

A HISTORY OF
MY FATHER'S DOG
TOWZER.

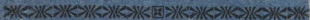


Go, mark his true, his faithful way,
And in thy service copy Tray.

PROVIDENCE:
GEO. P. DANIELS.
1843.



CHILDREN AT PRAYER



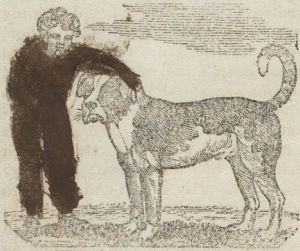
THE RIDE.



MY FATHER'S DOG TOWZER.

When I was a little boy about five years old, and lived at home with my father and mother, and went to school every day, we had a large dog whose name was Towzer, and although eight or nine years have gone by since that time, I very well remember old Towzer. He was a very large dog, with long ears and tail, and he was so high that his head reached nearly up to my shoulders. His breast and legs were white, and his back was spotted with beautiful brown stripes. We all thought him the handsomest dog in town. And he was one of the best also. My father kept him to drive the thieves and other rogues away from the house and yard. And after he came to live with us, the bad boys and men were very careful how they

came about when Towzer was in sight. If he was laying down taking a nap in the shade, he was sure to hear them the moment they did any thing that was wrong. Here is a picture of him.



Towzer.

One bad boy who wanted to steal some apples, but could never find an opportunity, said he believed Towzer always slept with one eye open.

But although he was so fierce and cross to rogues, and they were so much

afraid of him, yet to the little children who played with him, and were good and kind, he was as gentle as a lamb. When we were playing with him, he would open his mouth and show his large white teeth; and perhaps, if we pulled his ears too hard, he would take hold of our hand or arm as if he were going to bite it off. But we knew it was only in play. He loved us too well to hurt us. And when we came home from school at night he was always glad to see us, and would come running and jumping to meet us. He appeared to understand a great deal that the children said to him, and in his way would often answer them with his *bow, wow, wow*, but we could never make him talk English. The boys would sometimes let him have their books to read or play with; but the way in which he turned over the leaves with his big feet pretty soon convinced them that a book would not last Towzer quite so long as it does some boys.

But if he could neither cypher nor read, nor even learn his letters, yet we all thought him a very intelligent dog: as you also will be convinced when I tell you of some things which he did.



Towzer in Harness.

We had a little wagon in which we used often to draw each other about the yard. It was a good strong wagon, and was painted green on the outside, and blue on the inside. It was just large enough to hold one little boy or girl at a time.

We would sometimes harness Towzer into it, and get him to draw us

about. And when my little sister, or any other very little girl was riding, he would draw it as carefully as he could and go fast or slow, just as we wanted him to. But when any of the great boys got in, they had to look out for themselves, for sometimes he would run away with them, and perhaps tip them over in the mud. But he did something besides play.

Once a little girl was running about the yard, and fell into a large cistern of water. Nobody was near, and she would have been drowned, if Towzer, who was lying down under a tree, had not seen her, and taking hold of her dress with his teeth, held her head above the water until some one came and helped her out. He tried hard to lift her out himself, but he was not quite able to do it, and when she was taken out safe, he appeared as glad and happy as any of them.

A wicked man one day saw a small box laying on the ground near the gate,

which he thought he could get. He first looked all around to see if any one was near. And when he thought nobody was in sight, he silyly stooped down to pick up the box. But Towzer was laying down behind the gate,



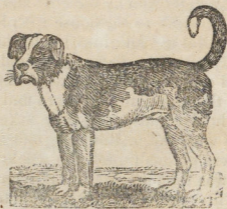
Towzer and the Thief.

and through a crack was watching him all the time. As soon as he took up the box, Towzer with his *bow, wow, wow*, told him not to do so, and the thief then dropped it and ran off. But Towzer did not think it was right to let him go after he had been trying to steal. So he ran after him. The man ran as fast as he could to get away from the dog ; and when the wind

blew off his hat, he did not dare to stop to pick it up. But after all, he found he could not run so fast as Towzer, who soon caught him by the coat and made him go back to the house with him.

He did not bite him, but led him directly up to the door, and waited there until some one came out. When they saw the man standing there and Towzer hold of his coat, they asked the man what the matter was, and at last he was obliged to tell the whole truth. He was then let go, but not until he had first promised, never again to take any thing that did not belong to him. This is only one instance of the care with which he guarded his master's property. When left with him it was always safe, either by day or by night. As he grew older he became less playful than before, and some of the bad boys said he grew crosser. But if he did, it was only to those who wanted to do wrong; to all others he was as gentle and as good natured as ever,

After this, he lived a long time, and when he died we all felt very sorry.



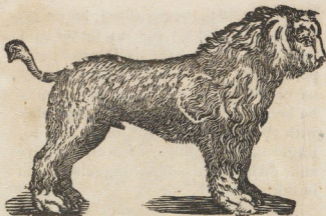
Turk.

The next dog who came to live with us was named Turk. He was about the same size as Towzer and was upon the whole, a pretty good dog. The only fault I found with him was, that he was a very lazy dog. Instead of running and wrestling and playing with me as Towzer used to do, he preferred sleeping half the day in his little house, or lying on the grass under the trees.

When told to do any thing, he would mind very quickly, and my father said he was as trustworthy as Towzer; and perhaps he was, but the little children never liked him half as well. It may be because he would not always play with them when they wanted him to, forgetting that dogs, as well as boys and girls, have something else to do beside play.

About this time another dog used to come at night and sleep with Turk. No one knew, at first, whose dog he was, or what was his name. He was a large shaggy dog, and we called him the wild dog. I afterward learned his history, and I will now tell you something about him.

His name was Tray, and on the next page is a picture of him. About two years before this, his master came from England, which you know is a great way off, to this country to live. Tray was such a good dog, and his master loved him so well, that he



The Wild Dog.

brought him over with him. After he had been here about six months, the master was taken sick and died. The poor dog was now left in a strange place without a single friend. All day long he sat beside the body of his master, without noticing any one in the room, and refusing all nourishment. When they carried the body to be buried, Tray silently followed it, saw them place the coffin in the grave, and when they had filled it up with earth, and were ready to return, he quietly

lay down at its head and refused to leave it.

This was in summer; and for a whole year this good dog remained by the side of his master's grave, only leaving it for a short time each day to procure his food. During all the long winter, and the whole of the next summer, Tray there kept watch. The cold storms of the one season, nor the sultry heat of the other, could in the least abate his love for the memory of his master. The boys would often try to coax him away, and sometimes they would carry him away by force; but he would always return the moment he found himself at liberty.

When the cold nights of the second winter began to approach, Tray accepted the invitation of our dog Turk, and occupied a part of his warm bed. At last he staid with him most of the time, only occasionally visiting his master's grave. His great love and fidelity to his master endeared him to

us all, and we ever after took good care of him.

I was now old enough to be sent away to a boarding-school, and upon my return home at the end of the year, I found another dog in Turk's place.



Lion.

He was a white dog and not so large as either of the others. His name was Lion; at first I did not have a very good opinion of him; for the first time I went into the yard, he would not allow me to pick up a single apple, and kept his eye upon me all the time, as if he would say, "I do n't know you,



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