

FAMOUS
FOUR=FOOTED
FRIENDS



G.C.HARVEY



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General Grant's favorite charger Cincinnati, who was ridden by President Lincoln.

Famous Four-Footed Friends

BY

G. C. HARVEY

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ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

1916

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Published November, 1916

AEG-6.6.52

PREFACE

The attempt has been made, in the following pages, to combine, with the stories of great men's horses and dogs, a certain amount of information concerning the owners of the animals.

Where it seemed advisable, some slight geographical information has been introduced, though not, it is believed, in such a manner as to give the book the appearance of an educational work.

Finally, the excuse for the introduction of certain ancient tales that are not strictly founded on fact must be, that even if they are not true, they are good enough to be so.

Exch. Wm. P. Warden, 1951

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FAMOUS FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS

Famous Four-Footed Friends

CHAPTER I

FOR A KING'S SAKE

FROM the days of long, long ago comes this tale, one of the oldest stories that seems to be at all founded on fact, ever told about a horse. It is to be feared that if the horse had not belonged to such a wonderful man, we should never have heard much about him, and yet his fidelity is worthy of all the songs and tales that have been sung and written about him. The horse's name was Bucephalus, which means that he had a broad head like an ox, and we are told that he was a fine, tall fellow, coal black, with a star on his forehead. He was the favorite companion and charger of Alexander the Great, one of the most wonderful generals ever known.

Alexander, who lived a great many years ago—almost four hundred years before Christ was born—was the son of King Philip II of Macedonia.

Under ordinary circumstances, Macedonia might

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not appear to be a particularly interesting part of the world to most of us. When we begin to think, however, that over the snow-coated mountains of this country the Serbians fled, in 1915 and 1916, before the advancing Bulgarian and Austrian armies, it does not seem so difficult to become interested in what took place there so many years ago. In fact, when we read of the battles of Alexander the Great, it is hard to believe that we are not reading of what has occurred in our own time.

Macedonia was not such a very large kingdom when Alexander's father began to reign, but Philip was a very brave as well as an extremely ambitious man, and before he died he had conquered the neighboring countries on the east and the west and the south. So that when his father was killed by traitors, Alexander became ruler of most of what we have always known as Turkey in Europe. And it brings us a little closer to those distant times, perhaps, when we realize that Saloniki, where the Allies landed their troops and supplies to go to the aid of the Serbians, was also a seaport in Alexander's dominions.

Philip was very proud of his son, and did everything in his power to give him the best education that could be obtained. Aristotle, a renowned Greek philosopher, was engaged as Alexander's tutor, but i

seems as if the boy must have spent more time in watching the soldiers drill than at his lessons; for, when he was only sixteen years old, he commanded, very successfully, an army against some rebellious hill-tribes during his father's absence. Still, he must have learnt some wisdom from the good Aristotle, for he was usually very just to those whom he conquered.

When Alexander was twelve years old, a man named Philonicus offered to sell Bucephalus to Philip. Philonicus, who reared horses in Thessaly, declared that Bucephalus was the finest horse that he had ever owned, and that he was well worth the money that was asked for him: almost \$17,000.

Now \$17,000 was a great deal of money to pay for a horse in those days, so Philip wisely said that he would not buy Bucephalus until he had seen and tried him. Philonicus did not much like the idea of this, because, while Bucephalus was perfectly sound and a remarkably handsome animal, Philonicus was really selling him chiefly because no one in Thessaly could ride him. However, not wishing to lose the chance of making such a large amount of money as he had asked for the horse, the dealer agreed at last to send him to Philip. He probably did not take the animal himself, because he knew quite well what was going to happen when Philip's men began to try to ride Bucephalus.

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The king was much interested when he heard that Bucephalus had arrived, and as it was a beautiful, bright sunny day, he decided to make an occasion of the trial of his proposed purchase. So he invited all the members of his court to go with him to a large plain, where there was abundance of room and good, soft springy turf. No doubt the assemblage was a very gay and gorgeous one, so that Philip must have felt extremely put out by what occurred.

When the guests had arrived at the plain, and were standing about in little groups discussing the trial that was to take place, Bucephalus was led up by the servants. Imagine Philip's horror, when he saw that the horse's glossy coat was flecked with sweat, and that the attendants were evidently having a very exciting time of it.

At last the horse was brought up in front of Philip and his courtiers, and then the real struggle began. Bucephalus jumped from one side to the other, then stood on his hind legs and pawed the air. Moreover, when the expert riders attempted to get on his back, he bit and kicked and struck out with his fore feet in the most vicious manner.

Vainly the riders, ashamed of their failure in the presence of their king, tried to control Bucephalus; but it was a hopeless task. At last the king flew into

a furious rage and it was a very fortunate thing for Philonicus that he was not there. Philip at once made up his mind that he would not have the horse at any price, and he shouted out to the men who had brought Bucephalus to take him back to Thessaly; and, without doubt, the king let fall some very uncomplimentary remarks about Philonicus.

At this moment, young Alexander, who had been for a walk with his tutor, Aristotle, joined the group of disappointed courtiers. He listened to what his father had to say and then, pointing to Bucephalus, said: "It seems a pity to lose the chance of getting such a beautiful animal just because no one has sense enough to know how to ride him!"

Philip turned indignantly, and asked Alexander how he dared to make such a remark. He said, "Don't you know that it is great impertinence for you, a mere boy, to attempt to give advice to your elders? What can you know about horses?"

"I know enough to ride that horse!" replied little Alexander quietly.

His father was very angry for a moment at his son's assurance, and then it occurred to him that the best way to point out Alexander's folly was to allow him to try to ride Bucephalus. It must have been very hard for him to permit his son to run such a risk of being

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seriously injured, but he said, with a smile, "How much will you bet, my son, that you can ride him successfully?"

The boy flung up his head. "The price of the horse, by Zeus!" he cried proudly.

Now it appears that Alexander had noticed that Bucephalus was very much afraid of his own shadow, and that this was what made him so restive. The boy stood in thought for a moment, and then stepped very cautiously up to the horse's side and succeeded in placing his hand on the frightened creature's neck. For a few moments he stood there, patting the horse gently and talking to him in soothing tones. Then he gradually turned the animal's head toward the sun, so that he could no longer see his shadow.

In a few moments Bucephalus stood still, though he trembled all over from excitement, and the king and his courtiers gazed with mouths open at the wonderful transformation that had taken place in the vicious animal. While they were so standing, staring at one another in wonderment, Alexander vaulted suddenly to the horse's back and away he and his mount flew. Bucephalus, furious because this mere boy had succeeded where all the rest had failed, fought hard to unseat Alexander, but the young rider clung fast and urged his steed on and on. At last the pace began to



A famous statue of Alexander the Great and Bucephalus, which lay buried for nearly 1,700 years among the ruins of the city of Herculaneum in Italy.

tell on Bucephalus, and he would have preferred to go a little slower, even at the price of having to submit to the indignity of bearing a rider on his back. Alexander would not allow any slackening of speed, though, until he was sure that Bucephalus was thoroughly worn out; then he turned the horse's head and rode him slowly back to where the king was waiting anxiously.

When the young horseman rode up, he was received with cheers, and after he had dismounted, his father embraced him and said proudly, "My kingdom is too small for you, my son!"

After this, Bucephalus became Alexander's property and was always gentle and obedient to his young master; but he did not like any one else to ride him. In fact, it is said that he would repeat his old tricks of biting and kicking when strangers came near, and yet he was stolen once after Alexander became king. When this robbery happened, however, Alexander was so angry and uttered such terrible threats against the thief that the horse was returned in a hurry.

We must remember that in those days, when guns were unknown, soldiers fought with spears and swords at close quarters, and that their generals used to plunge into the thick of battle, so that a fleet horse was a very valuable possession. Alexander was so attached to Bucephalus that he spent a great deal of time with him,

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and the horse learnt to kneel when his master wished to mount or to dismount.

Alexander was only twenty years old when he became king of Macedonia, and yet he had to gather his armies together immediately and set out to put down a number of rebellions. It seems that the countries that Philip had conquered thought this a good time to regain their independence. The young king soon succeeded in suppressing these outbreaks, and then set off down south and quelled other uprisings in lower Greece. Later on, he crossed the Dardanelles and conquered Asia Minor, and then overcame Egypt and founded the city of Alexandria which still stands near the mouth of the river Nile.

At last, having conquered the whole of Persia, he marched through Afghanistan and fought King Porus of India. In this battle, as in most of the former ones, Alexander rode faithful Bucephalus. It seems that in this great battle of Hydaspes, Alexander rode recklessly into the thick of the fight, straight up to the enemy's lines, and that more than one spear was buried in the neck and flanks of his valiant horse.

At last, when the conflict had begun to turn in Alexander's favor, Bucephalus, for the first time, refused to obey his master's orders, and turned and fled to the rear. We can easily imagine how Alexander

struggled with his mount at this exciting moment, and how he did everything in his power to force him back into the struggle, but he did not succeed, and finally Bucephalus bore his master to a place of safety behind the lines and there knelt for him to dismount.

Then, as Alexander, indignant and perplexed, slipped from his back, this faithful servant trembled for a moment and sank down dead, happy in the knowledge that his last action had been to carry his beloved master to a place of safety.

CHAPTER II

A TOWN NAMED FOR A DOG

ALTHOUGH the writers who have told us about Alexander the Great's boyhood do not mention it, we may be sure that he was a friend to all animals. No boy who could control a high-spirited horse, such as Bucephalus, would be content without the love and companionship of other pets. So we may be sure that there were favorite dogs who accompanied Alexander on his long walks with his tutor, and on his expeditions to the military camps, where he loved to go to watch his father's armies being trained and prepared for their victorious campaigns.

As a matter of fact, however, there seems to have been only one dog that the writers considered remarkable enough to be worthy of mention. This animal's name was Perites, and he was presented to Alexander by the king of Albania. This was a short time before Alexander set out to conquer King Porus of India.

Of course no king would think of giving a dog to such a great man as Alexander, unless there was something about the animal that would cause the king of

Macedonia to value him very highly. For, usually, in those days, great men made presents to one another only when they hoped for something in return. Alexander was so distinguished, and so powerful, that we may suspect that the king of Albania looked for some favor in return when he sent the beautiful dog.

Perites was not merely handsome. He was so large that his size terrified all who saw him for the first time, and he would, no doubt, have been muzzled in short order, if he had lived in our time.

Alexander, undoubtedly, was delighted to receive so fitting a companion for Bucephalus, and it is pleasant to believe that a strong friendship sprang up between the proud, big-hearted horse and the noble dog. With such a horse to carry him from camp to camp, and with this magnificent dog to keep watch over him while he slept in his tent at night, Alexander was indeed fortunate.

It appears that when the king of Albania sent the dog, he called Alexander's attention particularly to the fact that Perites was renowned for his exceptional courage. Alexander, who was so fearless himself, was attracted by this quality more than by the size or beauty of his new pet, and soon made up his mind to test the dog's bravery.

In those days there were, of course, no theaters like

those that we go to so frequently nowadays, and entertainments were given in large out-of-door theaters similar to the stadia that have been built at some of our universities for the football matches and other sports. The performances, however, were even more exciting and dangerous than football games, for they consisted, usually, of contests between armed men; or, worse still, between men and savage beasts.

Alexander, therefore, decided that Perites should be placed in the arena—as the large open stage was called—to give an exhibition of his much-vaunted courage; and, as his father did, when he invited the courtiers to see the trial of Bucephalus, the king determined to make a grand spectacle of the test of Perites.

He decided that one of his slaves should enter the arena with the enormous, fierce-looking dog, and he issued a proclamation inviting all those who cared to come to be present at the grand entertainment.

It is easy to picture in one's mind the vast multitude seated around the arena, waiting impatiently to see the remarkable dog of whose gigantic size they had heard so much gossip. It is also not difficult to imagine the terror of the poor slave, as he lay in his chains awaiting the call to struggle for his life with a ferocious hound.

At length, however, the king and his courtiers arrived at the amphitheater, and the shouts of the

people gave place to a sudden silence, as the slave was led into the arena. How his eyes must have swept the immense, sandy space, in the forlorn hope that he might find some place of refuge! But, in an instant, the door to the arena was opened again, and in dashed Perites, splendid in his bulk, with his muscles quivering from excitement, and his great fangs showing.

A great outburst of applause must have arisen from the spectators when they saw the wonderful dog, and no doubt Alexander felt almost as proud as if he had won a great battle.

But, as is so often the case, his pride was to receive a severe blow, for Perites did not hurl himself at the poor slave as the spectators and Alexander supposed he would. Instead, after taking one good look at the slave, he lay down and rested his great head on his paws, just as if he were going to settle down for a good sleep.

At that moment, the king of Albania's chances of obtaining favors from Alexander must have been very slight. Undoubtedly, the great Alexander concluded that the dog's former master had been playing pranks with him, and it is remarkable that the quick-tempered King of Macedonia did not set out immediately to punish the joker.

Probably, however, Alexander was already so at-

tached to Perites that he made excuses for him, and declared that the dog was of too noble a nature to attack a harmless human being. In any case, he gave orders for the thankful slave to be taken from the arena, and for a wild boar, one of the most ferocious of beasts, to be brought in in his place. The appearance of a wild boar is enough to strike terror to the heart of any dog, but Perites merely raised his head a little, glanced lazily at the newcomer, and then resumed his former air of unconcern.

Determined to force Perites to display his courage, if he really possessed it, the king called for a bear to be brought in to face the dog. This was done, and though the spectators were now on tiptoe with excitement, Perites displayed no inclination to molest the bear, and probably the bear concluded that it was good judgment not to arouse the enormous dog, for no fight ensued.

By this time, Alexander's patience was almost exhausted, especially as he must have known that the spectators were quietly laughing at him; though, of course, they were too wise to display any outward signs of amusement. Laughing at the failure of kings' plans was a very dangerous pastime in those days.

The king knew that there was one beast that would not stay in the arena for a moment with Perites, without

forcing him to take an interest in his presence. So he shouted to the attendants to turn a wild lion loose.

We can almost see the spectators rising in their seats when this order was given. Very likely they said among themselves, "This is the end of Perites!" For, surely, no dog—not even one as powerful as Perites appeared to be—could hope to live long in a fight with a savage lion.

At last, however, Alexander's confidence in his dog's valor was to be justified. No sooner did Perites's eyes fall on the lion standing before him, switching its tail from side to side, and roaring fiercely, than he, too, growled savagely and sprang to his feet.

Then, indeed, the spectators must have trembled with excitement, as they gazed at those two magnificent beasts facing each other with their hair raised in fury. For an instant, even Alexander must have felt his heart beat more rapidly, when he realized how slight a chance his dog could have against such a foe.

But, as the king sat with his eyes fastened on the two animals, whose straining muscles stood out clearly in the bright sunlight, he saw Perites crouch suddenly in preparation for a spring; and as the voices of the spectators died away to an amazed hush, the great dog hurled himself at the lion and bore him to the ground. There was a quick, terrifying struggle, and Perites

stood, with head erect, over the body of his defeated and dead adversary.

In an instant all doubt of the dog's courage fled from the minds of the multitude, and an ear-splitting cheer arose as the spectators proclaimed Perites the king of dogs. Monarch though he was, we may be sure that Alexander dashed into the inclosure and made much of the noble Perites, who had shown by his refusal to attack the first three antagonists, that the king of animals was the only one he considered worthy of his fighting qualities.

From that day, Perites was second only to Bucephalus in Alexander's affections. He accompanied his royal master on all occasions, and, one day, probably during Alexander's invasion of India, an event occurred that established Perites' reputation for dauntlessness more firmly than ever.

At times, elephants, who usually appear to be the most docile of animals, become exceedingly dangerous and attack any person, or beast, that crosses their path. It is quite likely that Alexander, while leading his forces through the thick jungle in India, was set upon by one of these mad elephants. Whether this was the case, or not, we read that on one occasion Perites had an encounter with one of these enormous animals. The fight once begun, Perites sprang, repeatedly, at his

gigantic foe with such ferocity, that the clumsy elephant was at its wit's end how to avoid the dog's fangs which were wounding its tender trunk. Try as it might to seize the dog with its trunk, or to trample its adversary under its mighty feet, the great creature could not succeed in ridding itself of its smaller foe.

Of course it was evident that Perites could not hope to conquer an enemy so many times larger and more powerful than himself, yet his bold heart refused to be daunted, and he persisted in his savage assaults.

Finally, the elephant's alarming trumpeting ceased and the great beast staggered feebly, as it attempted to escape through the dense undergrowth. Perites, however, was not to be shaken off so easily, and pursued his enemy relentlessly. And then an event occurred that filled Alexander and his officers with amazement. For the elephant, with one last despairing trumpeting, fell to the earth dead. The poor creature's heart was broken by its failure to defeat its antagonist.

Thereafter, Alexander had little cause to fear the attack of any enemy, as long as Perites was by his side; but, alas, soon after this display of his daring, this wonderful dog was called upon to give his life for his master.

It appears that one night, when Alexander was asleep in his tent, an enemy crept in with a dagger in

his hand, and stepped stealthily toward the king's bed. Perites, alert as ever, sprang at the intruder's throat and bore the would-be murderer to the ground. The faithful dog saved his royal master's life, but he received a stab, which caused his death, from the enemy's poisoned dagger.

The king was deeply distressed by the loss of his brave guardian and comrade, and did everything in his power to express to the world the sincerity of his grief. He erected several temples in honor of the dead Perites and even had a town built in memory of the valorous animal. This town was called Perite, and, probably, was the only one that was ever built in honor of a dog's memory.

CHAPTER III

A MAD EMPEROR'S FAVORITE

A LITTLE more than four hundred years after Alexander the Great built a town to keep the memory of his well-loved dog in the minds of his people, a Roman emperor went to still greater lengths in honor of a horse. This emperor was Caligula, who ruled the mighty Roman nation from 37-41, A. D., and whose name, even after all the years that have passed since he lived, is used as an epithet for cruelty and wickedness.

No one would ever have supposed, at the time that Caligula was a very young man, that when he came to rule the country he would be a cruel, vicious despot. His father, Germanicus, was a kindly, vigorous soldier-prince, who, like all loving and good fathers, no doubt indulged in many a day dream in which he saw his dear son a great and beloved ruler.

It is possible that Caligula inherited some of his bad traits from his mother, Agrippina, who was a proud, vain and passionate woman; but after all, the kindest thought that we can have about him is to consider that

he was not in his right mind. No one could have had a better opportunity, than he, to become a great soldier and a leader of armies. For he was born at the great military camp at Antium, and the first sounds that greeted his ears must have been the clashing of armor and spears, as the troops drilled on the plains around him. He was educated in this bustling army center, and he even owed his name to the soldiers who nicknamed him Caligula, on account of the *caligæ*, or military boots, that he loved to strut about in.

As a youth, he entered politics and soon became a very powerful statesman. To everyone's delight, no doubt, he showed at this time a decided inclination to grant more liberties to the people, and to improve social conditions generally. We can believe that the people at their gatherings discussed, with enthusiasm, the improvements that the young prince favored, and they must have looked forward with pleasure to the day when he would rule them, in place of his wicked uncle, Tiberius. But, alas, they were soon to be sadly disappointed.

We, who live in democratic countries whose governments allow us to own property, and to do as we please with it, as long as we are good citizens, can scarcely realize the bad treatment that most of the people had to submit to in the days of Caligula. Then, if one



The Emperor Caligula on his charger Incitatus, who fed from an ivory manger.

happened to be born a Patrician, that is, an aristocrat, he enjoyed life and was able to wear the best clothes and eat the choicest food, as well as to spend the greater part of his time in amusing himself. But the Plebeians, or ordinary people, as we would call them, had a rather miserable existence.

As a rule, they did not have much that they could call their own; and, even if they did succeed in getting ahead a little, they never knew when their possessions would be seized by someone in authority. So that we can easily understand why Caligula's efforts to better things, when he first entered public life, aroused the hopes and the enthusiasm of the people.

It is hard to say why the young emperor changed so. It may have been because his father and mother died when he was quite young, and he was left to the bad influence of his uncle; or, perhaps, he lost his mind on account of the epileptic fits from which he suffered. He used, also, to lie awake, night after night, unable to sleep. If this had happened in later years, we should not be so much surprised, for his cruel and foolish acts were enough to cause anyone to suffer from sleeplessness.

Some people thought that stepping suddenly into the possession of such vast power as he grasped, when he became emperor of the greatest nation in the world,

upset Caligula's balance. We have all seen cases in our times, when men who have suddenly come into the control of great wealth, or immense power, have seemingly gone mad in their desire to dazzle the world. And this seems to have been the case with Caligula, for soon after he came to the throne he began to waste money in such a way, that it seemed as if he was trying to show the world that he could spend more money than anyone else.

The people were probably rather amused when he gave theatrical performances in different parts of the city; but, when he arranged for these plays to take place at night, which was unusual then, and insisted that the whole city must be illuminated, the taxpayers must have begun to grumble at the expense. And what would we think, nowadays, of a ruler who dissolved almost priceless pearls in vinegar, and then drank the mixture?

Caligula had only been emperor for about eight months when he became very ill from a nervous breakdown. After a while, he recovered his former physical strength, such as it was, but his actions, thereafter, show that he was never quite right mentally.

Everyone admires a man who is fond of animals, but only a lunatic could have paid the absurd attentions to horses that this emperor, who was being watched by

the world, did. And, if the people had not been so accustomed to being oppressed, they surely never would have allowed Caligula to waste their money in such a ridiculous manner. It is certain that no nation, in these days, would sit still and allow its monarch, or President, to spend over one hundred million dollars in less than five years, simply for his own amusement. It would not take the people long to revolt and remove the spendthrift.

There was, in Rome, a large circus, or hippodrome, known as the Circus Maximus, or Great Circus. It was an oblong inclosure, two thousand feet long and about six hundred feet wide. On three sides of it, rows of stone seats for the spectators rose in tiers one above the other, and in the center there was a course for the chariot races. In this circus, sports of all kinds took place, but the Romans probably enjoyed the chariot races more than any of the other trials of skill.

As Caligula's insanity showed itself more strongly in his treatment of horses than in any other direction, it was natural that he should be a great patron of these chariot races. We have all seen these races imitated at the circuses of our times, and we know that there is an element of danger to them, though the drivers are trained to keep out of one another's way. How much more exciting those races at the Roman circus must

have been! Then, the drivers had no thought for their own safety, but forced their half-wild horses to their utmost speed, and cheerfully took any risk of death to gain the praise of their emperor and of the thousands of spectators. And, though it seems strange to us, because we are always filled with horror if an accident occurs when we are at a circus, the crowds that attended the performances, in those days, seemed to think that it added to the excitement if the chariots collided and the drivers were killed, or injured.

No one could blame Caligula for being interested in this sport, but he could not even enjoy this form of amusement without spending money foolishly. And he became so attached to one set of charioteers who wore a green uniform, that he had his meals served, and spent several nights, at the stable where their horses were kept. It is possible that he had bet a great deal of money on the horses and feared that someone might injure them, but it is more likely that he had already begun to think that his horses were more worthy of consideration, than his people.

Naturally a man who wasted money, as Caligula did, would not spare any expense when he came to build a stable for his favorite horse, Incitatus. So that we are not surprised to read that Incitatus lived in a marble palace, and that his manger was carved out of ivory.

Of course all this grandeur did not make Incitatus any more comfortable, but it was done, just as everything was done by Caligula, for the purpose of gratifying this wicked man's vanity.

Then, too, this silly emperor built a palace and had it fully furnished with the most expensive furniture, all for the horse's use. He appointed a number of slaves to wait on Incitatus, and to receive the guests who were invited to dine with the horse. The dinner parties given by Incitatus were very elaborate affairs, and on these occasions the horse was fed on oats that had been dipped in molten gold.

Poor Incitatus must have dreaded these banquets, and it is remarkable that, being fed on such an indigestible diet, he lived as long as he did. Of course he may have felt that, being an emperor's horse, he had to do a great many things that he would rather not have done. Just as we often see people eating rich food, and living uncomfortable lives, because they believe they have to live up to their positions, though they would much sooner be living a simpler life, and would be very glad indeed to enjoy one good, homelike meal.

It would be interesting to know if Caligula was as cruel to this favorite horse, as he usually was to people and animals. It does not at all follow that, because he surrounded Incitatus with luxuries, he was good to him

in other ways. One of Caligula's peculiarities was, that his friends never knew when he might turn on them and treat them as badly as he did his worst enemies.

On one occasion, he behaved to his guests in a manner that showed how dangerous it was to depend, in the slightest degree, on his friendship. It seems that he took it into his head that riding on land was very commonplace. So he had a bridge, almost four miles long, built over the water, and rode over it at the head of his soldiers, pretending that he was riding on the water. The most absurd part of this silly procession was, that the soldiers carried flags to celebrate Caligula's victory over Neptune, the god of the sea.

How even his guests must have laughed at their host! But they did not have a chance to laugh long, for, when the procession was over, Caligula had a number of them thrown into the sea, as a fitting end to the day that he was enjoying so much. So, it is plain that, even if he was supplied with an ivory manger to eat from, Incitatus could not at all depend on kind treatment from his changeable master.

The sports at the great circus were known as the Circensian games, and the day before these were to take place, Caligula used to have soldiers stationed near the stable in which Incitatus stood, to compel the

people to keep silent so that his horse might not be disturbed. It would be pretty hard to keep people quiet in a big city, in these days, for a horse's sake, even if soldiers were standing about, or policemen either, for that matter.

As time went on, the mad emperor became more and more ridiculous in his treatment of Incitatus. Finally, he had the horse made a member of the college of priests, and as if this was not absurd enough, fully intended to have him raised to the consulate, when, fortunately, the pampered animal died; perhaps from too many gilded oats.

Of course we cannot believe all that we read about Incitatus. But it is certain that if Caligula had not behaved very foolishly about this horse, none of the stories would have been written. The worst part of it is, that Incitatus does not seem to have done anything to merit all these attentions. Had he been a hero, like Bucephalus, we should be glad to know that he was being rewarded for his bravery. But we may be sure that he would have been much happier at large in a field of sweet, green grass than in a marble palace, however artistic it, and its ivory manger, may have been.

As it is, we can but sympathize with him for being famous only because he was one of the many examples of a mad emperor's folly.

CHAPTER IV

A GIANT'S CHARGER

THE quaint old story that follows, is told about a man who undoubtedly lived in the time of Charlemagne, the great king of the Franks and Emperor of the West. Of course we cannot be sure that the story is very true, because in those days—over eleven hundred years ago—authors were not as particular about their facts as they are nowadays. Still, we cannot help hoping that the wonderful horse, that we read about, did exist, and that he was as faithful to his master as the historians tell us he was.

The horse was called Broieffort, and we are told that he was a tremendous fellow, and the possessor of great strength and speed. In fact, as Ogier, the Dane, Broieffort's master, is said to have been a real giant, an ordinary horse would never have been able to carry him; so that it is very easy to believe that Broieffort was a giant too.

Ogier was the son of Duke Godfrey, of Denmark, and when he was very young was sent to Charlemagne's

court. It seems that his father was too proud to do homage to Charlemagne—that is, to acknowledge him as his master—so he sent his son to the court as a hostage. This meant that if Charlemagne had wished to punish Godfrey for his pride, he had poor Ogier at hand to ill-treat, which makes us have rather a poor opinion of Godfrey for placing his son in such a risky position.

Soon after Ogier went to live at Charlemagne's court, however, the powerful king was called upon by the Pope of Rome to come to his aid against the Saracens, or Arabs, who were about to attack him. Ogier gladly accompanied Charlemagne's army, and in the battle that followed distinguished himself very greatly. It appears that the Arabs were winning the battle, and the retreating Frankish soldiers were in danger of losing their flag, which would have been considered a great disgrace. But the brave young Ogier sprang forward, knocked the cowardly standard-bearer down, and, holding the flag aloft, called on the fleeing troops to follow him. He then charged at the enemy's ranks, followed by the heartened Franks, and the tide of battle quickly turned in Charlemagne's favor.

As he plunged into the thick of the fight, Ogier came face to face with Brunamont, an Arab chief, who was mounted on a magnificent, great horse. After a des-

perate struggle, Ogier hurled Brunamont from his saddle and, as conqueror, took possession of his foe's armor and horse. Thus he became owner of Broieffort, who was to be such a faithful servant ever after.

Not satisfied, however, with all that he had already done, young Ogier presently, in the midst of the raging battle, came across the king who had been unseated from his horse and was being set upon by two fierce Arabs. Ogier flung himself at the king's assailants, and soon drove them off; and indeed they must have been very much alarmed when they saw Ogier wearing *their* chief's armor and riding his well-known steed.

After the battle had been won, Ogier and a number of other young warriors brought the flag that they had saved to their king and proudly laid it at his feet. For his great services, the king embraced the young Dane, and made him a knight, so that the poor hostage now became a great favorite at court. For, in those days, when a great man honored a person, that person suddenly became a great favorite with everybody.

After some years, Ogier married and had a son. He brought his little boy to the court, and the king relieved Ogier of his hostageship, so that he became a free man. Unfortunately, just as all was going so well for Ogier, the king's son, Charlot, grew very jealous of all the favors that his father was showing to the one-time

hostage. Not only was Charlot jealous of Ogier, but he took a great dislike to the Dane's son, Balduinet. One day, when the boys were playing chess together, a serious quarrel took place between them, and Charlot, in a fit of rage, struck Balduinet over the head with the chessboard and killed him.

Undoubtedly, he was very, very sorry when he realized what he had done, and perhaps if he had gone to Ogier and explained that he did not mean to kill his boy, all might have ended well. But he did not do this, and so when Ogier heard the news he probably thought that Charlot had killed Balduinet intentionally. He set out at once to look for Charlot, but when the young prince heard that Ogier was coming, he ran at full speed to his father, the king, for protection.

Poor Ogier was so enraged and distressed at the death of his little son that he followed Charlot into Charlemagne's presence, and there would have been a still greater tragedy had not the courtiers prevented it. For Ogier tried hard to kill the king as well as his son, and, though he was prevented, he swore that he would never be satisfied until he had revenged himself on Charlot.

Of course, after this, Ogier had to leave the court, for the king and his son could never feel safe with the vengeful Dane nearby. So Ogier fled, with a number

of friends who sympathized with him, and shut himself up in his castle which was called Beaufort.

When he had gathered his army together, Charlemagne followed Ogier to Beaufort and for seven long years besieged the castle. But it was no easy matter to conquer Ogier, who, when he was least expected, would charge out with his brave men and secure food, besides killing many of Charlemagne's men. One of the king's men invented a machine that threw fire into the castle and burnt up everything inside, so that we see that this kind of warfare was used many, many years before the Great War. Even this kind of attack did not discourage Ogier, however, for he and his men charged out and smashed the machine into a thousand pieces.

As the fight went on from day to day, with little hope of success, young Charlot became still more sorry for what he had done, and several times made offers of friendship to Ogier. But the stern Dane always replied, "A life for a life!" and continued to fight on against hopeless odds.

At last the time came when all of Ogier's followers were killed, and he was left alone with Broieffort to defend the castle. One would suppose that Ogier would have listened to Charlot's offers now. But he thought of a plan that turned out to be very successful. He knew that if Charlemagne discovered that he alone was

the only defender of the castle, the king would soon break in and capture, or kill, him. So he made a number of imitation soldiers out of wood, and stood them up on the battlements where the king could see them. To make them look a little more lifelike, Ogier pulled the hair from Broieffort's tail and made wigs and whiskers for the wooden soldiers.

Charlemagne was much alarmed, and greatly puzzled, when he saw this fresh army, for he had made up his mind that almost all those in the castle must be dead. He could not imagine how these fresh men got into the castle, or where Ogier found them, and he thought it was rather useless to continue the siege, if the Dane could replace the soldiers as fast as they were killed. Accordingly, he rode out in front of the castle and delivered a long speech to these dummy defenders. He told them that he would pardon them all if they would give up Ogier to him, and he offered them many rewards if they would come and join his army. It must have been very discouraging to talk on and on earnestly, as he did, and to find that he was making no impression on his hearers; for the wooden soldiers made no reply to him, and finally he concluded that their loyalty was too great to be upset.

By this time, Ogier had become very despondent from being all alone, without food, and with no oppo-

tunity of getting it. For he did not dare to venture out alone in search of provisions for himself and his horse. At last he decided that he must choose between an attempt to fight his way out in daylight, which he knew was hopeless, and an escape at night. Finally, he decided to leave the castle at midnight, and, aided by a thick mist, and the intelligence of Broieffort, who stepped very lightly and cautiously between the lines of Charlemagne's sleeping soldiers, he escaped.

When the king discovered that his enemy had tricked him, he called all the peers before him, and forced them to swear that they would never give Ogier a chance to escape if they ever found him again. Among these peers, or lords, was Turpin, the archbishop of Rheims, that town in which stood the beautiful cathedral that was destroyed in the Great War.

Had it not been for Broieffort's vigilance and fidelity, Ogier would soon have been captured, for, thoroughly exhausted, he grew a little careless and flung himself on the ground for a nap. The wide-awake Broieffort, though he, too, must have been very, very weary, heard his master's enemies drawing near, and stamped with his hoofs so hard on the ground, that his master was aroused in time to spring on his watchful charger's back and escape.

On another occasion, however, fortune turned against

Ogier, and he was captured. It appears that he came to a lake around which luxuriant grass grew, and as poor Broieffort had had no food all that day, Ogier took off the horse's saddle and bridle and turned him loose to graze. After he had attended to his horse's needs, the good Ogier removed his own sword and armor and lay down to sleep. Unfortunately, at this moment, Turpin, the old archbishop, discovered him. Now Turpin admired Ogier very much, and did not at all want to take him prisoner, but he had sworn to the king to do so, and of course had to keep his oath.

Consequently, he ordered his men to bind the sleeping giant, and to catch his horse. No doubt the men were just as well pleased to have the chance of taking Ogier while he was asleep, for it would have been rather a serious undertaking to tie him if he had been prepared. When the prisoner had been securely bound, Turpin took him to Rheims. So that we see that all this is said to have taken place in a part of the world that has been very much talked about of late.

The king was delighted to hear that his powerful enemy was captured at last, and at once made up his mind to put Ogier to death. But the prince, Charlot, pleaded hard for the man to whom he had done so great an injury, and the king agreed, at last, to Ogier's imprisonment. On the face of it, this decision seemed

kind, but, as a matter of fact, Charlemagne had quite made up his mind to get rid of Ogier. So he gave secret orders to Turpin that the prisoner was to have only one-quarter of a slice of bread, one-quarter of a piece of meat, and one-quarter of a cup of wine every day; believing that on such short rations Ogier would soon starve to death.

But good old Turpin at once thought of a plan, by which he could obey the king's orders and yet preserve Ogier's life. Accordingly, he had huge loaves of bread baked, so that one-quarter of a slice was a great deal larger than an ordinary loaf; he also had an enormous beaker, or pitcher, made, from which the wine was to be poured, and gave orders that the meat was to be cut from a whole lamb or pig.

After Ogier had been cast into prison, the king gave Broieffort to an abbot. When the priest, who was lean and light in weight, mounted the great horse, Broieffort, surprised at the sudden change from carrying his heavy master, played and kicked up his heels. And, when the abbot's robes began to tickle his sides, the horse ran away with great leaps along the mountain passes until he came to a convent, when he threw the old abbot off in sight of the abbess and all the nuns. This was very embarrassing for the abbot, and it made him so angry that he turned Broieffort over to some workmen, who

made him drag stones for the new chapel that was being built. And so, ill-fed and hard worked, poor Broieffort passed several unhappy years.

In the mean time, Charlemagne was becoming much alarmed because he was threatened by two armies. Ogier's friends were coming to liberate their hero, and the Saracens, under Bruhier, Sultan of Arabia, were on their way to Paris. In this emergency, Turpin and the other peers begged Charlemagne to release Ogier, but for some time the king refused. At last, however, when Bruhier, who believed Ogier to be dead, offered to fight any champion that Charlemagne selected, and to remove his Saracen army if he were defeated, the king decided that Ogier was the only one who could save the day.

When Ogier had been released and had put on his armor, the question of a charger came up. It was plain that no ordinary horse could carry him in such a combat as he would have with Bruhier, and he had quite made up his mind that poor old Broieffort was dead. But Turpin knew where Broieffort was, and sent at once for the horse.

We can imagine how surprised and delighted Ogier was when his dear charger was led out before him. But it was not the same Broieffort. Hard work and poor food had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and all his

old spirit seemed to have left him. No sooner did he hear his beloved master's voice, though, than he displayed the greatest delight and all his old fire returned.

Ogier shouted with joy when he saw that Broieffort was his old self again, for he felt confident now that he would conquer the Saracen chief. Light-heartedly, he rode out to meet the other giant, and before long the astonished Bruhier had been tumbled from his horse and killed. But, alas, before he was defeated, the Saracen, by a stroke of his enormous sword, had slain poor Broieffort, and Ogier felt very, very sorry that he had not let his brave horse go on hauling stones. Broieffort, we may be sure, would have chosen to be with his dear master to the end, and, great warrior that he was, it was fitting that he should die in battle.

After the Saracen's death, Ogier took the beautiful horse that he rode. This horse was called *Marche-ballée*, but we may be sure that Ogier never loved him as he had Broieffort.

CHAPTER V

A PRINCE'S SAD MISTAKE

IN the extreme middle west of Great Britain, there is a country that has always seemed to be very different from the other parts of the kingdom. Even today many of the people who live in this part of the British Isles speak a language which cannot be understood by those who live in the other parts, and they also dress in pretty costumes such as were worn by their ancestors hundreds of years ago.

This country is called Wales, and it was only conquered by the English kings after many centuries of fighting, for the Welsh, as the people are called, are a very sturdy and brave race. For many years, however, the Welsh have been very patriotic, and they are proud, now, to think that the heir to the English crown bears the title of the Prince of Wales.

One of the last Welsh chieftains to struggle successfully against the English, was a prince named Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, or, as he was usually called, Llewelyn the Great. He was prince of North Wales, and very soon showed his prowess as a fighter, for, when he was

a mere boy, he recovered his estates by going to war for them. Before many years had passed, he was looked upon as the greatest prince in Wales, and he became so important that he married the daughter of King John of England. This was the King John who signed the Magna Charta which was the beginning of British liberty.

Even after Llewelyn had married John's daughter, the king fought with him and conquered him. It seems rather unfriendly for a man to go to war with his own son-in-law, but probably the English king did not like to think that Llewelyn was not willing to obey him. And, after all, Llewelyn regained his independence the very next year.

At that time Wales was divided into two distinct countries—North and South Wales—and the chieftains of the two sections were constantly at war with each other. The country is so mountainous and so hard to cultivate, that the people were great hunters as well as brave fighters. Even nowadays it is not a good country for farming, though large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep graze on the mountain sides, and it is also the home in the shaggy Welsh ponies that we so often see drawing Governess carts.

Llewelyn was a great hunter, and he had a pet greyhound, called Gellert, or Killhart, who always accom-

panied his master on his expeditions in search of game. The dog was probably called Killhart because, being so fleet of foot, he could run down the hart, that is, stag that his master was hunting.

Gellert was so constantly by his master's side that on one occasion, when Llewelyn set out with his men on a hunting expedition, the dog's absence was soon noticed. At first Llewelyn did not worry much, for he thought his faithful pet would be sure to scent him out and join him before he had gone far. But the day passed, and still Gellert did not appear, so that the prince was very anxious about him before the hunt was over.

Now Llewelyn had a little baby son, who was to be the next prince, and of course he loved his little heir very dearly. So that, as soon as he returned from his long tramp over the mountains, he went at once to see that the little boy was safe and well. For, in those days, wild animals, such as wolves, used to roam all over the country and, sometimes, used to make their way into the houses in search of their prey. It seems that on this day the little prince had been put to sleep in his cradle in a room on the first floor of the castle, and his nurse, or the servant who was supposed to guard him, had left him sleeping and unwatched.

As a result of this lack of care, when Llewelyn en-

tered the room his heart almost stopped beating, as he saw that the cradle was overturned and that the baby had apparently been stolen. To make matters worse, the prince saw at once that a tremendous struggle had taken place in the room, for all the furniture was broken, or disarranged, and the floor and walls were spattered with blood.

For a moment, Llewelyn was almost too much overcome with grief to do anything, but presently he began to search quickly through the room, in the hope that he might find that his dear baby had not been injured after all. We must remember, when we read of what Llewelyn now did, that he must have been almost insane, from grief, at the thought that his baby heir had been carried off by some wild animal.

In any case, as he hunted frantically through the room, he suddenly came on Gellert standing behind the overturned cradle, with his hair erect and his fangs showing. To make matters worse, the dog's mouth was stained with blood, and Llewelyn thought, at once, that instead of going with him on his hunting trip, Gellert had stayed at home and had killed the baby prince.

We know that it is always foolish to give way to a sudden fit of rage, because we are not able to use our best judgment at such a time, and we never can undo

the damage that we may cause when we are not quite ourselves. For the rest of his life, Llewelyn regretted his hasty judgment on this occasion. For no sooner had he seen the blood on Gellert's head and jaws, than he entirely lost control of himself and ran his sword through the greyhound's body.

He had barely done this, before some servants ran into the room and began to return things to their proper places. And, when they turned the cradle over, there lay the baby, entirely unhurt, so that, in a bitter instant, Llewelyn understood what had really happened. The brave Gellert, instead of accompanying his master, had evidently seen that the baby had been left alone, and had decided that it was his duty to guard the little prince. And, while he was lying patiently and alert by the cradle, a hungry, savage wolf had entered the room and had tried to carry off the sleeping child.

We can imagine what a terrific struggle the noble greyhound must have had with the wild beast, and, of course, during the fight, the cradle was upset; but, fortunately, the little prince fell under it and was safely hidden from the wolf.

Great indeed must have been Llewelyn's joy when he saw his little boy lying on the cushions safe and sound; but, when he turned to the body of his faithful hound, he felt that he never could forgive himself for

so rewarding the valiant guardian of the little prince.

Near the village of Beddgellert, or, Grave of Gellert, which lies at the foot of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, there is a long green mound under which Gellert is said to have been buried. After all the long years that have passed since Gellert met his sad fate, there is nothing left to mark his grave but a single rough stone that is pointed out to visitors. But, it is said that, in his sorrow, Llewelyn built a parish church over the spot where he had buried his devoted dog, and no doubt he often went there to grieve over his hasty deed.

This same story of a dog which was killed by mistake after defending its master's infant, has been told in many languages, but it seems as if this must really have happened in Wales because the Welsh people often say to one another, "I am as sorry as the man who killed his greyhound."

CHAPTER VI

A DOG THAT CHOSE HIS MASTER

WE are so accustomed to being free to chose our own religion and to go to the church that we like best, without any interference, that it seems strange to think that many years ago this was not the case. Not only did people have very great differences in their beliefs in those days, but they frequently used to have wars on account of them; and sometimes a whole nation would be persecuted because the people did not believe as some powerful king wished them to do.

About the time that William, Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau, was born, the people of the Netherlands did not at all agree with King Charles V of Spain, and they were very much oppressed in a good many ways on account of this difference of opinion.

William was not born Prince of Orange, but his cousin was killed in battle, and when his will was read, it was found that he had left all his possessions and titles to William.

When he was young, William was kept at the French court as a hostage to guarantee the carrying out of a

treaty between France and the Netherlands, and it was here that he was given the name of William the Silent. He was not called "The Silent" because he did not like to talk, but because he was very cautious about what he said. He could always be trusted to keep an important secret, so that he soon became known as a trustworthy diplomat, though he did not show much ability as a general at that time.

He does not seem to have objected to being held as a hostage, and it appears that he spent a large part of his time at the French Court in enjoying himself. Unfortunately, he did not show very good judgment as far as his money matters were concerned, and spent a great deal more money, than he could afford, on entertaining his friends. The consequence was that he was soon very much in debt, and no doubt he wished very often that he had been satisfied with simpler pleasures.

Though King Charles was anything but kind or generous to the people of the Netherlands, which we usually call Holland now, his son Philip was still more cruel to them. So that, after a time, the people broke out in a revolt against his tyranny and determined to become independent of him.

William, who had now returned to Holland, did not at all trust Philip, though the King of Spain pretended to be friendly. So the Prince of Orange became leader

of the revolt; though, when a Spanish army arrived in Holland, he was compelled at first to leave the country.

Soon he succeeded in raising a small army, however, and he at once set out to liberate the people of the Netherlands, and so began a war that lasted for forty years. At last the Netherlands began to gain, and then William was made lawful Stadtholder, or chief magistrate.

It is very interesting to know that, in this struggle, a great deal of fighting took place in and around Mons, in Belgium, where the Allies and Germans fought a terrible battle in the Great War.

At last the Netherland provinces obtained their independence, and William the Silent became ruler of Holland and Zeeland. The people now loved William, just as the American colonists idolized George Washington after he had led them to victory, and we can easily imagine how distressed everyone was when the Prince of Orange was killed by an assassin on July 10, 1584. In fact, it is said that the little children stood in the streets and cried, when they heard that their beloved prince was dead.

Like almost all great and kind men, William loved all dogs, but there was one in particular to which he was very deeply attached. It seems that this dog was not wanted by anybody, for he had been driven from

house to house by hard-hearted people, until at last one day he succeeded in making his way into William's palace, and wisely took refuge under the good prince's chair.

It has been said that little children and animals always know at once when people like them, and perhaps they have a particular sense that tells them whether or not a person is kindhearted.

It appears that this little dog was driven from under William's chair several times, probably by the servants, but that he always succeeded in making his way back. He believed, no doubt, that if he kept up his courage and persevered, he would succeed in the end, and so it turned out. He always made his arrangements so that he managed to slip under the prince's chair just about meal time. We don't know that William fed him at first, and probably he did not, because he must have allowed the servants to turn the poor little dog out on several occasions. But, after his attention had been attracted by the wonderful love that the strange dog showed, he began to look for it under the chair, and thereafter took care that it was well fed.

As soon as the poor little dog saw that he had been successful in gaining even a slight amount of attention from the master he had chosen, he jumped about and licked the prince's hand. He continued to show so

many signs of delight and affection, that at last William felt that the least he could do was to take care of the persevering little dog. As it turned out for the prince, it was a fortunate thing that he did show kindness to the little spaniel, as we shall see presently.

After this the dog, which was now called Pompée, was to be found constantly with the prince. Pompée kept close by the good William's side on all the prince's expeditions and always slept in front of his dear master's bedroom door, so that no one could enter without the prince knowing about it. It is said that Pompée went with his master, even to the meetings of the men who governed the country, and if this is so, we may be sure that, as he had shown so much sense before, he was wise enough to lie perfectly quiet while the great men were talking. It is true that we do hear that Pompée had to be put out of the council chamber on one occasion, because he bothered his master by jumping up at him. But if the truth were known, the dog probably suspected that his master was in danger, or, perhaps he thought that the other men were trying to persuade the prince to agree to something that was not wise.

When the prince rode out in the royal coach, Pompée used to march along proudly by the side of the carriage with his tail erect, just as if he were one of the regular guards, and, as a matter of fact, he was really a

more careful guardian than all the soldiers put together.

One night at the time of the fighting near Mons, Pompée saved his master's life. William had fallen asleep in his tent, and all was quiet at the camp, when a band of Spanish riflemen made a surprise attack.

In those days, armies did not dig themselves into trenches, nor were they kept far apart by monstrous guns, so that if the sentries were not wide awake, it was easy to steal into each other's camps. On this occasion, William's sentries must have been very careless, and had it not been for Pompée's vigilance a very serious thing would have happened. Pompée, who was lying near his master, as usual, heard the Spaniards drawing near, and in an instant he was on his feet listening and sniffing, with his hair standing up, as a sign that something was wrong.

In a very few moments, the wise little dog made up his mind that someone was coming to attack his master, and in an instant he had sprung up on the prince's bed. Though he barked furiously, his master did not awake at once, so Pompée scratched at William's face until the prince started up quickly and dashed from the tent. We can picture in our minds the expression on the prince's face, when he threw back the flaps of his tent and saw the Spaniards creeping past the sleeping

sentries into the camp, sure that the time had come when they would be able to kill the general who was fighting against them.

Fortunately, William never went to bed, when he was in camp, without giving orders for a horse, with saddle and bridle on, to be left standing near him. So that, as soon as his eyes fell on the advancing enemy soldiers, he sprang quickly upon the horse's back, and with the delighted Pompée scampering by his side, fled in the darkness.

The sleepy sentries, and the prince's other attendants, were all killed, so that William did not have to punish them for neglecting their duty.

After this, of course, William loved Pompée more than ever, and he must have realized very often what a wonderful return Pompée had made for the kindness that was shown to him when he was starving. We all know that though human beings sometimes do so, animals very seldom fail to show their gratitude for favors that we do them.

When William, who had a good many secret enemies, was killed, Pompée refused to leave his master's body and snapped at those who tried to drive him away. He refused all food after the prince had finally been taken away from him, and slowly pined away. William had left a sum of money in his will to be used for Pompée's

benefit, but the dog did not live to need it. He refused to have anyone as a new master, and died at last from starvation and a broken heart.

Happily the people did not forget Pompée's fidelity. For, when a magnificent monument to their prince was built in St. Ursula's church at Delft, in Holland, a figure of Pompée was carved on it. So that those who visit the church at Delft will see the figure of William the Silent, carved in marble, lying at full length, and at his feet an image of Pompée guarding his beloved master even in death.

It is very pleasant for us to know that this great man, who devoted his life to gaining the independence of Holland, should also have shown so much kindness to a little stray dog, and that a grateful people did not forget Pompée's attachment to his good master.

CHAPTER VII

A FICKLE PET

WE do not often hear of a dog that, of his own will, changes his master. Yet a story, which we must hope is not true, is told of a greyhound that belonged to King Richard II, of England. We hope it is not true, because we cannot respect, very much, the memory of a dog who deserted his master.

It is impossible to read about King Richard II without sympathizing with him, for he became king when he was very young, and the latter part of his life was extremely unhappy. He was the son of Edward, the Black Prince, and was called to the throne of England when he was only eleven years of age.

At this time, the condition of the poor people in England was very bad. They could earn but little, and were made to pay heavy taxes, which, of course, seemed very unjust to them. They grumbled about their wrongs for a long time, until at last a man named Walter Tyler, who was usually called "Wat" Tyler, persuaded them to form a little army, and to take their revenge on the

people who passed the laws that they objected to. In a very short time, Tyler had gathered together a great number of dissatisfied laborers, and he set out at their head, from Kent, for London. At Canterbury, where the beautiful cathedral is, the army of rioters broke into the archbishop's palace and did a great deal of damage. They then marched on to London and burnt several prisons, after turning the prisoners loose. At Lambeth, a part of London, there is a palace where the archbishop of Canterbury lives, and Tyler's followers overran this splendid building and destroyed, or stole, a great many valuable things.

To get to the busiest and richest part of London, it was necessary to cross the river Thames. London Bridge, which connected the two parts of the city, was built with a drawbridge, and when this was raised, of course no one could cross. But some traitor to the king and his ministers, lowered the drawbridge, and in a twinkling the mob was streaming across the river.

For some reason or other, no steps had been taken to stop the rebellion which had now become a serious matter, and Tyler and his wild followers continued their course of destruction without opposition. They burnt the Savoy Palace, which belonged to John of Gaunt, and then set fire to the big prisons known as Newgate and The Fleet. Of course the freed prisoners gladly

joined Wat Tyler's party, for the kind of lawlessness that he was stirring up suited them exactly.

All this time, little King Richard, who was only fourteen years of age, was shut up in the Tower of London where he was safe. After a time, when he discovered that his ministers were not exerting themselves to put an end to the riot, he decided that it was his duty to take matters in his own hands. Probably, if the truth were known, his ministers, when they found that the riot was so serious, thought that the wisest thing for them was to keep out of the way of Wat Tyler and his army.

At all events, the young king mounted a horse and rode out of the Tower to see what he could do to quiet the mob. Of course he ran a very serious risk, but he felt that his position as king carried great responsibility, and he determined to brave the danger. He rode through the city, which showed many signs of the rebels' progress through it, and presently came upon Tyler and his mob in a tournament ground outside the wall which, in those days, inclosed London. The king talked for some time with the rebel leader, and after awhile Tyler promised that no more damage should be done if the king would grant certain favors to the people. The young king agreed and rode back, hopefully, to the Tower.

But Tyler did not keep his word, and before long the rioters were at work destroying more property. Therefore, the king went out again the next day to see Tyler. At first Tyler pretended to be very friendly and shook the boy-king's hand—which was taking a great liberty in those days—but a little later he became very rude, and a fight, between the king's party and the rioters, followed in which Wat Tyler was killed by the Lord Mayor.

For a moment it looked as if the king would surely be set upon by the furious mob; but, with great presence of mind, Richard rode quickly to a part of the ground where he could plainly be seen and heard.

There he held up his hand to gain the attention of the mob, and, when he saw that they were listening, said, "Sirs, will you shoot your king? I will be your chief and captain, and you shall have from me all that you want."

The sight of their brave young king sitting proudly and unguarded on his horse, and trusting to their loyalty, stirred the people, and they cheered him loudly when he had finished speaking. And, when he turned his horse and rode to a large meadow that sloped down to the Thames, they followed him, talking happily over the better days that were coming. But the king did not really mean what he said. He only pretended to be

friendly so as to put the people off their guard. After he had led them to the meadow, where they might be easily surrounded, he continued to talk to them until a strong force of his own men arrived and arrested a number of the principal rioters. The only excuse, for the trick that the king played on the people, was that his life was in danger, and that he was dealing with men who had already broken their agreement with him.

It does not seem to be quite clear when, or how, Richard became the owner of Mathe, or Mithe, as some writers call his favorite dog, but we do not hear anything about the greyhound until after the king had grown up to manhood.

We may feel sure that though the king was extravagant and foolish at times, he must have been good at heart because his dog loved him very dearly. Mathe was always to be found by his royal master's side, and loved to stand up with his fore paws on Richard's shoulders.

Sometimes the king would set out on horseback leaving the greyhound in charge of its keeper. The dog, heartbroken at being deserted by his master, as he thought, would strain hard at his leash and cry, until the keeper released him, when he would dash off with great bounds. Even though the king might be many miles away by this time, Mathe would race through the

woods, and leap over hedges and brooks with great graceful bounds until, barking joyously, he overtook his master.

In those days, a king could never depend even on his best friend, for, when he least expected it, someone that he had always trusted might raise an army and put him off the throne. Very likely Richard was thinking of this, when he was out for a walk one day with Mathe and Henry of Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, joined them. Usually Mathe was rather savage with everyone except the king, but on this occasion he left his master's side and went to the duke. The duke was much surprised, especially when Mathe jumped up and behaved as he usually did to the king.

"Whose dog is this?" asked the duke, "and why does he show so much affection for me?"

"Cousin," said the king, in reply, "it is a good token for you, but an evil and grewsome sign for me."

"How do you know that?" asked the duke.

"I know it very well," answered the king. "The greyhound acknowledges and accepts you here today as the rightful king of England, as you shall be, without doubt, and I shall be deposed. This knowledge is natural to the greyhound, so take him, for he will forsake me and follow you."

It appears that the duke's conscience must have been

guilty, for he could not tell the king that he did not expect ever to have his throne, but walked off without a word with the dog at his heels. And, curiously enough, Mathe would never take any more notice of the king, but attached himself to the Duke of Lancaster.

We know that, after this, the duke did seize the throne and that he ruled as Henry IV of England. And we also know he put poor Richard in jail, where the prisoner is said to have starved to death.

We, unfortunately, sometimes hear of people, nowadays, who desert their old friends for new ones, because they hope to gain something by the change; but it is not at all pleasant to think that a dog would do such a thing. We do not know what became of Mathe after his new master became king, but he probably regretted, very often, his lack of fidelity.

CHAPTER VIII

A KING'S WARRIOR

IN Sanssouci park surrounding the palace outside Potsdam, in Prussia, there is a monument of white marble on which is engraved the word "Gengisk."

This monument was built by the celebrated king of Prussia, Frederick the Great, as a mark of his gratitude to the well-loved dog who warned his royal master of the presence of a great danger.

Frederick the Great's father, though he was never as great a general as his son turned out to be, was very fond of soldiers. He formed a regiment of giants, and spent a great deal of time in watching them drill. He collected these huge men from all parts of Europe, and no man of very unusual height was safe from the king's agents, who, if a likely-looking recruit would not join willingly, were as likely as not to kidnap him. We may conclude, therefore, that when these agents were known to be in a town, only dwarfs were to be found in the streets.

Frederick was very ambitious to become well educated when he was a boy, but his father did not consider

reading at all a manly occupation, and gradually grew to dislike his son because he spent so much time with his books. At last, when he was eighteen years old, his father became so rude and so unkind to him, that Frederick decided to go to England and to ask the English king to protect him. He succeeded in escaping from Prussia, and was helped by a friend named Katte, a lieutenant in the army. For this, Frederick was placed under arrest by his father, and was, besides, deprived of his rank as crown-prince. He was also tried by court-martial—that is, by a military court—and thrown into prison.

The king, Frederick's father, was so angry with Lieutenant Katte that he condemned him to death, and to punish the prince at the same time, he forced Frederick to be present at the execution. Frederick was also compelled to work as a clerk in a government office, but this was rather a good thing, as he, no doubt, gained a great deal of valuable information concerning the government of the country.

When Frederick was twenty-eight years of age his father died, and the prince became King of Prussia. One of his very first deeds was to do away with his father's regiment of giants. These men must have been very thankful to rest from the constant drilling that they had submitted to, for the old king's amusement.

For Frederick I, Frederick the Great's father, used to amuse himself with these lengthy warriors just as children play with tin soldiers nowadays.

But, though Frederick got rid of these unwieldy troops, he brought the army into a splendid condition of preparedness, and, as so often happens when a man has a fine army under his control, he soon went to war. The reason that he gave for going to war with Austria was that a part of that country really belonged to Prussia, but perhaps he also wanted to see how well his fine new army would behave. In any case, he was victorious, so that he was very pleased with his soldiers.

After peace had been declared at Dresden, Frederick was already looked upon as one of the greatest men in Europe. He was not only a great general, though, for he worked hard to develop the industries of Prussia, and he also ruled his country very wisely.

About nine years after peace had been declared with Austria, a terrible war began. In some ways it was like the Great War that began in 1914, for almost all of Europe was concerned in it. The Seven Years' War, as it was called, began between Prussia and Austria for the possession of Silesia. Prussia had England on her side, while Austria was helped by Russia, France, Sweden and Saxony. Before long, the whole of Europe was at odds, and even America was interested, because



Frederick the Great and Gengisk, the dog who saved him from capture.

the French and Indian War was really caused by the Seven Year's War.

Frederick the Great was always a great lover of dogs, and in a room next to the king's study in the palace at Sanssouci, which means "Without care," there are, even now, several small armchairs covered with satin. In these little armchairs the king's pet dogs used to sit patiently until their royal master, who was always busy at something, could find time to play with them. It is said that Frederick used to allow some of the greater favorites to sleep in his bed, but we will hope that this is not true.

The dog that Frederick loved best was called Gengisk. It is said that he was a very powerful animal, and that he was also extremely handsome. Gengisk was allowed the privilege of being with the king wherever he went, and even stayed by his master's side through the great battles. In fact, we are told that Gengisk did his part in these battles by biting the enemy soldiers, if he ever succeeded in getting near enough to them to do so. Of course even the bravest soldier would find it difficult to shoot straight if a big dog were snapping at his heels, or, perhaps, biting his leg, so that it is quite possible that Gengisk was a good deal of assistance after all.

But, it was during the great Seven Year's War, that

Gengisk performed his most notable service to his beloved master. It seems that Frederick became separated from his officers and lost his way. Strive as he would, he could not find any sign of his men, but he continued to ride on with the faithful Gengisk by his side, until night came, and the darkness made his chances of getting back to his army almost hopeless. Still he rode on and on, Gengisk with his nose constantly to the ground trying to scent the correct road, except when he lifted his noble head to gaze reassuringly at his master. At last they came to a river that flowed between Prussia and Poland, and the king now realized that he was in a very bad part of the country. For he knew that at almost any moment he might encounter a band of Russian Cossacks, who would be only too delighted at the chance of capturing such an important prisoner.

Frederick felt that it was quite as dangerous to remain where he was, as to ride on on the chance of meeting some of his own men, so he turned his horse's head down the river bank. Suddenly, Gengisk sprang at Frederick's horse's chest, in an attempt to prevent the animal from going on. As this seemed to have no effect, the wise dog jumped up and bit at the king's boots, howling at the same time as though he were in great pain.

Frederick's attention was now attracted to Gengisk's actions, and knowing how faithful the good animal was, he felt sure that some danger must be threatening him. Accordingly, he stopped his horse and listened intently, but there was nothing to be heard. Still convinced that the dog's instinct was to be depended on, the king dismounted after a few moments, and led his horse back in the direction from which he had come. Gengisk immediately displayed the greatest delight, jumped about playfully, and licked his master's hands as though to assure him that he was wise to retreat.

At last Frederick knelt down and placed his ear to the ground, as the wild Indians used to do when they were on the warpath and wished to find out if any enemies were near.

As soon as Frederick did this he heard quite plainly the heavy tramp of horses' feet, and he felt sure at once that the enemy's cavalry was approaching. He could tell by the sound that the riders were still a long way off, but presently, by the bright light of the moon that had now risen, he saw some of the scouts that had ridden on in advance of the troops.

There was not a moment to spare, and the alarmed king glanced about in all directions for a hiding place. At last his eyes fell upon a little bridge that spanned the river. His position was so perilous that he was

willing to take advantage of any chance of escape that presented itself, however slight it might seem, so he led his horse down the stream and under the bridge.

It must indeed have been an anxious moment. Gengisk, of course, followed at the king's heels, and once or twice, to his master's horror, the faithful animal, scenting the approaching enemy, showed every sign of being about to bark. Of course the slightest sound would have meant the king's capture, and at last, when the Cossacks actually crossed the bridge, Frederick seized Gengisk's muzzle in both hands and held the dog's jaws so that they could not open. Frederick said afterwards that, at this moment, he shivered with fright for the only time in his life. The king never forgot Gengisk's fidelity and intelligence, and it seems as if he should have been very grateful to the horse, also, for one neigh from the charger would have been as bad as a bark from Gengisk.

In one battle poor Gengisk was made a prisoner and was given to a general, who, in turn, presented the dog to his wife. It is hard to think of the warlike Gengisk occupying the position of a lady's pet, and it is not likely that he allowed any great amount of familiarity on the part of his captors.

Frederick made every effort to get the dog back, and many conferences were held about him, just as if he

were an ordinary prisoner of war, but for a long time nothing came of all the parleys. At last, one day when the king was in his palace writing with his back to the door, a general arrived with Gengisk. No sooner did the delighted dog see his beloved master, than he dashed at him and sprang upon him with a mighty bound, upsetting the writing table and scattering state papers in all directions. The king's eyes filled with tears, we hear, at this evidence of Gengisk's love for him, and it was no easy matter to bring tears to Frederick's eyes.

Some months after this Gengisk died, and Frederick, deeply grieved, then built the monument at Sanssouci, so that all those who go to see where the great general lived may also look upon the grateful monarch's tribute to his guardian.

CHAPTER IX

“WHOSE DOG ARE YOU?”

IT is always encouraging to read of a boy who, without a great deal of education, in his youth, succeeds in making his mark in the world. So that, when we hear that Alexander Pope, the celebrated poet and essayist, obtained his education chiefly through his own efforts, we cannot fail to admire him, especially as we know that he had a great many difficulties to overcome.

He was not at all a strong child, and was always undersized and deformed, but he did not allow these drawbacks to prevent him from becoming one of England's best-known writers.

It is true that his father encouraged him to write poetry, but the verses were often returned to the boy with rather severe remarks written on them. Some boys would have become discouraged, but young Pope continued to study so hard that at last he became very ill. He now made up his mind that he was going to die, and he sat down and wrote farewell letters to his friends. But, fortunately, he was not quite as ill as he

thought, and all that he needed was a good rest from his studies to get well again.

He must have been very industrious, though, after he grew strong, for he wrote a large number of poems and essays, besides making translations of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. It must have been very hard for him to translate these poems, for he was not at all a good Greek scholar; still, he persisted, and his English versions of these great poems are still much admired, though they were made about one hundred and seventy-five years ago. The Iliad tells about the siege of Troy by the Greeks, and the Odyssey is the history of the adventures of Odysseus, or Ulysses, who was a very wise and eloquent Greek chieftain in the Trojan War. Of course we know that what we read in these poems is only a kind of fairy story, but these stories are so well written that they will probably always prove interesting.

At the time that Pope lived, there were also several other poets and authors who, instead of being kind and friendly, as authors are nowadays, used, sometimes, to write very unkind things about one another. From some verses that one of these poets wrote about Pope, we know that Bounce, Pope's dog, was a well-known character. In those days, when writers were very poorly paid for their work, poets used, sometimes, to write very flattering things about kings and other

prominent people, who were glad to pay for the foolish things that were written about them. At one time Pope did something of this sort, so that Gay, another poet, no doubt was thinking of this when he wrote the following unkind lines:

Let Master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx the Poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

Pope was very fond of royalty, and at one time he presented a dog to the Prince of Wales. The dog wore a very handsome collar, and Pope wrote some lines and had them engraved on the collar. The lines were:

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Of course these lines seemed rather impertinent to any one who examined the collar and read them, but perhaps Pope thought that these inquisitive persons would learn in this way that they should be more respectful to the Prince's dog.

The poet was very fond of telling a story about the remarkable intelligence shown on one occasion by his

horses. In those days there were no trains, so that people had to travel in stage coaches, or else in their own carriages. It seems that, on one of his journeys, it became necessary to cross the river Thames. Now while the Thames is quite wide where it flows through London, farther up it is very easy to drive across it at shallow places. It was, of course, at one of these shallow places, or fords, that Pope intended to cross, but his coachman did not know the road very well. It was a dark night, and the coachman drove the horses into the water, though they did not appear to be very willing to go. Presently the wise animals stood still, and though the coachman beat them and did everything in his power to force them to go on, they would not stir. A short time after this, some other travelers came along and told Pope that his horses knew the road better than his coachman did. They said that if the horses had gone a few steps farther, they would have stepped off into a large, deep hole, and Pope would, without doubt, have been drowned.

Pope probably secured a new coachman at once, but we may feel sure that he never forgot how much he owed to the two horses.

Though Pope was very fond of his dog, Bounce, he did not allow the pet to come into his bedroom. On one occasion, at least, though, Bounce found his way

into the forbidden place, and it was very fortunate for his master that the dog did disobey the rules. He possibly hid under the bed, and, in any case, Pope was awakened by the noise of a fierce struggle going on in his room, and to his surprise he saw faithful Bounce holding with his teeth the right hand of a strange man. The man tried hard to shake the dog off, but Pope saw that Bounce did not intend to let go, so he went to the window and called for help. It turned out that the stranger, who was captured, was a burglar, and that he had been admitted to the room by Pope's manservant who, of course, did not know that Bounce was there first. The burglar was armed with a pistol which he might have fired at the poet, if Bounce had not held his hand fast.

At another time Bounce showed a great deal of cleverness. His master had been out for a walk in the woods, and soon after he returned he discovered, to his great sorrow, that he had lost his watch. Of course no one likes to lose his watch, but sometimes it can be replaced. Pope knew that he never could replace his, for it was given to him by the Queen of England. While this fact did not cause the watch to go any better, Pope was very proud of the time-piece, and perhaps it occurred to him, also, that the queen might ask the time someday, and that it would be very awkward if she

discovered that he had not taken better care of her present.

He had a great deal of confidence in Bounce's wisdom, though, and as a last chance he decided to test it. So he called the dog and said to him, quietly, "I have lost my watch, Bounce; go and look for it!"

It was now late in the evening, there had been a heavy shower, and it was very dark. But Bounce was not to be discouraged. Out he set in the gloom, determined not to return without his master's watch. He must have gone over all the ground that Pope had passed over in his walk, and must have searched it very carefully as well, for his master sat up until after midnight and yet the dog had not come home.

Finally, the poet went to bed after having made up his mind that he would never see his watch again, though he felt confident that faithful Bounce was doing his best.

Early next morning, Pope's first thought was of his dog, so he jumped out of bed and opened his door. It is easy to imagine his surprise and delight when he saw the weary and dripping dog lying on the rug. Perhaps he was so glad to see the dog that he forgot the loss of his watch for a moment, but Bounce proudly held up his head and there, clutched firmly, but delicately, between his teeth, was the watch.

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We may suppose that, after this, nothing was too good for Bounce, and we do know that the poet and his dog became more and more attached to each other, and that Pope would rather have parted with anything than with his faithful Bounce.

CHAPTER X

A QUEEN'S LAST FRIEND

THIS is the story of a little dog that remained true to its mistress after, as it seemed, all the world had turned against her.

The unfortunate lady was Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, who a little over one hundred and twenty years ago was put to death by the people that she had ruled. Marie Antoinette, who was an Austrian by birth, went to the French court as the bride of the Dauphin, or heir to the throne, and her life there, for some time, was very difficult and unhappy. The favorites of the king, her father-in-law, were not at all polite, or kind, to the young princess, which is the reason, perhaps, that she made the most of her opportunities for enjoyment after she became queen.

At all events, she, unfortunately, became very extravagant and fond of all kinds of pleasure, after her husband came to the throne as King Louis XVI, and she shocked a good many people because she hated the strict rules that governed the way of living at the court. She was, also, very fond of wearing expensive jewelry,

and spent a great deal too much money on entertainments at the Trianon, a beautiful villa in the park at Versailles, outside Paris.

This beautiful, but rather foolish, young queen was connected with a very celebrated diamond mystery, about which novels have been written, though, perhaps, no one ever knew the exact truth of the matter.

It seems that a firm of jewelers, in Paris, had spent many years in gathering together a number of diamonds that, strung together, formed one of the most beautiful necklaces ever seen. Louis XVI heard of this necklace and was very anxious to present it to his wife, but Marie Antoinette must have been in an unusually economical mood, for she refused to accept it. She even told the king that the money that the jewelers asked for the necklace — about three hundred thousand dollars — would be better spent in building a man-of-war, so that we see that people were talking of preparedness even in those days.

A little later, however, the jewelers made another attempt to sell the necklace. Of course they could not afford to keep such a valuable piece of jewelry locked up in their safe for ever, and yet there were very few people, besides kings or queens, who were in a position to spend such a large sum as three hundred thousand dollars on a necklace. The jewelers naturally went to



Marie Antoinette and Thisbé, the little dog who committed suicide when separated from her mistress.

Marie Antoinette first, as she seemed to them to be the most probable purchaser; but she refused again, though her manner showed the jewelers plainly enough that it was very hard for her not to own the diamonds.

While all this was going on, there was a man at the French court for whom Marie Antoinette had the greatest dislike. This was Cardinal Louis de Rohan, who was a powerful statesman, though he was not at all a good man. One reason that the queen disliked the cardinal was, that when he was ambassador at the Court of Austria, her home, he said a good many unkind things about Marie Antoinette's behavior in France to her mother, Empress Maria Theresa. Like all gossips, he lived to regret what he had said, and tried hard to make friends with the queen later on; especially as he wanted to be made prime minister, and he knew he did not have much chance as long as the queen hated him. Because, in those days, people who were the best friends of those who had the power to award them, generally received the best positions, even if they were not particularly suited to them. But, as is usually the case with people who say unpleasant things about their acquaintances, de Rohan found that his remarks had been repeated to the queen, and that she did not feel at all inclined to forgive him.

Among the cardinal's other friends there was a

woman named Jeanne de St. Remy de Valois. Having such an imposing name one would suppose that she was a very great lady indeed; but, as a matter of fact, she was only a shrewd, scheming woman who was clever enough to draw the cardinal into a most wicked conspiracy.

Before de Rohan had known Madame de Valois very long, she pretended that she had been presented to the queen. It is strange that de Rohan believed this, because Madame de Valois was not at all the kind of person that queens care to know. But this clever woman even succeeded in making the cardinal believe that she and the queen were quite friendly, so that the crafty de Rohan thought that he saw a good chance to slip back into the Queen's favor. He stupidly wrote letters to Marie Antoinette and gave them to Madame de Valois to deliver.

The sly messenger, who saw her plans working out better even than she had hoped, gladly took the letters; but, instead of giving them to the queen, she opened them herself. Then she persuaded a friend of hers to imitate the queen's writing, and carried back to the cardinal the false letters that this friend wrote.

At last the silly de Rohan believed that the queen was in love with him, and, through Madame de Valois, made arrangements to meet Marie Antoinette. This

meeting took place in a grove in the garden at Versailles, and the cardinal offered the lady, who met him, a rose, which she accepted, promising at the same time to forget the past.

Of course this lady was not the queen at all, and it seems strange that such a clever man as the cardinal should have been taken in so easily. But all of us have known people who seem to be extremely clever until someone flatters them, and then they appear to forget all their wisdom.

Madame de Valois had, by this time, found the cardinal so easy to trick that she began to borrow money from him, pretending that the queen wanted to use the loans for her charities. And then the schemer went still further, for she even succeeded in convincing the Paris jewelers of her friendship with the queen. These clever business men at once thought that a good chance presented itself to sell the necklace that had now become a constant source of anxiety. They soon found that Madame de Valois was not too proud to accept a little present for using her influence with the queen, and no doubt they rubbed their hands with glee when she at last agreed to do what she could.

One day Madame de Valois went to the jewelers and told them that the queen had agreed to buy the necklace, but that as Her Majesty did not want the

people to know of her extravagance, she would buy it through a great personage. Madame de Valois showed an agreement to buy the necklace, signed with what looked like the queen's signature. Soon after this the cardinal entered the shop and said that he was authorized by the queen to buy the diamonds. The sale was made, to the great relief of the jewelers, and then the cardinal did the most stupid thing of all, for he gave the necklace to Madame de Valois to hand to the queen. Because Madame de Valois had told him that Marie Antoinette would receive the beautiful necklace as a present.

No sooner did Madame de Valois get possession of the necklace than she handed it to her husband, who carried it to England and sold the diamonds one at a time.

Of course the cardinal was anxious to know how the queen liked the beautiful present, and as she made no acknowledgment of it, he at last asked her about it. Naturally she denied ever having received the necklace, and then there was a great to do. The cardinal was arrested for stealing the diamonds, but was acquitted at his trial. And then the man who had written the letters and the queen's agreement to buy the diamonds, confessed and, in the end, Madame de Valois was punished severely.

Unfortunately this affair and some foolish behavior caused the queen to become very unpopular, and when the Revolution came she was arrested and put in jail.

The queen had always been very fond of a little dog called Thisbé, and when she was setting out for the jail she begged for her little pet to be allowed to go with her. This slight favor was refused, which shows how bitter the people, who only a short time before had almost worshipped her, had come to feel toward her. Thisbé, however, was determined to accompany her mistress even to jail, and though the rough soldiers kicked the tiny dog, and so prevented her from getting into the cart, which had taken the place of the queen's magnificent royal carriage, Thisbé trotted behind the vehicle all the way to the jail.

When the prison door was reached and the queen was about to pass through, Thisbé slipped in between her mistress's feet in the hope that she might not be discovered. Her plan failed, however, and again her reward was a kick from a brutal soldier. Still, in no way discouraged, never giving up hope, the little dog remained outside the prison gates day after day, throughout all her beloved mistress's imprisonment, always believing that the time would come when she would find an opportunity to slip through those carefully-guarded gates.

Before long, the touching fidelity of the little animal attracted attention, and people stopped in the streets to talk about the queen's dog. If all this had happened in our time the newspapers, no doubt, would have had, on their front pages, pictures of Thisbé, and a great many interesting stories about her.

At last a kind lady picked the faithful dog up and took her home. But the lady was so afraid that the people would think that she was friendly with the queen, that she was afraid to keep Thisbé in her own house. So she took the dog to her sister's home, which was more out of the way, and there little Thisbé was shut up in a room.

We can imagine how the dog grieved. She knew that something very dreadful had happened to her mistress, and yet she could not be beside the queen to prove her constant trust and love. For days she refused to eat or drink, and then she gradually became very savage, so that it was not safe to go near her. At last the poor little heart broke, and after howling pitifully for many hours Thisbé plunged through a window into the river Seine, which flowed by the house.

It is a sad little story, but at least we can be thankful that Thisbé never knew of her mistress's tragic end.

CHAPTER XI

A CURIOUS SNUFF BOX

FEW horses have had the honor of being named after a great battle, and of being, as well, the faithful charger of the great general who was victorious in that battle. But this distinction belonged to Marengo, the favorite charger of Napoleon Bonaparte, who fought against almost the whole of Europe, a little over a hundred years ago.

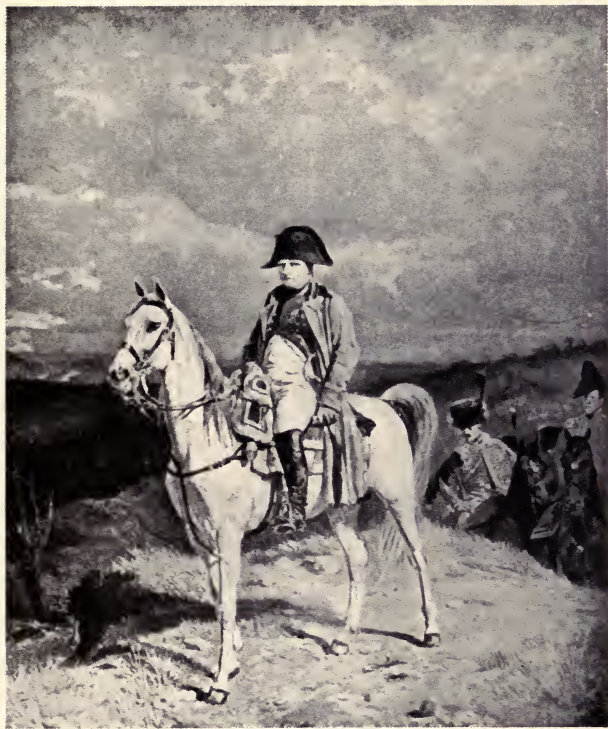
Napoleon's neighbors, in the little island of Corsica, where this great soldier was born, would have been very much surprised if anyone had told them that this rather delicate, undersized boy would, some day, be Emperor of France. And they surely would have laughed if a fortune teller had said that, some years later, this youth would raise and command some of the greatest armies in the world. Yet we know that all of this came true, and that the little Napoleon grew up to be such a successful general that he became the most-feared man in Europe.

Had it not been for the great revolution that took

place in France, soon after Napoleon became an officer in the artillery, perhaps he would never have had an opportunity of showing his wonderful talent for causing the ordinary soldiers to love and believe in him, and to follow him, uncomplainingly, across the desert sands of Egypt and the snow-wrapped mountains of Russia.

In the early part of the revolution, the English, who were anxious for the revolutionists to be beaten, sent a fleet of men-of-war to a seaport in France called Toulon, to help those who still wanted a king, and who were holding the town. Napoleon, who was then a captain of artillery, was sent to Toulon, and he soon saw that the only way to take the city was to get rid of the fleet. He felt sure that if he could succeed in seizing a certain fort, that had been built and armed by the British, he would have the fleet at his mercy; for the guns from this fort would sweep the harbor. After a good deal of persuasion, the officer in command agreed with the young captain, and the fort was captured. There was a tremendous struggle, for the English tried hard to get this important position back, but at last the French were able to turn their guns on the fleet, and the ships had to retire.

This was Napoleon's first chance to show his skill and bravery, and we know that he made good use of it, because the general, who wrote the report of the fight,



Napoleon and Marengo, the charger whose hoof is the snuff box of an English regiment.

said that the young artillery officer displayed science, intelligence and "too much bravery." Napoleon was made a general of brigade after this, and it may be said that here he took his first step toward his future greatness. Even after this proof of his wisdom and valor, however, he was to suffer great privations for a number of years, before an opportunity came for him to show that he was a genius.

The new republic was having a very stormy life, and at last a number of people decided that they wanted to change and to have a monarchy again.

One would think that their experience of kings would have prevented them from ever wanting to experiment with that kind of government again; but we know that, even in our time, there are people who are never satisfied with the party that is in power.

At last the people grew so discontented that there was a riot, and very likely a great deal of trouble would have followed had not Napoleon, who was now next in command to the commander-in-chief, been there. He succeeded in getting hold of a number of cannon, before the rioters could get them, and he placed these guns in such a way that, when the crowd came to attack the palace where the head men of the government were, they were met by cannon in every street and could do nothing.

This clever action so pleased the heads of the republic, that Napoleon was given the command of the army that was to relieve Italy from the Austrian invasion, and the campaign that followed placed him at the very front rank of the world's generals.

Now England, as well as Austria, was at war with the republic, so Napoleon next decided to invade Egypt. When he made up his mind to take this step, he recalled, no doubt, the victorious campaign of Alexander the Great, and saw himself talked of, as Alexander was, as the conqueror of the world. He was very successful at first, in Egypt, and then set out to cross Syria, as Alexander did, on the way to India. Of course, if he had conquered India, and had also taken Constantinople, as he hoped to do, it would have been a very serious matter for England.

Unfortunately for Napoleon, though, he was badly beaten at a place called Acre, on the Syrian coast; and besides this defeat, the English fleet, commanded by Nelson, attacked the French ships in the river Nile, and destroyed almost all of them.

Napoleon was now in a pretty fix, for it appeared as if he had no way of getting back to France when he wanted to. Any other man, but this wonderful Corsican, would have given up. But he led his troops back across the terrible desert, and though they suffered

greatly from heat and thirst, they still kept their belief in their general.

By this time, England, Russia, Turkey and Naples were all at war with the Republic of France, so Napoleon thought it was time for him to return home. He was especially anxious to get back when he learned, by chance, that the French had lost that part of Italy that he had rescued from the Austrians.

It required a good deal of courage to undertake the voyage to France, for, of the French fleet, only a few small vessels were left, and Napoleon knew that the seas were crowded with the warships of the enemy. However, he was successful in reaching his old home, Corsica, and from there he proceeded safely to France.

He was now the idol of the people, and, when the Directory—as the government was called—was thrown out of power, the one-time poor, delicate boy from that little island off the coast of Italy, became First Consul, or President, of France.

And so we come to the great battle of Marengo, one of the most famous in history, in which Napoleon severely defeated the Austrian army on the plains of Marengo in Italy. There is little wonder that he named his favorite charger after this great victory, which drove the Austrian armies from northern Italy.

To get to Italy quickly, and thus to surprise the

Austrians, Napoleon decided to take his army over the lofty Alps. This was a very wonderful thing to do, because often the soldiers and horses had to travel along narrow, snow-covered ledges, which skirted the brinks of terrible precipices, and the only way to get the cannon up the mountainside was to place them in hollowed logs and then to haul them up. The main army crossed through the St. Bernard Pass, where the good monks and their wonderful dogs live at the Hospice, or Inn, of St. Bernard.

When the successful general returned to Paris, the people surrounded the Tuileries palace and cheered him; besides this, the whole city was illuminated at night. As the victorious First Consul stood at the window of the palace, in which kings and queens had lived and held great feasts, and looked out at the adoring multitude, surely his thoughts must have traveled back to those days when he was an ungainly, shy little boy in Corsica. And it is pleasant to know that, a little later, when he was crowned Emperor of the French, he longed for his dear old mother to be present at the ceremony.

His charger, Marengo, was an Arabian horse, snow-white, and very probably was brought back from Egypt by Napoleon when he returned to save the republic.

Marengo was ridden by his royal master in many of

the great battles that this ambitious man fought against the English, Russian and Austrian armies, and he would stand perfectly still beside Napoleon in the midst of a great fight, though the guns were roaring all around him.

The night before the battle of Austerlitz, at which the Russo-Austrian army was hopelessly beaten, Napoleon mounted his horse and went the rounds to see that all was well. He ventured too near the Russian lines and aroused some Cossacks (brave Russian cavalry), and, had his horse not been faster than those of the Russians, the great general would have been taken prisoner. There is little doubt that he was riding Marengo on this occasion, for the Arabian horses were noted for their speed. So that the fleetness of this game little horse was, indirectly, the cause of all the great battles that came after this, for with Napoleon a prisoner, peace would probably have been declared between France and her enemies.

And we know that Napoleon sat on Marengo's back the next morning, at the top of a hill that overlooked the field of Austerlitz, and gave the last orders to his marshalls before the battle began.

Again, at Jena, in Germany, where Napoleon scattered the Prussian army, he rode Marengo. And so on, through all his great campaigns, this brave soldier

and noble horse traveled together. At Moscow, in Russia, where Napoleon spent five miserable weeks before his dreadful retreat, Marengo was ridden daily by his master, who seemed to be able to find comfort only in the companionship of his charger. And afterwards, in that bitter retreat, when men and horses died of starvation, or froze and dropped while on the march, Marengo remained faithful to his well-loved master. Until, at last, we come to Waterloo, that battle that decided, for ever, the future of the remarkable man who had, for so long, fought with his brain, as well as his armies, against the combined strength of Europe.

On this fateful June day, in 1815, Marengo carried his master for eight hours, and we cannot help believing that, as Napoleon fled, at the top of his Arabian's great speed from the disastrous field, the gallant horse must have known in his heart, that the day of separation from his beloved master had come.

After the battle of Waterloo, and the exile of Napoleon to St. Helena, a British island in the South Atlantic ocean, Marengo was sent to England where he spent the rest of his days grazing peacefully in green meadows; or, in dreaming of his past glories beside cool, clear brooks in the shadows of great oak trees.

At last this valiant horse died in 1829, and his skeleton was bought and presented to the United Service

Institution at Whitehall, London, where it has been carefully preserved.

In times of peace, a curious snuff box is passed round, after dinner, every night at the mess of the Grenadier Guards who earned so much glory at Waterloo. This snuff box is made of one of Marengo's hoofs, and bears, on its silver lid, this inscription:

Hoof of Marengo, barb charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Russian campaign, and at Waterloo.

And around the silver shoe this legend runs:

Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo when his master was on him in the hollow road in advance of the French. He had frequently been wounded before in other battles.

Surely Marengo, a great soldier's horse, and a hero himself, could have wished for no greater honor than to have his memory kept alive by this celebrated regiment.

CHAPTER XII

THE "IRON DUKE'S" CHARGER

IN the same year that Napoleon was born in the little island of Corsica, there was born in Ireland a boy who, forty-six years later, was to command the British army at the battle of Waterloo. This boy was named Arthur Wellesley, and his father was the Earl of Mornington, but we do not hear much about the father except that he was a good musician; so that it is very unlikely that he had any ambition for his son to be a great soldier.

However, when he left school, Arthur became an officer in the English army and had his first experience of war in Holland. He must have been rather discouraged, though, for the British troops under the Duke of York were defeated and driven out of Holland by the Dutch army.

Very soon after this, Arthur was sent to India, where the natives were keeping the troops constantly busy. A race, called the Mahrattas, were particularly warlike, and in one battle with them Arthur Wellesley had two

horses killed under him. This fight was known as the battle of Assaye.

Young Wellesley had already shown great cleverness in dealing with the natives, and in the end he succeeded in bringing the war with the Mahrattas to a successful close. He returned to England after this, and was soon sent on an expedition against the Danes. He was again very successful, so we see that he had already begun to prove his ability as a commander. He was promoted for his services, and, the next year, was placed in command of a division of troops sent to free Spain and Portugal from Napoleon. Napoleon, who was very angry with the British, had ordered Spain and Portugal to allow no British ships to enter their ports, and Portugal asked the British to send troops to aid her to resist this order, which she did not want to obey.

Wellesley first beat the French in the battle of Vimiera, in Portugal, and then came the battle of Talavera, in Spain, which he also won. He was now given a title by the British government, and had the right to call himself Viscount Wellington, as well as Arthur Wellesley. Viscount originally meant one who took the place of a count, but it now means a person who has not quite as high a standing as a count, or earl.

Soon after Talavera, Wellington, as he was now called, defeated the French in the battles of Ciudad

Rodrigo and Badajoz. Finally, he won a great victory at Salamanca, by which he prevented the French from getting in between his army and Portugal. Had they succeeded in doing this, it would have been a very serious matter for the British.

For these successes he was made a marquis, which is a still higher title than viscount, and he also received a present of one hundred thousand pounds, about five hundred thousand dollars.

About this time Napoleon was having very severe reverses in Russia, so that he found it necessary to withdraw a good many of his troops from Spain. In consequence of this, Wellington was able to drive the French army, that was left, before him, until at last he won the decisive victory at Vittoria.

Peace was now declared, and victorious Wellington was made Duke of Wellington—the highest title that could be given to him—besides being presented with the large sum of four hundred thousand pounds, which was almost two million dollars.

Before long, Napoleon was again at the head of a powerful army, and the Duke of Wellington was chosen to lead the British troops against him.

Through most of his campaigns Wellington had ridden a horse to which he was very much attached. He had named this charger, Copenhagen, in honor of the



Copenhagen, the war horse who bore the Duke of Wellington throughout the battle of Waterloo.

successful campaign in Denmark, just as Napoleon called his favorite horse, Marengo, after a victory. Copenhagen was a very powerful chestnut horse, and, from what we hear of him, he must have been almost tireless.

On the evening before the great battle of Waterloo began, Wellington, who had no idea that the crafty Napoleon was anywhere near, went to a ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond. In his poem, *Childe Harold*, Lord Byron tells about this ball, and about the excitement that followed the news that Napoleon's cannon could be heard in the distance. It was long after midnight, and the ball was at its height, when suddenly the alarming news that the French army was only a few miles away, broke up the gay gathering. While the officers hurried off to their posts, the ladies tearfully said good-by to their husbands and friends, or made preparations to leave Brussels, fearful that Napoleon would force his way into the city.

At four o'clock that morning, Wellington mounted Copenhagen and rode the faithful horse for eighteen hours. Again, on the last day of the great battle that followed, the powerful chestnut carried his master from daylight until the victory had been won, and Wellington slipped wearily from the saddle at ten o'clock at night. Even then, as he was being led away,

the gallant Copenhagen kicked up his heels playfully. Perhaps, though he must have been very, very tired, he felt that it was his duty to show his delight at the great victory that his master had won. Of course he did not know about poor Marengo, Napoleon's charger, who, at about this time, was flying at his utmost speed with his defeated master on his back; but we may feel sure that if he had, he was noble enough to feel sorry for that great horse.

Soon after this historic eighteenth of June, Copenhagen was taken to Strathfieldsaye, Wellington's beautiful estate in England, where he found delightful, cool grassy meadows awaiting him. In these pleasant pastures, he spent twelve years of honorable idleness enjoying to the utmost, no doubt, his well-earned rest. The great Duke, who was called the "Iron Duke," never by any chance left his estate to go to his duties in London, without a visit to the paddock, where he bestowed a loving pat and a handful of sugar, or chocolates, on his faithful horse.

It seems that even the servants on the estate were very fond of Copenhagen, for, when he died, one of the men cut off one of his hoofs to keep as a memento. The servant supposed that such a great man as the duke would never care to look at the horse's dead body. But the duke did come to say a last goodbye to Copen-

hagen, and when he discovered that the hoof had been cut off he was very angry; so angry that the servant was afraid to tell that he had done it. And it was not until after the old duke's death that this servant, who was an old man too, now, carried the hoof, carefully wrapped in paper, to the duke's son.

The Duchess of Wellington loved the old horse so well that she had some bracelets made of his hair, and wore one of them constantly, while she gave the others to her dearest friends.

After the old duke's death, his son erected two monuments on the grounds at Strathfieldsaye; one in honor of his father, and the other to keep alive Copenhagen's memory.

On Copenhagen's monument is this inscription:

Here lies Copenhagen, the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day of the battle of Waterloo. Born 1808, died 1836.

God's humbler instrument, though meaner clay,
Should share the glory of that glorious day.

It is very pleasant to know that in the midst of all the important duties that he had to perform and the great honors that were showered upon him, the great Duke of Wellington thought first of his faithful horse, and that the son did everything in his power to make Copenhagen's name endure as long as his master's.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DOGS OF ABBOTSFORD

MORE than a century ago, two dogs lived who have been mentioned by more writers, perhaps, than any other animals. It is true that they were not heroes exactly, and that had their master not been so beloved we might never have heard of them; but however that may be, we seldom think of Sir Walter Scott without calling to mind his noble dogs, Maida and Camp.

No books have been more happily read, the world over, than the Waverley novels, and it is strange to think that if Scott had been successful as a lawyer, these splendid romances might never have been written.

Sir Walter was unfortunate enough to be lame from his childhood, but as he grew older and stronger, this did not prevent him from making excursions into the romantic Highlands on horseback. On these rides, he undoubtedly saw many interesting things that he stored up in his mind and wrote about, later, in his books.

As a little fellow, he was very fond of inventing won-

derful little romances that he told to his nurse, or to his aunt whom he was visiting. And, later, at school when the other boys wanted any information about old legends, or other unusual things, they would always go to young Scott. He loved poetry and spent a great deal of time in its study before he attempted to write poems himself.

His father was a lawyer in Edinburgh, and it was intended that Walter should follow the same profession. As a matter of fact he did so for five years after having served his apprenticeship in his father's office, but he was not at all satisfied with the progress that he made. His first poems were very successful, and as he received a government appointment that brought in a regular salary, he did not have to depend entirely on the money that was paid to him for his writings.

Scott had always wanted to own an estate of his own. He delighted so, in his novels, to tell about the deeds of the old chieftains, that perhaps he looked forward to possessing some of the power that they wielded. After he had written the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and some other poems, he found that he had enough money to buy the small estate of Abbotsford which was situated on the banks of the river Tweed. It was to Abbotsford, after Scott had added to the estate and built a handsome castle, that Washington Irving, the American

author who wrote the adventures of *Rip Van Winkle*, came to visit the Scotch writer.

Unfortunately, Sir Walter Scott had been persuaded into putting most of his money into a book-publishing business, and when this failed, he was almost ruined. He was very honest and brave about his debts, and tried, by writing more books, to pay them all. The people to whom Scott owed these debts were so pleased by his desire to pay them, that they would not allow his furniture and pictures to be sold, although he had made up his mind that he must part with his treasures.

At beautiful Abbotsford, Camp and Maida lived and hunted, or walked with their master. Camp was a large and handsome bull-terrier, very fierce by nature, but he was never known to be anything but very gentle with children. His master used to call him the wisest dog that he had ever known. For it seems that Camp once forgot himself and bit the baker. For attacking the good man who had done nothing to make the dog angry, Camp was given a good whipping. He was also told very solemnly that he had done a very wicked thing and that he must never bite anyone again. After this, when anyone spoke about the unfortunate baker and how he had been bitten, Camp would sneak over to the corner of the room with his tail hanging down and with a look of great distress on his face.

The faithful bull-terrier was always to be found by Scott's side when the writer was taking his long walks over the hills, or when he sat writing poems or novels in his study. Scott loved to have his dogs near him, and that is why, perhaps, he wrote scarcely anything that did not mention a dog.

After a time, Camp grew old and sick, so that he could no longer go with his master on his walks, but spent most of the time lying by the fire in the dining-room. Often, when the servant came to lay the cloth for dinner, he would say to old Camp, "Camp, the sheriff's," meaning Sir Walter, "coming home by the ford." Or, perhaps, he would say that the master was "coming by the hill." When he spoke, Camp would drag himself slowly to his feet and go out either the front door or the back door, to meet his master, according to which direction the servant had given. The feeble old dog would try to frisk when he saw his dear master, but even the short journey that he had made from the dining-room was a little more than his poor old legs could stand. Soon these meetings were brought to an end by Camp's death.

Scott was living in Edinburgh when this sad event happened, so Camp was buried there, outside the window at which the author usually sat when he wrote. All the members of the family stood about the grave,

as Sir Walter smoothed down the turf, and we read that there were tears in every eye.

It makes us understand a little the kind of master Scott was, when we read that he refused an invitation to dinner that day on account, he said, of the death of a dear old friend.

Sir Walter Scott was always surrounded by a number of dogs for whom he showed the greatest affection; but after Camp had gone he loved Maida better than any of the others.

Maida was a deerhound, handsome, stately and very large. He was painted so often by his master's side that he grew very tired of sitting for his portrait. Scott wrote once that he "was as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes."

At dinner time Maida used always to seat himself by his master's side, and he would remain there all through the meal, seldom removing his eyes from Sir Walter's face. We do not hear that Scott fed his pet in the dining-room, but we may well suspect that many a choice morsel found its way to Maida's mouth before dinner was over.

In Sir Walter's study there was a ladder against the bookcase, up which the author used to climb to reach



A great author and the dog he described in one of his novels.



the books that were on the upper shelves. There was a cat who liked to crawl to the top of this ladder, where he would sit and watch Maida out of one eye, as long as the big dog was in the room. Of course if Maida happened to glance up, Master Cat showed every sign of having been fast asleep for some time; or else, he would look at Maida as if he would say, "I do not take the slightest interest in dogs."

But let Maida leave the room, and in an instant the cat was down the ladder and comfortably settled in the dog's usual place beside Sir Walter's chair. When Maida wanted to leave the room he would thump on the door with his great paw, and then Sir Walter would get up and let his favorite out. We can imagine the pleased look that came over the cat's face when he heard the tap, tap on the door.

We are told that on one occasion when Sir Walter had a very painful toothache and his face was badly swollen, Maida was extremely nervous and fidgety. The dog did not seem to be able to make up his mind whether he wanted to be in the room or outside, and every few moments he would tap, tap at the door, first on one side and then on the other. Though he was very busy writing the last few pages of a book, Scott would jump up each time that he heard the dog's summons. He apologized to a friend for Maida's

restlessness, but did not grow angry at being disturbed, or at the cold air that came in the opened door and made his tooth more painful.

Stories like this give us a very good picture of Scott's character. His love was great for the whole world, and he never tired of doing good acts. He worked more industriously than almost any other writer, yet he never appeared to be busy when visitors called to see him, but always met them with a smile and a desire to show them the hospitality of Abbotsford.

Washington Irving wrote, after his visit to Abbotsford, about Maida. He told of going for a walk with Sir Walter and his dogs, and he said that for a long time Maida tried to be very dignified, so that he pretended to take no notice of the younger dogs who played around him and jumped on him from time to time. His patience became exhausted at last, however, and then he seized one of his tormentors and rolled him in the dust. Although Maida appeared to be too reserved to play with his companions, Scott said, "I make no doubt when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do it in our company."

We have all seen people who were much like Maida in this respect. And, as the other dogs must have wondered why Maida was so dignified when his master was

present, so people are caused to marvel sometimes why their acquaintances are not as cordial at one time as they are at another. And we must fear that Maida's behavior did not increase the respect that the other dogs felt for him.

Some months before Maida died, a mounting-block—that is, a block to step upon to get on a horse's back, or in a carriage—was placed at the gates of the Abbotsford grounds. The mason who built this block placed a figure of Maida on top of it. Sir Walter asked his son-in-law to compose some lines to be carved under Maida's statue, and the following were handed to the dog's master:

Maidæ Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida
Ad januam domine sit tibi terra levis.

These Latin lines Scott very quickly translated as follows:

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

Gradually, as Camp did, Maida grew old and infirm; but Scott never failed to visit him every morning until he finally passed away from old age, and was buried under his statue.

It is very pleasant to know that two such faithful friends came to peaceful ends, and that there could have been little but happiness in their lives.

It was said of Maida: "So died his [Scott's] faithful friend and servant, Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of his dogs—might I not safely say, of all dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man?"

When Scott's money difficulties came, he worried more about the welfare of his dogs than he did about the likelihood of having to sell his beloved Abbotsford. Fortunately he did not have to do this, and perhaps he was spared this sorrow because of his unselfish love for his pets.

Finally, Sir Walter became very ill, and it was decided that a sea voyage would benefit him. The English government lent him a warship to travel on, but he did not get much better, and at last he was brought back to Abbotsford to die. On his journey he made friends with several dogs, and it is said that he loved to tell them about his dear dogs at home. And when we read his wonderful Waverly novels and come to the one that is called *Woodstock*, we should be particularly interested in reading about the grand "Bevis," because Sir Walter Scott was thinking of his beloved Maida when he described this dog.

CHAPTER XIV

“OLD WHITEY”

IT is a very curious thing that when we read the history of events that took place many, many years ago, we so often feel that we might really be reading of doings that occurred in our own lifetime.

We see, in our daily papers, accounts of battles in the Great War, at places, in France and Belgium, where our histories tell us there were conflicts hundreds of years ago. Then, too, we hear of American soldiers camping on the banks of the Rio Grande to protect American citizens from the Mexicans, as they camped when Tyler was President of the United States. And, at that time, the Mexicans were just as confident that the Americans were afraid of them, as they were almost seventy years later, when President Wilson sent troops to try to capture the bandit, Villa.

One of the armies that fought in Mexico, in 1847, was commanded by General Zachary Taylor, who had already shown great bravery against the British in the war of 1812.

Like so many other men who have become great

soldiers, General Taylor received very little education when he was a boy. He spent his younger days on the Kentucky frontier, which was very wild at that time, and thus learnt to depend on his own judgment and he also became accustomed to being surrounded by dangers of all kinds.

A further preparation for the leadership that he displayed in Mexico, was the fighting that he did against the Seminole Indians in Florida. These Indians were very difficult to conquer, because they were able to hide in The Everglades, a huge wooded swamp. Even now, it is very dangerous for strangers to venture into certain parts of The Everglades, for those unacquainted with the trails would run a great risk of being unable to find their way out. Then, too, this wilderness is a very unhealthy place, and, also, there is a likelihood of being met at any moment by a deadly mocassin, or some other venomous snake. It is probable, though, that Taylor, who had been brought up in the midst of dangers, did not consider the risks in Florida anything unusual, and in the end the Seminoles were defeated.

General Taylor's next opportunity, to show his qualities as a commander, came when the United States decided to annex Texas; that is, to make it one of the states in the Union. Originally, Texas belonged to

Mexico, but it was settled chiefly by Americans who were allowed by the Mexican government to make their homes there. After a time, these settlers decided to have a government of their own and to become independent of Mexico. The Mexican government did not like this, and a good deal of fighting took place between the settlers and the Mexicans at one time and another. In the end, the Texans offered their country to the United States government and their offer was accepted.

The Mexicans did not want any part of Texas to become American, and there was one section especially, between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande, to which they declared that Texas had no claim, and, consequently, had no right to give to the United States.

However, when General Taylor was sent to take possession of Texas, he was told to occupy the disputed territory, and, accordingly, he marched his troops to the Rio Grande and encamped on its bank.

In those days there was a band of wild horses, that roamed and fed over the country that lay between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. As General Taylor needed a great many horses to draw his wagons, and it was impossible to get tame ones in that country, he employed the Mexicans to catch some of these wild creatures, and to break them for his use.

It was no easy task to capture these horses that were

as wild as deer and almost as fleet. But the Mexican rough-riders knew exactly how to go about it. By exercising great patience and caution, they could drive the band gradually into a canyon, or small valley, from which there was no escape for the horses, except by the opening through which they had entered. The Mexicans would now ride into the middle of the frightened and plunging mustangs, and, in a flash, lassos would swing and fall around the necks of some of the animals. No sooner would the alarmed and angry mustangs feel the restraining nooses than they would rear and kick viciously, and then, with finished skill, other ropes would be cast, and fore or hind feet would become entangled. The horses were now helpless, and presently would fall to the ground exhausted and prisoners. In a few days they would be delivered to General Taylor, and the wild, free days on the prairie were over for them.

General Taylor was always very particular, in his march through the Mexican country, to see that his soldiers did no unnecessary damage, and that any provisions, or other supplies that were needed, were well paid for. The consequence was that the Mexican people, who were not much interested in the dispute, did not object seriously to the Americans passing through their farms.

There was one faithful companion who accompanied General Taylor all through the Mexican War. This was Old Whitey, the general's favorite horse. The other officers often begged their commanding officer to change his charger on account of Old Whitey's color, for it was feared that the enemy would see the white horse so plainly that the general would prove a good target. But Taylor would not give up his favorite, and by good fortune both rider and horse went through the war without injury.

But Old Whitey must have found some of the journeys very trying, for the supplies of water were very far apart, and the trails were often hot and dusty. He carried his master faithfully, however, through the wild Mexican country, and sometimes across broad streams that he was compelled to swim.

His master was always very calm in the face of danger, and no doubt Old Whitey soon found this out, and so became equally cool when cannon balls and bullets were falling near, or flying past him.

Old Whitey assisted at a number of battles. He carried his master at Monterey and through the victory at Buena Vista, which had a good deal to do with the final defeat of Santa Anna, the Mexican general.

In this war, troops were landed at Vera Cruz, just as they were during President Wilson's administration,

but at that time the soldiers had to go ashore in frail surf boats, and they had no modern men-of-war behind them to shell the batteries, if necessary.

The American people had been thinking of electing General Taylor President of the United States, and his splendid victory at Buena Vista pleased the voters so much that his election was assured.

He brought faithful Old Whitey back from Mexico with him, but he gave orders that the charger should never be ridden again. And, after the President's death, the old horse, who had seen so many stirring days, was sent to General Taylor's plantation where he passed his remaining days in peace and comfort.

CHAPTER XV

“BOATSWAIN, A DOG”

IN the heart of Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is a beautiful estate known as Newstead Abbey. Sherwood Forest must always be a charmed spot to those who are fond of the romantic tales of other days, for it was one of the haunts of the picturesque outlaw, Robin Hood, and his band. In its depths, he and his merry men used to camp under the noble trees, and there they held those contests at shooting with the bow and arrow, that caused them to become such expert archers. It is pleasant to think that Little John, Friar Tuck and Maid Marian used to stroll in the moonlight near Newstead Abbey, and that some of the pranks that they loved to play on travelers, may have been exercised at the expense of the monks who lived in the Abbey.

Newstead Abbey was founded as far back as 1170, when Henry II built it as a penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket, but it was taken away from the good monks and given to Sir James Byron, during the reign of Henry VIII.

For about three hundred years after that, the Byron family lived at the old Abbey, but at last the poverty of Lord Byron, the great poet, caused him to sell it. It appears that none of the people who had lived there were very happy, and perhaps this was because the honest old monks were driven from their home for no fault of theirs.

We all hear more about the Lord Byron who wrote *Childe Harold*, *The Giaour*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and so many other wonderful poems, than we do about the others of his family, but they all seem to have been rather peculiar. The poet's granduncle, who unfortunately was known as "the wicked Lord Byron," had a great many queer habits. He built two forts on the lake in his grounds, and used to have sea battles between boats—some of them quite large—that he had built and brought to Newstead. He was very dissipated when he was a young man, and he also possessed a very, very bad temper which he appears not to have been able to control at all. As a result of his wild habits, and his inclination to quarrel, he killed his best friend in a duel that was fought, with swords, in the dark, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in London. This friend, whose name was Chaworth, must also have had a very vengeful nature, for, as he was dying, he declared that Lord Byron had murdered him.

Consequently, the wicked Lord Byron was tried for murder and sent to the Tower of London, where persons who commit crimes against the king or queen are imprisoned.

All of us who have seen the Tower of London know that it is a very gloomy place to be shut up in, and it was a good deal worse in Lord Byron's day than it is now. The wicked baron was so overcome by the disgrace that, when he was released, he went at once to Newstead Abbey and hid himself from everyone. He grew so morose from brooding over his imprisonment, and his fits of passion were so terrible, that no one wanted to live with him, and so he had to get along with two old servants.

It is said that, having no other companions, he took to feeding the crickets with which the Abbey soon became overrun, and that these insects grew so tame that they would sit on his hand.

It was to this grand old estate, with its beautiful gardens and graceful trees, where his eccentric grand-uncle had lived so unhappily, that George Gordon, the sixth baron, brought Boatswain. He had bought the puppy in Newfoundland while on one of his many voyages, and had named it Boatswain, perhaps because it loved the water.

The puppy must have had a very happy life, romping

about the lovely grounds that surrounded the Abbey, and it soon grew up to be an unusually fine specimen, with the black, curly hair and beautiful head that mark the thoroughbred Newfoundland. It became the constant companion of its poet master, and in many of his letters Lord Byron wrote of his great love for the dog. Like his ancestors, this Lord Byron did not have a very happy life. In fact, after Boatswain died, he had these words engraved on the dog's tomb:

Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass—it honours none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Of course it was not true that Byron did not have any other friends, but the lines show how deep his grief was when his four-footed companion died.

Byron had the misfortune to be born with a twisted foot, and he always felt this deformity very much. Also, unfortunately, his mother was not a very wise woman, and though of course she loved him, she did not make him very happy when he was a boy. His shyness, too, prevented him from making many friends, so that he gave a great deal of love to Boatswain, whose affection for him he knew was pure and unselfish.

He always had a feeling that he was born to be unfortunate, and this thought made him very sad at times.



When Boatswain, Byron's Newfoundland, died, the poet declared that he had lost his only friend.

Once, when a friend died, he wrote to another friend, “I never could keep alive even a dog that I liked, or that liked me”; so that we can understand what a blow Boatswain’s death was.

Lord Byron’s wife had a little dog, named Griffin, of whom Boatswain was rather jealous. So that once, when Lord and Lady Byron were going away, it was thought best not to leave the two dogs at Newstead, and Boatswain was sent to another house not far away.

One day Boatswain disappeared, and the woman who had the care of him was very much worried because she thought something had happened to him. We can imagine her surprise when the big Newfoundland returned bearing the smaller dog in his mouth, as a cat carries her kittens. Boatswain, perhaps, had missed his little companion, but it is more likely that he thought that Griffin needed his protection. In any case, after that, if any other dog approached Griffin, Boatswain would fly to his little friend’s assistance.

The Newfoundland was such a strong swimmer, and its master was so proud of its fidelity, that he often took Boatswain out for a row with him and then would upset the boat. When the noble dog saw Lord Byron floundering about in the water, it would swim quickly up to him and seize him by the coat collar, or sleeve. Then it would swim proudly to the shore, dragging its

beloved master, in the belief that it had made a wonderful rescue. Of course, when once they were on dry land, Lord Byron would pat Boatswain and praise him, so that the dog enjoyed these exercises as much as its master.

But like all great friendships, this companionship had to come to an end at last. Poor Boatswain died, and was buried in the peaceful garden at Newstead Abbey. Lord Byron erected a monument to the dog's memory, and on the stone the following lines were engraved:

NEAR THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE
WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENT,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN
WITHOUT HIS VICES.
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 IN NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY, 1803,
AND DIED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOV. 18, 1808.

At this time, Lord Byron wrote to one of his friends that the dog had died in a fit of madness, after a great deal of suffering. He added, though, that his pet had been as gentle as ever up to the last, and that though he was undoubtedly mad, he never attempted to injure anyone.

The poet made a very strange will before he died, in which he expressed his wish to be buried beside Boatswain. He also wanted his old servant, Murray, to be buried there, but Murray did not quite like the idea. He said, “If I was sure his lordship would come here, I should like it well enough, but I should not like to lie alone with the dog.”

But, after all, Byron was not buried beside his dear Boatswain. He died in Greece, and though his body was taken to Newstead, it was placed in the family vault in the little church at Hucknall, a village near the Abbey.

CHAPTER XVI

A SOUTHERN HERO'S CHARGER

FEW visitors to the pleasant city of Richmond, Virginia, fail to admire the beautiful monument to Robert E. Lee erected by those who loved, and could never forget, the great general. On this monument there is a striking statue of General Lee on horseback, which is as it should be, for the general was a finished rider who dearly loved his horses.

This renowned soldier was born in an old mansion in Virginia, where other brave soldiers had made their homes before him. His father was General Henry Lee, who was called "Light Horse Harry." Henry Lee fought with great dash and bravery in the War of the Revolution, so that Robert inherited his courage and taste for military leadership. "Light Horse Harry" died when little Robert was only eleven years of age, but the boy never allowed himself to forget his father's splendid record and determined to do as well, if the opportunity came.

When he grew old enough, he went to West Point Academy, where he very soon showed military ability

and carried off the highest honors. After he left the academy, he was appointed to the engineer division of the American army, and carried through successfully many important engineering feats.

In the war with Mexico, Lee, as well as Grant, against whom he was to fight later, soon won distinction. At one time, news had been received that the army of the Mexican general, Santa Anna, was quite close to the American camp. Lee did not believe this, so that with one Mexican guide, he rode out at night and discovered that the light specks on a distant hill that appeared so like tents, were really sheep that looked very white in the moonlight.

On many occasions Lee did very valuable scouting service, and once in particular he succeeded in doing something that had proved impossible to six other officers.

The Americans had seized the Mexican village of Contreras and had managed to hold it until night came; but it was known that the Mexicans were bringing up heavy reinforcements, and so it was thought to be wiser to advance before they arrived.

Of course it was important to let General Scott, the commanding officer, know of this plan, and Captain Lee volunteered to make his way through the Mexican lines with a despatch. Six times this attempt had been made

by other brave officers, but each of them had been compelled to turn back. Lee's superior scouting knowledge gave him confidence, however, and in dense darkness, and in the teeth of a tropical storm that tore up trees by the roots on all sides of him, he set out.

Undaunted, he rode through the wild night and delivered his message to the commander-in-chief, and it is said that the safe delivery of this message helped greatly toward the successful ending of the war.

When the unhappy Civil War broke out, Lee became general of all the Southern armies, just as, later on, Grant was in command of all the Northern troops. About this time, General Lee bought a horse in the mountains of Virginia and named him Traveller. His master was always very particular about the spelling of Traveller's name, and did not at all like to see it written with one *l*.

Lee was very sorry when the Southern States decided to go to war with the Northern States. But he felt that he should fight for Virginia, the state that he loved so well, and we all know how nobly he did his duty as he saw it.

Traveller was a tall gray horse with black mane and tail. He was very wise and affectionate, and General Lee soon became very much attached to him.

All through the Seven Days' Battle, near Richmond;



General Lee and Traveller, the faithful charger who carried his master all through the Civil War.

at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, at many other battles and finally at Gettysburg, Traveller carried his master safely. He was very cool in battle, so that his master could sit quietly on his back and keep a watchful eye on the fighting that was going on around him. In many cases, the other officers' horses were prancing and kicking, or trying to run away with their riders. Traveller undoubtedly knew how much his master loved him, and felt that it was his duty to help in every way that he could. General Lee once said, that many a war-horse was more entitled to immortality than the man who rode him.

Finally, the time came when the Southern forces were defeated, and General Lee felt that the wisest thing to do was to surrender to General Grant. The armies under Lee were suffering greatly from want of food and other necessary things, and it was hopeless to continue the struggle.

When peace had returned to the South, General Lee became president of a university at Lexington, Virginia, and when he went there to live, faithful Traveller went with him. Almost daily, the general rode his favorite horse, and when he went away from Lexington for a change Traveller would be taken too.

One day General Lee left Traveller, while he went to speak to some friends who were going away. Travel-

ler had been tied to a post, but he succeeded in freeing himself, and in a moment went galloping gleefully up the road. Some one saw the well-known horse, however, before he had gone very far and told General Lee, who left his friends, and standing in the road whistled in a peculiar manner.

To the surprise of the others who had made up their minds that it would be no easy job to catch Traveller, the horse stopped short, turned and came back whinnying affectionately to his master.

As long as he was strong enough to do so, Lee rode the horse who was always ready for a good gallop when his master slackened the reins. Traveller received two saddles and bridles as presents from admirers in England, and some ladies in Baltimore also sent a like gift, so that he was well supplied with all these things.

At last the days came when Lee could no longer go to feed his well-loved charger, and, a little later, the beloved general and college president was forced to say "goodby" to Traveller for ever.

At General Lee's funeral Traveller was one of the chief mourners. He followed as close as possible behind his dear master's body, and it is said that he put his nose on the flower-covered coffin and whinnied pathetically as it was being carried from the church.

He lived only two years after his master, for he was

unfortunate enough to step on a nail that poisoned his foot and caused lockjaw.

We cannot help noticing, when we read about General Lee, the many times that Traveller's name is mentioned, and we feel glad that when people all over the world read of the achievements of this good man, they also learn of the strong love that he felt for the noble-hearted old Traveller.

CHAPTER XVII

TWO FRIENDS OF A CONQUEROR

WE cannot resist feeling a deep interest in everything connected with the life of General Grant, the victorious commander of the Northern forces in the Civil War, who was afterwards chosen by the people to be President of the United States.

It seems strange to us, when we think of what a great general he became, that Ulysses S. Grant had no desire to be a soldier when he was a boy, and that, if his father had not insisted on it, he would not have gone to West Point, even after he received the appointment.

Like all the boys who lived in the West at that time, young Grant worked very hard, and he was always quite happy if he was allowed to drive the horses on his father's farm, though some of us would not think that hauling lumber was much fun.

He was always to be found where the horses were, and soon became a very good rider. He liked very much to exchange horses with other people, though sometimes he got by far the worst of the bargain. Still,

as was the case when he grew up, he never complained about ill-luck, but made the best of it, though he sometimes was laughed at for the funny "trades" that he made. He was very fearless with horses, and usually succeeded in staying on their backs, even though they kicked and jumped.

It is to be feared that he did not make the most of his chances at West Point, and he never showed any signs there of the military genius that he became noted for afterwards. In fact, when he graduated from the Military Academy, his chief desire seemed to be to leave the army as soon as possible.

However, he was to see active service very soon, for the Mexican War broke out, and he was sent to take part in it. Grant never thought that this war was a just one, but he did not allow his opinions to interfere with his duty, and served his country just as nobly as if he thought it was in the right. He fought under General Scott and under General Zachary Taylor, as well, and very soon showed that he possessed presence of mind as well as courage.

At the battle of Monterey, in Mexico, the American troops ran short of ammunition, and it became necessary to send some one to get more. The general in command did not like to order one of his men to go on this errand, because the messenger would have to pass through the

enemy's lines, and would, of course, run a very great risk of being killed.

When young Grant heard that the ammunition was needed, he at once offered to go for it, and the general was very glad to allow him to try. Probably, if Grant had not been so fond of riding when he was a boy, he would never have been able to make the journey successfully. But he was such a fine rider that he was able to do as the Sioux Indians did when they were attacking Custer. By having only one foot in a stirrup, and one arm around his horse's neck, he succeeded in swinging past the enemy sharpshooters without being hit. He said that a storm of bullets flew past him, but the soldiers could not see him because he was hidden behind his horse's body. In this manner he succeeded in carrying out his mission, so that the ammunition was brought up in time to save the American troops.

The war against Mexico was very different from the wars of our day, when great guns throw shells twenty miles and destroy many buildings with one shot. So that it seems strange to us to hear that the shots from the Mexican cannons were checked by the long grass, and that the American soldiers had time to jump out of the way when they saw the cannon-balls coming.

Grant fought honorably in many battles in the Mexican war, but he grew tired of the army life and

became a business man after peace had been declared. He settled down with his wife and children, and probably thought that he would never have to fight again. But, by and by, the terrible Civil War broke out, and it was not long before Grant was called away from his business to help his country once more.

We have all read of the wonderful success that Grant had in the war between the Northern and the Southern states, and how, at last, General Lee surrendered to him in Virginia. But we can never cease wondering at the genius of this general, who did so much to keep his country united.

It is said that once, when Grant had placed his men on board a transport, that is, a ship fitted for carrying soldiers, he was by mistake left on the shore. The Confederates were drawing nearer and nearer to the general, and he saw in a moment that the only hope of escape was to get on board the ship. But the steamer had moved away from the landing, and was only connected with the shore by a narrow plank. Of course Grant could have left his horse behind, and perhaps have succeeded in getting on board alone, but a very steep cliff had to be descended, and it would have been difficult for him to get down on foot in time.

His horse did not take a moment to make up his mind, however, but sitting on his haunches, slid swiftly

down the bank and trotted without hesitation across the plank. Of course if General Grant had not been kind to the horse, so that it had great confidence in its master, it probably would have been afraid to venture on the plank, and its master would have been taken prisoner.

We do not know the name of this horse, but it probably was not Cincinnati, who later was General Grant's favorite charger. Cincinnati was noted for his great speed, and he was such a splendid animal that General Grant was once offered \$10,000 for him; but the general would not part with his beloved horse for any amount of money.

All through the Wilderness campaign in Virginia, Grant rode this beautiful horse, and it is said that he never liked anyone but himself to get on Cincinnati's back. He was very proud, however, when President Lincoln visited him, to offer the horse to the great man for his use, and Mr. Lincoln used to ride Cincinnati every day.

Soon after General Lee surrendered, and the Civil War was over, faithful Cincinnati was sent to a beautiful estate near Washington to spend the rest of his days in ease, and when he died he was given an honorable burial.

But General Grant had another pet to which he was

very much attached. This was Ponto, a St. Bernard dog, who was born at Chamouni, a village that lies at the foot of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in France.

After he had served his country as President, General Grant traveled in Europe where he was welcomed and entertained by all the great men. While he was in France, he bought Ponto who was then only a tiny, furry puppy. Soon after he had bought the dog he decided to return to America, and then the question arose how to get his little pet on board the steamer. He could not bear to think of the little puppy crossing the Atlantic down in the hold of the ship in the butcher's quarters, where dogs on board ship usually have to live, and yet he knew that it was against the rules for him to have Ponto in his cabin.

Of course it was not very difficult for a man who had been able to see through the plans of enemy generals, to think out a way to get Ponto on board the ship without anyone knowing about it. Accordingly, when General Grant walked up the gangplank to the ship, there was no sign of any dog, and it was not until some time afterwards that the captain discovered that Ponto had gone on board in his master's pocket. At first the captain was very angry, but he decided afterwards to let Ponto remain in his master's cabin, so the little puppy traveled very comfortably after all.

After he had arrived in America with his distinguished master, Ponto was seldom to be found far from the great general's side. Whenever his master set out for a walk, Ponto lumbered along by his side with great glee, but we may be sure that he seldom took his eyes off the important man for whose safety he felt responsible.

When some short, happy years had passed, poor General Grant became very ill, and so weak that he could no longer go out for walks with his dog. And then Ponto seemed quite content to give up his pleasure too. He used to lie contentedly for hours beside his sick master, though, no doubt, he often wondered why there were no more jolly excursions to the country.

For awhile, after his master's death, Ponto was very sad, and General Grant's wife became much worried, for fear that he was going to die too. So she asked a friend to take the lonesome dog to his country place up in the mountains. There Ponto became more cheerful, and, by and by, came to love his new master, though never, of course, as he had loved General Grant. And, when his new friend died, it was found that money had been left to build a monument to Ponto when he, too, went.

This was done, and those that pass along the road in Onteora Park can see, by the roadside, Ponto's monu-



(Courtesy "Our Dumb Animals")

Ponto, the constant companion of General Grant, who was carried when a puppy in his master's pocket.

ment with his name on it and the dates of his birth and death.

Many writers have told of General Grant's last days, and of the happiness that he felt in Ponto's company, and perhaps the St. Bernard heard stories from his master about the Civil War, that no one will ever know. It is a pity that Ponto could not have told us his master's conversation, but probably he was too honorable to repeat it, even if he could have talked.

CHAPTER XVIII

HONORED BY A GOOD WOMAN

THIS is the story of a very humble little dog whose fidelity was so unusual that a great and good woman heard of it, and did what she could to make sure that he should never be forgotten.

This good woman, whose name was Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts, became the possessor of a great deal of money when she was quite young, and, as well, she had to bear the responsibility of being the head of a great banking house in London. Fortunately, she was a very wise young lady, and she at once made up her mind that she was going to make the best use possible of the riches that had come into her hands.

She became very much interested in building churches for parishes where the people were too poor to erect places of worship, and in a great many parts of England there are now churches which were largely paid for by this generous woman.

Not far from Westminster Abbey, in London, there is a large, handsome church, called Saint Stephens. Miss Burdett-Coutts built this church, and when it was

finished, the great Duke of Wellington presented to it an altar cloth made from a beautiful old silk curtain that had been taken from the tent of Tippoo Sahib, an Indian sultan. The duke had conquered this sultan, who was fighting against the English.

But Miss Burdett-Coutts did a great many other good things besides build churches. She worked very hard to make the poor happier, and to improve the condition of the unfortunate people who had been put in prison. At that time, prisoners were treated very badly, sometimes, and the buildings that they were shut up in were, often, not fit for human beings to live in. We know that Dickens, the great author, was also very much interested in improving the prisons, and he and Miss Burdett-Coutts worked together to do this.

Then, too, Miss Burdett-Coutts found that animals were not always treated as kindly as they should be, and she did a great deal for them; especially for the work-horses in the London streets.

At last the good Queen Victoria, wishing to show her pleasure at all the splendid things that this fine woman was doing, made her a baroness, and so, after this, Miss Burdett-Coutts was called the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. This was an unusual honor, for she was the only woman who had ever been raised to the peerage for her good deeds alone.

Of course, being so much interested in animals, it was quite natural that someone should tell the Baroness the story of a sad thing that had happened in Scotland.

It was in the beautiful old city of Edinburgh, where the celebrated university is, and where the Castle of Edinburgh stands on the top of the high hill that is called Arthur's Seat, that a poor man lived with his little dog. This man was poor and hard-working, like a great many others in that part of Edinburgh where he lived. His little dog stayed with him in a very humble home, and followed him daily to and from his work. The dog was called Grey Friar's Bobby, because the district in which his master lived was named Grey Friars after some monks who used to have an Abbey near there. Also, nearby, there is the church that is known as Grey Friar's Church.

Bobby was so well known, and his love for his master was so strong, that a book has been written about him.

After a time, Grey, Bobby's master, became ill and died, and the little dog was left alone in the world. He would not leave his master's side during Grey's illness, nor could he be persuaded to go away from the room, after the one whom he loved best in all the world had left him.

When the funeral took place, Bobby went with the other mourners, and, no doubt, his was the saddest heart



Grey Friar's Bobby, who for fourteen years daily visited his dead master's grave.

there. The following day when some people went to the churchyard, they found poor Bobby lying on his master's grave. It was against the rules for a dog to be in the graveyard, so Bobby was driven out; but he was not to be kept away from his dear master, and the old caretaker found him there the next morning, and again the morning after that.

It was evident that the little dog had been lying on the grave all through the cold, cheerless night, for he was soaking wet and was shivering. The good caretaker took pity on him, and though he could not coax Bobby to go home with him, he brought the patient mourner something to eat, and gave him some water.

Of course, after a time, the grave could not be seen, as it became as level as the ground about it, and as Grey had no money, no stone was set up to mark the spot where he was buried.

This made no difference to Bobby. He knew where his master's body lay, and he continued to visit the spot regularly. At last the neighbors grew interested in the little dog, and many of them tried to take him to their homes, but he refused to go. Still, he was always well fed, for these good people saw to that.

About this time, it was decided to put a tax on dogs, in Edinburgh, and as, of course, Bobby could not pay his tax, he would have been destroyed if the police had

found him going about without a tag. He had many friends by this time, however, and a number of people wrote to say that they would be glad to pay the tax.

The Lord Provost, or Chief Magistrate, must have been a kindhearted man, too, for he gave orders that Bobby should never have to pay any tax, and he also presented the dog with a very handsome collar, studded with brass nails. On this collar the following words were engraved: "Grey Friar's Bobby, presented to him by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867."

Some dogs might have grown very proud after this, for we often see people who become haughty, and who forget all their old friends, when for any reason they become well known. This was not the case with honest Bobby, however. No amount of attention could ever cause him to forget his master, or to desert the grave, and he continued his daily visits to the churchyard until he, too, passed away.

Of course that good and tender-hearted lady, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, became very much interested when she heard the story of the faithful little dog, and she at once decided that his remarkable fidelity should never be forgotten. Accordingly, she made arrangements to have a monument built at the corner of the George IV bridge, near Grey Friar's Church in Edinburgh. And, so that the monument might prove a

benefit to other dogs, at the base a drinking basin for them was placed.

The monument is really a handsome fountain, seven feet high, carved out of red marble, and at the top there is a column on which is a bronze figure of faithful Bobby. Below, on the monument, is a bronze plate on which is engraved the following account of Bobby's life:

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
 BY A NOBLE LADY
 THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS
 TO THE MEMORY OF
 GREY FRIAR'S BOBBY,
 A FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE
 LITTLE DOG,
 WHO FOLLOWED THE REMAINS OF
 HIS BELOVED MASTER
 TO THE CHURCHYARD
 IN THE YEAR 1858,
 AND BECAME A CONSTANT VISITOR
 TO THE GRAVE,
 REFUSING TO BE SEPARATED
 FROM THE SPOT
 UNTIL HE DIED
 IN THE YEAR 1872.

And so, perhaps as long as the City of Edinburgh stands, Bobby's monument will remain also to keep before the people the memory of the tireless fidelity of a dog. The good Baroness Burdett-Coutts made a great many human hearts rejoice, and yet it seems to us that this tribute to a faithful animal was one of her noblest acts.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SOLE SURVIVOR

MANY a traveler to the Pacific Coast, in these days, speeds across the state of Montana in an easy-riding and secure sleeping car, with only a passing glance at the peaceful ranches through which the train hurries. Or, he alights, perhaps, at one of the state's cities, and transacts his business there without a thought of the heroes who made the existence of these cities possible.

But there are others of us who cannot, without a deep sense of pride and gratitude, cross this district, where brave soldiers, and equally courageous pioneers, fought for the security that is now ours.

It takes little imagination, as the train bears us past lone ranch houses, far off on the prairie under the hills, to see again the cruel Sioux Indians swooping down to attack the rancher and his family; or, to picture an emigrant's wagon, surrounded by these wild savages, on the dimly-marked trail that runs out of sight over the mountains.

But we must always keep in mind, when we read of

the terrible things that these Indians did, that they believed that they were in the right. As long as they could remember, these wide prairies had been theirs, and it seemed entirely wrong to them for the white men to settle and build houses and feed cattle on their property.

Consequently, being a very brave and warlike race, it took a great deal of persuasion of a very severe nature, to convince them that the white man's claims were just.

The Sioux, and some other tribes with whom they were allied, became so powerful in 1876 that the government sent an expedition, under General Terry, against them. In the advance guard of this expedition was the 7th cavalry regiment of the United States army, which was commanded by Colonel George Armstrong Custer.

After a long ride, Custer's force arrived at a place where the Big Horn and Little Horn rivers joined. This was on the evening of June 24, and as the remainder of the army was two days behind him, Custer decided to camp by the rivers and to wait for General Terry to come up. But, through someone's mistake, a most unfortunate thing happened. A report was made to Custer that, nearby, there was a small force of Sioux which had evidently become separated from the main body of Indians, and of course the commander at once

made up his mind to capture these stragglers before they could get back.

Accordingly, on the morning of June 25, after his men and horses had enjoyed a good night's rest, Custer divided his regiment into three parties, and set out with the intention of surrounding the Indians. Gaily the troopers sprang into their saddles, delighted, no doubt, at the thought that theirs was to be the opportunity to capture this little group of Sioux. They probably laughed as they thought how surprised the general would be, when he arrived the next day and discovered that they had already brought in a number of prisoners.

But, alas, Custer's information was not correct, so that, instead of overtaking and surrounding a few of the savages, the 7th regiment found itself surrounded by the full force of the enemy. Custer was leading the center column, and he rode into the middle of a ring of Sioux who, mounted on the barebacks of their sure-footed, fleet little ponies, circled round and round his small force of 264 men. Of course there was no hope for the brave soldiers, though they fought valiantly until the last trooper fell, against many times their number of Indians.

By the side of Custer in the "Last Rally," fought and died Captain M. W. Keogh who rode Comanche, a powerful gray horse, sixteen hands tall.

After the fight was over, Comanche was found, many miles from the battlefield. He was the only one, of all those men and horses, that escaped from the Indians; and even he had been wounded seven times, so that he was very, very weak. But he was at once looked upon as a hero, and, by tender and loving care, his life was saved so that he became a living monument to those who had fought so nobly.

After he recovered he rejoined his regiment, but, though he was saddled and bridled and led out every day for inspection, he was never asked to do duty in the ranks again. And, perhaps the only time in military history that such an honor has been paid to a horse, a general order was issued concerning him. This order read as follows:

Headquarters Seventh U. S. Cavalry,
Fort A. Lincoln, D. T., April 10, 1879.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 7.

I.—The horse known as "Comanche," being the only survivor or living representative of the bloody tragedy of The Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, his kind treatment and comfort should be a matter of pride and solicitude on the part of every member of the Seventh Cavalry, to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit.

Wounded and scarred as he is, his very existence speaks, in terms more eloquent than words, of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers, of the hopeless conflict, and of the heroic manner in which all went down on that fatal day.

II.—The commanding officer of Company I will see that a special and comfortable stall is fitted up for him, and he will not be ridden by any person whatever, under any circumstances, nor will he be put to any kind of work.

III.—Hereafter, upon all occasions of ceremony (of mounted regimental formation) "Comanche," saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Company I, shall be paraded with the regiment.

By command of Brevet Major-General S. D. Sturgis.

ERNEST A. GARLINGTON,

1st Lieut. and Adjutant Seventh Cavalry.

His happiness and comfort thus provided for, Comanche passed the remaining days of his long life in ease, and within sound of the bugles of his beloved regiment. He lived to be thirty years old, and when he died at Fort Riley, Kansas, on November 9, 1893, he had been on the retired list of the United States Army, drawing a pension, for almost twenty years.

His body was carefully mounted, after his death, and was on exhibition at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

CHAPTER XX

A STATESMAN'S COMPANION

IT is a beautiful fact that almost every great and honored man of whom we read, has been proud either of the love of a horse or of a dog.

William Ewart Gladstone, an English statesman and a brilliant writer, was one of the most respected men in his country, and yet he was more pleased, perhaps, by the devotion of his little dog friend, than by all the honors that the people of England bestowed on him.

It is said that when Mr. Gladstone was a little boy, he was such a good child that everyone loved him very much, and we know that all through his long life of almost ninety years he was beloved and admired by people all the world over. He went to Eton School, which is near Windsor Castle, one of the homes of the king of England, and afterwards to Christchurch College, at Oxford University. The students at Christchurch, which they call "The House," are very proud to point out Mr. Gladstone's initials carved in a table, and to remember that such a noted man was once a member of their college.

Young Gladstone wanted to be a clergyman, but his father had made up his mind that his son was to become a statesman, so that the young man did as his father wished and studied hard to be a wise lawmaker. He traveled at first, so that he might learn a great deal about other countries, and might also know how to speak and to read their languages.

After he became a member of Parliament, he soon made a speech that attracted much attention, and the other members realized at once that he was going to be a very well known man some day. He was fortunate enough to marry a lady who admired his talents greatly, and who was a true help to him all through his busy life. For he was not only a statesman, occupied with the business of his country, but he also wrote many books and articles for magazines and newspapers. Other authors were always very proud when he said kind things about their books, for praise from him was sometimes quite enough to make a writer famous.

His wife became the owner of a beautiful castle, in Wales, that he came to love very dearly. It was called Hawarden Castle, and here it was that the little dog, Petz, came to live happily for almost nine years.

Gradually Mr. Gladstone became a very great man indeed, and the people admired him so much that, before he retired from active life, he had been made

Prime Minister, or head of the government, four times. No man had ever been so honored in England before, so that we see that Petz had every reason to be proud of his master.

Though Mr. Gladstone, like all good men, loved peace above everything else, he was unfortunate enough to have to see his dear country fight three wars. One of these, the Crimean War which was fought against the Russians, made him particularly sad, because the English soldiers suffered greatly through bad management.

He said, once, that the condition of the army in the Crimea was a matter for weeping all day and praying all night. The chief cause of the suffering was that England was not prepared to supply the soldiers with the medicines and food that they should have had. And so, as has often happened when their country is not prepared to take care of them in the field, the poor brave soldiers had to die for someone's neglect.

Besides fighting with the Russians, England also had wars in Egypt and South Africa while Mr. Gladstone was in parliament, so that he passed a great many sad days and nights. At these times, his faithful wife tried to make him forget his worries, and she also took the greatest care of him so that his health should not break down.

After he had served his country faithfully for many years, the people began to love to call Mr. Gladstone the "Grand Old Man." This was partly because, though he was old, he was still very wise, and also because he was six feet tall, with flashing eyes and a very fine voice that always commanded attention.

When he was not kept in London by his duties, Mr. Gladstone loved to go to Hawarden Castle. There he had his wonderful collection of books that he was so fond of. But, after a time, he saw that he had more books than he could find room for at the castle, and as he also wanted others to benefit by them, he established the library at St. Deinol's, near Hawarden, and presented his beloved books to Wales.

He used to go very often to this library, and on these little journeys faithful Petz trotted along by his side. Petz did not like these expeditions very much, for he knew that when his master sat in a big chair with one of those books in his hand, a long time would pass before there would be any more play. Petz was the only one who ever dared to interrupt Mr. Gladstone when he was reading; but it is said that when the little dog thought that his master had read long enough, he used to poke his cold nose against the reader's hand. Sometimes the "Grand Old Man" was very much interested in his book and did not want to go home, but he would

always rise with a sigh when Petz said that time was up, and he frequently found that the little Pomeranian had kept a better account of the time than he had.

In all his walks about Hawarden, Petz was always to be seen by Mr. Gladstone's side, and the little dog was also his constant companion when he drove through the beautiful Welsh country.

Mr. Gladstone was very fond of chopping down trees. Of course he never cut down a tree unless it was already dying, or else was injuring a better tree by growing too close to it. And, while the wonderful old man, whose name was known and revered the world over, swung his ax as truly and as swiftly as if he were a youth, the little Pomeranian would lie patiently in the shade and wink his little black eyes each time the ax struck the tree. Sometimes he would grow impatient, and would jump about his master with pleading barks, but usually Mr. Gladstone did not like to stop until he had cut the tree down.

Once, when he was chopping a very large tree, darkness came on and he had to leave it when he had cut half the way through it. That night the wind whistled about the castle, and we hear that Mr. Gladstone lay awake a long time, because he feared that the tree would be blown down in the wrong direction and perhaps might injure other trees.

At last the happy days for Petz came to an end. His dear master, who had grown very old, became ill and was taken to Cannes, a healthful place in the South of France, to get better. Of course little Petz could not go to France, and besides his master could not take him for walks now, so Mr. Gladstone's daughter and her husband invited him to their home, near Hawarden, for a visit. One would suppose that the little dog would have been happy, because he loved the little girl who lived at this new home, and he had always played with her when she visited his master, who was her grandfather.

But, after Mr. Gladstone had gone, all the joy in life seemed to have departed from Petz. Whenever he could manage to escape from his new home, he would run back to Hawarden and would hunt in every well-known corner for his beloved old master. And, when he could not find him in the castle, or in the park, or at the library, he would utter sad little cries of disappointment.

At last poor Petz seemed to have made up his mind that his master had gone forever, so he decided that he did not care to live any longer. After awhile, it seemed to be impossible for him to eat, just as people who are very sorrowful feel that they never could be hungry again. Then the time came when the little

dog did nothing but lie with his head on his paws, as if he were praying for the return of his master.

The little girl whom he loved, used to try to get him to play with her as he had played at Hawarden, but he would only raise his head for a moment and look at her as if he would say, "You don't seem to understand that I can never play again."

And though the people in the house, where Petz was visiting, felt very sorry for him, they could not quite understand how deeply a dog can grieve, and they felt sure that he would soon be well again when his master returned.

When the time came that Mr. Gladstone was well enough to return to Hawarden, little Petz was taken back to the castle to welcome his loved one. How the little dog's heart must have beaten when he first caught sight of his "Grand Old Man!" And no doubt he jumped about and did everything in his power to pretend that he was the same joyous little dog of old. We may be sure that Petz did not want his master to know that his little friend was ill, because this knowledge would have made the sick old man very unhappy. Yet Petz must have felt that he and his master were going to be separated forever very soon.

And so, after only a few short days, Petz had to go; but we must feel very glad that he knew, before he

died, that his dear master, without whom he did not care to live, had not deserted him. He was tenderly buried in the dog's cemetery near Hawarden.

When the "Grand Old Man" died at last, the whole world felt that it had suffered a loss, and a great many books and stories were written about the brilliant statesman's life. And, also, in many languages, was told the story of the devotion of little Petz, who would not live to see his master go first.

CHAPTER XXI

A MOURNER WITH KINGS

IN the year 1910, the people of Great Britain and her colonies were very, very much shocked to hear that their king had died. Edward VII, the eldest son of the good queen, Victoria, had not been king a great many years, though he had helped his old mother to rule for a long time, and the people had come to love him very much indeed.

Until his mother died, Edward was always known as the Prince of Wales, and it is interesting to know that he was only one month old when his loving mother gave him this title. He was born on a day that used always to be kept as a great holiday in London. For his birthday, November 9, is the day on which the new Lord Mayor of London takes his seat at the Guildhall, where he conducts his business. And, formerly, a very curious procession used to take place on this occasion, so that the people in London were always in a very gay humor. The day always ends with a splendid banquet at the Guildhall, and it was while this dinner was going

on that the Lord Mayor and his guests heard of the birth of the baby prince.

The good men at the long tables were very much pleased indeed to hear the good news, and they at once rose to their feet and drank the health of the little boy who was, some day, to be their king. It must have been a wonderful sight when all these wise and noted men rose from their banquet to honor a little baby, in celebration of whose birth guns were being fired, and bells were ringing, all over the country.

Almost six hundred years before this little prince was born, the first English prince who was to bear the title of Prince of Wales, was carried in the King of England's arms out to the battlements of the castle at Carnarvon, in Wales. There he was held up before the assembled delighted people who, with joyous cries, accepted him as their leader.

It seems that the king had promised to give the people a prince who was good, and who could not speak a word of the English language. Of course the people saw that a little trick had been played on them when the tiny English prince was shown to them, but they felt that the king had kept his word, for the little baby could not speak a word of *any* language, and they good-naturedly agreed to submit to him.

The little son of Queen Victoria was always called

Albert, until he became king, when he used his second name, Edward, because there had been six other King Edwards before him. When the day came for him to be baptized, the snow was falling and it was very cold and unpleasant. On this same day, the old Duke of Wellington, who was so fond of his horse, Copenhagen, had promised to present a new flag to one of the celebrated regiments in the English army. This presentation was to take place at Windsor, where the prince was to be baptized at the royal palace, and notwithstanding it was so stormy, the good old duke kept his word and gave the flag to the proud soldiers.

While the ceremony was going on, Queen Victoria appeared at one of the castle windows, and, by her side, her little son was held up by his nurse, so that the soldiers could see him. As soon as the royal mother and her baby were seen, the hero of Waterloo stood up in his stirrups and, with a wave of his hat, led the cheers that greeted them. The prince must have felt very proud, when he grew old enough to know about it, that the "Iron Duke" cheered him that day.

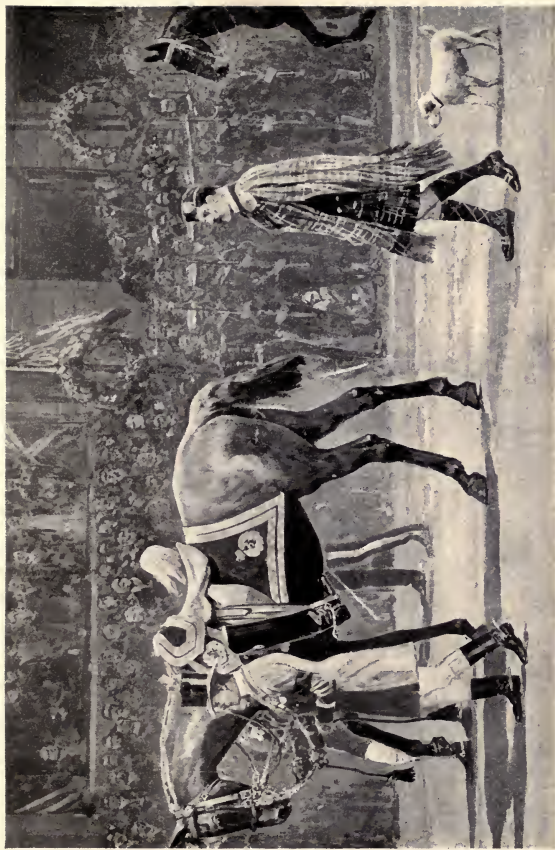
Of course Queen Victoria was a very kind mother, and the young Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters were given everything to make them happy. At one time, Tom Thumb, the dwarf, went to Windsor Castle and performed for the little princes and prin-

cesses, and the children screamed with delight when they saw this funny little man clamber up on a table and dance.

Though the Prince of Wales had a happy childhood, he also had a very busy one, for of course a boy, who was to be King of England some day, had a great deal to learn. He was always very fond of animals, and when he went to one of the big universities, a Newfoundland dog that was very much attached to him, insisted on going too. Though the dog was put out of the carriage several times, he always managed to find his way back, so at last the prince gave orders for him to be allowed to remain, and in the end the proud dog went to college.

After the prince had finished his education, he traveled a great deal, and even crossed the Atlantic, so that he might visit Canada and the United States. The people were all very glad to see him, so that he was much pleased with his visit to America, and was always very fond of Americans after that. He visited Washington's tomb, at Mount Vernon, and he and President Buchanan stood before it with heads bared in honor of the hero of the War of Independence.

When he grew a little older, the prince was married to a very beautiful and good princess, whose father was the King of Denmark.



The little dog Caesar marching at the head of fifty princes at the funeral of King Edward VII.

We might suppose that a prince's life is a very easy and idle one, but this was not the case with the Prince of Wales, for he had very little time that he could call his own. Then, too, his life was sometimes in danger. Once, when he was going to Denmark to see his father-in-law, a crazy man at Brussels tried to shoot the prince. The train was just leaving the station when the insane man jumped to the door of the car and fired several shots. Fortunately, he was not a good shot and no harm was done. We are told that the prince was very brave on this occasion, and that he quickly gave orders for the man who fired at him to be protected from the angry people.

The prince and his wife lived sometimes at a very pretty place, called Sandringham, out in the country, and there they were fond of collecting a very great number of pets of all kinds. There were dogs of all breeds there, and among them was Cæsar, a little wire-haired terrier, who very soon became the prince's best-loved pet.

The prince loved to walk through the park at Sandringham with little Cæsar by his side, and Cæsar never allowed his master to get out of his sight if he could help it.

When good old Queen Victoria died, the prince became King Edward VII, and after a time great prep-

arations were made for his coronation. But only two days before this ceremony was to take place, the king became very ill, and for many days his loving subjects waited anxiously, day after day, for the news, until at last they heard that he was better, and a little later the coronation took place.

For a little over nine years, Edward ruled very wisely and became more and more beloved by his people, so that when he died after a short illness, his subjects were very, very sorry.

Poor little Cæsar could not understand why he could not see his master, while the king was ill, for Edward had never refused to allow the little dog to come into his room when a gentle little scratch was heard at the door. After the king died, we hear that Cæsar went to all the palaces where he had been used to seeing his master, in search of him. He could not get lost, for he wore a collar on which were the words: "I am Cæsar, and I belong to the king," so that no one would dare to steal him.

The people were so grieved by the death of their dear king that they decided to have the most beautiful funeral that England had ever seen. And not only the English people wished to honor Edward, but kings and princes came from all over the world to ride behind his body. For days before the funeral, Cæsar was very

sad. Perhaps he wondered if he had done something wrong and was being punished for it; or, more likely, he knew that he would never see his master again.

But Cæsar had not been forgotten, and arrangements were made for him to be as near as possible to the king's body in the procession. And he felt almost happy for a moment when he was waiting for the wonderful procession to be formed. As he sat sadly by the servant who was to lead him, looking eagerly in every direction in the hope of seeing his dear master coming toward him as of old, the gracious queen passed and gently patted the heartbroken little dog. Though the good queen's heart was broken, too, she forgot her own sorrow for a moment to comfort poor little Cæsar; and when she saw his thankful eyes and felt him lick her hand, she must have been very glad that she had noticed him.

At last the procession started, and the greatest city in the world grew silent as its king set out on his last journey through its streets.

A stranger would have had difficulty in believing that this was a funeral procession. For the gun carriage, on which Edward's body lay, was drawn by eight splendid black artillery horses, and was covered with a cream-colored pall on which were spread the crown and other court jewels. Next came the Royal

Standard, the royal flag of England, then the king's favorite charger and behind him the devoted little Cæsar led by a Highlander servant. It is said that many people cried when they saw the king's pet terrier, who, no doubt, was one of the saddest mourners in the procession.

Behind the humble little dog walked nine kings and almost all the princes of the earth, and again behind them, dukes and lords and celebrated men from all parts of the world. There were princes from India dressed in beautiful costumes trimmed with diamonds and other precious stones, and others from Japan, China, Egypt and Siam, all wearing the curious, but gorgeous dresses of their countries. And then there was the sad queen in a coach that was almost all glass, though, of course she would much sooner have been in a closed carriage so that her grief could not be seen.

Among the other great men who were glad to follow in honor of the dead king was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, and we may be sure that he, who so loved animals of all kinds, was very sorry for the lonely little dog who walked at the head of that mile-long procession of great and good men.

The sides of the streets were lined with soldiers in gay uniforms, and behind them the sidewalks and cross

streets were crowded with thousands of sad people who wished to pay a last tribute to their king.

And so the little terrier marched behind his master, as he had so often done when the king was alive, while the procession moved out of Parliament Square at Westminster, and Big Ben, the great bell in the tower, tolled solemnly each minute. As the widow-queen came from the Abbey, she stooped again and patted Cæsar's head, and the dog knew that this good and tender-hearted lady would always be kind to him. The thought of that gentle caress must have comforted Cæsar very much on the long, sad walk to Paddington Station.

Good King Edward would have been very glad to know that his faithful little friend had the place of honor at this time, and if Cæsar was not too sad, he must have been very proud to think that he was so remembered when there was so much to be thought of and arranged.

Little Cæsar has followed his master now, but he was made as happy and comfortable as possible as long as he lived. Still, we cannot help believing that he always looked hopefully for the return of his beloved master, and that he wondered and wondered why the loved one was so long away.

CHAPTER XXII

A CHIEFTAIN OF HEROES

IN our times, when numbers of tourists visit the Hospice, or Inn, of St. Bernard in Switzerland, it is difficult to realize the melancholy loneliness endured by the good monks in those days when travelers passed at rare intervals. The great St. Bernard Pass, which lies between Mt. Blanc and the Matterhorn heights of the Alps, used to be crossed chiefly by pilgrims to Rome. Sometimes these pious people foolishly tried to make their way across in winter, when the pass and mountainside were thick with snow, and blizzards swept down at frequent intervals. Then the pilgrims, blinded by the driving storm, would lose their bearings sometimes, and, after wandering, perhaps for days, would finally sink down from weariness, soon to be covered by the snow.

At last, Saint Bernard of Menthon, a monk, founded the Hospice of St. Bernard, and a group of monks came to live at this desolate spot, high above where any trees can grow, so as to be at hand to lend aid to exhausted travelers. But the noble monks soon discovered that,

alone, they could seldom find the drift-covered pilgrims in the blinding storms, so they brought some dogs up to the Pass, and trained them to hunt for wanderers. It is said that the St. Bernard dogs came originally from the Pyrenees mountains in Spain, but they have been born and have lived so long at St. Bernard now, that perhaps no one knows exactly where their ancestors came from.

To teach the dogs to find the lost pilgrims, one of the monks would cover himself with snow, far out on the mountainside, and then the dogs would be sent out to find him. Of course they were made much of when they were successful, so that they soon understood what they were expected to do. To the dogs' collars, small barrels, containing food and drink, were fastened, and many an exhausted traveler was saved from death by these little barrels.

A visit to the Hospice of St. Bernard is one of the journeys that visitors to Switzerland love to make. Usually they set out from beautiful Lake Geneva, or Lake Léman as the Swiss call it, and travel up the valley of the River Rhone until they come to the little town of Montigny. From Montigny they ride on a rickety railroad to Orsières where they spend the night at a very quaint little hotel.

They will perhaps sleep, at this hotel, in an enor-

mous bedroom with stone floors, and possessing but one tiny window through which very little daylight can make its way. But they will have remarkably good things to eat and will be almost sorry to leave.

Early the next morning, they will squeeze themselves into the little post chaise and set out on the long, and rather tedious, climb to Bourg St. Pierre where they will find an inn with a curiously long name. It seems that Napoleon stopped at this inn when he crossed the Alps to fight the battle of Marengo, and, ever since, the inn has been called the Hotel du Déjeuner du Napoleon Premier—that is, the Hotel of Napoleon the First's Breakfast.

The landlady of this hotel never grows tired of showing the bedroom that the great Napoleon slept in. She points out his bed, writing table, and many other interesting things with a great deal of pride.

From Bourg St. Pierre, which means the town of St. Peter, the traveler continues to climb up and up until suddenly, without any warning, he turns a sharp corner and there, in the mist, stands the Hospice of St. Bernard with the celebrated dogs playing about in front of it.

It seems always to be misty at St. Bernard, when it is not snowing, and the climate has a very bad effect on the poor monks who become old and ill in a very few years.

These good men are always glad to see visitors, though, and will take them into their inn and feed them for one night free of charge. Usually people, who can afford it, drop some money into a box which is placed on the wall for that purpose; but many, many poor travelers are fed and lodged without any payment.

There are now two inns at St. Bernard, but it is easy to tell the old building from the newer one, because the severe weather has turned almost black the grey stone of the old inn.

In the reception-room of the inn the monks like to show a piano that was given to them by King Edward VII of England, when he was Prince of Wales, and they also point out a painting of Barry, a St. Bernard dog who made so many rescues that he became famous even among those who are always performing acts of heroism.

In these days, when travelers to Italy usually go by train through either the Simplon or St. Gothard tunnels, there is, of course, not so much call for the services of the dogs, but they are always ready in case they are needed and even now, when people attempt to climb the mountains in winter, these noble creatures have opportunities to show their sagacity and courage.

Behind the Hospice there are two sign posts. One of these is in Switzerland and the other in Italy, and

many travelers walk a few miles from St. Bernard into Italy and return to Switzerland by another road.

Barry's name will never be forgotten as long as the Hospice of St. Bernard exists. Even if the other dogs failed, Barry could almost always have been depended upon to find a lost traveler, and it is said that on one occasion he stayed for three days beside a lost and almost-frozen man, and that the traveler kept himself alive by lying close to the great dog's warm body.

The dogs at St. Bernard are not clumsy and lazy as are the St. Bernards that we usually see. They seem to be full of life, and some of them are very savage with strangers when the dogs are visited in their kennels. But these savage ones are just as faithful and valuable when a lost traveler is to be sought, and they are as gentle as possible when they are doing their duty.

We cannot look at these wonderful dogs without wondering at their splendid courage. However deep the snow may be, and though the wind may be hurling great drifts down the mountainside, these brave fellows set out at the word of command and cheerfully risk their lives. And none the less to be admired, are the brave Brothers who, no matter the weather, are always ready to give their lives for others, so that the Hospice of St. Bernard might well be called the Home of Heroes.

The monks do not care to tell about what they have done, but they love their dogs, and their greatest pride is to show the families of little round furry puppies to visitors.

And the good brothers seldom allow the visitor to depart without speaking with affection and pride of Barry, who even in such a brotherhood of devotion to duty, stands out prominently as the bravest of them all.

CHAPTER XXIII

A CITY'S SHEEP DOG

MANY fathers and mothers in the City of New York, whose little children now go almost every day to play in beautiful Central Park, remember, with affection, James Conway, who took care of the city's sheep for so many years.

When these parents were little children themselves, Conway was patiently guarding his charges, and tenderly caring for the delicate little lambs when danger seemed to threaten them. And all through the years while those that were children almost fifty years ago, were growing to be men and women, the faithful shepherd never deserted his flock even for one day's vacation.

Conway's only pleasure was the care of the sheep that the city had placed in his charge. He lived in a tiny little cottage near the sheepfold so that he might always be near at hand in case his pets should need him. At daybreak he would rise to see that no foe had attacked them in the night, and to lead them out to pasture while the grass was still sweet with the dew.

The old shepherd was always very proud when strangers admired his sheep, and he loved to tell the children all about them. Often, when the young lambs were staggering awkwardly about their mothers, he would lift up one of the woolly little creatures and let a delighted child pat its soft coat. The mother sheep did not at all mind this, because they loved Conway and felt confident that he would never harm their little ones.

Conway had many friends, and among these was Mr. J. P. Morgan, the well-known banker, who used to love to sit and talk with the old shepherd and to listen to his interesting tales of the sheep and of happenings in his beloved park. For the shepherd had seen many strange sights during the long years that he had sat silently watching his wards. Sometimes runaway horses had torn past the quiet pasture while frightened women and children screamed and hurried out of danger. Then, close behind the runaway, a mounted policeman would appear, urging his galloping horse on at top speed, and Conway would heave a sigh of relief when he saw that the policeman had seized the runaway's bridle and that the peril was over.

Perhaps, on the whole, no one in the bustling, noisy City of New York ever lived as peaceful a life as James Conway. He had few cares in the world, probably,

beyond the little sorrows that were caused by the illness, or death, of one of his pets. Sometimes it became necessary to sell some of the sheep when the flock grew too large. The parting with those that he had tended carefully from the time they were little lambs was always painful to the shepherd, but he knew that it was necessary.

Conway was a very sturdy old man, and it was often remarked that he never wore an overcoat, even in the coldest weather. But, though he might appear to be careless about his own health, he kept a very careful eye on the lambs, and hastened to see that they were well sheltered in case a storm swept over the pasture.

Mr. J. P. Morgan became so much interested in Conway and his flock, that one day a splendid collie arrived at the park as a present from the great banker. Mr. Morgan was very fond of collies, and had some of the finest in the world in his kennels, so that Conway was delighted when he became the owner of Jack, as he named the dog.

After this Jack became as attentive as his new master to the sheep. Early in the morning he would follow the flock out to pasture, careful that none should stray, or wander into the public drive where they would be in danger. All day long Jack would lie by his master,

ever keeping a watchful eye on the sheep, or perhaps walking round them at intervals to assure himself that all was well.

Many tired visitors to the park left with happy memories of the peaceful scene at the sheep pasture. The broad, smooth sweep of green, with the sheep dotted about it, the long shadows slipping across, as the sun fell behind the high buildings outside the park, and the old shepherd with his faithful dog at his feet, all reminded them of the dear country homes that they longed so to see once more.

For forty-five years James Conway devoted himself to his beloved sheep, and then old age forced him to rest. He could not live away from his sheep, however, and daily he would visit the pasture, and sometimes he would chat with the new shepherd. But more often he would sit on a bench by the side of the pasture, and, with his tired old eyes fastened on his beloved sheep, would dream of the long, long years that were gone forever.

And so, at last, when he was almost eighty years of age, the faithful Conway was called away from his sheep, and Jack was left alone. But not for long. Jack could find no joy in life after his dear master had left him, and he soon began to pine away and to get weaker day by day. For two years he tried to live without

Conway, but the task was too hopeless and so he, too, said "goodby" to the sheep.

Many of us who hasten through the clamorous, busy streets of New York, and, perhaps, only cross the park because we desire to escape for a moment the nerve-racking sounds of elevated trains, automobiles and street cars, never pause to think how wonderful it is to come suddenly on such a restful scene as the sheep pasture. And so James Conway and his faithful dog lived their peaceful life, almost unaware of the wickedness and strife that were around them, just outside the low walls of the park.

But while many hurried past the old man and his constant companion and friend with only a passing glance, others loitered to hear the interesting story of the shepherd and his flock. And a little lump arose in their throats when they read that James Conway had led his sheep to the pasture for the last time. Again, when the papers told of Jack's going, it was felt that he was but doing now as he had so lovingly done for many years: following his master to the peaceful pasture.

CHAPTER XXIV

TWO MODERN DOG HEROES

OF course we all, who are lovers of animals, believe that the horses and dogs of the present time are quite as courageous and noble as those that the old writers used to like to tell about. So that it is very pleasant to read about two dogs, who, in the Great War, while the big cannons roared and the machine-guns and rifles rattled, thought only of the safety of their masters.

We have all read about the dreadful war that began in 1914, and we know that the system of fighting in this war was quite different from any that was ever used before. We have read, and have seen pictures, of the deep ditches, or trenches, in which the men hid to try to escape the enemy's shots. Our newspapers told us how, in this kind of fighting, the soldiers had to stay for days, and sometimes weeks, in these narrow trenches which were often half full of water, and how, even though they were far under ground, the poor fellows were by no means safe from the terrible shells.

It is wonderful, indeed, that dogs could so overcome

their fright at the alarming noise that continued in and around these trenches, all night long as well as in the daytime. Yet many of these faithful creatures accompanied their masters, some perhaps from peaceful farms where they had never heard more alarming noises than the lowing of the cattle, and cheerfully endured the horrors and discomfort, to be close by the side of those they loved best.

This story is about Fend l'Air—which means, cleave the air—a little black and white setter, who went to the trenches with his master, named Jacquemin, a soldier in one of the Zouave regiments of France. These Zouaves are very athletic and quick, and are also so brave that they are usually chosen to be sent to the most dangerous places.

How this poor little dog must have wondered what all the bustle and noise meant, when he and his master arrived at the big military camp where there were soldiers drilling on all sides, and horses galloping in every direction with excited riders on their backs. Then, too, he had to keep his eyes open to avoid those other teams of strong horses that went galloping by, dragging great cannons behind them; not to mention the motor-cars that rushed about wildly. After awhile, when the Zouaves set out for the front, and the dog trotted along gaily beside his master, very likely



Jack, the sheep dog of Central Park, with his master, James Conroy—
a millionaire's gift to a faithful shepherd.

Jacquemin, not knowing what Fend l'Air was to do for him later, tried to send him home.

As they approached nearer and nearer, day by day, to the front, where the booming of guns could be heard all night long, the brave heart of the little dog must have turned cold as he lay cuddled up close beside his master. Then, when they finally reached the dreadful trenches, and it began to rain and continued to rain, day after day, so that neither the dog nor his master knew what it was to be dry or warm, Fend l'Air must indeed have come to the conclusion that the men-animals had all gone mad.

He knew what the consequences of going mad were to a dog, and, when he saw men shooting one another, it would be quite natural for him to suppose that they had lost their minds. Still, he stayed on, never allowing his master out of his sight, though horrible bullets whistled, and alarming, great, noisy shells roared past with a rumble like an express train; or plunged to the ground and exploded with a still more horrifying sound.

Sometimes, for days, he and his master had to lie crouched up in a little, narrow space, so cramped that they could barely move their limbs when the opportunity came. Then, too, there came awful moments when even the brave Jacquemin felt as though he could

stand the strain no longer. But at these times a little cold nose would be snuggled into his hand, and the faithful eyes of Fend l'Air would be fixed on his master's face with a steady, heartening gaze, and courage would return.

And so the days passed, with never any rest, never any comfort, never any silence, until at last one of those terrible shells fell into the trench near where Jacquemin stood, with his rifle in his hand, eager for the command to charge at the enemy. There was a hideous roar, the trench was split, as if by an earthquake, and when Fend l'Air looked about for his master, Jacquemin was nowhere to be seen.

But Nature had graciously bestowed on Fend l'Air a sense more valuable even than sight, and after a space of frantic, heartbreaking seeking, the dog *scented* his master. In an instant, he knew that Jacquemin was somewhere under the great mound of earth and stones that the exploding shell had piled up, and, doubtless, he also realized that his beloved master would smother unless he were rescued very soon.

What was to be done? He could not make up his mind to leave the spot, where he knew that Jacquemin lay far down under the earth, even to call for aid. Besides, the horrid shells were falling all about him, and it would never do for him to be hit by one of those

wicked monsters when he was so much needed. There was but one thing to do. He must, all by himself, dig Jacquemin out.

So, at the seemingly hopeless task this little dog set himself, putting all fear beside him and thinking only of the loved one whose rescue he was determined to effect. Frantically he dug and dug, casting the earth and stones in all directions with his little fore paws that grew so sore and so weary. Nevertheless, he persisted, and at last—oh joyous moment!—Jacquemin's face appeared, and little exhausted Fend l'Air saw that his master still breathed.

For three long days and nights, Fend l'Air sat by his master's face—which was all that was visible—until at last a rescuing party came up, and Jacquemin was released and carried back to the rear. With him, of course, went the hero, Fend l'Air, and when the brave soldier was transferred to the American Hospital in Paris to get quite well again, he insisted that his faithful little dog must accompany him.

After a time, the high officers of the army heard of Fend l'Air's deed, and they decorated him with a medal for bravery, while the soldiers presented arms and the band played the *Marseillais* hymn, just as if he were a real, human hero.

And, when the brave Jacquemin grew well enough

to go back to fight for his dear country, he left Fend l'Air—the best loved dog in France—in the care of the gentle nurses at the American Ambulance Hospital, where he was petted and loved by those good women who had come all the way from America to care for the wounded.

There was another little dog, called Loulou, who was found, by some soldiers, in a field near Amance, in France. The little animal was evidently homeless and on the verge of starvation. Nearby, a house and haystack were in flames, so the soldiers came to the conclusion that the enemy had burnt the farm and shot the dog's master.

At any rate, it was plain that Loulou had once had a good home, for he was so well trained that when he was taken to the trenches, he would never enter the men's dugouts without trying to wipe his feet on an imaginary door-mat at the entrance.

He was only a mongrel, with a nose like a cocker spaniel, a fox terrier's coat, and a bull dog's feet, but, nevertheless, this comical-looking little dog had a loving way of looking at his rescuers that seemed almost human.

Often, in the evenings, with his nose in the air, he would go in the direction of the enemy's lines to scout



(Courtesy Boston Transcript)

Fend l'Air, the best loved dog in Europe, who rescued his master who had been buried by the explosion of a shell.

on his own account, and, when he returned from these expeditions and looked up at the officers with a very weary look in his big eyes, the men were always unusually on the alert. One night, when he growled softly while he scratched the ground as if he suddenly scented mischief in the enemy's lines, an officer said to him, "Loulou, what do you hear? The enemy?"

Then, not barking, because he knew that prudence demanded silence at a time like this, Loulou raised his dirt-covered nose again, and seemed to say, "Yes," with his blinking eyes.

The officers thereupon ordered the men to prepare for a surprise attack. As they pushed forward along the trench, Loulou was given the place of honor at their head, and with his funny little tail in the air, he led them through the pitch darkness.

Presently, sure enough, they came upon a party of the enemy who had intended to make a surprise attack. On account of Loulou's alertness, the attack was a failure, and Loulou, now barking at the top of his voice, chased the retreating troops with glee. Unfortunately he caught up with one of the enemy officers and set his teeth in the fleeing one's leg, whereupon the officer shot him.

The heartbroken French soldiers carried the dog's body back to their trench, and there dug a grave for

Loulou as if he had been one of them. Then the quartermaster, with a voice full of emotion, said, "Goodby, dear little comrade. You were only a plain soldier in the dog's regiment, but we have all taken an oath that your name shall live as long as that of our distinguished regiment. We shall never forget you, faithful and tender little friend, who has gone to the Great Unknown without waiting for us. Deeply, we shall miss your gambols and joyous barking that brought sunshine to our darkest days. Goodby, Loulou; we salute you!"

This was the end of the simple ceremony, but a vow was made, by the company, and was agreed to by the colonel, that at each roll call, thereafter, the dog's name should be called after the men's. And, since that time, when the sergeant-major shouts the name, "Loulou," in his powerful voice, one of the soldiers, as a proof that Loulou's heroism has not been forgotten, answers simply, "Died like a soldier!"





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