

**THE HISTORY OF MY PETS,
OR, MORE TRUE
STORIES: INCLUDING
WHAT BECAME OF JACK?**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649319534

The history of my pets, or, More true stories: including What became of Jack? by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**THE HISTORY OF MY PETS,
OR, MORE TRUE
STORIES: INCLUDING
WHAT BECAME OF JACK?**

THE
HISTORY OF MY PETS,
OR,
MORE TRUE STORIES;
INCLUDING
WHAT BECAME OF JACK?

By the Author of
"THE THREE JACKDAWS."

LONDON:
WILLIAM MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1868.



THE HISTORY OF MY PETS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I think it is high time that I should fulfil the promise I made more than two years ago, of telling you something more about my pets. Many of you who have read the story of the Three Jackdaws, have asked so often what became of Jack, that I promised some day to write it for you, together with stories of other pets which I have had at various times in my life. Perhaps you may not *all* care so much about them as you did about Jack, Dick and Bob, but then you see, I am writing for a *great many* little friends, and there is as much variety in the tastes of small persons, as there is in those of grown-up people, so it is possible that what does not please one party, may be just the thing to satisfy another, and as it is my wish to please and entertain you *all*, I have thought it best to vary my stories as much as possible.

Some of you are grown so big and so tall within these last two or three years, that when I look round and see the nursery babies I knew but a short time ago, turned into school-room young ladies, such as Isabel, Florence, Helen and Ethel, I begin to fear that my book will be too childish for you.

But then most of you have some new little sisters, brothers or cousins who are growing older every day, and who will soon be able to enjoy a story as much as you did formerly. There is a sweet little fair Lily growing up out of babyhood, down in the West, and a bright-eyed little Mabel, both of whom are making it their business to walk into the hearts of people who had never heard of them two years ago, for they were neither of them born when I last wrote for you ; and there is a still younger baby, Henry, who will I hope, one day enjoy hearing these stories, when his own dear mother tells him they were written by her oldest friend. Some new little ones there are in India too, and a funny little Carry who is come home from there, who will soon be able to read for herself. I hope little Katie will hear the stories read *very nicely* by her dear aunt, for I know she likes *good* reading, and Connie and Bertie will enjoy them up in their pleasant nursery. I wonder whether little Ralph is grown too big to care for stories ! I hope not, especially as these are all true. Now I will not try your patience any longer, but will commence at once with my recollections of

FLORA

THE PET LAMB.

It is many years ago now, long before any of you little ones were born, that I went to pay a long visit in the North of Ireland, to a sister of mine who then lived there. It was a beautiful country place, on a high hill surrounded by fields, with a fine view of that most splendid piece of water, Lough Neagh,

the largest lake in Ireland. The house was such a funny old building, not at all like any thing you have ever seen in England. However I am not going to describe the place, I only want to tell you of my surprise the first day I arrived there, to find just inside the house door, in the passage, a lamb tied to a hook in the wall! She was not a very small lamb, being nearly a year old. I thought at first that she was a full-grown sheep, and asked the meaning of her being in the house. Then I was told that the lamb, whose name was Flora, had been deserted by her mother when she was very small, and so my sister had brought her into the house, and had kept her under a hen-coop. She used to feed her with milk out of a teapot, and the poor little thing from being a miserable half-starved object, became a great fat strong lamb, with thick, soft, white wool all over her body, and a mild innocent looking face, with such large gentle eyes. She soon became so full of fun and so strong, that when she wanted a game of play, she would kick over her hen-coop, and begin capering about the room like a wild thing, and it was not of the slightest consequence to her, if she happened to upset some small table with a glass tumbler, or a basin of milk upon it; indeed such an event would rather add to her amusement. At last her frolics became so troublesome, and so dangerous to furniture, that it was necessary to banish her to a safer place, so she had a leather collar put round her neck, to which was attached a long rope, and in the day time she was tied out in the fields, and at night in the entrance passage of the house.

It was rather amusing to find this state of things, so different from what one sees in England.

Besides Flora, there were six dogs about the premises; also a cat and some ferrets. Such ugly creatures ferrets are! Did

you ever see one? They are long thin-bodied creatures of an ugly sandy colour, with red eyes. They are often kept in farm-houses and elsewhere, for the purpose of killing rats.

Flora struck up a great friendship with the dogs. Would you like to hear their names? First there was Venus, a very large and beautiful hound, but as she was sent away very soon after my arrival, I knew very little of her. Then there were two very ugly young bull-dogs, Viper and Rose. Two pretty little spaniels, Dash and Jess, and a funny looking long-haired white skye terrier called Blossom. You will hear more of Viper and Dash by and bye; the others I did not care much about.

Sheep are generally terrified at dogs, and will scamper off anywhere if they see one approaching; but Flora, from having been brought up with these dogs, seemed to think them her best friends, and never evinced the slightest fear, even if she saw a strange one; but she was terribly frightened at a strange man. She would run round the full length of her rope, and then leap such a height to try and get loose that she might bound away, if she saw any one whom she did not know approaching her.

Adjoining the house was a corn-field, and beyond that field was a large uncultivated piece of pasture land, full of little hills and dales, and ups and downs, and bits of rock, and furze bushes; just such a place as you children would delight to spend a fine afternoon in, where you could enjoy a capital game of hide-and-seek, and make tables and chairs of the rocks, and pretty little shady arbours under the bushes. Oh! it was such a charming place that Pasture. It was my delight, and there I spent many a pleasant hour with my books and work, and even sometimes with my writing, while Flora enjoyed it as much in her way as I did in mine; for there I used to take her almost daily in the

summer, and allow her to roam about as she pleased without being tied, merely keeping an eye upon her to see that she did not trespass on the corn-field where she would have done mischief. There was not much fear of her straying out of my sight, for she soon attached herself so entirely to me, that she would allow no one else to come near her if she could escape them, and would never willingly lose sight of me.

I have heard that a sheep can never attach itself to more than one person at a time, and this appeared to be true in Flora's case, for from the time that I began to notice her, she seemed to take quite a dislike to my sister who had brought her up, and would butt at her with her head whenever she came within reach. But as soon as I disappeared from the place after a residence there of many months, she again took to her first friend, and remained devoted to her for the rest of her life.

The funniest thing that happened during my acquaintance with Flora was shearing her. You know, I dare say, that sheep-shearing means, cutting all the wool off their backs, and this is done every summer. It is no pain to them, any more than it is to you having your hair cut, unless indeed some careless man should cut a little too close to the skin, and give them a snip with the shears, and that of course is very painful.

When summer came, and Flora was a little more than a year old, she had a beautiful quantity of wool, so soft, clean, and white; and it must have been very heavy too, so we thought she would be more comfortable without it in the hot weather, and we told one of the men that he was to shear Flora, and bring her wool to us. But Flora had no idea of consenting to any such thing! The moment she saw the man approaching, she began to leap and caper and butt, and race first to one side, and then

to the other, as far as her rope would allow ; and as to the man getting within arm's length of her, without using force which we would not permit, he found it quite an impossibility ; so, after trying to coax her till he was tired, we said *we* would try what could be done. I sent the man out of sight first, and then went up and spoke to her, till she was perfectly quiet ; then I sat down on the ground and took her on my lap, and a great heavy thing she was too, I can assure you. So quiet and good she was, poor little thing, as if she knew (and I believe she did know quite well) that I would neither hurt her myself, nor allow any one else to do so. As soon as I had her head safe under my own keeping, my sister ventured to come near, and then we two, sitting on the ground, began to shear Flora with our scissors. Yes, and we accomplished it too, at least I did ; for when my companion was thoroughly tired out, and obliged to go away, I would not leave the business unfinished, but never stopped till I had completely stripped off every bit of her beautiful wool. And do you know, I have in my possession at this very time, a bit of that wool which I cut off Flora's back 25 years ago ! and perhaps I will show it to some of you if you remind me when we meet. Well, how long do you think it took me to finish that work ? Nearly four hours ! I dare say we could have done it in a quarter of the time if we had been experienced and clever at it, but we had never taken lessons in sheap-shearing, and were besides so very much afraid of cutting too close and hurting her, that we made a much longer business of it than was necessary. And all that time you cannot think how quiet and good and gentle Flora was ; reminding us very strongly of that beautiful 7th verse in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, in which our Lord Jesus Christ is compared to a sheep. " He was oppressed and he was