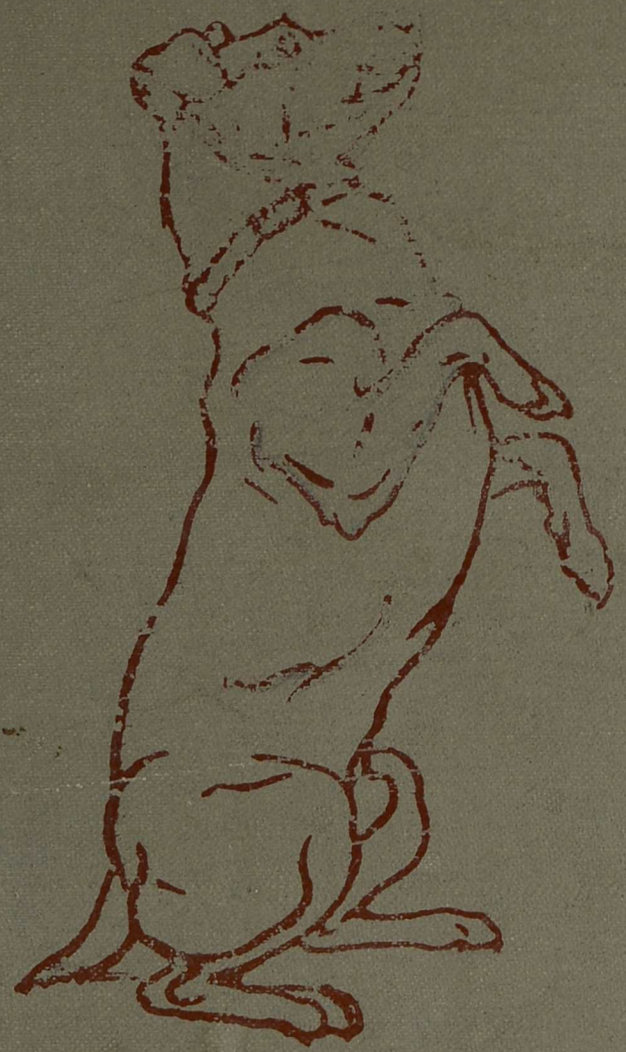
A BOOK OF DOGS.



DRAWINGS BY

WINIFRED AUSTEN

AND STORIES

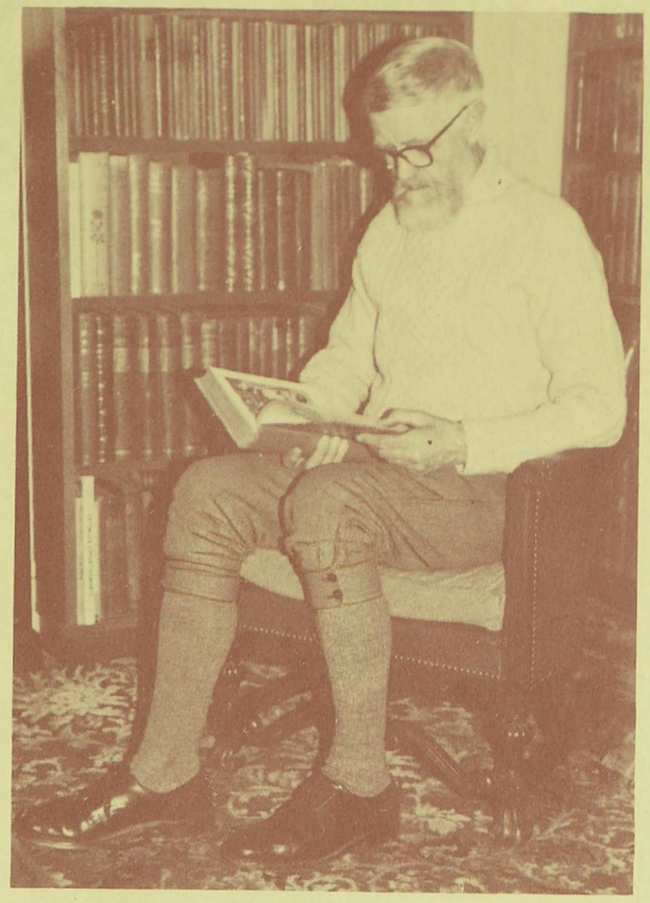
BY E. NESBIT

Archibald Gordon Pollock.

£25

A. Gordon Pollock.

Langdale Smith



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A

BOOK OF DOGS

BEING A DISCOURSE ON THEM, WITH
MANY TALES AND WONDERS GATHERED BY
E. NESBIT, AND ORIGINAL PENCIL DRAWINGS BY
WINIFRED AUSTIN.

LONDON
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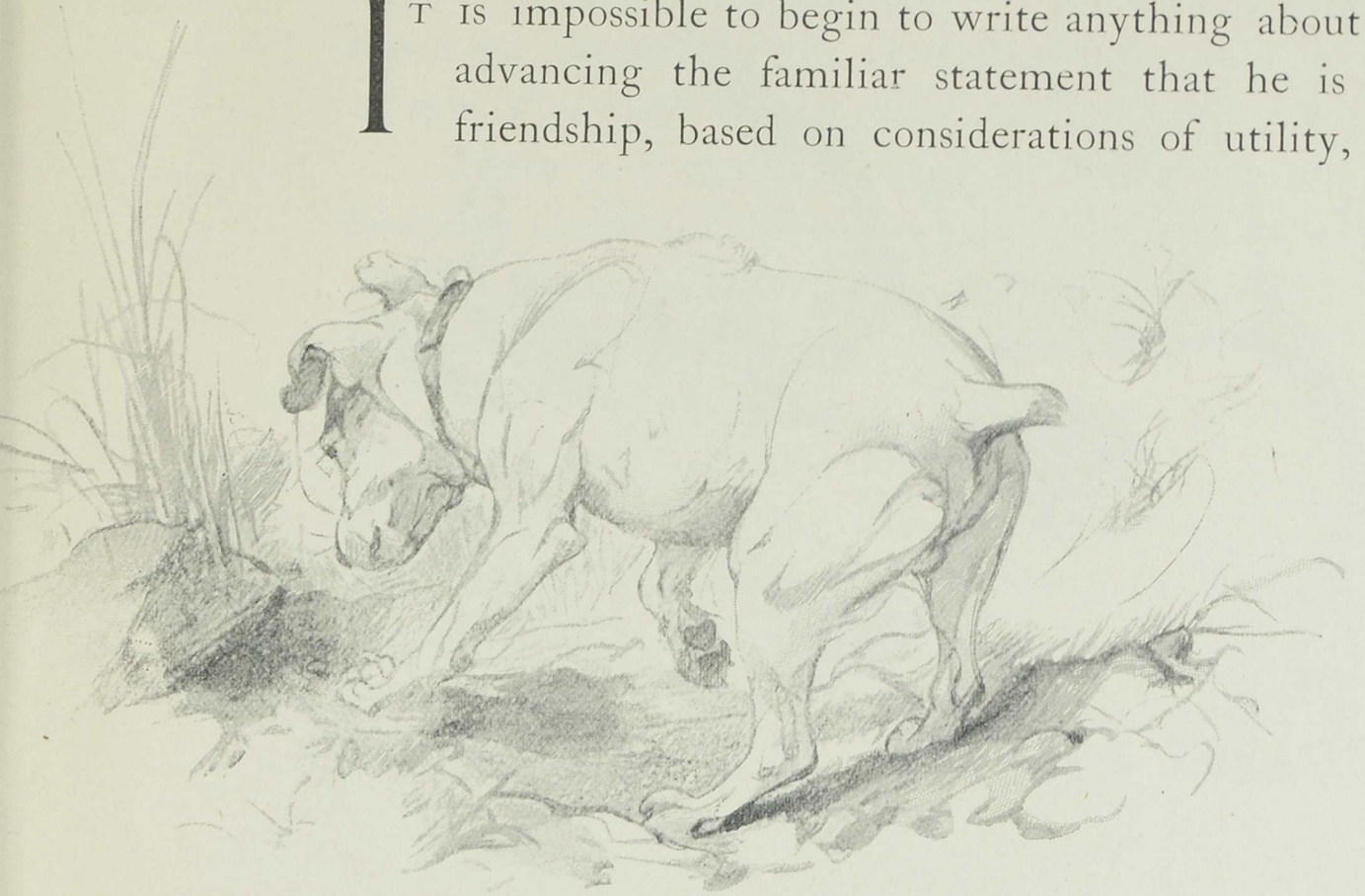
A BOOK OF DOGS.

"What's just is just: the dog must have his due."—LYTTON.

IT IS impossible to begin to write anything about the dog without at once advancing the familiar statement that he is the friend of man. The friendship, based on considerations of utility, has long since reached a degree of sentiment, which forbids us, in England at least, to make any use whatever of our dogs, except for the purpose of hunting creatures weaker than they and we. In Belgium the stout dog is harnessed to the milk-cart; in Green-



THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE

A LIFE OF
IDLENESS AND LUXURY

land dogs draw the sleigh, a bristling four-in-hand, or indeed eight or sixteen ; but with us the dog lives a life of idleness and luxury, varied in some cases by the pleasures of the chase. Our dogs have been celebrated since classic times. Strabo says of Britain, "It produces dogs of a superior breed for the chase ; the Gauls use these dogs in war, as well as others of their own breed."

There is a hunting poem, written about fifty years later by Gratius Faliscus, in which he speaks of British dogs as superior in courage to the "Molossian hound," whatever that may have been.

Man and the dog were first drawn together by their common passion for hunting, and it is difficult to fix to within a thousand years or so the date of this first alliance. It is certain that in the neolithic and stone periods in Europe there was a domestic dog. Were not

A DOMESTIC DOG

the remains of him found buried with a man and youth in a tumulus of the stone age in Aberdeenshire? Was not the damp existence of the lake dwellers cheered by his companionship? His bones have been found with theirs at Wangen and Nussdorf, at Zug, at Luscherz, at Concise. The lake dwellers had even two varieties of dogs. One has been called the marsh-dog. Dogs appear in much ancient sculpture. No one can see without pleasure the dogs straining so realistically at the leash in the delightful bas-reliefs in which the Assyrian king goes a-hunting, and all the eager excitement of the chase rages round the cart from which the lion will presently be let loose for the king's sport.

Tobit took his dog with him when he went out a-walking with the angel. Alcibiades, wishing to give the Athenians something to talk about, cut off his dog's tail and ears, and painted it in various colours. This seems an extreme measure, but Alcibiades had suffered a good deal from scandal, and from what I know of dog nature I should imagine that the loss of ears and tail must have seemed to that faithful friend a very small sacrifice if it afforded his master even a momentary gratification. On the other hand, I always disliked Alcibiades, and this business about the dog shows the dislike to be justified.

When Odysseus came back from his wanderings after the Fall of Troy, Argos, his dog, was the only creature that knew him. Among the odds and ends turned up in the excavations at the supposed site of Troy was a sun-baked brick, bearing on it the imprint of a dog's paw. This could not have been the paw of Argos, because of course he was at home all the time, but perhaps Odysseus kept another dog while he was away, and deserted the beast when he went home. It would have been just like him, and it may be that dog's foot that marked the soft clay of the newly-made brick. At any rate I like to think so.

The story of the dog of Xanthippus comes so charmingly in Dacier's translation of "Plutarch's Lives" that I cannot resist the quotation of it.

"On sçait l'histoire de l'ancien Xanthippe, père de Periclès. Lorsque les Athéniens dans la guerre des Perses furent obligés de quitter leur ville pour se retirer à Salamine, Xanthippe s'embarqua comme les autres; son chien ne pouvant supporter d'estre abandonné de son maistre se jetta à la mer, le suivit toujours en nageant près de son vaisseau, et en arrivant à Salamine il expira sur le rivage. Son maistre le fit enterrer sur ce mesme endroit de la coste, où l'on

UNE CHOSE QUI
A UNE ÂME

monstre encore son tombeau, qui de la est appellé Cynossema. Car nous ne devons pas nous servir des choses qui ont une âme comme nous nous servons des souliers et autres ustenciles, que nous jettons lorsqu'ils sont rompus ou usés par les service qu'ils nous ont rendu, et ne fust-ce pour autre chose que pour apprendre à aimer les hommes, il faudroit en faire comme une espèce d'apprentissage en nous accoustumant par ces petites choses à estre doux et humains. Je sçai bien que pour rien au monde je ne me deferois d'un bœuf qui auroit vieilli en labourant mes terres."

A curious contrast this, to the advice given by Cato himself who urged, as a first principle of domestic economy, the sale of any slave who had got a little past his work !

Plutarch has another nice story of the heroism of an outpost of fifty dogs, who, with some inconsiderable number of men whose names are deservedly forgotten, defended a fort near Corinth. The garrison relieved the tedium of life

in the fort by putting vine-leaves in their hair, and one night when they were very drunk indeed, the enemy attacked. The garrison could offer no resistance, but the brave dogs fought till forty-nine of them were killed. The fiftieth, recognising the overwhelming odds against him, made a bolt for the town and there somehow managed to explain the situation to the citizens so effectually that a sally was made and the fort reconquered.

Dogs have often been used in war. They were honoured members of the garrison of St. Malo as late as 1770. In Croatia and Dalmatia up to the end of the 16th century their intelligence was relied on to distinguish the Turk from the true believer. If the Christian approached, the dog wagged his tail, but if a Turk drew near, warning was given by frantic barks and howls. The secret of training dogs to these niceties of theological distinction has, however, apparently been lost: though I myself know a dog belonging to a bishop, who always tried to bite a Baptist baker. But I cannot believe that the bishop had trained him to this. It must have been pure instinct.

A DOG BELONGING TO A BISHOP

In 1885 the Germans began to make experiments in training dogs for use in war. They were not only to give alarm at the approach of the enemy, but to succour the wounded and lost. The French followed suit in 1887, but they seem to have soon relinquished the effort, not, we are sure, from any failure in intelligence on the part of the dogs. Perhaps they were afraid of hydrophobia.

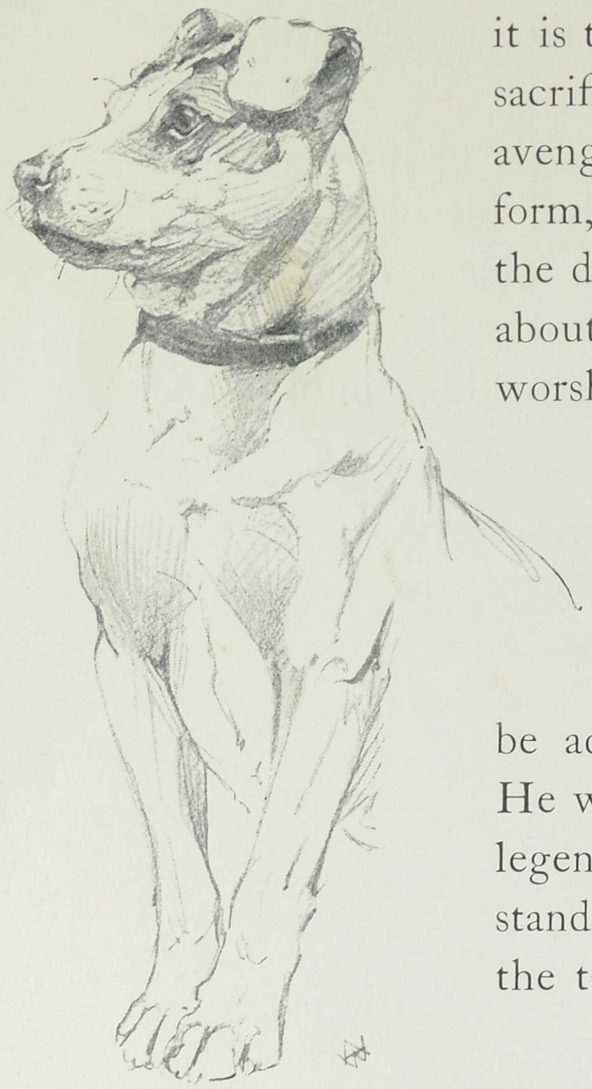
That dogs are capable of patriotism, or at least of a good working substitute for it, appears plainly from the story of Moustache who followed the French army in Napoleon's time. In the battle of Austerlitz he took a biting, snarling part, and it is even recorded of him that, seeing the flag of his regiment in the hands of an Austrian, he leapt at the man, threw him to the ground, and carried off the flag in his mouth.

I suppose all dog-lovers have shed a tear to the memory of Delta, whose skeleton was found at Herculaneum stretched above that of a boy of twelve years old. The dear dog's name was on his collar together with an inscription telling how he had saved his little master's life three times; from the sea, from robbers, and from wolves.

There was a bronze discovered in Herculaneum too, representing two great dog-heroes dragging half-drowned people out of the sea.

Dogs have given examples of most of the virtues dear to man. Either they have lived so long with man that they have imbibed his ideals and his morality, or else the two races growing, side by side, subject to the same influences, the same dangers, have simultaneously evolved codes of morality almost identical. Be this as it may, there is in the dog something human, and

AFFECTION.



THERE IS NO NONSENSE ABOUT THIS DOG

it is this that draws our hearts to him. Courage, valour, self-sacrifice, honesty, affection, constancy, memory, the desire to avenge wrongs and to repay kindnesses, even, in a modified form, truthfulness, and the power of reasoning; of all these the dog has given abundant evidence. There is no nonsense about the dog. The cat has existed beautifully, has been worshipped. A great many pretty things have been said about her, a great many written, but after all, with all her grace and charm, she is not one of us. The dog has practically proved his right to be included in the pale of our common humanity. He does not lend himself to sentimentality. To lie on a cushion and to be adored is, to him, no destiny for a self-respecting beast. He would be up and doing, and what he has done history and legend set forth in such overflowing measure that his eulogist stands bewildered amid the *embarras de richesses* afforded by the tale of the deeds of the dog. Later I shall allow myself

to bring to memory as many of these stories as can be crowded into a book so little as this. Now it behoves me to talk genealogy, to trace the dog's family tree.

It must be admitted that his descent is as obscure as that of any Smith or Robinson. Mr. J. G. Wood, refusing to commit himself, tells us merely that the dog "owes its parentage to the dhole or to the buansuah; others think it to the offspring to the wolf; and others attribute to the fox the honour of being the progenitor of our canine friend and ally." It is one point in favour of the dhole theory that a pack of dholes will attack a tiger, but neither fear nor attack a man, but then St. George Mivart says that a dhole is not a dog at all, but belongs to another genus, and he leads us to hope for some definite root for our

HE DOES NOT LEND HIMSELF TO SENTIMENTALITY

family tree in the Australian dingo. "The dingo is as big as a great mastiff dog and is much beloved of the native Australian, who looks for dingo puppies in the hollows of trees, and if he finds them, treats them better than his own children, kissing them and applying to them the too common parental discipline of never striking but only threatening. He catches their fleas for them and feeds them well and they follow him like dogs." Yet after all Mivart gives up the first origin of the domestic dog as, as yet, insoluble, only yielding to the dingo hypothesis the grudging concession that if the dog came

NO DESTINY FOR
A SELF-RESPECTING BEAST

DINGO DOG.

from one species only, the dingo is the only possible single ancestor. Darwin thought the domestic dog had a multiple origin, and Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoo', thinks the Esquimaux dog is a tame wolf. Indeed it seems unlikely that the dog is descended from one race of animals alone. The extraordinary variety of species, no less than a hundred and eighty-five, seems to suggest many admixtures of strange blood. Yet once a dog, always a dog, and "when dogs happen to meet," says Mivart, "even though of the most diverse breeds, some toy lap-dog and some huge mastiff, each at once makes manifest its feeling that the other is a dog and a brother." Professor Fitzinger in "Der Hund und seine Racen" finds thirty-eight varieties of house-dog, thirty kinds of spaniels, twelve breeds of terriers, of hounds thirty-five, of mastiff's nineteen, of

A DOG AND
A BROTHER.

greyhounds thirty-five, and no less than six different species of hairless dogs. The ancient Romans seem to have recognised three classes—house dogs (*canes villatici*), sheep dogs (*canes pastorales*), sporting dogs (*canes venatici*), the sporting dogs being divided into *Pugnaces*, probably something like bull-dogs or terriers; *Nare sagaces*, those who hunted by scent; and *Pedibus celeres*, the swift-footed, such as greyhounds. One of the largest St. Bernard dogs measures from the tip of the nose to the set on of the tail 68½ ins. or more than 173 centimêtres; one of the smallest of all is the Mexican lap-dog, measuring only 18 centimêtres. It certainly does seem as though these two could hardly be descended from one unmixed strain.

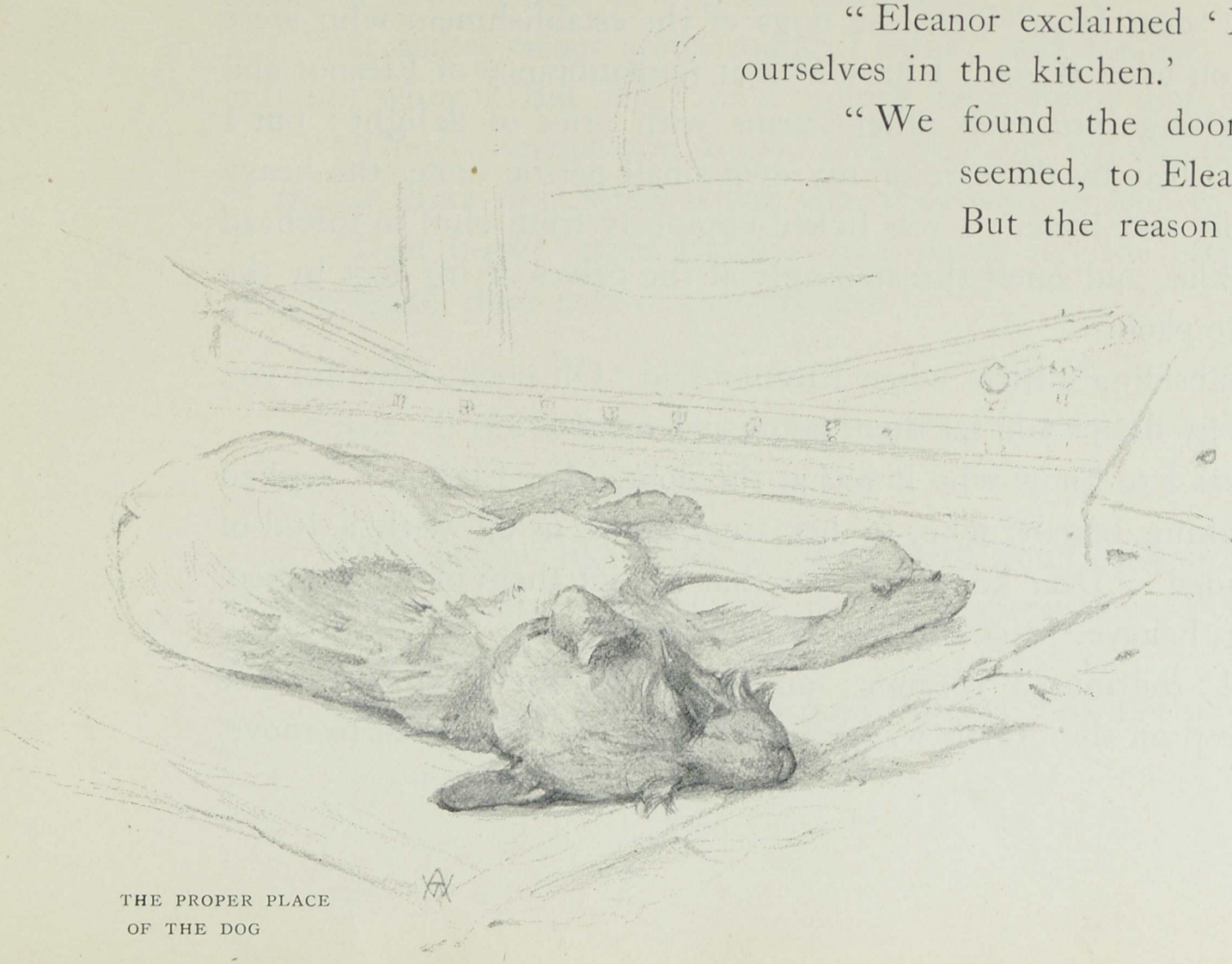
ONE OF THE SMALLEST

Leaving the dull obscurity which envelopes the family tree of the dog, let us turn for relief to a charming passage in which Mrs. Ewing endeavours to

show the proper place of the dog in the domestic circle. It is taken from that delightful book "Six to Sixteen."

"Eleanor exclaimed 'Let's go and warm ourselves in the kitchen.'

"We found the door shut; much, it seemed, to Eleanor's astonishment. But the reason was soon evident. As our footsteps sounded on the stone passage, there arose from behind the kitchen door an utterly indescribable din of howling, yowling, squealing, scratching and barking.



THE PROPER PLACE OF THE DOG

"'Its the dear boys!' said Eleanor, and she ran to open the door. For a moment I thought of her brothers (who must obviously be maniacs) but I soon discovered that the 'dear boys' were the dogs of the establishment who were at once let loose upon us *en masse*. I have a faint remembrance of Eleanor and a brown retriever falling into each other's arms with cries of delight: but I was a good deal absorbed by the care of my own small person under the heavy onslaught of dogs big and little. I was licked copiously from chin to forehead by the more impetuous, and smelt threateningly at the calves of my legs by the more cautious of the pack.

"They were subsiding a little when Eleanor said 'Oh cook, why did you shut them up? Why didn't you let them come and meet us?'

'"And how was I to know who it was at the door, Miss Eleanor?' replied an elderly, stern-looking female, who, in her time, ruled us all with a rod of iron, the dogs included. 'Dear knows it's not that I want them in the kitchen. The way them dogs behave, Miss Eleanor, is *scandilus*.'

"'Dear boys!' murmured Eleanor; on which all the dogs who were settling down to sleep on the hearth wagged their tails and threatened to move.

"'Much good it is me cleaning,' Cook continued, 'when that great big brown beast of yours goes roaming about every night in the shrubberies and comes in with his feet all over my clean floor.'

"'It makes rather pretty marks, I think,' said Eleanor, 'like pot-moulding, only not white. But never mind, you've me at home now to wipe their paws.

"'They've missed you sorely,' said the cook, who seemed to be softening. 'I almost think they knew it was you, they were so mad to get out.'

"'Dear boys!' cried Eleanor once more, and the dogs, who were asleep now, wagged their tails in their dreams.

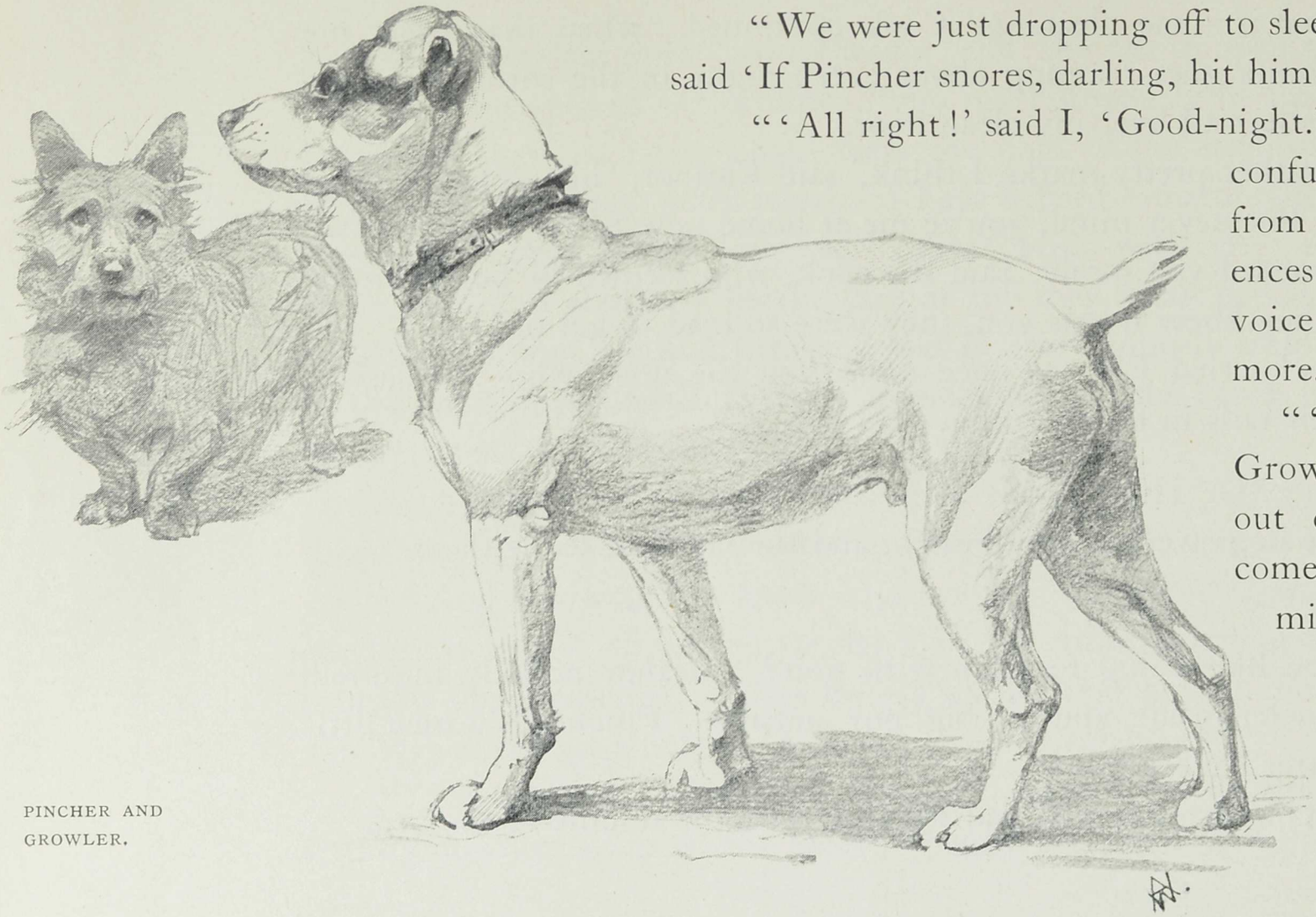
* * * * * *

"And all the dogs were on the hearth, and they all had tea with us.

* * * * * *

"'Would you like a dog to sleep with you?' Eleanor politely inquired. 'I shall have Growler inside, and my big boy outside. Pincher is a nice little fellow; you'd better have Pincher.

"I took Pincher accordingly, and Pincher took the middle of the bed.



PINCHER AND GROWLER.

"We were just dropping off to sleep when Eleanor said 'If Pincher snores, darling, hit him on the nose.'

"'All right!' said I, 'Good-night.' I had begun a confused dream woven from my late experiences when Eleanor's voice roused me once more.

"'Margery dear, if Growler should get out of my bed and come on to yours, mind you kick him off, or he and Pincher will fight through the bedclothes."

The dog has not inspired so much poetry as the cat, but what little there is rings truer, and is not marred by the affectation common to the cat herself as to her lyrical admirers. Perhaps the best known is Mrs. Browning's poem.

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

Loving friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith has run
  Through thy lower nature,
Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
  Gentle fellow-creature!

* * *

Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears
  And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
  Day and night unweary,
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
  Round the sick and dreary.

Roses gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
  Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when the light is gone
  Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares and followed through
  Sunny moor or meadow;

This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
  Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
  Up the woodside hieing,
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech
  Or a louder sighing.

* * *

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
  Down his dew laps sloping,
Which he pushed his nose within,
After, platforming his chin
  On the palm left open.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blither choice
  Than such chamber-keeping,
"Come out!' praying from the door,
Presseth backward as before
  Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly not scornfully,
  Render praise and favour;
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
  Therefore and for ever.

PINCHER IS A
NICE LITTLE FELLOW

Though marred by many of Mrs. Browning's worst faults, these lines are perhaps the best that have been written on the subject of the dog. Yet Mallock's "Questions" run them close, and, but for the shocking rhyme in the first quatrain, would perhaps have a right to the first place.

QUESTIONS.

Where are you now, little wandering
Life, that so faithfully dwelt with us,
Played with us, fed with us, felt with us,
Years we grew fonder and fonder in?

You who but yesterday sprang to us,
Are we for ever bereft of you?
And is this all that is left of you—
One little grave, and a pang to us?

Lytton pays a tribute to the dog, after his manner. He never could, poor man, praise one thing without belittling another.

"All human ties, alas, are ropes of sand,
But never yet the dog our bounty fed
Betrayed the kindness or forgot the bread."

Tennyson supports this exaltation of the dog above his human brothers in "Old Roä."

> "Faaithful an' true"—them be words i' Scriptur—an' Faaithful an' true
> 'll be fun' upo' four short legs ten times fur—one upo' two

The tale of Gelert as given by William Robert Spencer we all knew in our nurseries. Llewellyn was going a-hunting, and his dog Gelert, who always loved the chase, was missing.

> 'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
> The faithful Gelert fed ;
> He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
> He sentinelled his bed.
>
> In sooth, he was a peerless hound
> The gift of royal John,
> But now no Gelert could be found,
> And so the chase rode on.

The party appears to have had but poor sport, and Llewellyn came home in a bad temper. The first thing he saw was Gelert with blood dripping from his mouth; blood was all over the floor, the child's bed was upset and stained with blood.

Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

Gelert was at once credited with the murder of the child and stabbed accordingly.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell
Some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant's cry?

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kissed.

No scathe had he, nor harm nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead
Tremendous still in death.

Gelert appears to have had private information of the wolf's intended visit, and to have stayed at home to look after the child, so yet once again death is the reward of faithfulness. Llewellyn showed his repentance in the lavish dramatic way of those times. He built a fine tomb over Gelert and on it hung his own horn and spear, and remarked that

> Till great Snowdon's rocks grow old
> And cease the storm to brave
> The consecrated spot shall hold
> The name of Gelert's grave.

In spite of this hopeful prognostication the tomb has now disappeared altogether, though the spot where it is said to have stood is still pointed out at the village of Bedd-Gelert.

The wisdom of the moderns indeed pretends that there never was any dog Gelert at all, but that he was a mongoose and lived in India, and that the wolf was a snake and lived there too, and that they both got changed somehow as they came "Westward-ho." But I prefer to believe the old story as my nurse

told it to me, and anyway you cannot get anything very tragic out of a mongoose, Rikki-Tikki notwithstanding.

The fact is it is as easy to sing of cats as it is to sing of roses and new moons and such like beautiful and useless things ; for though it may be true that cats sometimes catch mice, it is not their achievements in this respect which inspire their poets to song. The deeds of the dog are too varied, too actual, too much a part of the vital commonplace of life to be treated adequately in poetry. One has to deal with them in humble and adoring prose.

I suppose more stories have been told about the dog than about any other living creature, even salmon or big game. It is the fashion nowadays to laugh at the stories in the *Spectator*. There is even a tradition that a small society of medical students was formed, which met on

ONE OF THE DEAR BOYS

Sunday afternoons to smoke pipes, drink beer, and invent fables for insertion in the columns of that paper. But anyone who has ever lived on terms of loving intimacy with one of the "dear boys" will be able to believe all the *Spectator* stories and a great many more. And as for the medical students, it seems improbable that even beer and tobacco would have enabled their brains to imagine anything more wonderful than the actions which the brain of the dog has actually conceived, and the courage and tenderness of the dog, indeed, carried out.

In Jesse's "Anecdotes of Dogs" the following story is given :—

Mr. Poynter, brother to the then treasurer of Christ's Hospital, brought a Newfoundland dog from that island to England. This dog had twice saved his master's life by finding the road for him when he had lost his way in snowstorms many miles from any shelter. His master seems to have been wholly unworthy of this attention, for when he decided to go to England, he arranged to leave his friend and benefactor behind. The Newfoundland appears to have thought that there was some mistake. His doggy heart refused to believe in such black ingratitude, so when the ship that bore away his

master set sail, he unhesitatingly jumped into the sea and swam after it. After a three miles swim, he was picked up and allowed to go with his master to England. "Mr. Poynter landed at Blackwall, took the dog to his father's house at Clapham in a coach. The dog was *shut up* in a stable till the second day after his arrival, when his master took him in a closed carriage to Christ's Hospital. Mr. Poynter left the carriage in Newgate Street and went through the passage to the Treasurer's house. Not being able to gain admittance at the garden entrance, he went to the front door, and thinks he left the dog at the garden entrance. In greeting his friends, the dog was forgotten for a few minutes. When looked for, he had quite disappeared. Next morning a letter came from the ship's captain, saying, 'The dog is safe on board, having swum to the vessel early the previous day.' Comparing the time at which he arrived with that at which he was missed, it appeared he must have gone directly through the city from Christ's Hospital to Wapping, where he took water. Every particular has been faithfully given of this extraordinary occurrence."

This dog does not seem to have been possessed of remarkable intelligence, but apparently once bit he was twice shy. The idea that his master meant to escape

THAT DEAR SILLY HEAD

from him in a ship seems to have been rooted in that dear silly head of his. The really remarkable thing, to one who has not studied dogs, is the fact that the dog was able to find his way through the city where he was a stranger, to the ship, by means of which his master had, on the former occasion, sought to evade him. But that dogs will do this is perfectly well known to all who have taken the trouble to make any study of their ways. It is no use to say that the dog found his way by scent. There was no scent with which that dog was familiar, lying between Newgate Street and Wapping; but had anyone followed that dog, can it be doubted that he would have been seen to stop at street corners and by public houses, to pass the time of day with London dogs to whom every turn of the streets was well known? The inference is obvious. The dog asked his way as any foreigner might have done, only with less difficulty than that experienced by most foreigners, because dog talk is,

fortunately, a sort of Volapuk or universal language. And I know that the first part of the story is true because Gerald Massey, the poet, once saw with his own eyes a dog leap into the sea and follow the liner on board which his master was. But liners do not stop to pick up dogs, and once more in the world's history fidelity was rewarded with death.

As for the other part of the story, I, myself, had once a dog, the dearest of all my "dear boys." He had, alas, little pride of race, though his pedigree was no secret. His mother was a St. Bernard and his father an Esquimaux. When he came to me he was soft, and round, and furry like a little bear, and weighed about twelve pounds. We called him Baby, he was so loving and so helpless. He grew up to be nearly as big as his mother, but with his father's build and his father's furriness. When he was full-grown I had an illness that lasted some months. Baby, like Mrs. Browning's dog Flush, insisted on nursing his mistress. He tolerated the visits of the Doctor until the day when that gentleman, approaching the bed, stumbled over Baby's great bulk

A LONDON DOG

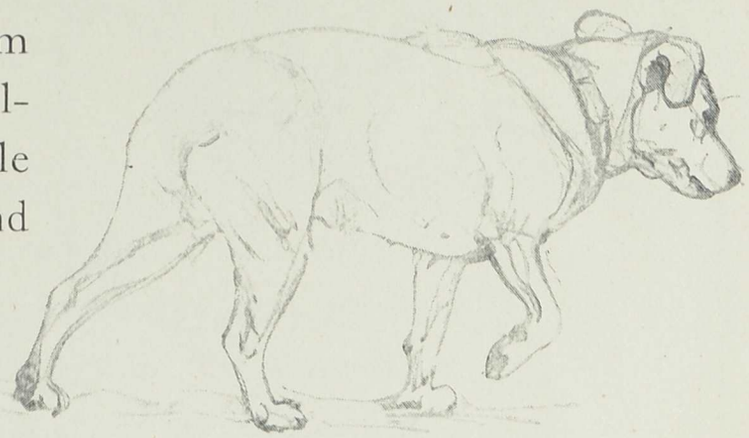
stretched on the floor beside it. The Doctor did not strike the dog, he merely said quietly that a great dog like that was not a healthy thing to have in a sick room ; so Baby was turned out. He watched his opportunity, and when the housemaid, carrying out a tray, left the door open for a moment, he slipped in and hid under the bed. When the Doctor came that evening, Baby lifted up the valance with his nose, and quietly but firmly bit the Doctor in the leg. After that, he was indeed banished. The house was in London ; he could not be kept out of doors, so he was tied up in the kitchen. He bit the rope through and came back to me. Then they bought a chain, but he broke the chain, and when a heavier one was brought, he refused, with every demonstration of shining white teeth and bristling back, to have it put on. When my brother, who was a great friend of Baby's, had succeeded in attaching the chain—by fraud, I fear—Baby lifted up his voice and howled for nine hours. So my people wired to my sister in the country, and Baby was hurriedly taken to Euston and put in the charge of the guard of the Manchester express. That express stopped at Rugby, and when it started again the dog was missing. Collar and chain were indeed in the guard's van, but no Baby.

BABY

Five days later he crawled into my room, dirty, ragged, and very, very thin. He put his great head on the pillow beside me, and I believe we both wept in the joy of our re-union. The Doctor found us together, and I explained to him that if Baby were sent away again, I did not intend to get well. The Doctor was a magnanimous man: he consented to overlook the bite, and Baby, entirely realising that the war between them was at an end, bit him no more.

This dog found his way from Rugby to London. He came by road, who had gone by rail. Who can doubt that in that five days' journey, he asked his way again and again of friendly dogs upon the highway?

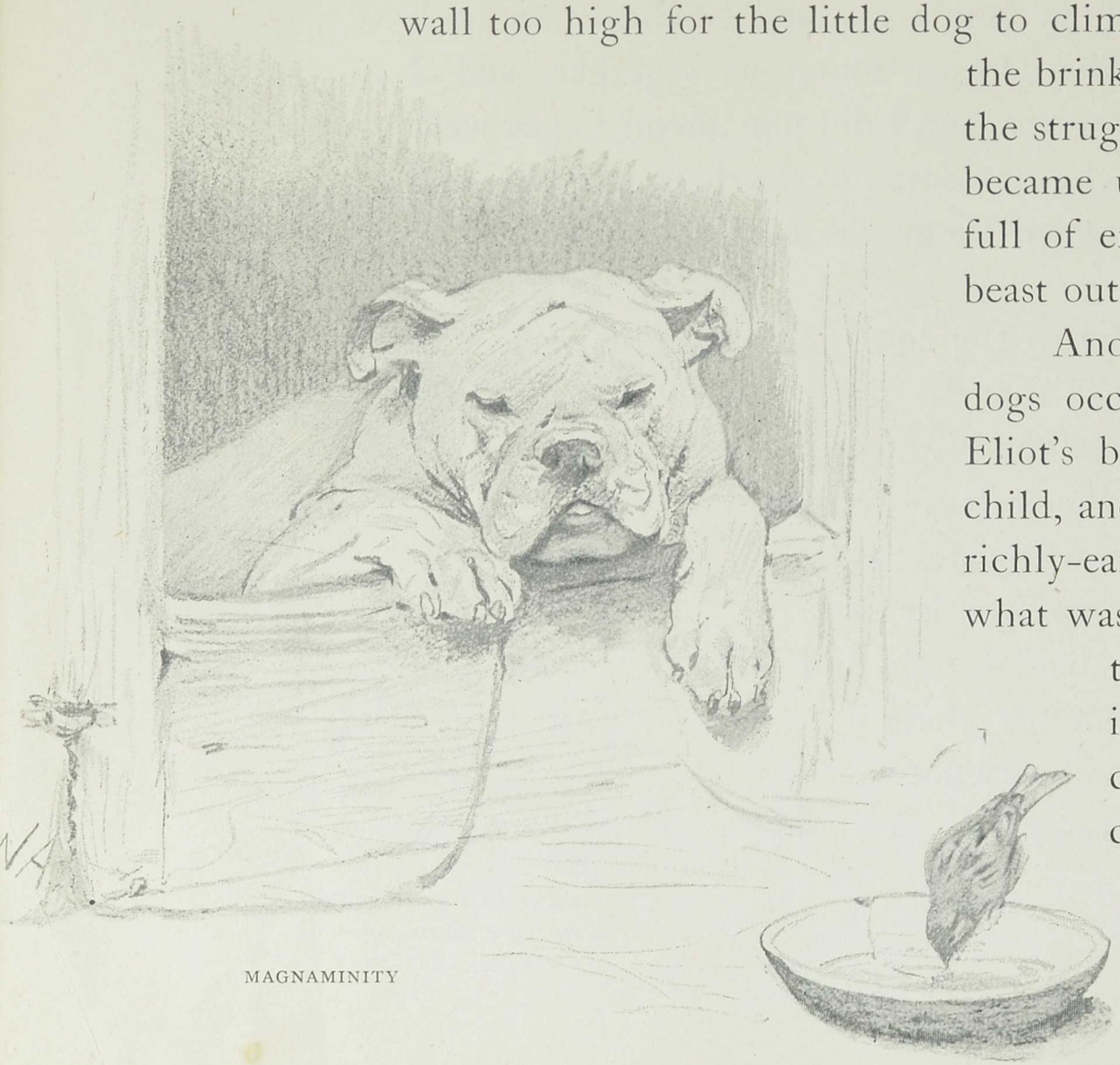
Dogs do not always protect themselves from annoyance by the obvious bite. I know several well-authenticated stories of Newfoundlands, annoyed by little dogs, who have gently taken these up in their mouths and dropped them into the water. On one of these occasions the big dog seems to have experienced what in human beings, we call remorse. A



WHAT IN HUMAN BEINGS WE CALL REMORSE

Newfoundland had dropped a little dog over the edge of the quay, a straight wall too high for the little dog to climb out by. He stood for a moment on the brink, contemplating with calm satisfaction the struggles of his small tormentor. Then he became uneasy, hesitated, uttered a bark or two full of emotion, jumped in and pulled the little beast out.

Another instance of the magnanimity of dogs occurs in the charming tale of George Eliot's bulldog. The dog's ear was cut by a child, and the child was to get a whipping in richly-earned punishment. The dog understood what was to happen, wagged his tail, fawned on the child with kisses, and said to the intending Nemesis as plainly as he could speak, "Don't whip the dear child for a little thing like that; I am



MAGNAMINITY

sure he did not mean to do it, and I give you my word of honour as a dog, it really hardly hurts at all now!"

Of the reasoning power of dogs, that is of their ability to connect cause and effect, example is found in hundreds of stories. A certain Newfoundland, for instance, was able quite clearly to connect the four ideas of thirst, water, a pail and a pump. When he was thirsty he would look about in the pails in the stable yard for water. If the pails were all dry he would pick one up by the handle and carry it to the pump. I wish I could say that he worked the pump himself by jumping on the handle and then pushing it up with his back, which he might easily have done, but perhaps he thought this would be too much trouble, so he used merely to stand and bark till someone came out to attend to his wants.

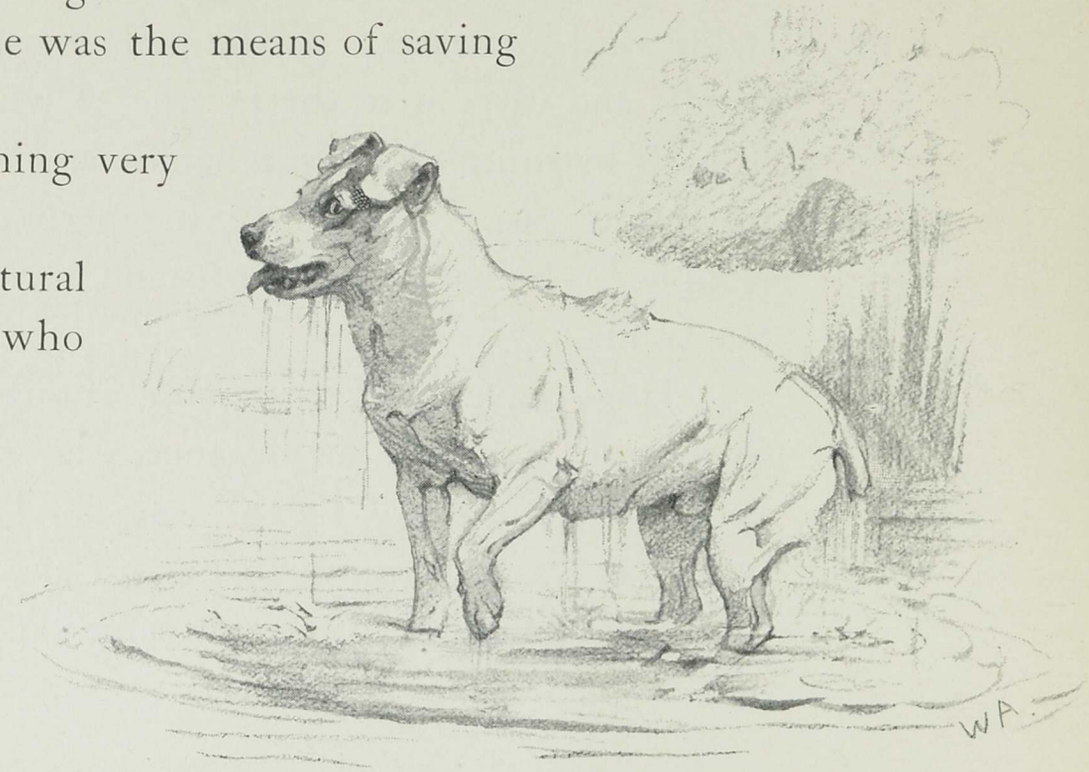
Dogs have often had sense enough to be of the greatest help in cases of shipwreck. A ship, for instance, was wrecked off Lydd, in Kent. It must have been a long time ago, by the way, for Lydd has been high and dry this many a year. It was too rough to put off any boat, and nothing could be done till a Newfoundland and his master came on the scene. The master gave the dog a

short stick and explained to him that he was to carry it to the ship, and the dog obediently set off at once. But the waves ran too high, and though he came near the ship again and again, he could not quite come at it. Then from the ship someone threw another stick with a long line attached. The dog dropped the first stick, took the second, made no further attempt to reach the ship, but swam straight back to his master dragging the line after him. That line was the means of saving every man on board.

There seems to have been something very like reason here.

Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History," gives a story of a dog who undoubtedly grasped in his intelligent mind the beginnings of the financial system of the world.

A pieman who sold pies in Edinburgh, and rang a bell as he went,



OF THE GREATEST HELP
IN CASES OF SHIPWRECK

once gave a pie to a grocer's dog. Next day, on hearing the bell, the dog rushed out and caught the pieman by the coat-tail. The pieman held up a penny and pointed to the dog's master who stood at his shop-door. Then the dog went to his master and made a great show of asking for something. The master gave the dog a penny, which the dog at once carried to the pieman, who in return, gave him a pie. This occurred daily for many months.

SOMETHING VERY LIKE REASON HERE

Another dog realised and put in practice the principles of exchange or barter, by catching a hen very gently in his mouth and carrying her to his kennel. He kept her there till she laid an egg. Then he ate the egg and invited the hen to accept an exchange in the shape of a meal from his platter. The hen was so satisfied with the bargain that she returned every day to lay her egg in the dog's kennel and receive the price evidently agreed on between them.

Colonel Hamilton Smith tells the following :—" Near Cupar (County Fife) lived two dogs, bitter enemies, who fought desparately

A GROCER'S DOG

whenever they met. One belonged to Captain R———, the other to a farmer. Captain R———'s dog used to go errands, and even bring butcher's meat from Cupar. One day as he was carrying a basket of meat he was set on by the town curs. He defended his charge bravely, but was overpowered. He, however, snatched one piece of meat and took it to his old enemy, laid the meat before him and stretched himself beside it and waited till his old foe had eaten it. A few courtesies were then exchanged, and the two dogs went together to Cupar and worried nearly every dog in the town. After which they never quarrelled."

Of course, like human beings, dogs make blunders and are occasionally guilty of disingenuous and ungentlemanly conduct, as the following instance will show.

TOOK IT TO HIS OLD ENEMY

A child fell off the pier-head at a fashionable watering-place. A dog jumped in and saved his life. The gallant preserver was rewarded with buns and with the applause and caresses of his fellow-creatures. The next day he came on to the pier and was greeted with many pats and approving words, but

UNGENTLEMANLY CONDUCT

no buns. After a while he seemed to shrink from notice, and when the attention of the public was distracted from himself he slily shouldered into the water the very child whom he had yesterday rescued, and then calling attention by a loud bark to the brave act which he was about to perform, he leapt into the water and saved the child's life again. But I fear that when he gained the shore it was not with buns that he was greeted.

This certainly shows evidence of reasoning power, though I am ready to admit that it points also to a somewhat low moral development.

More excusable, and quite as clever, was the conduct of Admiral Maling's dog, who used to go every day to meet the mail and bring the post-bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about a quarter of a mile. He never made any mistake, or committed any folly on the course of his errand, and every day he received, as a reward of his labour, a meal of bones. One day the servant forgot to give him this. The next day the dog went to the mail, but came back without the bag, and entirely refused to give any explanation of his conduct. He left it, I suppose, to the consciences of the servants. After a very long search, it was discovered that he had fetched the bag as usual,

A SOMEWHAT
LOW MORAL
DEVELOPMENT

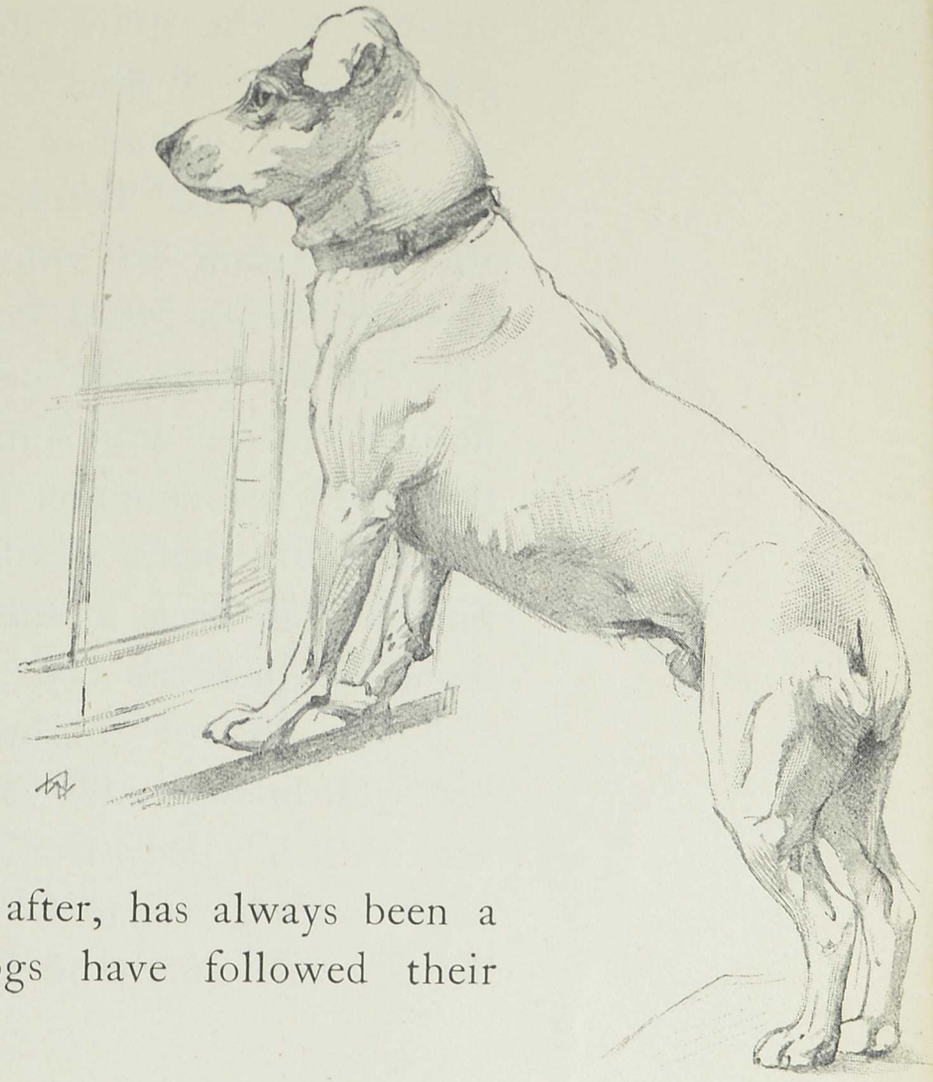
but instead of bringing it home he had avenged himself for the loss of those bones by digging a hole in the wood and burying the bag there.

Another account of a reasonable dog is given by Sir Walter Scott.

"The wisest dog I ever had," says he, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence, after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the

THE REWARD OF HIS LABOUR

least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring to the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt after all, Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered and barked and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill or through the moor, and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake his meaning, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side."



HE USED TO WATCH FOR MY RETURN

Fidelity throughout his master's life and even after, has always been a characteristic of the dog. Again and again dogs have followed their

masters to the grave and refused to leave the spot, at last dying on the grave-mound, of grief or starvation.

A story is told of a dog, Nina, who lived with a family in Lyons at the time of the Terror. The dog stayed with the mother and children after the father was imprisoned, but when the rest of the family had been executed, Nina found out her master in prison, and refused to leave him. Her fidelity seems to have touched the hearts of the jailors, who allowed her to remain with him, and even to follow him to the guillotine and thence to the common grave. The dog lay moaning there all day, and in the evening some passing dog-lover took her home with him, but she escaped, ran back to the grave, scratched and dug all night, till at last she found her master's body, and died licking her master's face.

The dog of Aughtrim is a historical character. An Irish officer took his wolf-hound into battle with him. He fell, and the dog remained watching his body from July till the following January. He went to the neighbouring village for food daily, and came back to watch his master's bones, from which he had driven away everything and every one else. At

last a soldier passing that way, happened to tread near the dog's precious charge. The dog flew at him, and a merciful shot ended that sad and faithful life.

Wolf-hounds, by the way, seem to have a peculiar faculty for recognising family types. A man of old family once went into a coffee-room in Dublin with his wolf-hound, almost the last of the breed. Another gentleman who was there began to fondle the dog, but was implored to let it alone as it was dangerous; he withdrew to his seat but the dog followed him with every mark of love and respect. The dog's master, in surprise, entered into conversation with the stranger, and finally asked his name. It was one of the noblest names in Ireland. The man was of royal blood, and his family had been for many years the only owners of this breed of dog. The dog seems to have had a hereditary liking for a certain physique, a certain tone of voice, a certain type of face; and I have known instances of this in other animals.

A friend of mine had a cockatoo, who loved her and bit everyone else, to the bone if possible. It was so fierce that the girl's parents insisted on her giving it away. The girl grew up, married, had a son, and the son and

his mother visited the house where the cockatoo still lived. It had not seen its old mistress for twenty years and had never seen her son, yet the cockatoo not only recognised my friend, but allowed her son to caress it, exhibiting every sign of the liveliest pleasure.

Mrs. Catherine Phillips, writing in 1660 of the wolf-hound, gives us the following charming portrait of a gentleman :—

> "He hath himself so well subdued
> That hunger cannot make him rude,
> And all his manners do confess
> That courage dwells with gentleness.
> War with the wolf he loves to wage,
> And never quits if he engage ;
> But praise him much, and you may chance
> To put him out of countenance.
> And having done a deed so brave,
> He looks not sullen yet looks grave."

No book about dogs can be complete without the romantic tale of the dog of Montargis, in the reign of Charles VI. of France. The dog tried

vainly to defend his master, Aubri de Montdidier, against his foe Macaire, and when Macaire had murdered Montdidier the dog lay day and night on the spot where his master's body was hidden, only leaving it to go to his master's chief friend in Paris for food. Whenever the dog met Macaire he flew at his throat. This, taken in conjunction with Montdidier's disappearance and Macaire's known enmity, excited suspicion. The dog was followed and the body found. Trial by ordeal was ordered, and took place in the Isle de Notre Dame. The dog and the murderer were face to face. The trumpets were sounded to the cry of "God defend the right." Though Macaire had a club and a shield, and the dog had only a tub to shelter in, yet the valour of the dog won the day. Macaire at last fainted from sheer weariness, and when he returned to consciousness confessed his guilt.

A similar story is found in a mediæval poem based on a MS. in a collection formed in the reign of Henry VI., in which, when the hero is attacked,

> "Truelove, his hound so good,
> Helped his master, and by him stood.
> Bitterly he can bite."

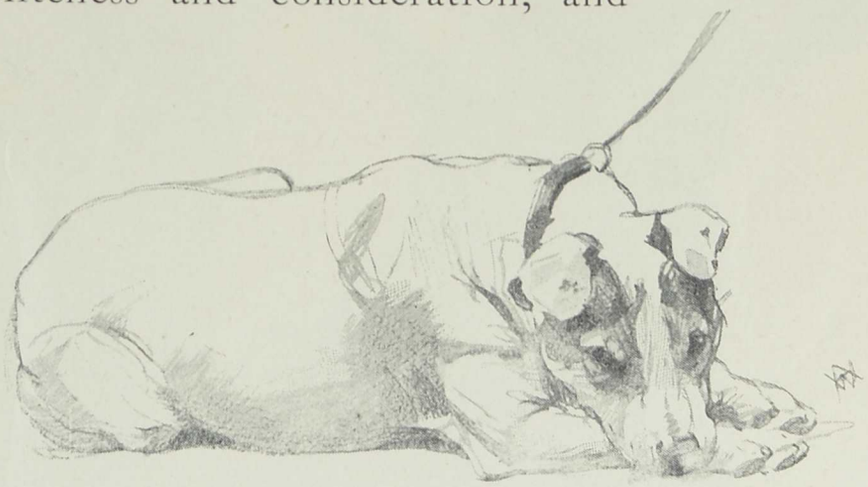
When Sir Roger was slain, the dog lay by him licking his wounds ;

"Great kindness is in houndis."

The end of the story is the same as that of the dog of Montargis, on which it was probably founded.

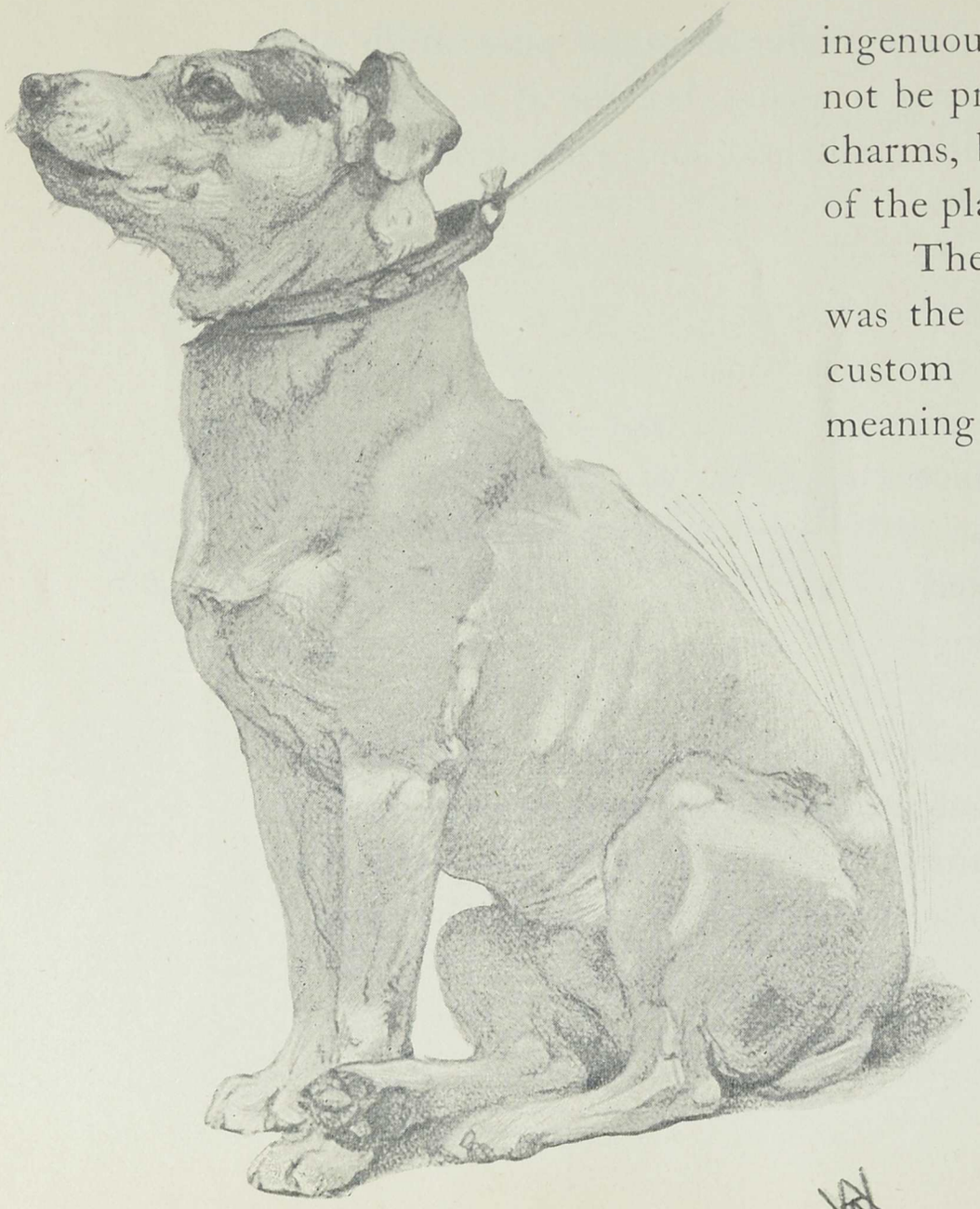
Stories of the sagacity of sheep-dogs are so many and so marvellous, that one cannot make any selection without doing injustice to the rest of the heroes. Time and space, too, forbid selection, and, after all, as a little help is worth a great deal of pity, so perhaps a few practical words will better serve to show one's love for the "dear boys" than many pages of biography. So let it be at once said in plain English that (1) the dog should not be made to go repeatedly into cold water in cold weather. It gives him rheumatism. (2) Much sugar is bad for the dog. It gives him a pain in (as the little girl said) the proper place. (3) Exercise is an absolute necessity. A puppy chained up will never have its proper shape or development. A dog needs at least two hours active exercise every day. (4) All food should be cooked. It is safer to buy meat from the butcher, and cook it at home, than to buy cooked dog's meat.

(5) Puppies must have bones to gnaw. (6) Water must be pure, fresh and always within reach. Sulphur in the water is useless, because it is insoluble. (7) Dogs should always be treated with politeness and consideration, and sympathy shewn with their joys and sorrows. They are very sensitive, and hate to be laughed at. As much patience is needed to rear a dog as to train a child, though the result is more quickly achieved; and, if one may say so, given the necessary time, patience and kindness, more universally successful.



A PUPPY CHAINED UP

Old books of medicine are full of queer charms against the consequences of dog-bites, and in this age of reason, when we have board schools, yellow brick cities, meadows decorated with enamelled iron advertisements, and all things handsome about us, it is perhaps an anachronism to set down these foolish old charms, coming to us, childish and simple, out of the old days, when most things were beautiful, and, not least, the young



THEIR SORROWS

ingenuousness of man's mind. The reader may not be prepared to believe in the efficacy of the charms, but at least he will think with kindness of the plain folk who did believe them efficacious.

The best preventive of madness in a dog was the simple docking of his ears and tail, a custom that survived long after its original meaning was lost. Sure antidotes to the poison of the bite of a mad dog were the ear and the tongue of a dog worn as a charm ; Abracadabra written as many times as there are letters in the word, and worn for a charm ; a hair of the dog that bit you (dear familiar phrase) sewn in silk and worn as a charm. Internal remedies are headed with a singularly unattractive recipe which

SHOULD BE TREATED WITH
POLITENESS AND CONSIDERATION

was reckoned sovereign, and consisted of the liver of the mad dog cooked and eaten. Second in repute was the prescription which indicated the ashes of a rivercray fish, burned in a slow fire. Other cures were the root of the dog-rose, the herb called dog's tooth, and the leaves of the dog-berry. An infallible remedy, but one somewhat shunned by the timid, has a fine simplicity about it. The afflicted person was to be held by his friends under water until he appeared

THE LOST DOG

to be drowned. Then his friends set about restoring him. If they failed he was at least quit of hydrophobia and of all the other ills of this life. If they succeeded, he would have nothing more to fear from the madness of the dog who had bitten him.

We are grown wiser now. Indeed we are growing so very very wise that there are some of us who begin to believe that we should banish from our lives every friendship that does not make us a direct financial return. Why, these sages urge, should we keep dogs now, when we have locks to our doors, and a police, not perhaps wholly inefficient; when the wolf is extinct, and

THE DOG THAT BIT YOU

when we go for our food, not to the greenwood, nor to the moor, but to the Army and Navy Stores. To these let it be answered that the philosophy of life never has been, never can be, entirely utilitarian. There is room still, in spite of the yellow brick and the enamelled iron, for some few flowers, and in the heart of man the Board School and "Science Siftings" have not yet quite crowded out the flowers of sentiment and of affection. A friendship that has lasted these many thousand years is not to be destroyed by a cheap utilitarianism born the week before last. Looking as far back as the faint glimmer of history will let us, we see man and the dog together. Looking forward as far as I may, I cannot figure them apart.

Modern man, scratching about on the surface of the old earth, has found the bones of many a dead and gone generation, and beside the oldest of these has found dogs' bones.

THEIR JOYS

When the final desolation, wrought slowly through the coming centuries, shall have settled down on this poor earth, once so green and good, when the last man lays down his weary body, and the great silence closes round him, he will not be alone. Beside the last man—let any who has ever loved a dog doubt it if he dare—will lie, faithful to the end, the last dog.

THE LAST DOG.

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