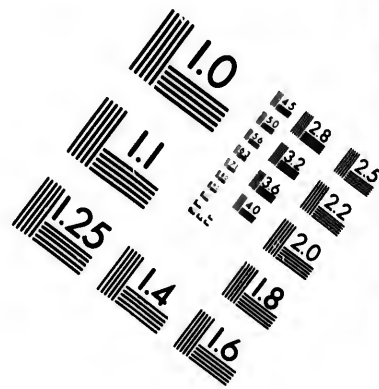
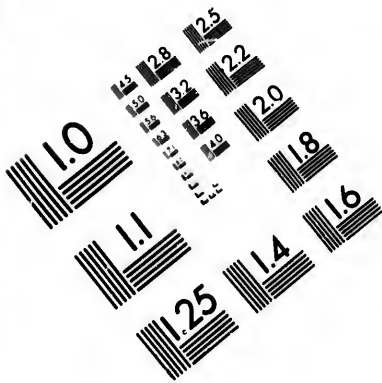
The dog had appeared in the avenue one morning, and been found there by Cannoy with his leg so badly cut, evidently by a stone that had been thrown at him, that his agony was intense, and he was quite unable to go away.

When it was discovered by mere accident that Rover was being cared for by Cannoy in the avenue, and the whole story came out bit by bit, Mamma recollected that fully a fortnight previous Cannoy had come to her for some linen rags, and would not tell what he wanted them for. When she was questioned, the culprit stood with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, and confessed what was the same

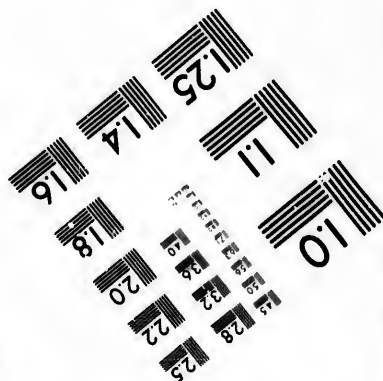
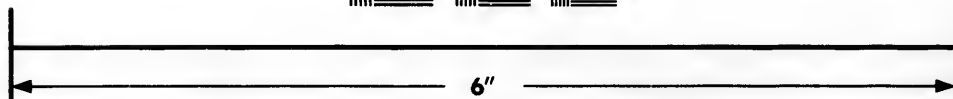
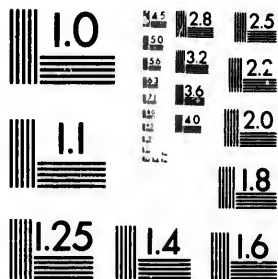


"When closely questioned the culprit stood with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, and confessed with great shame and contrition that he had given away *every* breakfast since then, but begged Mamma and Papa to forgive him this time."





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and contrition that he had given away every breakfast since then, but begged Papa and Mamma to forgive him this time, and he would never do such a thing again—a promise which he would certainly have failed to be able to keep under a like trying temptation.

How Mamma's heart overflowed with gratitude to Almighty God for the precious gift of such a child! and how she longed to clasp her noble boy to her bosom and shower upon him the epithets that rose spontaneously to her lips! But the kiss he received was, as he thought, merely a token of forgiveness, and Cammy never knew anything about the feelings that his conduct produced in the minds of both his parents.

If I were to let my pen glide off for an hour from the special subject of this volume, I could give many beautiful and touching incidents in the short life of my little her, Brother, each one like a Psalm—in fact his whole life was such—bright, joyous, loving and loveable; taking into his large, warm, true heart all that came in contact with him.

You know the sweet verse,

“He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small.”

Such was our dear Cammy.

Rover was by this time able to use the injured limb, and he followed his little physician and nurse everywhere, with his large brown eyes as full of love and grateful homage as they could be.

There was no getting rid of him.

Harsh words and blows were freely bestowed on him on all sides, but these he bore apparently quite cheerfully and patiently. They only ended in an obstinate refusal on the part of the dog to lose sight for an instant of a sturdy little figure in a linen blouse and straw hat, who was henceforth to be enthroned in the affections of the poor creature as his only lord and master.

“Go home, sir! Go home!” was repeatedly addressed to him, with an angry kick or stroke. Even Cammy tried with a sad heart to churl the animal away, thinking that he would escape all unkindness by leaving the place.

One day a man of the name of Todd came to the door and asked to see my Father.

“You are keeping a dog of mine here, and I have come for him,” said he to my Father.

“I assure you we are not ‘*keeping* him,’ for we are most anxious to have him away.”

“Well, you have had him here for three or four weeks. I would not part with him for a great deal, for he is a very valuable dog.” This was said in hopes of getting money from Papa for him.

“Take him away then by all means, for we do not want him here at all. My Son found him lying in the avenue with a lame leg some weeks ago, and out of pity, and without leave, fed him. I was quite annoyed that he had been encouraged to remain; although I believe he was unable to go away from the state he was in when found.”

The man stood a moment. He had expected to sell the dog, and was nonplussed; so Papa repeated, “Take him away by all means; I will be very glad, indeed.”

But this was easier said than done.

“Rover!” (yes, that was the name of the strange dog; we heard it for the first time)—“Poor Rover! Come here, poor fellow,” said the owner in a coaxing voice, patting his knee.

But Rover’s only response was to retire with a beseeching look behind the boy in the straw hat, whose hands and legs he licked.

Cammy was weeping bitterly at the prospect of separation from the creature he had learned to love; but he said “Go home, Rover,” in obedience to Papa’s command, and tried to shove him towards the man.

It was perfectly useless.

Then his master, becoming angry, raised a horse-whip which he carried in his hand, and gave the unfortunate beast several severe strokes.

This was too much for Cammy. He put his arms round Rover, and with sobs and tears entreated the man not to strike him. Then he clung to Mamma’s gown, and begged her to get Papa to buy him.

Ah! how that pleading voice rang in their ears

afterwards, when they bitterly regretted not having granted their child's request.

But Papa said, "No, on no account;" and so with a great deal of difficulty, the owner fastened a rope round poor Rover's neck, and dragged him from the spot.

We were not done with him yet, though.

For the next two years, whenever Rover could make his escape, he came back to crouch at Cammy's feet, lick his hands, and follow him everywhere, until his cruel master would appear again with whip and rope and take him away. He was never absent for more than a few weeks at a time, and he bore evidence of having been shut up while gone.

"Rover's back!" "Rover's back!" would be mysteriously whispered from one child to another; for we did not like to vex Papa with the unwelcome news. We left the old homestead, and removed to a residence three miles away, near some mills; but it made no difference to Rover. He would have found Cammy anywhere. Cammy had confided to Mamma the price asked for Rover

by Todd, and never ceased to wish that he might be bought.

A furious scraping and squealing at the back door alarmed our new servant one morning at daybreak; and on cautiously and timidly opening the door to peep out, she was nearly knocked down by poor Rover, who bounced past her, and sped, as fast as his four legs could carry him, up two flights of stairs, and into the attic where Douglass and Cammy slept. Here he sprang on the bed and licked Cammy's face. The whole "Household" was awakened by the noise, for attached to the poor animal's neck were a thick chain and a heavy log of wood.* To have dragged these heavy weights

* A yellow, faded, tattered scrap of paper fell out of a parcel of old letters I was sorting lately after my MS. had gone to press, but I find it is not too late to insert the contents here. The letter does not belong to me, but was written to an absent Brother. I do not know how it got into my possession, and it was a strange coincidence that at this time I should read it for the *first* time.

S——, 7th November, 18—.

MY DEAR TOM,—The sale is over, and none of the horses are sold at all. "Gibbie" was sold for \$23. . . . My steers sold for \$25. Papa called them by their names, "Tom Thumb" and "Rattler." Pinkie's calf was sold for \$7. Flora cried terribly, and wanted to go and hide it. Your colt is doing very well. . . . Rover is still with us. The last time the Todds took him home he came back with a chain, about as heavy as a logging chain, and a big stake. They had chained him up, and he gnawed his stake right through till he got away. . . . Be sure to answer this.

I remain, your affectionate Brother,

COLIN CAMPBELL MACLEAN.

four miles and more must have been a task only made possible by an overpowering and all-absorbing affection for Cammy.

Cammy removed the chain and log with tears and pats, and Rover, clumsy as he was, lay between the two boys, under the blankets, till breakfast time.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

“ In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate and fibres tender—
Waving when the wind crept down so low :
Rushes tall and moss grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it ;
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way,
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

“ Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches ;
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain.
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,

But the little fern was not of these—
Did not number with the hills and trees ;
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way—
No one came to note it day by day.

“ Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away ;
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day !
Oh, the agony ! oh, life’s bitter cost !
Since that useless little fern was lost !

“ Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature’s secrets, far and deep ;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o’er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern’s life lay in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us at the last day.”





CHAPTER XII.

ROVER—*Continued.*

ON Saturday morning Todd came to take Rover away for the last time. The next time we saw him, which was the following Thursday, the day after Cammy's funeral, he was *our own*, to be valued and prized as we had never valued him before. The money asked for him was gladly paid (*he was valuable now*), and Rover was brought home to receive for the following twelve years, till he died, his daily dinner from my Mother's own hand. She would never permit anyone else to perform what she considered a sacred duty.

As I said, Todd came on Saturday and took Rover away. He had been with us for more than a week.

On Monday afternoon Papa and Cammy went for a walk to the mills.

I remember we had spent a particularly happy

morning at play ; first up in the woods on the hill, preparing summer-houses, where we were going to have a tea party of all the family that evening, and then chasing each other round and round the house, and in and out of the windows, till we had to stop for laughing. The last thing Cammy did was to work a sum on his slate while I sat on his knee. It was not quite finished when Papa called him to go with him, and it *never* was finished, but remained as he left it on the slate till time effaced the figures.

They had been gone but a short time when a man came running up to the door and asked for Macaulay's "Medical Dictionary ;" my Father had sent him for it, as a *man* had fallen into the mill-dam, and they were trying to bring him round. He said "a man" by Papa's express orders, that my Mother might not have the slightest suspicion of the shock impending.

So the messenger got the book, along with some directions from Mamma, who little dreamed for whom she was giving them so calmly. We asked the name of the man who had fallen in, but the



"The last thing Cammy did was to work a sum on his slate while I sat on his kneec."

messenger mumbled something we did not catch, and ran quickly down the hill.

Douglass was sent to find out who it was, but he did not come back.

Then the servant was sent, but she did not return.

Mr. Russell then went down to enquire, but he remained also.

We could see the crowd standing about the mill-dam, and we went down to the gate and asked people as they passed along the road, if the "man" was still living, and the name.

The name—it was strange that no one would give us a clue to it.

A girl was speaking to a man in a field, and a *name* did come floating on the evening air to our ears—a name that none of us were thinking of all afternoon; but it explained the reluctance of every one to give *us* the information we sought. We did not distinguish a word of what the girl said, but I only know that "*Cammy*" was borne into our ears as we stood on the brow of the hill, and that then

poor Mamma went rushing down to the mills, saying, "It's my boy! Oh! it's my boy! Why did they not tell me?"

I followed Mamma, crying, but not knowing what I was crying for. Death had never come near us before. We had never seen it.

Mamma insisted on doing over again all that had already been done, but of course life had been extinct for some time.

At last we all walked home together.

No, not all—we left our best and dearest to be carried in at a later hour. I remember so well the solemn tread of the heavy feet bearing in their burden.

As we approached the door, my two elder sisters, who had not left the house, came out to meet us. They cast a glance along the long row of faces—there were friends with us—looking for one familiar face that was not there; then falling into Mamma's arms, they said, "Oh, Mamma, where is *our Cammy?*"

He had gone on the saw logs to ride with two companions, who were fortunately good swimmers,

and escaped ; and the log had turned round, precipitating them all into the cold water. It was early in the month of May.

The other two boys saw Cammy rise three times before help came, and the last time he clasped his poor little hands and said, "Mamma !" then the Body went under the logs, and was not recovered for half an hour or more.

We heard afterwards that it had required the united strength of three men to keep my dear Father from plunging into the water, which, owing to his loss of sight, would have been both useless and dangerous.

Papa *weeping* was to me such a strange, new sight. It was the first thing that made me feel that what had taken place must be *quite different* from anything that had ever occurred in "Our Household" before.

And again, I was amazed and bewildered to hear him say to Mamma, when comforting her, "Remember, Lena, there are worse things than death." What could Papa mean? What could be worse than *Death*?



"The other two boys saw Cammy rise three times before help came."

The conviction that if the poor despised Rover had only been there Cammy would have been rescued in time, added considerably to the sorrow of my parents.

It was very sad to see the distress of Rover as he looked in vain day after day for a voice and step he was never to hear again.*

Hour after hour he would stand on the hill slope gazing with wistful, melancholy eyes along the distant roads, and displaying an intensity of eagerness at sight of each equestrian or pedestrian who appeared in view.

* Rover was first aroused from the state of wistful apathy into which he sank after Cammy's death by being called upon to take part in a most exciting bear hunt a few months later.

Douglass saw the bear, an enormous black fellow, following a colt belonging to our neighbour, Mr. Fenton, as he was returning home through the woods one day. Rushing wildly into the house, he shouted, "A bear! a bear!" seized the gun, called to Rover to follow him, and then ran speedily to the wood.

Mr. Russell and several others went too, to see what the fuss was about, but not believing there really was a bear. In a few hours they all returned in triumph, with the dead bear actually in a waggon. He was duly weighed, skinned, and the grease refined and potted. The latter we used for years for our hair, and the skin still lies in front of one of the new "Household fires" that have been kindled in later years, as the old one has been reduced from embers to ashes. Rover treed the bear, and Douglass shot him with his own hand, the others being mere spectators of the deed of valour accomplished by the two. I forget the weight of the bear, but none of us can forget Douglass' face covered with perspiration, glowing with excitement, and his eyes fairly dancing in his head.

The lines given here were written when this sad event occurred, so are only a child's effort and must be read as such. They express exactly the feeling with which the shock came, therefore I insert them :

Our Cammy drowned! Oh! God, it cannot be—
Ten minutes since I sat upon his knee.
All morn he's helped to make two leafy bowers
Where Belle and Bruce and I can sort May flowers,
And where we'll ask them all to come to tea
To-night, that they our pretty work may see.
He climbed young trees and bent them to the ground,
And tied their tops together round and round ;
Lopped off green boughs to fill the spaces in,
Sodded the floors, and made all look quite trim.
He did not "lord it over us" like Tom,
Nor make us work too hard beneath th' hot sun,
But seemed so pleased to give us pleasure—
He always is our best playtime treasure.

Is? Alas! alas! alas! what do I say?
Must I say *was*? O surely, surely nay!
Ah! good, kind God, let this but prove to be
A fearful dream that Thou hast sent to me;
A dream of Death—a thing I do not know—
A something *terrible* that strikes a blow;
Something which may, and does, to *others* come,
But *cannot*, may not, must not enter *our* home.

'Tis not a dream!—my darling Brother's drowned.
From that dark room there's neither breath nor sound.
My Father weeps, who never wept before,
And tells us all about it o'er and o'er,
How Cammy went upon the logs to ride,
That filled the little pond from side to side.
The log turned round—our darling boy fell in
And perished there—he had never learned to swim.
Three times he rose—to seize a log he tried;
The last time called "Mamma," then sank and died.
"Oh, Lena, mind there are worse things than death;
And God knows best, if we could but have faith."
"Yes, husband, but this sorrow's deep and sore;
The child that was our dearest is no more."

We now go in to look upon his face,
But ah! a faint resemblance there we trace.
'Tis Cammy's smile—and yet 'tis ghastly strange;
We stoop to kiss, then *feel* the awful change.
A shudder passes through the family ring,
And to each other closer still we cling;
Papa then leads his *broken* band away,
Sends us to bed, and tells us each to pray—
Alas! we know too well what death is now,
Beneath its cruel blow our heads must lowly bow.


"Oh! send my Brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer has come, with flower and bee—
Where has my Brother gone?"





CHAPTER XIII.

GEORGE.

EORGE was a large iron-grey horse, belonging to my eldest Brother. He was so good-natured that we used to feed him with bread. He had a very nice pace as a carriage horse, and was generally chosen for long, tiresome journeys.

One Sunday morning, just as we were starting off to church, a man came in a great hurry for my Brother to attend some one many miles from town.

“Wait dinner for me,” he said, “for I’ll be back in time.”

George was got out in a few minutes, and away he started. We waited dinner, but my Brother did not return; we waited tea, but still he did not come. On our return from evening church we were surprised to find him still absent, but imagined he had not been able to leave the patient.

Presently we were astonished to hear his footstep



"GEORGE."

on the sidewalk. Where were George and the cutter? My Brother was an excellent horseman, and accidents rarely happened with him. Up the steps he came, turned the lock with his latchkey, and came in.

"Where are the horse and cutter?" we asked in one breath.

"George fell on the ice five miles out of town and broke his leg, and I have had to walk in. I left him lying by the side of the road, and we must get a gun, boys, and drive back as quickly as we can to shoot him. Poor fellow! I tried to get him up to a barn-yard, but he could not do it."

Well, you know, we did not believe a word of this, but thought it was one of my Brother's many jokes, so the boys would not stir a step.

But it was quite true, and as soon as they were convinced of the truth of the statement they hurried away to put an end to the sufferings of the poor animal.

When they reached the spot where he had been left lying, he was not there, and it was soon dis-



“George!” Instantly the grey head was raised, and the fond eyes became visible at the sound of his master’s well-known voice. Bang! and George was dead.”

covered that he had crawled up to the barn-yard close by, and had stretched himself out on some straw.

It was a cold November night, and very dark. Frost had set in after heavy rain, making the roads like glass, and travelling most dangerous. They had been going fast round a corner in their haste to get home, and coming suddenly on a sea of ice, the cutter swung round, and George, taken by surprise, came down with great force on his knees. The bone below the right knee was snapped completely asunder, and nothing could be done.

"White, you do it," said my Brother, handing him the gun.

Mr. White took the gun, but his hand shook as he tried to draw the trigger—for he knew George very well indeed, and had often driven him.

The others hesitated, too; so my Brother seized the gun again himself, saying crossly, "You're a set of babies; why can't you do it and be done?"

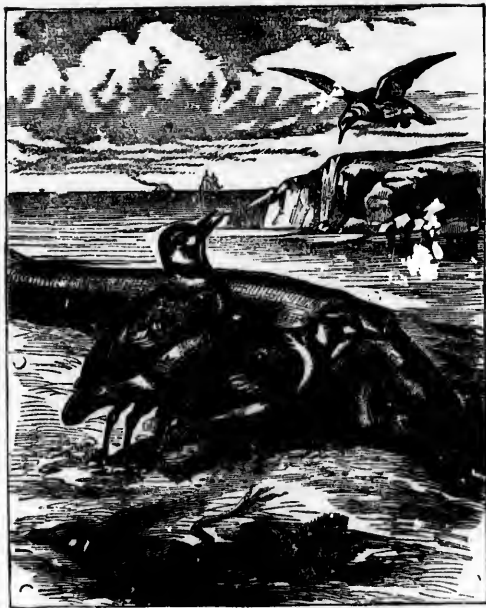
"George!"

Instantly the grey head was raised, and the fond

eyes became visible at the sound of his master's well-known voice.

Bang! and George was dead.







CHAPTER XIV.

BILLY.



THESE Anecdotes would be incomplete if Billy were left out.

He came into my eldest Brother's possession in a curious way, when he was a student at the University of Edinburgh.

A man who was very poor had asked my Brother to attend his wife, who was ill, and on the recovery of the patient begged him, as no fee could be afforded, to accept instead a Skye terrier pup; so, laughing heartily, the youthful student pocketed his first fee, which, by the way, caused him considerable trouble, as *it* had to be concealed from his maiden Aunt, who disapproved of her nephew having any other possessions besides books and knowledge; dogs, in particular, she abhorred.

However, Billy was preserved in life and health to

cross the Atlantic Ocean, travel with his much-beloved master over the greater part of the continent during the American war, aiding him materially by his faithful companionship, in the superintendence of Hospitals in St. Louis, Louisville, and Harrisburg, and lived to win the profound respect and regard of the Canadian City which had the honour of receiving his bones at the ripe age of fifteen years.

He was quite a character, and had a wide circle of warm friends; in fact, was on familiar terms with every citizen—man, woman, or child.

The occasion of his death was deemed worthy of a poem from the pen of a well-known Author, who is a valued contributor to our English magazines. You will find it quoted at the close of this record of his life.

He was dark grey in colour, and could be distinguished from a distance by the odd appearance given to his figure by one ear always standing erect as he trotted along the street to pay his round of calls. These calls, numbering about twenty, he paid daily as regular as clock-work, to a select circle of his choicest

friends, to whom his one little familiar bark, "Open," was as welcome as the postman's ring. So many visits were made before lunch, and so many more in the afternoon.

At three p.m. his "Resonant Bow-wow" sounded at the private entrance of a certain bank; the maid would immediately let the accustomed visitor in. The pattering feet would run swiftly past her, up a long stair, along a hall, round a corner, down three steps, along another hall, and "bow-wow" and a scratch were heard at a door to the right. Without a moment's delay the door would open, and "Billy" was welcomed into a bright nursery, where he would romp with the children for an *hour*, leaving *promptly* in time to be home for dinner.

If this volume should fall into the hands of any of those who, as children, occupied the nursery referred to, they will call to mind, I am sure, the regularity with which they looked daily for Billy's visits to them.

Billy once came very near increasing his notoriety by causing the loss of three valuable lives.

One lovely morning in September, Miss — and

I went for a row a distance of six miles, taking with us our painting materials and lunch, as we intended to spend the day sketching. We also took a young lady friend of considerable weight as ballast, and Billy as protector, to make up the quartette. He always went with us boating, being particularly fond of the pastime, and keenly alive to the beauties of nature.

All went well until we were within four miles of the harbour on our return trip, when suddenly the lake became very rough; the white caps danced and coquetted all around us, and a head wind kept jerking our little craft backward as quickly as we propelled it forward; and to add to our dismay, our weighty friend turned deadly pale with fear.

We assured her there was no cause for alarm if she kept quite still, but that the slightest movement on her part would surely upset the boat.

Billy gave us no concern or trouble, for he had often been out with us when the water was rough. He sat calmly in the spot we had placed him when trimming our vessel, knowing that even his weight had an important part to play.

Well, we toiled, and we toiled ; we (Miss — and I) exchanged places cautiously every now and then at the oars. Our poor hands were blistered, and our muscles ached with our fruitless endeavours to make headway. After an hour's hard rowing we were not a boat's length advanced in our journey.

We were not in the least afraid, for we were laughing over the farce of our breathless rowing ; but we were very glad, you may be sure, when we saw that we had been observed from the shore, and that a man had put off in a boat to our aid.

He soon came alongside, and, to our astonishment, informed us that if we had rowed twice as hard, and the water had been only half as rough as it was, we could never have got into the harbour that night, with the boat trimmed as we had it.

“Billy's in the wrong end”—every one called Billy by his own name.

Poor unfortunate Billy ! to think that he was innocently the cause of the failure of our strenuous efforts to reach the shore.

Coffee for breakfast, and tea for tea, with toasted

bread soaked in it, were indispensable items in Billy's temporal comforts; and if we tried to reverse the order of things, he would turn away in proud disdain.

Billy was not a skilled ratter, I am sorry to say, but he had the funniest way of rushing boldly and valiantly upon the *dead* rat killed by Tan, of whom I shall speak presently, and shaking it with great ferocity and persistence.

But though not possessed of this quality, he had another not usual in the canine race. He was excessively fond of music, especially the violin. Slow, sad airs, beautifully played, as my dear Father used to perform them, had the power of rousing as much sentimentality in Billy as if he were a human being; and whatever he was doing when the music commenced, he would leave off and come and sit on his hind legs and whine piteously, rolling his eyes, and looking unutterably sentimental. "The Rose Tree" and "Robin Adair" were his favourites.

I have not told half what there is to tell of Billy,

but I have already left too little space to tell of
Tan, Bobby, and Bounce, which I must do in as
few words as possible.

“DIED NOVEMBER 16TH, 18—.

IN MEMORIAM ‘BILLY,’

A well-known and respected Skye Terrier.”

“Dreary and dull, and cold and grey
Darkened the dim November day
On which forever passed away
Our friend, poor Billy !

“A friend in deed as well as name,
Whoe'er might alter, still the same,
And staunch and true through praise and blame
Wert thou, poor Billy !

“What little power thou did'st possess
To show thy boundless kindness,
By barks and jumps and kind caress,
Was used, poor Billy !

“A noisy dog at times wert thou,
What times thy resonant bow-wow
Demanded entrance, silent now
For aye ! poor Billy !

“Though whiles in battle thou would'st meet
A fellow-dog upon the street,
Or chase a cat to its retreat
Aloft, poor Billy !

“Or would’st pursue, with threatening roar,
A stranger from thy master’s door,
From sense of duty—nothing more—
 ’Twas done, poor Billy!

“Though rough thy shaggy coat of grey,
Thine aspect grim, there never lay
A gentler heart ’neath silk array
 Than thine, poor Billy!

“No more on the familiar street
Thy well-known form and pattering feet
Shall take their old accustomed beat,
 As erewhile, Billy!

“And oftentimes, in vain, for thee,
Thy friends shall look regretfully,
But never more again shall see
 Our faithful Billy!

“Ah, well! thy span was lived, though brief;
Into the sear and yellow leaf
Thy days had passed, and death’s relief
 Was best, poor Billy!

“Farewell! may greenest turf o’erspread,
Nor foot profane, e’er roughly tread
The grave where rests thy faithful head,
 In peace, poor Billy!”



"Or chase a cat to its retreat
Aloft, poor Billy!"



CHAPTER XV.

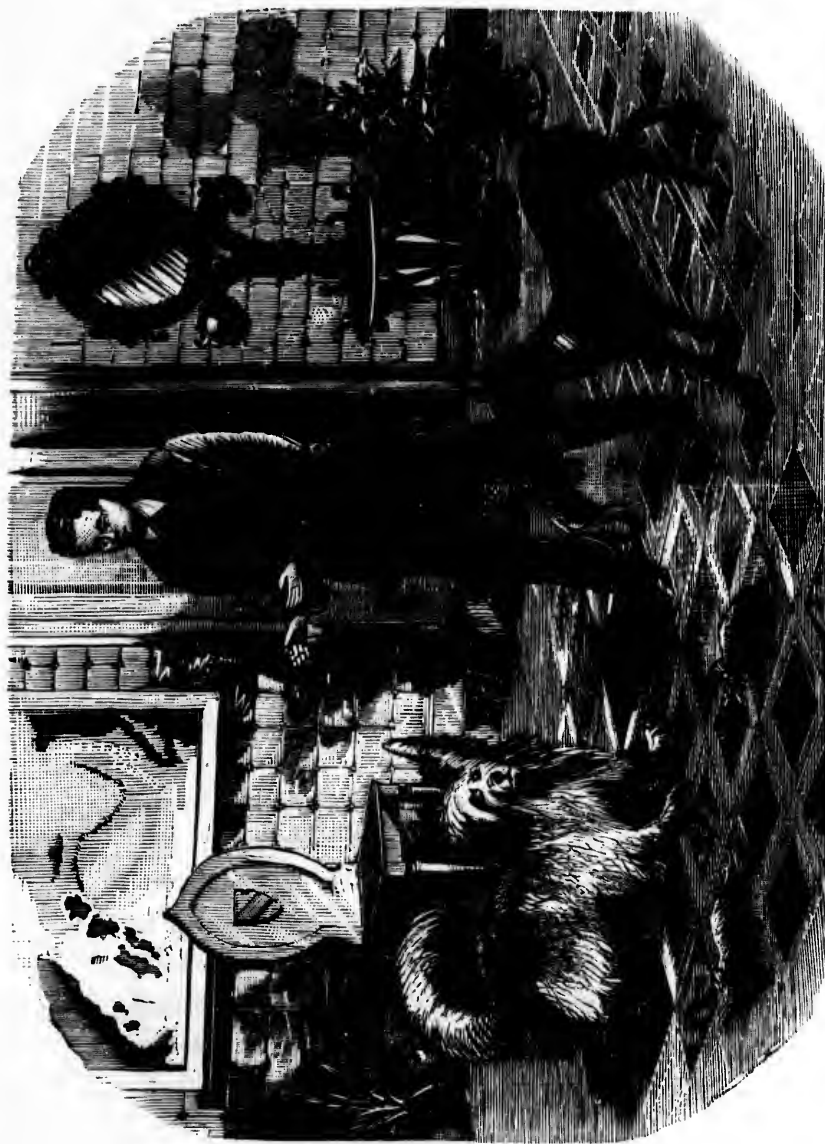
TAN.



TAN was a very beautifully formed specimen of an English terrier, and was a marvel for sagacity and affection. Her colour was black and tan, as her name denotes. She could catch and kill three rats in a second of time, with the utmost ease, before a crowd of admiring spectators—the rats that poor Billy used to shake after all danger was over.

The rats were let out of the trap in the hall, and sometimes in the drawing-room, all at once, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," were lying dead on the floor.

It was just wonderful to see the agility with which the deeds were done, generally in three different corners of the hall, where the rats had rushed, trying to escape.



"It was wonderful to see the agility with which the deeds were done, generally in three different corners of the hall, where the rats had rushed, trying to escape."

“Rats! rats!” These magic words, uttered by Archie or Alick, reaching Tan’s well-trained ears, made her, in an instant, start up full of excitement and eagerness, a picture worthy of Landseer’s pencil, with her pretty head turned to one side in a listening attitude, and her elegant feet ready for a rush.

My Sister Aimie got a scolding one morning for some misdemeanor, and was lying on the sofa, crying bitterly.

Tan, on seeing her distress, jumped up beside her, licked her face and hands, and, putting a paw on each of her shoulders, wept and *sobbed* with her—the tears rolling down her cheeks. It was a beautiful sight to see the affectionate sympathy of the dumb animal.

There was a door leading from the hall to the dining-room at “Rockhall,” one of our later residences, which was secured by a bar one winter, as the lock was out of order. When we wanted to be admitted from the hall, we had got into a habit of giving an impatient rattle to the handle instead of rapping. Tan learned to imitate this action

exactly, so that no difference was perceptible. She would put a forepaw, standing on her hind legs to reach, upon each side of the handle, and turn it rapidly from side to side till the bar was unfastened for her ladyship.

Not only this, but if she were kept disrespectfully waiting, as *we* sometimes were, she would, with her tail, imitate exactly my Mother's more polite rapping, which never failed to draw immediate attention.

It was ridiculously annoying to find it was only Tan after our inconvenient haste, and it was equally amusing to see the *sheepish* air with which she sneaked in, knowing that she had deceived us to gain her object.

A shop full of people were utterly confounded to see her open the door, in the way I have said, one day when she wanted to follow my Mother, who had gone out, not observing that Tan was left behind.

Her death, which took place about four years after we got her, was a very sad one, and grieved us much.

She went for a walk down the street, and ran into a drug store, where she was accustomed to spend some of her time every day.

Here she swallowed some poison that had been placed in the store-room for rats, and died in a few minutes in great agony, without having an opportunity to bid farewell to three lovely little orphans of a week old, whom she left to the cold charity of the world.

These we reared ourselves successfully; giving away two of them when three months old, and retaining as a successor to poor Tan her bright, elegant little son, Bobby.





CHAPTER XVI.

BOBBY.

BOBBY was the quickest, smartest little creature that ever lived. He went like a flash. He was black and tan in colour, like his mother, but very much smaller and more elegantly formed. We made a great pet of him during the one short year of his merry life.

He was run over by a carriage which came unexpectedly upon him, and never moved nor breathed again.

I suppose I must pass over "Pickles" (who died suddenly while on a journey by rail with his master, undertaken immediately after a hot bath, and who still reclines on the rug as if in life, having been stuffed), and also "Benny Beaconsfield," a fine little bull dog named for The Right Honourable Benjamin

Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, K.G., etc., since deceased,
and bring my Anecdotes to a close with a short ac-
count of Bounce.





"BENNY BEACONSFIELD.



CHAPTER XVII.

BOUNCE.



OUNCE was an exceedingly handsome, buff-coloured bull terrier, belonging to my Brother Gordon, sagacious, affectionate, and courageous to the last degree, and much loved by every member of the family.

She protected the house, and each individual in it, better than a body-guard of soldiers could have done. Not a sound escaped her ears, and she would have fought till she died for the safety of any one of us.

I could tell many pleasing and extraordinary stories about our dear little Bounce, but must restrict myself to the two following ones.

My Mother had been altering a vest for Gordon, who was lying on the lounge half asleep, with Bounce beside him. She wanted him to try it on,



“Very much amused, Mamma tried the effect of another little blow to Gordon.”

till she saw if it fitted properly, but he was lazy and would not rise.

“Get up this moment, you lazy, ungrateful fellow,” she said playfully, at the same time giving him a slap on the shoulder.

Bounce sprang at her like a tigress, with a growl that threatened instant destruction if she dared to strike her master in that style again.

“Why, Bounce!” said Mamma, reproachfully, drawing back in a fright.

Bounce leaned over and licked the hand he had been going to bite, as much as to say, “I love you too, but you must not hurt my master; I cannot permit that from anyone, whoever they may be.”

Very much amused, Mamma tried the effect of another little blow to Gordon.

Bounce sprang up as fiercely as before, and this time placed herself across Gordon's body in a *slanting* position, so as to cover as much of his figure as possible, and there she stood growling in savage defiance. So poor mamma had just to await, as pa-

tiently as she could, the pleasure of Bounce's lazy master.

She got no encouragement from her master to act thus.

Bounce was a sad epicure, as my last story will show. If the dish set before her was not as dainty as usual, she would give an indignant and contemptuous toss of her head, and a snuff of her nose, and retire, without touching it, to finish her nap.

On behaving in this way one day, my Mother called her back, and reproved her in angry tones, saying—

“Come, Bounce, you *must* eat it! I will not give you another meal till that plate is empty.”

Bounce understood perfectly.

She waited till my Mother had retired into the house, then darting down the lane with the speed of an arrow, she presently returned, bringing with her an ugly, half-starved cur. She led the cur up to the plate, and stood guard over both till the contents were demolished.

When Mamma came out shortly afterwards, Bounce looked towards the empty plate and then up in her face, wagging her tail as if expecting an approving clap for her *obedience*, little knowing that Mamma had been an eye-witness of the whole transaction.

I must not forget to mention, that a day or two after, the same cur came uninvited into the yard, and was in the act of emptying Bounce's plate voluntarily, when Bounce seized hold of him and gave him a sound thrashing, causing him to go off in a hurry, yelping resolves never to intrude into his late entertainer's domains again without an express invitation from headquarters.

Gordon was away from home when his dear Bounce met her death. She was shot by accident by a man who was firing off his revolver in the dark; and I do not believe there ever lived a dog whose death was more deeply regretted, or that left such a mournful vacancy behind. A. K. H. Boyd's essay on "Gone" would not half express the pathetic blank caused by her death in our family circle.



"We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said;
Of what had been and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead."

—*Longfellow.*

CONCLUSION.



READER! it has given me both pain and pleasure to dwell on these recollections of bygone times, for, as I said before, changes and separations have taken place, and we are not the old "Household" now, nor have we

the same feelings as of yore; but I hope my reminiscences have given you an evening's entertainment.

The incidents given are all quite true, and are not exaggerated in the slightest degree.

I close my volume with a strange wish, which has come to me while thinking of the dear old days, and the changes time has wrought in our family circle:

THE STRANGE WISH.

Oh! would that once again were here,
With all its weight of sorrow fraught,
The day when o'er "Our Cammy's" bier
We wept as one in heart and thought.

Firm clasping each the other's hand,
Each wishing but the other's good;
A weeping, love-united band,
Beside that coffin'd form we stood.

"Our hearts must break," we simply said—
Ah! little did we children think
That time would heal, and mem'ry fade,
And snap our love-chain link from link.

* * * * *

The paths diverge—the wish is vain—
For now we know that never more,
As one in heart and thought again,
We'll stand upon this earthly shore.

Reader, FAREWELL!





APPENDIX.



SURGEON related the following incident lately at a Clinic Lecture as an example of the gratitude of a dog, surpassing that of human beings *in general*.

The Surgeon was seated at dinner one evening when a little lad in tears asked to speak to him for a moment.

Very shyly and hesitatingly the boy asked if he would be so kind as to come and look at his dog; it had got shot in the side, and he was afraid it would die.

The Surgeon told him he was sorry for his dog, but it would be better to get the Veterinary Surgeon to look at him.

The little fellow said humbly, with a sigh, "We did not think you would come, but my Aunt, Mrs. ———, said we might try."

"Is Mrs. ——— your Aunt? and did she send you? Why, of course, I'll go and see your dog."

The child's face brightened with hope as the two went off together.

The dog lay in great pain, the ball having entered the side. On looking into the mouth no blood was visible, so the Surgeon concluded that the animal's lungs were untouched, and that there was hope of life.

After feeling and probing for a short time in vain, the thought struck him that the ball might have followed the curve of the body inside the skin, and be lodged only skin-deep on the opposite side. In this he was correct, and in a minute the leaden ball was removed, and the wound soothed and bound up.

Months have rolled by, and the dog still lives; and to this day, whenever he sees the Surgeon on the street, or even driving, he makes his way to him, and *turns round to him the side* from which the ball was extracted.



