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# FAMOUS PETS





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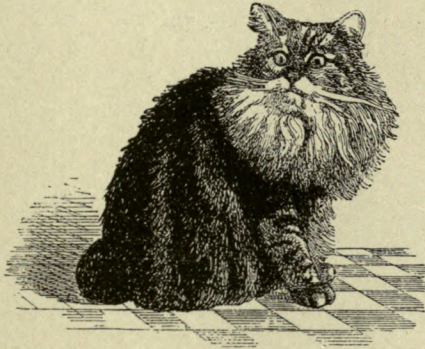
MAUD HOWE.

# FAMOUS PETS

*OF FAMOUS PEOPLE*

BY

ELEANOR LEWIS



"MOUCHE," VICTOR HUGO'S CAT.

*ILLUSTRATED*

BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP COMPANY  
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

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TO  
**Maud Howe Elliott**  
WHOSE DEVOTION TO HER OWN PETS CONSTITUTES HER  
THE FRIEND OF EVERY OTHER, THIS BOOK  
IS APPRECIATIVELY INSCRIBED  
BY THE AUTHOR

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*I.*

*SOME SCOTCH CELEBRITIES.*



# FAMOUS PETS.

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## I.

### SOME SCOTCH CELEBRITIES.

**B**EAUTIFUL Edinburgh, her gray warmed into gold by the summer sunshine, lies half-asleep at the foot of her Castle Rock, and dreams, through the peaceful present, of her stormy, impetuous past. Each grain of dust there is historic. The traveler's every footstep wakes some memory of old days. Over castle and palace, broad way and narrow close, over Canongate, Grassmarket, Arthur's Seat, over hills that environ and streams that link, a magician has cast his spell — so intimately blending past and present, that we cannot look upon the one without remembering the other.

To-day in sculptured marble, as erstwhile in life, the weaver of the spell yet guards his time-worn city, like the good genius of its fate. Passionless, mute, he sits brooding — the bustle of existence all around him — while the hound at his side gazes up at him, in rest unbroken as his own. The Scott monument — that is what rises before us; and the broad-browed, deep-eyed enchanter within, that — as every schoolboy knows — is the great Sir Walter Scott, the good, well-loving, dearly-loved Sir Walter.

“What has he not done for every one of us?” writes the historian of Rab. “Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely?” Who, indeed? And, in truth, we owe him far more than mere diversion, however liberal and wholesome; and may count it not least among his gifts to the world that, from the height of his fame, he set it example of a wise, distinguishing regard for animals.

“He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast” —

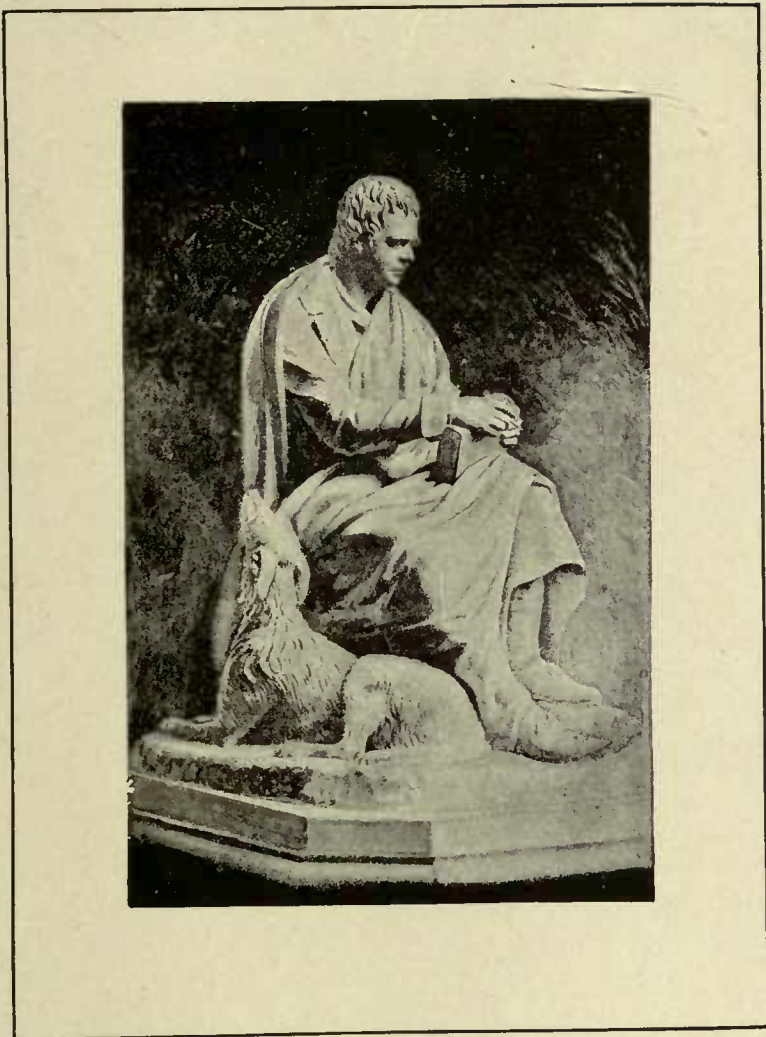
might stand for the motto of his life. From babyhood to old age the power of loving enriched him, and won from “all things, great or small,” a warm response.

The most conversible, attachable, and hence, dearest, among his humble friends were, naturally, horses and dogs. He liked, however, almost everything that breathes; and poultry, cattle, sheep, or pigs, cats and birds — all shared, to greater or less degree, in his good will. An old gray badger lived, hermit-like, in a hole near Abbotsford for many years under his protection. A hen and a pig formed ardent attachments to him; and a pair of little donkeys would trot like puppies at his heels whenever they got the chance.

Carlyle tells the story of a Blenheim cocker in Edinburgh, the most timid and reserved of its race, which shrank from all attention save that of its mistress, until one day on the street it made a sudden spring towards a tall, halting stranger, and fawned upon him in an ecstasy of delight. This was, of course, our own Sir Walter, whose great heart, like a magnet, drew to it all other hearts, whether bold or shy.

His horses all fed from his hand, and preferred his attendance to that of the grooms; while, until lameness obliged him, in later





STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN EDINBURGH.



years, to give up walking, he would never ride on Sunday, believing that "all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest." If his four-footed dependants were ill, he nursed and prescribed for them. When little Spice, an asthmatic terrier, was following the carriage, he would carry it over the brooks, that it might not get wet. In fine, he was always what too few are — "a gentleman, even to his dogs."

Pets were so numerous at Abbotsford that their record must be brief. The long list of pet horses opens in his childhood with a Shetland pony called Marion — a dwarfish creature that fed from his hand, and ran in and out of the house like a dog. The pair were close friends, and passed hours together exploring the hills. In his twentieth year, or thereabouts, Lenore is mentioned as doing him good service, but ere long was succeeded by Captain, coal-black and full of mettle. Next came Lieutenant, and then Brown Adam, a special favorite, who would let none but his master ride him, and who, when saddled and bridled, would trot out of the stable by himself to the mounting-stone, and wait there for Sir Walter. Daisy, next in order, was "all over white, without a speck, and with such a mane as Rubens delighted to paint." His temper, unfortunately, was less perfect than his mane, and eventually Sir Walter sold him. Daisy was succeeded by the original of Dandie Dinmont's "Dumple," in the shape of a sober cob named Sybil Grey; and the list closes with a staid old horse known indifferently as Donce Davie and the Covenanter.

In 1803, the canine favorite was Camp, a fine bull-terrier, "very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children." It is this dog that appears in the painting by Raeburn. He had considerable intellect in his way, and understood much that was said to him. Once he bit the family

baker, and was severely punished for it—his offense being at the same time explained to him, says Scott. After this, “to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into 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.”

He lost none of his brightness, although strength began to fail him in 1808, so that he could no longer accompany Sir Walter on his rides. But still when as evening drew on, the servant would say, “Camp, the shirra’s comin’ hame by the ford,” or “by the hill,” Camp would patter stiffly to the front door or back, as the direction might imply, and there await the master whom he could no longer follow. He died the ensuing year, in January, and was buried in the garden of Scott’s Edinburgh house, where even yet the place is pointed out. The whole family stood in tears around the grave, while Sir Walter himself, with sad face, smoothed the turf above his old companion. He had been invited to dine from home that night, but excused himself on account of the death of a dear old friend; and none wondered when they learned that the friend was Camp.

Contemporary with Camp were the two greyhounds, Percy and Douglas, who, though far less dear, were much petted. It is on record that despite Lady Scott’s fear of robbers, a window was always left open for these dogs to pass in and out. They lie buried at Abbotsford with other of their doggish kin. Percy, in particular, is honored by a stone of antique appearance, and this inscription, befitting some valiant knight:

“Cy git le preux Percie.”

Poor Camp went over to the majority of dogs in January; in July, Sir Walter wrote to a friend that he had filled the vacant place with a shaggy terrier-puppy of high pedigree, and named it Wallace — its donor being a descendant of that famous Scotchman. Somewhat later the family was enlarged by a smooth-haired kintail terrier called *Ourisque*, which, if attending the master on his rides, would sometimes pretend fatigue, and whine to be taken up on horseback, where it would sit upright, without any support, in great state.

But of all Sir Walter's pets, the most famous was *Maida*, a gift in 1816 from his Highland friend *Glen-garry*. He describes it with enthusiasm, as "The noblest dog ever seen on the Border since *Johnny Armstrong's* time, . . .

between the wolf and deer greyhound, about six feet from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion." Captain *Thomas Brown*, who knew *Maida* well, says, "So uncommon was his appearance, that he used to attract great crowds in *Edinburgh* to look at him whenever he ap-



SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS BULL-TERRIER, CAMP.

(From the painting by *Raeburn*.)

peared on the streets. He was a remarkably high-spirited and beautiful dog, with black ears, cheeks, back and sides, . . . the tip of his tail white, . . . his hair rough and shaggy; . . . that on the ridge of his neck, he used to raise like a lion's mane, when excited to anger."

Maida was uniformly gentle except — aristocrat that he was! — to the poorly-dressed and to artists. His detestation of the latter may be explained by the number of times he had been obliged to pose for them; — the mere sight of a brush and palette was at last enough to make him run. His bark was deep and hollow; and sometimes, says Sir Walter, "he amused himself with howling in a very tiresome way. When he was very fond of his friends he used to grin, tucking up his whole lips and showing all his teeth, but it was only when he was particularly disposed to recommend himself."

Once he got hung by the leg, in trying to jump a park paling, and began to howl. But seeing his friends approach, "he stopped crying, and waved his tail by the way of signal, it was supposed, for assistance." Luckily he was not much hurt, and most grateful for his rescue.

The pleasant Irish authoress, Miss Edgeworth, was also fond of animals; and Scott's correspondence with this lady is full of allusions to their mutual canine friends. In April, 1822, he tells her that Maida can no longer follow him far from the house, and adds: "I have sometimes thought of the final cause of dogs having such short lives; and I am quite satisfied that it is in compassion to the human race; for if we suffer so much in losing a dog after an acquaintance of ten or twelve years, what would it be if they were to live double that time?"

We can well imagine his grief when finally (October, 1824) Maida passed away painlessly, in his straw. They buried him at

Abbotsford gate where he had so long kept watch and ward, with his own marble likeness for monument, — and for epitaph —

“Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,  
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master’s door.”

He still lives, however, in the story of Woodstock, as Bevis, the gallant hound of Alice Lee.

Nimrod and Bran succeeded Maida, and although they could not replace him, were fine fellows. There was also a black greyhound, Hamlet, who usually “behaved most prince-like,” but when Washington Irving visited Abbotsford, got into mischief and killed a sheep. Nimrod, too, was occasionally naughty, but the master never failed to befriend his dogs when they were in trouble, preferring to pay damages rather than lose them.

Besides the large dogs, there was a whole retinue of smaller ones, among them Finette, a sensitive, lady-like spaniel, greatly favored by Lady Scott; and a number of Dinmont terriers. The latter all bore “cruet names,” there being in the house at one time a Pepper, Mustard, Ginger, Catchup, Soy and Spice. Spicie was a warm-hearted, affectionate little creature, and is often mentioned, especially to Miss Edgeworth. Her little friend — Scott once assured her — is recovering from an asthmatic attack, and is active, though thin, “extremely like the shadow of a dog on the wall.”

Other dogs there were, but where is the space to chronicle them or their deeds? A few lines must be kept for Hinsefeldt, the large black family cat that usually lay on the top stair of the book-ladder in Sir Walter’s study, coming down if Maida left the room, to guard the footstool until he should return. Irving saw Pussy at Abbotsford, and describes her clapper-clawing the dogs

— an act of sovereignty which they took in good part. Scott was by nature not very fond of cats, but Hinse reconciled him to the race, so that even in a dull London hotel, he could enjoy the society of a “tolerably conversible cat, that ate a mess of cream with him each morning.”

In 1825 a great business crash involved Sir Walter in a debt, to pay which he wore out the remnant of his life. Just before, he had been planning a return to Abbotsford. “But now,” he writes, “my dogs will wait for me in vain. . . . I feel their feet on my knees, I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be.” Two or three years later, being asked to write something for a *Manual of Coursing*, he refused sadly: — “I could only send you the laments of an old man, and the enumeration of the number of horses and dogs which have been long laid under the sod.”

Indeed, for master as for petted friends, the end was now approaching. He grew each day more sad and feeble, until at last even his staghound’s rough caress was more than his spent frame could bear. As a last hope he was taken on a voyage; but the remedy was powerless, and he hurried home to die. Half-wild with joy at seeing the old familiar scenes once more, he finally reached Abbotsford, and sank exhausted in his chair. There the dogs gathered around him; “they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands; and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him.” This sleep ere long deepened into a slumber more profound, and death came between Sir Walter and his friends on earth.

Contemporary with Scott was Prof. John Wilson, so well known to all as Christopher North. He, too, was passionately fond of animals, and his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, has left a delightful



account of his pets. Of Grog, chestnut-brown in color, meek and tiny, "more like a bird than a dog," with "little comical, turned-out feet, a cosey, coaxing, mysterious, half-mouse, half-birdlike dog," who crept noiselessly out of life one morning, and was found dead on his master's bed. Of Brontë, the beautiful Newfoundland, all purple-black, save the white star on his breast, who daily walked to and from the college with his master, but at last was cruelly poisoned, and died, leaving "no bark like his in the world of sound."

Of O'Brontë, Brontë's son, with "the same still, serene, smiling and sagacious eyes." Of Rover, the best beloved, whose master stood beside him when he died, "trying to soothe and comfort the poor animal. A very few minutes before death closed his fast-glazing eye, the professor said, 'Rover, my poor fellow, give me your paw.' The dying animal made an effort to reach his master's hand; and so thus parted my father with his favorite, as one man taking leave of another."



RAB.

(By permission of David Douglass, publisher of "Rab and His Friends.")

Of Charlie, Fido, Tip, and Fang, Paris and many more, not to mention his friendly canine friends, Neptune, Tickler, Tory, Wasp, and Juba, who graciously kept him on their visiting-list. Should any one wish to know more of these dogs, he will find plenty to in-

terest him in the writings of Christopher North, especially in that pleasant miscellany called the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

But the pet most singular and most fairy-like of all, was a sparrow, that for eleven years inhabited his study, dwelling with him in an intimacy so entire that the family declared it was developing both in size and character by the association, and if it lived, would in time become an eagle. To think of the tiny creature fluttering around great Christopher, nestling in his waistcoat pocket, carrying stray hairs from his shoulders to its cage, with nest intentions; perching on his inkstand, even pecking at his pen! What familiarity, what audacity with genius! And supposing the nest actually had been made, with those precious hairs inwoven, how relic-hunters would be seeking it to-day!



"BABY RAB."  
(Sketch by Dr. John  
Brown.)

The intimacy between this strangely dissimilar pair is only one more proof that

"The brave are aye the tenderest  
The loving are the daring ;"

and I cannot but think that if his books should be forgotten, the legend of the sparrow would still keep Wilson's memory green.

A friend and brother-author of Scott and Wilson was the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg. To judge from his own account, and from that in the *Noctes*, his liking for dogs must have equaled theirs. His perception of canine character was acute; and through his description we feel well acquainted with Hector, the Collie. According to the Shepherd, Hector had a sense of humor matched only by his politeness, and once even, when intensely amused by a conversation between his master and a friend, "louped o'er a stone

wa'," that he might laugh unseen behind it. Maida used to grin; why not Hector?

With these three lovers of the canine race must be grouped a fourth, the good physician, Doctor John Brown of Edinburgh. He has written about dogs as only Landseer has painted them—sympathetically, lovingly, with intuitive comprehension of dog-nature. "Rab and his Friends" is an idyl that brings tears for sole applause; "Our Dogs" is a Shakespearean comedy, over which we smile or softly laugh. We remember them as we remember only the intensely alive. Still we see that night procession where the living guides homeward the beautiful dead, with faithful Rab slow-following behind.

Then the scene changes, and "Our Dogs" frolic over the stage. A daring little fellow leads them—the one that begged admission to the band by a look that said *Cur non?* Here is Toby the Tyke, with his unequalled tail and moral excellence; here Wylie, the collie, blithe, beautiful and kind; and here Rab himself, whose baby outlines are imagined in a funny sketch by Dr. Brown. Here is Wasp, the dog-of-business; here, Jock, "insane from his birth," as might be expected of a dog whose mother was called Vampire, and whose father, Demon. Enter the Dutchess, of wee body and great soul; enter Crab, John Pym, and Puck; pass as enter Dick and Peter, Jock and Bob. In fact, Bob closes the list, and his character was thus briefly summed up for me in a room in Edinburgh made sacred by mementoes of his master.

"Bob," said my informant, "was the last dog we had, and really



PITY THE SOR-  
ROWS OF US  
HOMELESS DOGS

he was too much for us all. He was very pure bred, — so pure, that my brother used to say it had driven the wits from him. He had no discretion whatever, yet at the same time so much energy that he was always getting both himself and us into trouble. He



DR. JOHN BROWN, DR. PEDDIE, AND DANDIE.

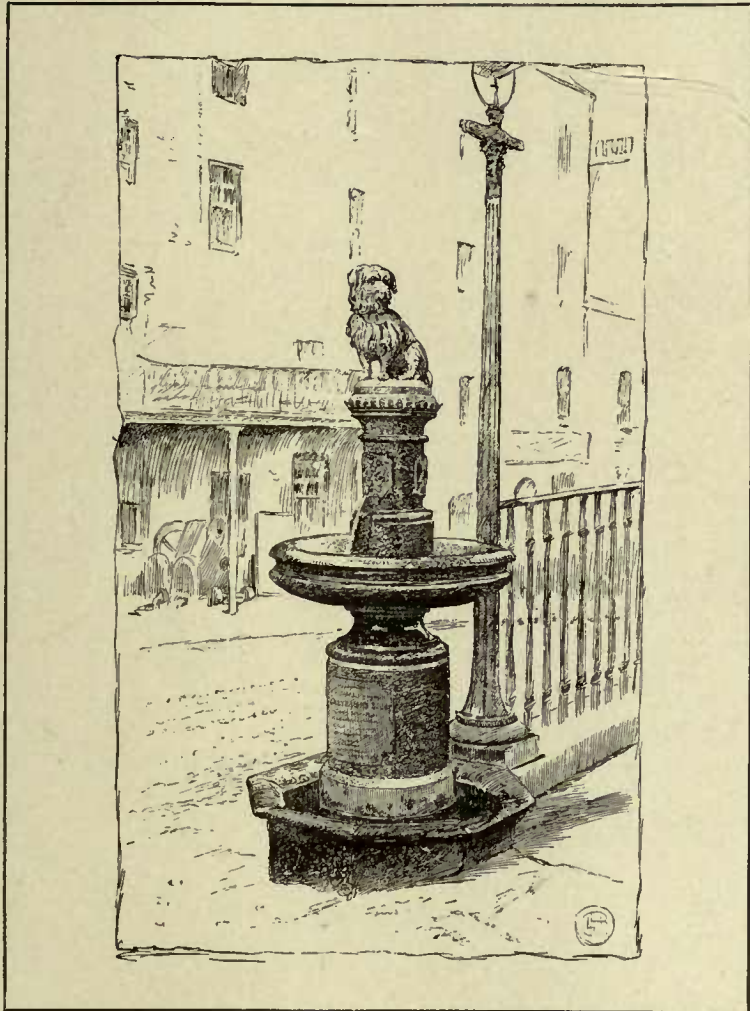
(From photograph, by permission of Mr. Moffat, Edinburgh.)

became very grubby at last, — oh! very grubby, indeed, and we were obliged to dispose of him.”

The Edinburgh refuge for lost dogs found a warm advocate in Dr. Brown; his sketch of two little terriers supporting a hat for contributions appeals to us still to pity the sorrows of homeless dogs.

Even more vividly does it recall the artist — that kindest gentleman and friend who spent his life in caring for the needy, sick, and sad. Here in the picture you see him — the same kind presence as in life — seated with Dr. Peddie, and Dr. Peddie’s Dandie. This photograph was taken in 1880. Dandie belonged to Dr. Peddie, but was a great favorite with Dr. John whom (as both gentlemen lived on the same street) he visited daily, never seeming content until his regular call was made.

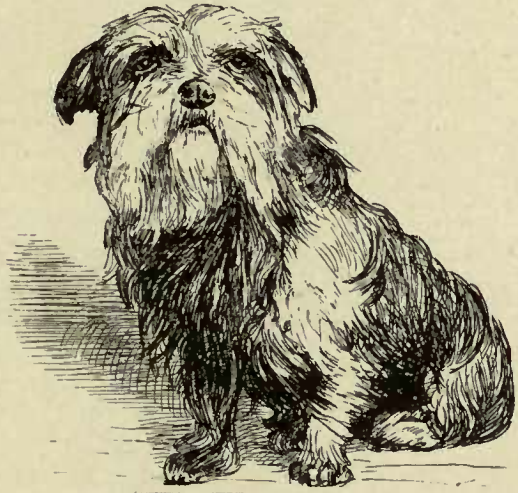
Very unlike the homeless, boneless paupers of Dr. Brown’s Plea, is an Edinburgh dog now living, to whose luxurious habits the following anecdote, given me by one acquainted with its truth, bears witness.



DRINKING FOUNTAIN MONUMENT TO GREYFRIARS' BOBBY, EDINBURGH.



Edinburgh, though nominally on the Firth of Forth, lies really some miles from the sea. In summer, a bather's train is run sufficiently early to enable gentlemen to reach their offices in good time. Mr. Thomas Nelson (of the publishers' firm Nelson & Co., Edinburgh, London, New York, etc.) was in the habit of availing himself of this early train, accompanied by a favorite dog, who enjoyed a sea-bath as much as did his master. On one occasion Mr. Nelson was away from home for three weeks, and on his return was surprised to receive a bill from the railway company for three weeks' first-class dog fares. On inquiry, he found that during his absence, the dog had gone daily, as hitherto, by train, taken the usual bath, and then returned to town — exactly as he had been used to doing in his master's company.



GREYFRIARS' BOBBY.

All will agree, I fancy, that this anecdote bears witness to the dog's neat and gentlemanly habits, as well as to his master's indulgence.

Just off High Street in Edinburgh, beyond George IV. Bridge, is a little drinking fountain with a trough for dogs attached. It is a point of interest to more than the thirsty — being unique both in subject and design. Seated on a pedestal is the image of a shaggy, large-eyed terrier, whose averted gaze continually seeks

Greyfriars' churchyard, across the intervening houses of the street. Beneath are the words :

GREYFRIARS' BOBBY.

*From the life, just before his death,*

and below this, the following inscription :

*A Tribute*

*To the affectionate fidelity of*

GREYFRIARS' BOBBY.

*In 1858 this faithful dog followed*

*The remains of his master to Greyfriars' churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872.*

*With permission,*

*Erected by the*

*Baroness Burdett-Coutts.*

The story of leal Bobby has been often told, but is well worth telling once again. While life sits warm at our hearts, we should remember this other little heart, so constant and loving. He has been sculptured, painted, sketched, memorialized, as though he were royal.

One gloomy day I passed the memorial fountain, and turned in at Greyfriars. It was already closing time, still the old curator let me in, and while searching for a "potograph" as he called it, of Bobby, told me what he could about him. Bobby lies buried in a flower-bed in front of the church. For more than a dozen years he made his master's grave his home—a grave unmarked until his own devotion became its monument. The curator tried at first to drive him away, but without success, and ended by letting him do as he would. A friendly restaurant-keeper gave him food; every body indeed was kind, and in his doggish heart he must have felt



their kindness ; yet outwardly he drew near to none. Why should he when his real life lay deep down in six feet of earth ?

“ Here’s the potograph at last, ma’am,” said the old curator, “ and here’s his collar, if you’d like to see it.”

I touched reverently the half-worn band of leather, remembering how near it had once lain to a faithful little heart.

“ They tried to get his body from me,” continued Bobby’s friend, “ that they might stuff the skin, and keep it in the museum. But I said to myself, ‘ No, sirs ; you mean it well, but it ain’t what Bobby ’d ’a’ wanted, and he’s the first call to be axed.’ I meant to do the fair thing by him, dead or alive. He’d never ’a’ lain here thirteen year, wet weather or dry, cold or warm, summer and winter, unless he’d meant it. You see, ma’am, I naturally knew it wa’n’t right for his skin to be that far from his master’s ; so when he died, I just quietly took my own way, and got him under ground before them as wanted him knew rightly he was dead. And there he is,” — pointing to the flower-bed — “ all that’s left of him.”

A soft Scotch rain had been falling while we talked, but now slackened ; and a misty beam of sunlight pierced the clouds low-piled in the west. Its pale gold lit up Bobby’s resting-place, underscoring, as it were, the epitaph just spoken, then glanced along the gray front of the church, and brought into relief an ancient slab, where a skeleton, fantastically poised, appeared to be keeping guard. A little robin hopped lightly to a bush in the flower-bed, whence soon its clear vespers thrilled the air. Death was there, alas ! yet overcome by life ; since love is the only real life, and by right of loving Bobby lives forever.



*II.*

*A SELECT COMPANY.*



## II.

### A SELECT COMPANY.

**I**N the Life and Correspondence of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, under the far-away date of 1819, is this item:

“ Last week was interred Tom junior, with funeral honors, by the side of old Tom of happy memory. What a fatal mortality there is among the cats of the Parsonage! Our Harriet is chief mourner always at their funerals. She asked for what she called an epithet for the gravestone of Tom junior, which I gave as follows:

‘ Here lies our kit,  
Who had a fit,  
And acted queer.  
Shot with a gun,  
Her race is run,  
And she lies here.’ ”

The small mourner at this small funeral has since then had many a pet to love and mourn. Hardly a child but knows the dogs whose stories were told in *Our Young Folks* some twenty years ago: Carlo, the poor, good, homely, loving mastiff; the Newfoundland Rover, who, like Christopher North's Brontë, met a cruel death by poison; Stromion, the “ pure mongrel,” Prince and Giglio;

lady-like Florence; Rag, the Skye, and Wix, the Scotch terrier; all these are familiar names. Then, too, there were cats, as we have just seen; there were birds; there were accidental, happen-so pets; and, in fine, when we think of Harriet Beecher Stowe, it is



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT HOME.

(By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

not only as the friend of her race, but also as the friend and advocate of the great world of animals all around us.

Prominent among her pets to-day are Punch and Missy, as you see them here; photographed from life. Excellent sitters they must have been, even the tip of their impetuous tails being subdued into quiet for the time. The result is an accurate likeness except in the case of Missy, whose ears were, unfortunately, so far in the fore-

ground, that they appear twice their proper size.

Punch was a present to Mrs. Stowe, and after being selected with great care, at a noted dog fancier's in Boston, was sent by express from that city to Hartford, Conn., in the fall of 1881. "I shall never forget," says one of the family, "how droll and cunning he looked in his slatted crate, trying every aperture with his funny blunt nose, for a way of escape. He soon, however, made friends

with us all, after being released from his small wooden prison, and was treated by all with the consideration of a young prince."

For two winters Punch made an almost royal progress to Florida — his mistress, so named, in his train; and was the recipient of most delicate attentions on board the steamer from officers and crew, not to speak of mere passengers. He was allowed free access to the captain's private room. I am not sure, indeed, but he came to regard it as his own state apartment, and its crimson plush sofa as his appropriate seat. Certain it is, that he would often growl, and dispute mildly, its possession with the captain.

In the main, however, he was a dog of great politeness. It is on record that when a lady-passenger kept giving him sugared almonds, he was too well-bred to express his dislike of them, or pain the giver by a refusal. So he noiselessly carried almond after almond under the sofa, until quite a pile was accumulated; the young lady, meanwhile, supposing he had eaten them. This was done so adroitly, and with such evidently polite motive, that the by-standers were much amused.

Punch was very catholic in his tastes; not only the captain's plush sofa found favor in his sight, but also the leather cushion in the pilot-house, where he spent much of his time, apparently overseeing the man at the wheel. It was his habit in pleasant weather to take long constitutionals around the deck-house, keeping close to its side, through fear of the sea. Rough weather was sure to send him into retirement under a sofa in the saloon, whence occasionally he would creep out to inspect the sea — retiring again with a growl of disgust if the waves were high.

He was greatly admired in Savannah and Jacksonville, especially by the darkies, who often asked Miss Stowe if she would not give them "her pup." One candid person of color remarked:

“Lady, I like your pup; he looks like he could fight!” But this very popularity brought disaster in its train. Like the famous thief whose admiration for diamonds led him always, when possible, to remove them from their ignorant owners into his own enlight-



MRS. STOWE'S DOG PUNCH.

ened possession — so somebody — unknown — admired Punch to the degree that he appropriated him. After two triumphant years with Mrs. Stowe, in September, 1883, he was stolen; and although advertised, although rewards were offered, nothing was heard from him until 1885. In March of this year, he was recognized at a dog-show in New Haven, and

claimed, to the equal delight of himself and his friends. He had forgotten neither mistress nor home, and his joy in getting back was unmistakable.

In the meantime, his place had been taken, although not filled, by Missy, a gift from the same gentleman who had previously sent Punch. Unlike Punch, however, she was a foreigner, having been imported from England. Miss Stowe says: “It is a disputed point as to which is the finer dog — I myself think it six of the one to half a dozen of the other.”

To Punch's other claims to distinction, may be added that seal of public approval — a prize at a dog-show. Both dogs have



collars, bells, and harness in abundance. They wear them when out walking, and thus — merrily tinkling across the stage — exit Missy, exit Punch to find behind the scenes, the warm, safe shelter of home!

It was probably a strong sense of contrast that led Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps to call her pet terrier Daniel Deronda! He was, however, so thoroughly lovable and whole-hearted, that on this account, if no other, he deserved the name. Was, I say — for alas! he has been gathered to the dust now many months, and only the memory remains of his doggish prettiness and affectionate heart. Like Punch, he came from a dog-store in Boston; but unlike him, was of mingled blood, being blue Skye and King Charles. One of his merits was that excellent thing — in dogs as in women — a low, soft voice; and on this gentle “barkter,” as suited to a lady’s establishment, the fancier laid particular stress.



MRS. STOWE'S DOG MISSY.

It added greatly to the appearance of gentleness and simplicity in his character, that he would readily accept the attentions of strangers, and walk with almost any one who asked him. This however was the amiability of good breeding, and did not interfere with the fact that his heart belonged

solely to his mistress. Such wisdom as he had was of the heart and not the head. He knew no tricks to win attention, he was not particularly intellectual; but by way of counterpoise, he was very religious, and quite unsectarian in his views. He had an actual mania for going to church; Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, what not — he patronized all with that same fine disregard of lesser distinctions that characterized George Eliot's

Deronda.



MRS. PHELPS'S DOG DANIEL DERONDA.

Once he ran away three miles from home, to attend services at a Baptist church — being recognized there by different persons. When the service was over he started to return. But the road was long, he was already tired, and time passed slowly. When, as the hours went by, the truant was still absent, his

mistress grew alarmed; and finally, having put the police to search, set out herself. By good fortune she had not gone far before, in the middle of the street, she saw the truant himself, coming wearily homeward, hot, dusty and bewildered. She called him by name, and when he heard the familiar voice, and realized that his dearest friend was near, his look of relief and recognition was most wonderful.

Accidents come to all, and one day, when Daniel was out walking with his mistress, he somehow involved himself with a carriage, and the wheels passed over his neck. He was picked up, a limp, inert little body. Remedies were applied, though with small hope of success; but at last, to the astonishment of all, he revived, and ere long was as much a dog as ever.

He was well known in Gloucester, and I believe it was humorously proposed at one time, to make him assistant janitor of the East Gloucester Temperance Club. Gentler little assistant there had never been; but the suggestion was not carried out. And soon he passed away from his friends. He met with another accident, and, after much suffering, was mercifully put out of pain.

"He loved me, and I loved him," said his mistress. What better epitaph could he have?

From Daniel Deronda to George Eliot; the transition is easy and natural. She herself maintained that she was "too lazy a lover of dogs, to like them when they gave her much trouble"; but this was mere theory, and the actual possession of a pet brought her to that pass of mingled affection and resignation which most owners of animals reach. A fine bull-terrier, of great moral excellence, was given her; and soon, with the readiness of a large mind, she adapted herself to the new-comer's whims and ways, noting them all with the same clear insight she gave to the characters in her books. It was not lost upon her, that he grew positively "radiant with intelligence, when there was a savory morsel in question." This, she thought, spoke well for him; she distrusted intellect where there was "obtuseness of palate."

The good impression Pug made at first, was justified by his after-conduct; and several weeks' experience enabled his mistress

to write that he daily developed new graces. He was affectionate, he was companionable, he was all that a dog should be! In the matter of voice, he went a step further than his American cousin at Gloucester; for whereas Daniel Deronda had a very small bark, Pug had no bark at all! "He sneezed at the world in general, and looked affectionately" at his mistress.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than this state of things — devotion on Pug's part, answering regard and sympathy on that of George Eliot. Her feelings, you will notice, were very different from those of Shakespeare, to whose mighty intellect her own is so often compared. This great man, who had something to say on almost every subject, had nothing good to say about dogs, and very little about cats. Probably he detested the one, and tolerated the other; at any rate, it seems very doubtful if he cared for them as a man and an author should. Luckily for all concerned, the world's authors avoid his bad example and, almost without exception, have their pets.

The Carlyles, for instance: Thomas Carlyle wrote the lives of Cromwell and Frederick, and Schiller, and Sterling; he told us about heroes and demigods; he busied himself with the signs of the times, and the remains of the past — with Chartism in England, and a Revolution in France; he had loads and piles of books to be read, hidden facts to search out, crabbed writings to decipher; his brain and his hours were full — what possible room could there be for anything else? But room there was, and to spare, and years after its death, he could still remember the dog whose little life had cheered him; he was fond of Fritz, his horse; he could pause to notice Pussy, or fling a seed to Chico, the canary.

And Mrs. Carlyle — to judge of her feeling for these little



MRS. JANE WELSH CARLYLE AND NERO.

*(From photograph by Prætorius, West Brompton, England.)*



friends, you must read her letters, and see for yourselves how large a space their ways and doings fill.

It is true, there was some question in the family at first, whether a dog could be tolerated. Mr. Carlyle was busy writing, and nervous—how would it affect him? But in 1849, the little creature came, found its place, and filled it; was “a most affectionate, lively little dog, though otherwise of small merit, and little or no training”; was happy, and, in turn, made others happy. For the next ten years, Nero and his master had many walks together, and “a good deal of small traffic, poor little animal, so loyal, so loving, so naïve, and true with what of dim intellect he had.”

Undoubtedly he was a trouble at times, as what mortal thing is not; yet, on the whole, he was far more of a comfort than trouble. Sometimes he was stolen, sometimes he strayed away, and then they would suffer “the agonies of one’s dog lost,” until the missing one again appeared; for they “could have better spared a better dog.”

Once, when Carlyle was away from home, the prettiest, wittiest letter imaginable was sent him, in Nero’s behalf, by Mrs. Carlyle. She was kind enough to translate it from Can-ese into English, and also to write it out—he being equal only to Nero + his mark.

DEAR MASTER — (thus it reads) —

I take the liberty to write to you myself (my mistress being out of the way of writing to you, she says) that you may know Columbine [the black cat] and I are quite well, and play about as usual. There was no dinner yesterday to speak of; I had for my share only a piece of biscuit that might have been round the world; and if Columbine got anything at all, I didn’t see it. I made a grab at one of two small beings on my mistress’s plate; she called them heralds of the morn; but my mistress said, “Don’t you wish you may get it?” and boxed my ears. I wasn’t taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came but a man for burial rates, and my mistress gave him a rowing, because she wasn’t going to be buried here at all. Columbine and I don’t care where we are buried. . . .

(Tuesday Evening.)

My mistress brought my chain, and said "Come along with me while it shined, and I could finish after." But she kept me so long in the London Library and other places, that I had to miss the post. An old gentleman in the omnibus took such notice of me! He looked at me a long time, and then turned to my mistress, and said, "Sharp, isn't he?" And my mistress was so good as to say "O, yes!" And then the old gentleman said again, "I knew it! Easy to see that!" And he put his hand in his hind pocket, and took out a whole biscuit, a sweet one, and gave it me in bits. I was quite sorry to part with him, he was such a good judge of dogs. . . . No more at present from your  
 Obedient little dog, NERO.

Poor Nero was run over by a butcher's cart, in October, 1859, and, though not killed outright, was never well again. His mistress nursed and petted him — his master could not do enough; but neither care nor love could avail. Four months later he died, and was buried in the garden, with a small headstone to mark his blameless dust. "I could not have believed," said Carlyle, "my grief, then and since, would have been the twentieth part of what it was." And "nobody but myself," said Nero's mistress, "can have any idea of what that little creature has been in my life; my inseparable companion during eleven years, ever doing his little best to keep me from feeling sad and lonely. Docile, affectionate, loyal, up to his last hour."

I happened once to pass the closed house in Chelsea, where the Carlyles lived so long. Just a little way from it, is a bronze statue of Carlyle, with kind, melancholy face — a fit memorial, in fitting place, to one who, whatever his faults, is yet among the greatest spirits of our age. Not long before he was walking this very path; now we passed from the voiceless statue to the desolate house, as from silence unto silence. The windows were closed, like eyes with sealed lids; the hospitable door was grimly shut, and the knocker, as we tried it, sent a hollow echo through the hall within.



But the noonday sunlight fell hot and cheery on the doorstep, where, comfortably ensconced in a corner, lay a black-and-white cat. It blinked lazily at us, but was too well off, and I am sure too secure, also, of our friendliness, to move.

So the house which Mrs. Carlyle's friends used jestingly to call "a refuge for stray dogs and cats," still offered them some slight shelter — although master and mistress, and little Nero, all were gone!



*III.*

*PETS IN LITERARY LIFE.*



### III.

#### PETS IN LITERARY LIFE.

THE pets and authors of the past may be briefly glanced at on our way to those of to-day. We may begin with the learned Justus Lipsius, erstwhile professor at Louvain. This worthy went daily to his lecture-room with a retinue of dogs, whose portraits, each with a commemorative description, adorned the walls of his study. Three have been individualized for posterity as Mopsikins, Mopsy and Sapphire.

Tarot, Franza, Balassa, Ciccone, Musa, Mademoiselle and Monsieur, were, in their long-vanished life-time, companions to Agrippa, the astrologer and scholar. The knowing little Monsieur was permitted, as special favorite, to sleep upon his master's bed, eat from his plate, and lie upon the table beside his papers, while he wrote. He may even have suggested to Goethe the black poodle in Faust, since, like Rupert's hound Boy, and Claver's battle-horse, he was commonly supposed to be a fiend.

The creator of Faust's demon-poodle could not endure dogs in real life, and was always scolding about their "*ungeheure Ton.*"

As to their character, he even committed himself in this very unpleasant epigram :

“ Wundern kannes mich nicht dass  
Menschen die Hunde so lieben ;  
Denn ein erbärmlicher Schuffist, wie  
Der Mensch, so der Hund,”

which has been rendered :

“ It cannot surprise me that men love dogs so much,  
For dog, like man, is a pitiful, sneaking rogue.”

Such a disagreeable sentiment as this — one so unworthy both of man and author — requires an antidote. We find one in these lines of Herrick to his spaniel Tracy :

“ Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see  
For shape and service spaniel like to thee.  
This shall my love doe, give thy sad fate one  
Teare, that deserves of me a million.”

This is all we know of Tracy, but it suffices enough. A faithful dog, a fond master — in these words his story is told.

Bounce — named most suggestive — belonged to Alexander Pope ; Bean, to the gentler poet, Cowper. Goldsmith had a dog, of course, and equally of course it was a poodle. No creature less comic would serve his turn. Sir Joshua Reynolds tells a story of the pair which reads like a fragment from the Vicar of Wakefield : how one morning he called on the improvident author, rather expecting to find him in low spirits, and found him, instead, at his table, alternately writing a few words, and looking over at the poodle which he had made stand on its hind legs in a corner of the room.

In this fashion the impecunious one was amusing himself ; and the great artist looked on, no less amused in truth, and pleasantly sympathetic. If only he had painted the scene, one wishes.

Very different in temperament was Lord Byron. Practically, he agreed with Mme. de Staël in liking dogs the better, the more he knew of men. He seems to have had as friendly a feeling for the animal world as his contemporary, Scott, although showing it in a more whimsical fashion. Scott would never have traveled with a private menagerie, but Byron carried with him from England to Italy, "ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow and a falcon."

Dogs were his favorites ; they were friends whose affection could be trusted, and whose criticism he had not to fear. Boatswain is almost as widely known as his master. No one visits Newstead without seeing his picture in the dining-room, and in the grounds his grave, with the famous epitaph :

NEAR THIS SPOT  
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE  
WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,  
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCE,  
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,  
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICIES.  
THIS PRAISE, WHICH WOULD BE UNMEANING FLATTERY  
IF INSCRIBED OVER HUMAN ASHES,  
IS BUT A JUST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF  
BOATSWAIN, A DOG,  
WHO WAS BORN AT NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY, 1803,  
AND DIED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOV. 18, 1808.

As this dog was the friend of his youth, so Lion was the companion of his later days in Greece. Major Parry says that "riding, or walking, or sitting, or standing," they were never apart. "His

most usual phrase was, 'Lyon, you are no rogue, Lyon,' or 'Lyon,' his lordship would say, 'thou art an honest fellow, Lyon.' The dog's eyes sparkled, and his tail swept the floor as he sat with his haunches on the ground. 'Thou art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more.' Lyon sprang up and barked, and bounded round his master, as much as to say, 'You may trust me.'"



LORD BYRON AND HIS DOG LYON.

Faithful to the last, he watched over Byron's death-bed, and then went to England, where he lived and died, an honored pensioner, in the house of Mrs. Leigh.

Mrs. Radcliffe, whose novels delighted and terrorized our grandmothers, had two dogs, called Fan and Dash. Fan had been a mangy, poverty-stricken beast, condemned by its rustic owner to be hung. In a lucky hour the novelist happened by, purchased the guiltless criminal for half a crown; and Fan, cured of the mange, grown plump and silky, became so beautiful a dog that Queen Charlotte, when out walking with her brood of young princesses, would stop to notice her. On one of these occasions Fan and one of the royal spaniels caught simultaneously the ends of a long bone; and for some distance this foundling of the people and the pet of

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and for some distance this foundling of the people and the pet of



royalty pranced on amicably together, holding the bone between them!

Dash was a poor street dog whose leg had been run over and broken. He was taken in a coach to the doctor's, the leg was set, health and strength returned, and Dash was more than himself again, for now he was "Mrs. Radcliffe's dog."

Another Dash lived first with Thomas Hood, then with Charles Lamb; he made such a slave of the latter, that finally Miss Lamb wrote to Mr. Patmore, entreating him to remove the dog, "if only out of charity; for if we keep him much longer, he will be the death of Charles."

The transfer took place, and the late victim's spirits rose to high-water mark soon afterwards in this whimsical, charming letter:

DEAR PATMORE:

Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? . . . Goes he muzzled or *apesto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, off with him to St. Luke's. . . . Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean, when he is pleased — for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. . . . You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as Bedlamite. . . . I send my love in a — to Dash.

C. LAMB.

A great contrast to this tyrant was Mouse, the loving, jealous little terrier of Douglas Jerrold. A source of much gentle mirth while her master was well and strong, she did her utmost to comfort his dying hours. Once more, as she nestled beside him, his thin hand rested on her head; once more, and for the last time, he called her faintly by name; then they removed her, and in a few hours Mouse was masterless.

Horace Walpole's dogs furnished many an amusing item for his letters, and diverted his friends no less than himself. "Sense and fidelity," said he, "are wonderful recommendations; when one meets with them . . . I cannot think the two additional legs are any drawback."

Tory, Patapan, Rosette, Touton and a host of others, were the living illustrations in his home of this belief.

Tory, the "prettiest, fattest, dearest" King Charles, might have been leaner with advantage to himself, for a wolf snapped him up as he was waddling behind his master's carriage in the Alps.

Patapan is the little aristocrat whom you see beside Mr. Walpole in the picture. The whims of "His Patapanic Majesty" were all indulged, his tastes consulted; his master idolized, and royalty itself caressed him; finally his vanity, already large, was puffed out like a balloon, by Mr. Chute's poem in his praise. Thus it sums up his perfections:

"Patá is frolicsome, and smart  
As Geoffrey once was — (oh! my heart),  
He's purer than a turtle's kiss,  
And gentler than a little miss;  
A jewel for a lady's ear,  
And Mr. Walpole's pretty dear."

When the pretty dear was frisking through Strawberry Hill, he may very likely have brushed in his frolics against a great bowl of blue and white china occupying a place of honor in one of the rooms.

But the label would not have told him, as it does us, that this was the veritable "Tub of Gold Fishes" in which the favorite cat of Thomas Grey was drowned. "Demurest of the tabby kind"



SIR HORACE WALPOLE AND PATAPAN.



— Selima gazed at the fish, and longed; extended “a whisker first and then a claw;” and then —

“The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in.”

She may have found some comfort — since drown she must — in the vase being genuine old china; just as Clarence preferred drowning in Malmsey wine to water; but her best comfort — had she known it — was the poem to be written on her fate, the poem which still points her morals and adorns her tale.

No one, in this group of literary people, was so intimate with cats as Southey. He delighted in them, he admired them, he understood them, and he thought no house quite furnished unless it had a baby and a kitten!

It was to his little daughter Edith that this author dedicated his history of the cats of Greta Hall, which he intended to supplement by the *Memoirs of Cats' Eden*. Unfortunately for us all, the last was never finished. The most delightful of philofelists — to use his own coinage — he tells the story of his cats *con amore*; from the fate untimely of Ovid, Virgil, and Othello, to the merited honors heaped upon Lord Nelson, a great carrot-colored cat promoted by him to the highest rank in the peerage, through all its degrees, under the titles of His Serene Highness, the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Mac-Bum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waswlher and Skaratchi. Felicitous titles, are they not?

But how the list lengthens! Only a word can be given to Emily Brontë with her faithful, sullen mastiff Keeper; to Charlotte Brontë, with her black-and-white curly-haired Flossy; to Bulwer, with his Newfoundland Terror, and his better loved Andalusian horse; to

Mrs. Bulwer — herself a beautiful spoiled child — with her beautiful spoiled Blenheim, Fairy, described by Disraeli as “no bigger than a bird of paradise, and quite as brilliant” — a Fairy that had its own printed visiting cards, and paid fashionable calls with its mistress; to Charles Reade, of keen wit and large heart, who petted squirrels, hares, and deer, as well as dogs, who wept when the exigencies of *Never too Late to Mend* required him to kill Carlo, and who humorously advised Ouida to name one of her dogs Tonic, as

he was “a mixture of steal and w(h)ine.”



CHARLES DICKENS'S PET RAVEN, GRIP.

Charles Kingsley's pets, and those of Charles Dickens, have been so often and so fully described, that any further description seems superfluous. Timber, Turk and Linda, Mrs. Bouncer, Bumble and Sultan, were only a few of his many dogs; while

Dick the canary — “best of birds” — a succession of kittens, an eagle, and various ravens, were among the pets that kept matters lively at Gadshill.

Of the ravens, the most famous was Grip, who sat for his portrait in *Barnaby Rudge*, and whose stuffed body still exists.

There are no brighter letters, no finer poems in literature, than those which “Flush, my Dog,” called out from Mrs. Browning — letters and verse so vivid, so delicately discriminative, that they

amply supply the lack of other portraiture, and in them Flush still lives. Listen:

“ Like a lady’s ringlets brown,  
Flow thine silken ears adown  
    Either side demurely  
Of thy silver-suited breast,  
Shining out from all the rest  
    Of thy body purely.

“ Darkly brown thy body is  
Till the sunshine striking this,  
    Alchemize its dullness ;  
When the sleek curls manifold  
Flash all over into gold,  
    With a burnished fullness.

“ Leap! thy broad tail waves a light ;  
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,  
    Canopied in fringes.  
Leap! those tasseled ears of thine  
Flicker strangely fair and fine  
    Down their golden inches.”

How clearly we see him with that gentlest mistress, bathed in the warm, sweet sunshine of the past! But there were other than sunny days — long, weary days in a sick-room, where —

“ This dog only waited on,  
Knowing that when 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.”

What wonder that she returned his love with —

— “more love again  
Than dogs often take of men”?

Flush was a gift from Miss Mitford, another authoress devoted to dogs; and the rival claims of these ladies for their pets, may still pleasantly amuse us. “How is your Flushie?” inquires Miss Mitford. “Mine becomes every day more and more beautiful, and more and more endearing. His little daughter Rose is the very moral of him, and another daughter (a puppy four months old, your Flushie’s half-sister) is so much admired in Reading that she has already been stolen four times — a tribute to her merit which might be dispensed with; and her master having offered ten pounds reward, it seems likely enough that she will be stolen four times more. They are a beautiful race, and that is the truth of it.”

Now hear Miss Barrett (as she was at this time) telling Mr. Horne:

“Never in the world was another such dog as my Flush. Just now, because after reading your note, I laid it down thoughtfully without taking anything else up, he threw himself into my arms, as much as to say, ‘Now it’s my turn. You’re not busy at all now.’ He understands every thing I say, and would not disturb me for the world. Do not tell Miss Mitford — but her Flush, (whom she brought to see me) is not to be compared to mine! quite animal and dog — natural, and incapable of my Flush’s hyper-cynical refinement.”

“My Flush,” she writes elsewhere, “my Flush, who is a gentleman.”

Our next glimpse of this well-bred favorite is due to Mr. Westwood, a friend and correspondent of the lady. “On one occasion,” he says, “she had expressed to me her regret at Flush’s growing plumpness, and I suppose I must have been cruel enough to sug-



gest starvation as a remedy, for her next letter opens with an indignant protest :

"Starve Flush! Starve Flush! My dear Mr. Westwood, what are you thinking of? . . . He is fat, certainly — but he has been fatter . . . and he may, therefore, become thinner. And then he does not eat after the manner of dogs. I never saw a dog with such a lady-like appetite. To eat two small biscuits in succession is generally more than he is inclined to do. When he has meat it is only once a day, and it must be so particularly well cut up and offered to him on a fork, and he is so subtly discriminative as to differences between boiled mutton and roast mutton, and roast chicken and boiled chicken, that often he walks away in disdain, and will have none of it. . . ."

"My nearest approach to starving Flush is to give general instructions to the servant who helps him to his dinner, 'not to press him to eat.' I know he ought not to be fat — I know it too well — and his father being, according to Miss Mitford's account, 'square,' at this moment, there is an hereditary reason for fear. So he is not to be 'pressed.'"

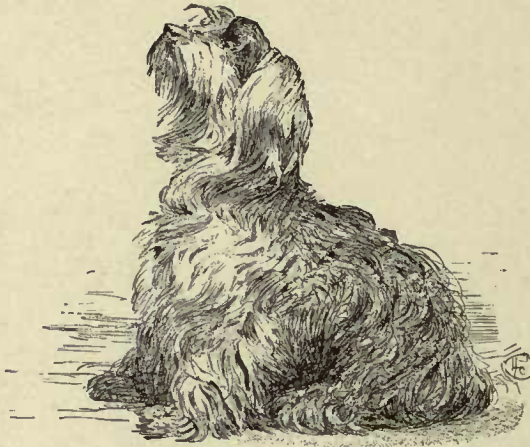
Flush left England with his mistress after her marriage, and lived to a good old age in her Italian home. His doggish heart was never torn by seeing younger, more agile pets preferred to himself. Secure in the only affection he valued, he passed quietly out of life; and nothing now remains of his mortality save a lock of hair, which was treasured by Robert Browning.

One word more of Miss Mitford. Her chief favorite was the greyhound Mossy, who died in 1819. She wrote an account of his death which no one ever saw until it was found, after her own death, sealed in an envelope, together with some of his hair. It repeats the well-known burden of the faithful lamenting the faithful: "No human being was ever so faithful, so gentle, so generous, and so fond. I shall never love anything half so well."

Robert Browning declared himself a partisan of cats and owls — tastes which have suggested different gifts from friends. An owl inkstand on his desk seemed to be brooding over the thoughts whisked out of it by Browning's pen; an owl paper-weight steadied

these same thoughts when transferred to paper. Stuffed owls, pictured owls, looked down upon him as he wrote. With regard to cats, who have much secret affinity with owls, his opinions were equally liberal, and he notes with the eye of an artist their wonderful grace and beauty.

A friend of the Brownings in Florence, Miss Isa Blagden, had many pets of her own, charitably gathered from the ranks of the distressed. She is probably best known to American readers by her poem to Bushie, the favorite dog of Charlotte Cushman.



BUSHIE, THE FAVORITE DOG OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Sensitive, nervous and loving was Bushie, her greatest pleasure being the society of her mistress, her greatest grievance being left at home when the family went out riding. In this case Bushie's grief was hysterical,

and required careful soothing ere it abated.

After giving, in her fourteen years of life, "the minimum of trouble and the maximum of pleasure," Bushie died in Rome, in 1867, and was buried in the garden of Miss Cushman's house. On the broken column which marked the spot were cut the words :

BUSHIE, COMES FIDELLISSIMA.

If further epitaph be needed, this verse from Miss Blagden's poem will suffice :

“ From all our lives some faith, some trust,  
 With thy dear life is o'er ;  
 A lifelong love lies in thy dust :  
 Can human grave hide more ? ”

Landor and his dogs made another well-known group in Florence. Of Landor, Lowell says that, “ there was something of challenge even in the alertness of his pose, and the head was often thrown back like that of a boxer who awaits a blow.” This fine, defiant old head was often seen lovingly bent towards Parigi, Pomero, and Giallo — dogs of pedigree and sense, who cheered his solitude, or adorned his social hours.

Pomero, a Pomeranian, with feathery white hair and bright eyes, lived in England with Landor, in the town of Bath. All knew him there, and saluted him, while he in return barked sociably to all. “ Not for a million of money would I sell him,” cried Landor. “ A million would not make me at all happier, and the loss of Pomero would make me miserable for life.”

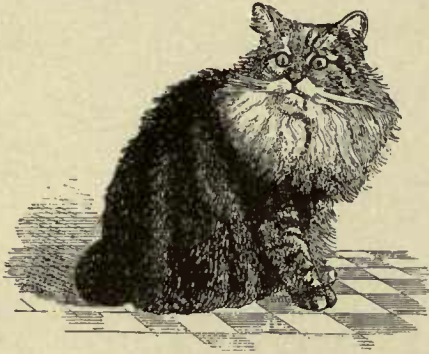
This loss nevertheless soon came. “ Seven years,” wrote his master, “ we lived together, in more than amity. He loved me to his heart — and what a heart it was ! Mine beats audibly while I write about him.” Over his “ blameless dust ” was inscribed this epitaph, so tender and sweet in its Latin, that translation seems a wrong :

“ O urna ! nunquam sis tuo ernta portuls :  
 Cor intus est fidele, nam cor est canis.  
 Vale, portule ! ætemumque, Pomero ! vale.  
 Sed, sidatur, nostri memor.”

Giallo, also a Pomeranian, was a gift from the sculptor Story. He became a great favorite with his master, who would often talk doggerel to please him, and maintained that he was the best critic

in Italy. "Giallo and I think" so and so, he would often say; or, "I think so, and Giallo quite agrees." That he was quite fit for heaven, was another belief with his master. Who knows? Perhaps he was!

Victor Hugo's happy family comprised both cats and dogs. There was Chougna, the watch-dog, and Sénat, the greyhound, whose



MOUCHE, VICTOR HUGO'S CAT.

collar bore the inscription: "I wish some one would take me home. Who is my master? Hugo. What's my name? Sénat." There were the Angora kittens, Gavroche I. and Gavroche II., and Mouche, the great black-and-white cat; the latter, according to an intimate friend, was "*silencieuse, défiante, ténébreuse, sinistre* — the cat of the

prison, and of exile" — attributes confirmed by her portrait.

From sheer force of contrast, both Mouche and Hugo must have enjoyed — had they known him — General Muff, the stately and affable favorite of an American authoress (Miss Mary L. Booth). I called upon this lady one day to request of her an introduction to the General; but he took matters into his own paws, as it were, and introduced himself before she could appear. Exquisitely dignified and urbane, his composure was not ruffled by the very wildest gambols of a Persian kitten, who darted, glanced and flashed hither and thither in the room like flame.

He wore the famous Fayal collar in which he was photographed. He wore it because of artistic preference, I suppose — certainly not because he had nothing else to wear; for I saw in his own

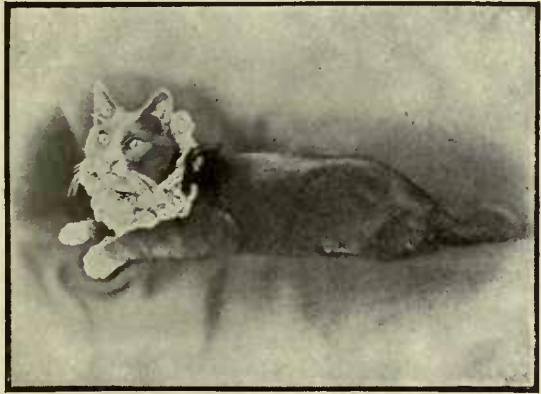
particular wardrobe collars of all kinds and colors, from dainty ribbon to Russia leather.

May it be long before Muff's gracious personality requires an epitaph! but when that time comes, the following lines will apply to him as fitly as to the one for whom they were written — the poet Whittier's cat, Bathsheba:

"Whereat  
None said 'Scat!'  
Better cat  
Never sat  
On a mat,  
Or caught a rat,  
Than this cat.  
Requiescat!"

All who are familiar with the poem by Matthew Arnold, on Geist's Grave, or another, on Kaiser, Dead, know the story, told as he alone could tell it, of this great author's pets.

The dachshund Geist lived four brief years, then "humbly laid" him "down to die." Dearly loved, remembered always — often and often would his friends recall his "liquid, melancholy eye," his wistful face at the window, the scuffle of



GENERAL MUFF, MISS MARY L. BOOTH'S CAT.

his feet upon the stair, and his "small, black figure on the snow." But "there is no photograph of poor little Geist," says Mr. Arnold, "except one taken after his death, which gives pleasure

to us, but could give it to no one else. There is, however, an excellent portrait of another dog of mine, Max, in a birthday book from my poems, but it is weighted by a very bad portrait of his master."

This was the Max of the poem, who "with downcast, reverent head" had looked upon "Kaiser, dead" — "Kaiser," once the blith-est, happiest of dogs, supposed at first to be pure dachshund, until at length with —

"The collie hair, the collie swing,  
The tail's indomitable ring,  
The eye's unrest —  
The case was clear; a mongrel thing  
'Kai' stood confest."

All the same —

"Thine eye was bright, thy coat it shone;  
Thou hadst thine errands off and on;  
In joy thine last morn flew; anon,  
A fit! All's over;  
And thou art gone where Geist hath gone,  
And Toss and Rover."

It is the fashion of mortality to pass away — but that does not alter the sadness of it — of losing what we love. As surely as we have friends or pets, so surely shall we know the pain of loss — fortunate only if there has been between us such true love that the memory thereof abides. Such love there was between Mr. Edmund Yates and Nelly, the story of whose life he told me in the following letter of September, 1887:

"Your letter finds me mourning the loss of the one pet animal of my life. In the year 1878, having taken a country place, and being in want of an animal as companion, I went to the Dogs'

Home at Battersea, and on visiting the kennels, was at once struck with the piteous and earnest expression on the face of a female collie, looking up, with many others, through the wire netting; an expression which said, as plainly as possible, 'Take me out of this, for Heaven's sake, and I will be loving and true.' I could learn nothing of her previous history, but I paid a sovereign for her, and took her away with me in a cab; and from that hour to the day of her death, just two months ago, Nelly, as I called her, was the light of my household, and won the admiration and love of all who saw her.



NELLY, THE DOG OF EDMUND YATES.

“Under kind treatment she developed into a very handsome dog, never large, but wonderfully graceful, leaping and bounding like a deer. Her back was a reddish-brown, her chest and paws beautifully white; she looked bright and intelligent, and her eyes had a certain wistful expression, which is well reproduced in the accompanying photograph. She was not particularly clever. She seemed to say, like one of Tennyson's heroines:

“‘I cannot understand, I love.’

“She was always with me, and in places which I frequent, she was thoroughly well-known; she lay opposite me in the carriage, on the deck of my steam-launch, with her nose up in the air, sniffing the fresh breeze to windward. (‘See the kind-eyed old collie; on the deck, in the sunshine, she loves to recline,’ sang my friend Ashby-Sterry of her in one of his pretty *Lazy Minstrel Lays*.)

“ She followed me in my long rides on horseback, over down and through wood, ranging far away on her own business, but ever and anon coming back to see how I was getting on. She lay at my feet in my library, and slept on a couch at the bottom of my bed. About eighteen months before her death, she developed signs of failing sight, and gradually grew totally blind. This blindness was the cause of an accident on which I do not care to dwell, but which necessitated her destruction; and on the twenty-seventh of July she passed away without a pang. She lies buried in the garden here, at the foot of a flag-staff, and on her prettily turfed grave is the following inscription :

HERE LIES  
NELLY  
A COLLIE DOG;  
FOR NINE YEARS A MUCH LOVED FRIEND,  
GENTLE, AFFECTIONATE, AND TRUE.  
DIED JULY 27TH, 1887.  
E. Y., L. K. Y., A. M. B., W. W.

“ This is the history of Nelly, whose memory is so dear to me that I will never have another pet.”

*Vorbei! vorbei* — past and gone! — says Andersen in telling the fir-tree’s story. It is also *vorbei!* with these pets — with Mouche and Dash and Kaiser, with Geist and Nelly and Flush.



*IV.*

*"THE UPPER TEN."*



#### IV.

##### "THE UPPER TEN."

**B**IOGRAPHY is so genial nowadays, and full of easy gossip, that we cannot help wondering a little at her former stiffness. Nothing is below her notice now, but the personalia of earlier times slip into her pages more by accident than design. This, no doubt, is the reason why she referred so seldom or so briefly to the pet animals of royalty. There was a divinity in monarchs then, and she treated them with such ceremonious respect that if we had only her account to look to, we should know but little of their real selves.

Fortunately for us, letters have been written in every age, and countless private journals. From these sources come the anecdotes, the jests, the bits of gossip which recall the past more vividly, and make these old rulers seem life-like even yet. In this way many a simple, natural trait has been preserved to relieve the court background of formality and grandeur; many a little incident is told that proves our common blood. Kings and queens loved and hoped, or grieved and feared, even as ourselves who wear no crowns; and while the soft afterglow of years falls on royalty sur-

rounded by its pets, we realize anew how one touch of nature can make the whole world kin.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, there might have been seen in India at the magnificent court of Jehangir, a favorite of unusual intelligence and size, whose story has come down to us in memoirs written by the Emperor himself. It reads like a page from the Arabian Nights.

"Among my brother's elephants," he says, "was one of which I could not but express the highest admiration, and to which I gave the name of Indraging (the elephant of India). It was of a size I never beheld before — such as to get upon his back required a ladder of fourteen steps. It was of a disposition so gentle and tractable that under the most furious incitements, if an infant then unwarily threw itself in its way, it would lay hold of it with its trunk, and place it out of danger with the utmost tenderness and care. The animal was at the same time of such unparalleled speed and activity that the fleetest horse was not able to keep up with it; and such was its courage that it would attack with perfect readiness a hundred of the fiercest of its kind.

"Such in other respects, although it may appear in some degree tedious to dwell upon the subject, were the qualities of this noble and intelligent quadruped, that I assigned a band of music to attend upon it; and it was always preceded by a company of forty spearsmen. It had for its beverage every morning a Hindostany maun (twenty-eight pounds) of liquor; and every morning and evening there were boiled for its meal four mauns of rice, and two mauns of beef or mutton, with one maun of oil or clarified butter. From among all the others this same elephant was selected for my morning rides, and for this purpose there was always upon its back a howdah of solid gold. Four mauns of gold were moreover

wrought into rings, chains, and other ornaments for its neck, breast and legs; and lastly, its body was painted all over every day with the dust of sandal-wood."

There is something quite captivating in the idea of all this oriental pomp enshrining the favorite of an emperor — in its careful tendance, its perfumes, jewels and musicians — the latter, in particular, being an attention as delicate as unusual.

One would like to know its after-history — whether it survived so magnificent a patron, and whether, in that case, its splendor remained undiminished to the end. But the story of the Elephant of India stops with Jehangir.

About the same time that this liberal-minded monarch ascended the throne of the East, there died in Genoa another imperial favorite — the hound Roldarno, which had belonged to Charles V., and was by him given to Andrea Doria. Such at least is the common version; but it is also stated that Roldarno belonged to a later Doria, and did not die until nine years after the old Admiral was in his grave. In either case, he was a notable dog, and received the final honor of interment at the foot of a statue of Jupiter — to the end "that Roldarno still might guard a king." His life-size portrait may be seen in the Doria palace.

This same Emperor had an almost feminine liking for birds and flowers; and he who would not lift a finger to keep his heretic subjects from the flames, once ordered his tent to be left standing in the camp, otherwise dismantled, simply because a swallow had nested in its folds.

" And it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
That the cannon-shot had shattered."

In the last years of his life at Yuste, he made great pets of a cat and parrot. After his death, they were transferred to his daughter, the Princess Juana, who with true Spanish courtesy, dispatched a litter for them in charge of a faithful servant. In due time they reached Valladolid, well and happy, having traveled



FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS SISTER WILHELMINA.

(From the painting by Antoine Pesne.)

together a number of days without one single recorded peck or scratch. Charles's contemporary, William of Orange, liked dogs—and with reason—for he owed his life to a pet spaniel. It roused him from sleep just in time to escape by one door as the enemy entered the other. Either this dog, or another of the same race, after William was murdered, detected the assassin beneath a pile of rubbish. Having done this act of justice, he refused food, and died upon the corpse of his master. William's monument at the Hague represents him in armor, reclining under a marble canopy, with the faithful dog at his feet. Bunsen says that as he looked at it he could not help hoping the two friends were buried together. Why not?

A monarch who not only liked dogs, but much preferred them to men, was Frederick the Great of Prussia. His grim father,

who curtailed all the son's amusements, his freedom, friendships, and food, was probably unaware of his fondness for animals, or he would have curtailed them also. The moment Frederick became his own master, a crowd of Italian greyhounds began to caper at his side across the historic stage. He was never without a half dozen at the least to divert his leisure moments. When they were not at their sport, they occupied the blue satin chairs and couches in his room. Leather balls were supplied for their amusement, but in spite of this precaution they kept the furniture ragged.

"How can I help it?" said the king; "if I should get the chairs mended to-day, they would be as badly torn to-morrow; so it is best to bear with the inconvenience."

He was found one day upon the floor with a platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He kept order among them by means of a little stick — now driving back an over-greedy applicant, and now shoving a choice morsel towards some special favorite.

He was apt to dislike any one whom they disliked, and to favor those they favored. If his pets were ill, he sought medical advice, and nothing more enraged him than to find — as he several times did — that the physicians considered it beneath their dignity to prescribe for an animal.

The best beloved, the Joseph among his dogs, was Biche. The story goes that when reconnoitering one day during the campaign of 1745, he was pursued by the enemy, and concealed himself under a bridge, with Biche in his arms. Discovery was imminent — the least whine or snuffle would have betrayed them; but the nervous little creature crouched motionless, almost breathless, and the pair escaped.

It was this dog, which along with the king's baggage, was cap-

tured at Sohar, and at whose return he wept with joy. An elaborate monument at Sans Souci commemorates its virtues. All his dogs lie buried there, at either end of the terrace, under flat stones inscribed with their names. Frederick wished to be buried with them, but his successor was unwilling, and interred the great king with his ancestors. In his last illness he would sit for hours together on the sunshiny terrace — averse as ever to the society of his kind, but always with a chair at his side for a dog, and a feeble hand ready to pat its head. A few hours before he died, he bade the attendant throw an extra quilt — not over his own chill form — but over a shivering greyhound at his feet! What a tragic contrast to the joyous little drummer shown in the painting by Pesne.

No less fond of dogs than Frederick, is Prince Bismarck to-day. It is his ardent wish that they too may live on in another world, so that death need not separate us from them. One noble hound twice saved his life, and — trustiest of confidants — accompanied him to the conference between the Emperors of Germany and Austria — behaving there with a diplomatic courtesy and reserve that would have done credit to Metternich.

Sultel, or Sultan, a remarkably intelligent animal, was poisoned in 1877, at his master's country-seat. He died, after some hours of intense suffering, throughout which Bismarck watched by his side. He has been long and deeply mourned. The princess offered a life pension to any one who would point out the assassin — but in vain; the wretch is still undetected.

It is said that Prince Bismarck feeds his dogs himself, and (whisper it low!) that he actually feeds them at table! No unpleasant "Off with you!" reminds his four-footed friends that they are not as men and brothers, and hence, as diners-out. Admitted to an honorable intimacy, the companions of their master's walks and





PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS DOGS.

*(From life photograph.)*



meals, the habitués of his study — they live with him on terms of mutual respect, and show by their stately bearing how truly they are dogs of distinction.

Statesmen are very apt to make friends of animals, for they realize that no intimates are so safe as those who cannot betray them — who understand, but never repeat. Daniel Webster had his favorite horses, and Randolph of Roanoke his dogs, who traveled with him wherever he went, and were served at table with clean plates, choice beefsteaks and new milk — anything less excellent than the best being, in their master's opinion, unworthy of himself and them. Henry Fawcett had Oddo, who was promoted from the post of house-dog to be his companion, and Lord Eldon had the inimitable Pincher. The latter reached a good old age, contrary to all expectations, since in the matter of diet he lived "not wisely but too well." In the character of a sitter he made acquaintance with Sir Edwin Landseer, who pronounced him "a very picturesque old dog, with a great look of cleverness in his face." He figured with his master in several other portraits and drawings, was a faithful, amusing little friend, and as such was remembered by name in Lord Eldon's will. When he died, in 1840, he was buried in a peaceful garden, where, to this day, his tombstone may be seen.

Among the powers that were, who had their pets, Peter the Great must be included—the Czar whose evil-tempered monkey was a terror to all the attendants at court, obliged as they were to endure without resenting its malice. A much more agreeable favorite was Lisette, an Italian greyhound presented to Peter by the Sultan. Once she saved a life, and her Victoria Cross is the record in history of this achievement. A poor fellow had been condemned, for some small error, to the knout. All intercession

had failed, and the hour of execution was at hand, when his friends bethought them of fastening a petition to Lisette's collar and sending her with it to the Czar. This was done, and what he had refused to his loyal subjects he granted to little Lisette. Not without reason is the skeleton of this timely advocate still preserved in the city where she lived !

The Norman kings of England were for the most part sturdy soldiers, with a passion for the chase in their leisure hours. Very naturally, therefore, such pets as they possessed came under the head of knightly belongings, and were either horse and hound or hawk. In truth, they were too stern a race to spend much time in endearments of any kind. We can hardly imagine them tending a "fringie-pawe," or toying with "spaniels gentle." The aristocratic greyhound was their favorite instead, and they spared no pains to develop its peculiar excellencies. Old Wynken de Worde tells us in a rather bald rhyme, that the thorough-bred greyhound should be :

Headed lyke a snake,  
Neckyed lyke a drake,  
Footyed lyke a catte,  
Taylled lyke a ratte,  
Syded lyke a teme  
And chyned lyke a beme ; —

while another rough-edged rhyme bears witness to the fact that dogs as well as ancestors came over with the Conqueror. Thus it runs :

William de Conigsby  
Came out of Brittany,  
With his wyfe Tiffany,  
And his maide Manfas,  
And his dogge Hardigras.

Richard Cœur de Lion was called an excellent judge of a hound, a characteristic remembered by Scott in his novel of "The Talisman"; but a life of crusading left him small leisure for canine friendships. His brother John is thought to have given the famous Gellert to Llewellyn, but this is far from certain. Perhaps, as modern authorities seem to think, the pathetic story of this hound is only a myth, but in any case it is too well-known for repetition, and we pass on to the hound of Richard II.

"It was informed me," says Froissart, "that Kyng Richard had a grayhounde, who always wayted upon the kyng, and wolde knowe no man els. For whensoever the kyng did ryde, he that kept the grayhounde dyd lette hym lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the kyng, and faun uppon hym, and lepe with his fore-fete uppon the kyng's shoulders. And as the kyng and the Erle of Derby talked togyder in the courte, the grayhounde, who was wonte to leape uppon the kyng, left the kyng, and came to the Erle of Derby, Duke of Lancastre, and made hym the same friendly countenance and chere he was wonte to do to the kyng. The Duke, who knew not the grayhounde demanded of the kyng what the grayhounde wolde do; 'Cosin,' quod the kyng, 'it is a greate goode token to you and an evyl sygne to me.' 'Sir, how know ye that?' quod the Duke. 'I know it well,' quod the kyng; 'the grayhounde maketh you chere this day as king of Englaunde, as ye shal be, and I shal be deposed. The grayhounde hath this knowledge naturally, therefore take hym to you: he will followe you and forsake me.' The Duke understood well these words, and cheryshed the grayhounde, who wolde never after followe Kyng Richard, but followed the Duke of Lancastre."

Such is the tragic legend whose embroidery does not hide the underlying fact. It is easy to see that, with crown, and queen, and life itself in the balance, the king had yet another pang to endure, when his own dear hound turned from him, and fawned upon his rival.

Of the hapless princes who were murdered in the tower, little is known. There is a picture of them, however, painted long years afterward by Paul Delaroche, which everybody knows. Seated on the antique bed, they have been looking together at a book, when, all at once, speech and motion are arrested by the sound of a stealthy

step, or it may be a whisper in the passage outside their room. With tense gaze and bated breath they listen; meanwhile, their little spaniel peers around the corner of the bed, in an attitude of keen attention. Like his masters, he is aware of danger, if indeed

he was not the first to detect it. And thus united by a common fear, the three remain — a tragic, listening group — immortal forever on the painter's canvas.

Several English kings kept a menagerie, Henry I. having formed one at Woodstock, and Henry III. at the Tower, while their successors kept up and amplified the collections already formed. In this connection an unpleasant story is told of Henry VII., a story that proves him no lover of the canine race. It seems that a lion from the royal menagerie was baited one day for the king's amusement, its opponents



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER PEACOCK GOWN.  
(From the painting by Zuccherò, at Hampton Court.)

being four noble English mastiffs. The struggle was long and severe, but in the end the mastiffs conquered. Then Henry, who feigned to believe that the lion was lawful king over other beasts, caused the four luckless victors to be hung, as traitors to their

lord. In this way he pointed a moral for the use of his turbulent nobles.

A pleasanter story concerns his parrot. It fell from a window in Westminster Palace into the Thames. "A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!" screamed Polly at this dreadful crisis; and twenty pounds the king actually paid to the waterman who restored his pet. This was doing pretty well for a parsimonious king.

Baitings, whether of bull, bear, or lion, were greatly in vogue during his reign. Henry VIII. also enjoyed them, but preferred the chase, and his account-books are full of items referring to hawk and hound. Spaniels, mastiffs, greyhounds; their muzzles, collars and chains; their keeper's salary; the cost of their transportation in accompanying the king from place to place—all these items help to swell the bill of His Majesty's personal expenses. Occasionally, too, they get into mischief, killing some poor fellow's sheep or cow, a loss invariably paid for, and as duly chronicled in the account-book. Dogs are often given to the king, who of course does not fail to reward the donor. One man presents him with a mastiff that has been taught to fetch and carry, and gets twenty shillings for his gift. Another time four



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AT THE AGE OF TEN.  
 (From the painting in Lord Napier's collection.)

shillings, eight pence are paid "tō one that made the dogges draw water." A poor woman gets "four shillings, eight pence in rewarde for bringinge of Cutte, the kynge's dog." He had been lost at least once before, as is proved by an entry of ten shillings "for bringing back Cutte, the kynges spanyell." Other five shillings went for restoring "Ball, that was lost in the forreste of Walltham."



LADY MARGARET LENOX, MOTHER OF LORD DARNLEY.

(In the Hampton Court Collection. — From a rare print.)

From this and similar evidence we may infer that the dogs of yesterday comported themselves very much like the dogs of to-day; that they learned tricks, and were skilled in field-sports; that occasionally they poached; that they were lost, and again found — after the time-honored fashion of dogs.

About this time, there seems to have been a growing attachment on the part of the court ladies to "lytel dogges" as pets. When Catherine of Aragon was queen, each maid of honor to Her Majesty was allowed one maid, and a *spaniel*. Anne Boleyn followed the example of her predecessor — at least where dogs were concerned. The tell-tale account-books name several of her favorites, but refer most often to a greyhound, Urian, which, owing to an unruly disposition, was often in trouble. Once it killed a



cow, but Henry recompensed the cow's owner by a present of ten shillings.

This was in Anne's day of prosperity, when she and hers could do no wrong in the king's sight. A few years later, when the son she had hoped for was born dead, and Henry's dislike was apparent to all; when ill, sad and apprehensive, we see her once more with her dogs. The king is away, taking his pleasure, and she mopes alone at Greenwich Palace. Here, in what was called the Quadrangle Court, we are told that she "would sit for hours in silence and abstraction, or seeking a joyless pastime playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight each other."

A few weeks more, and the curtain fell on poor Anne with her short-lived royalty; ere long, too, on Henry himself, his sickly son, and unhappy daughter Mary; and now, amidst general rejoicing, Elizabeth mounted the throne. This remarkable queen, in whose character blended some very masculine traits with others equally feminine, revealed her twofold nature in amusements as well as in more serious affairs. She was fond of singing-birds, of apes, and little dogs; but much fonder of the chase and bear or lion baitings. Her greatest pet was the famous wardrobe which at her death numbered three thousand dresses, and of which a queer specimen is shown in a painting by Zuccherò at Hampton Court. He has depicted her in a loose short robe, figured with birds and flowers, and wearing an Oriental cap. Her expression is decidedly ill-tempered, and rather vain. One cannot help congratulating her many suitors on their lack of success.

As in dress, so in other things — Elizabeth liked to be thought original; and her fancy for the tiny hunting-dogs called beagles,

made them the fashion during her reign. It is to this whim that Dryden's lines refer :

"The graceful goddess was array'd in green —  
About her feet were little beagles seen  
That watched with upward eye the  
Motions of their queen."

But it is not until the time of the Stuarts that we find something like the modern feeling for pets — a feeling based on genuine



CHILDREN OF CHARLES I., WITH SPANIELS.

*(From a painting by Vandyke.)*

kindly regard for the animal race. Some of them carried it to excess, no doubt, but still it is a trait that adds to our liking for these luckless kings — a pleasant feature in the story of lives that were continually passing from mirth to tears, from poetry to prose, and from a throne to the cushionless seat of a

Pretender. There is no sadder lesson in history than this of the Stuart kings, who began with so much, and ended with nothing. They had beauty, talent, high estate, devoted friends, and good intentions; yet somehow, what they touched did not prosper, their good gifts did not avail them.

Beneficent fairies were present at their birth, and brought priceless gifts; but all was counteracted by one fatal oversight,



CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.; PRINCE CHARLES AND HIS MASTIFF.  
(From a painting by *Vandyke*.)



since the malevolent fairy, uninvited, came only to punish the slight.

“What boots it thy virtue?  
What profit thy parts?  
If one thing thou lackest —  
The art of all arts?”

Something — whatever it might be — they assuredly lacked, and atoned for the lack by their misfortunes. Meanwhile they enjoyed life, and in many ways made it pleasant, exhibiting wit, ready courtesy, and a good will that, as before said, extended to both animals and men.

James I., like his Tudor predecessors, was extremely fond of the chase. Contemporary writers give queer accounts of his awkward, headlong riding, and disgusting eagerness for the trophy. “The King of England,” says one, “is merciful except in hunting, where he appears cruel. When he finds himself unable to take the beast, he frets and storms, and cries ‘God is angry with me, but I will have him for all that!’”

Dogs were a prominent feature in the royal establishment, and one hound named Jewel, Jowel, or Jowler, is often mentioned. Almost his first appearance in history is in the character of a petitioner. Royal visits in these earlier days were luxuries expensive to the host, however welcome. Letters yet exist that prove how much they were dreaded. Elizabeth bestowed many such marks of honor on her subjects, and no matter how great the inconvenience, her involuntary entertainers dared not hint it. That a hint on the matter was once given to James, may be taken as a proof of his good nature.

He had gone with his retinue to Royston, where, ere long, the

presence of so many guests made a deep hole in their host's larder and purse. Therefore — but this part of the story is best told in a letter written at the time by Edmund Lascelles, a groom of the Privy Chamber.

He says: "One day, one of the king's special hounds, called Jowler, was missing. The king was much displeased at his absence; he went hunting notwithstanding. The next day, when they went to the field, Jowler came in among the rest of the hounds; the king was told, and was glad of his return, but, looking on him, spied a paper about his neck. On this paper was written. 'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so he doth not us), that it will please His Majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent, and we are unable to entertain him longer.'"

This plain hint was not taken amiss — in fact, it was not taken at all; and His Majesty staid on at Royston until it quite suited him to leave, which was not until some days later.

Poor Jewel's end was untimely. The court was at Theobalds, and Queen Anne, who liked hunting as well as James, went out to shoot deer. "She mistook her mark," writes Sir Dudley Carleton, "and killed Jewel, the king's most principall and special hound, at which he stormed exceedingly a while; but after he learned who did it, was soon pacified; and, with much kindness, wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse; and the next day he sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, as a legacy from his dead dog."

How vividly the scene rises before us — the richly dressed huntress and courtiers, the too confident aim, the brief suspense then the horror-struck certainty that no deer, but a hound is the victim — even Jewel, "most special" to the king! And then, it

may be, an embassy was sent to break the news; and we can imagine how cautiously it was done. But still, there follows a bad half-hour, for the king raves and storms, until at last the ambassador ventures to say, "The queen is full of grief at her mischance."

"The queen, ye rogues!" he shouts, "was it her mischance? Why not have said so before?"

The storm is over, and kind-hearted James hurries off to comfort his wife.

He does not appear in so amiable a light on all occasions, and often tried the patience of his friends by asking for



JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND, SON OF ESME STUART.  
(From a painting by Vandyke.)

such of their dogs or hawks as happened to particularly please him. A royal request was in the nature of a command, and our former kings were not very nice in the matter. It was assumed as a matter of course that people would be only too happy to gratify their wishes; so they asked for what they wanted, and rarely failed to get it.

Besides this indirect levy, King James was at considerable pains to import valuable hawks and hunting-dogs. There is extant a letter of his to the Earl of Mar, asking him to send for three or four couples of Earth-Dogs, as terriers were then called.

"Have a special care," he urged, "that the oldest of them be not passing three years of age;" and again, "Send them not all in one ship, but some in one ship, some in another, lest the ship should miscarry."

It was customary in these days, when the king visited a school or university, for some of the students to hold a disputation in his presence, that he might see their facility in logic, and that they might do credit to their college. Well, King James once visited Cambridge, and the Philosophy Act, as it was called, was kept before him. The subject to be disputed was, "whether dogs were capable of syllogisms." Gravely was it argued, gravely did King James listen (perhaps with a memory of Jowler) and great was the applause when young Matthew Wren maintained that just as the king was mightier and wiser than other men, so also, by virtue of their prerogative, were the king's dogs more gifted, and more capable than other dogs, even in the matter of syllogisms. The royal listener was wonderfully pleased with this bit of logic; and we may add that the logician rose high in his favor, becoming eventually Bishop Wren.

The children of James and Anne inherited their love of animals, if indeed they did not derive it from a source more remote. We know that their unfortunate grandmother, Mary Stuart, had pets: and no more piteous tale has ever been told than that of the little creature who staid with her on the scaffold. It was a long-haired Skye terrier, Bébé by name. When she knelt at the block, he lay concealed in the folds of her dress; but after the fatal stroke, while the executioners were despoiling the body, he crept out, and placed himself between the severed trunk and head. There he was found by Jane Kennedy, and there he clung, wet with his mistress's blood, until removed by force. Who can measure the agony of



that faithful little heart, when, all in a moment, its world of affection had shrunk to a lump of irresponsible clay! One would fain know of Bébé—whether, as some say, he died of grief, or, as others maintain, lived several years, well cared for by a noble lady. And where, when death came, was he buried? Fidelity like his deserves a memorial, and doubtless had it at the time, although history is silent on the point. And after all, it does not matter, for we do not forget him.

One of the most charming figures in this connection, is the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. As is usually the case with royal children, she was educated apart from her parents. They sent her with six little companions to Combe Abbey, to be under the charge of Lord and Lady Harrington. Through the park of this pleasant country-seat, flowed a river, and in the river was a tiny island which they gave to the princess for her very own. A house was built upon it for the manager of the small farm, and the farm itself was stocked with cattle, equally diminutive. An aviary was also given her, netted over with gilt wire, and filled with birds of gay plumage or musical throats. Furthermore, there was a garden, in which grew flowers for pleasure, and herbs "for ye animalls' helth." It was as nearly a child's paradise as anything can be; and I fancy that many a time the discrowned Queen of Bohemia looked back with longing to the "Fairy Farm" of her youth.

Lord Harrington's account-books are often and amusingly enlivened by such items as: so much "to shearing her Hieness' great rough dog;" to making cages for her birds, or, to supplying cotton for her monkey's bed, etc. A further evidence of her tastes is the childish portrait preserved at Combe Abbey, which represents her surrounded by her pets. And many another proof is

given, her whole life through, in the presents of animals her friends sent her, in her own pleasant mention of her pets, and in her correspondence. Here, for instance, is an amusing note, dated 1618:

"To Sir Dudley Carleton, from the fair hands of Mrs. Elizabeth Ashley, chief gouvernante to all the monkeys and dogs. . . . The monkeys you sent came hither very well, and are now grown so proud that they will come to nobody but her Highness, who hath them in her bed every morning, and the little prince. He is so fond of them that he says he desires nothing but such monkeys of his own."



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JAMES I.,  
AND HER PETS.  
(Sketch from painting.)

All of Elizabeth's children inherited her fondness for pets, but most of all, Prince Rupert, whose devotion to Boy became a by-word among the Roundheads.

As a child Charles I. liked animals, but little is said of his favorites, after he became king. The times were too seri-

ous, a revolution was seething, and writers were busy with larger themes. Still, a few anecdotes have reached us. "Methinks," says Sir Philip Warwick, "because it shows his dislike of a common court vice, it is not unworthy the relating of him, that one evening his dog scratching at the door, he commanded me to let in Gipsy; whereupon I took the boldness to say, 'Sir, I perceive you love a grayhounde better than you do a spanell.' 'Yes,' says he,

‘for they equally love their masters, and yet do not flatter them so much.’”

Not long before his execution, Charles bade farewell to his dogs and had them sent to the queen, lest their presence might distract him from more solemn thoughts. Of this queen, Henrietta Maria, a charming story is told, which, though it says little for her prudence, bears ample witness to her affectionate heart. On her return from Holland, she landed at Burlington, and staid there over night. Before daybreak the Parliamentary forces were at hand, and she with her ladies fled in haste. They had not gone very far when she noticed that Mitte, her lap-dog, had been left behind. Madame de Motteville calls it “an ugly old dog,” but adds that the queen was extremely fond of it. So it would seem, for heedless of remonstrance, back she rushed, caught up Mitte, who was still dozing on her bed, and once more sped away — in safety.

It may be added that there was formerly, in Holyrood Palace, a painting of Charles and Henrietta, surrounded by their dogs. Prominent among these is a white Shock, which some think to be the identical Mitte of Burlington fame.

Of the little dogs petted in former reigns, numerous specimens may be seen in pictures and engravings. A rare print of Lady Margaret Lenox, the mother of Darnley, shows one of them playing at her feet, with a dapper air that contrasts amusingly with her dignified appearance.

It was reserved for Charles II. to bring the “Comforter” cult to its highest development, and win thereby much sarcastic notice from the writers of the time. Old Dr. Carns, who lived in Elizabeth’s reign, was particularly severe on this folly, but he could not have dreamed to what lengths it would reach a few years later.

We might, with a little change of spelling, apply his words directly to the pug and terrier craze of fashionable ladies to-day. Speaking of the "spaniels gentle, or comforters," he says :

"These dogges are little, pretty, proper, and fyne, and sought for to satisfie the delicateness of daintie dames, instrumentes of folly for them to play and dally withal, to tryfle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their mindes from more commendable exercises."

Sarcasm and good advice alike were wasted. Where a king set the fashion, fine gentlemen and ladies delighted to follow, and lap-dogs became as necessary to their equipment as lace ruffles or brocades. Charles II. and his brother, James II., always liked dogs; and some fine canvases by Vandyke remain, in which the royal children are grouped with their four-footed friends. In one painting, Prince Charles is the central figure; one hand hangs idly at his side; the other rests on the head of a huge mastiff, near which frisks a tiny spaniel. The same spaniel probably, and another that might be its twin, act as "supporters" in a second painting to the three oldest children.

When, after many vicissitudes, Charles finally reached the throne, his devotion to pets was more marked than ever, and he gave them a good deal of attention that by rights belonged elsewhere. Under date of September 4, 1667, Repys notes in his Diary that he "went by coach to Whitehall, to the Council Chamber. All I observed there is the silliness of the king's playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business."

As a matter of course, contemporary wits and playwrights are not silent, and have many a squib too at this foible of Charles :

"His dogs would sit at Council Board,  
Like judges in their furs;  
We question much which had most sense,—  
The Master, or the Curs."



PRINCESS MARY, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.

*(From etching by Modgin of painting by Sir Peter Lely, in the Hampton Court Collection.)*



John Evelyn, another diarist, speaks with some disgust of the lengths to which Charles' affection for his pets led him. The king would have them always about him, and allowed them to consider his bedroom and study their kennels.

That dogs were lost and stolen with modern frequency, that rewards were offered for their return, is shown by notices like the following:

“Lost out of the Mews, on the 6th of the present month (March, 1667) a little brindled greyhound belonging to His Majesty; if any one has taken her up, they are desired to bring her to the Porter's Gate at Whitehall, and they shall have a very good content for their pains.”

The king might often be seen when the weather was fine, sauntering along in St. James Park, his dogs beside him; and stopping every now and then to feed the ducks in the water. It is a pleasant picture — one we like to remember, and more creditable to Charles than most other scenes in his life. Such as we see him here, good-natured, kind-hearted, self-indulgent, just so he passed from the scene of the world. He had enjoyed the last gleam of prosperity that was to fall on the Stuart race. Their good fortune died with him, and with him, too, passed the golden age of the “Comforter.”

With William of Orange came in pugs; and for a long time their odd ugly faces might be seen in all establishments of rank. Garnished with orange ribbons, in compliment to the king, they were known as Dutch pugs, and commanded high prices in the market.

The Georges divided their royal favor impartially between spaniels, terriers and pugs. The Princess Charlotte, a sister of George III., was particularly fond of terriers, and had herself

painted with a long-haired darling of the species in her arms. The Duchess of York (wife to a son of George III.) was such a lover of dogs as to have forty at one time, of different varieties. All



CHARLES II. AND PET SPANIEL, AT DAWNEY COURT,  
BUCKS, SEAT OF THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

(From old and rare print.)

her favorites were buried at Oatlands, where even yet some sixty or more tombstones may be seen. The Duchess herself wrote most of their epitaphs, of which the following may serve as a specimen :

"Pepper, near this silent grotto,  
Thy fair virtues lie confest;  
Fidelity thy constant motto, —  
Warmth of friendship speaks the  
test."

Little Princess Amelia, the darling of all who knew her, petted every thing that came in her reach — her family, her servants, her horses, kittens, dogs and birds. One painting represents her as a chubby, winsome baby, playing with a King Charles; another shows her as a merry little girl with her pet bird. When she had grown up into a young lady, her sister Augusta gave her a bird which she greatly prized. Two days after her death it was brought



by an attendant to the donor. The Princess Amelia had so ordered it, she said, requesting only that it should not be returned the day of her death, nor yet the day after, lest its presence might affect her sister too deeply in those first hours of sorrow.

Both Victoria and Prince Albert had many favorites, which in being painted by Landseer have established a claim to immortality. The artist Leslie tells a pretty story of the young queen on her coronation day. The ceremony took an unconscionable time, and when she returned from it, she heard her pet spaniel barking wildly in the room where he was shut up. "Oh! there is Dash," she cried, and hastened to lay off her splendid robes so that she might give him his long-deferred bath. There is a burial-place on the terrace at Windsor, as at Sans-Souci, and in one sunny corner rest the bones of this early favorite.

Eos and Cairnach, Prince Albert's dogs, were painted together by Landseer, and form a most dignified, graceful group. Islay,

one of the Queen's terriers, was painted with a mackaw and several love-birds, which reveals another trait of his royal mistress. She is very fond of birds, and in the fowl-house, in the Home Park,



PRINCESS AMELIA AND HER DOG.

(From painting by Hoppner, in St. John's Palace.)

are preserved the bodies of various feathered pets who have paid their last debt to nature. The most celebrated is a dove, which many years ago, when she visited Ireland with Prince Albert, was thrown into her carriage — a living message of good will. She cherished it to the end of its life; and its descendants still flutter around the towers of Windsor.

Her stables, too, contain favorites. Prince Albert's horse survived, an honored inmate, until quite lately; and the cream-colored Herrenhausen horses dream their lives away here in luxurious ease, being used by Her Majesty only on state occasions.

"A favorite at Marlborough House" indicates clearly one taste at least of the exquisite princess who rouses so much enthusiasm in English hearts; and emphasizes a little speech she made at a meeting of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "If," said she, "I have saved even one cat from misery, I shall feel that I have done some good in the world."

If the cats at Windsor and Marlborough House have anything to complain of, it can only be over-indulgence. The bill for their silk throat-ribbons and silver bells is a large one, even at the most moderate estimate; they have their own special cushions and attendants; they often go out riding with their royal mistresses, and when the latter leave one palace for another, *Messieurs et Mesdames Les Chats* travel with them, in such state and comfort as befit the possessions of royalty.

But now let us turn from England to France, and glance at a few pets there. A pleasant memory remains of Louis XIII. — his intercession, when a child, for the poor cats that were to be burned as witches on St. John's Day. It availed not only for those particular cats, but for all their race henceforth in France.

One of his predecessors, Henry III., used to carry a daintily-



PRINCESS AUGUSTA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.



PRINCESS AMELIA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.

(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)



lined basket suspended from his neck by a silken cord. As he languidly talked with his guests or courtiers, he would at intervals, with hands delicate as a woman's, sparkling with rings, caress the tiny, long-haired dogs which occupied the basket.

Louis XIV. petted himself more than any living creature; yet he had some sympathy to spare for his numerous dogs; he even had their portraits painted, at a considerable cost; and he also, presumably, had a favorite cat — if the story in Swift's *Memoirs* is one to be relied upon. This story is to the effect that during the reign of Queen Anne, a Miss Nelly Bennet, a young lady who took prestige as a great beauty, visited the French court.



A FAVORITE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

She traveled in the care of witty Dr. Arbuthnot, who in a letter to the Dean, describes the outbursts of admiration that greeted his fair charge.

"She had great honours done her," he remarks, then adds, "and the hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss."

When this important bit of news came to be reported in

England, a wit, now unknown, wrote a poem on the event, describing how —

". . . When as Nelly came to France  
 (Invited by her cousins),  
 Across the Tuileries each glance  
 Killed Frenchmen by whole dozens.  
 The king, as he at dinner sat,  
 Did beckon to his hussar,  
 And bid him bring his tabby-cat  
 For charming Nell to buss her."

Louis XVI. had a favorite spaniel, playful and intelligent, like all its race. It accompanied him to the prison which he was only to exchange for the scaffold, and was bequeathed by him as a last remembrance to his daughter. Through four years of imprisonment it was her only friend and companion, and when upon her release "Madame Royale" went to her relatives in Austria, it was not left behind. But when, in 1801, the royal exiles were in Warsaw, the poor little favorite fell from a balcony in the Poniatowsky Palace, and was instantly killed.

The first Napoleon cared little for any animal — except his war-horses. Cats, indeed, he detested; and of Fortune (a pet dog of the Empress Josephine) he was always jealous, and could not bear to see his wife caress it. But age, they say, brings wisdom; and in his case, it certainly brought toleration — of one dog at least. Here is the story:

The seventeen-year-old Marie Louise, who was to be his second wife, had a favorite Italian greyhound which accompanied her on her way into France. Her Austrian suite was replaced at the frontier by a French one; and at Munich her last Austrian attendant was dismissed, together with the dog — a thing never intended

by Napoleon, and only effected by intrigue. We can imagine the young girl's grief, and can readily believe, as the historian says, that "the acquisition of a colossal empire did not console her for the loss of a little dog."

Fortunately for all concerned, the story found its way to Napoleon. At once he rubbed his Aladdin's lamp (an article all emperors possess), and when he met his bride a few days later at Compiègne, he led her — not to a grand state-chamber, but to a cosey room, with a

strangely familiar look.

Her husband was a stranger; it was a new land, a new language, and new faces everywhere.

But — what was that hysterical bark and scramble that greeted her on the threshold? What was that frantic little figure bounding up into her arms?

What but her own little greyhound brought there with other familiar objects from her old home, by Napoleon's thoughtful care! She welcomed her pet with a cry of delight; then turning, thanked, with wet eyes, the husband who was no longer a stranger.

A few years later, and the wheel of fortune suddenly turned. Napoleon was an exile, and Louis XVIII. (uncle to the Prisoners of the Temple) was king. About the time when his royal brother was guillotined, there also perished a M. de Vieux Pont, whose only crime was the possession of a parrot which said *Vive le roi!* The bird came very near sharing the fate of its master, but



PET SPANIEL OF LOUIS XVI., COMPANION OF HIS DAUGHTER "MADAME ROYALE," IN PRISON.

citizenship Lebon promised, if its life was spared, to teach it better sentiments, and was allowed to take it home. This happened in the Reign of Terror; but now when the Fat King reigned, a worse



PET ITALIAN GREYHOUND OF MARIE LOUISE.

fate, through him, befell a parrot of Napoleonic sympathies. A dog had comforted Madame Royale in her prison; but neither she nor her uncle, when they arrived at power, had any pity for Napoleonists.

The parrot's mistress had fled from her home in Ecouen on the approach of the Royalists, leaving the bird locked up in the closet of her room, with plenty of food and water. Now it

so chanced that Louis XVIII. spent the night in Ecouen, on his way to Paris, and was lodged in this very room. In the midst of his slumbers, he was suddenly startled by a shrill cry, close to his ear, of *Vive l'empereur!* Nothing could be seen, yet again and again was the cry repeated. At last the poor, insulted, gouty king managed to pull the bell-rope and summon his attendants. After considerable search, they found a door behind the tapestry, and forced it open. There sat the criminal, chuckling to herself, and still shouting at intervals, *Vive l'empereur!* Poor Polly! her triumph was short. It was *A bas!* with Napoleonists now; in a moment her neck was wrung, and a limp little feathered body bore silent witness that the Bourbons had returned.





CARLO ALBERTO AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE.

*(After the painting by Vernet.)*



Far, far more pleasant is a story told of the young Duchesse de Berri. On the day of her marriage to Louis' nephew, she retired to her room after the ceremony, and was supposed to be resting. After a while her husband entered. Fancy the surprise, the amusement with which he witnessed his pretty bride's diversion. She yet wore her magnificent marriage robes—a white brocade heavily embroidered with silver, and a diamond coronet surmounted by white ostrich plumes; but the enormous train—six yards long—she had twisted several times over her arm. Thus disencumbered, she was singing blithely, and dancing to her song with a pet spaniel she had brought from Naples, and which she held by the forepaws.

Another turn of the wheel, a few years later, seated a third Napoleon and Eugénie upon the throne. The latter was particularly fond of a Mexican parrot called Montezuma. When, in 1870, the Empire came to an end, and she fled to England, all her possessions were left behind in her hurried flight from the Tuileries. It was not until the imperial family was settled at Chiselhurst, that, remembering Montezuma, she sent a trusty attendant to France, to search for him. Almost a year passed by before he was found, exposed for sale in a shop! Then he was re-bought; he crossed the Channel in safety; a few hours more, and the ex-



VICTOR EMMANUEL AND HIS DOG.  
(From life photograph.)

empress was petting him as of old. But not as of old did he respond to her endearments, nibble the sweetmeats she offered, and say with flattering approval, *Vive l'impératrice!* No, all was changed. Sullenly he declined sugar, pineapple, sweet biscuit; sullenly he withdrew from her caressing touch; and sullenly at last he spoke: *Vive la république!* Truly the empire had passed away.

The princes of Savoy have always entertained a soldierly liking for horse and hound; and with war for their occupation, and hunting for diversion, they have had abundant opportunity to test the good qualities and friendship of these animals. There is a museum in Turin where many of their favorite horses — stuffed and mounted — are preserved. Especially interesting is the "Favorito Cavallo" of Carlo Alberto, which, according to the inscription, was his chosen mount in peace, and which bore him safely through the campaign of 1848-49. It accompanied him into exile, and finally (1866) died in Turin, at the age of thirty years.

Several horses in the museum belonged to Victor Emmanuel. This patriotic and jolly king was "*innamorato dei cani*," especially of four hounds, the companions of his hunting trips. He was never so happy as when off on one of these expeditions. Often he would dismount and stretch himself on the ground beneath a tree, his horse and dogs grouped around him. Then, with a sigh of luxurious comfort, he would say: "Ouf! how happy am I here, and thus! What a beastly trade, what a pig-occupation, is this of being a king!" (*Che porco mestiero è quello di fare il Re!*)

And again: "How well off should I be if I only always could live quietly, at ease among these friends!" patting, as he spoke, first one dog, then another. Poor king! he had given a United Italy to his people; to himself he could grant few hours of ease.

*V.*

*A NOTABLE CANINE TRIO.*



## V.

### A NOTABLE CANINE TRIO.

IN almost every library where the owner has an antiquarian taste may be found a pair of stout, leather-bound volumes, bearing a kind of "important-facts" appearance which the title, stamped in gilt, airily contradicts. *Nugæ antiquæ*, it reads. Trifles, in fine; anecdotes, memoranda of things passed by.

The writer of the *Nugæ* was Sir John Harrington — a man of literary tastes, witty, vivacious, warm-hearted and sarcastic. He put into his collection a little about a good many things. There are items of secret or curious history; there are good stories about "King Elizabeth and Queen James," as some witty person entitled them; there are letters; and there is one letter, above all, full of interest and feeling, "concerninge his dogge, Bungey." It was written to the young Prince Henry, King James's oldest son; and Sir John evidently thought it worth while to make a copy, before sending away the original. It is only a trifle in the great sum of history — yet a trifle that means much. The brilliant Sir John comes very near us as we read; and none of his wit pleases us so well as this simple and affectionate tribute to the dog he had lost.

One or two facts "concerninge" Bungey's owner may not be amiss before giving the letter.

When Elizabeth of England was a simply-dressed princess instead of the elaborately got-up potentate into which she afterwards developed, she had the ill-luck to be suspected of aiming at her sister's throne. In consequence, not only was she herself put into



PRINCE HENRY, ELDEST SON OF JAMES I.

(From rare print by Crispin Pass.)

the Tower, but various friends of hers were arrested, among them a gentleman named Harrington. He was heavily fined, besides being imprisoned. When, however, a few years later, Elizabeth became queen, she did not forget her old adherent, and among other marks of favor, stood godmother to his son John, afterwards Sir John Harrington. The fortunate baby grew up into a handsome and entertaining young man, with such an aptitude for

saying bright things that his reputation spread far and wide. A maid-servant at an inn waited very carefully on him, for fear that if he were neglected, he "would make an epigram of her." Even the Queen used to speak of him as her "witty godson." She probably had no idea his wit ever turned on her own foibles, as well



as those of other people. That it did so, however, appears from his journal.

One item, remembering Elizabeth's three thousand dresses, is especially amusing :

"On Sunday, my Lorde of London prechede to the Queene's Majestie, and seemede to touch on the vanitie of deckinge the bodie too finely. Her Majestie tolde the Ladies that if the Bishope helde more discorse on such matters, she wolde fit him for Heaven, but he shoulde walke thither withoute a staffe, and leave his mantle behinde him ; perchance the Bishope hathe never soughte her Highnesse wardrobe, or he wolde have chosen another texte."

The same hobby that led her to number her own dresses by the thousand, and her wigs by the hundred, led her also to interfere with the clothes of her subjects. One gentleman wore a suit she did not like, and she spit upon it, to show her aversion ; "Heaven spare me such jibinge !" says poor Sir John. In fact, although the Queen's godson, he had to tread carefully at court ! and King James's easy rule must have been a relief to him. Especially did he enjoy the friendship of Prince Henry, to whom, in 1608, he wrote the famous letter about "Bungey."

"Having good reason," he says, "to thinke your Highnesse had goode will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and strannge feates ; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in good sooth relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I meane not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage ; for if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bold to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tack-

linge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house to the bathe to Greenwicke Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodliē returns from such nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our ladie queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the bathe to my house, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teeth to the howse, after which he wente forthe, and returnede with the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat your Highnesse may perchance marvel and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fields, and espiede his worke. . . .

“ I need not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journiee towardes Londone, some idle pastimers . . . . conveyed him to the Spanish ambassador's, where in a happie houre after six weekes I did heare of him; but such was the Courte he did pay to the Don, that he was no less in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the howsehold listen to my claim . . . . till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofs, and made him performe such feates before the nobles as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the halle in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe, but muche more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to

allowe me my claim, and we both were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. . . .

“ I will now saie in what manner he died. As we travelled towards the bathe, he leapede on my horse’s necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but alas he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.

“ Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggest much more to youre Highnesse’ thought of this dogge. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my Bungey, for so he was stiled, as might shame them bothe, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich more than an hundred miles. As I doubte not but your Highnesse would love my dogge if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his story, and againe saie, that of all the dogges near your father’s courte, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of. . . .

“ I now reeste your Highnesse’ friend in all services that maye suite him.

“ P. S. I have an excellent picture (of Bungey) curiously limned, to remain in my posterity.”

Of this excellent picture I have been unable to find any trace; but the word-picture is wonderfully vivid, and Bungey will live as long as the letter survives to tell his story.

Not long before it was written, Sir John had noted in his journal that “ My man Ralphe hathe stolen two cheeses from my

dairy-house. I wishe he were chokede herewyth — and yet, the fellowe hath five childerne: I wyll not sue him if he repentethe and amendethe.” Kind-hearted Sir John! Small wonder that Bungey loved him, or that when, some four years later, he died, he left behind him many friends, and hardly an enemy.

During the next reign, in another county of England, lived another dog, the opposite of Bungey in appearance and manners, but who, nevertheless, has attained a wide fame. He was no dog of the courts, graceful and dapper; he knew no tricks to enhance the value of a faithful heart; in fact, he was only a large, ungainly mastiff, whose merits as a watch-dog were all that recommended him. He belonged to old Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, and the way in which his name became notable, is this:

He was a “yard-dog,” and of course slept outside of the house. One night, however, he persisted in following the master to his bedroom. Blows and persuasion were alike useless to drive him away. The Italian valet shut the door upon him, and then the animal sat down outside and howled. Probably Sir Henry reflected that at this rate he would get no sleep at all. At any rate, as the least of two evils, he ordered the door to be opened. In walked the mastiff, silenced at last, and content; for “with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord,” he crawled under the bed and lay down. Matters being thus peaceably adjusted, the valet left the room, and Sir Henry settled himself for sleep. About midnight, the quiet was broken by a sudden disturbance and uproar. The mastiff had sprung from his ambush, and seized some one by the throat. When the half-strangled victim, through Sir Harry’s interference, was released, it proved to be no other than the amiable Italian who had exerted himself a few

hours before to drive the dog from the room. Now, under the influence of fright, and the fear of prosecution, he confessed that his object was the murder and robbery of his master.

By this time, I take it, the house was roused. One can readily imagine the scene: Sir Harry in his laced night-gear, the frightened servants, the scared yet sullen criminal, still held in check by an occasional low growl from his late assailant. And the mastiff himself — can you not see the uncouth, powerful, sagacious figure, his whole attention centered on the would-be-thief, and quite unaware that he himself is the hero of the hour?

But such he was, and Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley — a just man and gallant soldier — knew how both to appreciate and reward his fidelity. We set up statues to our great men, or, in Sir Harry's own England, valor and genius find memorial in Westminster Abbey.

To commemorate then, in like manner, the heroic deed of his mastiff, Sir Harry had a painting made by Johnson, an artist of note. It represents the old soldier wrapped in a leather cloak that harmonizes well with his powerful frame and look of activity. Beside him is the mastiff, and, at the bottom of the picture, this inscription:

“ More Faithful than Favoured.”

“ Reason in man cannot effect such love  
 As Nature doth in them that Reason want :  
 Ulysses true and kind his dog did prove  
 When Faith in better friends was very scant.  
 My travels for my Friends have been as true  
 Tho' not as far as Fortune did him bear ;  
 No friends my Love and Faith divided knew,  
 Tho' neither this nor that once equall'd were,  
 But in my dog, whereof I made no store,  
 I find more love than them I trusted more.”

About this time, King Charles had a nephew sufficiently famous to make all his belongings noteworthy; and no account of famous dogs would be complete without some sketch of Prince Rupert's white hound Boy. A beautiful lad this young prince must have been, as Vandyke has painted him, with Boy at his side. Always adventurous and daring, but with a dash and fire in his daring quite beyond the usual soldierly courage, he won something like adoration from his troopers. After a manhood of war, his last years were very quiet, and being of a scientific turn, he spent much time in experiments. The art of engraving owes him a large debt, and "Prince Rupert's Drops," still commemorate his name. And as to his character, whatever faults he might have, he was still, as one writer tells us, "so just, so beneficent, so courteous, that his memory remained dear to all who knew him. This I say of my own knowledge, having often heard old people in Berkshire speak in raptures of Prince Rupert."

Many, indeed, are the stories told about this beautiful and daring boy, of his headlong courage, his warm heart, his kindness and pluck. Once he was out hunting, and the fox took to the earth. "A dog which the Prince loved, followed, but returning not, His Highnesse, being impatient, crept after, and took hold of his legs, which he could not draw out by reason of the narrowness of the hole, until Mr. Billingsby (the Prince's tutor) took hold of His Highnesse's heels; so he drew out the Prince, the Prince the dog, and the dog the fox."

When a mere lad, Rupert was taken prisoner, and detained for nearly three years in the Castle of Lintz, on the Danube. Time hung heavy on his hands here, but part of it he whiled away with pets. He even succeeded in taming a hare, so that it would trot after him like a spaniel, and perform little tricks at his command.



PRINCE RUPERT WITH HIS WHITE DOG BOY.  
*(From the painting by Vandyke.)*





But his chief companion and diversion was Boy, a hound given him by Lord Arundel, to lighten his captivity. It was of "a breede so famous that the Grand Turk gave it in particular injunction to his ambassadour to obtaine him a puppie thereof." When Rupert was released, Boy shared his freedom, and became an inseparable friend.

Many an old lady in those hard days was suspected of being a witch, and holding secret confabs with the Devil, after a midnight ride through the air on a broomstick. If she had a cat, especially a black one, poor Pussy was considered a go-between, and was liable to be burned. Dogs, too, fell under suspicion now and then; and as Prince Rupert was thought by the Puritan faction to act under the Devil's guidance, so Boy was supposed to run on messages between the unholy allies. In the Bodleian Library there is carefully preserved an old pamphlet of 1642, entitled "Observations on Prince Rupert's dogge, called Boye," which amusingly details the different views about him.

"I have kept a very strict eye," says the writer, "upon this dogge, whom I cannot conclude to be a very dounright divell, but some Lapland ladye, once by nature a handsome white ladye, but now by art a handsome white dogge. They have many times attempted to destroye it by poyson, and extempore prayer (!) but they have hurt him no more than the plague plaister did Mr. Pym." In fact —

'Twas like a Dog, yet there was none did knowe  
Whether it Devill was, or Dog, or no.

Every squib or broadside of abuse directed against the prince must also hit poor Boy, and in several he figures very cleverly. One of the most amusing is "A Dialogue between Prince Rupert's

Dogge, whose name is Puddle, and Tobie's Dog, whose name is Pepper." It bears date 1643, and opens with a sledge-hammer contest of wits between the Royalist and Puritan dogs, under whose names are but thinly veiled the two great parties of the day.

Prince Rupert's dog opens the parley with great disdain :

"What yelping, whindling Puppy-Dog art thou?" And honest Tobie's dog retorts the question :

"What bauling, shag-hair'd Cavallier's Dogge art thou?"

"Pr. R. D. Thou art a dogged sir, or cur, grumble no more but tell me thy name."

"T. D. I was called Tobie's house-dog. . . . my name is Pepper."

"P. R. D. Though your zeal be never so hot, you shall not bite me, Pepper."

"T. D. I'll barke before I bite, and talke before I fight. I heare you are Prince Rupert's white Boy."

"P. R. D. I am none of his white Boy, my name is Puddle."

"T. D. A dirty name indeede; you are not pure enough for my company, besides I heare on both sides of my eares that you are a Laplander, or Fin-land Dog or, truly, no better than a witch in the shape of a white Dogge."

Hereupon Prince Rupert's dog calls the other "a Round-headed Puppy that doth bawle and rayle;" and Tobie's Dog retorts that Puddle is "a Popish, profane dog, . . . more than half-divell. It is known," he says, "that at Edgehill you walked invisible, and directed the bullets who they should hit, and who they shoulde misse, and made your Mister Prince Rupert shott-free."

And so on, through several amusing pages. It is a pleasant and fun-inspiring jest; but other productions of the time strike a

note of savage hate, strange enough, as applied to an innocent dog.

Boy's fate befitted a soldier's dog: on the fatal field of Marston Moor, where many a gallant cavalier was slain, he also fell, shot to the heart. As *The More True Relation*, a Puritan statement, says: "Here also was slain that accursed cur which is here mentioned by the way, because the Prince's dog hath been so much spoken of, and was prized by his master more than creatures of much more worth."



PURITAN CARICATURE OF THE DEATH OF PRINCE RUPERT'S WHITE HOUND BOY.

(From old pamphlet in British Museum.)

Even his master's grief at his loss was a subject of derision; and shortly after Boy's death a squib appeared, called: "A Dogge's Elegie, or Rupert's Teares for the late defeat given him at Marston Moor neere York . . . where his beloved Dogge, named Boye, was killed by a valliant souldier who had skill in Necromancy." (He is said to have used a silver bullet, Boy being proof against leaden ones.)

An old pamphlet contains a queer woodcut, representing his death, and then several lines of doggerel, beginning:

"Sad Cavaliers, Rupert invites you all  
That doe survive, to his Dog's Funerall."

So lived and perished Boy, his master's well-loved friend, his master's enemies' aversion—and almost the only instance in history of an animal being the object of violent party-hate.

Prince Rupert had other pets, both dogs and horses, but none so dear as his white hound. Perhaps the most affecting instance of his feeling after Boy's death, is shown in a letter to Will Legge, written in 1661. It bears "the dolefull news that poor Royall at this time is dying, after being the cause of the death of many a stag. By heaven," he bursts out, "I had rather lose the best horse in my stable!"

With this — as a last pleasant memory of Rupert — we will leave him.

*VI.*

*PETS IN ARTIST LIFE.*



## VI.

### PETS IN ARTIST LIFE.

FOR the artist pets have a peculiar value. Not only are they companions and live playthings — they are also “properties.” Portrait and landscape painters use them as accessories; animal painters and sculptors find in them their models. They live in close companionship with their human friends, and the tie between them is usually warm and lasting. An exception might be the cat whose fur was sacrificed to the early genius of Benjamin West. In default of brushes, the lad used first the long hairs from her tail, then the shorter ones from her body — until she was half-shorn. True, one of his biographers assures us that he laid hold of her “with all due caution, and attention to her feelings”; but this is clearly a post-mortem statement — he had never interviewed Pussy!

Fox, a beautiful Pomeranian dog belonging to Gainsborough, occasionally served as model; but his most important office was to act as peacemaker between the artist and his wife. Sometimes, “as through the land at eve they went,” they would fall out; and then the dignified restraint between them would be first broken by one or the other writing some words of reconciliation, and giving

the note to Fox. Off he would bound with it to the other party, and a messenger so charming always proved irresistible.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' many dogs, to all of whom he was much attached, can be traced in regular order through his portraits, es-



MISS BOWLES.

(From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

pecially those of children. The Italian greyhound, the Scotch terrier, the silky-haired spaniel or setter, are as well-known as his own features. A specially attractive picture represents little Miss Cholmondely carrying her dog over a brook. The pretty anxiety of the child and the unconcern of her pet are amusingly contrasted. Hardly less charming are the portraits of Miss Bowles with a spaniel, and an unknown Felina hugging a kitten.

Of a favorite macaw which often appeared in his pictures, a story is told almost as wonderful, Sir Joshua thought, as that of the painted grapes which deceived the birds. For this bird instantly recognized the portrait of a servant whom he hated, and tried to bite the pictured face. Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith came several times to see this performance, and Reynolds declared





"FRIENDS NOW, PUSSY!"

*From the painting by Angelica Kauffmann.*



that, in his opinion, "birds and beasts were as good judges of pictures as men are."

There remains to us an affecting last glimpse of this famous painter after he had lost his sight and could no longer pursue the art he loved. In this premature night he found much comfort with a tame bird, until one morning the window was left open, and it flew away. His grief, though deep, was happily of short duration. Death came to his relief, and he escaped from the body, even as the bird from the house.

One of his favorite pupils, Angelica Kauffmann, painted a charming picture called "Friends now, Pussy." It depicts a radiant little girl holding in her arms a kitten whose contented purr we cannot fail to hear, so perfectly is it suggested.

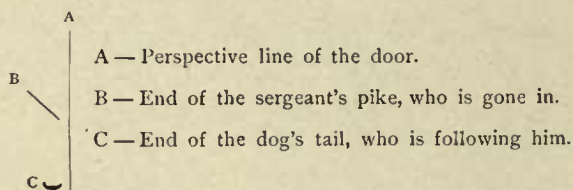
Hogarth was the painter of human life as it is; of people good, bad and indifferent — noble or base. But wherever man



THE PAINTER HOGARTH AND HIS DOG TRUMP.

is, there also is the dog; and so throughout this artist's work we find him — now a drawing-room pet, and now a vagabond; now man's companion and now his victim. Hogarth's own dog, Trump, surveys us rather sourly from the same canvas with his master. Very

likely it was the curly tip of his tail that suggested the famous sketch in three lines of a sergeant with his pike going into a house, and his dog following him. Hogarth executed the picture thus :



To be understood, however, it is certainly best to place design and explanation side by side.

Mrs. Hogarth also had a dog, which eventually was buried at the end of a filbert walk in her yard at Chiswick. A stone marked the grave, and Hogarth himself cut the epitaph :

“Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies.”

I tried not long ago, though without success, to find some trace of this grave. In the oldest, quaintest part of Chiswick stands Hogarth's house, still bearing his name, and probably, as to stone and mortar, much the same as when he lived there. But the once beautiful garden is now in part a vegetable plot, and in part an untidy barnyard. A venerable mulberry-tree and some gnarled old yews are still standing — “sole relics of a finer past”; but of the filbert walk there remains only a row of little stumps with here and there a straggling branch. No trace of Pompey anywhere, unless in tradition; “she had heard,” said the mistress of the house, “that a dog had been buried somewhere there.” And — final touch — two pigs looked out from the doorway, squealing shrilly as we passed! It seemed a pity that Hogarth should not see them; no

one would have sooner appreciated the humor of the scene. But — life to the last enjoyed — he lies in Chiswick churchyard.

Famous among Middle Age painters was Paolo Uccello — Paul of the Birds — who won this sobriquet by his extreme delight in birds. They were his ruling passion, and appeared in his pictures both in and out of season.

More famous was the eccentric Bazzi, who, according to the pleasant old gossip, Vasari, "was fond of keeping in his house all sorts of strange animals — badgers, squirrels, cat-a-mountains, dwarf monkeys, horses, racers, little Elba ponies, jackdaws, bantams, doves of India, and other creatures of this kind, so many as he could lay his hands on." Over and above, he had a raven which had learned to talk and to imitate its master's voice, especially in answering a knock at the door. "His house was like nothing more than a Noah's ark," adds Vasari.

Of Vittore Carpaccio's likes and dislikes little is known, but Ruskin praises as one of the finest paintings in the world, a Vene-



PORTRAIT OF ALBRECHT DURER AT THIRTEEN.

(Drawn by himself.)

tian interior by him, representing two fair dames surrounded by animals. Two dogs — one small, one large — a peacock, doves, a turtle and a lizard — such were the pets these ladies kept to amuse their leisure hours.

Albrecht Dürer found special pleasure in studying hares. One



HARE DRAWN BY THE BOY ALBRECHT DURER.

hardly knows which is quainter, the thirteen-year-old artist as drawn by himself, or the hare which his childish fingers sketched. A later study is the charming Bunny, apparently pausing after a pleasant nibble to look at his artist *vis-à-vis*. In some of his pictures, Dürer painted angel children playing with little hares — surely a gentle companionship!

But a still greater name in art is that of

Raphael, to whom we owe not only Madonnas and saints, but some wonderfully delicate and realistic designs of animals and birds. Not much is said in his biographies to show that he was fond of animals, but that he studied them closely is evident. It is infinitely sad to pass now through his Loggia at the Vatican, once glowing with the master's touch, now faded and in part defaced. Still, worn as they are, they express Raphael. In the Stanze, and his other great paintings, we know that his brush worked seriously in accordance with



TWO VENETIAN LADIES AND THEIR PETS.

*(From the painting by Vittore Carpaccio, in the Correo Gallery, Venice.)*





a plan already conceived. But in the Loggia, with the bright Italian sun shining in upon him as he worked, he laid aside all serious intent, and gave himself up to merry play. Under his facile fingers, the arched ceilings became covered with vines in luxuriant tangled growth, with interspaces of blue sky, and clusters of grapes which droop apparently with their own luscious weight, and tempt the birds on every side.

In one compartment, the vines cluster so close as to admit but small glimpses of the sky. On the lowest bar but one of the trellis, sits a fine fierce hawk, so absorbed in his own reflections that he does not notice a monkey reaching up from below to pull his tail feathers. A parrot on the bar above is less indifferent, and looks on with mischievous amusement. Little birds flit about in the higher branches, and a squirrel is making his way to one of the finest grape-clusters.



SECTION OF DOME.

(From Raphael's frescoes in the Loggia of the Vatican.)

The number of creatures that Raphael carefully studied and

depicted, is wonderful. Lizard, mouse and squirrel; tiny snake and bee and snail; goldfish swimming in glass vases half-wreathed with swaying water plants; love-birds cuddling together; long-tailed



DUCKS.

(From Raphael's frescoes in the Loggia of the Vatican.)

rats scampering along the scroll-work; pretty voracious ducks with bulging crops; a motherly hen hovering her chicks — all these and more, may still be seen, the work of one masterly hand. Really, the painted scenes appear alive; and I do not know who can look at them without loving the artist who so well understood the happy natural life of plant and bird and beast.

As Paolo Uccello loved birds, so Gottfried Mind loved cats and became their special artist. He was born near the middle of the last century, in the town of Berne. There he lived, and there, in

1814, he died. Of poor and mean appearance, crabbed to all human kind, he was keenly alive to the ways and feelings, the tricks and graces of cat-kind. Bears, too, he liked, and for a while frequented the bear pit of Berne to study them. But cats were his first and

abiding love, and to them he returned. Whatever their moods, whether sulky, grave or gay; in repose or in action, at every age — he reproduced them upon paper; and with such marvelous fidelity that he seems to have given Pussy a tenth and immortal life. His favorite cat used to sit for hours together upon



FRAGMENT.

(From Raphael's frescoes in the Loggia of the Vatican.)



HENS AND CHICKENS.

(From Raphael's frescoes in the Loggia of the Vatican.)

his knee or shoulder, while he — if such were her pleasure — would remain motionless, so as not to disturb her rest.

In our own time, two artists, more than all others, have been famous for their delineation of animal life; and both of these artists, one is glad to know, were genuinely fond of the creatures they painted. These two are, of course, Sir Edwin Landseer and Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.

Landseer studied every animal he saw, but preferred dogs,

horses, and deer, especially dogs. Fuseli, his master, used to speak of him as "my little dog-boy." Pet after pet had its features transferred to canvas, and fine dogs were brought to him to be painted, exactly as their owners might go to Millais or Watts. They became in his hands something more than canine types; he saw in

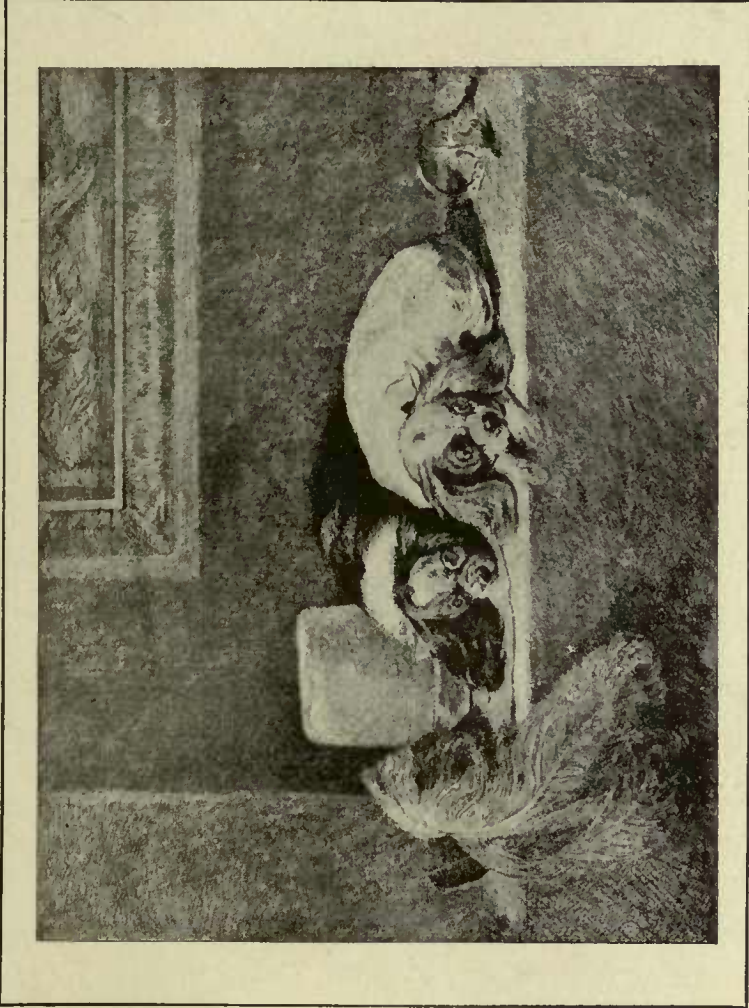


TWO OF GOTTFRIED MIND'S CATS.  
(Plate II. from "Der Katzen-Raphael.")

them individuals with characters and stories of their own. There is the Dog in High Life, and the Dog in Low Life; the tranquil big dog as Dignity, the impetuous little dog as Impudence. Here a fine hound waits for the Countess (this dog, by the way, belonged to Lady Blessington, and was given to her by the at that time King of Naples); here, by a plain coffin, a collie waits for the master who will never return; and here two tiny silken spaniels guard a plumed hat and pair of gloves. These spaniels, which belonged to Robert Vernon, had an equally tragic fate — the Blenheim being killed

by a fall from a table, and the King Charles by a fall through the staircase rails. Their picture is now in the National Gallery of London, where many a one lingers before it, admiring the great lustrous eyes, silken coats, and delicate, whimsical physiognomies of "The Cavalier's Pets."

Very near them hangs a painting called "The Sleeping Blood-

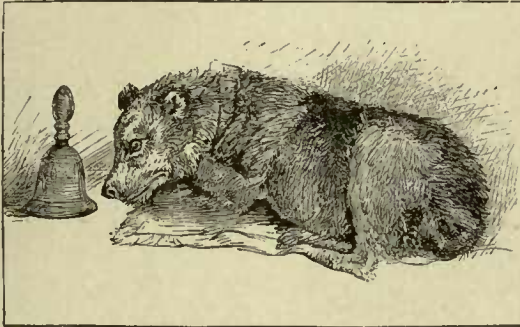


THE CAVALIER'S PETS.

(From the etching by Leon Rocheton, after Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.)



hound." The beautiful animal rests so easily that few would imagine her repose to be the sleep of death — yet so it is. Count-



THE DUSTMAN'S DOG.  
(*Drawn by Landseer when a child.*)

ess, as they named her, belonged to an old friend of Landseer, and running too eagerly one night to meet him, fell from a height and was killed. The next day he carried her to the studio; and the fine picture, now so familiar to all, commemorates both her own beauty and her master's love.

Brutus, Vixen and Boxer — all pets of the artist — appear in "The Ratcatchers;" Paul

Pry, another intimate, figures as "A Member of the Humane Society." As thoroughly appreciative of dog character in the extremes of poverty and ease, are two other pictures called "The Dustman's Dog," and "The Critics." One is a mere sketch (drawn when Sir Edwin was as yet



COUNTESS, THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.  
(*After Landseer's painting.*)

the child Eddie) of a faithful, homely, hard-worked cur; the other is a portrait of himself at work, with a noble canine friend at each shoulder, inspecting the result of his toil.

He had a liking—as what painter of animals has not?—for lions; and those in Trafalgar Square which guard the Nelson Monument, prove how well he understood them.

“They are not bumptious,” he said, “nor do they swagger; but look (I hope) as though they might be trusted . . . and are

all gentleness and tranquillity till Nelson gives the word.”



THE CRITICS.

(Landseer's portrait of himself)

There is no doubt that Landseer's memory will live. As man and artist his claims are great. He deserves to be counted among the world's benefactors for the impulse his work has given to the right appreciation and treatment of the dog. If as great and widely known an artist had patronized Pussy, we should find her better treated to-day, and certainly better understood. Mind painted her

with wonderful fidelity, but he lacked the dramatic instinct of Landseer. Pussy was Pussy to him—he never imagined in other situations than those he saw. It was not in him to create a feline Diogenes and Alexander.

Sir Edwin has passed from us, but Rosa Bonheur still lives, and still occupies her serene life with the art she loves. There is a



well-known and charming picture of her earlier self, with the dark hair tossed back from a bright, courageous face, and one arm resting in calm assurance of mutual good-will on the neck of a shaggy steer. This indicates a preference both personal and artistic. She has always delighted in painting cattle; and the patient oxen of the Nivernais, no less than the picturesque, long-haired cattle of the



PAUL PRY, A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

*(After Landseer's painting.)*

Scotch Highlands, attest her loving study of their ways. Deer, too, she enjoys painting, and horses; while Wasp, the terrier, will hold his own even beside Landseer's canine portraits.

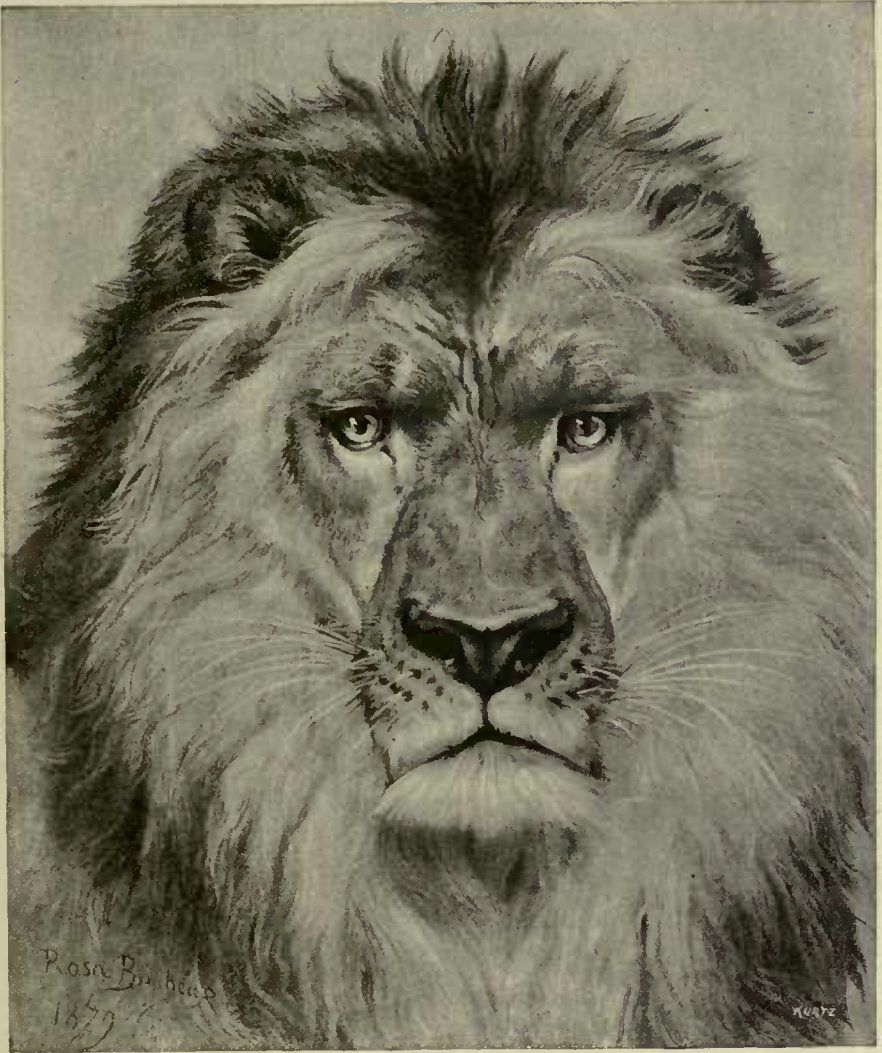
Mlle. Bonheur's home at Fontainebleau is fairly alive with pets; sheep, horses, goats and dogs; creatures with pedigree and with-

out it; creatures famous for their beauty or remarkable for their rarity. Not only does she entertain peaceable, home-loving animals, but also such fierce inmates as lions and tigers. From one of the former was painted her magnificent "Old Monarch," which fronts squarely the spectator like one "every inch a king." Her "Tiger" is the faithful likeness of a pet brought to her as a cub from the jungles of Bengal. Nero was his well-bestowed name — a name appropriate to the latent power and ferocity which might become terribly apparent should he ever have the chance or wish to exert them. But this has never happened. Temptations to naughtiness are carefully removed from his path, his will is rarely crossed, his tastes are consulted. Roomily lodged, amply fed, he is probably the most civilized tiger in existence.

Mlle. Bonheur is convinced of his affection, but it is doubtless as fortunate for the world as for herself that she never entered his cage. This superb favorite cost about three thousand dollars, and as His Majesty's meat diet is also very expensive, he may be accounted in more ways than one a dear pet.

Several wild horses were at one time added to the studio "properties"; and lately a Russian nobleman presented Mlle. Bonheur with a couple of magnificent Russian bears, to which she is said to be much attached.

Paris is a city dear to artists, and almost every nationality is represented in its salons. Henry Bacon, for instance, is American; and among the paintings and sketches that fill his studio, are many reminiscences of his far-off home. In no way, moreover, is he so genuinely American as in his devotion to pets. It is a pity that in many cases their beautiful portraits are all of themselves that remain to him. Most notable among them, and perhaps also best beloved, was Glen, a black-and-tan collie from Aberdeenshire, born



AN OLD MONARCH.

(After the painting by Rosa Bonheur.)



in 1879, whose parents, Jock and Miss, had both obtained prize medals.

Miss made a rather careless mother — often allowing her puppies to wander out of sight; but this was pure absent-mindedness — for when in their roving beyond the kennel they came to grief, she appeared conscious of her maternal shortcomings, and employed all her intelligence to serve her little ones.

The farmer who had charge of the kennels, stepped out of his cottage one morning into the first snow of the season, to be met by Miss in a state of terrible excitement. She jumped upon him, pulled at his coat, and neither caress nor threat could quiet her.

At last, having thoroughly attracted his attention, she made a dash down the avenue, looking back over her shoulder as she ran. The farmer, being versed in "canese," understood that he was expected to follow — and followed!

Without diverging to right or left, or running in curves, as is the habit of shepherd dogs, Miss preceded him through the fresh-



WASP. ROSA BONHEUR'S PET TERRIER.  
(After Rosa Bonheur's painting)

fallen snow down the avenue and across a field, stopped at the edge of a large post-hole, and after looking down rushed back to hurry up the help she was bringing. Her favorite pup, Glen, had gone out on an early morning voyage of discovery, had fallen into this hole, and would have perished there but for this timely aid.

Nor does the story end here. After Glen was pulled out, and on his way home under the farmer's great-coat — for he was only a little thing, not yet a month old — Miss staid behind, and with



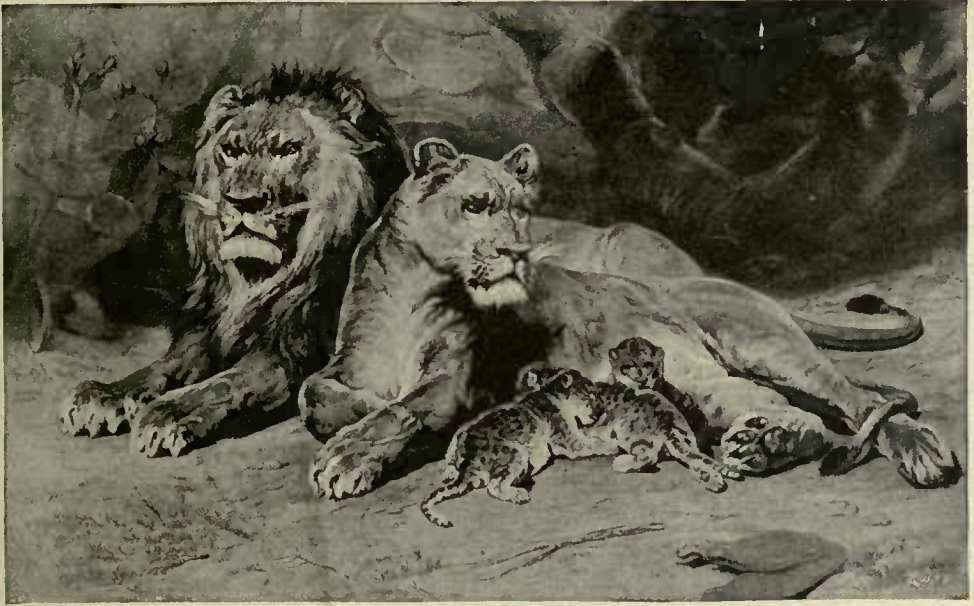
THE HORSE FAIR.

(After the painting by Rosa Bonheur.)

much scratching and barking filled in the hole, being of opinion, probably, that post-holes, like barn doors, should be closed after an accident has happened.

A few months later Glen went to live in Tunbridge Wells, England, with his brother Jock, and if they had not quarreled, would still be, in all likelihood, a British subject; but owing to their many disputes, Glen was sent abroad. The next summer, and indeed each summer of his life, has been passed on the Nor-

mandy coast at Etretât. From what he knows of Glen's character, Mr. Bacon does not think him entirely to blame in these family quarrels. Besides, his brother Jock's short life was not exemplary,



THE LION AT HOME.

(After the painting by Rosa Bonheur.)

for it was reported that he bit a child; and although the child recovered from the bite, "it was the dog that died."

Glen, being a shepherd dog, is delighted when he encounters upon the downs a flock of sheep, and if not called off, will instantly herd them into a compact, frightened mass, much to the distress of their guardian and his dog. When he cannot find sheep, he will amuse himself by gathering together the hens and chickens he finds in an orchard; and once, in default of these, while his master was sketching on the sands of Mont-Saint-Michel, he herded the fishermen's children who were playing at low tide

beyond the town. Unheeded by his master, he had made a wide circle round the children, frightening them together like a flock of sheep; and when discovered, he was capering round the group as though the task had been set him of keeping them together.

Glen is well remembered at Mont-Saint-Michel, for besides this performance, and besides leaping from the battlements when in his hurry he could not find the stairway—he showed what seems to be his only ambition—that of whipping a dog of twice his own size. After several days' premeditation, he attacked a big fellow brought from Newfoundland by one of the fishermen, and—as



GLEN AND HIS MASTER AT ETRETAT.

usual—was unsuccessful, although he evidently thought he might have succeeded if he had not been pulled off.

Glen is as fond of the water as any spaniel, and will bathe in the breakers, leaping clear of the surf on the crest of the waves,



and has been very useful in shipwrecks of toy boats—rescuing and bringing them safe to land to the great joy of their youthful owners.

Every evening before he and his master retire for the night, they take a walk. It often happens that his master has a friend spending the evening with him, who, in Glen's opinion, stays later than he should stay. In this case, when the clock has struck the half-hour after ten, Glen becomes uneasy, rises from



his rug before the fire, stretches himself, looks around, and, creeping up to the visitor, gives him a gentle poke under the elbow. Of course he is ordered to lie down by his master; but if the visitor is not acquainted with the ways of the household, he is charmed with the dog's attention, gives him a friendly pat, and declares that Glen does not bother him. Shortly afterwards, the guest is surprised to find the dog again beside him, sitting up on his haunches, and gently scratching his sleeve with his paw; and he does not discontinue his impolite hints so long as the visitor stays. If the visitor is an *habitué*, when Glen begins his caresses he looks at his watch, and in spite of his host's apologies, promises Glen that he will go in a few minutes. Often, when alone, the master will be occupied in the evening with book or pen until, feeling a gentle nudge at his elbow, he looks up to find the large brown eyes of his dog fixed upon him. This is a friendly hint as to the hour, and one which certainly prevents unduly late hours for both master and dog.

A well-known artist in New York, Mr. F. S. Church, makes frequent and delightful studies of animals and birds—although not so much for their own sake, perhaps, as for that of some thought to which they are the fit accessories. Now it is a maiden wandering in desert places, alone, save for the savage beasts her innocence has tamed. Now it is an Alpine shrine where rain and



MR. CHASE AND KAT-TE.

snow have beaten against the patient Christ upon the cross. But still the pent-roof of the shrine affords some shelter; and beneath it, along the outstretched arms, or nestling close to the thorn-crowned head, is a flock of birds. The storm-beaten little wanderers have found refuge where many a one has come before—with the Christ, at the cross.

Here a group of feathered mourners singing a dirge for the last rose of summer; there a witch's daughter in mystic converse with an owl.

Decidedly more realistic is the sketch called "At Rest," of a monkey extended in that hopeless rigidity which can never be mistaken for life. There is something curiously touching in the



English; nevertheless, he now understands that language also. And yet more, when he met a party of Russians on the street one day, and was addressed by them in their own language, he showed the greatest delight and emotion. He tried to follow them home, he was restless, he was excited, and thus evinced in canine fashion, not only his philological attainments, but also his faithful Russian heart. Some idea of his noble proportions may be gained from the accompanying picture.

The caricaturist Cham had a dog called Azor, as well-known as himself; and Du Maurier's Chang, a very beautiful, sagacious dog, figured, while living, in many of his master's sketches, and by his death grieved all who knew him.

George Cruikshank's Lilla was a docile, affectionate little creature, and, like most studio pets, figures occasionally in his master's work. The drawing given here is from the original in Madame Tussand's exhibition. It is well stuffed and mounted, and purports to be the veritable Lilla; but although its history was inquired into both by the artist who sketched it, and myself, we failed to get even the smallest crumb of information. Its identity, therefore, must be left an open question.

Dante Rossetti had a collection of pets which, in its whimsical variety, can only be likened to that of the naturalist Buckland. Armadillos and wombats were included, but decidedly the most notable was the zebu. One of the artist's biographers gives an amusing account of the creature. It was an intractable subject for petting, and put an end to all attempts in that direction by one day tearing up by the roots the little tree to which it was tethered, and chasing its owner all round the garden. After this exploit, it was given away; Mr. Knight says that Rossetti, when discussing his pets, past and present, was not much given to talk of the zebu.



LADY TANKERVILLE, WHO HID HER KITTENS IN THE HEAD OF STORY'S  
STATUE OF PEABODY.



Roman studios are as well supplied with live "properties" as American or English ones. Will the visitor who has once seen it ever forget that charming staircase, vine-wreathed, flowery and musical, which, although in the busy Piazza di Termini, still keeps an air of forest seclusion? It is the passage to a studio equally retired, fashioned like a nest in the ruined baths of Diocletian. Paintings, bits of tapestry, etc., form a background for various marble inmates, whose serenity is interfered with neither by cat nor dog. It is the staircase, covered with wire netting, that holds the favorites. Pigeons inhabit the upper part, and keep up a continual flutter at the latticed window, their wings gleaming silver in the sunshine. Lower down are musical blackbirds; I remember especially among the latter one beautiful fellow, who shrank back, mute, at the approach of our party, but answered his master's call at once, and perched, lightly as a thistle-down, upon his arm.

This master, the sculptor Ezekiel, like most bird-lovers, does not allow cats in his home. He might possibly train Pussy into tolerance, and so have a happy family — only — he does not like cats! which, to a cat lover, seems queer. However, even if unconsciously, he must have some secret understanding of their nature; for in his studio is a marble Judith with arm raised to strike, who, in her magnificent fierceness, recalls, far from ignobly, the feline race.

Elihu Vedder's pets might be expected to wear a rather tragic and noble air, appropriate to the illustrations of the Rubaiyat; but on the contrary, they have a commonplace appearance of well-being. The studio pet one year was an asthmatic small dog, who had thrown himself upon the artist's compassion — a grateful, subdued, unassuming object, which, after each spasm of coughing, would look around with a deprecatory expression, as if to apologize for the disturbance. Some intelligent cats, and another small dog,

in this instance possessed of vivacious health and spirits, keep the artist's home lively, and compete with one another for his favor.

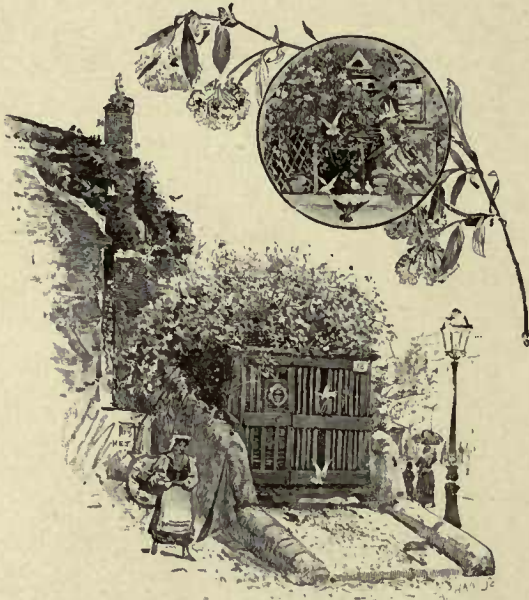
A third studio in Rome is that of the sculptor Story. Many famous statues have here been "born in clay and resurrected in marble" — among them that of George Peabody. The marble is now in London, but a colossal plaster-cast remains in the studio.

The philanthropist is seated — a position which allows various projections, or ledges, within the hollow cast — of which a high-minded cat once took advantage.

Before reading further, look at her picture.

Is she not very much like some dainty young lady in ball-dress? See how deftly she has disposed her train, how fastidiously she glances over her shoulder! A cat of distinction — that is evident at the first glance! She came originally from Walton-on-Thames, in England, was a present to Mrs. Story, and, in memory of the donor, named Lady Tankerville. Having an artistic bias, she chose the studio in preference to boudoir life, and was oftenest to be found there.

After a while she was known to be the proud mother of kittens, but where she kept them remained a mystery until several weeks



ENTRANCE AND WINDOW OF THE SCULPTOR EZEKIEL'S STUDIO IN ROME.



later, when they were found in — of all places! — the head of George Peabody. It was a delightfully retired situation, and probably there never were happier kittens. As an instance of post-mortem philanthropy, it is, I am convinced, unequalled.

A fine pug called Bimbo must be added to the favorites that have gone before. A spoiled but intelligent darling, he sits up for his picture on a velvet chair, with an air of snug contentment quite irresistible. His mistress holds him in loving memory; and, since his death, contents herself with a bisque "puggery," whose inmates, if liable to breakage, are nevertheless more easily replaced.

One other pet must close this chapter — a pet already old, but likely to live many more years without appearing perceptibly older. It is a tortoise, Babbo by name, which belonged to the sculptor Hiram Powers. I had the honor of frequent interviews with Babbo some summers past; and Mr. Longworth Powers did his best to photograph him.



BIMBO, ONE OF THE SCULPTOR STORY'S PETS.

A crumb of moistened biscuit was placed on the broad stone step and Babbo beside it. No use at all; he either got into a bad position or shuffled out of focus. Juicy cabbage leaves were brought, but although usually suscepti-

ble to their charm, he now turned from them in scorn. He was gently coaxed, he was thumped down hard, he was entreated, he was scolded — all in vain. A good tortoise ordinarily, the bare idea of a photograph seemed to render him frantic; and after three plates were spoiled, we were compelled to let him go.

“Mr. Powers’ Babbo,” writes Babbo’s mistress, “always came to the inner studio door if hungry or thirsty, and scratched at it to attract attention. Then my husband would take him up, hold him in the water until he had quite satisfied his thirst, when the creature would waddle off, perfectly contented. If hungry, he would give him a bit of bread dipped in wine and water.”

The kind master has gone, but Babbo remains, and still has shelter, drink and sup in the pleasant Florentine garden.

*VII.*

*PUSSY IN PRIVATE LIFE.*



## VII.

### PUSSY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

NO animal has known greater vicissitudes than our pleasant little house-familiar, Pussy. He had his day of glory in the far past, when armies retreated before him; his day of divinity, too, as the mighty basalt cat-headed goddesses in many a museum still testify. And then, having had in his life-time all that heart of cat could wish, after death he became a mummy and received funeral honors.

Just how it happened, no one knows, but a few thousand years later we find Pussy no longer revered. Instead of a divinity he was regarded as the accomplice of witches, and burned in holocaust on St. John's Day, or tormented for the amusement of such evil kings as Philip II. of Spain. Later still, and final stage of his decadence, he was valued in direct proportion to his usefulness — becoming now a mere drudge, and now a joyless plaything for children. Could Egyptian heart have dreamed it?

But Pussy's fortunes are again rising. He is no longer a stale divinity, but he is becoming — what is far better in this age of progress — a social power! Even in his worst estate he had

always warm friends and admirers; now, he has a party. For, "you either love cats, or you do not love them," says a witty author; and statistics go to prove that those who love cats are the majority to-day.



CAT-HEADED EGYPTIAN GODDESS, BAST OR BUBASTIS.

(From a bronze in the British Museum.)

Pussy has also been fortunate in having two strings to his bow — personal beauty and utility. No other creature so dainty, so artistically delightful; a thing of beauty, and — to the appreciative — a joy forever; no other creature so dexterous in pursuit of mice, so self-supporting, so acute! Throughout the ages, therefore, through prosperity and adversity, Pussy, like the Jews, has flourished. The honors of divinity did not turn his handsome head, and persecution has failed to uproot his race from the soil.

What a small bit of life he is; yet when absent, how we miss him! Only think of Wales, in good King Howel's time; when rats were rampagious, when a kitten, even before it could see, was worth a penny, and heavy fines were imposed on whoever should hurt or kill a cat. Think of Varbach, that little German town where mice ran riot, until at last a cat was obtained. Think of Whittington; how with a cat in his arms he sailed to a country where cats were not, and made his fortune — through the cat!

There are skeptics, of course, who call this pretty story a myth; and very possibly, like some other good old stories, it has put on with time some of the colors of a fairy tale; but that little Dick had a cat, and a valued one — so much, at least, may well be

true. The queer bas-relief at Guildhall Museum in London has an appearance of verity; and as it was found in a house which once belonged to the Whittington family, and had been occupied in the famous Lord Mayor's life-time by his nephew, it not improbably commemorates some actual fact in the great man's history.

One of the earliest pet cats on record is that of Prince Hana, an Egyptian notability who lived several thousand years ago, and between the stone feet of whose statue was placed the statuette of his cat, Bouhaki. The latter may still be seen in the Louvre, sitting erect in a dignified attitude, squarely confronting posterity, so to say, with a gold collar around its neck, and ear-rings in its ears!

Early in history, also, and more famous than Bouhaki is Muezza, the cat of Mahomet. Every one knows how the Prophet sat reaping one day, with the favorite curled up in peaceful slumber on the wide sleeve of his robe; and how, rather than disturb her, when obliged to go, he gently cut off the sleeve. No wonder, with such an example before them, that Mahommedans still honor cats.

From Mahomet to Petrarch is quite a step — not only in point of time, but of character. Nevertheless, these great men had one thing in common — their affection for cats. Laura was not enough for the poet; he must also have his little white "micino," holding



BAS-RELIEF OF WHITTINGTON  
AND HIS CAT.

(At the Guildhall Museum, London.)

it second only to the lady of his heart, and so mourning its death as to have it embalmed. This veritable cat may be seen to-day in Petrarch's house at Arquà — at least the guide assures us it is the same. For my own part, I have no more doubt of its identity than of the blood-spot in Holyrood. I take the one to be Rizzio's blood; I take the other to be the immortal poet's equally immortal cat — and thank my stars I am not so skeptical as some people!

Lovers of Petrarch all visit Arquà, and, if literary, are very apt to commemorate the visit with their pen. Such an one was Tassoni, whose charming verse may be roughly rendered as follows:

“ Now rises the lovely hill of Arquà  
Which pleases, seen from mountain or from plain,  
Where lies he in whose writings  
The soul expands like a plant in the sun;  
And where his embalmed cat just as when alive  
Still guards the illustrious threshold against mice.

“ To this cat Apollo granted the privilege  
Of remaining intact in spite of time,  
And of having its manifold honors  
Made eternal in a thousand songs; —  
So that the sepulcher of mighty kings  
Is surpassed in glory by an unburied cat!”

Several hundred years after Tassoni, an American pilgrim went to Arquà, and added his own pleasant tribute to the thousand songs; protesting that —

“ we cannot well figure to ourselves Petrarch, sitting before that wide-mouthed fire-place, without beholding also the gifted cat that purrs softly at his feet, and nestles on his knees; or with thickened back and lifted tail, parades loftily around his chair, in the haughty and disdainful manner of cats.”



Tasso also had his pet; sad, hapless poet that he was, there was need of all the comfort he could get. Doubt not but that often his tears fell warm on Pussy's fur; and that in her companionship he found solace when other solace there was none. To this little friend he addressed a sonnet, begging her, since lamps were denied in his prison, to light him with her eyes.

Other famous Italians have shared the taste of these poets; among whom, probably, may be included Andrea Doria. Some writers assure us that he detested cats, and kept one only to remind him of the conquered Fieschi, whose badge it was. Be this as it may, the animal who sits beside him in the ancient portrait at Genoa has an undeniable air of well-being. If an enemy, it has been treated with respect; if a friend, it is also an equal, and returns the old admiral's gaze with proud directness.

St. Dominic's hatred of cats is more than offset by the affection which various popes have shown them. Gregory the Great had a much-indulged favorite, and Leo XII. had a number. One big cat of grayish-red called Micetto he presented to another friend of the feline race, the famous Chateaubriand, as a mark of his esteem.

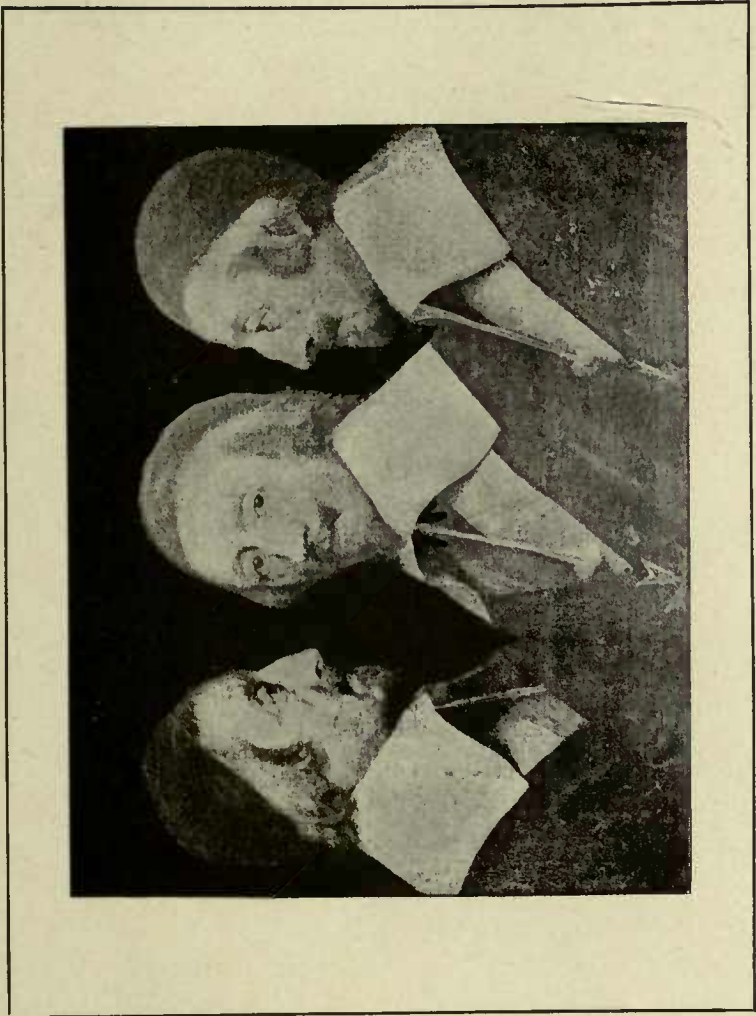
Pius IX. also had his pet — a superb "*gatto soriano*," which was always present at his frugal meals, sitting beside him, and claiming its full share both of food and attention. A very pleasant sight it must have been, to see this benign old pontiff taking his *passaggiata* in the gardens of the Vatican, with Pussy sedately pacing at his side. When, after a while, the link of companionship was broken, and Pussy paced from this world to another, no pet succeeded him. "I am too old for new friendships," said his master; "moreover, death may come to me next, for my cat and I have both grown old in the Vatican."

A still more ardent cat-lover in Italy was the aged Archbishop of Taranto, who died about the beginning of this century. His pets had their regular meals corresponding with his own; and a guest was once much amused by hearing him ask a servant during dinner whether the cats had been served. "Yes, monsignore," the man gravely answered, "but Desdemona prefers waiting for the roasts." Desdemona was a white Persian, both in color and disposition a complete contrast to her huge black mate, Othello.

When the archbishop was eighty-six years old, a friend called upon him rather earlier than usual one morning, and was rewarded by this pretty scene: the venerable, white-haired old man in dressing gown and slippers, seated at the breakfast-table, with two great tortoise-shell cats on chairs beside him, alertly watching his hand for bits of bread, and purring in the most affectionate manner between mouthfuls.

Cardinal Richelieu was devoted to kittens, rather than cats, finding in their companionship the relaxation he needed after toil. They lived in his room, in handsomely lined and cushioned baskets, so that he might see them whenever he chose. But no sooner were they three months old, than he had them removed and a new supply brought in. One white Angora passed the fatal period and retained her place as favorite-in-chief so long as she lived. Her usual lounging-place was His Eminence's table, among his books and papers. In the picture painted by Champaigne, there are three different views of the famous cardinal, and one can easily fancy the delicate, sarcastic countenance bent towards his pets, and occasionally relaxing into a smile at some extra kittenish gambol.

Our English Cardinal Wolsey also had a fondness for cats, and more than once was found by some great dignitary amusing him-



CARDINAL RICHELIEU, FRONT FACE AND SIDES.  
(From the painting by Philippe de Champaigne.)



self with a kitten. One favorite was sometimes seen with him in the Council Chamber; and it may well have entered into the final sum of his offenses that he preferred the society of intelligent cats to that of empty-headed bigwigs!

In the last century there was a Mlle. Dupuy living in France, of whom few people now know anything; but who, nevertheless, in her own day had a reputation as an exquisite performer on the harp. Furthermore, she possessed a cat who had also some claim to be called an authority in harpistry. Before a performance in public, Mlle. Dupuy would rehearse privately before him. He always listened with critical attention, and if any notes displeased, would growl. Such notes she always amended, trying them over until he ceased growling. The lady never married, and when in course of time she died, her will was found to provide, among other bequests, for the maintenance of this little friend and critic. Sad to relate, however, the will was set aside by grasping relatives, and Pussy's fate is unknown.

Fourier had a magnificent cat — a great pet — in his house at Lyons; and it is recorded of this rather grim philosopher, that he could never see a pretty cat or kitten on the street without stopping to caress it.

Lord Eldon, the jurist, had a room full of cats, and once when, owing to some bone of contention, they grew extremely noisy, went into the room and solemnly read the Riot Act — with what effect we are not told.

Lord Chesterfield gave all his cats — and they were many — a life pension, that they might not suffer, after his death, from some other master's indifference. More fortunate than Mlle. Dupuy, his will was carried out.

A very famous cat, indeed, is the one that befriended Sir

Henry Wyatt in his hour of need. According to the epitaph on his monument, this gentleman "was imprisoned and tortured in the Tower, in the reign of Richard III.," where he "was fed and preserved by a cat." In manuscript family papers the story is more fully told, as follows:

"He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there, had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this his and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and, as it were, offered herself to him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, would bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was 'he durst not do it better.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter'; and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressed for him from time to time such pigeons as his caterer, the cat, provided for him. Sir Henry, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but — like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog — with a cat beside him."

It is a charming, bright little story for those dark days.

A reverse story to that of Sir Henry Wyatt belongs to our own days; the story of a nameless cat saved from starvation by Henry Bergh. Many have been the deeds of heroism in the world, many

have been the medals awarded for such deeds; but when all are duly weighed in the balance this deed too shall have its reward of fame.

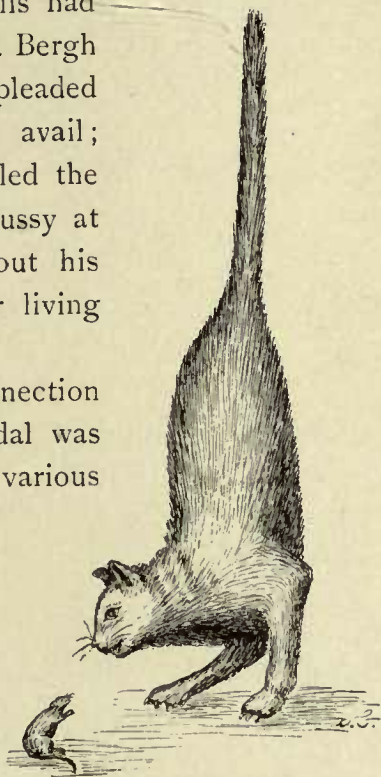
A kitten had been walled up by the workmen, in an iron girder at the base of a building, and the walls had been laid to the second story, when Mr. Bergh heard what had happened. First, he pleaded for the innocent victim, but without avail; then, appealing to the law, he compelled the walls to be taken down, and thus Pussy at last was removed from what — without his interference — would have proved her living grave.

It is worth recording in this connection that a few years ago the Albert Medal was presented to a seaman who rescued various lives from a sinking ship. The last one saved was the ship's cat — the brave sailor crying as he swung her into the boat:

“Life before property!”

Animals have had their full share indeed, of human misadventure at sea, and have added many a tragic element to the always tragic tale

of wreck. A few years ago, for instance, the Black-eyed Susan was lost at Scarborough. The wreck was several hours in going to pieces, during which time they rescued the crew in the life cradle. One man was six hours in the rigging before he could be got off. And (a friend tells me this, who heard it from an eye-



THE TWO-LEGGED CAT THAT BELONGED TO DR. HILL OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

witness of the scene) the first thing he did upon reaching the shore was to draw from his bosom a little kitten which had been his especial pet. The man wept like a child when he found that his little friend had perished in spite of all his care. A woman from the same ship brought off a dog successfully.

Turning to "scientific" patrons of cats, we find that Sir Isaac Newton — if history tells no fibs — not only had Diamond, the little dog who upset a lighted candle among his manuscripts, but also a cat, and at least one kitten. So much is certain, for to give them means of exit and ingress, he cut two holes in his barn door — a big hole for the cat, a little hole for the kitten! One really hopes this story may be true — it is so delightfully unsophisticated for a philosopher.

Another man of science, Sir David Brewster, began life with a great dislike of cats. In later years there were so many mice in his house, that after her promise never to let Pussy appear in the study, he permitted his daughter to give the trap a feline assistant. Pussy, however, was no party to this contract, and, knowing what utter nonsense it was, took matters into her own claws.

Writes this daughter, Mrs. Gordon :

"I was sitting with my father one day and the study door was ajar. To my dismay, Pussy pushed it open, walked in, and with a most assured air put a paw on one shoulder, and a paw on the other, and then composedly kissed him. Utterly thunderstruck at the creature's audacity, my father ended by being so delighted that he quite forgot to have an electric shock. He took Pussy into his closest affections, feeding and tending her as if she were a child."

When after some years she died, both master and mistress grieved sincerely, and never had another pet.

And finally, grave Princeton College has had a pet, which was also a phenomenon, in the shape of a two-legged cat — biped from birth — but a most cheerful, healthy, engaging little creature, dark



maltese in color, with a white star on her breast. Her fashion of walking was queer, but lively, as the sketch by Dr. F. C. Hill of Princeton will show.

Brought from a New York village to this college town, she adapted herself to her new home with the ready pliability of youth, became everybody's pet in general, her master's in particular, and was in all ways a thoroughly charming, though whimsical baby-cat. Her virtues were all her own, while her faults, like those of other kittens, were doubtless due to there being no kitty-chism. Such is the reason a modern writer assigns for feline errors, and it carries with it conviction. As the kitten is bent, the cat will certainly be inclined.

Pussy's course in life was destined to be brief as brilliant. In the spring of '77, Dr. Hill was absent a fortnight. He came back to find his small friend dead. He had left her vivacious and merry — now she was only "a body." "Poor Kitty," he wrote, "was well and happy while I was with her. I really think she pined and died as much from loneliness as anything else."

To say that she was missed, is idle; it could not be otherwise with so bright and loving a creature. Love wins love, the world over, and where love comes, love follows. Our poor little Pussy's heart was all her master's; it resulted that in his heart was a corner all her own.

Her body was sent, in the interests of science, to Prof. Ward of Rochester, N. Y., and by him the skeleton was prepared and mounted. It is now in the museum at Princeton College; so that Pussy remains as serviceable after death as it was her warm will to be in life.



*VIII.*

*AN ODD SET.*



## VIII.

### AN ODD SET.

OUR exclusive world is apt to choose its pets like its garments — in accordance with the fashion of the day. Still, there are always a few people who prefer choosing for themselves; and from this independence queer intimacies often result. Accident, too, not infrequently cuts the knot of custom; while, furthermore, it is true of all that propinquity works wonders. We come by degrees to like what we live with; and discover merits on long acquaintance that a shorter one would not reveal.

White rats and mice, for instance; they make delightful pets. Thomas Bailey Aldrich says that he — no — that little Tom Bailey had white mice, and that Miss Abigail couldn't bear them. It was lucky the thought never occurred to him of taming the common brown rats, or Miss Abigail would have had convulsions. Anything more uncanny, more utterly at variance with civilization, it would be hard to imagine. To see them, reconnoitering in cellar or back yard, so homely, fierce and shrewd, so seemingly untamable, full of device as the Old Serpent, and, like him, inspired with a wicked intelligence, is to feel half doubtful of their right to

exist. And yet they can be tamed, and often have shown genuine affection for their tamers. They are fond of music, too — a trait of which the Pied Piper took advantage, to coax them out of Hamelin Town. In quite another way they were persuaded to leave Stilf — an exodus quite as strange as that from Hamelin, although less widely known, through lack of a Browning to put it in rhyme. The story is this :

In 1519, in Tyrol (a time and place very credulous towards magic), lived a well-to-do peasant called Simon Fluss — that is, he formerly was well-to-do. Now, his prosperity had received a check — his crops were destroyed by field-rats. They ate the seeds, the young stems, the developed grain, until the farmer found himself face to face with ruin, and was fairly badgered into self-defense. Not, however, by traps or terriers did he uphold his rights; no, he brought the matter into a court of law. Notice was served duly, and a time appointed for hearing the case. Advocates were chosen for each side, witnesses were examined, and finally — all legal forms having been observed — judgment was passed to this effect :

“ Those noxious animals called field-rats, must, within two weeks, depart, and forever remain far aloof from the fields and meadows of Stilf.”

Those who, from extreme youth or illness, were unable to travel so soon, had other two weeks allowed them. Where the rats went to, no one knows.

The most remarkable friend of rats on record, is Susanna, Countess of Eglintoune, who died more than a hundred years ago, at the great age of ninety-one. She had a brilliant youth; natural distinction, beauty and wit combined to make her the brightest star in the society where she moved. In old age, still beautiful

and witty, she tried the effect of her charms on rats, as before on human beings, and with equal success. A sliding panel was constructed in the oak wainscot of her dining-room; and the great feature of the day was when, at a certain stage of the dinner, she would first tap loudly on the panel, then open it. Obedient to the signal, a dozen fat, comfortable rats would emerge, and join her at table. After a bountiful meal of such things as are dear to rats, the tap would be repeated, the panel opened, and back would go her long-tailed guests, even as they had come, with perfect decorum.

One rat lived a long time with the naturalist Buckland, and became quite domesticated, wandering at will around the study, examining books and papers, and helping himself from the sugar-bowl. As he was too modest, or too shy to eat before folks, and as a space of nearly two feet separated the table with the sugar from the mantel where stood his cage, Mr. Buckland put up a little ladder. The rat easily learned to climb it, even when loaded with plunder. Judy, a small marmoset, inhabited the same mantel, and the pair had a reprehensible fashion of stealing each other's food.

Buckland's pets being as various as his interests, the house was full of them, and a queer lot they were! Joe, a pet hare, also occupied the study, but being averse to civilization, he would hide by day, and only come out at night, hopping across the room — if he thought himself unobserved — to the fire-place, where he would sit up on his legs, so as “to warm his white waistcoat.”

Tiglath-Pileser was a bear, who for a short period attended college with his master, went boating with him, and to parties, and like him wore cap and gown. He once was present at a meeting of the British association in Oxford, and had the honor of being

introduced to Sir Charles Lyell, and the Prince of Canino. After so brilliant a career, it is doubly sad to relate that Tiglath-Pileser fell under the ban of the college authorities, and was rusticated for an indefinite period. He died some years ago at the Zoölogical Garden in London.

Jenny (from Gibraltar) and Jacko the Capuchin (from South America) were monkeys, and an unfailing source of diversion to Buckland and his friends. Jacko was very delicate, and each year, as winter approached, was provided by his master with a warm close-fitting dress. In spite of this care, he one year grew sickly and thin. Oil was prescribed for him, but refused, until by a happy thought he was allowed to steal it. Even theft, from a commonplace, safe saucer, grew monotonous; and ere long he was detected thieving his medicine at the risk of his life from a lighted lamp.

Other interesting, if less amusing pets — an eagle, a jackal, countless marmots, dormice, squirrels, etc. — evince the interest felt by this lovable scientist in the objects of his study — an interest as affectionate as scientific. Indeed, it is very reassuring to find scientific people more often than otherwise the possessors of hearts as well as brains. Occasionally something happens to make us doubt their humanity, like the experiment of a modern physiologist, who, after teaching a dog to regard him as its friend, had it killed, and the blood of another dog transfused into its arteries. "No sooner was it injected," we are told, "than the inert head became animated, the eyes opened, and on the Professor calling the dog by its name, it attempted to answer with a caressing look." Surely, as with Desdemona, that last look of ill-rewarded affection will rise in judgment against the experimenter!

A greater physiologist, Professor Agassiz, would not have pets.





SALLY.  
(Zoological Gardens, London.)



He must experiment, and he said that when he came to feel for an animal the affection of intimacy, experiment became impossible. And then, when it was a question of experiment, a good fortune, peculiar to himself, attended him — whatever he wanted was sure to turn up, whether a rare specimen or common one; whether bird or insect, fish or reptile. Birds, indeed, were his familiar friends, and he had a faculty of taming them not unlike that of Madame George Sand. Snakes, too, were friendly; and I have myself seen him put his hand in the water, and a little fish move tranquilly back and forth between his outspread fingers. If he had lived in the time of those great primeval creatures — mammoths, pterodactyls, and the like — he certainly would have been on friendly terms with them.

It may be said in passing that the first skeleton of a pterodactyl ever seen was discovered by an English woman — Mary Anning of Lyme-Regis. She became a capital geologist, and made many important “finds.” Her assistant, although devoted, and, to her, invaluable, is not so well known, being only — a little dog! He was, so long as he lived, the companion of her walks; and when she found a valuable specimen embedded in the rocks, would stand guard until she could get it removed, sharing faithfully in her toil, and grudging her none of the glory.

Very little appreciated in general are pigs! Pork is one thing, the pig another. The merits of pork are well understood; the merits of Piggy doubtful. Charles Lamb could sing with delicious enthusiasm the praises of roast pig — that “young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty”; but if he had been asked to take Piggy, unroasted, alive, into his good graces, he probably would have declined with a shrug.

But still, to a degree, the pig is appreciated. Jerrold’s sketch,

called "The Manager's Pig," had a foundation in fact. The manager of a London theater, anxious for novelty, had a play written expressly to bring a pig upon the stage. It was very successful, and after a run of forty nights, it was suggested that the principal actor should be prepared for the manager's table, and the other actors invited to partake. Whether this was done I cannot learn. A poor reward, indeed, for Piggy — the glory of being eaten!

The old poet, Robert Herrick, had a pet pig, and did not find his affection for it at all inconsistent with writing lovely verses to violets, daffodils, roses and fair maidens. Sir Walter Scott had a similar pet; so had Miss Martineau, and so had Lord Gardenstone, of legal fame, who cultivated his favorite's society to a degree quite unusual. In its pigdom it followed him everywhere, and even shared his bed. But, says Chambers, "when it attained the mature years and size of swinedom, this, of course, was inconvenient. However, his lordship, unwilling to part with his friend, continued to let it sleep in the same room, and, when he undressed, laid his clothes upon the floor as a bed for it. He said that he liked it, for it kept his clothes warm till the morning!"

This was even outdoing Mr. Hawker, the clergyman, whose eccentric ways have been so delightfully described by Baring-Gould. Gyp, a black Berkshire pig, was one of his eccentricities. Being daily washed and curried, it grew up cleanly and intelligent, and followed its master exactly like a dog. It even followed him into ladies' drawing-rooms — not always to the satisfaction of those present. In this case, he would order it to go home, and it would obey, slinking off with an air of conscious disgrace, and its tail hanging limply, out of curl.

Gyp was not the only pet at the vicarage; birds, horses, a pair of stags and a family party of nine cats added considerable variety

to the good clergyman's life. Especially the cats! They convoyed him, like a bodyguard, to and from church, and either frisked in the chancel during service, or, rubbing up against him, purred an accompaniment to his prayers. One black-letter Sunday the best-loved cat of all yielded to temptation — forgetful of the day, she caught a mouse! Never again was this sinner allowed to enter the church its conduct had disgraced; hereafter, eight cats only formed their master's escort — the ninth staid at home in solitary shame.

How delighted Mr. Hawker would have been with a squirrel which was once chronicled in the *New York Tribune*. Its owner is a member of the great family Anonymous, but, thanks to his humorous, sympathetic observation, the personality of his (?) pet is more distinct. "He began life," says the Unknown, "by tumbling out of the nest when an infant. He fell into the hands of my nephew, then at Harvard, and lived in his pockets. He could be put to sleep at any moment if made to stand on his head — which was odd but convenient. He always went to recitation, which must have been very gratifying to the professors."

The little fellow had a moral nature as well as keen wits, and knew perfectly well when he was doing wrong.

"His chief sin was tearing off slivers of wall-paper. I would then pick him up and say, 'Oh, you naughty squirrel! what have you been doing?' and carry him round the room. When I got near the place, his guilty conscience invariably compelled him to shriek. Then I would flick his nose, and say, 'Go away, naughty squirrel!' and he would fly to a corner of the room, and fling himself on his stomach, with his fore and hind legs stretched out to their extreme length, and his bushy tail curled over his back and down his nose, to conceal his shame."

Once he was ill for several weeks, and his teeth grew so long that in order to save his life it became necessary to take him to a dentist. He kicked furiously, but the operation was successful. "Although not much hurt, his rage and indignation at the whirligig thing dentists use were unbounded, and his shrieks brought people in from the streets to know what was happening."

The fate of this amusing patient we are not told.

From the squirrel to the despised skunk is no very long step, nor is it an unpleasant one — popular prejudice to the contrary. One gentleman, at least, has had the courage to study its habits, and to introduce a number of young skunks into his home. At different times he had ten. From some he removed the scent-bags, but the majority retained them, and behaved with the utmost propriety. They were coaxing, kittenish little creatures, and responded to his caresses with delightful readiness.

Crowley — late favorite in Central Park — was a chimpanzee of enlarged culture. He was often photographed, and once was painted by the artist J. H. Beard. He "took his reg'lar meals," used spoon and napkin with propriety, understood the meaning of plate and cup, drank from a glass, and when his meal was ended, would assist digestion by a series of gymnastics, before which the feats of Milo pale. Like royalty of old, he dined in public, and a crowd was always present to witness the ceremony.

Sally, who adorned the London "Zoo," had not been so well trained in table refinements; but in other respects was quite as remarkable as Crowley. She seemed to understand every look and tone of her keeper; she performed many knowing little tricks, had a keen sense of humor, and crowned her achievements one day by sitting for her photograph. I remember her in exactly this pose, mutely examining with great critical eyes the crowd of vis-

itors, and I could not help wishing I knew her thoughts. But she kept them to herself, and only by an occasional snicker did she betray the fact that we amused her.

Among the famous people who have interested themselves in hares may be mentioned the dashing Prince Rupert (Boy's master), and the shy, melancholy poet, Cowper. The association was doubtless accidental with the Prince; but with Cowper it was the result of strong natural sympathy between himself and these timid creatures of the woodland. He contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I believe, a delightful account of his pets; and was almost childishly pleased by the present of their picture, drawn for him by a friend.



"They look exactly like other hares," said an indiscriminating lady; but the poet did not agree with her; for him each had its differing ways and whims, its own individuality. Little Puss, for instance, grew quite tame, was affectionate, and grateful for kindness; while Tiney would not suffer the slightest caress — being gruff and surly, a little Diogenes in fur; and Bess never had to be tamed, but was docile from the first, and took a humorous delight in playing tricks on her companions. Bess died young, surly Tiney lived nine years; and Puss, the best beloved of all, died of a hare's old age when within a month of completing his

twelfth year. Deep was his master's grief; long and sincere his mourning.

The slow tortoise has had almost as many friends as the agile hare, but none more famous than Mr. Gilbert White of Selborne. In 1770, while visiting an old friend, he observed in her garden a land tortoise, which had been there, she told him, for the last thirty years. Timothy, the pet's name, spent nearly half of his life in retirement, but in the other half had learned to recognize his mistress and to come at her call. On her death, some ten years later, he passed into the possession of Mr. White; and in March was dug out of the ground to accompany his new master to Selborne. He took the transfer in high dudgeon; so much so that immediately on arriving he went into winter quarters again, and staid there until May. The fourteenth of this month he walked out in the garden, and found it more to his mind than he expected, with nice paths, soft, short grass, and plenty of succulent vegetables. He gained rapidly in health and spirits, and after a few months was able to dictate a letter for Miss Mulso, a letter almost as good as that of little Nero to Carlyle.

After telling her that by birth he was a Virginian, and that he had been kidnaped into England, he speaks of his happy life with the lady now deceased, as contrasted with the disquietude he suffers in having a naturalist for a master, and being all the time a subject for experiments. "Your sorrowful reptile, Timothy," he concludes. What became of him eventually, I cannot say. Turtles are proverbially long lived; but if Timothy is dead let us trust that he left a small reptilian ghost, still to wander through the garden of his fame.

Quite famous in their day were the chameleons of Mlle. de Saudéry, a seventeenth century novelist. One of the kindest-



hearted women in France, she was continually giving to the poor, or appealing for the distressed; so that her fame to-day rests rather upon her charities than her writings. Her chameleons excited much curiosity, and strangers went to see them, as one of the sights of the city. The last glimpse we get of them in history is a post-mortem one, in 1698, when Dr. Martin Lister visited Paris, and called upon the venerable novelist — then in her ninety-first year. She made herself very agreeable, and finally, he says, took him to her closet and showed him “the skeletons of two chameleons which she had kept near four years alive. In winter she lodged them in cotton, and in the fiercest weather kept them under a ball of copper filled with hot water.”

The good lady would have sympathized with Antonia, Mark Antony's beautiful daughter, who petted the murenæ in her fish-ponds, and of one in particular became so fond that she fastened gold ear-rings to its head — a favor the poor fish could well have spared.

Washington Irving upheld the right of harmless snakes to live in peace; and a pretty story is told of his preventing a guest from killing a little striped adder — pointing the lesson of tolerance by gently stroking his protégé.

The great Goethe was in full accord with this feeling. He kept a snake for some months, feeding it himself, and caring for it, until his interest, scientific at first, became personal and affectionate. The creature became quite friendly, and would uprear its head in recognition, whenever the master approached.

The poet's mother once alluded to his favorite — rather femininely — as “a nasty thing.” “Oh,” said her son, “if the snake would but spin himself a house, and turn into a butterfly to oblige her, we should hear no more about ‘nasty things.’ But we can't

all be butterflies. . . . Poor snake! they should treat you better. How he looks at me! how he rears his head! Is it not as if he knew that I was taking his part?"

Perhaps, however, even Irving and Goethe, despite their theories, would have shrunk from the extraordinary pet which Sir Joseph Banks kept in his library, much to the horror of unsuspecting guests. It was, in fact, a boa-constrictor!

People of contemplative habits, who enjoy a quiet life among their books, and hate mortally the intrusion of broom or duster, are very apt to be interested in spiders. These insects have the same meditative disposition, and an equal aversion to housemaids. The wise Spinoza spent his odd moments in training them to recognize signals, and to have little combats with each other. Magliabecchi, the old Florentine librarian, had a similar fancy. From morning till night, from night till morning, year in, year out, he might be found reclining in a sort of wooden cradle, immovably fixed among piles of books and manuscripts; and which, in course of time, was further anchored to the surrounding objects by strands of cobweb. Here he lived, reading volume after volume with insatiable zeal, eating quantities of hard-boiled eggs, and cautioning whoever called upon him not to trouble his dear spiders!

Such intimacy would never have suited Fourier, who was horribly frightened one morning as he lay in bed, by seeing a small spider on the ceiling above him. Up he sprang; but instead of dressing, or dislodging the intruder with a broom, he ran from room to room, screaming for help. "Quick! hurry!" cried the poor reformer; "do somebody take it away quick!"

The most famous, and undoubtedly the best-known patrons of spiders, are Mahomet and Robert Bruce. Of the former it is told that he once fled, hotly pursued by foes, and concealed himself in

a cave. Straightway, an obliging spider threw his web across the entrance; so that when the enemy came up, seeing it, they said, "No one has been here — for behold the unbroken web!" and carried the search elsewhere. Thus the Prophet escaped, and good Mahometans have honored the race of *Webspinner* since that day.

The story of Bruce is equally pleasant. The weary king was about to give up the struggle for his rights, when encouraged by the efforts of a patient little spider, to "try again," he did so — this time saving both life and kingdom.

In the *Cricket on the Hearth*, Charles Dickens spread the fame of that friendly little creature far and near. But long before his day, the eccentric Lord Byron (uncle to the poet) had diverted his bitter old age by the study of its ways. Human society, except that of a few servants, he would none of; but for hours together would lie upon the ground, playing with the crickets he had tamed, making them perform tricks, and — if they displeased him — whipping them with little wisps of hay.

From so moody and misanthropic an old gentleman, it is a pleasure to turn to a lady now living — an artist — who cultivates crickets on social principles, and reaps duly a large social reward.

The following account of her pets has been sent by a friend.

"The crickets of Miss C——'s studio days were considered such a curiosity that she had letters from California and all over the country, asking about them and the care of them. Her end and aim was to raise crickets from the eggs, laid in glass globes in the studio, that would sing in the winter, when all the summer crickets were frozen up in the fields, beneath the snow; crickets to sing to her all through the long winter nights, when the wind would be howling down the chimney, and the sleet beating against the windows.

"Years and years gave no success, beyond a few, that were sure

to die before the end of January; but at last, just the winter before she married, there was one sweet singer which made music for her all winter long, and which she trained to sing in the ruffle of her neck. Better yet, it liked to sit and sing in the ruffle at her left wrist, while the hand kept very quiet, holding the mahl-stick at the easel. Meanwhile, Toodles, the immense maltese trained cat, would sing an accompaniment from the rug before the open grate fire."

Now is not that a picture of cheery cosiness and comfort! I trust the lady will pardon her separation from other artists and their pets, in consideration of the pleasant glow her open studio door lets shine upon the Odd Set.

Who would ever think of a snail becoming famous? Such is the case, however; and in the Museum of Natural History, at South Kensington, the very hero may be seen of whom we write. Also his portrait, together with his story, enlivens the pages of Dr.

Woodward's Manual of the Mollusca, under the heading of *Helix Deser-torum*. He was brought with other specimens, in 1846, from Egypt; and having so withdrawn into his shelly house that it



seemed empty, was gummed to a piece of cardboard, numbered, named, and placed in the museum. Here he lay for four years, in a kind of Rip Van Winkle slumber, his very existence unknown, until in 1850 he woke, and tried to walk off from the card. But to do this, he must have abandoned his well-gummed house, and such a sacrifice was not to be thought of. So he snoozed again, until an inquisitive scientist noticed his footprints, immersed him in

warm water, and thus at length released him from "durance vile." His picture was drawn, his history noted, and then — no higher distinction being possible for a snail — he was disposed of, let us say. He ceased to be, and only his shell remains.

A yet more wonderful pet has lately died in Edinburgh at the age of certainly sixty years, and very possibly more. Its name was Granny, and it was a sea-anemone. Found on the wild Berwickshire coast, in Scotland, in 1828, it remained with its discoverer until 1854, and then passed into the care of Prof. Flemming. By him it was placed in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, and there lived a peaceful if monotonous life. Every two weeks it was given half a mussel, which was the only food it required. But lack of incident was no drawback to fame; and, like "*Helix desertorum*," Granny was sketched, described, and visited. More wonderful yet, it possessed an album, wherein famous visitors inscribed their names, and whose autographic treasures will long commemorate the tranquil fascinations of Granny!

With these odd characters may be counted Sir John Lubbock's wasp. We usually think of wasps, in the language of a modern humorist, as little creatures, very inflammable in their nature, and hasty in their conclusions, or end. The wasp in question seems to have been gentler-tempered or milder-mannered than the majority of her race; and came to be on sociable terms with her scientific friend. Like so many pets, she was short-lived. "In her last hours," says Sir John, "she would take no food, though she still moved her legs, wings and abdomen. The following day, I offered her food for the last time, but both head and thorax were dead or paralyzed; she could but wag her tail. So far as I could judge, her death was quite painless, and she now occupies a place in the British Museum."

The quaintest, most pathetic pet in history, I take it, was the fly, which set out — very gaily, no doubt — with other flies, in a ship bound to Spitzbergen. One by one, with the increasing cold, his companions perished, until at last he was left alone. It was no great comfort that the sailors cherished him as never fly was cherished before; and ere long, despite the tenderest care, he turned over on his back and died. He was honored with burial, and even with tears, as the last frail link, at home's antipodes, with home.

To conclude this Odd Set, there can hardly be anything odder than the story of a toad with which formerly I was well acquainted. His summer residence was the shady, cool brick floor of a kitchen porch, with a cistern conveniently set in one corner. He was a portly, contemplative fellow, and had no objection to receiving flies from the human race. It was his habit to come out from retirement towards evening, and sitting on the well-curb, imbibe the evening air and insects. On one of these occasions he was seen by a grave college professor and a student of strong experimental bias who — noticing the June fireflies sparkling all around — were seized with the desire to give him a light meal.

It was quite to his taste, and he swallowed a number of flies. But even his capacious stomach had a limit, and when it could accommodate no more, he sat motionless and pensive on the curb. And then there was a curious sight. He had absorbed the fireflies so rapidly, that though imprisoned, they were still alive; and, beginning to glow, they turned their captor into a kind of Chinese lantern. Actually, he was lit up from within, and a soft luminousness shone through his thin membranous throat. Erelong the glow ceased — the "slaves of the lamp" were dead. It was an uncanny, goblin-like sight; but my own sympathies, I confess, were rather with the lights than the lantern.

*IX.*

*MILITARY PETS.*





## IX.

### MILITARY PETS.

**ÆLIAN** tells us that among the Greeks at Marathon fought one soldier who had a favorite hound. As the two were friends and fellow-soldiers in life, so in death they still lay side by side upon that immortal battle field. And, says Ælian, their effigies were placed together on the memorial tablet, to the end that their fame might live long after their bodies were dust.

Was it not finely done — to commemorate with the man that died for his country the animal that died for his master?

There have been many similar instances of canine devotion; yet it must be confessed that with dogs as with men, less lofty motives occasionally lead them into war. A restless, happy-go-lucky turn of mind has inspired many a four-footed one with the wish to be a soldier, and carried him with credit through the campaigns.

Pure adventurousness animated Bobby, a pet of the Scotch Fusileers, and gave him a fame out of all proportion to the small body now preserved in the United Service Museum in London.

In this curious and little known collection there are many

interesting objects — from the sword which Cromwell used with such fatal energy at Drogheda, to a petticoat once worn by Queen Elizabeth. Why the latter should be in a military museum it is hard to say, unless, indeed, it is regarded in the light of feminine armor. But Bobby's right to be there is indefeasible. A dog of war, he can rest better nowhere than amidst the military surroundings so dear to him in life. Very sagacious he looks, seated dog-fashion on his haunches, and gazing alertly forward with a knowing cock of the head.

Of low degree — a mere butcher's dog — he nevertheless, like Napoleon, possessed a great soul in a little body. All he needed to rise from the ranks was an opportunity, and ere long it came. When, in the spring of 1853, a battalion of the Scots Fusileer Guards was stationed at Windsor, Bobby began to haunt the barracks. The butcher, his master, came for him several times and took him home, only to find his place vacant again the next day. He yielded at last to the inevitable, and Bobby went his way without hindrance. A soldier he would be; a soldier he was; and, as his True History relates, never failed to be first on parade, and was always ready to forage. In 1854 he embarked on the Simoon with his friends for the Crimea. The first day out, he came near being thrown overboard as a vagrant, but being claimed by the entire battalion, was allowed to stay.

He served at Malta, Scutari and Varna; was returned as missing from the Alma, but reappeared in time for the wild battle storm of Balaklava. Surviving this, he was heard of next at Inkermann, where he proved his courage by chasing spent cannon balls over the bloody field. A medal rewarded this feat, and was worn by him suspended from a collar of Fusileer buttons linked together in a chain. He was present at several other battles; and when,



BOBBY, THE DOG WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER.



after the fall of Sebastopol, the battalion returned to England, Bobby marched into London at its head—the observed of all observers.

And now it might be supposed that he would rest on his laurels and grow old in peace. Alas! he had escaped from Bala-klava only to meet destiny in London. In 1860 he was run over by a cart, and instantly killed. Some say it was a butcher's cart—which would imply a certain prosaic justice in his fate—the profession he had scorned thus avenging itself.

The poodle Moustache enhanced the glories of the Consulate and Empire. He was present at Marengo and at Jena; he once detected a spy; he saved several lives; and finally, at Austerlitz, when the standard-bearer of his regiment fell mortally wounded, he sprang forward, seized the colors from the very grasp of the enemy, and bore them in triumph to his fellow-soldiers. It was the deed of a hero, and its recompense was such as heroes love. *Maréchal* Lannes received Moustache upon the field of battle, praised him, thanked him in the name of all, and then, bending down, fastened to his neck—the cross of the Legion of Honor!

Another dog of war was Pincher, who accompanied the Forty-second Highlanders. In the days when Napoleon's empire hung trembling in the balance, this valiant terrier threw his own small influence into the scale against him, and gallantly barked and capered at *Quatre Bras* until wounded by a ball. Even then he refused to leave, and waited on the field for his friends. Somewhat later he charged with the Forty-second at *Waterloo*, came off unhurt from that tremendous field, entered Paris with the allies, and in 1818 brought his laurels home to Scotland. As in Bobby's case, accident closed the life which the chances of war had spared: while out rabbit-hunting, poor Pincher by mistake was shot.

Then there was Dash, who served in the Royal African Corps, and made it his special mission to examine the sentry rounds, and wake up any sentinel who might be napping at his post. Many a drowsy soldier had occasion to thank him, and he remained chief favorite with the corps until his death.

Dogs have distinguished themselves in the navy as well as on land. Sir John Carr tells the story of a Newfoundland on the English ship *Nymph*. During an engagement with the French ship *Cleopatra*, the men at first tried to keep their pet below. In vain; he escaped them, and ran up on deck, barking furiously, with every sign of warlike rage. When the *Cleopatra* struck her colors, he was among the foremost to board her, and promenaded her deck with a proud and lofty air, as one who felt that his share in the victory was not small.

Another Newfoundland, well named *Victor*, served on the *Bellona*, in the battle of Copenhagen. So courageous and cheerful was his mien amidst flying balls and smoke and roar of cannon, that the men could not refrain from cheering him, even in the hottest of the action. After peace was signed at Amiens and the troops were paid off, the men of the *Bellona* had a farewell dinner on shore.

Honorably mindful of their four-footed comrade, seat and plate were kept for *Victor* at the table. And there he sat, dignified and sedate, among the veterans, sharing their roast beef and plum-pudding. They drank his health, too, and doubtless he responded in his own fashion to the toast. Finally, the bill was made out in his proper name, and — but here the parallel with human “diners out” ceases. It was settled by an adoring crowd of friends.

Another naval hero was Admiral Collingwood’s *Bounce*, who barked stoutly through various battles, and who to undoubted

courage joined no inconsiderable amount of vanity. After his master was raised to the peerage, Bounce put on all the airs which the sensible admiral had dispensed with — behaving, said the latter, as though he, too, had become a “right honorable.”

But the most delightful dog of war within my knowledge is little Toutou of the French Zouaves. Once upon a time, when they were to leave France for Genoa, an order was passed, forbidding dogs on shipboard. Fancy the dismay of these pet-loving soldiers! What could be done? Each man, as his name was called, had to pass into the ship by a narrow gangway, with officers stationed at each end; and to conceal a dog under such circumstances was clearly impossible. At this crisis some inventive genius suggested unscrewing the drums, and concealing within them as many as possible of their pets. No sooner thought of than done; and so far, well. But now, like a thunderbolt out of a serene sky, came the horrid order: “Let the regiment embark to the sound of fife and drum!”

There was no escape; the drums must be beat, and they were. Simultaneously with the sound, and smothering it, arose a lengthened, ear-piercing howl.

“What! Where!” cried the officers in consternation.

No sign of a dog anywhere, yet the louder the drums resounded the louder swelled the canine chorus. At last a spaniel fell out of an imperfectly screwed drum, and the stratagem was revealed. Then, amidst roars of laughter, each drummer was obliged to advance alone, and beat his instrument. If there was an answering howl, the drum was at once unscrewed and its occupant ejected.

Only one dog ran the gauntlet successfully, and this was Toutou. Again and again the drum was struck in which he lay concealed, but only its own reverberations answered, and the

drummer passed unsuspected. Once fairly out at sea, his pet was released. He remained with the Third Zouaves throughout the war; and when at its close they entered Paris, who should be seen proudly marching at their head but Toutou, the dog whom the drum-taps could not scare!

A dog-loving soldier in our own army was the Hungarian General Asboth, a man of indomitable fire and courage. "Stilled, saddened, but not bitter," says Mrs. Frémont, "he held fast to his faith in the progress of liberty. It was only natural that stray dogs should meet with kindness from him." Two special favorites, York and Cream, were afterwards left by him to this lady's care. Anything canine was dear to his heart:

"Mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,  
And cur of low degree,"

and it came to be well understood in camp that all stray dogs were to be brought to the general. He was a noticeable figure, riding the rounds in a suit of white linen and great cavalry boots, with a noisy four-footed retinue at his heels.

From an eye-witness comes the following story. General Asboth returned one day from a scouting expedition with a bullet through his shoulder; and as there had been little fighting up to this time, the accident was a great event. There happened to be in camp a young volunteer captain of engineers on "detached duty." Swelling with a pleasant sense of his own importance, he thought proper at this crisis to call and offer his services. The old general thanked him: "Mine own officers are very good," said he; "they do everythings for me. But, Captain, there is a thing; if you would go through the camp and find my little dog-pup which was stole, I would be so much obliged."



This chance of distinction was not appreciated. "At last accounts," said my informant, "he had not yet begun to search for the 'little dog-pup,' and the remarks he made in private were quite frightful to hear."

From Asboth to Frémont is a natural transition. They were friends and comrades; they had in common the traits of courage and enthusiasm; they had a like disdain of pettiness, and capacity for silent endurance; and they had also, as you might expect in natures so sound at core, a great affection for animals.

"For ourselves," writes Mrs. Frémont, "dogs have always been part of the family. I do not know, indeed, how boys can be happy without them. . . . To the General some of ours were friends and companions, especially a noble staghound, Thor. They walked together, they could talk together; a sort of Indian sign-language belonging with old experiences made Mr. Frémont proficient in sign and eye language, and Thor knew that.

"Thor's father, Thor the First, belonged to Charlotte Cushman, and for years was part of the hunt in the Campagna around Rome. She brought her dog home, and thinking death near her, gave it to a friend of mine who had a beautiful Scotch deer-hound of pure breed, Sheila by name. Sheila had been given to my friend's brother-in-law, an officer on duty in Arizona, at Yuma, by an Englishman who came there intending to hunt. Fancy hounds coursing over that cactus!

"Our Thor was son to the traveled Sheila and Miss Cushman's dog, who had traveled also, but in civilized places. We took him with us to Arizona, and there he died, of fever partly, partly of old age, for he was eleven, and hounds give out young. He was nearly human in intelligence—more than human in loyal attachment and undeviating memory. He and Pluto, a thorough-

bred coursing hound, were the two who were longest with and closest to the whole family.

“Pluto was own cousin to Master Magrath, the famous hound. He was a gentler nature every way than Thor, who was grand, dignified, without attachments or associates except in his (our) own family; reserved, and withdrawing himself from all attentions—even those of our friends. Yet he had intense devotion to the General, to both my sons, and to my daughter, and was very fond of me too, but in an indulgent sort of way, because I belonged with the rest. He had sense and a faithful heart. The latter gave him great pain; for to a dog you cannot explain that a parting is not necessarily final; and it was saddening to see his distress when the General would go away in Arizona. And when after weeks or months he returned, there was always a general rush to move small tables, etc., out of range, for Thor would go wild over him, leaping up to lick his face, jumping wildly about him, putting his great paws on the General’s shoulders, and rubbing his grizzled muzzle against the General’s face, with cries almost human, and painful, hysterical joy. Everything had to give way to him. He had to be petted and quieted down like an excited baby; but even in his sleep, afterwards, he would cry out and quiver all over, and the waking would be a subdued repetition of the first joy. Thor’s name is never carelessly mentioned even now, six years after his death.”

Mrs. Frémont has also commemorated, in her “Story of the Guard,” a little terrier named Corporal, which belonged to the band of gallant young men known as General Frémont’s Body-Guard. He was not pure-bred, but that did not matter—sense and fidelity being happily independent of birth. He had joined the Guards while they were in camp at St. Louis, became a gen-

eral favorite, and when they made their splendid charge at Springfield, Mo., charged with them. The wild dash over, he remained on the field all night with a wounded soldier, sped away for help when morning dawned, coaxed and pulled until he persuaded a man to follow, and thus succeeded in saving his friend's life. In memory of this brave deed the men bought him a collar, bright as red leather and silver could make it, with the inscription:

CORPORAL,  
THE BODY-GUARD'S DOG.  
Springfield, Oct., 1861.

But although dogs are such good soldiers, they are no braver than horses; while Pussy, their hereditary rival, keeps fairly abreast with them in war as in peace. The Grenadiers' Cat was contemporary with Bobby, a courageous sharer in several hard-fought battles, and one of the lamented slain at Balaklava. Another regimental cat was found by Colonel Stuart Wortley, after the storming of the Malakoff, with one foot pinned to the earth by a bayonet. He took her to a surgeon, who dressed the wounded paw; and after her recovery, adopting her preserver, she used to follow the colonel "all over the camp, with her tail carried stiff in the air."

Deer, and even lambs, have served in the army with credit, we are told. One military deer "liked biscuit. But he always knew if a biscuit had been breathed on, and if it had he would not touch it. He was very fond of music, and used to march in front of the band. Sometimes a person would come in between him and the band, and he would seem to be quite cross about it."

An unusual pet, which like the king never dies, is the goat of the Royal Welsh Fusileers. When one goat ceases to be, another

immediately succeeds him. The incumbent now, alas! deceased, and whose portrait is given here, was a fine white Billy from the royal herd at Windsor, presented to the regiment by the queen. Apropos of his decease, an officer wrote at some length in the



THE DEER THAT MARCHED AHEAD.

London Graphic concerning these famous goats. He quoted from the *Military Antiquities of Grose*, showing them to be an ancient institution.

“The Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusileers has the privileged honor of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns and adorned with ringlets of flowers; and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward of merit, yet the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom.

“Every first of March, being the anniversary of their tutular saint, David, the officers give a splendid entertainment to their Welsh brethren; and after the cloth is taken away a bumper is filled round to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, whose health is always drunk the first on that day; the band playing the old tune of ‘The Noble Race of Shenkin,’ when a handsome drummer-boy, elegantly dressed, mounted on the goat, richly caparisoned for the occasion, is led thrice round the table in procession by the drum-major.

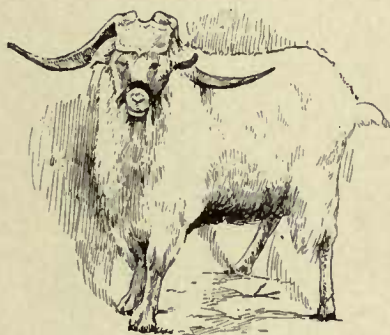
“It happened in 1775, in Boston, that the animal gave such a spring from the floor that he dropped his rider upon the table, and then bounding over the heads of some officers, he ran to the barracks with all his trappings, to the no small joy of the garrison.”

The officer goes on to say that "the same goat which threw the drummer accompanied the regiment into action at Bunker's Hill, when the Welsh Fusileers had all their officers except one placed *hors de combat*. What became of the Bunker's Hill goat, we do not know; nor can we say how many successors he had between the years 1775 and 1844. In the latter year the regimental goat died, and to compensate the Twenty-third for its loss, Her Majesty presented the regiment with two of the finest goats belonging to a flock — the gift of the Shah of Persia — in Windsor Park. Since that date the queen has continued to supply the Royal Welsh Fusileers with goats as occasion has required. Billy — 'Her Majesty's Goat,' as he is styled — bears between his horns a handsome silver shield or frontlet, surrounded by the Prince of Wales' plumes and motto, with the inscription: 'The gift of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to the Royal Welsh Fusileers. A. D., MDCCCXLVI. *Duw a Cadwo y Frenhines.*'

"Billy always marches at the head of his battalion, alongside of the drum-major."

From this account, it would almost seem as though Billy had a share in placing all his officers but one *hors de combat* at Bunker's Hill. If such was the case, then he undoubtedly contributed to the American victory on that occasion, and I do not see why a grateful nation should not place his portrait in the Old South. Billy as a corner-stone of American Independence — that is certainly a new side-light upon history!

Of all creatures, the most unfit for war appear to be birds; yet



THE WELSH FUSILEERS' GOAT.

they, too, have had their share of military vicissitudes and military fame. Geese have shown a genuine vocation for soldiering, and often have been seen waddling over a battle field with derisive composure, as though it were no more than a quarrelsome barnyard. The Romans honored them hardly less than their national eagle, ever after the geese of the Capitol gave the alarm, and enabled them to drive back the Gauls. If Rome was saved, to the geese was the glory!

A modern goose for twenty-three years accompanied an Uhlan regiment, and yet another, Jacob by name, joined the Coldstream Guards in Canada. He had been living in the usual barnyard retirement of fowls when one evening, as he was returning home from a little trip outside, a fox gave chase. All would soon have been over with Jacob had he not spied a sentry near by and taken refuge between his feet. The fox was shot, and henceforth, so long as a sentry was stationed at this place, the grateful bird would join him on his beat.

Some two months later he repaid his preserver by saving the latter's life, when he in turn was attacked. Flying at the enemy, and beating his wings in their faces, he so disconcerted them that his friend was enabled to kill part and beat off the rest.

A gold collar, with suitable inscription, was his reward; and Jacob, in high favor with all, accompanied the battalion to England. In London he shared its barracks and had a sentry-go of his own, until one luckless day he was run over by a cart and killed.

A great contrast to Jacob, morally, was the raven Ralph, which Thomas Campbell saw in garrison at Chatham. He was one of those clever, swaggering, disreputable, yet kind-hearted rascals who so often enlist; who are always in hot water, and who, nevertheless,

make many friends. Ralph had a fluent tongue, and his "Attention, Corporal!" "Turn out, Guard!" and "Sentry go!" often cheated the listeners. His wings had been clipped, but in other respects he enjoyed all the freedom his own reckless habits permitted; and when in an excess of curiosity he fell over into a water-butt and was drowned, there was general lamentation, as though he had been a very upright bird instead of an extremely depraved one.

A pleasanter story is that of the little bantam cock which perched on the poop of Lord Rodney's ship during a great battle with the French, flapping his wings and crowing shrill defiance. It is a pleasure to know that this tiny hero never figured on the dinner-table, but was carefully provided for so long as he lived, by the admiral's special orders.



OLD ABE.

There has been no more famous pet in our own military history than Old Abe, the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. From being at first the pet of a company, he rose to be the pet of a regiment, and finally of the nation, being supported at the public expense from the close of the war until his death. He has been photographed and painted; he has had his biography written; has been exhibited for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and was an honored guest in Philadelphia at the Centennial. More

lucky in one respect than human celebrities — he was never annoyed by requests for his autograph!

It is tame to say that in war he stood fire like a veteran; in truth, he thrilled with a wild excitement in battle. Its smoke and roar and carnage were his proper element. Borne always next to the regimental colors, his perch was seamed with bullets; and why he was not, the enemy's sharpshooters could never tell. Sometimes he would soar high above the fighting, and, poised in mid-air like one of Homer's deities, survey the fearful scene. He shared all the battles of the regiment, and died full of years and honors.

Always beautiful and picturesque in his best estate, the horse is never more so than in connection with war. Here, more than elsewhere, except on the race-course, he has fame and a career. His interests no longer conflict with those of his master; the honor of each reflects credit on the other. As under different circumstances he might be an excellent carriage-horse, so now he is an excellent soldier, and knows "the keen delight of battle with his peers."

Achilles had his Chestnut, his Dapple, and his Spry; Hector, too, had his favorites — Whitefoot and Firefly; but far more famous and certainly more authentic, is Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander. Plutarch relates the whole beautiful story: how Philip of Macedon paid a great sum for the horse, only to find it quite unmanageable. Just as he was ordering its removal, the young Alexander, who had been watching the futile efforts of the grooms, begged leave to try his hand. By a method similar to Rarey's — by gentleness, confidence and a firm hand — he won Bucephalus. Henceforth, the two were fast friends and fellow-soldiers. They fought together in Asia, accompanied part of the time at least by



Peritas, a great Molossian hound. Once Bucephalus was captured by a party of barbarians, but they wisely surrendered him in time to avert the king's vengeance.

Wounded in the great battle with Porus, and worn out by age, this noble horse died in India on the banks of the Hydaspes. His monument was a city, built on the spot where he died, and named after him by his master. The pair are commemorated in various ancient works of art, of which the most notable is a great mosaic, now in Naples, representing the battle of Issus.

Next to Bucephalus might be placed the black horse which Cæsar rode during his campaigns in Gaul. It had curiously divided hoofs, whence the augurs predicted good fortune to its rider; and, as though to preserve that fortune for one alone, it would let no one mount but Cæsar. Its after-fate is uncertain — except that the master of the world was not ungrateful, and placed the statue of his good servant before the temple of Venus in Rome. Possibly its history is summed up in the story Suetonius tells — that Cæsar ordered the horses which had served him in Gaul to be consecrated and maintained without labor the rest of their lives. Among them, it is more than likely, was the nameless steed of good augury.

A thousand years later we find the famous Cid in Spain riding Bavioca to victory, and mindful of his horse's welfare even in the hour of his own death. "When ye bury Bavioca, dig deep!" says Ruy Diaz, "for shameful thing were it that he should be eat by curs." — "And this good horse lived two years and a half after the death of his master, and then he died also, having lived, according to the history, full forty years."

Yet another group of centuries, and what equine hero is this, standing firm as a rock, small, but deep-chested, in color a rich

chestnut, and gazing at us with large velvety eyes?—who but Copenhagen, the war-horse of Wellington!

A grandson of the great racer, Eclipse, he had wonderful powers of endurance, and combined good temper with sagacity. The Duke rode him for eighteen consecutive hours at Waterloo; and then, says he, "thinking how bravely my old horse had carried me all day, I could not help going up to his head, to tell him so by a few caresses. But, hang me, if when I was giving him a slap of approbation on the hind quarters, he did not fling out one of his hind legs with as much vigor as if he had been in stable for a couple of days!"

After the war was over he was taken to Strathfieldsaye, the Duke's country-seat; and there, an object of general interest, spent the rest of his days in honorable leisure. It is true that this distinction had its drawbacks. Young ladies would entreat the "kind duke" or the "dear duchess" for a little of Copenhagen's hair to set in a ring; until finally, his neck growing bare of mane, and his tail threatening to become a mere stump, his admirers were forced to content themselves with such stray hairs as might fall. A fine paddock was assigned him, with a summer house at one corner, opening into it by means of a wicket. Here he would come daily to receive bread and gentle petting from the duchess.

With age his eyesight partially failed, and his teeth grew so poor that he could not eat oats unless they were broken up beforehand. He was twenty-seven years old when he died, in 1835. He was buried in his paddock, with military honors, and a small circular railing still marks the spot. Some person—unknown—stole one of his hoofs, which poor memorial is now preserved in the same museum as Bobby, together with the skeleton of Marengo, the horse of Wellington's great rival, Napoleon.

Various horses have served with credit in America; but more renowned than any — glorious as Roland “who brought good news from Ghent” — is the one that bore Sheridan to Winchester, and enabled him to turn defeat into victory. He was coal-black save for a small white star in the forehead, beautifully formed, and full of fire. From 1862 until the end of the war, he was present in ninety battles, and several times, but not seriously wounded. The climax of his fame was that wild ride when —

“With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.”

It roused a storm of enthusiasm at the time; nor will a memory soon die which like this has received such splendid praise in art and song. So —

“Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky —  
The American soldiers' temple of fame —  
There, with the glorious general's name,  
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:  
‘Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight  
From Winchester — twenty miles away!’”



X.

*ANIMALS AT SCHOOL.*



## X.

### ANIMALS AT SCHOOL.

A GOOD deal of time is devoted, especially of late years, to the education of animals and birds. The simplest form of training is that which adapts them to our service, and teaches them to recognize and obey the different words of command.

Sir Miles Fleetwood would have been poorly off indeed if his horse had not understood the meaning of whoa! and had the discretion to obey it. A London magistrate under James I., he was, according to Aubrey, "a severe hanger of highwaymen, and the fraternity were for revenge." They caught him riding alone one night, set him on horseback beneath the gallows, with his hands tied behind him, fastened one end of a rope to the gallows' arm, the other being noosed around his neck, then left him to his fate.

"So he cried 'Ho, Ball! Ho, Ball!' and it pleased God that his horse stood still until somebody came along, which was a quarter of an hour or more. He ordered that this horse should be kept as long as he should live, which was so; he lived till 1646."

The history of animals abounds in examples of their intelligence and docility; and probably no one who has a favorite animal has failed to notice some such instance for himself.

The idea of teaching animals to perform tricks is certainly a very old one. The trained horses, dogs and elephants of our modern circus had their predecessors more than two thousand years ago, in Roman amphitheaters.

We learn from historians that, when Tiberius was emperor, his kinsman Germanicus exhibited a play in which the actors were elephants. They were dressed in regular garments, danced, performed various tricks, and finally, at a given signal, seated themselves around a table on couches spread with velvet, and concluded the performance by eating and drinking with perfect propriety. A modern artist has amusingly represented



THE ELEPHANTS OF GERMANICUS.



LOVE LEADING THE ORCHESTRA.  
(After painting by A. Gill.)

this ancient bit of comedy.

Plutarch mentions a trained dog which was exhibited before Vespasian, in the theater of Marcellus, and which won great applause from that jolly emperor.

Coming down to the middle of the seventeenth century, we have a print of "The Cat Showman" surrounded by a cat orchestra in a state of high performance; we have also



the famous "chestain-coloured naig," Morocco, which was exhibited in Scotland; and which "being trained up in dancing, and other conceits of that kind, did afford much sport and contentment to the people, but not without gain, for none was admitted to see the dancing without two pence the piece, and some more." His master Banks, to borrow Anderson's entertaining account, would ask —

"from twenty or thirty of the spectators a piece of gold or silver, put all in a purse, and shuffle them together; thereafter he would bid the horse give every gentleman his own piece of money again. He would cause him to tell by so many pats with his foot, how many shillings the piece of money was worth. He would say to him: 'I will sell you to a carter'; then he would seem to die. Then he would say, 'Morocco, a gentleman has borrowed you, and you must ride with a lady of court.' Then would he most daintily hackney, amble, and ride a pace, and trot. . . . By a sign given him, he would back for the King of Scots, and for Queen Elizabeth, and when ye spoke of the King of Spain, would both bite and strike at you — and many other wonderful things. I was a spectator myself in those days."



THE CAT SHOWMAN.

(Fac-simile of a print of the seventeenth century.)

The mule Marco, whose tricky, sagacious countenance confronts us in the photograph along with that of his master, Pinta, was the delight of little Florentines and Romans, not to mention their elders. His tricks were the ordinary ones, but whatever he did

was rendered original by the indescribable air of humorous intention with which it was performed. He had always the air of voluntarily combining with his friend Pinta to play a practical joke upon the spectators; and it was impossible not to enjoy the situation, when after some particularly knowing performance, Marco would slightly turn his head over his shoulder, and glance at the audience out of the tail of his eye, as if to say: "You are

great fools to be taken in with so little; I could do bigger things if I cared to try."

The poor shoemaker, Bisset, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott, succeeded after a year and a half of patient effort, in teaching his pig to perform a number of tricks. Not only would it answer to his name, obey signals, kneel down, stand erect on its hind legs, and bow, but it would pick out certain letters with its foot, and form them into words. Still "curiouser



PINTA AND HIS MULE MARCO.

and curiouser," to quote Miss Alice, it would add up a column of figures, and put the correct sum total below. So wonderful were its feats, that both master and pig came near being killed by an excited audience, as the possessors of unholy wisdom.

The education of dogs is in itself a profession, and has opened multifarious employments to those intelligent creatures. The collie will convoy a flock of sheep to pasture, guard them all day, drive them into shelter if storms arise, and guide them home to the fold at night. The dogs of the St. Bernard hospice have been devoted for centuries to the task of saving life amid Alpine wastes; and they perform this duty with a patience, zeal and sagacity that no human being could surpass. Old Barry saved forty-two persons — a record unequaled in any records.

There are firemen's dogs, who in most cases volunteer for the service, apparently from pure adventurousness, but have often saved life and property in the way of their profession. Not least among deeds of daring was that splendid rush of "Bob, the London Fireman's Dog" into a blazing building, whence he brought out alive a poor cat!



HELP, THE RAILWAY DOG OF ENGLAND.

Help, a collie, has been trained to collect money; is an accredited agent, in fact, for the "Society of Railway Servants." "I am Help," says the inscription on his collar, "the railway dog of England, and traveling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 306, City Road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received." In three years this dog collected five hundred pounds. One can hardly resist the mute,

dignified appeal with which this noble collie approaches you, looks up gravely into your face, then after waiting long enough for you to inspect his credentials, and contribute if you like, passes on to another.

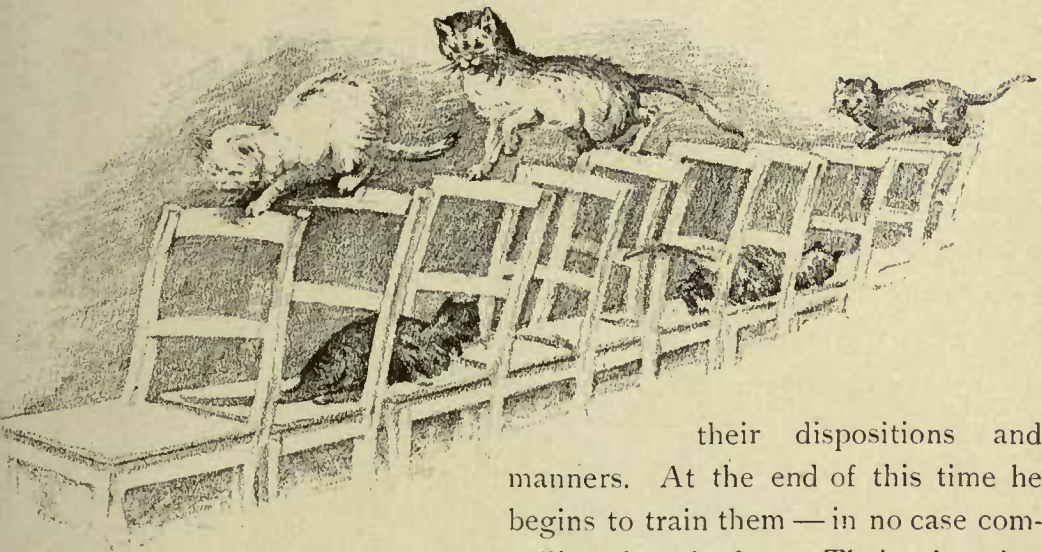
Some dogs, like that of Allan Pinkerton, show an aptitude for detective business, and become valuable auxiliaries; others, in the service of dishonest owners, become smugglers. Immense ingenuity has been expended in training them for the latter business, with results highly satisfactory to their owners. "Le Diable" — so named by French custom-officers, from his cleverness and daring — in this way made his master a rich man, and — guiltless outlaw that he was — was killed at last while smuggling a packet of costly lace.

A more honorable outlet for canine activity has been found in the Prussian army, where a "Watch-Dog Battalion" is formed. Its members — usually collies — are trained to carry dispatches, hunt up stragglers on a march, look for the wounded, and do outpost duty; all of which they do so well that no soldier could possibly do better.

But it has been reserved for the present decade, and for Sir John Lubbock, to train a dog to converse. He says that he was struck first by the applicability to animals of the deaf-mute system (as used by Dr. Howe with Laura Bridgman), and began to test it on his black poodle Van. After preparing a number of cards, printed in large clear letters, with such words as "water," "tea," "bone," "food," "out," etc., he by degrees associated them in the dog's mind with the objects they represented, and in a few weeks succeeded in teaching Van their meaning. When the little fellow wished to go out, he would bring the card with that word, if food, then that card, and so on; selecting the desired card from a

number of others with evident discrimination, and greatly pleased with his own success.

Lately too, Prof. Bonnetty and his troupe of feline actors have come to the fore in Paris, where they have aroused immense enthusiasm. The professor takes his cats at random from gutters, streets or roofs, as chance may have it, and for about three months leaves them at perfect liberty in a large room, quietly observing



PROF. BONNETTY'S TROUPE.

their dispositions and manners. At the end of this time he begins to train them — in no case compelling them by fear. Their education usually requires a year and a half.

Master and pupils are on the best possible terms with each other. Their “hours in school” are short, their quarters exquisitely tidy, and their food — of milk, bread and liver — invariably the best and freshest of its kind.

They are really cats of high culture; the best proof whereof is the simplicity and ease with which they do difficult things. No circus-rider ever jumped through hoops, walked ropes, climbed poles or waltzed over chairs, with greater agility. They sheathe

their claws to live and play in amity with birds and mice. They are "cats with a conscience," as the professor says, and their helpless, confiding little associates have no more fear of them than of one another.

Juno, Sjenni, Maor, Tommek, Blanc, Cæsar, Brutus, Paris, Bruxelles, Henderik, Swart and Gora were the members of the troupe some years past — together with Boulanger, a tiger-marked kitten who displayed "little fear and a great thirst for fame," and Tyber, the star-actor. The latter was a wonderful performer, evincing a fine intellect, and, says De Biez, would certainly have been a god in Egypt!

A parallel may be found for these clever French felines in the Brighton cats of England. They are more discriminatingly chosen than Prof. Bonnetty's actors; but their performances, although different in some respects, are no more wonderful. One of them, a white Angora, rides a bicycle with much grace. When fairly started she becomes enthusiastic, and urges her two-wheeler rapidly along, with an evident enjoyment that the by-standers find contagious. The tabbies do housework to perfection, scrub little handkerchiefs or towels in a tub, hang up the washing, preside over the roast beef of Old England, or the tea things, skate on rollers, and all with such blithe content and spirit, that they seem like little witches masquerading in fur.

One of the most notable efforts at educating Pussy has been made recently by a Russian, Prince Krapotkine. This gentleman's revolutionary sentiments landed him one day in a prison, where he had plenty of leisure to educate anything he could find. The anything in this case proved to be the prison cat. His fellow-prisoner, M. Emile Gautier, being already educated, was a disinterested observer of the experiment. He reports among other



THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.



A FAVORITE DIVERSION.



"A SPIN."

(The Brighton Cats.)





things, that Pussy became very expert at the game of hide-and-seek. He adds:

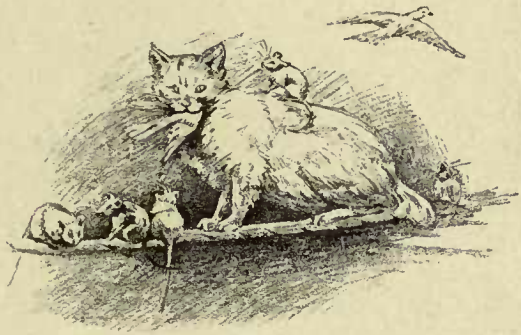
“I ought to tell you, besides, that Nature has ornamented my head with a luxurious mass of hair. Krapotkine, on the other hand, is extremely bald. . . . It has often happened when playing with her, that she softly passed her paw over our respective heads, as if to ascertain that her eyes did not deceive her. This inspection concluded, and the visual notions confirmed by touch, her physiognomy took the air of comic surprise. The variety of sensations perplexed her. Nearly every evening the scene was gone through, to our great edification, as you may imagine.”

The birds which act with these different troupes have been comparatively unimportant, except in connection with their feline companions. Nevertheless, birds, too, can be trained, and are. There is a charming pathetic story of a little Sardinian, Francesco Micheli, who turned his liking for birds to account in earning money for his family. He trained sparrows, thrushes, linnets, canaries—whatever feathered creature came within his reach. Some he taught to pipe simple tunes, others to play hide-and-seek with his white Angora

cat; a nest of young partridges, under his teaching, embraced the military profession, learned to drill, hold little swords, fire off little cannon, pretend to be killed, and then come to life again.

One of these intelligent partridges, Rosolotta,

grieved with a human grief when her dear master died, and is said—like “Greyfriars’ Bobby”—to have watched over his grave so long as she lived.



A CAT WITH A CONSCIENCE.  
(One of Prof. Bonnetty's Troupe.)

I was reminded of this little Sardinian and his pets by a scene I witnessed one morning in Rome. A crowd of people had gathered near the broad base of the Antonine column, watching the



“TELL ME THY SECRET, BEPPO.”

(*The Roman Bird Girl.*)

performance of four pigeons and three canaries. The little maid with the pigeons was charming — and so were they — as she bid them tell her their secrets, and in response they fluttered up her shoulders, and cooed into her ear. But the true interest of the entertainment — its dramatic part — began with the canaries. The little actors were sitting in a row on top of their cage, demurely waiting for orders. Their mistress talked to them meanwhile, now praising their talents, now admiring their beauty, they following each motion of her lips with keen, inquisitive glances.

“Thou, Beppo, art a bird of great character, *un gran carattere!* Really, thou art wonderful! Zirlo, my fine fellow” (to the second), “what a bird art thou! Who like thee can climb the *scaletta* (little ladder)! No one, in truth, and they are base *ladroni*

that deny thy merits; eh Pippa?" (to the third). "Dost thou hear? *Bellissima!* One, two, three, come then, my Pippa, kiss me." She extended a finger. Pippa transferred herself to it from the perch, and climbing the arm to her face, gave a fluttering little salute first to one cheek, then to the other. — After which, hopping back to the finger, she made a droll little bow, and returned to the perch.

Then it was Zirlo's turn; and this enterprising bird not only climbed the *scaletta*, but finding a gun at the top, shouldered it, pulled the trigger with an infinitesimal claw, and — bang! — who should tumble from his perch but poor Beppo, and lie perfectly rigid on the ground. Zirlo's fit of anger was quenched at this piteous sight; carefully he examined the stiff figure and at last, picking up an inch-square pocket-handkerchief with one foot, applied it to his eyes, and wept bitterly. Then up jumped Beppo, who had only been feigning, and the two touched bills in token of reconciliation, and waltzed — wing in wing — fraternally off the stage.

It was a pretty scene — the sunshine, the people, the tiny performers below, and the mighty column towering high above them — the grandeur of old Rome looking down upon the present thus lightly amusing itself.



XI.

*A MENAGERIE IN STONE.*



## XI.

### A MENAGERIE IN STONE.

IN Rome there is always something to stir the fancy and quicken the pulse — always something to recall to the Present the magnificent Past. Now it is a column or statue, now a ruined palace, and now the vast fabric of an amphitheater. But the ruins are weighted with such tragic memories of by-gone Cæsars — their wars, their triumphs, their funeral pomp — as to be almost oppressively solemn. Let us then leave them for once, and go where the Past will suggest itself in some simpler, happier fashion — let us visit a Roman “Zoo.”

No day could be better for the purpose than this sunny one; for the Zoo has its home in the Vatican, and we need all the sunshine we can get to counteract its chill. Besides, no matter with how definite a purpose we set out, once within that marble world we are sure to linger — so many are the objects that claim the eye. It is only after a lingering stroll that we at last reach the *Sala degli Animali*, or Hall of the Animals.

An odd world it is, suggesting the pictures of Paradise before the dispersion of species; a world that includes creatures wild and

tame, familiar and suppositious — birds, harpies, dragons, reptiles, quadrupeds, Minotaur, insects and fish. Three patrons of the chase preside, Diana and Hercules at one end of the hall, the imperial hunter Commodus at the other.

The longer we gaze the stronger grows our feeling that it is in truth a menagerie, surviving somehow from early days. Only, how very silent! The last party of tourists has passed on, we are quite



SCULPTURE OF GREYHOUNDS IN THE VATICAN.

alone, save for these many shapes all around us — and it is hardly in nature that no faintest sound or movement should be heard. Those graceful greyhound puppies play with each other in perfect silence; not a footfall nor crackling twig betrays the flight of yonder deer.

And so, gradually, it dawns on us that although this is life, it is life long turned to stone. Some Arabian Nights' enchantment has been at work, arresting these varied forms in their prime of activity; and, doubtless, on some future day, at the true wizard's touch, they will turn back again from marble into breathing flesh. But that will not happen to-day, nor yet to-morrow, so we may as well take advantage of the stillness to see what the menagerie contains.

A dun cow, not far from Diana, stands snuffing the fresh air



with upraised head; and a horse which once was roan—at least the marble still bears traces of reddish paint—looks inquiringly toward her. Near these peacefully-inclined animals crouches a lion, in readiness to leap upon his prey. In the next group the victim is secured; it represents a horse pulled down by a lion. Note the relentless grasp of the one, the helpless agony of the other. Wonderful as a work of art, it is nevertheless too painful to linger before; we are glad to turn away. Similar in character are two groups of deer seized by hounds, and another of a panther devouring its prey.

Here is a wild boar, here the ugly phiz of a camel; here an alligator, to whose neutral character an existence in marble seems peculiarly well adapted; and here, at a respectful distance from his jaws, are a cock, a goose, a pelican, several peacocks and an eagle. The dignity of the latter is worth noting—its calm, imperial reserve, so indicative of the Rome whose emblem it was.

Of the monkey hard by it can only be said that he is as perfect as monkeyish a monkey as ever breathed. He has been stealing fruit, probably from some old Roman garden, and has made off to this corner to eat it on the sly, glancing over his



SCULPTURE OF THIEVING MONKEY IN THE VATICAN.

shoulder every now and then to make sure that no one will interrupt.

A goat, a rhinoceros and a hyena come next, and then we approach a most remarkable bust of the Minotaur, that bull-



STAG IN ALABASTER IN THE VATICAN.

headed, human-bodied terror which demanded a yearly tribute of youths and maidens, and was finally slain by Theseus, to the great relief of the Athenian world. What brutal, pitiless life, what fierce joy in the anticipated victims, looks out from his eyes and dilates his nostrils! It is a relief to turn away from the brute and examine instead his near neighbors, a crab and a green-gray dolphin rising from waves of white marble.

The queer object just beyond is an armadillo with stone scales scarcely harder than real ones; while every one will recognize at first glance the jolly little rabbit beside him, and the two hares nibbling at a bunch of grapes. The next animal is a historic one—the famous white sow of Alba. She reclines among part, not all of her thirty pigs, for the artist seems to have given out in exhaustion after carving the first dozen.

In the neighborhood of Commodus are several panthers and

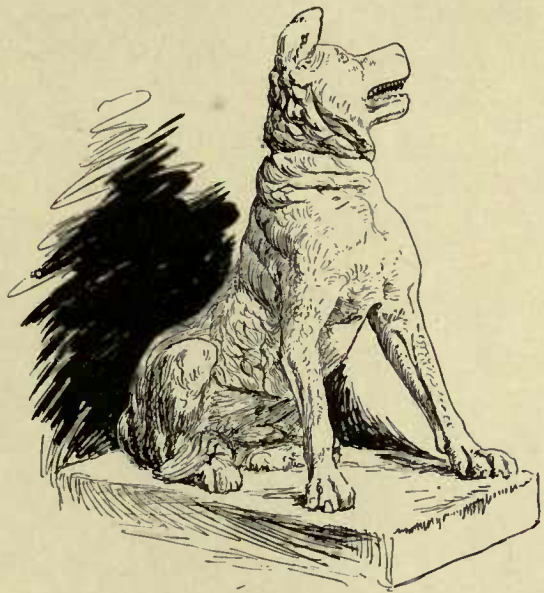


PLINY'S DOVES; A MOSAIC IN THE CAPITOL AT ROME.



lions; a leopard, whose black spots have been inserted, like mosaic; a stag, whose dappled skin is represented by the natural venation of the alabaster from which it is carved; an eagle with her young; a craw-fish and a porphyry frog.

There are also a number of dogs, in every way admirable, and probably the exact portraits of some fair Roman lady's pets. Nothing could be more natural or charming than the two greyhound puppies frolicking with each other; nothing more graceful or aristocratic than the full-grown greyhound which sits upon its haunches, and offers a paw. They are patrician to their very toes and tail-tips, just as the honest mastiff hard by, growlingly protecting her puppies, is plebeian.



PATRICIAN OR PLEBEIAN?

The shaggy dog who looks up at you in friendly fashion, and whose portrait appears above, is also decidedly a patrician, if the conjecture is right that he represents the famous Molossian breed.

Such, in barest outline, is the Vatican menagerie — the work of the Baryes, Bonheurs and Landseers of days past. It has overflowed its bounds to some extent, and a number of fine specimens must be sought in other collections. In the Capitol, for instance,

are "Pliny's Doves," whose gurgling coo we quite expect to hear, until closer inspection proves them — a mosaic! They are called the doves of Pliny, not because they belonged to that delightful letter-writer, but because he described them in terms so accurate that we cannot help knowing the mosaic of the Capitol is the same he looked at almost nineteen hundred years ago. "There is a dove," he says, "which is greatly admired, in the act of drinking, and throwing the shadow of his head upon the water, while other doves are present, sunning and pluming themselves on the margin of a drinking-bowl."

Pliny was an excellent judge of art matters, and certainly these doves are no less admired to-day than in his time.

But more famous than any bird or beast in Italy, is the bronze



THE CHIMERA; ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE IN THE BARGELLO AT FLORENCE.

wolf of the Capitol. Its age is great, as the Etruscan workmanship alone would prove; and many believe it to be the identical statue struck by lightning during the consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus. In confirmation, they point to the jagged rent in one of its hind legs, which may

have been caused by such an accident. This, if true, would make it the most notable sculpture in existence. However, whether Cæsar saw it or not, it is still venerable enough to command attention, and few tourists fail to pay it their respects.

The nurse of Romulus and Remus is also commemorated by a

living wolf which resides in the triangular patch of garden between the steps to the Capitol, and those which lead up to Ara Cœli. The present incumbent is a sleek gray fellow from Monte Maietta in the Abruzzi. A live eagle separated by a netting bears him company, but these caged emblems are but shabby reminders of the glory of old Rome.

Ancient as the brazen she-wolf, and like it of Etruscan make, is the Chimera of the Bargello at Florence. It is a comically terrific creature, whose three heads are all busily engaged—one biting its neighbor head, and the third roaring at the injury. In the Bargello also is a superb turkey-gobbler of bronze, credited to Gian da Bologna, and some capital turtles in marble. Admirable as they are, however, they are forgotten when, on entering a small room in the Uffizi, the famous Florentine boar and Molossian hound meet our gaze. Every line of their softly yellowed marble reveals the patient, loving touch of sculptors whose work alone survives—whose names and stories are unknown. They aimed at perfection, and were doubtless content to be forgotten, if only their works might live.

They, indeed, are the sole, the true enchanters, whose touch petrified for posterity this menagerie in stone.



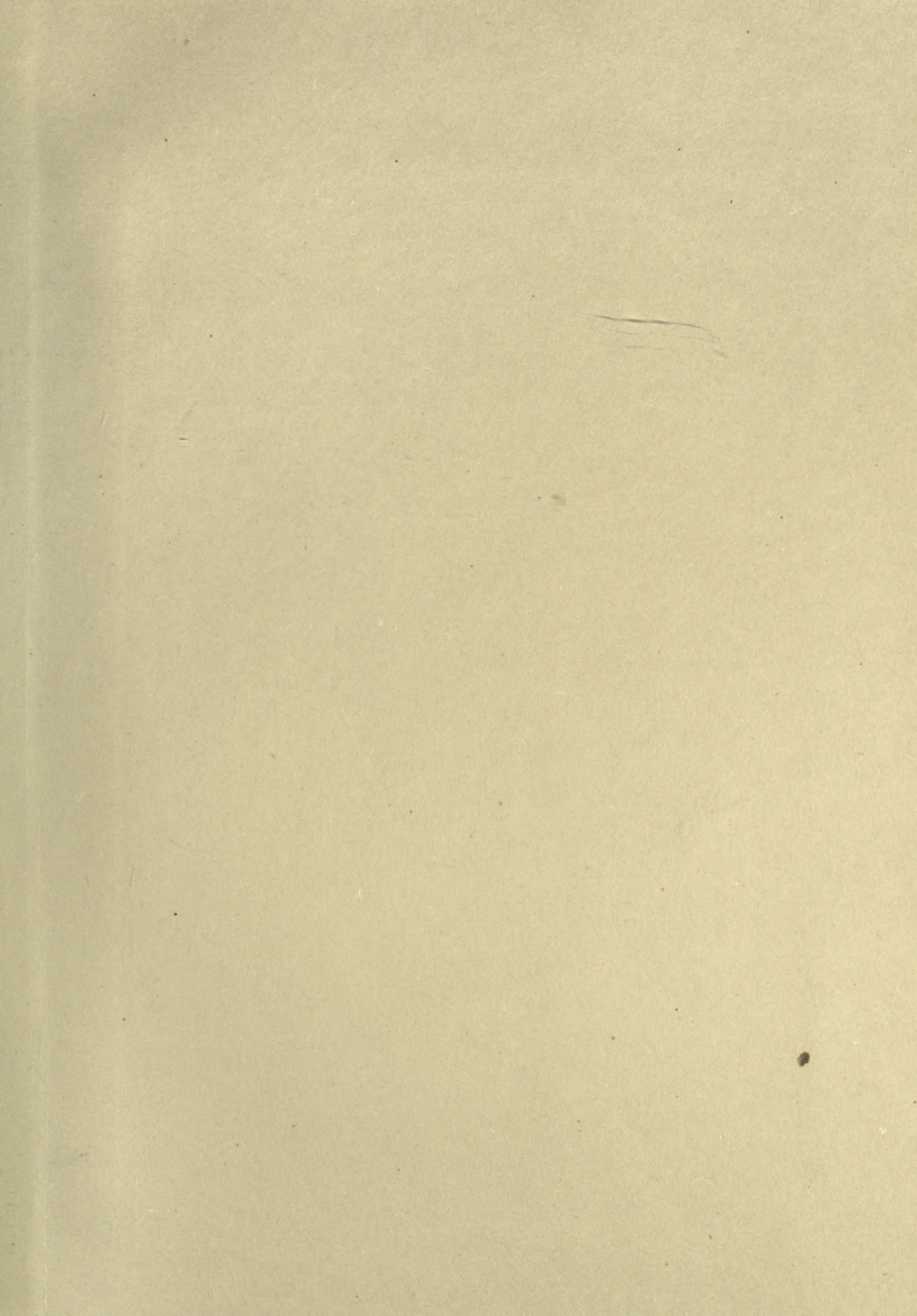












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