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DOG AND
DOGS

DOG AND DOGS

JOSEPH EDWARD HARRY PhD

The Story Of Man's Constant Companion



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PREFACE

I set out to write all on *dog*—not *all* on dog—and I found dog on all, or dog on nearly all (spell as you will): on all continents, on land and sea, on stone and on bone, on tombs and monuments, on bronze and marble, on canvas, on parchment, on vases, on sarcophagi, on wall paintings, everywhere on earth, in the sky, in the air, in heaven, and in the places beneath the earth—wherever man has been, in person or in imagination, there also has been the dog.

I have called my dog *Asyouwill*, for nothing characterizes him better in his attitude toward man, his master. *Asyouwill* is not an individual dog, but just Dog, as Man is Man, the dog universal, the everlasting dog, the perpetual friend and comrade of man, with his immemorial instinct to serve man, the ever brave, ever loyal, ever constant companion.

Command; he thee obeyes most reddily.

Strike him; he whines and falls down at thy feet.

Call him: he leaves his game and comes to thee

With wagging taile, offring his service meeke.

If so thou wilt, a Collar he will wear;

And when thou list to take it off againe,

Unto thy feet he coucheth doune most faire,

As if thy will were all his good and gaine.

A Latin Poem translated by J. Molle in 1625.

J. E. H.

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Part One

The History of the Dog

Chapter I

DOG AND MAN

*“Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov’d,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind.”*



JUST when man appeared on this eleven hundred million years old planet of ours is unknown—insects have been here fifty million—nor do we know when dog, as dog, emerged; but we do know that when they be-

came acquainted with each other they formed a partnership, an alliance, which, on the part of the dog at least, was regarded as a sacred compact to be faithfully kept as long as time endures.

The only difference, says Buffon, between dog and

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man is that in case of need or peril you can always count on the former, never on the latter.

We should not, however, as some would, exalt dog above man. The greatest animal in creation is the one that cooks. Man can smile, laugh, utter speech; and he possesses fire, without which there would be no domestic hearth, society, government, law; no arts, no machinery, in short, no civilization, without which the dog too would still be savage. Perhaps the noblest acquisition of man is imagination. But granting man all his attainments, all his achievements, we should, at the same time, grant the dog his, should give him the praise he deserves for the qualities he possesses, should extol him for his merits, for the virtues which we always admire when we observe them in man himself and which are more universal in the dog: fidelity, obedience, courage, affection—and even philosophy.

Socrates.—A dog, when he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance, he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. . . . Surely this instinct of the dog is very charming; your dog is a true philosopher.

Glaucon.—Why?

Socrates.—Because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not a creature be

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fond of learning who determines what is friendly and what is unfriendly by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

“See; his beloved days are gathering round.”

When Sir Walter Scott returned from Italy his dogs gathered about him and made much of him, fawning upon him and licking his hands. Sir Walter was a dignified man, but he smiled and sobbed by turns at the demonstration of affection showered upon him; and in his “*Talisman*” he says: “*Recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasure and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man’s intelligence, but no share of his falsehood. You cannot make a hound tear his benefactor.*”

Cardinal Gibbons said that “*Jasper’s*” intelligence bordered on the uncanny or the uncanine; his vocabulary was perfect; he knew three hundred words. Jasper was a thirty-five pound brindle bull, celebrated as a canine actor, who had appeared before cardinals, presidents, and crowned heads. But with all his intelligence, Jasper lacked hands, without which achievement, in certain lines, is impossible.

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A French writer (Michelet) has said that the dog is an aspirant to humanity. On the contrary, he aspires only to caninity. We have Lola's own word for it (page 86) and Lola was a dog. Man himself just now seems to be aspiring, not to humanity, but to machinity. We are using the mechanic's strength and perhaps his skill, but we are not using his brain. He is just working as a kind of human machine. That is an immense loss, a waste of the best qualities he possesses. Man and dog evolved along different lines, and while the canine race has developed many traits of the genus homo, the animal has no aspirations to be other than he is.

*I ne'er insulted weaker brother,
Nor wronged by fraud or force another;
Though brutes are placed a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so.*

The dog has become civilized without becoming demoralized: he has enjoyed the benefits of civilization without being made worse by its corruption, has had his brute instincts refined by his contact with man, but has preserved his good qualities, moral and physical, whereas man, by his very knowledge, has allowed himself to degenerate, has permitted himself to do injury to himself by the things he has discov-

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ered, things which give momentary pleasure but corrupt the flesh and corrupt the soul.

*Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit.
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Earth's kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.*

As Caxton quaintly complains, in the first English encyclopedia, "the peple that be now thynke more and be moche more curyous of their grete and fatte paunches for to fylle, and to make them fatte, by which they come the sonner to their ende."

*In sculptured shrine may sleep some human hog,—
This stone is sacred to a faithful dog.
Though reason lend her boasted ray to thee,
From faults which make it useless he was free;
He broke no oath, betrayed no trusting friend,
Nor ever fawned for an unworthy end;
His life was shortened by no slothful ease,
Vice-begot care, or folly-bred disease.
Forsook by him he valued more than life,
His generous nature sank beneath the strife . . .
The ocean oft with seeming sorrow eyed,
And pierced by man's ingratitude he died.*

A wolf, or a fox, will endure the severest kind of physical suffering without uttering a sound, while a dog will yelp if somebody accidently treads upon his

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toes. This contrast is strikingly analogous to the contrast between the savage and civilized man. The latter acquires the volpine and lupine stoicism only by the rigorous training of the ancient Spartans such as that received by the boy who had stolen a fox, concealed it under his tunic, and allowed the animal to gnaw out his vitals rather than reveal his secret. Nevertheless, the thousands of stories that have been told, through the ages, about the sagacity, the obedience, the friendship, and the courage of the civilized dog are marvelous—and more marvelous still: *they are true.*

Skeletons of dogs were found in Herculaneum. One of them was on that of a child ten or twelve years of age; and there was a large silver collar with a Greek inscription—the dog was named Delta and belonged to Severinos—"I saved my master's life by throttling a she-wolf which was tearing him to pieces, because he had taken from her her whelps in a grove sacred to Diana, near Herculaneum." Two bronzes of Molossian hounds were also found.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. But man is not only not humane; he is often not even grateful for great favors, whereas ingratitude is not in a dog's vocabulary: in his bright lexicon there is no such word as "fail" when it comes

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to showing how much he appreciates a kind word or act,—which he never forgets.

To a certain dog hospital in France was brought a dog, with a broken foot, from the country and cured. Whenever his master went to the city the dog accompanied him, and he would always call at the hospital, run through all the corridors until he found the woman who tended him, and when he succeeded in finding her he would roll in ecstasy at her feet, lick her hands and manifest his joy by a thousand leaps and caresses.

Gratitude may not be the greatest virtue, but certainly ingratitude is the worst of vices.

However, this attachment of a dog for humankind, be it said to man's credit, is more frequently reciprocated than many writers on man's hypocrisy and man's hard-heartedness would have us believe. As Rudyard Kipling has warned us,

*Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*

There is also the story of a dog that visited his master in prison every day, went to the scaffold with him, and finally followed him to his grave, where he remained three months, until he died.

The memory of a dog is unailing. There is a case on record where a dog remembered the features

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of a gentlewoman, when her portrait was taken down from the wall to be cleaned; and he showed the greatest emotion at the sight of the picture of the woman he loved; and another dog recognized an absent brother by the likeness to his master.

An amusing story of a dog's common sense is told in England. A little terrier after being whipped by a big dog at St. Albans went back to his home in Whitmore, returned with a big dog and avenged the injury.

Like Touchstone, *homo sapiens* is never aware of his own wit until he breaks his shins against it. It took man over fifty years in America to learn that the "new" elective system in education was stupid; that progress did not consist in multiplying courses, instructors, and students; that an institution, or a father, that tries to put a \$5,000 education on a \$500 boy lacks judgment. A dog learns the truth much more quickly; but then he *must*: he has neither the time nor the collective "wisdom" of the ages (which man himself stupidly disregards) to perfect his judgments. His life is too short. The sluggish turtle has centuries to accumulate knowledge; the slow but more intelligent elephant has more than a hundred years; but the alert and quick-minded dog acquires more in six months than the elephant in six or the turtle in sixty years.

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It is difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate the inscrutable mind of the dog. Much that we ascribe to him is doubtless purely subjective: our interpretation of what is going on in the gray matter of his brainpan may be false; we may be assigning to him methods of reasoning and ways of acting that are purely human and not at all canine. Nevertheless, the meditations of Riquet may be very like what Anatole France describes:

“To eat is good. To have eaten is better. For the enemy who lieth in wait to take your food is quick and crafty. Men possess the divine power of opening all doors. I by myself am able to open only a few. Doors are great fetishes which do not readily obey dogs. Men, beasts, and stones grow great when they come near, and loom enormous when they are upon me. I remain equally great wherever I am. My master keeps me warm when I lie behind him in his chair. It is because he is a god. In front of the fireplace is a hot stone. That stone is divine. I speak when I please. From my master’s mouth proceed likewise sounds which make sense. But his meaning is not so clear as that expressed by the sounds of my voice. Every sound that I utter has a meaning. From my master’s lips come forth many idle noises.

“It is difficult but necessary to divine the thoughts

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of my master. It is impossible to know whether one has acted well towards men. One must worship them without seeking to understand them. Their wisdom is mysterious. I am the center of all things: men, beasts, and things, friendly and adverse, are ranged about me. All is flux and reflux. I alone remain."

The wisdom of Riquet is that of Franklin's Poor Richard: "He that speaks much is much mistaken," and "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise."

But the theory of mental processes propounded by the behaviorist school of psychology may apply to dog as well as to man. See Professor Watson's article on "How We Think" in *Harpers* for June, 1926.

Richard Harding Davis, in his excellent story, "The Bar Sinister," puts more of the purely subjective into it than does Anatole France in his "Riquet," draws more heavily on the exhaustless bank of man's noblest acquisition—imagination. "Kid," in his filial piety and affection, was doubtless much like Dr. Johnson's infidel: "If he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." But I will not dogmatize on the dog, for "dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth." Yet we can be dogmatic on one subject, and that is the eternal verity of a dog's affection for and

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fidelity to his master—which neither time can wither nor custom stale.¹ Stories of the fidelity of the dog are the most numerous of all, with those of his courage and intelligence a close second.

Here are three short, but very famous stories—each one poignant and heartrending.

Sulpitius, a rich Roman, became poor, and all his friends abandoned him. His dog alone remained true; he went with him quietly to the scaffold, and did not even try to prevent the headsman from executing his bloody work, but when he saw the head of his master fall, he became furious, and leaped at the throat of the executioner; there was a frightful struggle, and the dog fell dead by the side of his master.

Another Roman by the name of Sabinus displeased the tyrant Tiberius and was condemned to death. When his head was severed from the body, the dog would not leave it despite all threats. The guards

¹ Of course, the dog has more mother love than lower orders of animals. That wonderful French investigator, Fabre, declares that the *Lycosa's* affection for her offspring hardly surpasses that of the plant, which is unacquainted with any tender feeling and nevertheless bestows the nicest and most delicate care upon its seeds. The animal, in many cases, knows no other sense of motherhood. . . . She accepts another's (brood) as readily as her own. . . . There is no question here of real maternal affection.

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threw him bread, and the dog took it up in his teeth and approaching his master's head tried to force it into his mouth. When the body was thrown into the Tiber, the dog plunged in himself and tried to save him. The body sank, but the dog dived to the bottom, seized it, and brought it to the surface. Finding that he could not keep it afloat, after struggling as long as he was able, and his strength failing, he inserted his teeth in the clothing of his master and went down with him.

Some years ago in Paris a touching scene was witnessed by hundreds of people. Running along the bank of the Seine was a little dog, following the current of the river, and yelping with desperation, ever turning his head to the rushing waters which he seemed to be interrogating. The spectators looked toward the river and saw the head of a man, which the next moment disappeared under the surface. A few moments previously they had heard a splash which indicated that somebody had leaped from the bridge of Saint-Pères. The dog, without a moment's hesitation, jumped into the river, and swam quickly to the spot where the head had disappeared. But the current was too strong for the poor little animal—and he became the victim of his attachment; he had gone to join his master.

Chapter II

AGE AND ANCESTRY

“And the Woman said: ‘His name is not Wild Dog any more, but the First Friend, because he will be our friend for always and always and always.’”

RUDYARD KIPLING.



HE dog is by far the oldest friend man has. The cat and the horse are new acquaintances. Side by side with the bones of primitive man in the Stone Age lie the bones of dogs.

They are not found earlier than the New Stone Age; but we have evidence that a dog not unlike the English mastiff was domesticated in what is now Gloucestershire. The bones of a dog that was keeping his mistress faithful company have been found in a grave which is undoubtedly of the earliest Neolithic Age. In the earliest times man had to fight with wild animals, and among these were wild dogs. Sometimes doubtless the encounter would end

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in favor of the quadrupeds, for the pack could easily tear man, the individual, to pieces; at other times he would probably escape by climbing a tree; or, if his assailants were not too numerous, he could beat them with sticks. Consequently, dog's respect for man grew. And then man could use stones and fight from a distance. Missiles were not dog weapons. Man, to the dog, was a mysterious creature who could fight the foe with something more formidable than teeth and claws. Both the two-footed and the four-footed animal hunted for a living; they were both carnivorous. Sometimes the dogs would run down and bring to bay some dangerous game. Then man would kill it. Thus the two creatures that were destined to be such fast friends in later ages became mutually helpful, mutually useful. In other words, they formed a partnership.

Man lived in caves, from which he would throw the bones of the animals he had devoured. These would be found and gnawed by dogs, to the presence of which man would soon become accustomed. Occasionally the dens of these wild denizens of the forest would be found and the puppies carried home to amuse the children, and they would soon become a part of the household; and so, as time went on, the future lord of creation would become more tolerant of his foe.

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These puppies would be tamer than their parents, and the next generation still more so. Some would be found swifter than others, and more useful for hunting. At last there would be selective breeding. This accounts for the marvelous variety in forms. A great St. Bernard weighs from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; a tiny Chihuahua a pound and a half. The contrast between the greyhound and the dachshund is very great in point of form, between the Newfoundland and the hairless dog of Mexico, or Africa, in point of coat. In ears, too, in fact in every feature, dog differs from dog more than any other single animal on the face of the earth; and he is the one animal that can follow man all over the globe—even Amundsen over the Pole—the one animal that can adapt himself to every climate.

Darwin thought that all dogs have descended from wolves, jackals, and possibly dingos [to be more specific: from the *Canis lupus* (wolf dog), the *Canis latrans* (barking dog), and from two or three doubtful species (European, Indian and North African wolves); from one or two South African canine species; from several species of jackals; and perhaps from one or more extant species]; but this is by no means certain. It is the distinguished zoölogist of the University of Glasgow, Professor Kerr, who warns us, in his

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recent book on evolution, against being cocksure of the truth of our hypotheses and points out again and again how little we know about living things and living processes. The friendliness of which the wild "dogs" are capable shows that they are the ancestors of our domestic dogs, with which they freely interbreed. The Eskimo dogs of Greenland and Alaska are hard to distinguish from the wolves of the same region.

Bones of dogs have been found in the Danish kitchen-middens; and they were at least partially domesticated by the Swiss Lake Dwellers. So also were they used by men of the Reindeer Period, as is attested by the pictures cut in solid quartz in the Cattegat; and on bones and horns by the artists of prehistoric times.

There are few parts of the world where evidence is not obtainable that the dog existed as an aboriginal animal. In fact, the descent (or ascent) of the dog, while not discussed as much by modern man as the evolution of himself, is still a topic of interest to the uncapitalized modernist or fundamentalist, in spite of the fact that Brother Ape is more in the limelight to-day by reason of his closer connection with the subject of man's own ascent.

But the dog stands nearer to man to-day than the monkey. There is the great ancestral duty, stronger

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than death, which not even man's will and anger to-day are able to check. All our humble history, linked with that of the dog in our first struggles against every breathing creature, tends to prevent his forgetting it. And, as Maeterlinck says, when we punish him to-day for his untimely zeal, he casts us a glance of astonished reproach, that we are in the wrong and that, if we lose sight of the main clause in the treaty of alliance which he made with us at the time we lived in caves, forests and dens, he continues faithful to it in spite of us and remains nearer to the eternal truth of life.

But how complicated it has all been for him since then! We are alone on this planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, except the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us. "The uncertain and craven horse, who responds only to pain and is attached to nothing, the passive and dejected ass; the cow and the ox, happy so long as they are eating, and docile, because they never had an idea of their own; the affrighted sheep; the hen faithful to the poultry yard because she finds more wheat and corn there; the ferocious cat, to whom we are nothing more than a too large and uneatable prey, tolerating us as encumbering parasites of the house: for thousands of years they have been living at our side, as foreign

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to our thoughts, our affections, our habits as though the least fraternal of the stars had dropped them but yesterday.”

One animal alone, among all that breathe on earth, has succeeded in breaking through, definitely to cross the enormous zone of darkness, ice and silence that isolates each category of existence in nature. The dog has performed one of the most unusual acts we can find in the general history of life.

*I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.*

When we lack the society of our fellow men, we take refuge in that of animals, and we do not always lose by the change—especially if that animal be a dog.

The very fact that Dog has kept his name throughout the ages, from prehistoric times to the present day, amid all the migrations and dispersions of early man, shows at the same time both his antiquity and his confederacy with man: Sanskrit *cvan*, Greek *Kun*, Latin *can*-(is), Italian *cane*, French *chien*, Portuguese *cão*, Irish *cu*, Gaelic *cu*, Welsh *ci* (plural *cwn*), Icelandic *hun* (h-k), German *hund*, Dutch *hond*, English *hound*, Swedish *hund*, Danish *hund*, Russian *co* (-baka). The

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English *dog* has its counterpart in French (*dogue*) and in some other languages. The Spaniard has adopted another word (*perro*), but "*can*" also appears. In fact, "*perro*" is short for "*canis petronius*," a very common species in Spain (the shepherd), which was used for the whole race ("*petro*" becoming "*perro*"). The etymology of "*dog*" is unknown. Possibly it is the root of the Greek verb *thousso* (*thouk*, i.e. *doug*), which means "to hark on." If so, "*dog*" signifies "Sick 'em." In one of Aristophanes' comedies a dog is brought into court, and his whole speech, in self-defence, consists of $\alpha\hat{\upsilon} \alpha\hat{\upsilon}$ (*ow wow*), which shows us conclusively that this diphthong was not pronounced as in Modern Greek (*af*)—for the dog has not changed his pronunciation—and, incidentally, that the Greeks represented a dog's bark better than we do, for a dog cannot pronounce the consonant *b*. (*bow wow*): we only *imagine* he does.

Chapter III

THE OLDEST DOGS IN HISTORY



THE Assyrians had at least two breeds of dogs—the mastiff and the greyhound. Several widely different breeds appear on Egyptian monuments five thousand years old, where they are represented not only as hunting dogs, but as companions and household pets as well. The Jews were not very fond of dogs, and there is scant mention of them in the Bible. The Greeks, on the other hand, had as much love for a dog as have modern Americans and Europeans, if we can judge by Homer's picture of Ulysses and Argos in the *Odyssey*. The Romans knew three types: *sagaces* (wise), *celeris* (swift), and *pugnaces* (fighting). The Greeks and Romans, I think, appreciated dogs at the true assessment of their worth. In this respect they were unlike many peoples of the Orient. In the Bible the only dogs that win fame have the unpleasant task of ful-

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filling the prophecy: "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." But the dogs of the rich man were better than their master: they came to keep Lazarus company; they lay down at his feet and licked his sores. The full grown animal was an abomination to the Jews. The general term "dog" is used in the Bible regularly as expressing disgust. The playful puppies, on the other hand, must have been allowed liberties in their masters' houses. In the New Testament I do not think that the diminutive *kynarion* is necessarily depreciative ("cur"), any more than the diminutive *thygatrion* (little, or dear, daughter). The little dog and the young dog show more affection toward their owners, perhaps, than those of greater bulk, because they feel that their masters are protectors, while the large dogs trust more to their own strength and courage.

The Eastern attitude toward the dog was due primarily to the fact that these dogs were scavengers and regarded as pariahs, dwelling on the outskirts of the city. St. John, in a vision, saw dogs in most undesirable human company outside the gem-studded gates of the New Jerusalem; but St. Peter glimpsed the inside, "wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth." In the Apocrypha, young Tobias, sent by his father on a journey, was accompanied by

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an angel, "and the young man's dog was with him."

In Islamism, the Prophet admitted his camel, Balaam's ass, the mule which Christ rode to Jerusalem, and the dog of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. To this dog, Kitmer by name, God gave the power of speech: "I love those who are dear unto God; go to sleep therefore and I will guard you." And at the threshold lay their dog with paws outstretched. Like the Seven, he slept with his eyes open. After three centuries they awoke. Shortly afterward they were taken up into Heaven. Kitmer, as a reward for his vigilance, kept them company. In the Koran we read: "and what ye shall teach animals of prey to catch, training them up for hunting in the manner of dogs."

In Greece the oldest and most celebrated dog of which history (or poetry) bears record is the faithful hound of Odysseus, whose fame and name have been perpetuated through thirty centuries and will probably go on marching down the corridors of time along with Barry and Balto—Argos, who recognized his master, when he came home disguised as a beggar, although he had been absent twenty years.

"The Downward Movement of the Ears—A Smile."

"There lay the dog Argos, full of vermin. Yet even now when he was aware of Odysseus standing by,

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he wagged his tail and wagged both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumæus, and straightway asked him saying:

“ ‘Eumæus, verily this is a great marvel, this hound lying here in the dung. Truly he is goodly of growth, but I know not certainly if he have speed with his beauty, or if he be comely only, like as are men’s trencher dogs that their lords keep for the pleasure of the eye.’

“Then didst thou make answer, swineherd Eumæus: ‘In very truth this is the dog of a man that has died in a far land. If he were what once he was in limb and in the feats of the chase, when Odysseus left him to go to Troy, soon wouldst thou marvel at the sight of his swiftness and of his strength. There was no beast that could flee from him in the deep places of the wood, when he was in pursuit; for even on a track he was the keenest hound. But now he is holden in an evil case, and his lord hath perished far from his own country, and the careless women take no charge of him . . .’

“Therewith he passed within the fair-lying house, and went straight to the hall, to the company of the proud wooers.

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“But upon Argos came the fate of black death, even in the hour that he beheld Odysseus again, in the twentieth year.”

Yet Argos keeps on living from the days before Homer down to the twentieth century.

Alcibiades, the handsome Athenian, is said to have paid a very large sum for a dog of beauty and wonderful strength. Three Greek dogs immolated themselves with their respective masters: that of Lysimachus, one of Alexander the Great's generals, that of the tyrant of Gelon, and the hound of Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse in Sicily.

One of the greatest terrors which the ancient Greek had to face was the possibility, especially in time of war, of not receiving due rites of burial, but of being thrown to the dogs to be torn to pieces when he was killed by the enemy. So when Hector proposes, before they fight, to make a chivalrous compact by which the victor shall be content with stripping the armor from the vanquished, and shall restore the corpse to receive the due rites from friends, Achilles sternly answers that there can be no compact between them; and when the dying man beseeches him, “leave me not for dogs to devour by the ships,” Achilles brooks no thought of ransom: “Entreat me not, dog, by knees

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or parents: would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve thy flesh, and eat it raw . . . as surely there is none that shall keep the dogs from thee." So, too, the noble Antigone, to save the corpse of her brother, Polyneices, from the same dread fate, braves the king and his edict, buries the body so that the dogs and vultures may not devour it, and goes herself to a living tomb in punishment.

A traveler in India reports that he saw a number of human skeletons—the remains of a ferryboat load of passengers. The flesh, he says, had been completely devoured by dogs, vultures, and other animals—*except* the bottoms of the feet and the palms of the hands. This antipathy to these parts of the body is not confined to dogs: tigers, panthers, lions, jackals, wolves, and vultures usually refuse to eat the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands. All carnivora attack the most vital parts first, to appease hunger and thirst; but if the beast is excessively hungry he will not refrain from devouring even the detested parts. Pariah dogs in India even recently were seen occasionally skulking about the funeral pile of Hindus; and they were by no means fastidious in their tastes, for they ran off with whatever they could get—a foot, a hand, or a skull. But this is too gruesome a subject to pursue farther.

Chapter IV

ANCIENT BREEDS



THE *Canis molossus* of the ancients, as well as our own St. Bernard, seems to have descended from that domesticated animal in Western Asia to which the powerful mastiff-like Assyrian hunting dogs belonged. An-

other type in Egypt was a huge coursing hound with drooping ears. It was employed in the chase of large animals, and may have come from India, where effigies of the Tibetan hound date back to the second millennium before our era. The Egyptian lop-eared hound seems to have been brought to Crete as early as 3000 B.C. This is the dog that can be traced back to the Abyssinian wolf, whose descendants exist today in a wild state in the Ethiopian region. This animal was domesticated in an extremely remote period in Northern Africa. The same breed was carried over the trade routes, by way of Carthage, to

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the Balearic Isles, where it still exists practically unchanged. The Cretan hound, which is abundant in the island to-day, was early introduced into Sicily at a comparatively early date. Its image, stamped on Sicilian coins, attests the fondness of the Greeks for dogs, especially for this long-limbed coursing hound which was famous in antiquity. From the same breed, probably, is derived also the modern Russian wolfhound.

The commonest of the canine race in Ancient Egypt was a sort of fox dog with erect ears and a short curly tail, from which, probably, has descended the red dog so common in Cairo to-day. Then there was the hound, tall, with a long straight tail; a short-legged dog, not unlike the modern turnspit, with a pointed nose, erect ears, moderately long tail; and a tall thin animal about the size of a hound but with ears like a wolf and with a long thin tail.

In Græco-Roman times three other types were commonly bred in Europe and in Asia: the street dog (the pariah), the shepherd, and the spitz, which had descended from the jackal. These five breeds were the prevailing pure strains. But there was a large number of hybrids. The first two were probably domesticated in India. The Maltese and the Etruscan were the favorite varieties of the spitz. We have in-

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numerable paintings of these dogs in ceramic art from the fifth century B.C. on, for they were prized as household pets. In classic literature they are very prominent.¹

A beautiful modeled dog of the greyhound type from an Egyptian tomb can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

¹For a picture of an Etruscan bronze dog (300 B.C.) see the American Museum Journal for 1916.

Chapter V

MODERN DOGS



FROM those remote periods in ancient Egypt and India, as far as our human annals extend, over the whole earth, from Assyria to Alaska, the dog is at man's side, as at present. He is born our friend. He loves and worships us as though we had lifted him out of nothing, full of gratitude, more devoted than human beings; nothing discourages him, nothing repels; nothing can impair his ardent love and trust. Loyally, religiously, he has irrevocably recognized man's superiority. He will betray the whole animal kingdom for our benefit, become traitor to his kind, his kin, his mother, his children, believing as he does that we are better and more powerful than all that exists; by the very instinct of his race he dreams only of being useful to us. For that very reason he occupies an enviable place in the world, for he is the only living creature that has found

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and recognizes an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable and definite god. That perfect, superior and infinite power is there, before him, in visible presence, and he moves in its light. He has a superior morality; he possesses truth in its fullness.

Mr. Havelock Ellis has a profound disrespect for the human race. Men, such as Michelangelo and Shakespeare, he can respect, but not man. But to a dog his master is greater than a Shakespeare: he may be commonplace; he may make an everlasting fool of himself; but to his dog he is still a god. All the earth's shores are piled high with sordid refuse of human maleficence. Have we really so much reason to be proud? Lord Byron, in his immortal poem on "Boatswain," his favorite dog, would give the palm to the lower animal that worships the higher.

NEAR THIS SPOT

ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE,
WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCES,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICIES.

All dogs are neither good nor courageous. Launce declares that his Crab is the sourest-natured dog that lives—a cruel-hearted cur—a pebble stone—a typical

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mongrel. But he must have had his good points, including a sort of fidelity; otherwise Launce would not have shielded him. And most dogs are not only courageous; they are persistent; they have a stick-to-it-iveness that is rarely found in man: so much more, indeed, that they have furnished us with a word to characterize this canine trait in man: "dogged." Says Dr. Johnson, "A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it." Scott has immortalized the terrier-bitch who had guarded the remains of his master, discovered on the mountain of Helvellyn, for three months after the master had been killed.

*. . . Faithful in death, his mute fav'rite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill for and the raven away.*

The dog is not only faithful *unto*, but also *after* death.

Ave, Cæsar!

*Borne to his grave, our lord King Edward comes! . . .
And in the space behind the passing bier,
Looking and longing for his lord in vain,
A little playmate whom the king held dear,
Cæsar, the terrier, tugs his silver chain.*

Both the brach and the bloodhound were introduced into England by William the Conqueror. The

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setter was known by its modern name more than three hundred years ago. After the Knights of the Round Table there is no reference to a famous British dog until the time when the Welsh chieftain Caradoc divided his kingdom among his four sons. Owen had a champion in his greyhound in his fight with his brother, Cadwalladon.

According to Giraldus de Barri (about 1200 A.D.), Cadwalladon slew his brother Owen; a greyhound belonging to the latter, large, beautiful, and curiously spotted with a variety of colors, received seven wounds from arrows and lances in the defense of his master, and on his part did much injury to the enemy and assassins. When his wounds were healed, he was sent to King Henry II by William, Earl of Gloucester, in testimony of so great and extraordinary a deed.

Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, hunted with hounds; he closed his career fighting the Saracens in Spain; on his tomb is a greyhound at his feet. William Wallace hunted the same way. So few are the exceptions to a dog's unswerving loyalty to his master that the desertion of Richard the Second's hound, Mathe, stands out as a dark cloud against a radiant sky. Shakespeare, in *Henry V*, says: "That island breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage." James's oldest son, Prince Henry,

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had for his tutor Sir John Harrington, the poet, who had a dog named "Bungey": "Now let Ulysses praise his dog Argus and Tobit be led by that dog whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey as might shame them both." Charles I inherited the Stuart love of dogs. Charles II, who gave his royal name to the black-and-tan top spaniels which became such favorites in England after the Restoration, is the only monarch in English history who has permanently identified himself with a breed of dogs. That prince of letter writers, Horace Walpole, was also a great lover of dogs. Mrs. Browning's Flush traveled with her when she was on her honeymoon, liked Italy, lived to a good old age, and was buried in the vaults of Casa Guida in Florence. But the record for hospitality to the canine species is held by Alexander Dumas père.

There is a picture of Paul Veronese's own family in Dresden. In the painting is a dog. He cannot understand why the Madonna is allowed to stay in the house, disturbing the family and distracting all their attention from his dogship. So he is walking away, offended and disgusted. The dog was constantly thus introduced into their pictures by the Venetian painters in order to present the greatest contrast with the highest tones of human thought and feeling. There is

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another picture of the great painter, Paul Veronese, in Turin. It represents the Presentation of the Queen of Sheba. The Queen's dog is unabashed at King Solomon's presence, or anybody else's. He is standing with his forelegs apart, evidently thinking that everybody has gone crazy, barking loudly at one of the attendants who has just set down a golden vase disrespectfully near him. Paul Veronese, if we may believe Ruskin, is the greatest of all dog painters, in many of whose canvases dogs are used symbolically. Neither Velásquez, the great Spanish painter, nor Titian gives such special character to dogs. Rubens, Snyders, and Rembrandt portray dogs only in savage chase or in butchered agony.

Sir Walter Scott's "Camp" figures in three of Scott's portraits, the best known of which is that painted by Raeburn in 1808, representing Scott sitting under a ruined wall, with Hermitage Castle in the background, a book in his hand and Camp at his feet.

There is a famous painting of a dog by Sir Edwin Landseer in the Kensington Museum entitled "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner." The dogs of the poor are indeed as pathetic figures as ever were their ragged masters.

In America the dog, of all animals, was the most

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widely disseminated, even before Columbus touched our shores—from Greenland and Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, both on the coasts and in the interior, fish tribes alone, on the Orinoco and Amazon, the Paraná and Paraguay, being without them. In the myths, traditions, rites, and ceremonies of the Indians were references to the dog. There were ten varieties, all indigenous. They were descended from the wolf, not the fox (there are no real foxes in South America; they are all jackals). Wolves and coyotes do not bark, as a rule; they only howl; but the Mexican coyote barks like a dog. The Sioux had no domestic animals except dogs, which would attack the most ferocious animal. The Iriquois sacrificed dogs. De Soto and John Smith often mention the Indian dog.

Before the Pilgrim Fathers came to New England, two dogs, "Foote" and "Gallant," "great and fearful mastiffs," landed in 1603 on the southern shores of Massachusetts. They nosed around the beach, returned to Martin Pring's bark and sailed away. These were the first European dogs to set foot upon the soil of New England. The Mayflower brought two more, a spaniel and a mastiff. But the Indians had already domesticated the dog. Miles Standish, on his reconnoitering expedition on Cape Cod met a party of Indians with a dog. It was an Indian dog that gave

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the alarm of the English attack on Pequot Fort in 1637. By the time of Queen Anne's War, dogs were employed as a regular auxiliary. The Narragansett Indians used rough drawings of dogs as signature marks in 1664 and 1660. Dog laws were enacted as early as 1635. Dogs were sometimes tried for attacking and killing other dogs. The first case of rabies in New England appeared in 1763. In 1729 a seal engraved with the design of a running dog and the word "Canis" was used in Providence.

From the time when "Foote" and "Gallant" first set foot on New England soil to the present time the dog has not only grown in numbers and kinds but also in the hearts of Americans.

From a bulletin just issued by the department of Agriculture it appears that there are seven million dogs in the United States. This includes all breeds, from the stately greyhound to the unstately dachshund.

*But he's might amusin'
For all 'at he's so queer:
Eyes so mighty solemn,
Askin' like an' clear,
An' when he puts his paws up,
Head stuck on one side—
Jes' naturally love every hair
In his durn Dutch hide.*

Part Two

Types and Breeds

Chapter VI

DOGS OF MANY LANDS



HERE is no tribe, or race, or people which has not cherished the dog as friend and companion. The Hottentot will occasionally eat a dog in a stew; but woe to the man who attempts to steal or shoot a Hottentot's

dog! The ship dog is a thing apart; he is without the pale of canine culture; to him there is not much difference between a kick and a kind word. He is never seasick; he never grumbles, is seldom in ill health; and is the first to sniff land. He has an undisguised contempt for landlubber whelps. There are many exceptions, however, to the rule that sea dogs are so different from their landlubber kinsmen, as, for example, in the old story of "The Captain's Dog" and in Jack London's novels.

The North American Indians drove the hardy wolf dogs over the frozen water courses long before the coming of the white man.

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The *Eskimo dogs* are not unfriendly; but they are mighty independent. They will not fawn upon you when patted on the head, but they will not bite or harm you. They can drag a load of thirteen hundred pounds and travel seventy-two miles in a twelve hour day. Major Benton describes them as follows: "Deep-chested, broad-backed, long-wooled, clean-legged, sharp-nosed, pointed-eared, bright-eyed . . . of fierce resentment to all outside dogs, the Eskimo dog stands by his species, the only animal which gives to his master the twofold service of horse and man." The Chippewas employ dogs to guard their papooses when they are away on their expeditions.

Norway: The Northern sagas have their dog heroes. Sor, the hound of Oistene, King of Denmark, was elected by the Norwegians of conquered Drontheim as their monarch when they were given the choice of "My slave or my Sor." The dog was given a gold and silver chain and was treated with regal dignity.

Ethiopia: Ælian tells us that he heard that there was a tribe of Ethiopians in which the king was a dog, whom they all obey: "when he scratches himself, they know that he is not angry, and when he barks they know that he is."

Greece: There seems to have been two varieties of

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Melitean (Maltese) dogs known to the ancients, one larger than the other. Aristotle says that the "iktis" (ferret, or ermine) is about the size of a Melitean lap dog of the small variety.

Medieval England: A noted dog of the North was Bran, of giant build and girth, owned by Fingal. Ossian describes a hunt in which a thousand dogs took part, and for every stag brought down by the other dogs, three were brought down by Bran. Famous also was King Arthur's Cavall; it was his deep baying that was heard by Guinevere when she watched with Geraint on the knoll above the waters of Usk.

Germany: Among the old Germans the dog was held in high esteem. The killing of a dog was punished as a crime. When the Germans invaded Gaul, they brought hunting dogs with them. Arrian mentions a "Sigusian" dog among the old Celts and takes Xenophon to task for his ignorance of it. This dog is mentioned in the Salic law. They howled when hunting and in such a mournful tone that the Gauls compared them to public beggars. It is true that the old Germans honored the dog; nevertheless, even his affection and fidelity could not eradicate in the Germans the feeling that the dog was the embodiment of the base and vulgar.

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Egypt: The sheiks of the Bedouins would never sell their dogs, though they sometimes gave them as presents. In southern France, Spain and Portugal the charnagres (cara negra, Blackface) are large, have rather long upstanding ears and an extraordinarily fine sense of hearing. They are also very fleet. They are the descendants of the old Egyptian dogs, which the artists in the time of the Pharoahs represented with erect ears, and are found in the Balearic Isles and in Southern France to-day. There were mighty dogs also in Charlemagne's packs, which had such a reputation for strength and skill that news of them even reached the ears of the Caliph of Bagdad. Haroun al Raschid took the Frankish embassy, which was accompanied by dogs of Charlemagne, on a lion hunt. The dogs soon discovered the king of beasts and it was dispatched by the weapons of the envoys. It would be interesting to know whether they were as fearless in attacking the most formidable of all animals as were the Mississippi dogs which Rainey took with him to Africa. Marco Polo found dogs in Thibet as large as asses.

The brach has a different bark from all other dogs—*latrat bracco, sed non ut canis*. And we are told that it does not bark against an innocent man. If so, it was the first police dog. Its origin is Friesland; and

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it was small and ornamental. In the old French epic the *braque* plays a very important rôle.

Mexico: The Chihuahua is also a small dog, and one of the oldest breeds of dogs; it is unique as a Mexican production.

England: During the Tudor and Stuart periods the fame of British dogs, especially mastiffs, was so great that they were used as political presents to many countries. Henry VIII sent to Mary of Hungary "greyhounds and running dogs"; and he made the French queen "the gladdest woman in the world" by a present of "hobbies, greyhounds, hounds and great dogs." Queen Anne sent thirty couple of hounds to the King of France; and James presented Louis with another pack.

Spain: The first post-classical reference to dogs "which know of beasts and birds by scent" dates from about 1260. They probably came from Spain. A spaniel is "español" (Spanish) "spanyol," just as a chow is "*chow*" (Chinese). They are mentioned not unfrequently in English records. So Chaucer: "For as a spaynel she wol on him lepe." The family of spaniels is very large and includes species that have the greatest renown for intelligence.

Ireland: The dog was not domesticated in Ireland until well on in the Bronze Age. The earliest men-

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tion of the Irish wolfhound is in a letter from Quintus Aurelius Symmachus, Roman consul, in 391 A.D. It was written to his brother, Flavius: "You have been a generous and diligent provider of novel contributions to our solemn shows and games, as is proved by your gift of seven Irish dogs. All Rome viewed them with wonder." In 1652 a proclamation was issued forbidding the exportation of wolf dogs from Ireland. In the Saga of Burnt Njal, Olaf says to Gunnar: "I will give thee a hound that was given me in Ireland . . . it is a part of his nature that he has man's wit, and that he will bay at every man whom he knows to be thy foe, but never at thy friends. He can see, too, in any man's face whether he means thee well or ill; and he will lay down his life to be true to thee. This hound's name is Sam." And he ordered the hound to "follow Gunnar, and do him all the service thou canst." The dog walked up to Gunnar and lay down at his feet. Later, his enemies had to kill Sam first, when they plotted against Gunnar's life.

While wolves and elks roamed over Ireland, the wolf dog was common. With the disappearance of wolves, this particular breed gradually died out.

Newfoundland: The intelligent Newfoundland dog is apparently a cross between the St. Bernard and

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the mastiff. He is very gentle, a good companion and guardian of children, and a wonderful swimmer.¹ In his native land he is used as a draught animal, and also as a watchdog. His color is chiefly black, or a rusty bronze black. But the Newfoundland has become less and less popular in America and is now seldom seen. The St. Bernard himself carries on better than any other dog the virtues of the Newfoundland. His benignity and gentleness make him a most desirable companion of children. It is this dog that Sir Edwin Landseer has taken as his subject in his celebrated painting "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." The mastiff is one of the most famous of all breeds; it is the oldest of British dogs, having been introduced into Britain in the sixth century B.C. by Phœnician traders, where the Romans found him in 55 B.C. His ancestors had been used by the Assyrians for hunting big game. He is one of the noblest of all dogs, but he is so unwieldy

¹ Of all animals man is the only one that has to *learn* to swim. Babies start with the strong impression that they are quadrupeds. It takes them a year to stand erect and stop going on all-fours; and they learn this only after many trials and tumbles. Perhaps they would swim naturally if they did not acquire the habit of becoming a biped. In the water, animals have to make only the motions they do ashore. Man, when in the new element, finds his painfully acquired method of locomotion useless—and he is in danger of falling victim to protests of his muscles in the shape of cramps.

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and so expensive to keep that he is rather unpopular, and is now rarely seen.

China and Japan: The Chinese and Japanese are very fond of pets: a bird, an insect, or a dog,—that is, individually; but for dogs in general they have only contempt. There are probably more dogs in Japan than in any other country. The early Japanese hunted; but there was no specialization, no training of breeds. The dog was not part of the indigenous fauna of Europe in Paleolithic times: it was introduced much later by tribes that migrated probably from Central Asia. Lauper describes and figures a bronze “tazza” of the Chon dynasty upon which are engraved one hundred animals, including dogs. This is probably the oldest representation extant of dogs in China.

There are numerous references to sporting dogs in Chinese literature, whereas in the whole of Jewish history there is not a single allusion to hunting with dogs. It was only as late as the Roman occupation that specific knowledge of the five races of dogs existing in England was secured: the house dog, greyhound, bulldog terrier, slowhound. From the first century of our era the Chinese emperors took greater interest in small dogs. So in Japan, Takatoki kept thirty-seven concubines and had a pack of two thou-

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sand fighting dogs. Twelve great fights took place every month. When the champions were led through the streets people took off their hats and even knelt down in reverence. The province of Shantung, where Confucius lived, has always been famous for its dogs. In Japan the only dog held in high honor is the spaniel. The early Chinese assigned canine origin to all neighbors except those to the south, whom they believed to be descended from snakes: they themselves had human ancestors.

The Chinese never worshiped the dog, as did the Egyptians, but it has entered their religious ceremonial and occupies no small place in the legends of the superstitious. In one of the main streets of Peking stands an Imperial Temple, dedicated to the god Erh Lang, the protector of dogs. In both Chinese and Japanese legend the devil appears in the form of a black dog.

The Gabriel Hounds which hunt along the tree tops on dark stormy nights, and Sir Walter Scott's Mautke dog, a "large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair," have analogies in Chinese superstition. To this day a Chinese witch doctor who desires to expel some particularly malignant devil will ruthlessly kill a black dog in which not a single white hair is found, to exorcise the fiend to eternal perdition.

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Dog breeding found early encouragement among the Chinese, but hard times and the overthrow of the Manchus have done much to extinguish Chinese interest in breeding dogs. The Chinese dogs have not a high power of scent; but then the British pointer is a product of modern times (since 1650) derived from a foreign race, the development of whose powers has resulted from careful selection.

Development of the breeds of Pekingese dogs probably owes more to the efforts of the palace eunuchs than to those of their Imperial master. The late Empress Dowager bred her pet dogs chiefly with a view to developing symmetrical markings. The name of the Chow is from "pidgin" English, "chow-chow," meaning *ginger*. Hence the Chinese (whose trade in ginger was important) became known as "a Chow," and the dog as a "Chow," that is, a "Chinese."

Modern game laws are for the most part unknown in China. In Chinese fowling the faithful Chow ranks a good second to his master in the matter of capturing the quarry.

The origin of the Chinese, as well as the European, pug is wrapped in obscurity. Possibly the Portuguese introduced the pug from China into Europe. William of Orange secured one. English pugs were of Dutch origin. According to Watson, all English

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pugs of prominence from 1865 to 1895 trace to Click, a dog of pure Chinese stock. The "Japanese" small dog came from China. The Chinese lion dog is so called chiefly on account of the length and shagginess of his coat.

The dogs of Kamtschatka render almost the same services as those of the Eskimo; but they have a better character and become more strongly attached to their masters. The Eskimos have certain words that their dogs understand remarkably well, especially the leader, who is always on the alert and never fails to obey. The women treat the dogs very kindly.

North America: We have a dog in America that is not a bulldog, (though sometimes called a "bull"), for all the "bull" has been bred out of him, and that is the Boston Terrier. This animal was "Made in America"; but his bull and terrier ancestors came from England in the nineteenth century. He became one of the many new settlers in Boston, who have transformed that old erudite, cultured New England town into a characteristically American polyglottic city. But when the bull terrier came, he entered the homes of the refined. No dog in the world with "bull" blood in his veins is so scrupulously and Hispanically courteous. He is a bright and playful creature, still retains the courage of his ancestors, and is the most

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conservative terrier on the face of the globe. He is a good practical dog. The fox terrier, one of the best known of all dogs, is even more buoyant and affectionate than the Boston. The Irish terrier is a reckless little devil. For sheer courage of this variety he has no equal. No wonder he has been nicknamed "dare-devil." Nevertheless, he has a quiet and unobtrusive manner; but he will stand for no nonsense; if a fight is started, he will stay till it's over. But by far the most popular terrier in America is the intelligent Airedale, who, when grown, is a remarkably thoughtful and dependable dog—in fact, as an all-round dog he probably has no superior.

General: The greyhound and the wolfhound also have very old ancestors. Arrian tells us that the Gauls used the former for coursing the hare; but long before Arrian the greyhound was a familiar sight in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. Possibly no dog has changed so little through the ages as the Persian gazelle hound, or Slughli. The greyhound was developed originally to become very fleet in the pursuit of antelope, gazelle, and desert hares. It is not only one of the most ancient but also one of the most extreme types. The Italian is simply a diminutive greyhound. Fleetest and most graceful of all are the English greyhounds—they can catch a timber wolf in

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a race, and they do not hesitate to close with him regardless of consequences. (The timber wolf formerly occupied practically all North America, and has unquestionably had an influence on the foundation of the Eskimo dogs.) The Scottish deerhound is seldom seen in the United States. His harsh coat and rugged body form a great contrast with the soft look of his honest dark eyes, which look straight out from the shaggy brows, quiet but fearless. He makes a wonderful companion. The Irish wolfhound is in a class by himself for size (three feet high at the shoulder), though he is not really as heavy as the St. Bernard. He towers high above even a tall man, when his feet are placed on the man's shoulders, whereas a big Dane looks straight into his master's eyes when placed in the same position. The Dane is not quite so swift as the greyhound, but he is more powerful; and he can catch most creatures with four legs. He is more massive than a greyhound, though built on the same lines. He has been used for ages in hunting all kinds of wild animals. There are few more magnificent animals than the perfect Dane. In performances of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" they generally employ the Dane instead of the kind, heavy and sentimental real bloodhounds: being so much bigger, he is more spectacular—and makes a greater impression when parading to

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drum up trade. The Russian wolfhound (Borzoi) is thought by some connoisseurs to be the most wonderful dog on earth. But the Borzoi seems to lack the intelligence and the frank expression of the British greyhound. Nevertheless, they are wonderful fighters of wolves: they are trained to seize the fierce animal, one on each side, just behind the ears, at the same time, and they never let go.

The English foxhound has been the protagonist in the great English sport for more than three hundred years. The small beagle (not over fifteen inches) should not be bandy-legged, like the dachshund, nor long and low in body. These qualities are found in the basset, which was imported into England about 1850. It is little known in the United States. The pointer is a very popular dog. He is probably the best bird dog in existence. His energy and endurance are wonderful. The retriever is a capable dog; and he is easily trained. He is probably a cross of the English setter with a hardy, black-coated, small-eared dog from Labrador, which was introduced about 1850. The Chesapeake retriever is essentially an American dog. He is not beautiful, but he knows his job and does it. No other dog can stand the icy wind and the icy water as he can. The Irish water spaniel is a comical cuss, who will simply amuse you at first

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glance; but he has such an honest look and such a dignity of manner that amusement soon gives way to sympathy: you like him, even if his appearance does not command your admiration.

The wolf spitz which was a favorite of the mid-Victorian period, is not very well known in the United States. We do see him, however, in the popular toy Pomeranian, which is nothing but a miniature spitz. He is a bright little dog, pretty and fascinating; but he is very careful in the selection of his friends. His sharp teeth are ever ready to record in very tangible form any advances that do not appeal to his dogship. With the collie, however, we are well acquainted in this country. In fact, he is one of the most popular dogs in the United States. But our slender-faced, much befurred collie looks very little like the working collie of the sheep raiser in Scotland. We know him as an exquisite and alert dog of great vivacity who makes one of the best comrades in the world and who revels in the pastime of *dolce far niente* with us, whereas the collie of Scotland, Wales, and North England has much to do: he is absolutely indispensable to the shepherd. He does not possess the beauty of our American favorite; he would not win a prize at any of our dog shows; but in the Highlands of Scotland, the land of the mist and mountain, he

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can accomplish more in his particular line than a dozen men. He obeys the voice or whistle of his master instantaneously, runs to an outlying pasture ground, rounds up the flock, separates it from strange sheep, if need be, drives them home not too slow, and not too fast, heads off any that try to escape or to go in the wrong direction, returns to the rear to make the tardy ones accelerate their speed, guards the flock under his care from outlanders, repels with ease the attacks of all strange dogs, and brings his flock into the fold without the loss of a single sheep. The good collie thinks and acts for himself under conditions new to him. He feels the responsibility of his charge. There is another sheep dog, active and good-natured, that is also very popular—at least he is gaining in popularity—and that is the “Sheep dog” himself. He is intelligent, gentle, and will make as good a companion as the collie. Of the German shepherd, or police dog, I shall speak in the next chapter. He is a very handsome and attractive dog, but becomes dangerous when he is neglected or thrown on his own resources, when he gets lost or is turned adrift. He has become one of the most popular dogs in America. One cannot walk through the streets of New York or take a stroll through Central Park without meeting at least half a dozen.

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But the most beautiful sheep dog in the world is the magnificent animal of the Pyrenees. As one who knows dogs has said: "He is an animated snow-drift." But the breed is now almost extinct. He is a close kinsman to the mastiff, but not so large as the St. Bernard. He is usually pure white, or cream-colored, his coat very like that of the Newfoundland, but with more under fur and of a softer, woolier texture. A more intelligent, faithful dog never lived.

*When day at last
Broke, and the gray fog lifted, there I saw
On that ledge, against the dawning light,
My little one asleep, sitting so near
That edge that as I looked his red barette
Fell from his nodding head down the abyss.
And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot; his teeth,
His good, strong teeth, clenching the jacket brown,
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds
Swift as the gray wolf's own I climbed the steep,
And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail,
And looked at me, so utterly distressed,
With eyes that said: "Forgive, I could not speak,"
But never loosed his hold till my dear rogue
Was safe within my arms.*

ELLEN MURRAY. "The Shepherd
Dog of the Pyrenees."

The early Romans had their *Canes pastorales*, and so had the ancient Greeks, but the shepherd dog of

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modern Greece is fiercer than that of Iberia or of Albion. The reception given by the swineherd Eumæus to Ulysses does not differ from that which one gets in Greece to-day. In the fourteenth book of the *Odyssey* we are told that: "Suddenly the yelping dogs espied him, and with loud barking rushed upon him, Odysseus guilefully sat down and let fall his staff from his hand." In my walks in Northern Greece and in the Peloponnesus I found that this was the proper thing to do whenever I encountered these ferocious dogs, descendants of those mentioned in this second chapter. A stick or a stone only serves to make them more savage; and woe to the man who attempts to shoot them: he is liable to suffer punishment for his temerity, if not from the dog, from his master, who would not hesitate to repay the injury in kind. An English traveler in Northern Arcadia says: "I had been attacked on a mountain path by two or three of his dogs. At last the shepherd thought fit to intervene. Sheep dogs are of course valued in proportion to their ferocity towards any person or animal approaching the flock and a taste of blood now and again is said to help them on their mettle. I suggested to the man that he might have bestirred himself sooner. 'Oh,' he replied, 'if you are really in difficulties, you should sit down'; and when I

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showed some surprise, he explained that anyone who is attacked by sheep dogs has only to sit down and let go his walking stick or gun or other offensive weapon, and the dogs, understanding that a truce has been called, will sit down round him and maintain a peaceful blockade . . . It is uncomfortable to remain sitting with a bloodthirsty Molossian hound at one's back, ready to resume hostilities if any suspicious movement is made. But Greek dogs are *sans peur* in combat, and also *sans reproche* in observing a truce."

What I said in the first chapter about the dog's courage and stick-to-it-iveness applies to no species with so much truth as to the English bulldog: he never lets go; he hangs on to the end—until he accomplishes what he has set out to achieve. In fact, this trait of this particular canine breed's character has given us an expression which is so common that we have lost sight of the first component part of "bulldog": we speak of "bulldog tenacity" and the image of his majesty's undershot jaw, retreating nose, upturned eyes, and menacing tooth, immediately comes to our mind. But why *bulldog*? Simply because he was trained for the old sport, "the rude and nasty pleasure," as Pepys termed it (1666), of bull baiting, a "sport" that was popular among certain classes in England for seven hundred years. It was made il-

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legal in 1835, but like the Volstead law, remained "inactive." A bull with a rope about his horns was tied to a ring attached to a stake or bolted in a rock. This rope was fifteen feet long. The dog seized with his teeth the bull's nose, pinned it to the ground—and kept it there. And he could do so, because he was bred for that particular job—to hang on to the end. You may often have wondered why the bull dog's face-configuration was so peculiar. Why the retreating nose? So that he could "hang on" and breathe easily at the same time.

The Chow is in a class by himself. I have already spoken of his provenance and the meaning of his name. There are two types, the rough and the smooth; the latter has never been popular either in England or in the United States. Probably no dog possesses more individuality. He knows his own mind, knows what he wants and when he wants it. He is a "one-man" dog. With his master he is playful, even frisky at times. Intelligent, and willing to please, he never fails to heed his master's commands. But he has a certain Oriental aloofness, imperturbability and inscrutability that reminds one of the Chinaman himself. He does not seem to be interested in any other person or thing on earth except his master and his habitat. Just as people grow like each other, in man-

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ner, in ways of doing things, and even in feature and facial expression, from long association, so the dog reflects the temper and temperament of his associate and master. The Chow is the canified Chinese, as the Chinaman is the personified Chow. But the dog is never deified—he has too human a personality.

The dogs of France, England and the United States cannot be compared with the dogs of the Ottoman Empire. The dog called "Turk" does not exist in Turkey. The French dogs are good, devoted, affectionate, generous; those of Constantinople are snarling, quarrelsome, ill-natured, rarely form attachments, and bite and claw and tear without reason; they are almost wild dogs, though they live with men. The Turks are different from us, and so are their dogs: it is a question of environment. They seem to recognize Christians and treat them accordingly. They can be calmed by one word—*houst*—(back!) but it must be uttered calmly, in a dignified manner, and in a deep tone—they are then appeased as if by magic. In Turkey there is little of that intimacy between man and dog so noticeable in Spain, Italy, France, England, and America. But the Turk is tolerant, because he sees in the dog an excellent guardian, especially against thieves. Nevertheless, the Turks disdain to accept dogs as

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companions. They have no names—each and all are *kiopek* (dog). Nameless, protectorless, these poor beasts live anywhere, everywhere, exposed to rain and snow; and they angrily dispute with each other the garbage which is thrown from the house onto the street. But their marvelous instinct has taught them to better their condition: they have formed societies, so to speak, and each association occupies one or more streets, which a dog from another tribe dares not enter.

To the Turk the dog is unclean, on the same level as the hog, a symbol of the low and vulgar, hence the appellation of a Christian “dog of an unbeliever.” Yet the epithet of “dog” was also applied to the enemy in the old French epos; and even in the Orient the dog has grateful friends. A certain Moslem, attached to his greyhound, buried it in his garden. When he was brought to trial for this act of irreligious piety, he told the judge that the dog was entitled to decent burial, since it had left a will in which a large sum of money was mentioned as a legacy to his worship.

Few cities in the world seem to contain so many dogs as those of Egypt. At night they are the terror of thieves, *of their own accord* watching with great care the merchandise on the quays, boats, and in the towns. Like the dogs of Constantinople they never move from the district in which they are

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bred. If one should cross over the boundary line, he would be attacked by the whole pack.

In Baluchistan there is a light-colored long dog called the Afghan hound which bears a resemblance to the "genus heraldic," in that it has a very thin body and limbs, whereas its ears, tail and legs are "edged" with shaggy hairs which look like the frills given to heraldic dogs.

I had a Boston terrier whom I named Kuno and a large Angora cat which¹ I called Kim. They were not the best of friends. Kim, though lovable to human-kind, was too sedate, too dignified, too proud, too monumentally calm to make friends with any animal, especially with one so volatile and effervescent as Kuno. They represented the two extremes—the East and the West.

Yet, if I can judge from Kim, the cat is a rather maligned animal, for the cat can have an attachment to persons as well as to places, especially when treated kindly. The cunning natural to all the feline race, and that peculiar motion of the tail, sometimes indicating anger, sometimes pleasure (you cannot always tell which) are quite as marked distinctions of the cat as the love of "locus." Kim was seldom demonstrative in his affection; but once, after he had gotten

¹ I cannot elevate even Kim to the station of "whom."

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lost, and had at last discovered "home," almost starved, he evinced his joy and gratitude by turning such somersaults on the bed as would have made the demonstrative Kuno turn green with envy.

*From her post
Of purview at a window, languidly
A great Angora watched his Colliership,
And throned in monumental calm, surveyed
His effervescence, volatility,
Clamour on slight occasion, fussiness,
Herself immobile, imperturbable,
Like one whose vision seeks the Immanent
Behind these symbols and appearances . . .
She seemed the Orient Spirit incarnate, lost
In contemplation of the Western Soul.*

WILLIAM WATSON.

Sometimes, however, dogs and cats become the best of friends. Walter Savage Landor, when his dog died, wrote: "Everybody in the house grieves for Pomerio. The cat lies day and night upon his grave," and I will not disturb the kind creature, though I want to plant some violets upon it, and to have his epitaph placed around his little urn:

"Cor intus est fidele, nam cor est canis."

³ Some may be inclined to question Landor's veracity. I can vouch for the truth of a similar incident in Port-Jervis this present year.

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One day a lady had asked Landor:

“For how much would you part with him?”

“Not for a million.

“Not for a million?”

“Not for a million. A million would not make me at all happier; the loss of Pomero would make me miserable for life.”

And now poor Pomero was dead, and his master was sad. How well he remembered the dog's merriment, for the dog would burst out laughing with his master, and they would laugh so loud together that their hilarity would be heard away up the street. (If this taxes the reader's credulity let him recall the fact that we are informed, on no less an authority than Mother Goose herself, that the little dog laughed to see such sport when the cow jumped over the moon.) They used to attend concerts together; and Pomero was greatly affected by the singing of “Luisina de Sodre,” sitting on the edge of her gown and accompanying her singing with his vocal efforts. Whenever Landor returned home, Pomero's joy was unbounded; he would fairly shriek with delight and wag his feathery tail. “He is now,” wrote Landor to Foster after one of these joyful welcomes, “sitting on my head, superintending all I write and telling me to give his love.”

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Both Bismarck and Gladstone, like John Randolph, were very fond of dogs. The great English statesman had a monument erected to his "Petz," on which were inscribed the words "Faithful Unto Death."

Here is a very well-known story about a dog from France, which is sometimes called:

CAPUCIN

A Dog From France

The strongly fortified post of Rugen, in Swedish Pomerania, was a natural citadel. During the campaign of 1807 it was occupied by a regiment. Napoleon, having suddenly changed his plans, ordered it to be evacuated with great precipitation. A sentinel, perched on a hillock that dominated the entrance to the harbor, was somehow forgotten. A young soldier, Firmin Bonard, had counted on being relieved at two A.M. and that five minutes later he would have five good hours to sleep. Suddenly he heard a noise. He listened. "The corporal," he thought.

Deep silence; then, at twenty paces, the yelping of a dog which belonged to the regiment and had shown a strong attachment to the young soldier. Bonard looked around uneasily. He could discern nothing that would indicate an attack. Capucin—such was

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the dog's name—darted up to the sentinel, leaped upon him and began to bark in a most unusual manner. "Oh, I understand," said Bonard laughing, "you invite me to dance to keep myself warm."

The dog continued to bark, running to the right and left like one possessed. Seeing that this availed not, Capucin came back to the soldier, seized him by his greatcoat and endeavored to pull him away. Bonard became angry and gave the poor dog a kick. Capucin moaned to see himself so poorly understood and so badly treated. "Get out!" said Bonard harshly, and threatened the dog with the butt of his gun. Capucin finally decided to leave, though reluctantly, and arrived in time to embark.

Bonard heard the clock strike three, three-fifteen, three-thirty, three-forty-five. At last he lost patience. The military law forbade him to desert his post. Finally he became hungry and went down. To his amazement he could not find a single soul. He raged and swore. This calmed him a little. His first thought was that the regiment had gone to occupy another point on the isle, and so he started off with his gun across his shoulder. Soon he met a peasant who acquainted him with the facts. "Ah, now I understand poor Capucin's visit and his cries. Yet I kicked him! I shall never forgive myself."

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Bonard was brave: it was not death he feared, but dishonor. He a deserter! But there was no remedy now. The peasant offered him a position as his hired man, and Bonard accepted. Later he fell in love with his employer's daughter, the charming Clarisse, and married her. Four years passed. Sometimes he thought of France; but he had almost forgotten his forced desertion.

One morning the look-out man signaled sails. They proved to be several ships of war. "French!" cried the people. Bonard heard. He gave himself up for lost. Suddenly an idea struck him. He ran swiftly to his home, put on his uniform, and ran up to the point where five years before they had so strangely abandoned him. The vessels continued to advance. On the prow of one of them was a white water spaniel, which began to bark joyously, as the ships drew near the land. Bonard heard it, recognized Capucin, and his eyes filled with tears. The dog looked up and saw the sentinel; he raised himself on his hind legs, yelped, and plunged into the sea, swam vigorously to the shore. Bonard dressed arms and cried in a voice of thunder:

"Qui vive?"

"Qui vive vous-même? What are you doing there and who are you?"

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“Sentry.”

“Sentry! And how long have you been on duty?”

“Five years,” replied the soldier stoically.

At that response all the officers burst into a fit of laughter.

The first boats touched the shore. As Bonard was getting ready to come down from his post, Capucin who had reached land first and had hastened up the hillock, jumped madly into the arms of his old friend. Then there were cries of joy, caresses and no end.

“My poor Capucin, don’t stand on ceremony; you may soil my clothes and tear my greatcoat as much as you like; I’ll not repulse you this time.”

Recovering from his emotion, Bonard, followed by his faithful spaniel, went down to meet his old comrades. By a lucky chance the corporal, who had forgotten him, now an officer, recounted the facts to the staff of Marshal Davoust, who soon learned all the details. The latter laughed in turn at the artifice of Bonard and gave him an honorable discharge in due form.

Bonard remained at Rugen. So did Capucin. The family is still called “La famille du Factionnaire français.”

Chapter VII

EDUCATED DOGS

*"But since I hope that I possess
A reputation for veracity,
I have not in the public press
Told anecdotes of his sagacity."*



DOGS are an intelligent race of people. They have a way of knowledge unlike ours, and it goes beyond the most we are prepared to allow them. I shall give some evidences of this in the following pages.

Plutarch tells us that he saw in Rome a dog trained to eat a piece of bread, counterfeit a trembling, then a staggering, then a drowsiness, whereupon he stretched out and lay as if dead, while they dragged him out and carried him to the burial place, as the plot of the play required. Later, when the proper time came, he began gently to stir, and then raising his head as if he were waking from a deep slumber, he gazed about him,

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and finally went to his master. All the spectators—even Cæsar, for the aged Vespasian was there—were captivated by the scene.

Another story told by the same author reveals the characteristics of the modern police dog.

A thief stole the money and the silver and gold ornaments from the temple of Æsculapius. The dog on watch tracked him to his home. The thief tried to drive him away, pelted him with stones, and offered him meat, which he refused. When he found that all his efforts were fruitless, he went to bed. The dog kept up his watch during the whole night and followed the thief the next day, fawning upon other wayfarers, but baying and barking at the heels of the thief, who was finally arrested and brought back from Cromyon, the dog running on ahead, leaping and capering about for joy. The Athenians were so grateful to the dog that they passed a decree commanding the priests to give him a certain quantity of meat each day.

The celebrated Munito, who played dominos, checkers, calculated, read, wrote, gave the results of addition and multiplication, made a great hit in Paris, where he flourished in 1820. But Munito became spoiled: after playing his part at the Palais Royal or at the Garden of the Princes, he refused to return home

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on foot; when they tried to compel him to do so, he growled and showed his teeth. But nowadays they say that Munito was a charlatan, like his master.

M. Émile de Tarade, in his book on the education of the dog, says that at a certain point the intellectual faculties of the dog stop, which he classes, in point of intelligence, next to the orang-outang and the chimpanzee; but he adds that the beginnings in teaching a dog are difficult: the instructor must have unlimited patience. Nevertheless, after twenty or twenty-five days, if he follows the rules of a rational method, he will be surprised at the progress made by the dog and at his intelligence, which exceeds by far the limits that are generally accorded him. We have not even yet done justice to an animal which, by most people, is not fully appreciated. The remarks of Tarade coincide exactly with the experiences of Herr Krall in his attempts to educate horses and with Frau Moekel in educating dogs. Dogs have a way of knowledge unlike ours, as will be shown clearly a little later in the account of two marvelous German dogs.

The first idea of training dogs for police service was suggested by Dr. Ham Gross in 1896, and were first used in that capacity in November of the same year in Hildesheim, Prussia. By 1909 about five hundred police departments kept dogs as assistants. It is the

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Belgian sheep dog that has excelled every other breed. This animal seems to have proved that the canine species possesses reason as well as instinct. But it took a long time to train them. To-day they are indispensable. In their training they must show their ability to scale a nine foot garden fence; and they must learn to turn a door knob. Taking to tall timber avails naught for a fugitive when a Belgian dog is in pursuit.

There is on record the case of a dog that pursued and captured a man who had left a hotel without paying his bill and had disguised himself by donning a different suit of clothes. The pursued cannot escape. As one fugitive said, "when I saw the dogs, I decided to give up." Neither they nor the bloodhounds are the mythical savage brutes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A more gentle, more humanly intelligent, more reliable creature does not breathe. Their sense of smell is incomprehensibly acute. If they get a sniff of the weeds or the grass that the fugitive happens to touch, that is sufficient. If the wind is blowing across the trail, they will stay on the leeward side—sometimes as far as twelve feet. They will follow their master through a crowd by the smell of his boot-leather.

In Paris the "Agents Plongeurs" (Diving Police), dogs that dive into the Seine, all have a life-saving

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record. In Paris the dogs do not belong to the departments as such; they are brought to the scene of action by the individual policemen. They are not of the same breed as those used by the Germans. In the slum sections of Paris and Brussels every policeman has his dog; and they are as responsible for as many arrests as their masters. New York, Chicago, and many cities in the United States possess police dogs. They are also used to check illegal shipments of game. In a baggage car they "point," and they never make a mistake.

In rural parts of France, particularly in the Département du Nord, dogs are still used to some extent for driving churns, separators, and other small machines.

A Newfoundland dog is said to have followed his master from Algiers and to have dug him out of *débris* that covered him with his teeth and claws. In the great war there were both sentry dogs and ambulance dogs. As soon as the wounded man was on a stretcher in the cart the dogs needed no further directions; off they went straight to the field hospitals. There were hundreds in Belgium used to draw two-wheeled carts on which were mounted machine guns; and they went right up to the firing line. They showed not a trace of fear, and would lie down in the midst of shot and

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shell to wait until the guns were to be moved again.

Dogs were used to track runaway slaves; but the practice of using "bloodhounds" (really foxhounds) declined after the abolition of slavery. The bloodhound used to be called the sleuth hound.

The achievements of dogs in detective work has been greatly exaggerated. They cannot follow the trail of an individual, if other human trails cross it, or even come near it; and they easily switch. Even a dog cannot perform the impossible. The belief in the dog detective developed not only into a tradition but almost into a superstition. Police dogs are still trained to trace lost articles, to find concealed persons in a raided house, and to search a battle field for wounded men. The dog's behavior as evidence has even led to the conviction of innocent persons, especially in the United States. But there are cases on record in Europe where criminals tracked by dogs have confessed their crimes.

Leibnitz reported to the French Academy the case of a dog that would call for tea, coffee, and chocolate. The owner was a peasant; and his little son imagined he perceived in the voice of the dog an indistinct resemblance to words, and undertook to teach him to talk. At last the dog was able to articulate thirty words.

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Dogs, like children, must have a particular person to teach them, a person that understands them, a person they like. But in teaching animals we meet with problems that are far more difficult to solve than we do in teaching children, for we encounter a more acute degree of sensitiveness. Some dogs, of course, like children, are more apt than others. Montaigne says that the best way to tell the best puppy is to rely on the choice of the mother. If you carry the puppies away, the one the mother brings back first is the best; and when they are in danger of their lives, as in a conflagration, she will carry away the best one first.

A certain man wishing to test the maternal affection of a dog, took her seven puppies three miles away. The mother brought them all back, one by one—forty-two miles! On the last trip she died of fatigue on the threshold.

Dogs seem to have all the feelings of human beings: anger, hatred, affection, jealousy; but the good qualities predominate over the bad. The jealous dog, however, is by no means rare. But an ungrateful dog, probably, does not exist. Among the players at the Sennett laboratories, it is said that Teddy never wagged his tail in his life. He does as he is told as painstakingly as the most conscientious actor. Whether he enjoys the experience, or is bored, is not to

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be gathered from his imperturbable demeanor.

Nearly seventy years ago in England, there was put up at auction a box and wheel of which no one could tell the use until an old blacksmith informed the bystanders that it was the wheel which used to be trodden by a turnspit dog.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the turnspit dog was still at work. "Sugar-Loaf Inn" in Bristol had a large *clientèle*, and also a large kitchen, in which huge joints of beef could be seen roasting every day. Up in his box was the poor dog watching the rapidity of his motion on the dreary treadwheel, on which he was doomed for hours every day to hard labor and confinement. A preacher in Ireland retained a turnspit dog in his service through life—as late as 1854. In the early part of the century every respectable house in Haverfordwest possessed a dog-wheel. There was no other way of roasting meat. Roasting jacks had not reached that region. In St. David's some people owned two dogs, which worked on alternate days. Each dog knew full well when it was his turn to occupy the wheel; and if the cook did not lock him up before she began to prepare her meat for roasting, he invariably made a get-away. In such cases the other dog had to take his place; and he would lie down in the wheel and howl dismally to express his

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feeling for the injustice that had been done him. If the cook, on the other hand, locked up the proper dog, the other one took no notice of the culinary preparations—except by significant wags of tail and licking of lips to indicate his great satisfaction.

In 1904 the results of the first scientific experiments made in understanding an animal's ability to think were published. In 1905 Karl Krall of Elberfeld began his experiments with the horse Hans II, with whom he succeeded better than Hans I, who had been trained by Van Osten to count up to five. In 1908 he continued with two Arab stallions. How well he succeeded is well-known all over Europe in circles interested in animal psychology. I refer the reader to the very interesting description of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, who visited Elberfeld and saw the wonderful feats performed by the stallions, who had an uncanny capacity for ciphering and for spontaneous communications by means of sentences pawed out by a numerical alphabet. But fully as marvelous was Rolf, the Airedale terrier of Mannheim.

The story is as follows:

THE WONDER DOG

Rolf was a stray pup picked up and tenderly nursed and cared for by Mrs. Dr. Moekel. He had that

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wistful gaze which every dog lover interprets as expressing the wish to understand better and to be better understood. One day Frau Moekel said to her daughter: "Come, now, any child knows what 2 plus 2 is," and she noticed that Rolf was looking on with large imploring eyes. "I bet even Rolf knows. How much is two plus two, Rolf?" To her surprise Rolf patted out four pats on her arm. It was not an accident. She took up the clue seriously and devoted herself to educating the dog. She often sat with him for an hour at a time by the window. Soon she discovered that he could do complicated sums. He could read and understand figures; and he could also distinguish local decimal coins. One day when she was typing a letter in which she was recounting the ability of her pupil, she wrote "Rolf" and the dog, who was looking on, wagged his tail energetically. She looked at him in amazement and asked whether he could read what she had written. With gleaming eyes he patted out "yes." Then she asked whether he would like to learn the whole alphabet and talk to her. A very marked "yes!" was the answer. Rolf learned several letters the next day, and he did not forget them. Each day he learned five; and he enjoyed his lessons. He used his letters syllabically, as well as alphabetically. Asked to spell "Karla" (k in German is called

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“ka”) he spelled it “Krla.” When visitors called, Frau Moekel would send the children into another room to do their arithmetic. One day she found them sitting with Rolf. All the childrens’ answers to the sums were correct. But her suspicions were aroused when she observed that her little boy sent Rolf out as she came in. When she asked him if Rolf had given the answers, a very tiny voice answered, “Yes.” But Rolf’s feats in arithmetic, including the finding of the square root, were not equal to his performance in spelling answers. He had a rich and varied vocabulary.

Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa has given a complete account of a three days’ investigation of Rolf in the *Archives de Psychologie* (January, 1914). Articles on this marvelous dog have also appeared in “Tierseele” and in the “Mittheilungen” of the Society of Animal Psychology. Rolf’s identifications of picture cards were without exception correct. When birds were shown to him, he rapped out “tree.” “Women,” as distinguished from men, he characterized by “nice hair, nice clothes.” When he had correctly identified a dachshund, he was asked: “What are you?” “Dog.” “Yes; but the dachshund is a dog, too.” “Other feet.” He described correctly a blue and red square, and the next day he rapped out: “Blue star ugly; blue, red cube, *enough.*” He was always nervous on being

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touched, and would growl, especially when taking his lessons. Frau Moekel scolded him, and he patted out: "Rolf nice, not bite."

At the next sitting, the dog communicated: "Rolf love Dr. Mackenzie." Later the doctor received a letter dictated by Rolf. The dog had run after Frau Moekel's elder daughter with great insistence until his communication was attended to. The letter was as follows: "Dear Dr. Mackenzie,—Come soon, never go away; bring pictures, yours, too. Love—Rolf." He also sent a letter to a little girl: "Love, Rolf come to you, help you cipher. Kiss.—Rolf." Herr Krall, the educator of the Arabian stallions at Elberfeld wrote Rolf a letter. This is his reply: "Love. Glad of book. Daisy (the cat) must see. Animals like learning, bookmaker, storyteller. Plenty gentlemen were there. Christ-child coming. Mother brings him. Horses have a tree, too. Rolf gives you little Rolf (his photograph). Many kisses.—Rolf." This marvelous answer required eight hundred and fifty taps and required fifty minutes. It was taken down in the presence of Professor Gruber, a zoölogist of Freiburg.

One day a man came up in a rough manner to Frau Moekel and Rolf seized him by the throat. In explanation and justification of his act Rolf said: "Man

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bad; Rolf help mother." Another day he communicated the weighty fact of profound importance: "Rolf plenty fleas; Jela plentier." During a test sitting Rolf was rude enough to stop suddenly and do some vigorous scratching. Rebuked for this breach of etiquette, he pleaded in defense: "Belly bite bad." In many respects he was like a child. He was not always willing "to show off" before strangers. One day Frau Moekel was crying when her daughter had gone away to a boarding school. Sympathetically, Rolf came up and said: "Mother not cry; makes Rolf sad."

In 1919 there were twelve dogs that were known to communicate to human beings by means of "raps"; but as Dr. Mackenzie says, the mathematical achievements of the Elberfeld horses were much more brilliant and much more prodigious than those of the dogs which have been experimented on up to the present time.

Maeterlinck's essay was written in 1909 for a German review and then transformed into a long and interesting chapter of the well-known volume "L'Hôte Inconnu." In 1914 E. G. Sanford published a book containing some useful comparisons between "thinking" animals and mediumistic psychology. Ochorowicz believes that the consciousness of animals in a waking

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state would correspond fairly closely with the consciousness of man in a hypnotic state. The horse is a good muscle-reader. The dog is always *en rapport* with his master and remarkably sensitive to the least sign or hint from him.

But Rolf's daughter, Lola, proved to be, in many respects, a more marvelous dog than Rolf himself. She would always say "Ich" (I), whereas Rolf spoke of himself as "Rolf." When she was asked whether it pleased her to know more than other dogs, she answered "No!" (emphatically). "Would you like to be a human being?" "No." "Why?" "Because of work." But Ulse even surpassed Lola.

There can be no doubt that heredity played a great rôle in Ulse's remarkable development. Her quick responsiveness testified to this. Lola herself regarded Ulse as the flower of the family. She always singled her out for special attentions, usually retiring with her alone to a distant part of the barn. She rapped better than Lola. "When I asked her once what she had been doing, she replied: 'teaching Ulse.'" She must have been a good teacher, as he certainly was an apt pupil. "If I write three or four rows of figures, one beneath the other, doing so quickly, without calculating myself, and then hold the paper in front of Lola's eyes, so that I can look into them, I see her glance

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skim over the figures for a second or two, then she will hang her head, in evident calculation, after which she looks out straight in front of her and raps her reply. Rarely does her glance go over the paper a second time."

Lola could tell by the smell of objects to whom they belonged; and she was able also to "smell" a person tired, uneasy, sad, angry, and even untruthful. She had great skin-sensitiveness. She was wonderful in forecasting the weather. It is a well-known fact that animals sense an earthquake long before the shock. Lola crept into a corner *several hours* before it took place. When she was questioned, she answered: "Lol hat Angst, weiss nid vor was." (Lola afraid, don't know why).

Probably every alert and intelligent dog follows what is being said in his presence, and notes our play of feature. They are very susceptible to thought-transference.

Lola, when asked why dogs prefer the company of human beings instead of other dogs, replied: "Oath." Urged to explain, she said: "Oath for dogs." "What do you mean by 'oath?'" "To keep mum." "What? Have you promised each other?" "Yes." "Who told you?" "Frechi" (another dog). Urged still further,

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she finally said: "On account of their eyes and their unceasing cares."

"Lola, do you like to be with me?" "Yes."
"Why?" "Ich gut ura." This was incomprehensible.
So I said: "What do dogs feel when they look at the eyes and see the cares of people?" "No." "Yes, tell me." Then, with hesitation: "Love."

How often has a dog's eye, full of understanding, when his master, sitting alone and lost in grief—coming, perhaps, and gently laying his head upon his knees and fixing his faithful gaze on him until at length he might be moved to smile—made a man feel that, after all, he was not alone!

Mrs. Browning felt a particularly deep affection for her "Flushie," her constant companion during the long years she spent in the sick chamber.

*And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.*

How this reminds us of Lola's "Libe" and her analysis of the dog-feeling for humans which she explained as due to their eyes and "iren sorgen one ruhe."

Rosa Bonheur always radiated an atmosphere of kindness. She tamed a ferocious lion and other wild

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beasts, which became as docile as lambs. Dogs and horses were always her friends.

The Koumis, a tribe of Eastern India assign to the dog an important rôle. Man was not the Maker's crowning achievement. It took Him twelve hours to mold the human form. Then he went to sleep: and the serpent glided toward his prey and destroyed the first man and woman. The next morning the Maker set to work again, and again the serpent won. The Maker's third attempt was also a failure. Next day He made a guardian—the dog. In the evening the serpent, gliding through the grass, was terrified by the growling of the faithful sentinel and abandoned his attempts. This is the reason why dogs begin to howl when a man is dying.

Another Oriental story of Creation reveals more clearly, and more touchingly, the truth of Lola's assertion that dogs love men "because—." It is an old Arab legend. When Adam was turned out of the Garden, he sat down dejected and disconsolate, when suddenly he felt a cool muzzle thrust into the palm of his hand, and looking down he gazed into the sympathetic eyes of a dog.

*Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bare,
Can move you from my side.*

Chapter VIII

THE HUNTING BREEDS

Many men many minds
Many dogs many kinds



TO DESCRIBE and give the complete history of each breed of dogs would require many volumes. I have selected here, however, two or three families from which have sprung so many kinds that are popular in England and in America to-day, such as Airedale, Beddington, Border, Cairn, Dandie Dinmont, Fox (smooth), Fox (wire-haired), Irish, Kerry Blue, Sealhym, Scottish, Welsh, Welsh Highland, and they are: the terrier, the pointer, the Dalmatian, etc., etc.

The *terrier*, as its name signifies, is an "earth" (terra) dog. Originally it was called "Chien de Terre," because it followed its quarry underground. There is a multiplicity of breeds. Some of these have been bred so large that it is impossible for them to pur-

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sue the otter or badger into its den (Airedale, Irish, Kerry Blue), whereas others, such as the Maltese, Yorkshire, Black and Tan are lap dogs pure and simple and make no pretensions to be sporting dogs.

The earliest mention of the terrier is found in the "Cynegetica" of Oppian, a Greek writer who lived in the last part of the third century B.C. Oppian says that the dog was finally bred so small that the whole body could be contained in one hand. It is eight hundred years after Oppian that we meet with any written evidence of the terrier's existence, that is to say, in an ordinance of Dagobert I, King of the Franks, dated 630 A.D. Then there is a gap in our knowledge down to 1360 when Gaston, Count of Foix wrote his classic on hunting. But it is not until the sixteenth century that we get any definite knowledge of the varieties of the breed.

John Kaye, physician to Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, wrote a book called "De Canibus Anglicis," which was translated into English in 1576. In this book we find a list of English dogs, in which appears the *Terrare* bracketed with *Harier* and the *Bludhunde* in the common category of *Hunde*. Lesley, Bishop of Ross wrote about the Scotch terrier. But the most important author on this subject was Jacques du Fouilloux, a gentleman of Poitou, whose great work

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was plagiarized and translated into English by George Turberville in the latter's "Noble Art of Venerie." He describes a little basset hound, which no longer exists. The French dogs of this name are too large to go underground. But in the British Isles, in lieu of the lost basset, several breeds have been produced. In Germany and Austria the "Tekel" takes the place of the basset.

The *Airedale* is a terrier only in name, for it is the result of a cross between the rough-haired otter hound and a working terrier. It is a very game dog, with an excellent nose, and can fight, hunt, and swim. In England it is seldom used for hunting, but in North America it is extensively employed for hunting bears and panthers. It is not an old breed—some fifty years—and even in this short time there has been a great improvement in looks and temper.

The *Dandie Dinmont* gets its name from the jolly Scottish yeoman in "Guy Mannering." It is a short-legged first cousin of the Beddington.

The *Fox terrier* is the most popular terrier in the world; and it is found in almost every country. In France it is the working dog *par excellence*.

The *Irish terrier* is one of the most engaging dogs of the terrier family. No breed has more pluck. He is a born fighter. His appearance, too, is all that a

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dog lover could desire: his build, shape, color, expression combine to make a picture to fill the eye.

Pointers: Netting partridges with the spaniel trained to set at birds and allow the net to be drawn up to or over him succeeded hawking. A little over two hundred years ago this was superseded by the fowling piece. Then the pointer was introduced, one of whose merits was to stand upright, and—the crouching position being no longer required—he was thus more easily seen by the sportsmen.

The use of the fowling piece is older than some writers allow. The art of shooting on the wing was a rare accomplishment in the time of Fielding, who says in his "Tom Jones": "My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and to everything else except his dog and gun, with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but hath actually shot a crow as it was flying in the air."

The *Spanish pointer* was early crossed with the foxhound—to give him more speed and courage. The highbred dog of the present day is the result of careful breeding.

There is another dog in Spain besides the spaniel, and possibly it is this dog from which one class of

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pointers is derived, a powerful dog, all bone and muscle, with coat short and smooth, fine black all over, glossy. His tail is a crescent, his limbs large, action free, and pace dashing. He has an inherent love of sport, goes mad with joy as soon as he observes the gun being taken down for a stroll over the hills.

Favorite names of shooting dogs were of Spanish origin: Sancho, Ponto (*punta*, "point"), Pero (*Perro*, "dog"), Tray (*Trae*, "fetch"). Old Dog Tray, of whom we heard so much in our early school days, got his name from the Spanish, not from the Latin *ver-tragus*, as so many writers assume.

It has been the custom in England to give to hounds names of two or three syllables with the accent on the first. It must be a euphonious name that comes freely from the tongue and throat. All the whelps of one litter were given names with the same initial letter as that of the dog that got or the bitch that bred them. The puppies received a name with the same initial letter as that of the sire, and the bitches the same as the dam.

A little known but very interesting book is the "Cynographia Curiosa" by Christian Francis Paullinus. He treats of the dog's history in relation to sacred rites, satanic mysteries, household dogs, dogs for hunting, for hatching eggs, for medical and magical uses, as

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emblems on coins, military ensigns, and so on.

The "*Cocker*," or "*Springer*" is a lively dog, active, unwearied in pursuit of game, very expert in raising snipe and woodcock.

The *Setter*: The history of this modern breed begins with Edward Laverack's book "The Setter," written almost a hundred years ago.

The *beagle* is a very old breed of hounds. It is first mentioned in 1475. He was the poor man's dog for hunting rabbits. A better never existed. We use him for small game in America, as the terrier is used in England.

The *water spaniel* is just as good a duck dog as it was in 1570 when Dr. Caius wrote: "This kinde of dogge is properly called *Aquaticus*, a water spaniel, because he frequenteth and hath usual recourse to the water where all his game and exercise lyeth, namely waterfowles."

On the borderland between the bird dogs and the fur dogs is the Airedale, the dog who can hunt both. "As just dog he is unbeatable, but as a specialist on either fur or feathers he is not to be compared to the breeds which were old in the hunting game centuries before the Airedale was ever thought of."

Dog shows date from 1863. The first was held in Paris at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. These exposi-

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tions have done more to improve the breeds of dogs probably than any other single agency. Their popularity in France, England, and the United States at the present time is immense.

The *Samoyede* is probably one of the earliest breeds of domestic dogs. In general appearance these animals are very like other Siberian dogs. Their color is usually cream, white, or white and biscuit. Their name is derived from a people living in Northwestern Siberia on the shore of the Arctic Ocean—one of the most ancient of living tribes and of the same origin as the Finns and the Magyars in Hungary. In historic times they have always been looked upon as the mildest of barbarians, kind and gentle; and, like the Eskimos, they live together peacefully; wars and the savage passions of civilized nations are unknown to them. During the extreme cold of Arctic winters they migrate southward and westward with their herds of reindeer from the Yalmal Peninsula. So these nomadic tribes come into contact with travelers, who have found them an interesting study. Their dogs, sharing the homes, and serving as guardians of their herds century after century, have become as mild tempered as the Samoyedes themselves. Like the Dalmatian hound—which was undoubtedly a sporting dog originally—these dogs have apparently lost the killing instinct. They are

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quiet, easily trained, unusually dignified, and rarely engage in brawls and quarrels with their fellows. They are also splendid sledge dogs according to the testimony of Nansen, Scott, Shackleton, Borchgrevink, Fiala, Duke of the Abruzzi, and other explorers. For transport purposes they have been used much more frequently than the Eskimo dogs of Greenland, and they have always given a good account of themselves. Though comparatively unknown in America until quite recently, they were imported into England about forty years ago. Within the last dozen years, however, a number of these dogs have been brought to this country. One reason for their failure to win popular favor in the United States has been the unwillingness, or inability of Americans to discriminate between this excellent breed and the diminutive Spitz (of Pomerania) and the Eskimo dogs. They are now rapidly becoming better known for what they are. The American Kennel Club has recognized them as a distinct breed for more than ten years. There are now several registered Samoyede kennels in this country, and the American bred dog has held his own with the English in show competition. Indeed, it is even said that they are superior in size to the recent English importations. The Samoyede is never a small dog. He should weigh at least 45 lbs., the female 36 lbs. Males

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of show type generally weigh about 50 lbs. Hence they are about the same size as the collie, though entirely different in build. An important characteristic is a strong head and a heavy bone structure with deep chest. The combination of speed and endurance manifested in the Samoyede is found in few other breeds.

The *Coach dog*: The carriage dog, or plum-pudding dog, so common in England in the nineteenth century, is unfortunately becoming extinct. It is erroneously called the Danish Dog and the Corsican dog; for it has no connection with Corsica or Denmark: it is Dalmatian pure and simple. For three centuries it has been domesticated in Italy. Buffon, and the French writers, call it "Le Braque de Bengale." Animal trainers and circus performers rate it second to the poodle in intelligence. In England it is known as a coach dog.

*Spotted like a leopard, I
Live my days at Dobbin's heels,
Let the hastening pack go by,
With tooting horn and hallowing cry:
I am content between the wheels.*

Yet this dog was undoubtedly originally a Dalmation pointer, and once upon a time took as much delight in "tooting horn and hallowing cry" as many

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another dog. Its very instincts are those of a hunter; but he has recently had no opportunity to exercise his faculty, to develop his hunting proclivities; and in America they will not allow it to be listed as a sporting dog at the shows, in spite of the fact that numerous owners have told me that their dogs undoubtedly have the sporting instinct.

Domini Canes: The Dominicans, or Black Friars called themselves Dogs of the Lord. The order was founded by a Spanish noble, Dominic Guzman in 1205. They were dogs devoted to their Master's service with unquestioning subservience to His will.

A dog was buried in the grave of St. Simon. About fifty years ago they opened two of the arched recesses on the north side of the chancel of the cathedral of St. German (Peal Castle) and found the remains of two of the early bishops. One of these was St. Simon, who rebuilt the cathedral in 1245. The remains were in a perfect state of preservation.

Chapter IX

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS



NOW come to a subject which reflects on the constant companion of man, which brings discredit to his dogship, and will give a pang to the heart of every lover of dogs who is not posted, who is not acquainted with the

facts. I was brought up in a country where the killing of sheep by dogs was very prevalent and I know the feeling of farmers. Some have expressed themselves so forcibly on the subject that, if they had had their way, not a dog would have remained alive in the whole country. At one time our friend, the dog, threatened the very existence of the sheep industry in several states. When a farmer saw his whole flock lying lifeless and mangled, small wonder that he should give vent to his feelings, as many did, in this manner: "If it were in my power, I would kill the whole tribe." Let us be fair to the farmer: we have

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only to read the reports of the Department of Agriculture and look at the photographs of one night's "kill" to realize that his hostility to the dog was in great measure justified. But let us also be fair to the dog; and in being fair to him let us not dismiss the subject with a shrug of the shoulders, as many urban dog-lovers doubtless would, and a sneer at dogs of such low pedigree, so totally different from their own Lady Clara Vere de Vere type. The dog does not live with such good blood in his veins that he will not develop into a sheep killer if given an opportunity. I have seen too many myself; and a greater authority than I declares that he has, over and over again, seen too many pairs composed of one mongrel and one pedigree cur crossing the fields together to have faith in dogdom.

Sheep-killing dogs usually work in pairs or in trios; and they travel for miles in all directions. Some kill only one or two sheep, while others slaughter, or cripple, the whole flock. Sometimes the sheep are merely chased until they die from exhaustion. The psychology of the "sheep dog" is simply this: after he has killed one victim the thirst for more becomes a mania—ovimania, we might term it; and he is seldom broken of the habit; the only cure seems to be death.

But there is another side to the question, and wholly

Sheep-Killing Dogs

in favor of the dog, and that is, he is just dog, as man is man. You cannot eradicate the canine propensities which antedate even the immemorial instinct for and the long comradeship with man. You might just as well criticize the feline proclivity of the domestic cat to kill a bird as to criticize the inherent love of the dog for the chase. It is his nature; he cannot help it; and it is "up to" his superior, man, to see to it that the opportunity is not given him to revert to his primitive state to the detriment of his companion whom he so eagerly desires to serve.

The inherited passion of capture is very strong in the dog. Professor Frederick Hobday recently told the Royal Society of Medicine some things the dog would do: swallow pennies, stoppers of bottles and ping-pong balls; but billiard balls seem to be his favorite. One puppy (a Great Dane) even swallowed a piece of lead pipe weighing seven and a half ounces. Dogs, especially young dogs, are like children in their desire to put strange things into their mouths.

Part Three

The Character of the Dog

Chapter X

THE NOBLE NATURE OF THE DOG



It is the dog's character that has given him the place he occupies in art, in literature, and in the hearts of men. He loves human beings better than his own kind. He possesses an almost human personality, a nature noble and incapable of deceit, something akin to man's intelligence, but nothing similar to man's falsehood. It is this that makes him such a good friend, such a good chum. He does not mind your being absorbed in other humans; indeed, he seems rather to enjoy the sounds of conversation around him; he seems also to know when the conversation is sensible. Galsworthy says that his little black dog could not stand actors or actresses giving readings of their parts, perceiving at once that they had no connection with the minds and real feelings of the speakers.

Dog connoisseurs have refused to accord the qual-

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ities of finesse and affection to that dog which is so much in vogue in America to-day for racing—the whippet—and to the greyhound. The criticism is probably due to a misunderstanding of her ladyship's delicacy and elegance. For the good people who do not see beyond their noses (either of the dog or of their own) a greyhound is an aristocrat. Madame La Levrette, as a celebrated French writer has said, is proud and disdainful; five times out of six she will refuse to extend to you her paw! "Ah! le grand art de savoir distribuer des poignées de main!" That patrician of the canine species, of delicate and slender form, receding forehead, seeming always to be afraid of compromising herself, or lowering her station, of making a *mésalliance*, rest assured, she has just as big a heart, just as much affection, as any other dog of vulgar stock that is always aiming at popularity.

In the great Epic of India, the "Mahabharata," we are told of a king who would not enter Paradise because no dogs were admitted.

*But the king answered: "O thou Wisest One,
Who know'st what was and is and is to be,
Still one more grace! This hound hath ate with me,
Followed me, loved me: must I leave him now?"*
"Monarch," spake Indra, "thou art now as we,
Deathless, divine: thou art become a god;

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*Glory and power and gifts celestial
And all the joys of heaven are thine for aye:
What hath a beast with these? Leave here thy hound!"*
*Yet Yudhisthira answered, "O Most High,
O Thousand-eyed and Wisest. Can it be
That one exalted should be pitiless?
Nay, let me lose such glory: for its sake
I would not leave one living thing I loved."*

There is little place for the friend of man in the house of many mansions; but in the ancient Sanskrit literature, and down through the ages to the present day, there have been poets who have sung the praises of the dog as being a fit companion of man in Paradise, and bear testimony to the fact that many a man has dreamed of some safer world where no friends torment, and

*Thinks, admitted to that sky,
His faithful dog shall bear his company.*

So Byron in those verses that do full justice to man's most loyal friend:

*But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.*

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A dog's understanding surpasses all except that of man and that of the elephant. The chimpanzee and orang-outang are in a different category. The wild dog is all ferocity, the domesticated dog all zeal, ardor, obedience. To the cruelty of his master he opposes only complaint, patience, submission. He is more pliant and tractable than any other animal.

To strangers he pays little attention; beggars he repels with fury. During the night he is the custodian of the house. And how faithful he is to the charge committed to his care! Sometimes, in the performance of this duty, he becomes a wild dog again, is unequaled in ferocity. His fidelity is unshaken. He always knows his master and the friends of the family; distinguishes a stranger as soon as he arrives; knows his own name; remembers the course taken on long journeys and finds his way back home—the only animal whose education is successful.

*Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move nor warp: and gratitude for small
And trivial favors, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.*

To illustrate the truth of the statement in the stanza just quoted from Cowper, I give here a short story which I have translated from the Spanish of Escrich,

The Noble Nature of the Dog

one of the greatest dog lovers and dog writers in Europe.

TONY

I have had many dogs and I have known many more, and I can assure you that the family of ingrates does not exist in the canine race. Nature has been ungrateful and cruel to the race of dogs, endowing it with a horrible malady: madness. Many times a dog is barbarously sacrificed, simply because it is seen with its tongue hanging out and with a look of dejection.

Many stories are told of dogs that seem improbable and yet they are as true and real as the rays of the sun. Pablo Gonzalez had a mastiff with a red back, clear eyes, and powerful teeth; his name was Tony and was an inseperable companion of his master in all the excursions which, with his bob-tailed horse, gun hanging from the crupper, he made from his town to the mountains and pasture lands to buy cattle.

Tony was an intelligent mastiff, loyal, strong and docile; he would rub his enormous head against the legs of everybody; the children of the town would ride horseback on him, and when he grew tired of enduring their infantile impertinences, he would growl a little, show his terrible teeth and throw himself down on the

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ground, as if to say: "that's enough." Everybody loved Tony; they would run their hands over his bristly head as a proof of their confidence in him, because Pablo's mastiff, in time of peace, would bite no one. In the field Tony was different; he divined his mission on earth, reduced to watching over the interests and the person of his master.

Pablo was sure that while Tony kept watch over his sleep, he would never be the victim of a surprise; he trusted the loyalty and strength of his noble mastiff. He was obliged often to transact business in solitary peopleless places, and on these occasions Tony never left his master, always keeping close to his side, always looking into the face of the unknown person, as if he desired to divine his intentions.

One day Pablo received a letter in which an appointment was made for the fourth of May in the mountain of Cold Valley. There another dealer was to meet him and the two were to go to see a small flock of merino sheep which were grazing in the valleys of Strong Head. The dealer left Guadalajara mounted on his nag, his double-barreled gun on the crupper, his revolver in his heavy jacket, his money-bag containing a thousand dollars in silver and gold in his saddlebags, and the noble and valiant Tony behind. He followed the Pastrana road as far as the

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short cut of El Palomar, climbed the steep hill, and arrived, after an hour and a half of travel, at the appointed place, where the men were already waiting for them.

He dismounted; the dickering began, and there happened what often happens, that is, they could not agree on terms; for Pablo wanted the flock of sheep to be driven by the shepherds of the seller to the Villaverde meadow, in the neighborhood of Madrid, and the seller wanted to dispose of his sheep in Strong Head mountain, which was where they were grazing. In short, the deal was not made.

Pablo had taken out his money-bag, leaving it near the stones, and in the heat of the dispute, and seeing the obstinacy and bad faith of his opponent, exclaimed: "Suffice it to say that, if we do not agree on terms, it is your fault; because you know that we agreed that the delivery of the sheep should be made in the Villaverde meadow, and that the heads should be counted there, and that you should be paid for those that were in a perfect state of health."

"Well, the deal can be made only here," added the dealer, "if you don't want the sheep, you don't have to take them."

"You keep your sheep, and I'll keep my money," replied Pablo.

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Tony, sitting on his hind legs, stolid, heard the discussion. Pablo, irritated and grumbling at such bad manners, untied the nag from the branches of an oak tree, mounted, and whistled for his dog. Tony remained motionless. Meanwhile, the two herders mounted their horses also, and started off in the opposite direction. Tony began to bark desperately. His master stopped and whistled a second time.

Suddenly the mastiff ran swiftly and joined his master, but without stopping his impressive barking. Pablo paid no attention to him, preoccupied as he was with what had just happened; but the dog barked so much that at last he cast a wary glance around him and said: "What's the matter with you, brute?"

Tony in two bounds placed himself in front of the horse, as if it was a question of impeding his progress, until at last he succeeded in putting his strong paws on his breast.

Then the herder gave him a terrible lash with his whip; but Tony, although he felt the acute pain of that hempen serpent which had coiled around his body, did not complain and kept on barking.

"That's strange! Never have I seen Tony so surly and irritated."

The mastiff started off on a run, stopped a dozen paces from the head of the horse, and placed himself

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across the narrow path, still barking. When the nag arrived, he jumped over the dog so as not to trample his stable-companion.

Again the dog placed himself in front of the horse, leaped until he struck his sharp and powerful head against the round and soft underlip of the nag which was so startled that he almost threw his rider.

“Why, what’s the matter, Tony? Have you gone mad?” cried the herder, giving him a harder lash than the first. The mastiff then seized one of the cowboy stirrups and pulled backward with all his might.

Tony’s eyes shone like coals of fire, his growls were deep, menacing; that noble animal represented with savage beauty the desperation of the dog whom his master does not understand what he wishes to tell him and sees himself deprived of the precious gift of speech. An idea darted across Pablo’s mind, and taking up his gun, he said: “This dog is mad.” The herder put spurs to his horse which dragged poor Tony along, without his letting go the stirrup, twelve or fourteen yards. At last Tony let go and remained as if nailed to the spot in the middle of the path.

Pablo turned his horse around to face the enemy, took aim and fired. Tony exhaled a dolorous lament and rolled over in the glen. Pablo put spurs to his horse again, which started off like a thunderbolt, down

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hill, towards Guadalajara. The herder, vexed at the incident, and not wishing to see the agony of his poor Tony, did not once turn his head.

When he arrived at the inn, he missed the bag which contained the 20,000 reales. The herder was stunned, because that loss placed him in a difficult situation. Despair followed bewilderment; he mounted his good horse, rode full speed to Cold Valley, and arrived in less than three quarters of an hour at the rocks, but the money-bag was not there. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I left it here. I put it here with my own hand—Those wretches have robbed me!—Now I understand that my noble Tony was telling me: 'Come back; you left your money.' And I, wretch, stupid, imbecile, have paid him for his loyalty by dealing him his death." And Pablo beat his brow and tore his hair.

"Tony! Tony! Tony!" he began to cry in despair. But each of those cries that burst from the soul of the herder only awakened an echo in the ravines. Pablo, overwhelmed by his misfortune, sat down upon one of the three stones, and then he saw to his great surprise some spots of blood and fresh earth as if it had been torn up by some animal. With his eyes wide open he surveyed the ground all around and observed that here and there, in the direction of the mountain, there were many blood stains.

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With that uneasiness, mingled with dejection and hope, Pablo began to follow the track of blood. From time to time he bent over to examine the bushes, with the careful attention of those men of nature who see the tracks of animals imprinted on the grass. Near a juniper bush was another place in which some animal had rolled and some hairs of a reddish color stuck to the bushes. "Yes, there can be no doubt about it—but, is it possible? I shot him in the short cut, far from this place, down in the glen." The herder continued to follow the drops of blood and the places where the poor wounded animal had rolled. So he plunged into the mountain some fifty yards or more. Near a dense bramble was another pool of blood; but there the trail disappeared.

Pablo entered the thicket with some difficulty and could not help uttering a cry of astonishment, of admiration, perhaps of remorse; because there was Tony—Tony, bloody, Tony dying, with his powerful paws on the money-bag that contained the thousand dollars, and his enormous head resting on the treasure of his master, ready to defend it even after death. Pablo fell on his knees beside his dog. Tony looked at him with sad eyes, breathing one of those weak moans that precede the death agony.

The herder, with his eyes full of tears and his soul

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agonized by remorse, embraced the poor animal's head and kissing it respectfully murmured in a low voice: "Forgive me, forgive me, poor Tony: I was your assassin; I paid your loyalty with death!" Tony began to lick the tears which were gliding down the tanned cheeks of his master. Little by little that tongue, which was caressing his murderer, was losing its strength and warmth until at last it remained motionless and cold.

Tony, in spite of the fact that death had paralyzed the tenderness of his heart, remained with his eyes open looking at his master. Those lightless eyes seemed to say to him: "Pardon me if my strength has failed, if I have not been able to bring the money home to you; you see, it was not my fault." Pablo remained an hour kneeling by the dead body of his dog. At last he rose, and said: "Tony, thy death will be for me a remorse that will go with me to the grave."

That same evening the noble dog was buried at the foot of a tree which ever since has borne the name of "Tony's Oak."

Chapter XI

THE DOG'S CREED



LAST year Justice Weber, of the Supreme Court of Utah, in an opinion handed down in a case in which the lower court had permitted the recovery of damages for a dog killed by an automobile, characterized man's most faithful friend in these words: "In peace the dog finds content in the humblest service, ever faithful, ever true; in warfare he glories in every opportunity to do his master's bidding and never counts the cost. Above all other mortal creatures is the dog faithful unto death. No sense of imminent peril, no pangs of hunger, no neglect or abuse by or from the one to whom the dog has given his affection, can shake the full measure of his devotion, dim the light that brightens his eyes, or dampen the ardor of his love. 'Service is his creed.'

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*“What’er my mood—the fretful word, or sweet,
The swift command, the wheedling undertone,
His faith was fixed, his love was mine alone.”*

Father Brown in G. K. Chesterton’s story “The Oracle of the Dog” says, “I always like a dog so long as he isn’t spelled backward.” The dog is, indeed, not Deity, but his actions have something of the divine in them more frequently than those of most men; and while some men almost worship their dogs, more dogs more truly revere their masters. We cannot get into a dog’s mind, but we do know his faithful heart; and the more closely we scrutinize the workings of his “soul,” the more we become convinced that dogs are superior, in many respects, to human beings. It was a keenly observant woman who remarked “The more I see of men, the better I like dogs.” Dogs never quarrel or argue with you. They are often better companions than men. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while talking about yourself. And they at least keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. You will never hear unkind things about yourself from a dog; and they are always glad to see you. Says the author of “Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow”: “They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, sad when we are sorrowful. And when we bury our head in our

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hands, they come up softly, and shove their heads against us—come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, give his life for you, if need be,—foolish, brainless, soulless dog!”

One of the canine virtues is admirably described by George Eliot: “Hev’ a dog, miss. They’re better friends nor any Christian. Lor’! it’s a fine thing to have a dumb brute fond on you; it’ll stick to you, and make no jaw.”

Dogs are as unlike other animals as can be, since they know only one master to love and obey. As friend, unlike our human friends, whether we remain rich or become poor, it makes no difference to our dog—and he remains with us to the end. Nothing in the world can be compared to the blind affection of a dog for his master. He puts up with anything—hunger, cold, privations—rather than lose him. To your dog you are the universe.

No matter how well he is taken care of, if you are absent, he will whine for you, become restless, wander to and fro: tid-bits do not tempt him, nor his warm room, nor comforts, nor company of friendly strangers: he pines for the company of one alone; the one man without whom life has no charm for him. He is averse to strangers by instinct. Being extremely sensitive,

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he does not soon forget an old face, or take up with a new one quickly. Would you learn the great secret of making a dog your friend? It is very simple: *Treat him as a friend.* The man that loves and pets a dog cannot be a very bad sort.

*In Man true friendship I long strove to find,
But missed my aim;
'At length I found it in my dog most kind.
Man! blush for shame.*

As Maeterlinck, the great Belgian author says, "In all the immense crucible of nature there is not another living being that has shown the same suppleness of form or plasticity of spirit as that which we soon discover in the dog."

But the dog has not only dedicated himself to the service of man; he has evinced a rare courage in that service. Ample evidence of this canine quality will be given in later chapters of this book.

Another example of his bravery, to be added to the thousands recorded in history, has just been reported from Nebraska.

Duke, the pet of Billie, who was only two years old, shielded the child from a poisonous viper for several minutes until a paving gang, attracted by the dog's frantic barking, came to the rescue. Duke ran re-

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peatedly between the reptile and the infant, alternately pushing him away from the menacing danger and lunging at the serpent.

Here follow two short stories and one long one which I have read and translated from the Greek and the Spanish. They illustrate that wonderful quality in the dog—loyalty—which is an important part of the dog's creed:

A man from Colophon had to go to Teos on business. He took with him money, a domestic, and a dog. When they were on their way, the servant stopped for a few minutes, the dog following him off the road. Now the young man dropped his wallet without knowing it and consequently did not pick it up again, but went on his way serenely following his master. But the dog lay down on the money and kept still. When the master and his servant arrived in Teos they discovered that they had no money to make purchases, and they had to return empty-handed. But they came back the same way they had gone and arrived at the spot where the servant had left the purse; and they found their dog still lying on it and almost dead from hunger. But when he saw his master and his fellow-servant, he rolled off the purse, ending his watch and his life at the same instant.

And the other story is as follows:

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Pyrrhus of Epirus, one day when he was traveling, came upon the body of a man who had been murdered. Standing by the corpse was his dog guarding the body of his master from further outrage. The faithful animal had been there three days without food. When Pyrrhus learned this, he took compassion on them, giving the man due rites of burial, and commanding that the dog be given the best of care; and he gave the dog to eat from his own hand and gradually won his friendship and good will. Shortly after this there was a review of the heavy-armed infantry, and the king (Pyrrhus) was reviewing the troops, and the dog was with him, quiet, gentle, submissive. But when he saw the murderers of his master among the soldiers, he immediately leaped upon them, barking and tearing them with his claws, and then, turning round and going back to Pyrrhus, he cited him as a witness, and indicated to him, as best a dog could, that now he had the murderers. The king and those standing around him noted the barking and strange actions of the dog, and suspicion fell on the aforesaid soldiers. They were arrested and forced by torture to tell the truth. They confessed and were punished . . . so that I at least am pained to think that a dog is proved more trustworthy and possesses more good will than men.

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FORTUNA

(Translated from the Spanish of Escrich.)

I

Sentenced to Death

Waving their transparent wings the cicadas were singing their well-known hymn to the heat with shrill notes tiresomely prolonged.

The sun's rays were shooting straight down, scorching the white dust of the highway, and the leaves of the trembling poplars which bordered the road had suspended their eternal movement, lulled to sleep under the weight of an August sun.

A dog of doubtful breed, with a reddish back, wolf's ears and long snout, was trotting along with lowered tail, dejected look, open mouth and tongue hanging out.

From time to time he stopped in the shade of a poplar tree and raised his head as if he were sniffing that humid air imperceptible to men but which to the delicate sense of smell of the canine race indicates the spring or coveted pool in which he can slake his thirst.

Then, from the burning and wet tongue of the dog fell drop by drop that internal sweat which, not

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finding means of exit through the closed pores of the skin, exhales through the mouth in parching slaver.

The poor animal seemed very tired, his flanks heaved with hasty respiration, keeping a tiresome rhythm with the tongue and with the nose covered with dust.

Then he started on again along that road solitary and burning as the sands of the desert of Sahara.

The cicadas continued their chorus of shrill chirping accompanying the *via dolorosa* of the tired dog.

Suddenly he stopped. He was at the top of a hill, and a hundred yards away, down in a valley, was a town.

The tired animal seemed to hesitate, doubtless anticipating what awaited him in that town which the white line of the highway divided into two parts.

At last he decided to continue on his way because he was consumed with thirst and in that town there must be water.

He arrived at the town, the deserted streets of which received the full force of the rays of the burning sun of a day of July.

The walls of the houses and of the yards did not project the slightest shadow; the tower clock had just struck twelve.

In the first house, in the shade of a shed was a woman washing; near her and on a sheepskin was a

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child which was scarcely two years old. The child was playing with his worn-out shoes which he had succeeded in taking off his feet.

The door of the yard was partly open. The dog, which had undoubtedly scented the water, pushed it with his nose.

"Get out!" cried the mother.

But as if this cry were not enough to scare away the importunate guest, she picked up a stone and threw it with all her might. The poor animal dodged, growling and showing his teeth; then he continued on his way.

A little farther down he stopped again. The door of a yard stood wide open. In the middle was a well and a stone trough full of water.

The dog saw nobody and decided to enter, but at the same time a man with a club came out of the stable.

The poor animal, guessing that that second encounter would be less fortunate than the first, stood looking at the man with sad and supplicating eyes and wagging his tail as a sign of friendship.

The man, whose organ of charity was undeveloped, started for the dog with raised club. The dog, indignant at that inhospitable reception, gave a low growl and showed his formidable teeth and burning mouth.

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“Can he be mad?” the man asked himself, and giving an affirmative answer, he threw his club at the dog with all his might and ran into the house shouting:

“A mad dog!—My gun! my gun!”

This was the sound of alarm that roused all the neighbors, for unhappy the strange dog that enters a town in Dog Days in the hottest part of the day and somebody takes it into his head that he is mad, for from the moment he is sentenced to death; the weapon that is to execute the sentence is immaterial, for they employ all kinds: gun, sickle, pitchfork, club, stone, the first thing they can lay hands on; it is a conspiracy of the panic of many individuals who unite, cowed by a danger that terrifies them, and in such cases even the most courageous grow pale and become faint-hearted.

A single aggressive movement of the dog is sufficient, an outward sign of attack, for all to flee, uttering that cry of the routed army: “Every man for himself!”

When the man who had raised the first cry of alarm came out into the street with his gun the dog was four or five houses down the street, but the man raised his gun and fired.

Fortunately for the poor dog the small shot missed him and were imbedded in a wooden bench instead;

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but a few glanced off and struck the back and sides of the animal, who set up a dolorous howl.

The neighbors ran out of their houses and, discovering instantly what was going on, began to shout and to throw missiles at the dog, who had done them no harm.

The dog, trembling and terrified, fled precipitously, trusting his salvation to the fleetness of his feet and anxious to get far away from that inhospitable town in which even the stones turned against him.

He had almost attained his purpose when he saw his way blocked by a man mounted on a nag of poor and miserable appearance. It was the chief of the rural police who, unsheathing an immense cavalry saber, prepared to block his way while the people following the dog with clubs, sickles and pitchforks, shouted:

“Kill him, Cachucha, kill him; he is mad!”

The poor animal looked to the right and to the left, searching for an exit of salvation in that painful situation. The people, with their cries of war and extermination, were closing in on him from both ends of the street.

The situation of the strange dog was really distressing, the stones rained upon him, hitting him many times squarely on the head, back and sides, while the

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enormous saber of Chief Cachucha glittered in the rays of the sun, threatening death.

Yet nobody was courageous enough to dare to put himself within reach of the dog's teeth; but man in a fit of perversity invented the thunderbolt to send against the victim he covets, the thunderbolt placed in the barrel of a gun.

Among the dog's pursuers were three or four armed with guns; like valiant men, they could have dealt death to their enemy from a distance, but none fired for fear of wounding others.

From time to time was heard the voice of Cachucha, who kept shouting:

"Be careful of the guns! . . . Be careful, I am here!"

At this distressing moment opened a little door of a garden wall and the dog darted inside. The pursuers of the unhappy dog raised a cry of terror, as if they had seen appear before them one of the frightful visions of the Apocalypse.

Cachucha dismounted quickly from his nag and ran toward the house, into which the dog had disappeared, waving his saber in the air with nervous hand and exclaiming with all the force of his lungs:

"Comrades, let us save our priest, let us save our guardian angel!"

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Neither Napoleon at Arcole nor Espartero at Luchana was followed by soldiers with more enthusiasm than the pursuers of the dog followed the heroic Chief Cachucha.

II

Pardon

Don Salvador Bueno was the most respectable, wisest, most charitable and richest resident of the town. His sixty years, his head white as snow, his kind face, his affable smile and his calm and serene look made everybody exclaim: "there goes an honest man, a just man."

Don Salvador had traveled much, had read much, and with profit. His knowledge was so general that his conversation was always delightful and instructive. He saw the ancient periods of history with the same clearness of vision as the present, and in speaking of the great men of Greece and Rome it seemed that he was talking of intimate friends who had died only a few days before.

That venerable old man was an encyclopedia always at the disposal of those in the town who wished to consult it. In his eager pursuit of knowledge he had

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completed three careers, that of lawyer, doctor and engineer, and none of them had ever brought him in a cent.

Don Salvador was a real thesaurus of anecdotes which he always applied very aptly, knew the reasons of things and the etymology of all words, possessing besides a multitude of nostrums which he offered free to the poor, giving them medicine without the doctor's being offended, although the druggist did protest in a low tone, yawning and looking sadly at the abundant well of drinkable water in the yard.

Nor had Señor "Good" been without his troubles; he had seen his son die when he had just completed brilliantly his course of studies as engineer and a daughter six months after she gave birth to a beautiful boy.

Don Salvador had remained alone in the world with his grandson, Juanito, who at this time was about eight years old. The grandfather had determined to make a perfect man of his grandson.

"I shall teach him," he said to himself, "everything that can be taught in a school, in the good sense of the word, because in schools they also learn something bad. I shall try, at the same time that I train his mind, in the sound principles of morality, of charity and love for one's neighbor, to develop his physical

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powers, train his body. I want Juanito to possess all the possible perfections of a human being and to say then, if I am satisfied: this is my work; in it I have sown all the good that I have gathered during my long life.

To conclude these preliminary remarks we shall say that Juanito was a boy as beautiful in body as in soul, with a very keen intellect and a kind and charitable heart.

Let us now enter the house of Don Salvador Bueno.

The church clock had just struck noon.

Don Salvador's house, situated at the end of the town, had a spacious garden of fifteen acres. In the center of a dense group of trees was a pavilion where the grandfather and grandson spent much of their time during the hot hours of Dog Days, engaged sometimes in gymnastic exercises, sometimes in reading.

At the moment we are going to permit our readers to enter the pavilion Don Salvador and Juanito were pulling the chest weights, an exercise that develops the muscles of the arms, broadens the chest, and whets the appetite.

The old man and the boy were both clothed in white duck trousers held up by a canvas belt, a tight-fitting striped jersey, and slippers.

"That will do for to-day, Juanito, that will do

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for to-day," said the old man, taking a handkerchief and wiping the sweat from the brow of his grandson.

"I am not tired," replied Juanito, "if you wish we can go on until Polonia calls us to dinner."

Polonia was the housekeeper and had been Juanito's nurse. Polonia's husband performed the duties of steward.

"No, no; your face is as red as a poppy," added the old man caressing the boy's head—and you must rest a little before eating. Go and lie down on the sofa with your hands under your head; that's good for you; I am going to do the same in the rocking-chair; if you are sleepy, go to sleep, and if not, we'll talk a little about Plutarch, that pleasant historian who has no rival in the world and who has made us understand so clearly how infinitely small are some of his characters and how infinitely great are others.

Juanito, who had already stretched himself out upon the sofa, raised himself a little and said:

"Did you hear? I thought I heard a shot in the distance, in the street."

"It must be some hunter who has returned from the mountain and shot off his gun as he came into the town in order to clean it out."

The child who was not satisfied with that explanation, added:

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"No, no, grandpapa; I hear shouts and cries; something has happened."

Don Salvador listened a moment and answered:

"There is indeed a great turmoil in the street."

The cries and uproar not only increased, but seemed to be drawing nearer to that peaceful retreat like the rumbling swell of a torrent that overflows its banks.

Don Salvador opened the blinds of one of the windows and looking out, called:

"Atanasio!"

"What is it, Señor?" answered a man who was spading a garden-bed near the pavilion.

"Go out the back gate and see what's going on in the street."

Atanasio ran to the spot indicated, but as he opened the small gate which opened on the street, he fell back with his back against the wall.

At the same time a dog shot into the garden like a flash and with the rapidity of fear fled for refuge into the pavilion and went and hid himself under the sofa on which Juanito was sitting.

Before Don Salvador and his grandson could realize what was happening, Cachucha and twenty or thirty persons invaded the garden, uttering cries of terror and shouts of fright.

Cachucha led the others with his enormous saber

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unsheathed and brandishing it furiously over his head.

That saber was all that remained of the military trappings of Cachucha, who had formerly been a cavalryman of the state militia, and that saber was looked upon with respect by the people of the town, because Cachucha was capable of cutting a bull in two, if he swung it hard.

When that crowd entered the garden all were shouting at the same time as if they had rehearsed their parts.

“He’s mad! He’s mad! Kill him, kill him!”

At first Don Salvador, who had not seen the dog pass, thought that the poor chief of rural police was the one they meant, for he was running toward the pavilion with a startled look on his face and his hair bristling, brandishing with vigorous hand his terrible broadsword.

Don Salvador drew back from the window to protect his grandson and on turning divined all with terror and uttered a cry of horror, rooted to the spot and unable to advance or recede.

There, near the sofa, was Juanito caressing the dirty and dusty head of an unknown dog.

That animal of repulsive aspect, covered with blood, mud and dust, was looking at Juanito with eyes

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gleaming like coals of fire, with open mouth and his tongue hanging out.

From time to time the dog stopped his agitated respiration and gently licked Juanito's hands, moving his tail slowly, as if he wished to say to him:

"Don't be afraid, beautiful boy, I am a harmless creature, I belong to the race that has gratitude innate in the heart: in my family neither traitors nor ingrates have ever been known; unshaken loyalty is our motto, for that I live and for that I will die, if it is necessary."

The horrified grandfather was contemplating that scene almost without breathing, feeling over his whole body that cold perspiration which deep emotions cause.

Cachucha entered the pavilion like a whirlwind, followed by an army of men, women and children. All were uttering terrible cries.

The dog, with that delicate instinct peculiar to his kind, drew a little nearer to the child, remaining near his feet, convinced that he had found a good defender to rescue him from that horde of vandals that sought his life.

"Señorito, don't touch that dog, for he is mad!" exclaimed Cachucha—"Get away from him, for I am going to cut him in two."

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“Mad!” exclaimed Juanito laughing and putting one of his arms around the dog’s neck—“Mad, and he licks my hands and throws himself trembling at my feet so that I may protect him? Bah! it’s you that are mad, my good Cachucha; if you would look at yourself in the looking-glass, you would certainly scare yourself, and that too though you are the bravest man in town.”

“Come, Cachucha,” said the grandfather, observing the peaceful demonstrations of the dog,—“sheathe that saber which threatens our heads. The dog is not mad; the symptoms that those poor animals show are different when they are attacked by that terrible and unjust malady with which nature has endowed them.”

And Don Salvador took a basin full of water and placed it on the floor by the side of the dog which began to drink greedily, wagging his tail.

Cachucha opened wide his eyes and said: “Well, I declare! Why, it’s true; he drinks water!”

And turning around indignantly to the crowd, he added:

“Brutes, beasts! Why did you tell me he was mad?”

Nobody answered, and the chief, sheathing his sword, said:

“Señor Don Salvador, I beg you to forgive us for

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the shock which we gave you, but understand that our intentions were good."

"I know it, I know it, and I thank you with all my heart. Come, tell Polonia to give you all a few jugs of cool wine from the cellar, because that always cools the blood."

All went out of the pavilion respectfully, amazed at the courage of Juanito and his grandfather and especially at the good luck which the strange dog had had to flee for refuge to that house which was sacred to everybody in the town.

"Poor little fellow, how thirsty he was, and maybe he's hungry too," said the child.

"It is very likely, because his coat of hair and the state of dejection in which he is at present do not indicate that he has had an abundance of food."

"He must be wounded; there is blood on his back; we must cure him. And I wonder what his name is, grandpapa?"

"Who?"

"The dog."

"I don't know, my son," answered Don Salvador, smiling,—“and as I am absolutely convinced that if I ask him he will not tell me, I do not wish to take the trouble. But as everything ought to have a name, although it is not very much in keeping with ety-

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mology, we shall give him one and from to-day this dog shall be known as Fortuna, because good fortune—and not a small one—has been his to take refuge in this house and to meet somebody to rescue him from the terrible saber of Cachucha.”

III

The Kidnapers

Four days later Fortuna was unrecognizable. Juanito cured his wounds, which were slight, with arnica and then aided by Atanasio, the gardener, washed him with soap and a scrubbing brush.

Then it was seen that Fortuna was not so ugly as he appeared under the ragged mantle of misery, that with a good collar and with good food he could present himself anywhere without his master's being ashamed of him.

But the most beautiful part of Fortuna was his eyes, in which shone intelligence, especially when, sitting on his hind legs he would look at Juanito as if divining his thoughts in order to execute them.

One evening the grandfather and grandson went to see a vineyard surrounded by almond trees which had been planted the same week Juanito was born

The Dog's Creed

and which was known in the town by the name of Juanito.

Don Salvador, in all his walks in the country, always carried a book.

They sat down to rest in the shade of an almond tree and at nightfall they returned to town.

When he was nearly home, Don Salvador missed his book.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I left under the tree my beautiful copy of the Book of Job, paraphrased in verse by Fray Luis de Leon. I must go back for it; I should be sorry to lose it."

Fortuna, who was behind, in two leaps bounded ahead and raising his head, kept looking at his masters.

The dog was carrying the book in his mouth with such delicacy that he had not even moistened it.

"Thank you so much, Fortuna," said Don Salvador to him, caressing the intelligent head of the dog. "This copy I value very highly and I would have been very sorry to lose it, because it is a souvenir of my mother. To-night when we dine I shall try to repay you to show you my gratitude."

The dog began to leap and bark with great joy, not for the offered tidbit but because he was beginning to be useful to his masters.

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At eight o'clock Juanito and Fortuna were the best friends in the world; they never left each other. The dog slept on a piece of carpet on the floor at the foot of the child's bed, and in the morning he would act as valet de chambre for his young master, bringing him his stockings and shoes with admirable precision and at the proper time.

One morning Don Salvador and Juanito were in the garden. The dog followed them as usual. Don Salvador extended horizontally the stick he was carrying in his hand to point to a plant, and Fortuna jumped over the cane with great neatness and agility and then stood up on his hind legs, erect and grave; Don Salvador held out his cane again and Fortuna leaped again; but then he stood up on his front legs with his hind feet in the air.

One day Juanito sneezed loudly and Fortuna put his nose into the pocket of the grandfather's sack coat, pulled out his handkerchief and went and presented it to Juanito.

This made them both laugh heartily, because Fortuna was from day to day showing new accomplishments which raised him to the illustrious category of a trained dog; from which they conjectured that in his youth he must have been owned by a showman, and both the old man and the child had a great desire

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to know the origin of that friend which their good fortune had furnished them.

Juanito certainly would not have sold his dog for anything in the world.

So matters were when one evening in the month of August Juanito, Polonia, his nurse, and Fortuna took a walk down the road.

Don Salvador had remained at home with the president and secretary of the town council, who had come to consult him on a matter of great importance.

The sun was near the horizon in the west, and in the sky not a cloud was to be seen.

That calm, interrupted only by the cooing of the turtledove in the olive groves or the ardent song of the quail in the trenches of the stubble fields gave a feeling of well-being to the three strollers.

Suddenly the religious silence of the fields was interrupted by a sad lament, plaintive, prolonged, which apparently came from the weak throat of a child.

Juanito and Polonia looked at each other: Fortuna gave a low growl and drew near to his master ready to defend him.

"Did you hear, Polonia?" asked Juanito.

"Yes, it seemed to be a boy or a girl moaning," answered the nurse.

Dog and Dogs

“And it must be very near.”

“Over toward the culverts, in the ravine.”

A girl of ten or twelve years of age, lank, lean, covered with filthy rags, with tangled hair and copper-colored complexion, rose from the ditch by the side of the road uttering pitiful laments.

That poor creature, whose ragged dress scarcely reached to her knees, was barefoot; her legs were dark and lean.

Fortuna growled in a threatening manner and drew closer to his master, the hair on his back bristling; and he showed his white teeth.

“Be quiet, Fortuna, be quiet,” said Juanito, giving him a pat on the head and at the same time looking at the mendicant girl who was weeping bitterly.

The girl kept on advancing without being intimidated by the threatening growls of the dog.

“What’s the matter, poor little girl?” asked Juanito with that gentle and affectionate voice which burgeons from the soul of children.

“Oh, sir, what a misfortune for me!” exclaimed the beggar with her eyes filled with tears. “My poor grandfather fell fainting from hunger in the ravine by this bridge and I am going to the town to get help from the police or from the first charitable person I meet.”

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"But can't we help him?" said Juanito, carried away by the impulses of his kind heart. Look, the first house yonder is mine and I assure you that your grandfather will get everything he needs."

"But he hasn't strength enough to stand up!—If you could give him first a little bread and wine," added the beggar—"The poor man hasn't had a bite to eat for more than twenty-four hours."

"Well, all right, we'll go and see him," replied Juanito, "and if we can't take him, I'll run to town and bring him what he wants. Oh, I have a good pair of legs."

And as the dog did not stop growling in a hostile manner at the beggar, Juanito said to him:

"This evening you are in an unbearable humor, Fortuna; I told you to be quiet."

The little girl, without stopping her sad lament, started towards the bridge.

Juanito, Polonia and Fortuna followed.

On the right side of the road was a slope which led to the bed of the ravine.

All went down.

The bridge had three arches. Under the first, stretched out, face downwards, on the wet sand, was a poorly dressed man. At his side was a game bag of dirty and patched canvas, and a club.

Dog and Dogs

About fifteen yards away, on the sides of the ravine, was a large and dense clump of reeds, the leaves of which, parched by the burning summer sun, had a yellowish-red color.

“Grandfather, come, make an effort to get up,” said the girl, “for here are a young gentleman and a woman to help me take you to the town.”

The man, groaning, moved heavily, as if he had not the strength to get up; then he raised himself on one knee, then on the other and at last on his hands, remaining on all fours with his head down as if he wished to hide his face.

Pitying such weakness, Juanito and Polonia approached to help him up, and at the very moment they were bending over him, the man with one leap jumped to his feet, seized Polonia by the neck and threw her brutally to the ground.

At the same time the girl leaped with the nimbleness of a panther upon the terrified Juanito, knocking him down upon the sand of the ravine.

So unexpected, so rapid had been that aggression that neither Juanito nor Polonia realized what was happening.

The dog rushed furiously upon the beggar girl, seizing her by one leg and tearing her dress to tatters. The girl uttered a sharp cry of rage and pain.

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"Cursed dog!" she screamed, picking up a club lying on the ground and defending herself against Fortuna with a courage incredible in one so young—"You have torn my leg to pieces—Oh! I'll eat your liver!"

Then two men of evil mien and more evil faces came hurriedly out of the reeds. They carried revolvers and hunting knives and double-barreled guns in their hands.

"We'll see whether you'll shut up, Golondrina (Swallow), there's no use crying for a scratch," said one of the men bursting into a brutal laugh.

"Let's hurry before somebody comes along the road," added the other man.

"What shall we do with this woman?" asked the man who was holding down Polonia.

"Tie her hands behind her back, put a gag in her mouth and let her go and tell her master what I am going to tell her."

Instantly the man obeyed the one who seemed to be the chief of the malefactors.

"But where can that confounded dog be?" asked Golondrina. "Hardly had he seen you come out of the reeds when he disappeared; it seems that he is afraid of guns; but I swear that I will get even with him, you bet I'll get even with him; I'll go back to

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town and I'll give him bread with needles or matches in it so that he will die."

And all the time Golondrina was saying this she was putting sand in the wounds made by Fortuna.

"Listen," said the chief of the kidnapers to Polonia, "Tell Don Salvador that we are taking his grandson and that, if he wants to get him back, to carry out to the letter what I tell him in this paper."

And the captain thrust it brutally into Polonia's breast, whose reddened eyes seemed to be weeping blood.

"Oh! no, no; I don't want to go with you; my grandfather will give you all you want, but I don't want to go," cried Juanito getting down on his knees and clasping his hands in earnest entreaty before the wretches.

Polonia also fell on her knees as if to join her prayers to those of the child; but all in vain: hearts of stone never soften either before the prayers or the tears of their victim.

"Bring the horses, Cascabel," said the chief addressing one of his men.

And then, seizing the weeping Juanito roughly by the arm, he added:

"Close your beak, canary, and don't deafen my ears, for I don't like your music."

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One of the malefactors brought out of the reeds three mountain nags with coarse packsaddles and rope stirrups.

The chief mounted one of them, putting Juanito on in front of him and then placing his arm around his waist.

Then the other two got on their horses and Golondrina with one leap jumped on the crupper of one of the nags.

"Polonia, Polonia, help!" screamed Juanito.

"Shut up, rascal! This devilish cricket will spoil our game."

And the captain placed his rough and callous hand over Juanito's mouth, saying:

"March, and quickly!"

Polonia, on seeing them galloping down the ravine, uttered a groan and fell backwards in a swoon.

Then the dry reeds on the left were agitated, and Fortuna's head appeared.

He had taken refuge there on seeing the men with the guns.

This instinct had counseled him that retreat, because his enemies were numerous and too well armed to overcome them.

Fortuna remained a moment undecided and mov-

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ing his head about cautiously as if he feared some ambush worthy of the perversity of men.

At last he came out, crawling along the ground, and went up to the fainting Polonia and licked her hands and face.

Then he raised his head and again moved the black membrane of his nose, with that nervous rapidity of the dog that scents a warm trail.

Suddenly he gave a low and hoarse growl, and putting his nose down to the ground, he darted to the road, through the ravine, following the tracks of the abductors.

IV

The Storm

When Polonia recovered consciousness, it was night: she wanted to scream, but the gag smothered her voice in her throat, and her heart was beating violently.

She rose with great difficulty: she felt pains all over her body. She began to climb the slope of the ravine, but only with great effort and fatigue.

Once in the road, she began to run toward the town.

The unfortunate woman was stifled.

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The sky had become overcast, the wind produced in the leaves of the trees that sound which imitates the eternal movement of the waves of the sea as they break on the rocks of the coast.

This sudden change of the weather, so frequent in the month of August, was not perceived by Polonia, who was running and running, breathing with difficulty.

When now she was near the town, and with the anxiety of one who fears that her life and strength will not hold out until he arrives at the point desired, she saw some people coming toward her.

It was Don Salvador, the mayor and the secretary, who surprised at Juanito's late return, were going to look for him.

On seeing Polonia gagged and with her hands tied behind her back, Don Salvador gave a cry of terror, And she fainted again.

The mayor and the secretary took the gag out of Polonia's mouth and untied her hands. The wretched woman fell on her knees at the feet of her good master, and the only words she could utter were:

"They have stolen Juanito, they have stolen him!"

And she fainted again.

Don Salvador was terror stricken; he felt the marble-like coldness that precedes death penetrate

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his whole body; his legs grew weak; and he grasped the mayor with his hands so as not to fall.

Fortunately the two policemen, who were leaving the town for their night service on the road, arrived in time and were able to take Don Salvador and Polonia to his house.

Reanimated a little by the aid which they rendered her, the nurse narrated in detail all that had occurred to them from the time they had heard the sad laments of the infamous beggar up to the moment she lost consciousness.

“Oh, if you had heeded the growls of Fortuna who announced the danger!” exclaimed the old man beating his brow. “Oh, my valiant, my loyal dog! But where is he? I do not see him.”

“They must have killed him, for I didn’t see him either after those men came out of the reeds.”

“But give me that letter, Polonia; all is not lost—it will be a question of two, of three, or of four thousand dollars, of all that I possess if they take it into their heads to demand it. Is it not so, policemen? Is it not so, Mr. Mayor? The kidnapers are scoundrels, are criminals; but they do not generally kill those they abduct, and much less a boy so beautiful, so good as my Juanito. Who has a heart so hard as to harm a child! No one; they will return him,

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yes; they will return him, and I in exchange will give them all they ask."

Don Salvador was choking; he had to sit down and ask for a glass of water.

The poor old man desired to calm himself.

"My dear, dear son, the son of my heart, how those wretches must have frightened you . . . Oh, if only nothing happens to him!"

And Don Salvador took off his necktie and unbuttoned his vest: he could not breathe.

Meanwhile Polonia was searching in vain for the letter which the kidnaper had thrust so brutally into her bosom.

"But you do not give me that letter!" exclaimed the old man.

"But I can't find it, señor."

"You can't find it!" cried the grandfather, pale as a corpse and starting up from his chair as if impelled by a force stronger than his will.

"No, no, I can't find it," exclaimed Polonia in despair. "One of them put it in my bosom while the other was tying my hands and putting the gag in my mouth; but as I then fell in a faint in the ravine——"

"Then it must have fallen into the ravine and we must go and look for it."

And Don Salvador started toward the door.

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The mayor restrained him, saying:

“We can look for the letter; Polonia will go with us. The weather has changed and a storm is threatening. Atanasio, take the lantern, and you Cachucha, the stable lantern: let’s hurry.”

Don Salvador wanted to accompany them, but the doctor and the priest, who had also arrived, on hearing of Juanito’s misfortune, opposed it firmly.

“Oh, my God, my God!” exclaimed the old man in despair, “if they do not find that letter, my poor Juanito is lost, because they will kill him when they see that we do not give them the money they ask.”

They went out to hunt for the letter—Polonia, the two policemen, the mayor, the secretary, Cachucha and the gardener.

The doctor and some residents of the town stayed with Don Salvador.

When the members of the searching party came out into the street, a vivid flash of lightning followed by a terrible clap of thunder dazzled them.

The rain was falling with that violence peculiar to summer storms. Nobody paid any attention to it. They made their way in silence along the road preoccupied by that sad event which afflicted the whole town.

When they arrived at the bridge, Cachucha, who

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was walking ahead, stopped, examined the ground, and said:

“Vain effort; the ravine is full of water; it is impossible to go down.”

All looked over as if to convince themselves of the truth of the chief's words.

The flood was immense; the turbid and roaring waters were rushing violently over the stony bed of the ravine, roaring dull and threatening.

“What a pity!” added a policeman, “we have not only lost the letter but also the tracks of the kidnapers which might have guided us.”

“And what shall we do now?” asked Cachucha.

“We can do nothing except to go back to town,” replied the mayor.

And without saying any more they returned sad, silent, covered with mud, and drenched to the bones.

Hope is so beautiful, it perfumes the human heart with such intoxicating perfumes that the law should punish as a criminal anyone who kills a hope.

Poor Don Salvador was stunned on hearing about the flood in the ravine, because that letter was a hope that reanimated his perturbed spirit and which the muddy waters of a storm had snatched away from him.

He fell upon his knees, clasped his hands and

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raised his eyes filled with tears to heaven, murmuring in a trembling voice:

“Lord, my God—Merciful Father, without whose will not a leaf of the trees moves, not an atom of dust on the ground—watch over my son, watch over Juanito and do not forsake this miserable old man!”

A profound silence pervaded the room, all were praying in a low voice, all were imploring God for the abducted boy, who was the guardian angel of the town, and for the poor old grandfather who was the the father of the poor.

V

What Thou Sowest, That Shalt Thou Also Reap

Two days passed. The poor grandfather was inconsolable—forty-eight hours without eating, without sleeping, without seeing his grandson, the half of his soul, without caressing on his breast the beautiful head of that young scion, life of his life, blood of his blood!

The mayor and policeman had reported officially to the neighboring towns what had occurred; but nobody had any news of Juanito.

The Dog's Creed

That silence was frightful to the old man.

“Oh, they certainly set a time, in the letter, within which I must give them the money—My God, what will become of Juanito when this time has expired?”

In the town they talked of nothing else but the kidnaping of Juanito. All would have given half of their blood to find him.

By dint of entreaties the priest and the doctor succeeded in persuading Don Salvador to take some nourishment.

The third day came; the anxieties of death increased; that comfortless silence froze one's blood.

The poor grandfather, pale as death, with his eyes closed, was lying on the sofa, and if it had not been for the nervous twitchings which shook his body, one would have taken him for a corpse.

It was commencing to get dark; the dim light of twilight came in through a window illuminating the room with a vague clearness.

The door opened slowly. The head of a dog appeared. It was Fortuna, covered with mud, his flanks drawn in so that the ribs were clearly marked on his hide.

He approached the sofa, and stood looking fixedly at the old man. That contemplation lasted some seconds, then he began to lick Don Salvador's hands.

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The warm contact of that grateful tongue awakened the sleeper. On seeing Fortuna he uttered a cry it would be impossible to define, because the presence of that loyal dog whom he believed dead caused at the same time an immense joy and a profound grief.

“Oh, it is you, Fortuna!” he exclaimed, sitting up on the sofa. “Where is Juanito? Where is the son of my soul?”

The dog barked three times as he moved toward the door, where he stopped to look at his master.

“Yes, yes, I understand you perfectly; you have come to say to me: follow me and I will take you where Juanito is.”

The dog barked louder.

“Oh! what difference does it make that nature has not granted you the gift of speech; I understand you perfectly; blessed be the moment that you took refuge in my house!”

And he himself, who seemed gradually to be recovering his lost strength, began to shout:

“Polonia, Atanasio, Macario, everybody come here! Have them saddle my dappled nag, call the police, the mayor, the chief, everybody who wishes to follow me to rescue Juanito!”

Don Salvador meanwhile had taken down a light

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double-barreled gun from the rack and had buckled on a belt full of cartridges.

Some servants ran in quickly thinking that their master's grief had made him go crazy.

On seeing him with the gun Polonia said in alarm:

"But where are you going, señor?"

"Where Juanito is—Look! here is the loyal friend that is going to guide me to his side."

"Fortuna!" exclaimed Polonia, who up to that time had not seen the dog.

"*He* knows, *he* knows where my grandson is; let us follow him; but we must act systematically. You, Atanasio, call the police, the mayor, and the chief; you, Polonia, put four bottles of sherry and some eatables in the saddlebags; you, Macario, saddle my nag, but quickly, very quickly, since I am dying of impatience."

Half an hour later everything was ready and the searching party assembled at Don Salvador's house.

The dog had not stopped barking, making repeated trips to the door and showing his impatience.

"Forward! Fortuna, forward!" cried the old man in a firm voice. "Guide me to the place where Juanito is and may God aid me!"

The dog began to leap for joy, ran out into the street and started to the right.

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All followed him. Fortuna was ahead, then two policemen on foot, Don Salvador, the mayor, the physician with his medicine chest and the chief on horseback, and last four servants of the house.

All went armed with guns and resolved to save Juanito. They had a blind faith in the demonstrations of the dog. Nobody doubted that that noble and intelligent animal would conduct them to the place where the child was sequestered.

The night was clear, calm. The moon, in the last period of its waxing quarter, illuminated the earth with a soft light.

The dog, who always kept ahead, turning round from time to time to see if they were following, arrived at a bridge, and instead of going down into the ravine, turned to the left, walking along the edge for about five hundred yards. There he descended by a path, crossed the ravine and took a path that led to the mountain.

All followed in the greatest silence.

After two hours of climbing that goat path, the party arrived at the summit.

"Policemen, are you tired?" asked Don Salvador.

"Go on, go on; it is our duty;" one of them replied. "As long as that dog does not hesitate, we will follow him."

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They were on a table-land covered with thick chaparral brush and oaks with dense foliage. The moon illuminated all; the thicket was interminable; in the distance seemed to be large groups of trees at the bottom of a valley surrounded by two very high mountains.

The dog continued to descend on the shady side for half an hour, then turned to the right, always walking half-sideways.

The party began to grow impatient: they had been journeying four hours uninterruptedly over a hard and fatiguing road.

At last they arrived at the valley: the brambles, the clumps of rockroses and the dwarf evergreen oaks extended to the bank of a river. Large groups of ash trees, black poplar and cottonwood formed here and there dense woods. The rays of the moon broke among the leaves like a shower of silver.

The dog entered resolutely one of these thickets in which were large and dense clusters of blackberry bushes.

Suddenly Fortuna stopped. The members of the searching party saw, a few yards distant, a house of poor appearance. The dark brown walls, peeled of their bark, indicated the abandonment of its owners.

The house consisted of only one story.

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The dog, with great caution, and dragging himself along the ground, reached the door, smelled it and then, turning to those who were following him, gave forth one of those moans so peculiar to animals of his breed to indicate the proximity of his master.

All heard this moan and the snorts that Fortuna gave as he tried to put his nose between the threshold and the door.

To no one remained the slightest doubt that Juanito was in that house, or at least had been.

One of the policeman said in a very low tone:

“This house is that of the warden of the *umbria* we have just passed through. He is a man with a bad record; he has been in prison, and the police have marked him on their book. Everybody dismount and stand ready; my companion and I will go in first. You, Cachucha, stand sentinel on the side next to the river, and if you see anybody trying to escape by jumping over the yard wall, fire at him. You, Atanasio, have your lantern ready in case we need it.”

The orders of the policeman were obeyed.

Don Salvador felt that his heart was beating with extreme violence.

The policeman knocked violently on the door with the butt of his carbine.

Some seconds passed and nobody answered. In-

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side reigned a sepulchral silence. Fortuna continued to sniff persistently at all the crevices of the door.

"Cascabel (this was the nickname of the warden), open to the police or we shall smash it in."

"I am coming, I am coming; a little patience! I am dressing," answered a feminine voice.

Two minutes elapsed. Inside was heard a noise as if someone was dragging a heavy piece of furniture from one place to another. Then the door opened and a woman appeared with a candle in her hand.

She was about forty years of age, tall, thin, lemon-colored, with red and disheveled hair. Everything in that woman indicated the lack of tidiness; at first sight she was really repulsive.

On seeing so many people, she retreated two steps frowning and said:

"What does this mean?"

"It means that we have come to pay you and your husband a visit," replied the policeman. "Where's Cascabel?"

"Going up and down the banks of the river, for there are many evil-doers. But what did you want?"

"You know what we want," added the policeman.

"I!—Why, even if I had the gift of divination—," exclaimed the warden's wife making a face.

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"Come, fewer words, and tell us where you have the boy."

"I've never had children."

"Since you will not talk voluntarily, all the worse for you; you'll be compelled to talk."

The policeman made a sign to his companions and each taking hold of one of the woman's arms and joining the thumbs behind her back, they put on her the screw and the little iron chain.

She uttered a cry of pain and, showing her teeth, said:

"Heroic deed! How courageous!"

All were listening to the dialogue with great interest when suddenly Fortuna began to bark loudly.

At the end of the room was an enormous rickety old chest. The dog was scratching furiously near this chest.

"My son is there!" cried Don Salvador.

They opened the chest; there was nothing in it. The dog continued barking and scratching. The warden's wife looked at Fortuna with dark and suspicious eyes.

Atanasio and Macario moved the chest, and beneath it appeared a wooden trapdoor with a large iron ring.

The grandfather uttered a joyous cry, and rushed

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to the trapdoor. One of the policemen held him back, and grasping him by the arm said:

"One thing at a time, Don Salvador; it will be all right; but we had better take some precautions. This woman will go down ahead of us. Atanasio, take the lantern and open the door."

The gardener raised it. The descent into the cellar was very steep and slippery. Fortuna rushed into that dark opening, barking furiously.

The policemen pushed the warden's wife ahead of them.

Don Salvador smothered the groans in his breast and pressed his heart with his hands.

Atanasio lighted them with his lantern, the other man with the candle. The dog had gone on into the cave and was heard barking somewhere in the distance.

All followed those barks, walking over a wet and slippery ground, the narrow walls of which were dripping with water.

Soon a weak voice was heard:

"Oh, Fortuna. Is it you, Fortuna? How glad I am that you have come to see me!"

"It is my Juan's voice," cried Don Salvador.

"Here, here, dear, dear grandpapa," the child answered.

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Don Salvador, who was walking behind, swept all aside and pushed forward shouting:

“Light! Atanasio, light!”

Then the clear reflection of the lantern illuminated an interesting picture: on a sedge bed was Juanito, his clothes in rags, with his arms around Fortuna who was licking his face moaning pitifully.

The grandfather also fell upon that bed and embraced his grandson, weeping, and then divided equally his caresses between the dog and the boy.

All were crying, all, except the warden’s wife, that wild beast who gazed with dry eyes and fierce expression at the pathetic group before her which was going to open to her, to her husband and to his accomplices the doors of a prison.

* * * * *

The joy in the town was immense, because all adored Don Salvador and his grandson, as beings privileged by nature.

From that day on Fortuna was looked upon with veneration.

Don Salvador ordered a good portrait in oil to be made of the dog Fortuna, and he placed it in the most prominent place in the house.

Beneath this portrait was this inscription:

“The original of this dog was named Fortuna and

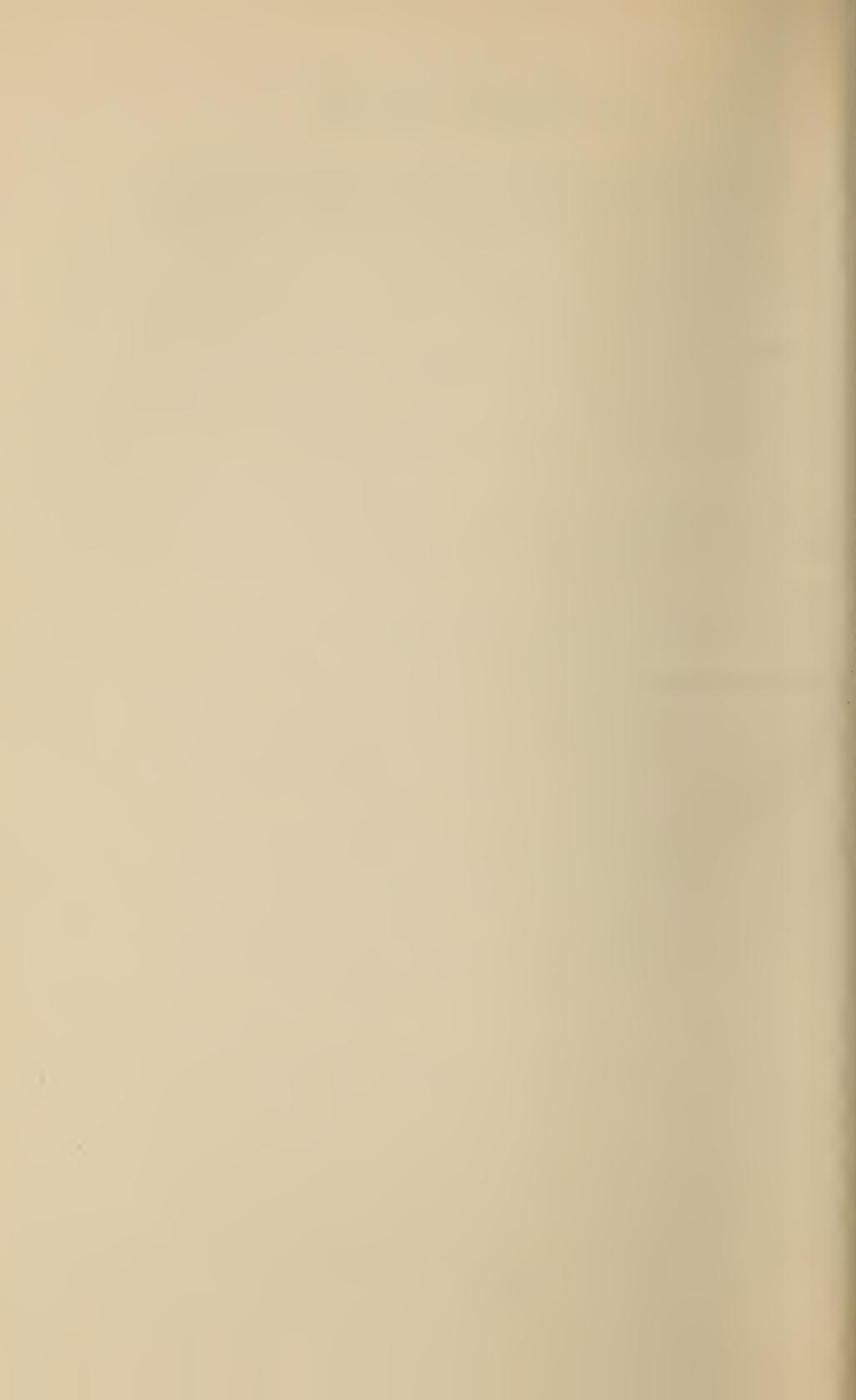
The Dog's Creed

he proved to the men who had the good fortune to know him that in this world that which thou sowest shalt thou also reap."

We forgot to say that Juanito, his grandfather and the dog Fortuna are still living and will live forever, as long as in the sanctuary of the human heart reside these two virtues: charity and gratitude.

Fortuna deserves a place beside Lady Nevill's dogs, whose epitaph was written by Lord Sherbrooke.

*Unstained by meanness, avarice, and pride,
They never flattered, and they never lied;
No gluttonous excess their slumber broke,
No burning alcohol, no stifling smoke,
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace,
They ran, but never betted on a race;
Content with harmless sports and moderate food,
Boundless in love, and faith, and gratitude.
Happy the man, if there be any such,
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.*



Chapter XII

THE HOMING INSTINCT IN DOGS

*With eye upraised his master's look doth scan,
The joy, the comfort, and the aid of men,
The rich man's Guardian, and the poor man's Friend,
The only creature faithful to the end!*



PROBABLY the homing instinct is strongest in the pigeon, but after the pigeon, in that respect, is the dog. There is no four-footed animal that can find his way back where he came from quicker than the dog, or with

more persistence.

Everybody in Milan knows the story of Moffino. He followed his master on the fatal expedition to Russia under Napoleon. On crossing the Beresina, dog and master were separated by ice floes. The man returned to his native town in sunny Italy. A year passed. One day a phantom of an animal appeared; it was something hideous. The man chased

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him away. But the dog would not leave. Finally, he recognized the ugly thing by peculiar marks. He called it by name: "Moffino." The dog uttered a joyous cry and fell back exhausted by fatigue and emotion. The dog had traversed more than half of Europe, guided solely by his marvelous instinct, to find that which he loved most in the world—his master.

A dog in India is reported to have found his way over plains, fords, rivers and mountains, after a month's absence, back to his master after journeying three hundred miles.

*As mortals go, how few possess
Of courage, trust, and faithfulness
Enough from which to undertake,
Without some borrowed traits, to make
A decent dog?*

The dogs of Bandjarra are not noted for external beauty, but it would be hard to find any in the world endowed with greater courage, instinct, and devoted attachment to their masters.

A man by the name of Dabi had found it necessary one day to borrow a thousand rupees to go on a journey of speculation. All to whom he addressed himself refused to lend.

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Now Dabi had a dog named Bheirou whom he cherished more than all else. Finally, after long hesitation, he bethought himself of offering his dog as security for a loan. At first his solicitations were fruitless; but at last he found a rich merchant who accepted his offer.

Dabi promised to be back in a year. He said good-by to Bheirou, enjoining him by gestures to remain faithful to his new master.

More than a year passed. Dabi did not return. The merchant began to think that he had been duped, and cursed himself for his credulity.

At that time there were many robbers in the country of Bandjarra. One night the loud barking of Bheirou reëchoed through the house of his new master, who was awakened thereby and discovered that a band of armed thieves were trying to force an entrance into his house. Before Dhyaram has the time or presence of mind to prepare to repel the robbers, Bheirou is already grappling with two: he barks, overturns them, tears their clothes and lacerates their flesh. A third advances and is about to strike Dhyaram, when the dog seizes him by the throat, whereupon his master slays the robber.

The fate of the three thieves discouraged their companions and they took to flight. Dhyaram,

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saved by the courage even more than by the vigilance of Bheirou, desired to show him his gratitude by all sorts of caresses and, considering his debt paid with usury, endeavored to make the noble animal understand that he was no longer a hostage and that he was permitted, if he wished, to rejoin his real master. Bheirou shook his head sadly to signify that the simple words of Dhyaram would not serve as an excuse with Dabi. But at last he succeeded in convincing the dog and, with touching caresses of farewell, Bheirou started up the road by which Dabi was to arrive.

Dabi, who had been detained by business, hastened to get together the money necessary to pay his debt, at a place some leagues distant from the home of his creditor.

. Suddenly he perceives Bheirou, alone, running to meet him. He turns pale, for he believes that the dog has stolen away and thus compromised him. Seized with uncontrollable anger and insensible to the caresses of the dog, he smites him with his saber and kills him.

But grief and repentance follow hard upon his anger, for on the neck of his faithful Bheirou he discovers the receipt for the thousand rupees, which the merchant had tied there, and a letter in which was

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written an account of the courage and devotion of his faithful servant.

Dabi, inconsolable, devoted the thousand rupees, as partial requital for his error, to the construction of a beautiful monument on the very spot where that bloody scene was enacted. The people of the neighborhood to-day still show that monument to travelers; and they say that the earth heaped up on the grave of Bheirou has the virtue of curing bites from mad dogs.

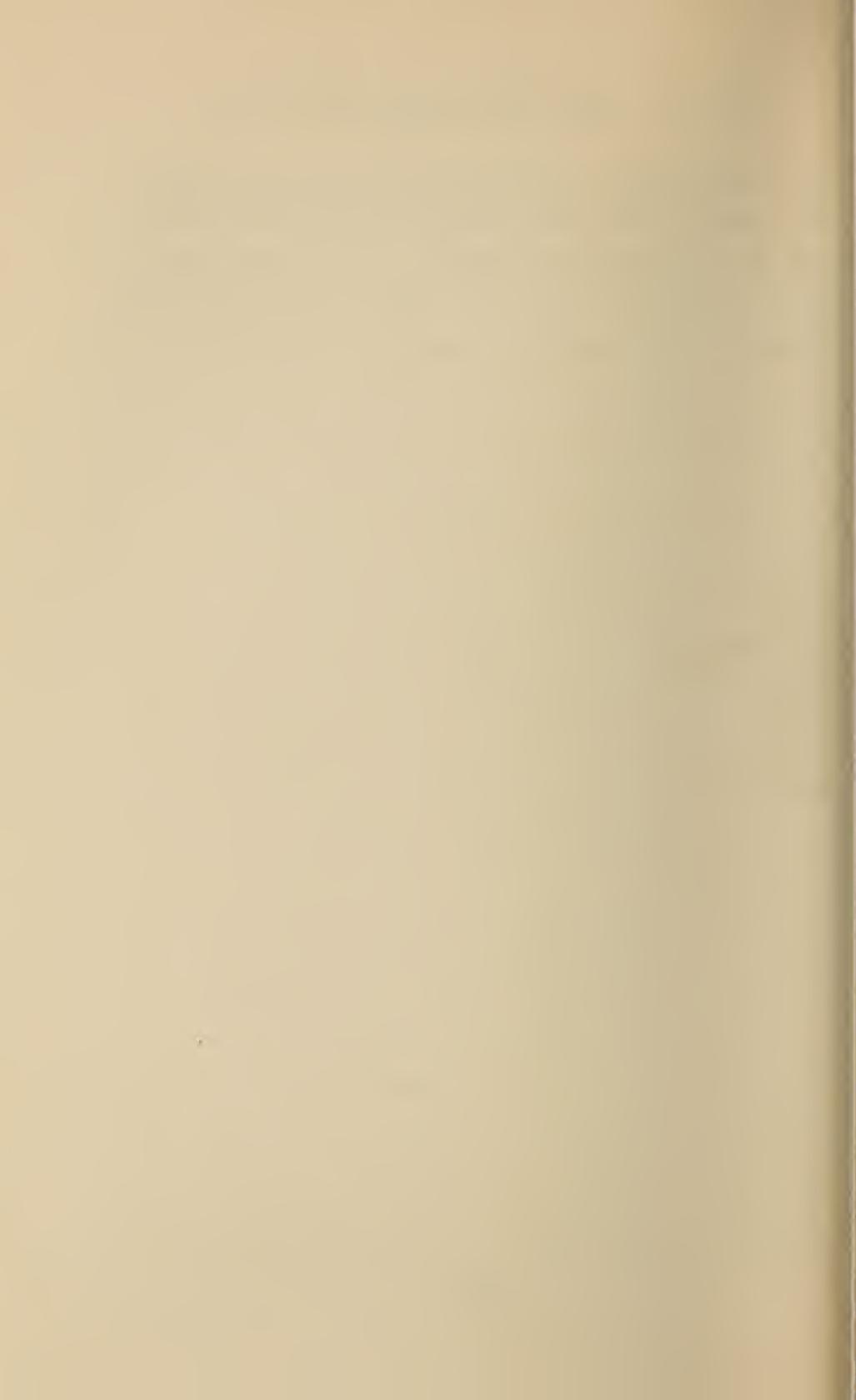
But Bobbie, of the United States of America, holds the distance record for homing dogs, for he performed a more marvelous feat than either the Italian or the East Indian dog. He did not travel so far as Igloo, who had Commander Byrd and the good ship *Chantier* to guide him from Spitzbergen to New York; nor did he make such a glorious flight as little Titania, who accompanied her master, Commander Nobile, over the top of the world; but, like Moffino, he was bent on getting back home, and he got there. Starting from Northeastern Indiana, where he had parted from his master, over the Oregon Trail, like Lewis and Clarke before him, with less to guide him than they (except his marvelous homing instinct) he made his way to Silverton, Oregon—alone. Six months had elapsed from the

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time he began his journey until he reappeared in his old home (February 15, 1924); and he had covered three thousand miles. The president of the State Humane Society verified the facts; and then letters began pouring in from persons who had seen him along the route. Many had taken the poor tired and hungry animal in, fed him, admired him, taken a fancy to him, and hoped he would abide with them, for he possessed a remarkable personality. But no! It was Pike's Peak or bust for Bobbie. He wanted to get back home to his master. So he limped to the door, put his inquisitive nose to the crack, and the good people did not have the heart to detain him. When they opened the door, it was Westward Ho! again for Bobbie—instantaneously—and soon nothing could be seen but a blurred black dot of a dog on the western horizon. He had no landmarks to guide him, not even such as migrating birds fly by, much less those that men with their superior reason and knowledge have used in their countless treks over continents and their manifold voyages over the sounding main. Bobbie made his three thousand miles through an undiscovered country (for him) "on his own." And now he is home again, and happy, with fifteen sons and daughters, the recipient of a gold collar, medals and gifts galore from nu-

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merous individuals and countries—so many, indeed, that even Bobby Jones would turn green with envy, did he see them; and Bobbie receives more mail—from everywhere—then even Rolf, or Lola, the real Wonder Dogs, could ever read.



Chapter XIII

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE DOG

*Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts and Dogs have sense.*



HE dog has an intelligence second only to that of the elephant. Says George Sand: "Some people think that dogs know people only by the sense of smell. It does play a prominent part in his perspicacity;

but his sight, his faculty of observation, his memory and his feeling serve him as well as his nostrils. The horse, the ox, and the dog weep. They have tears of despair like the stag at bay; but they have also the tears of sorrow and of tenderness. The word *instinct*, which means absolutely nothing, has always aroused my indignation. If the animal is not perfectible as we are, it is because he has no need to be so. To satisfy his passions, his affections and his needs, he knows all that we know, and more, too; for

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a mysterious sense reveals to him things of which we are ignorant. We must not say that they have instinct and lack intelligence, memory, observation and powers of reasoning; for they possess all that and instinct besides."

Feminine writers have, as a rule, neglected dogs; they naturally (at least in the past) do not know so much about them as men; and the brilliant French writer just quoted has allowed herself to be carried away by her enthusiasm. A dog's sight hardly plays so important a part in canine life as do his scent and his hearing; for it is inferior to ours. Nevertheless, it is very sharp, especially at close range. This is demonstrated in the tests made on the wonder dog of Mannheim (whose story has already been told). But a dog's sense of smell, and his skin sensitiveness, are remarkable. Thought has little influence on a dog's *behavior*. His actions are due to the excitement of other senses: scent, taste, hearing. There are many fundamental impulses, common to man and beast, but we cannot measure them according to human standards when the psychology of a dog is in question. Animals (especially the dog) have even a sense of honor; and the ability definitely to connect one idea with another is clearly apparent in the canine mind.

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*Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced,
Plumb on the prize. "How well he dives!"*

*Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right!*

*Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!*

*John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchase—that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul we'll see.*

ROBERT BROWNING

Speech is the prerogative of man. Earth could not take heaven upon her until thought was made transferable by the lips of man. Dogs have not that faculty; but if dogs cannot talk, the words which we utter do not always strike their ears in vain. The

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dog is not a machine. But he is not a sort of man in miniature either, a being only less advanced in his evolutionary stages, and differing psychologically only by a degree less intellectual. He cannot lift himself to the abstract, to that which properly constitutes intelligence. If man talks, and other animals do not, it is not because his vocal organs permit him to do so, but because he has ideas. But dogs, by reason of their long and continuous association with their more intelligent masters, have always been more intelligent themselves, more civilized, among enlightened peoples than among those who are still plunged in the darkness of barbarism. Their rare and most estimable qualities do not arrive at a state of complete development except in the surroundings of civilized life.

But the dog's very muteness is a boon; it is this that makes him so valuable; with him we are at peace, in an environment where words play no tricks. Words are useless when he looks out through the windows of his adoring soul and feels and knows, without speech, that you are thinking of him, and with his eyes he seems to say "You know best, and I must not criticize even when you do not comprehend."

In Siberia they send a dog over a frozen river first

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to see whether it can be crossed. If he lowers his head and puts his ear to the ice, they do not venture. The Greek Chrysippus noticed a dog one day at a crossroads. First he started down one road, but stopped, smelled, then retraced his steps, whereupon he tried the second, but returned to the starting point. Then he darted down the third road without hesitation, head high, certain that he was on the trail of his master. He did not even stop to sniff at the third. This certainly indicates a sort of reasoning power.

Dogs of the blind realize all the responsibility that rests upon them. I have seen a dog, says Montaigne, leave a smooth and even path which ran along a ditch and take a worse one to get his blind master away from danger. Plutarch reports the case of a dog he saw that wanted to drink some oil at the bottom of a flask, which was too narrow for him to insert his muzzle. What did he do to solve the problem? Went and fetched some pebbles with which he filled the flask until the oil was high enough in the vessel for him to lap it up. Rousseau possessed a dog named Duke, "a title," declared the owner, "he deserved better than most men who have taken it." Duke never lost sight of his master, following him from a distance. Rousseau was very

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absent-minded. One day he was overtaken by a storm and went to the Château, leaving behind him a book he had been reading. Duke appeared an hour later with the book between his teeth.

Baron Kollikoffer was sent in 1582 to represent Switzerland at the court of Henry III, and as he left home he bade the servants keep his greyhound, Cæsar, locked up for a few days. The dog moaned continuously and refused to touch food. When he saw his prison opened, he became joyous; but he did not dart off at once; first he ate; then he walked out slowly. When he was out of sight of the house, he darted down the highway and did not come back. The servants thought he was lost. When his master was in the midst of an audience with the king, in burst Cæsar, jumped on his neck and covered him with caresses. He was broken by fatigue and covered with blood: he had traveled three hundred miles in twenty-four hours!

The dog is an excellent physiognomist. He reads the eye. He never addresses himself to a pitiless stranger. If he is leading a blind man, he never stops except before the compassionate, who bear the stamp of pity on their faces; then he gives a long look, soft and expressive, and of great perseverance.

The great Italian writer, Edmondo de Amicis, who

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knew dog nature so well, says that the dog's mind is a mystery to him; he knows not whether dogs reason, or not; but certainly their minds do not act in the same way as man's. I myself have endeavored to reason with many men—and some women. But they remained unconvinced. A dog is convinced—before he is born.

*And all his personality, from ears
To tip of tail, is interrogative . . .
The unweariable curiosity
And universal open-mindedness
Of that all-testing, all-inquisitive nose.*

WILLIAM WATSON.

The following story, "Blacky," is an excellent and famous piece of work telling graphically of the remarkable intelligence of the dog.

BLACKY

"Don't be afraid, Monsieur, you'll not miss the train. I have been taking travelers to the station for fifteen years now and they have never missed the train. Never."

"But——"

"Oh, don't look at your watch. There's one thing

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you don't know, and you should know it, something your watch will not tell you, and that is, the train is always a quarter of an hour late. It was never on time but once. That day I missed it. My coachman was furious. 'You ought to let people know,' he cried, 'you ought to let people know, if your trains start on time, all at once.' It is unheard of! Did you ever see it happen before (turning to the bystanders)? I don't want to appear to Monsieur to be a liar. A train on time! A train on time! Tell him, won't you, that this is the first time it ever happened."

Unanimously they cried: "Oh yes, yes indeed, it is usually late."

All the same I had three long hours to spend in that melancholy village of the canton of Vaud, at the foot of two melancholy mountains which had two little tufts of snow on their heads.

How kill time these three hours? In my turn, I called upon the crowd of bystanders. And there was another unanimous cry:

"Go to see the Cauldron! It's the only thing to see around here."

And where was the Cauldron?

On the mountain to the right, half way up; but it was pretty hard to find; they advised me to take a

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guide, and over there, in that little white house with green shutters, I ought to find the best guide in the country, a fine man, Father Simon.

I went and knocked at the door of the little house. An old woman opened the door.

“Father Simon?”

“He lives here. But do you want to go to the Cauldron?”

“Yes, to the Cauldron.”

“Well, he hasn’t been well all day. He can’t stand on his legs. He can’t go out. But, don’t be uneasy; there is somebody here to take his place, and that is Blacky.”

“All right for Blacky.”

“Only I must tell you, he isn’t a person.”

“Not a person?”

“No, he is our dog.”

“What! your dog?”

“Yes, Blacky. And he’ll guide you very well, as well as my husband; he is used to it.”

“Used to it?”

“Certainly. Father Simon has been taking him with him for years and years. So he has learned to know the places and now he does it all very well alone. He has often guided travelers and we have always been complimented on him. As far as in-

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telligence is concerned, he has as much as you and me. All he lacks is speech. But that isn't necessary. If he had to show a monument, why, of course, the guide would have to talk, to tell about it and cite historical dates. But around here there is nothing but the beauties of nature. Take Blacky. And then, it won't cost you so much. My husband, sixty centimes; Blacky thirty; and he will show you as much for thirty as my husband for sixty."

"Well, where is Blacky?"

"He is resting in the sun, in the garden. He took some Englishmen this morning to the Cauldron. Shall I call him?"

"Yes, call him."

"Blacky! Blacky!"

He came in one leap through the window. He was rather an ugly little black dog with long curly and mussed up hair; but he had, for all that, in his whole person, a certain grave air, an air of decision, of importance. His first look was at me; a look clear, precise, self-reliant, which scrutinized me from head to foot. A look that said clearly: "It's a traveler. He wants to see the Cauldron."

Missing one train was enough, for one day, and I didn't care to expose myself a second time to a similar misfortune. I explained to the good woman

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that I had only three hours for my walk to the Cauldron.

“Oh, I know, you want to take the four o’clock train. Don’t fear. Blacky will bring you back in time. Here, Blacky, start, my boy, be off.”

But Blacky did not seem at all disposed to be off. He remained there motionless, looking at his mistress with a certain agitation.

“Oh, how stupid I am,” said the old woman. “I forgot, I forgot the sugar.”

She went to get four pieces of sugar from the drawer and, handing them to me:

“That’s the reason he didn’t want to start. You hadn’t the four pieces of sugar. Come, be off, my boy! To the Cauldron! To the Cauldron! To the Cauldron!”

She repeated these words three times, speaking very slowly and very distinctly. Meanwhile I inspected Blacky closely. He responded to the words of his mistress with little nods of the head which became more accentuated and into which evidently entered, at last, a little impatience and bad humor. They might have been translated in this way: “Yes, yes, to the Cauldron; I understand. The gentleman has the pieces of sugar and we are going to the Cauldron. Of course. Do you take me for a fool?”

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And without letting her finish the last "To the Cauldron," Blacky, evidently hurt, turned on his heels, came directly up to me and with his eyes showing me to the door said to me as clearly as it is permitted a dog to say it:

"Let's go. Come on!"

I followed him in a docile manner. We started, he in front, I behind. In this way we passed through the whole village. The urchins who were playing in the street recognized my guide.

"Hello, Blacky! Good-day, Blacky!"

They wanted to play with the dog; but he turned his head disdainfully, with the air of a dog that hasn't time to play, of a dog that is doing his duty and earning thirty centimes. One of the children cried:

"Let him alone, won't you? He is taking m'sieu to the Cauldron. Good-day, Blacky."

I smiled—awkwardly, I am sure. I felt embarrassed, even a little humiliated. I was, in fact, dominated by that animal. He was, for the moment, my master. He knew where he was going, and I did not. I was in a hurry to get out of the village, and be alone with Blacky, before those beauties of nature which it was his mission to have me admire.

Those beauties of nature were, to begin with, a

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frightful dusty road, under a scorching sun. The dog walked briskly and I grew tired keeping up with him. I endeavored to make him slacken his speed:

“Blacky, say, Blacky, my boy, not so fast.”

Blacky turned a deaf ear and was at last seized with a veritable fit of anger when I wanted to sit down, at the corner of a field, under a tree which offered a slight shade. He barked furiously and shot at me irritated glances. Evidently, what I was doing was against the rules. People were not accustomed to stop there. And his barks were so sharp that I got up to start on my way again. Blacky grew calm at once and began to trot on again gayly in front of me. I had understood. He was glad.

A few minutes later we entered a delightful road, flowers on each side, all covered with shade, all perfumed, all full of freshness and of the murmur of brooks and springs. Blacky glided at once into the woods, started off on a gallop and disappeared in the little path. I followed him, panting a little. I had not taken a hundred steps when I found Blacky waiting for me, his head high and his eyes bright, in a sort of room of verdure enlivened by the song of a pretty cascade. I espied an old rustic bench and Blacky's eyes went impatiently from my eyes to that

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bench and from that bench to my eyes. I was beginning to understand Blacky's language.

"That's right," he was saying to me, "there's a place for you to rest. It's fine here, it's cool. You are stupid; you wanted to stop in the broiling sun. Sit down; you may sit; I permit you."

And I stopped; I sat down; I lit a cigar. I almost made a movement to offer Blacky one. Perhaps he smoked. But I thought that he would prefer a piece of sugar. He caught it on the fly very clearly, crunched it with his beautiful teeth, lay down and dozed at my feet. He was evidently accustomed to make a short stop at that place and take a little nap.

He slept hardly more than ten minutes. I was perfectly easy; Blacky was beginning to inspire in me an absolute confidence. I had resolved to follow him blindly. He rose, stretched, cast at me that little side glance which signified: "Let's start, my friend, let's start." And there we were again, like two old friends, walking through the woods at a slower gait. Blacky was enjoying the charm, the silence and the pleasantness of the place. On the highways, a little while before, being in a hurry to escape from that heat, that dust, he trotted with short hurried steps. He was walking to get there. And now, refreshed, limbered up, Blacky was walking for the pleasure of walking

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in one of the prettiest little paths in the canton of Vaud.

We came to a road that branched off to the left. A short hesitation on the part of Blacky. He reflected. Then he passed by and continued on his way, straight ahead, but not without some uneasiness and some uncertainty in his step. And now he stops. He must have made a mistake. Yes, for he retraces his steps and we take that road to the left which, all at once, at the end of about a hundred paces, leads us to a sort of an amphitheater; and Blacky, his nose in the air, invites me to contemplate the very respectable height of the inaccessible wall of rocks that forms this circus. When Blacky thinks that I have contemplated it long enough, he turns about, and we take our little path through the woods again. Blacky had forgotten to show me the amphitheater of the rocks, a little mistake which he had corrected very quickly.

The way soon becomes very mountainous; very rough and difficult. I advance now very slowly, with infinite precautions. Blacky leaps lightly from rock to rock, but he does not abandon me. He waits for me, giving me looks full of the most touching solicitude. At last I begin to hear something like a boiling. Blacky starts to yelping joyously.

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“Courage!” he is saying to me. “Courage! We’re almost there; you’re going to see the Cauldron.”

It is in fact the Cauldron. A stream rather modest, of a height equally modest, falls with leapings and splashings into a large rock slightly hollowed out. I should never console myself for having made that laborious ascent to see that mediocre marvel if I had not had as my traveling companion that excellent Blacky who is far more interesting and far more remarkable than the Cauldron.

On each side of the stream, in little Swiss chalets, are installed two dairy stands kept by two little Swiss maids, the one light, the other dark, both in natural costume, eagerly awaiting my arrival, on the threshold of their little houses.

It seems to me that the little blonde has very pretty eyes and I had already taken three or four steps in her direction when Blacky, breaking out into furious barks, resolutely bars my way. Can it be that he has a preference for the little brunette? I change my direction. Evidently I was right in my conjecture. Blacky is appeased as if by magic when he sees me seated at a table before the house of his young protégée. I ask for a cup of milk. Blacky’s friend goes back into her little chalet and Blacky slips in after her into the house. Through a little half-open win-

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now I follow Blacky with my eyes. The wretch! They serve him before me. He has his big bowl of fresh milk first. He is bribed!

After which, with white drops suspended from his mustaches, Blacky comes to keep me company and look at me drink my milk. I give him a piece of sugar and both of us, absolutely satisfied with each other, inhaling the keen and rare air of the mountain, spend, at an altitude of a thousand or twelve hundred feet, a delightful half-hour.

Blacky begins to give some signs of impatience and agitation. I read now in his eyes as in an open book. We must start on our way back. I pay my bill, rise and, while I am walking to the right toward the road which led us up the mountain, I see Blacky go and plant himself on the left at the entrance of another road.

He gives me a look, serious, severe. How much progress I have made in two hours and how familiar the silent eloquence of Blacky has become!

"What do you take me for?" Blacky says to me. "Do you think I am going to have you go back the same way? Not on your life! I am a good guide. I know my business. We are going to go back to the village by another path."

And we return that other way which is much

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prettier than the first. Blacky turns around to me often with a little air of joy and triumph. We pass through the village and, in front of the station, Blacky is assailed by three or four of his friends (dogs) who seem to be very much inclined to chat a little with their comrade. They try to stop him, but the good Blacky, snarling, snarling, rejects vigorously all their advances.

“You can see very well that I have something to do. I am taking this gentleman to the station.”

It was not till we entered the waiting room that Blacky consented to leave me, after having crunched heartily the last two pieces of sugar, and this is the way I translated the look of adieu that my guide cast at me as he left for the house of his mistress:

“We are twenty minutes ahead of time. I wouldn’t let you miss the train! No indeed! Pleasant journey! Pleasant journey!”

There are many authentic cases of dogs detecting and bringing to justice the murderers of their masters, but one of the most remarkable is that of the following story.

THE DOG OF COGNIOU

The dog of Cogniou belongs to the judicial annals of Southern France (1718). A paper merchant of

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Marseilles went to Toulon for goods. He reached his destination, and after transacting his business, started for home. His wife and son waited for him in vain for four days. On the fifth day the dog arrived. He was in a pitiful condition. His wailings and his slightest movements indicated a profound grief. He licked the hands of his mistress, crouched at her feet and moaned. "Mother," said the son, "if you wish, I'll go and search for father." "Go, my child, go. Take Bristol with you. He will surely lead you to your father, alive or dead."

Bristol heard. He got up and went slowly to the door. The son returned the next day. "You come alone," said the mother, "I understand; I am a widow," and she fell on her knees and sobbed. Mother and son wept together, while the dog licked their hands. "My father was murdered in the woods of Cogniou," said the son, and his mother fainted. The dog began to bark.

For a month they endeavored to discover the murderer, but all in vain. Six months passed. New crimes engaged the attention of the police.

One evening Bristol, who had lost all merriment and sportiveness, followed his master to town. They entered a restaurant, and the young man sat down at a table with some friends, while Bristol walked

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around the room. Suddenly he began to give low growls, and then, quick as a flash, he leaped with rage and blind fury upon a tall lean man who was playing a game of chess. The man, scared to death, called for help. All in the room jumped up quickly and ran to his rescue. They tried to keep the dog off; they clubbed him over the head and back with their canes, but all in vain. Bristol rushed at his enemy with redoubled fury, but did not attack those who were beating him. He leaped upon this one man several times, bit him and tore him with his sharp teeth.

“Why, this is an outrage!” cried the crowd, “call your dog off; take him away.”

At last the young man, with great difficulty, succeeded in making Bristol let go, and he and the dog left the restaurant abruptly, since this was the only means of calming the dog. But they had not gone a hundred paces when Bristol left his master, ran back to the restaurant and leaped upon the man again. Once more his master was obliged to use force to separate the dog from his victim. Now, a commercial man, who had previously been associated with the merchant who had been murdered, happened to be present. Pale and trembling with emotion, he approached the son and asked him in a low tone: “When

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your father went to Toulon, was the dog with him?" "Yes." All this time Bristol was making violent efforts to escape from his master who was holding him by a rope.

"Stay here," said he; "while they are talking of this occurrence, I'll run for the police."

In a quarter of an hour he was back. The police had surrounded the house.

The suspected man was arrested and taken to prison. They found on his person a watch and several gems that belonged to the dead merchant. At first the prisoner denied everything energetically; but he confessed his crime as he was mounting the scaffold.

And here is another short story of the intelligence of a dog:

THE DOG-COACHMAN

The Marquis de Ségonsac had a very skillful coachman who was a heavy drinker but was clever enough to conceal it; the Marquis himself did not know that his driver was drunk; but the coachman could not articulate a word, and he drove at full speed without being able to say "look out" to the pedestrians who were in danger of their lives. At his feet, however, was a large wolf-hound who was well aware of

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the condition of his master. So, judging that the coachman had not enough reason left in him to avoid danger, the sagacious animal took it upon himself to warn the pedestrians. As far as he could see a man with a load, or a child, in the way of the fiery horses which were going like the wind, he would bark with all his might, and his salutary cries more than once saved legs and arms which, if it had not been for her prevision, would have been broken under the wheels of the coach. That sagacious dog never barked when his master was not under the influence of liquor. His barks alarmed the Marquise very much whenever she got into the carriage; but if he was quiet, she was reassured. More than once she postponed or interrupted her drive. She would even cancel an important engagement, returning to her apartment at once, though dressed and ready to go out, if she heard the yelps of the dog.

The true story of Sir Harry Lee's dog doubtless has often been told. The Italian valet tried to murder and rob his master, but was prevented by his dog who, unknown to his master, had hidden under the bed, knowing well from previous experiences in endeavoring to warn Sir Harry of the designs of his valet that it would be futile to try to achieve his purpose if he did not act secretly and on his own initia-

The Intelligence of the Dog

tive. Lord Lee had a full length portrait of himself and the dog painted, with the inscription "more faithful than favoured."

But the dog is not always on the side of justice: he may accuse the murderer; but if the assassin happens to be his master, he will remain faithful and true. On a certain reservation in the West an Indian was convicted of murder and sentenced to be shot. When the rifle was raised the Indian knelt. The dog by his side looked alternately into his master's face and at the barrel that was to send the messenger of death. Why should his master be facing it? When the Indian fell, the dog became frantic and tried to arouse his dead friend by putting his nose under his head and endeavoring to lift it. He would not permit anybody to approach the body and they were compelled to shoot him.

Chapter XIV

MAD DOGS

*The venom clamorous of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.*



THE greatest affliction of the canine race is rabies. It was not uncommon in antiquity. In the Mediterranean countries, especially in the Iberian and Italian peninsulas, it has been more or less prevalent for centuries.

But it has probably never been so prevalent anywhere as in Russia, where there has been an alarming increase in the number of persons receiving prophylactic treatment for hydrophobia (which, by the way, is a misnomer for the disease), as has been revealed in figures from the Metchnikoff Institute. In Moscow and the province alone this year (1926) there was a far larger number of sufferers from rabies than in all seven provinces formerly. No less than 90,000 persons are treated yearly. Last year the total of

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treatments throughout the Soviet Union was 44,000; this year's total is likely to exceed 100,000.

Inoculation of all dogs with a vaccine to prevent rabies is practiced in some communities in the United States. Ridgewood, New Jersey, has seven hundred licensed dogs, and at a recent election a dog ordinance brought out a larger vote than candidates for Congress: to one hundred and forty-four voters the question of the ownership of dogs was of more vital concern than the election of any or all the candidates. Since the passage of the ordinance some time ago no cases of rabies has been reported in the Jersey town.

“Among the researches that have made the name of Pasteur a household word in the civilized world,” says Sir William Osler, “three are of the first importance.” One of these is a knowledge of the chief maladies which have scourged man and animals. Pasteur, “the most perfect man who has ever entered the Kingdom of Science,” discovered a remedy for the bite of a mad dog. As to the origin of rabies, it remained unknown and was erroneously attributed to various causes. Hydrophobia is a Greek word signifying “abhorrence of water”; but a rabid dog does not abhor water. Pasteur, whose name was so constantly associated with the word rabies, was pes-

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tered with letters full of questions. What was to be done to a dog whose manner seemed strange. Should he be shot? "No," said Pasteur, "confine him, and he will soon die if he is really mad." Some hesitated to kill a dog that was known to have been bitten by a mad dog. "The law is absolute," answered Pasteur. In 1884 he wrote: "I have not yet dared to treat human beings after bites from rabid dogs; but the time is not far off, and I am much inclined to begin by myself . . . for I am beginning to feel very sure of my results."

On July 6, 1885, Pasteur saw a little Alsatian boy enter his laboratory, accompanied by his mother. He was only nine years old, and had been bitten two days before. Pasteur's emotion was great. The boy had fourteen wounds and could hardly walk. The child soon dried his tears when he found the slight prick was all that he had to undergo.

"All is going well," Pasteur wrote July 11, "the child sleeps well, has a good appetite. . . . If the lad keeps well the next three weeks, I think the experiment will succeed." The treatment lasted ten days. August third he wrote to his son: "It will be thirty-one days to-morrow since he was bitten."

Pasteur had been going through a succession of hopes, fears, anguish. At night feverish visions

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would come to him of the child suffocating in the mad struggles of hydrophobia. Vainly his experimental genius assured him that the virus of that most terrible of diseases was about to be vanquished, that humanity was about to be delivered from this dread horror. But the disease against which all therapeutic measures had hitherto failed, had at last found a remedy. By his method of treatment the development of hydrophobia can *infallibly* be prevented in a patient recently bitten by a rabid dog.

Pasteur took a personal interest in each of his patients. Children especially inspired him with loving solicitude. But one day his pity was mingled with terror: a little girl of ten had been severely bitten by a mountain dog thirty-seven days before! He thought it a hopeless case. The wound was still suppurating. He could not tear himself away from her bedside; she, full of affection for him, gasped out a desire for him to stay with her. She felt for his hand between two spasms. When all hope had to be abandoned, he said to the parents: "I did so wish I could have saved your little one!" And as he came down the stairs, he burst into tears.

Four little Americans belonging to workmen's families were sent to Paris by means of a public subscription opened in the columns of the New York

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Herald. The children were received with enthusiasm on their return to New York.

From 1880 to 1885 sixty persons died of hydrophobia in the Paris hospitals. Out of 1,726 French and Algerians who came to Pasteur's laboratory only ten died after treatment. But Pasteur was not yet satisfied with this proportion; he was trying to forestall the outburst of hydrophobia by a greater rapidity and intensity of the treatment. The children interested him most; whether severely bitten, or frightened at the inoculation, he dried their tears and consoled them. "When I see a child," he used to say, "he inspires me with two feelings: tenderness for what he is now, respect for what he may become hereafter."

The "hair of a dog" means now—in England, not in the United States—the "wee sup o' whiskey" which is taken as a cure by one who has been a victim of "dog's nose." But in Scotland it is a popular belief that the "hair of the dog that bit you," when applied to the bite, has a virtue either as a curative or preventive agent.

It has often been wondered whether intense cold has ever had the effect of making dogs go mad. An epidemic of hydrophobia resulting from such a cause was reported from Poland in the last century. The

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morbific influence of an Arctic winter on Newfoundland dogs has been frequently noted. "They were seized with a fatal disease of the brain, very much resembling in its symptoms those of hydrophobia." In Quebec the dogs are frequently so affected. Some of the Eskimo dogs in Dr. Kane's expedition had to be shot on account of symptoms of madness. One writer thinks that this might have been due to a want of water. The wolves come down from the Appenines in Italy in large packs in winter, not for food, but to drink, when the streams above are frozen up. There have been hundreds of dogs in Rome without home or master, but mad dogs are extremely rare in that city. There are fountains in every public street, and the dogs used to come every evening into the Piazza del Popolo, in droves of twenty or thirty at a time, to drink before going to sleep.

The popular opinion is that Dog Days have great influence upon dogs, and that they are more subject to madness at this season. This is an erroneous belief of modern times. Neither the Egyptians nor any other Oriental peoples ever asserted that the rising of Sirius, the Dog Star (Sothis) had any influence on dogs.

Rabies canina has been very rare in England. In 1874 a writer says: "Of the cause and treatment of

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rabies nothing is known.” In one year, however, sixty-six dogs were massacred in London streets; in sixty-five of the cases there was no evidence of rabies; and the sixty-sixth was doubtful. No person died that year of hydrophobia in any hospital.¹

Here is a story well worth remembering—the story of Malakoff, for it is sad and true:

MALAKOFF

All the dogs that seem to be mad are not mad.

Malakoff, so named in memory of the capture of Sebastopol, was a Newfoundland dog who was given the greatest liberty. On the pretence of playing with the children in the street he would upset them in the mud. His owner, the jeweler, received many complaints; but he only gave the dog three kicks, saying: “It isn’t my fault.” At last he became the terror of the Temple neighborhood. Then the police complained. One day Malakoff came back home with his

¹ Since I wrote this chapter the Russian Soviet Commissariat of Agriculture has declared that the wide spread of rabies demands a campaign against the ever increasing number of wolves which is beginning to become a national menace. The number of wolves in Soviet Russia alone is estimated at 100,000. Last winter they killed about 1,000,000 head of cattle and many human beings; but the most serious danger is from the spread of rabies in Moscow, Leningrad and other cities by town dogs which have been bitten by the wolves.

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ears torn and three or four bleeding wounds in his head; he crept into a corner, refused to eat, and growled if anyone approached him. A veterinarian was called in, and the jeweler was assured that his dog was going mad. They decided that Malakoff should be killed. They tried to throw him into the Seine, and he saved the life of one of his would-be murderers who had fallen in as he attempted to throw the dog over the parapet. Malakoff had never been taught: "Love your enemies," or "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."—he had learned them by instinct.

Perhaps there are some who may think that this incident is unique in dog history, and that it is not in accordance with dog nature to be so Christlike. But there is more than one case on record of a man's trying to kill a dog and then being saved by the very creature he had attempted to destroy.

Part Four

Dogs in Religion, Art, War and Literature

Chapter XV.

DOGS AND SAINTS

*Where genuine eloquence persuasive lies?
Who can resist those dumb, beseeching eyes,*



ST. EUSTACE, the first patron saint of dogs, was a Roman by birth, and his favorite diversion was hunting. He had been a captive of the guard to the Emperor Trojan. His cult was largely confined to Southern Europe.

In the north the tutelary saint of dogs was St. Hubert. On November third of each year pilgrims would travel to the abbey in the Ardennes to receive the blessing on themselves and on their dogs. Miracles were often performed. Consecrated cakes were given to the hunting dogs as an antidote to hydrophobia. The hounds of St. Hubert (eleventh century) are what we would call bassets to-day.

Much later, at the end of the thirteenth century, there was another patron saint of dogs—St. Roche.

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He was born with the sign of the cross on his breast. He inherited a vast fortune, but he distributed his rich inheritance among the poor and in the garb of a monk traveled through the country ministering to the peasants, having as his sole companion a dog, who is always depicted in representations of this saint. A pestilence came over the land and St. Roche, knowing that his last hour had come, called his dog and crawled painfully along the roads until he came to the woods, where he lay down to die.

*A soft caress fell on my cheek,
My hands were thrust apart.
'And two big sympathizing eyes
Gazed down into my heart.*

The faithful hound, leaving him asleep, ran off to seek help. The Lord of Plaisance, who had left the town to escape the infection, was in his castle near by, carousing. The strange dog entered the dining hall, went up to the table and helped himself. Then he walked out. The Lord of the castle was amused and astonished when he saw the dog repeat this action day after day. Finally he determined to follow the animal; and he found the dog tenderly licking his helpless friend. The lord was so moved by this devotion and by the saint's holiness that he made the

Dogs and Saints

dying man happy by the knowledge that the worldling would abandon all and follow the saint's footsteps when he had passed away. The saint commended his soul to God with his eyes resting on his dog.

Exempt de blâme,

Il rendit son âme

En bon chrétien

Dans les bras de son chien.

Exempt from blame

He gave up his soul

As a good Christian

In the arms of his dog.

The Knights of St. John drove the Turks from Rhodes. A mighty dragon challenged the claim of the victors. Dieu Donné, accompanied by a body-guard of twelve hounds, sought the monster in his lair. The dragon made short work of eleven. The twelfth, Sans Peur, was wounded, and the monster then turned his attention to the knight. It attacked him so ferociously that he was all but undone. But Sans Peur turned on the destroyer, and the latter turned about to grapple with him. Then Dieu Donné was able to free himself and with a sword-thrust sent the dragon to his doom.

But it is not only in medieval times that dogs were closely associated with men of God. If one visits certain rural districts in England to-day, he will find dogs worshiping their masters while the latter are worshiping God, that is to say, they are "at wor-

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ship" *with* their masters. For example, at Swin-
derby, near Lincoln, the vicarage dogs attend matins
even on a week day and occupy the seat in front of
the family, and, what is more, they behave admir-
ably. Some amusing anecdotes regarding dogs in
churches are to be found in Dean Ramsay's "Scot-
tish Life and Character." In Stockton Church, War-
wickshire, is a sign, placed in a conspicuous position:
"It is not wrong to have man's best companion in a
place of worship." Fifty or sixty years ago, indeed,
it was a very common practice in England for those
who went to church to take their dogs with them.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, in the twelfth century
preached a sermon in which he said: "Angeli amant
nos, quia nos Cristus amavit. Dicitur certe vulgari
proverbio: qui me amat, amat et canem meum."
(The angels love us, because Christ loved us. The
common proverb says: whoso loves me loves also my
dog.) And continuing he says: "But we, O blessed
angels, are the little dogs (*catelli*, whelps) of that
Lord whom you loved so much; little dogs, I say, de-
siring to be fed of the scraps which fall from the table
of our Lords, who are you."

Chapter XVI

DOGS IN HEAVEN AND HELL

*"In dreams I see them spring to greet,
With rapture more than tail can tell,
Their master of the silent feet
Who whistles o'er the asphodel,
And through the dim Elysian bounds
Leads all his cry of little hounds."*



IF all the ancient gods, Artemis, as she was known to the Greeks, Diana to the Romans, took the greatest interest in dogs; and she was well supplied with hounds. There are three constellations in the heavens to-day containing dogs. Orion was a mighty hunter in old Greece. He fell in love with the seven sisters, the Pleiades (or with one of them at least) and, accompanied by his dog, pursued them. They fled, and when he was about to overtake them, they implored the gods to save them, and the deities taking pity on

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their plight translated them to the sky. But they transferred Orion, too, and now you can see him and his dog still pursuing the fair maidens he chased on earth. Sirius, the Dog Star, is not only the brightest star in that constellation—it is also the brightest in the firmament. In India, Sarama, “The Spotted One,” is the dog to whom the devout Brahman prays.

Two of the canine race were admitted to Olympus: Lailaps (Whirlwind), wrought by Vulcan in his forge, and Mera, the dog of Icarus, who followed her master and saw the drunken shepherds slay him and throw him into the sea. Mera then sought Erigone, his daughter, and pulling her by her tunic, dragged her to the spot on the shore where her father had been washed up by the waves. Erigone hanged herself on the nearest tree, and Mera’s lifeless body was found lying in its shadow.

There does not, indeed, seem to be much room in the house of many mansions for the dog. But many a man in Hesperia, doubtless, feels like the Indian prince who refused to enter the kingdom when his dog was denied admittance.

*Oor Donald's no like ither dogs;
He'll no be lockit out;
If Donald's no let into heaven,
I'll no gang there one foot.*

Dogs in Heaven and Hell

Whether the earthly dog himself has a paradise is still a moot question, though many of the greatest poets and philosophers, from Pythagoras to Lammartine and numerous famous English poets, have believed that the so-called "soulless" dog will gain admittance to paradise, if not to man's, at least to one of his own.

*I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon;
But in some canine Paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon.*

The dogs of the god Yama are described in such a way by the Hindu poets that they remind us of the dogs that guard the path which the dead have to pass in Iranian legend and of Cerberus (Cabala = Carbara, "Spotted"). Sometimes they are described as brown and white and as barking. They keep out of Paradise unworthy souls. According to Aryan belief the soul passes over a stream, crosses a bridge, and past a dog or two. In the Hindu, Iranian, Greek, Roman, and Scandinavian mythology a dog guards the entrance to the other world; and great emphasis has been laid on the "Aryan" character of this creed. But the Iriquois Indians believed that the spirits of the departed, on their journey to the happy

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hunting grounds, were beset with dangers: a swift river to be crossed on a log that shook beneath their feet and ferocious dogs opposing their passage.

The three-headed hound of hell is famous throughout European literature. Hesiod describes him as having fifty heads; Vergil,

*“His head
All bristling o’er with snakes uproused,”*

Dante, as crimson-eyed and black-bearded, tearing the spirits of the damned to pieces; and Disraeli in “The Infernal Marriage” treats him as a real dog.

I shall have more to say about the dogs in hell when I come to speak of the dogs in Dante’s “Inferno.”

Chapter XVII

DOG WORSHIP

*"I am quite sure he thinks that I am God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends."*



ATHER BROWN is right: Dog should not be spelled backward. But it will be news to many people that, while most dogs revere their masters, and some modern masters almost worship their dogs, there was a time,

away back in the days of Tut-ankh-amen, when men worshiped dogs in a very real and religious and not a merely figurative sense. Herodotus informs us that when a dog belonging to an Egyptian family died, the members of that family shaved themselves as an expression of grief. The dog came to be regarded as a god—the genius of the river—and was represented with the body of a man. Cynopolis (Dog City) was built in honor of Anubis, to worship whom priests celebrated great festivals and to

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whom they sacrificed earthly dogs. Indeed, human beings were not the only mortal creatures embalmed by the Egyptians, for many mummies of dogs also have been found. From Egypt dog worship spread to other countries. The Hebrew worship of the golden calf was of Egyptian origin. Cambyses came to his end because he did violence to the sacred cow of Egypt. According to some authorities, the dog, while a favorite animal, never appears to have been regarded by the Egyptians as a god. But the dog, like the jackal, was undoubtedly sacred to Anubis. The mythological and religious texts of all periods prove that it was the jackal-god who ministered to Osiris (in spite of the declaration of Diodorus) and acted as guide not only to him but also to every other Osiris in the Nether World. If any wine, or wheat, or any other necessity of life, happened to be in a house when a dog died, its use was forbidden. Animals thought, reasoned, and spoke as a matter of course; and they play a very important rôle in the Judgment scene in "The Book of the Dead." By the Jews and by the Mohammedans dogs were believed to howl just before a death because they were able to see the Angel of Death going about on his mission.

The Iranians had rites in which the dog figured

Dog Worship

prominently in the casting out of evil spirits, being forced to follow the corpse, which was then thrown into the field to be devoured by dogs and vultures. In the *Zend-Avesta* of Zoroaster (660–583 B.C.) the dog is treated at great length, and penalties for injury to dogs are enumerated in full.

“The dog, O Spitama Zarathustra! I, Ahura Mazda, have made, watchful, wakeful, and sharp-toothed, born to take his food from man and to watch over man’s goods.”

Protagoras, after his return from Egypt, founded a new school in Southern Italy, teaching, as did the Egyptians, that at death the soul entered into various animals. He would hold a dog to the mouth of a dying friend to receive the departing spirit, saying that there was no animal which could perpetuate his virtues better than the dog.

Chapter XVIII

DOGS IN ANCIENT ART



IN the earliest culture-strata in Turkestan, corresponding to the metal periods in Europe, we find several varieties of Canidæ abundantly represented, among them the Anau type.

They are domesticated, and of moderate size, quite similar to the primitive dingo in cranial structure and also to a small wild dog of the paleolithic period. This is probably the ancestor of the shepherd dog. But in the Assyro-Babylonian monuments there is no trace of the shepherd of the East: only the greyhound and the huge Tibetan mastiff appear. In the American Museum Journal for 1916 is reproduced a picture of an ancient Tibetan hunting dog pursuing wild horses. We knew nothing a half-century ago about the old Eastern Mediterranean civilization. Among the many interesting works of art unearthed in Crete is our erect-

Dog and Dogs

eared hound, dating from the earliest Minoan times (about 4000 B.C.). Cretan hounds of the same type abound in Crete to-day. Egyptian hunting dogs appear on a royal monument found at Thebes and dating from the eleventh dynasty (about 2100 B.C.). King Horus is accompanied by one attendant and five dogs, which have Berber names inscribed in hieroglyphs.

In ancient Egypt the Anau type of dog existed, though not in Assyria; also, in both monumental and mummified remains, is an erect-eared, short-muzzled, smooth-haired dog. This type was brought to Greece, and from the Balkan region spread over Austria and Central Europe in the early historical period.

The Egyptian god Anubis was represented as having a dog's or jackal's head. There is also a picture of dogs on the tomb of Amten, about 3800 B.C. In the Sixth Dynasty (ending 3066) a terrier-like dog appears. On the tomb of Antafee (3000) four dogs are depicted at his feet: in the upper picture a white animal with drop ears that looks like a hound, the other a black mastiff. In the Twelfth Dynasty (2266) appears a long, short-legged dog of the dachshund type, black-and-tan.

There is a hunting scene depicted on a Rhodomilesian vase of the seventh century B.C. now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; and a beautiful Greek

Dogs in Ancient Art

relief on a sarcophagus in Constantinople (reproduced in my edition of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides) shows a pursuing dog on one end and a pursued hare at the other. The frontispiece of the book just referred to represents Phaedra gazing upon Hippolytus who is accompanied by his dog. The original is a Pompeian wall painting. That the dog has been man's faithful friend and companion through the ages is attested both by ancient art and by ancient literature. There is an Assyrian picture of a hunting scene, dating from the seventh century B.C., in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in which the dogs look like mastiffs.

In the Nimrod Gallery of the British Museum is a bas-relief tablet showing Assur-bani-pal and his attendants with Assyrian mastiffs straining at the leash, and another showing similar mastiffs hunting wild horses.

Though the following story has nothing to do actually with art—the scene of the tragedy took place in the greatest art center of the world—the Louvre.

THE DOG OF THE LOUVRE

Give a tear to the dead

And give some bread

To the dog of the Louvre-gate!

Dog and Dogs

*Where buried are the men of July
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.*

All Paris saw it, all the Parisians loved it, venerated it, and all vied with each other, rich as well as poor, in feeding it.

It was in the month of July, 1830. A great number of men had been killed in the streets and transported to the Enclosure of the Louvre. When the popular tornado had abated, the public was admitted to see whether they could recognize friends or relatives among the dead. Lying on a certain corpse was found a dog uttering piteous wails. When all the bodies had been removed, the dog remained. It was there that he had licked the cold hands of his master; it was there that he resolved to die. He continued his lugubrious cries. People came from far and near to see him; gave him their bread, their meat; children gave the cakes their mothers had just bought for them. Thus the dog lived for three months. He had become ferocious, almost savage, almost a wild dog. One day his mournful wails were heard no more. Grief had at last accomplished its work—the dog of the Louvre was dead.

Chapter XIX

LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR



WE have but to open the book of history to become convinced that dogs played a very important rôle in the battles of antiquity. More than once was the victory won by the side on which dogs were co-contestants. On a sarcophagus twenty-six hundred years old is depicted a battle between the Greeks and the Cimmerians in which dogs are attacking cavalry horses.

Photius informs us that the Celts were accustomed to form battalions of dogs for battle. They equipped them with collars studded with nails and furnished them with cuirasses covered with blades of steel. At the first signal they rushed upon the enemy with intrepidity. Numbers never frightened them. They were like their masters, who, Greek writers tell us, feared no man, recked not earthquake nor the billows of the sea, but attacked the enemy with the

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courage and blind fury of a wild beast, would even pluck out from their bodies the weapons with which they had been struck and hurl them back at their foes. In like manner their dogs fought with a vengeance. They allowed themselves to be killed rather than retreat. The ancient Colophonians, in Asia Minor, also caparisoned their canine companions with cuirasses. After the battle the dogs would haul the tents, baggage and other paraphernalia of the camp. So the Romans, after defeating the women, had to fight the dogs of the Cimbri which defended their wheelhouses with incredible courage. The Greeks, too, had dogs of war, to whom they entrusted the guarding of their forts and towns. Never did a garrison hold better watch over the safety of a city. Herodotus informs us that Cyrus assembled a great number of war dogs. Four towns of Babylon were exempt from taxes on condition that they furnish the food for these animals.

The dog's extraordinary watchfulness, docility, acuteness of sense, and affection for man, as well as his speed, make him immensely valuable for military purposes. Pliny and Plutarch both mention war dogs. Agesilaus, the Spartan general and king, employed them at the siege of Mantinea, as did Cambyses, the Persian, in his campaign in Egypt.

Let Slip the Dogs of War

Æneas says dogs were employed to carry messages on their collars. On a relief at Herculaneum is a representation of a war dog, clad in armor, defending a Roman post.

Attila, King of the Huns, had immense ferocious hounds to guard his camp. In medieval times the dog appears in the army guarding the baggage and carrying post-fires, placed on his back, in order to set fire to the enemy's camp. The Knights of St. John always used dogs for outpost duty. No patrol was permitted to go outside of the dog lines. Pizarro, Cortes, and other Spaniards employed fierce bloodhounds to track down and harass the Indians.

In 1518 King Charles V of Spain had four thousand war dogs placed at his disposal by the King of England to fight against Francis the First of France. Napoleon used dogs as scouts. One of them, Mous-tache, became famous for attacking spies. In 1822, during their War of Independence, the Greeks endeavored to scale the ramparts of the Acropolis in Athens, but the attempt failed, since the dogs gave timely warning to the Turks. In 1882 the Austrians trained Dalmatian dogs to discover ambushes through their sense of smell.

The war dog of to-day has to perform totally different duties from those of his brothers in past ages

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by reason of the difference of method in waging war. In Russia they have adopted the dog of the Caucasus for this purpose. Turkey makes use of the Asiatic sheep dog, Germany of collies, pointers, and Airedales.

Pointers, and sporting dogs in general, do not make the best war dogs, since they cannot eradicate their immemorial instinct for, and love of, the chase. Greyhounds have bad noses and are difficult to train; moreover, the love of hunting is innate in them; and finally, they are not intelligent enough. Terriers are too small. Bulldogs are unsuitable on account of their pugnacious proclivities, and, besides, they are difficult to manage. The poodle has great intelligence, but is inadequate for the work. Newfoundland dogs, Danes, and mastiffs are too big, and they tire soon on a hot summer march.

The Italians, however, use these dogs as draught animals. But they have not the necessary staying qualities: they lack the power of endurance. A pure bred collie is too high-strung. The hardy working collie, however, or the sheep dog, in the opinion of an English authority on the subject, comes nearest the standard required: he can not only stand the wear and tear of a campaign, but he has almost human intelligence.

A dog can hear a person coming at a distance of

Let Slip the Dogs of War

four or five hundred yards, if the night is absolutely calm. Within two hundred yards nothing escapes him, no matter how stormy the weather may be. This is the experience of Custom House officials on the continent in dealing with smugglers.

The "dogwatch" aboard ship is not, as some suppose, a corruption of "dodge-watch," but is what its name implies, a dogwatch, that is short and fitful—from 4 to 6 and 6 to 8 P.M. The watch may sleep when not needed, but to sleep when he *is* needed, in naval discipline, means death for the officer of the watch. In other words, "dogwatches" are "curtailed" watches.

*"A dog-sleep with one shut, one open orb."
And as he is the faithful bodies guard,
So he is good within a fort or hold,
Against a quicke surprise to watch and ward.*

Fifty Molossian dogs, strong and intelligent, were stationed at different points to guard the city of Corinth. One day, at a festival, the garrison, having drunk heavily of wine, were lost in slumber. The enemy took advantage of the opportunity. The night was dark, and they scaled the walls. Valiantly the dogs defended them; but they were overcome by numbers. A single dog, named Soter (Savior) escaped. Guided by an extraordinary intelligence he

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comprehended that it would be folly to fight against superior numbers. Consequently, he beat a retreat, and ran to give the alarm, barking with all his might. He hurled himself upon the soldiers, pulled some by their clothes, bit others. At last he succeeded in awakening all the posts. "To arms! To arms!" rose the cry, "Rush on the assailants!" and they drove back the foe, pursuing them to the gulf. Many were drowned in the attempt to reach their ships. By a decree of the government it was ordered that Soter should be kept henceforth at public expense and that he should wear a silver collar on which were engraved these words: "The Defender and Savior of Corinth." And they erected on the citadel a marble column around which were carved the figures of his forty-nine companions, with Soter himself giving the alarm to the garrison.

In the Vatican Museum in Rome stands a marble statue of a war Molossus of antiquity; in the Museum of Artillery in Madrid is a fully equipped war dog of the sixteenth century; and in the Museum at Naples an antique bronze found at Herculaneum representing cuirassed dogs defending a citadel against soldiers. I have seen a manuscript of the fourteenth century in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris which declares that they trained dogs then "to bite the enemy with

Let Slip the Dogs of War

fury; they are covered with leather, carry a bronze vessel filled with a resinous substance and a sponge soaked in *esprit-de-vin*. The horses, tormented by the bites of the dogs and by the burns produced by that fire, which is very hot, flee in disorder." Sir Walter Scott, in "The Lady of the Lake" mentions the use of dogs by the King—to bring into subjection the revolted clans—as something quite natural. Two dogs, Bezerillo and his son Leoncillo, trained by a companion of Columbus, Balboa, bore themselves so well in the conquest of Porto Rico that a part of the booty was given to them. Pizarro, in his conquest of Peru was always preceded by an advance guard of dogs. During the siege of Thebes, in ancient Greece, Pelopidas employed a stratagem: he succeeded in reaching the walls of the city with twelve companions disguised as peasants; then their dogs, to which messages were attached, ran quickly into the town and advised the besieged inhabitants that a rescuing army was approaching; and Thebes was saved. The Greeks seem to be the only people of antiquity that employed dogs to carry messages. Not until the eighteenth century again do we find dogs used for this purpose.

*On the grave's wood-cross
When the chaplets toss
By the blasts of midnight shaken,*

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*How he howleth! hark!
From that dwelling dark
The slain he would fain awaken.*

*He'll linger there
In sad despair,
And die on his master's grave.*

*His name? 'Tis known
To the dead alone—
He's the dog of the Nameless Brave.*

The famous Greek actor, Polus, according to Ælian, had a dog that, when his master died, leaped upon the burning pyre and was immolated with him; and when Theodorus, a celebrated harpist, died, and his relatives put him into a coffin and bore him to the cemetery, his little Maltese dog trotted along with them and jumped into the grave and was buried with his master.

The dog, like the horse, aspires to combats; he smells the battle from afar; he is elated at, intoxicated with, the odor of powder, and abandons himself to extravagant joy at the sight of a gun; and when he follows the flag he knows so well, you would think that he was as willing to die *pro patria et gloria* as the most ardent patriot. A French writer declares that he had a dog in Africa that was as eager to attack an Arab as a rabbit. He perished a victim to his passion for war.

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“One day when a strong party of Hadjoutes had surprised us, poaching on our preserves toward the edge of the orange grove of Allonya, right at the foot of Mount Atlas, and the fusillade was getting warm, Bichebou amused himself by running toward the enemy at each discharge to see what we had brought down with our rifles. Now it happened that an Arab chief, superbly mounted, fell in the direction I had fired. The intrepid Bichebou believed that he was in honor bound to bring me in the game I had brought down. Perhaps success would have crowned his efforts if I had killed the quarry; but the Arab happened to be very much alive. Grasping a terrible yatagan with his left hand, he made a gaping wound in the flank of his aggressor. Poor Bichebou! I can see him now stretched out on the red sand extending to me his bloody paw, as a token of a last farewell, without moving his head, and giving me his last caress by gazing into my eyes and wagging his tail.”

It was a dog that saved the little republic of San Marino by barking in the streets, the night of June 4, 1542, and awakening the inhabitants when the enemy was trying to take the town by surprise.

It is easier for a boy to resist the circus than for a dog to resist the army. And they stick. A camp without a dog is like a home without children. The

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dog has followed man in war, as in all other activities in life, throughout the ages. In the Crimean war dogs were employed to do sentry duty. In our Civil War they were used both as sentries and as guards. In the World War they played an extraordinary part. From the very beginning they had a paw in it; and the secret of the dog's marvelous efficiency is found in that one trait of his character in which he is superior to all living beings, not even excepting man himself, and that is, fidelity to his master. But I shall defer a description of the dog in action in the last war until I have told about the dog of the regiment in previous wars—a totally different dog.

The dogs of the regiment are not unlike other dogs, that is, in nature; but they have one peculiarity: they have not, as master, this or that soldier; they obey one soldier as well as another, for they belong to all. The regiment dog remains faithful to the corps he has adopted, even unto death. He knows and performs his duty. He is in all engagements; knows his flag; follows it everywhere, and will die defending it. My wife lived at the Hotel Monti, Neuilly-sur-Seine (Paris) for two years and she noticed that a dog belonging to M. Terrier, the *patron*, was shown a great deal of attention by his *clientèle*. The dog looked like a common mongrel, but from the atten-

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tions he received she thought he must have as long a pedigree on the paternal side as Lord Minto. So she asked M. Terrier what breed he was.

“Just nothing,—all breeds. Tango was at the front, in the trenches, with my son, and when he was killed, Tango was at his side. He took everything as a matter of course when in the war, just as he does here, the petting and patting and caressing included; and he is better beloved by me than all the dogs with pedigrees in the world.”

One evening the great Napoleon was walking over the battlefield in Italy. “Suddenly,” says he, “I saw a dog coming out from under the clothes of a corpse. He rushed toward us and then returned to his retreat uttering mournful cries. He licked the face of his master and darted toward us again: it seemed as if he was seeking aid and vengeance at the same time. Whether it was the state of my mind, or the peace, the time, the weather, the act itself, or I know not what, never has anything, on all my fields of battle, made such an impression upon me. I stopped involuntarily to contemplate the spectacle: that man, I said to myself, perhaps has friends, perhaps he has them in the camp, in his company, and yet he lies here abandoned by all except his dog. What a lesson nature gives us by the intermediary of an animal!

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What is man! And what the mystery of his impressions! I had ordered battles without emotion, battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had seen, dry-eyed, movements executed which brought about the loss of a great number of our soldiers; here I was moved to tears."

In Africa a dog prevented the assassination of soldiers when an Arab crawled up at night to stab. The assassin who knows that a dog is watching by the sleeping soldier knows that he will not succeed: he does not even try to surprise his intended victim.

Here is a story that tells about a dog of the regiment:

THOUTOU

A great dog of the regiment was Thoutou. He took part in the expedition against the Beni-Raten, in Great Kabylia. His specialty was reconnoitering, beating the bushes outside of the picket line, to discover the presence of the enemy and to signal to the lost sentinels by passing near them, silent, but with his mouth open as if he had barked. He followed the regiment everywhere.

One day a Zouave of the First presented himself at the bivouac of the Third: he chatted, laughed, drank with the soldiers; and he made observations

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at the same time. Thoutou arrived. First he sniffed and smelled the stranger, then he seated himself on his haunches in front of him and barked with all his might.

The soldiers were astounded; they grew pale, became suspicious, pressed the Zouave with questions, which he could not answer. He was discovered to be a spy and was conducted to headquarters.

A few days later Thoutou was at the battle of Palestro, and was the first to jump into the canal, cross, and rush upon the enemy. He jumped at the noses of the artillery horses, made them rear, created confusion among the teams, and contributed not a little to the capture of the cannon. Later still he was in Morocco, then in Mexico, where he covered himself with glory. He was at the siege of Pueblo.

On one occasion he lost half his tail. He had to his credit fourteen campaigns, two wounds, and three contusions. When he was retired at Versailles, he would often ask permission to go to Paris. But he would not go afoot; he always went by train, slipping into a coach and hiding under a seat. Once there, he never stirred.

The Grand Condé owned a big Dane, who followed his master everywhere, even in the midst of battle.

The story of Cæsar, who, in 1861, cared for and

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brought nourishment to his master, a blind soldier, for six months, is attested by unquestionable authority. The dog gave the man warmth from his body, went for the *voisine* when she was needed, pulling her by the skirt until she followed, and then was off to the best houses in search of food. One morning the poor dog's patient did not stir, and the animal hid under the bed. He followed his master to the cemetery, then went back to his room, wept four days and finally died, refusing to accept aid or to be consoled.

A similar story is told of a Belgian dog, who hid under the bed after the death of his master. They locked him in the house for fear he would not allow the corpse to be lowered into the grave. When he was let out, he refused all nourishment and fled from the house yelping with heartrending despair. After two hours he discovered the cemetery. There he remained a long time on the fresh dirt of the grave, howling and weeping. Every day thereafter he visited the grave, with tail between his legs, nose to the ground, cautiously, for fear he would be driven out. Tremblingly and feebly he would paw the earth: "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground." And who has not read the pathetic store of "Greyfriar's Bobby," by Eleanor Atkinson?

Chapter XX

DOGS IN THE WORLD WAR



OFFRE'S "Chiens de guerre" are well known. One of the most celebrated was Artemis, whose keen hearing and fearless attacks on stealthy foes saved two important lives. Artemis killed two of the enemy single-handed (or

mouthed). One aviator always took his dog with him in his plane: it would have broken the dog's heart if his master had flown without him.

As a despatch-bearer a dog delivers to local headquarters the message written by an officer in three minutes, whereas a human being would require ten minutes to make the same trip. Dogs have carried despatches through barb-wire entanglements amid a hail of bullets; and in neat baskets strapped to their backs they have delivered homing pigeons intended to carry messages for longer distances. The greatest service, perhaps, was in connection with the Red Cross,

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especially in the French and German armies. Keen of scent, these dogs, after finding a wounded soldier, would carry his cap, or something else, back to the lines and then return with the stretcher-bearers to the spot where he lay. Other dogs, each with a big can of hot soup strapped on either side, would go through the lines to the fighting men; and they go, if caught by shot or shell, where the best dogs go, without a whimper; but they carry the message through, if it takes the last breath.

The ordinary dog of the regiment had to be sent back home, not only because he was without training, but also because he proved a distraction to the regular war dogs; besides his presence simply made one more mouth to fill; and he also distracted the "poilus" of all grades. But those dogs who were trained for military duty, in spite of reports to the contrary from a few quarters (where they probably did not know how to train and use them), achieved wonders, as auxiliaries of the outposts, giving the alarm at the slightest suspicious noise; as vigilant warners in front of the lines or in dense forests; as rapid and sure substitutes for the runners and *agents de liaison*, amid the most severe bombardments and waves of asphyxiating gas, when it was a question of capturing prisoners or patrols (their sharp teeth were as good as

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the most modern handcuffs); as carriers of food to the first lines and listening stations; and, finally, as faithful, sure, and intelligent guides of the soldiers who had lost their eyes.

But it took the authorities a long time to see the efficacy of the dog in war; he seemed to be ostracised; laudatory reports, press campaigns, conferences, all availed naught. In August, 1914, a single battalion in France left for the front with six war dogs. The Germans had already six thousand. But the French finally awoke to the necessity of putting in the field this indispensable adjunct of the army. Even the Americans probably would have created a kennel of war dogs in France, if they had had time. As it was, they employed those which came from the kennels of France.

The French soon learned that it was necessary, in the training of the dogs, to address one's self to his intelligence and not to his instinct: "Radette was never beaten nor brutalized. Neither a whip nor a training collar was ever used. She was always treated with the greatest gentleness." And Radette soon learned to distinguish not only the uniform of the "Chasseurs" but also the battalion to which she was attached.

Pyram was adored by the soldiers, for it was his

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vigilance that kept them from being surprised by the enemy; and he was duly decorated by M. Poincaré himself. Bayard II, Turco II, Poilu and Kiki were also all decorated. Lutz, the courageous, never moved a muscle during the most terrific bombardment: unflinching, unwavering, he would stand at his post as heedless of shot and shell as the bravest veteran. The Germans had dogs, too, and many of these were captured by the French, or went over to the other side of their own accord. It was surprising how quickly these dogs learned French. One day a poilu, together with his dog, was surrounded by the Germans. The dog did not resist; but as soon as the Germans removed his collar, he took advantage of the opportunity to regain his liberty and escaped through the German lines, traversed both barrages, and entered the French lines again completely winded. One of the dogs captured from the enemy was baptized Von Kluck, and in 1917 he covered himself with glory. Under an intense fire of machine guns and bombs of various calibers, he established the liaison between the headquarters of one of the battalions in line and the Colonel. During one of his trips, a shell burst near him and he was hurled into the air several meters. He lay unconscious for ten seconds, then got up, shook himself, and—finished his journey as if nothing had

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happened. No human runner could have traversed the fire zone. Without Von Kluck the battalion would have been isolated. One day Von Kluck was severely wounded during one of his liaison trips and he came to die at the feet of the officer who was waiting for the message the brave animal bore. And the most marvelous part about it all is that Von Kluck's case is not unique. One is almost inclined to think that Michelet was right after all: the dog is "un aspirant à l'humanité." Only——

*Few men of him to do great things have learned,
And when they're done to be so unconcerned.*

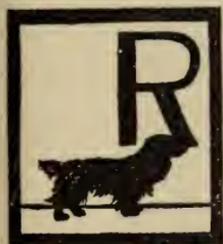
One of the greatest services rendered by dogs was the unmasking of spies. I have already told the story of the "Zouave" dog and his remarkable capture. The feat performed by Helda in the great World War was no less marvelous. A spy by the name of Vachet signaled the enemy every night where to direct their bombardment. But his actions did not escape the notice of the faithful Helda, by whom he was detected and unmasked. Arrested, the traitor denied everything. He spent several days in solitary confinement, and then he was questioned by the authorities a second time. Again he denied that he was guilty. But this time a new witness was present:

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the dog who had tracked him several times. Helda now showed her teeth, growled, threatened to leap upon the accused, "her" man, and the soldiers had to hold her back. Vachet, who had partly confessed to a Commissaire de Sureté, now retracted all his statements of confession and again entered a most emphatic denial. A sign from the officer of the judiciary police, a sign to Helda, whose gleaming eyes kept going alternatively to Vachet and to the soldier who was holding her in leash, and the dog, without a single bark, without the slightest growl, leaped upon the man with open mouth. "Take the dog off, and I will tell everything!" yelled Vachet. He confessed, and paid the penalty of all traitors.

Chapter XXI

ANCIENT WRITERS



ROMAN, Greek and Sanskrit authors also write about the dog: Horace Vergil, Martial, Ovid (who mentions a "Canis Gallicus" in his story of Apollo and Daphne, and a dog fighting a wild boar in his Perseus and Andromeda), Tacitus Ælian, Plutarch, Xenophon, Homer; but none, except Homer, writes with such intimate knowledge as Xenophon who has given us a most interesting treatise on hunting. Plutarch, as well as Ælian, often writes about the dog; and they tell many dog stories. Plutarch, like La Fontaine, makes use of animals to instruct men. The Greek writer says that, when he wishes to show how far the power of nature extends, it is among animals and not among men that he seeks his models, for although the former have neither much speech nor much subtlety of understanding, nevertheless they show the straight path. Prohibition would not be such a vital

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question in the United States now, if men were dogs.

*Tous tant que nous sommes,
Nous nous laissons tenter à l'approche des biens;
Chose étrange! on apprend la tempérance aux chiens,
Et l'on ne peut l'apprendre aux hommes.*

LA FONTAINE.

Arrian in his tract on "The Hunter" mentions fleet Celtic dogs. The dogs of the legendary Actæon, who was changed to a stag by Artemis for spying upon her and her attendants while bathing in a pool, has been a fruitful subject for the Greek and Roman, as well as modern, poets and artists.

In India the dog in literature appears at a very early date. He is prominently mentioned in the Rig Veda, one of the oldest literary documents in the world, in which the dog appears as the companion and ally of man, the protector of the house; and he was employed in hunting. The chariot of the Maruts (the Wind gods) was drawn by dogs. When a certain king goes to heaven, he is accompanied by his wife, his brothers and a dog. His human companions drop off one by one and he reaches the end of his journey with his dog alone. But when Indra bids him enter and desert his dog, the king responds: "To desert a faithful friend is as great a sin as to slay a priest." According to Hindu belief, the dog is on the same plane as man.

Ancient Writers

In crediting the dog with some sort of soul Buddhism allows him a closer relationship with man than does Christianity. The Buddhist, indeed, recognizes no essential difference, on spiritual grounds, between dog and man. In the Buddhist cycle the spirit of man commonly passes into the form of a dog.

The Buddhists placed numerous representations of the dog in clay in early Chinese tombs, with a view to the retention of their services in the life to come. Christian love gives only earthly glory to the dog of St. Roche, a familiar animal in French churches. The Buddhists also believe that dogs can appear in human shape and play the part of the werewolf. In the celebrated *Hitopadeca*, the book of fables about animals, written, like "Télémaque" of Fénelon, for the instruction of a prince, appear several stories about dogs, and also, as is the custom in Indian writers, many adages are cited: "By external appearances, by hints, by the gait, by a gesture, and by a word; by a change of the eye or mouth, the inward thought is understood." "The dog wags his tail, crouches at the feet, and falling on the ground, shows his mouth and belly to him that gives him a mouthful, while the princely elephant looks gravely and, after hundreds of kind entreaties, doth eat."

Chapter XXII

SHAKESPEARE'S DOGS

*Mastiff, greyhound, mungril grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache or lym,
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail.*

KING LEAR III, 6.



IN Shakespeare's day there were no dog shows. Dogs were kept for sport and for utility, except that there were some pets among the nobility. In *Othello* we are told that Desdemona kept a lap dog: "He'll be as full of quarrel and offence as my young mistress' dog." All our present day favorites were lacking: Chow, Pom, Japanese and Chinese varieties, foxhound, harrier, otter hound, pointer. In *Macbeth* (3.1) we find additions:

*As hounds and greyhounds, mungrils, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs.*

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Shoughs were wolfhounds. The brach was a female hound, and the lym a bloodhound (a dog in leash). The setter did not exist in the Elizabethan period, for "setter" in *I Henry* (2.2) is the setting spaniel (brach). The turnspit is not mentioned. But there is an allusion to it in *Comedy of Errors* (3.2).

Shakespeare equips all his prominent characters with some of the adjuncts of field sport. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (4.1):

*"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind . . .
and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew."*

Shakespeare's hounds were stanch and true, and good on a cold scent, and fast as needs and tastes required, but their chief qualification was to contribute sonorously to the cry. No author betrays a greater and closer knowledge of the subject of greyhounds and coursing than Shakespeare; he portrays them with fidelity, especially in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and in "Venus and Adonis." He mentions the beagle twice; also "night dogs, killers of sheep, deer and what-not." Shakespeare knew dogs as he knew men. "Crab" will live as long as the world of literature endures. Yet there are comparatively few dogs that possess individuality in poetry and fiction in general; they are only trifling accessories. But all the dogs

Shakespeare's Dogs

then known in England are catalogued in Shakespeare, even the watchdog, in spite of the poet's predilection for greyhounds: "Oh, master, I have watched so long that I'm dog-weary."

From Æschylus to Byron, the watchdog, while it does not bulk much in the minds of poets, is nevertheless an important element in the life of man.

*'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome, as we draw near home.*

Writers on Dante compare his knowledge with that of Shakespeare. Nothing could be more unjust. Dante apparently did not know dogs (or at least only their worst side); Shakespeare did. The greatest Italian poet—and one of the greatest the world has ever seen—does not even refer to the intelligence of the dog, to his delight in any kindness shown him, his gratitude, his wistful interest in human affairs—not one of these traits are mentioned; it is only the worst side of the dog's character that he notes.

He makes the *veltro* (boar hound) a savior of Italy, driving back to Hell the rapacious wolf, but even this lordly hound is rendered unreal by excessive allegory. The dog in general is only mentioned casually by Dante, and even then he admits only superficial traits—some of which are not characteristic, such as gulttony—the mournful howl, the pug-

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nacity of the snarling cur, the ferocity of the mastiff, the fleetness of the boar hound, the bird dog's sense of smell. As in Constantinople, so in Florence, dogs were the chief scavengers. It was the prowling dogs that came under Dante's observation. He may even have been subject to their attack. Down into the boiling pitch a devil flings a sinner,

*Hurling him down, back o'er the hard rock
He sped, and never was mastiff loosed
With such haste to chase a thief.*

To Dante dogs were little better than wolves. The people of the town he hated, Arezzo, are snarling curs. He represents dogs in Hell as pursuing and rending lost souls:

*While close behind them all the forest swarmed
With grim black bitches, following fierce and gaunt—
Like greyhounds rushing from the leash they darted,
And fastening on the wretch who lurking lay,
Piecemeal his limbs with greedy fangs they parted,
And bore the quivering fragments far away.*

Goethe's antipathy to dogs was even more pronounced than Dante's. There is not a single friendly mention of dogs in his voluminous works, not even in his autobiography.

*“Manche Töne sind mir Verdruss, doch bleibt am
meisten
Hundegebell mir verhasst; klaffend zerreisst es mein
Ohr”*

Chapter XXIII

OTHER ENGLISH WRITERS

*She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede,
But sore wept she if one of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.*

CHAUCER, "The Nun's Tale."



CHAUCER has little to say about dogs; they serve merely to give a finishing touch to his picture, as, for example, in "The Nun's Tale."

In the Old English ballads dogs appear, without individuality, it is true, but they are portrayed with a firm touch, which fact alone shows what a prominent part they played in medieval life: "My hounds they all go masterless." In the more modern school of poets no great love for

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the dog is manifested at first, no intimacy with his very human personality, no consideration for his moods and feelings. Goldsmith's satire on the man who

*"recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died"*

had appeared long before in Greek:

*A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.*

The first of the modern school to approach dog nature in the right way was Cowper, who returned to the spirit of Homer and of Shakespeare, in whom the dog moves as a living being, with thoughts and feelings which must be considered if he is to be portrayed with truth. Then comes Robert Burns who differs from Cowper in his mental make-up, but is at one with him in an appreciation of the thoughts and feelings of animals. The first poem of the great lyric poet of Scotland—the first that really reveals his genius—is "Twa Dogs," in which Burns is in his happiest and most gracious mood—the plowman's collie, "a gash and faithful tyke," with his "honest, sonsie, bawsn't face," which

*Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
My heart it was sae fain to see 'em
That I for joy ha'e barkit wi 'em.
Up they gat an' shook their lugs,*

Other English Writers

*Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;
An' each took off his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.*

One of the most appreciative tributes to the dog comes from Wordsworth, in the verses to the memory of his favorite who was loved not merely for "old household thoughts in which thou hadst thy share." Wordsworth is one of the first of the moderns to seize upon the individual trait of an individual dog:

*Love, that comes wherever light and sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us men, but to thy kind.*

All who have read Sir Walter Scott know what an important rôle dogs play in his works. No two are alike. All are worthy of love. In Scott we find at last a real lover of dogs speaking. This is true even of his poetical works; but it is in his novels that his most wonderful dog characters are found. He never introduces them without a dignity equal to that with which he introduces his human characters: all his dogs are studies. In Dickens, too, the dog finds a worthy revealer of his true nature. Most of his dogs belong to the poor, and these few are powerful creations; but, with the sole exception of the wonderful Boxer,

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they are introduced merely to intensify impressions: they are not studies of dog life. On reading Tennyson our first impression is disappointing. "Something better than his dog" makes us feel that the great Victorian poet did not recognize the many virtues of the canine race; but "Owd Roa" reveals to us the fact that in Tennyson, too, we find a poet who loved and appreciated dogs.

Women, as I have said, have generally neglected dogs. Miss Austen only hints at them. Eugénie de Guérin has some affectionate notices of her Wolf and Trilby and Bijou. Miss Ewing, too, is charming in her portrayal of Peronet—as dear a dog as ever lived in the pages of a book. Of recent years more attention seems to have been paid by women to the great virtues of the dog, especially by the English and Americans; and some of the best poems on dogs are written by our women.

Chapter XXIV

SUPERSTITIONS, CUSTOMS AND PROVERBS



IN ancient Rome a dog, in certain relations, was considered unlucky. The worst throw of the dice was called "dog." The neighing of a horse was considered a good sign, the howling of a dog a bad one, for it announced a death. In Greece to-day a dog howling at night in or near the house portends a death in the neighborhood, as it did in the time of Theocritus. If a dog ran between two friends, the friendship was severed.

Terence says: "What unlucky prodigies have befallen me! A strange black dog came into the house! A snake fell from the tiles into the courtyard! A hen crowed!" So Shakespeare in "Henry VI" says: "The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign; The night crow cried . . . Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees." If a wet dog shook himself within forty steps of a member of the Shafi sect who was at

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prayer, that Puritan of Islam would rise and go through his ablutions and prayers from the beginning again. The German phrase "auf den Hund kommen" goes back to the time when a curious kind of punishment was meted out to the criminal. A Pfalzgraf on the Rhine was condemned by Kaiser Barbarossa to carry a dog on his shoulders through the streets of Worms. A peculiar oath was administered in Germany in early times: the man to be sworn had to drink the blood of a dog and swear that as truly as he drank the blood of the dog, so truly did he speak the truth, and if he lied, he hoped to perish and burn as this dog. Tacitus informs us that the old Germans hanged Jews who committed crimes head down and between two dogs, which signified that they should be judged as dogs. This custom persisted down through the centuries, in fact it survived certainly down to 1627.

A rich merchant at Frankfurt sent his only son to Regensberg with a box of precious stones, and with letters of recommendation to a Jew, who enticed the young man into a dark street, stabbed him, and carried off the box. The murderer, caught, confessed.

Tavernier, who was in the city at the coronation of Ferdinand III, witnessed the execution. The assassin was hanged head downward between two dogs.

Superstitions, Customs, Proverbs

But the purpose was not that he should be judged a dog, as Tacitus affirms, but that the dogs, in their rage, should devour his abdomen (*lui dévorassent le ventre*) and make him suffer more than death by the length of the torment. Women who committed adultery were cast into a sewer "like a dog." Parricides were sewn up in a sack with a dog and drowned. "Faithless dog" and "Stinking dog" were common epithets of opprobrium.

A black dog frightened the witches at Salem in 1691. In Goethe's "Faust," the prowler Mephistopheles appears in the form of a black dog. In medieval times and down even to the beginning of the eighteenth century, if not later, Hell was the most frightful nightmare of mankind. Medieval otter hunters equipped themselves each with a fork fitted to a shaft. When the dogs were unleashed, they sped to the quarry's lair and began to scratch and bay. The hunters stood ready to transfix the otter. When he started to swim away beneath the surface of the water they cast their forked spears. So Dante represents the sinner caught and hauled out squirming on the devil "dog-grabber's" hooked spear.

Among the old beliefs of Central France was the following charm to prevent a dog from barking or biting: Say three times, while looking at the dog:

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“Bare-Barbare! May thy tail hang down! May St. Peter’s key close thy jaws until to-morrow!”

The fairy dog of Scotland is as big as a two year old stirk and is dark green in color. In some cases its long tail is rolled up in a coil on its back, in others it is flat and plaited. Bran (page 45), Fimmac Coul’s famous dog was of Elfin breed.

*Bran had yellow feet
Its two sides black and belly white;
Green was the back of the hunting hound,
Its two pointed ears blood-red.*

He wore a venomous shoe which killed everything it struck. At full speed Bran was seen as three dogs, intercepting the deer at three passes. The fairy dog’s motion was silent, its bark a rude clamor, its foot-marks immense, and it made a noise like a horse galloping. There was a considerable interval between each bark. At the third and last the terrified hearer is overtaken and destroyed—unless he has first reached a place of safety. Dogs in flesh and blood have a mortal aversion to fairy dogs, and they give chase as soon as the elves are espied; but they come back with the hair all scraped off their bodies, except their ears; and soon after they die. In the Hebrides a long black dog gliding by noiselessly used to be a common object of terror on winter nights. The Glaistig (a tutelary

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being who generally appeared as a thin gray woman) was commonly seen in Mull in the form of a dog. She was said to carry a pup at the back of her head.

In Wales the death portent called *Cwn Annwn*, or *Dogs of Hell*, is a pack of hounds which howl through the air with a voice full of lamentation resembling that of small beagles. The farther off they are the louder they cry. In themselves they are harmless. They are also called "Dogs of the Sky." No form of superstition has prevailed more widely than that of spiritual hunting dogs, with which was usually connected the wild huntsman. In France he was called *Le Grand Veneur*, who hunted with dogs in the *Fontainebleau* forest. In Germany he appears as *Hackelberg*, who sold himself to the devil for permission to hunt till doomsday. The superstition probably originated in the cries of wild fowl when migrating, or in the howling wind. So the howling winds of the *Dardanelles* probably account for the legend (or prophecy) recounted by *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* that *Priam's* consort, *Queen of Troy*, was transformed into a dog after she had slain *Poly-mestor*, who had murdered her son, when she was on her way to *Greece* as captive of *Agamemnon*. The *Cwn Annwn* are almost certainly descendants of the wish-hound of *Hermes*. The same superstition pre-

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vails among all Indo-European peoples. The early Aryan conception of the wind was a howling dog speeding over the housetops causing the inmates to tremble with fear lest their souls should be called to follow them. The peasant who tells you to-day that dogs can see death enter the house in which a person is about to die is merely repeating the idea of primitive man whose ignorance of physical science was almost as great as that of an animal. In Cambria it is more often a dog that revisits the glimpses of the moon than a man. Dog ghosts are not infrequent in Wales. "It is hard to look in that dog's eyes," said a Welshman, "and believe that he has not a bit of a soul to be saved."

When the Kansas Indians were going to war, a feast used to be held in the chief's hut, and the principal dish was dog's flesh, because, said the Indians, the animal who is so brave that he will let himself be cut to pieces in defence of his master, must needs inspire valor. On extraordinary occasions the bravest of the Dakotas used to perform a dance at which they devoured dogs' livers raw and warm in order to acquire the sagacity and bravery of the dog. Likewise the men of the Buru and Aru Islands, East Indies, eat the flesh of dogs in order to be bold and nimble in war. The New Year festival is still celebrated by

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some of the heathen Iroquois. A conspicuous feature in the ceremony is the sacrifice of the White Dog.

The Hindu had a peculiar idea about the kind of an animal one became after death. According to the "*Law Book of Manu*," "if a man has the temerity to censure his teacher, that rash man in his next birth will be an ass; and if he defames his teacher falsely, he will be a dog." The Hindus believed that epilepsy was caused by a dog-demon. The boy affected was laid upon dice on his back, and his father prayed: "Doggy, let him loose! Reverence be to thee, barker, bender!"

Of the countless proverbs from India, Greece, Rome, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, and England, I have space for only a few. The Italians alone have at least two thousand. I translate only thirty.

Italian

No dog is so sad that he cannot wag his tail.

A scalded dog is afraid of cold water.

Dogs bark at people they do not know.

Dog doesn't eat dog.

Every dog is lion in his own house.

Cut off a dog's tail and he is still a dog.

Respect the dog out of love for his master.

Where there are no dogs the fox is king.

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A sleeping dog does not bite.

Darsi a' cani (give one's self to the dogs—despair).

Andare a' cani (to go to the dogs—lose the bloom of youth).

Happy as a dog in church.

When an old dog barks, look out of the window.

A dog knows his bone.

The leaner the dog the fatter the fleas.

Better have a dog your friend than your foe.

Old dogs and old friends are the best.

It's hard to teach an old dog to dance.

It's a bad dog that doesn't know his master's whistle.

Even the best dogs sometimes lose the trail.

A dog knows his master's will.

Dogs' prayers are not heard.

Dogs and children know who like them.

Little dogs make more noise than big ones.

I'm not afraid of the dog, said the deer, but I can't stand his barking.

An English dog is worth three soldiers.

A good dog and a good wife stay at home.

A dog is still a dog even if he goes to church every day.

A dog is more grateful to the one who keeps him than man to God.

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No dog betrays his master.

He that caresses a dog wishes to deceive his master.

If dogs and children had money, sausage and candy would be the dearest things in the world.

Dogs are foes of beggars, beggars of dogs.

French

To a good dog, a good bone.

The dog knows those who treat him well.

A dog can look at a bishop.

A mad dog cannot live long.

Goes to Rome a dog, comes back a mastiff.

Two dogs at a bone do not agree.

A bad dog never wants a comrade in the kitchen.

Cela n'est pas tant chien (referring to something one detests).

A dog's meal; a dog's trade; a dog's trial (lawsuit); bored like a dog.

Faire le chien couchant (servile flattery).

He is wiser than Barthole's dog (which had swallowed a bag of documents belonging to his master, a lawyer born in 1305).

Rompre les chiens (break the dogs—interrupt somebody to prevent him from saying some ill of you).

C'est Saint Roche et son chien (they are inseparable).

Qui aime Jean aime son chien.

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German

He that represents himself as a dog must also bark like a dog.

That's where the dog is buried (that's the point).

Damit lockst du deinen Hund unter dem Ofen vor (i.e., you'll gain nothing by it).

Send a dog for sausage.

A dog wouldn't even take a piece of bread from him.

Mit allen Hunden gehetzt sein (to be sly and shrewd).

Dogs should not be taught to eat leather.

Latin

Canis timidus vehementius latrat quam mordet (A timid dog barks fiercer than he bites).

Cave Canem, Beware of the Dog. (In the vestibule of a house in Pompeii).

Beware of a silent dog and of still water.

You may sleep if a dog is on watch.

Dead dogs do not bite.

Don't irritate a dog that wants to sleep.

A dog dreams of bread.

A dog goes early to the grass.

One house does not keep two dogs.

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Small dogs find the hare, but the big ones catch him.

Digna canis pabulo (the dog is worthy of his keep).

Inter canem et lupum (between dog and wolf).

English

I am holden as hende as hounde is in kychyne (courteous as a dog in a kitchen).

Thei faren ofte as don doggis in a poke (behave like dogs in a bag). (Compare Chaucer's "two piggs in a poke.")

The bicche bitith ill (severely),
Thauh he berke stille (quietly).

Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

Coward dogs bark loudest.

"Beat his offenceless dog to affright the imperious lion."
Shakespeare, "Othello"

Better the head of a dog than the tail of a lion.

"Dogs in the manger" (appears in Spanish and Italian in the form "Like the gardener's dog, that eateth not, nor letteth others eat").

Beware of a silent dog.

Brag's a good dog but Holdfast better.

The foremost dog catcheth the hare.

Women and dogs set men together by the ears.

Rain cats and dogs.

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At open doors the dogs come in.

Dog does not eat dog.

Fierce in the woods, gentle at home.

More ways to kill a dog than hanging.

This dog smarts for what that dog has done.

While the dogs snarl at each other the wolves devour the sheep.

The mastiff is quiet while curs yelp.

The moon does not trouble about the dogs.

Hebrew

A good whelp will not come of a bad dog.

Dogs bark as they are bred.

Dogs never go into mourning when a horse dies.

Dogs that bark at a distance never bite.

Dogs that put up many hares kill none.

If the dog bark, go in; if the bitch bark, go out.

A hungry dog will eat dung.

Do not dwell in a city where a horse neighs not, nor a dog bark.

Whoso harbors a ferocious dog mars the happiness of the homestead.

A dog knows its owner always; a cat never.

Greek

“As dogs the Nile” (do something superficially, like

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the dogs which run along the bank and lap up water as they run,—so as not to be caught by the crocodiles).

The dog is worth his food.

Spanish

Ya están aquí San Roque y su perro (Here's Saint Roche and his dog), that is, any person who always goes with the same friend or relative.

Scotch

Ilka dog has his day.

Dogs that bark at a distance ne'er bark at hand.

Mar es Bran ise a bhrater (If it is not Bran, it is his brother).

Quotations

I had rather be a dog and bay the moon (*Shakespeare*).

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse (*Tennyson*).

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams (*Tennyson*).

Love me, love my dog (*Heywood*).

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all (*Dr. Johnson*).

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Like Hercules himself, do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Shakespeare

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

Goldsmith

Two dogs of St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed.

Sir Walter Scott

You play the spaniel
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

Shakespeare

It is not gode a sleeping hounde to wake.

Chaucer

Cry "Havoc" and let slip the dogs of war.

Shakespeare

"Deformed, unfinished . . . scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.

Shakespeare

His delicate ears, and superfine long nose,
With that last triumph his distinguished tail.

Watson

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The more I see of the representatives of the people
the more I like dogs. *Lamartine*

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree—

The more you beat them, the better they'll be.

Latin Epigram

Quis famulus amantior domini quam canis? (What
servant is more attached to his master than his dog?)

Columella

Oppida tota canem venerantur (Whole towns wor-
ship the dog). *Juvenal*

“A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in
poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep
on the cold ground, where the wintry wind blows and
the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his
master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food
to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come
in encounter with the roughness of the world. When
all other friends desert, he remains. When riches
take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is con-
stant in his love as the sun in its journey through the
heavens.” *Senator Vest*

In the United States we have the Order of the Elks.
Bouchart IV, Duke of Montmorency, established the
Order of the Dog. He came to Paris followed by a
great number of knights all of whom wore a collar

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with a medallion on which was engraved a dog, which signified fidelity to the king.

“Dog-cheap” is really “god-cheap” (good chap, i.e., man), “Chapman,” meaning merchant. So Falstaff says “good cheap.” (*Henry IV*, I, 3.3).

A dog at the feet of monumental effigies of women is as common as a lion accompanying male figures. It was intended to represent affection and fidelity, as the lion signified strength, courage. In some instances the name is inscribed—to give a pet the honor of a moment. In very many pictures of the Passion and Crucifixion of Christ by Albert Dürer and the old masters a dog is represented in the foreground.

We have all heard of Dog Latin. Why “Dog”? Doubtless to indicate that it is low and vulgar, in the same way as *dog-rose*, *dog-trick*, *dog-hole*, *dog-berry*, *dog-choops*, *doggerel*. When a great mortar was set up in St. James’s Park, someone asked why the carriage was ornamented with dog’s heads. “To justify the Latin inscription,” said Jekyl.

*His mistress struxit cenotaph
And as the verse came pat in,
Ego qui scribo epitaph,
Indite it in dog-Latin.*

Pliny, and many others, affirm that *dog-rose* is so called because the root is an effectual remedy for the

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bite of a mad dog; but they are all mistaken. It is simply *inferior* to the rose proper in hue and perfume. So we have *dog-violet* (not scented), *dog-daisy* (field daisy), *dog-cherry*, *dog's mercury*. The same is true in German, and even in Greek. Varro speaks of a *caninum prandium*, "a Volstead dinner," which an ordinary Roman would eschew as much as he would a wreath of *dog-roses* when dressed for the dinner.

"Phantom dogs" alone would fill a book. The Gabriel hounds, also known as Cwynbir (sky dogs) and Cyn Anwyn (courriers of hell) were the spirit hounds of ill-omen that rode the clouds. Wordsworth, in a poem, records an old man's tale that he had frequently seen them sweeping overhead; and I myself have heard a similar tale from the lips of an old woman of the province who professed to have seen them and heard them yelping as they rushed by high in the air. She averred that it resembled the baying of a bloodhound. She, and many other village folk, often strained their eyes to see them.

The mythical yethounds of Devon and the West Country are dogs without heads which are said to be the spirits of unbaptized children. They ramble about the moors and among the woods at night, making wailing sounds.

In a case of witchcraft at Bunny Hall, near Wake-

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field, in 1656 "severall aparitions like black doggs and catts were scene in the house." The devil appears "in the horrid shape of some black shaggy dog . . . or other frightful fray-buggs," says Ness (1690). They are frequently mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's works.

About 1665 Oliver Heywood entered in his "Diaries" the following:

"A strange noise in the air heard of many in these parts this winter called Gabriel-Ratches by this country people; the noise is as if a great number of whelps were barking and howling, and 'tis observed that if any see them, the persons that see them die shortly after; they are never heard but before a great death or dearth."

In a March gale, when the wind howled amongst the tops of the trees, it used to be said in Derbyshire that the Gabble Racht hounds were out. Their owner was said to gallop with them on a snorting black horse through the air just above the tops of the trees. They were headed by a big black dog, the eyes of which, as well as those of horse and rider, flamed with fire. A tale dimly told, and with certain variations, is that a certain squire persisted in riding to hounds on a Sunday, and, passing by a church when the people were going in, drove the

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pack to the doors, for which he was condemned ever afterwards to ride abroad on wild stormy nights. These Gabble Ratchet hounds were known also under the name of "Seven Whistlers."

*Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,
And counted them: and oftentimes will start,
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's Hounds,
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying hart
To chase for ever, on ærial grounds.*

WORDSWORTH.

It may not be generally known that "dog-whipping" formerly was a regular item in the annual accounts of the sexton in many English churches, for example, in the book for the parish of Forest Hill, near Oxford, for 1694: "Pd to Tho. Mills for whipping dogs out of church, 1 shilling." Later the remuneration was raised to eight, and in 1854 to ten shillings. At Chislet, in Kent, is a piece of land called "Dog-Whipper's Marsh." The tenants pay ten shillings annually to a person for keeping order in the church during divine service. Likewise in other places an acre or more of land is set aside for this purpose. The yelp of many a poor cur who had strolled through the open door revealed the fact that he had been ejected by the sexton. Disturbances would sometimes arise from canine quarrels. Some

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dogs cannot refrain from a howl at the sound of certain musical notes. This causes great inconvenience to the congregation; but this howl may also have been considered, in former days, as a manifestation of antipathy to holy influences, as the devil was supposed to have a holy horror of holy water.

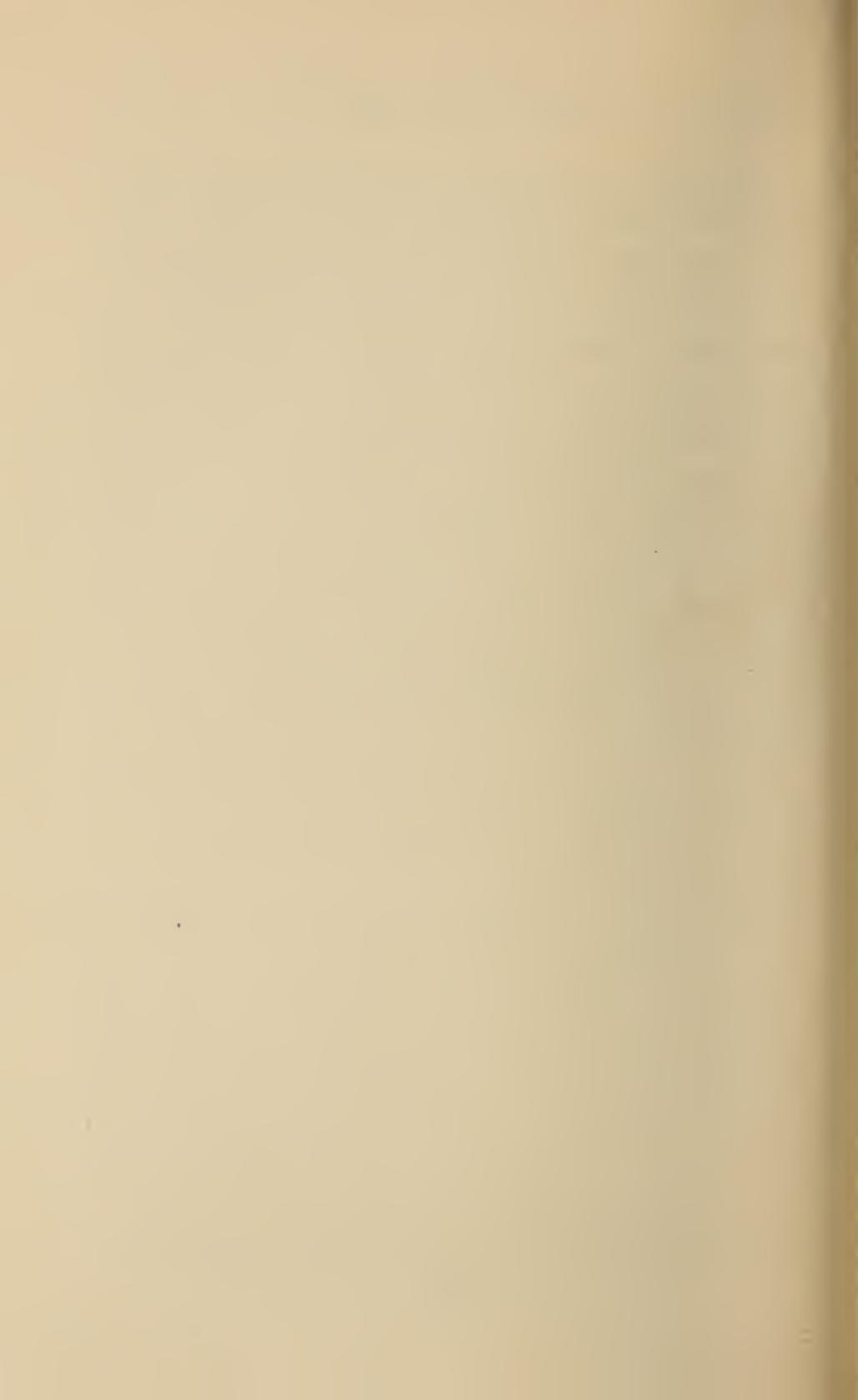
Many years ago a gentleman was fishing on the Whiteadder when he noticed a small building and he asked a shepherd: "Is that a kirk? It looks so small." "Aye, aye; but it's no sae sma', there's aboon thirty collies there ilka Sabbath."

An Edinburgh minister was preaching in a remote country kirk, where the dogs formed not a small part of the congregation. When the minister rose to pronounce the benediction, he perceived that his hearers remained seated. He looked around anxiously. Not a soul stirred. At last the clerk, wishing to relieve the minister's embarrassment, turned up his head from the desk below, and bawled out: "Say awa', sir, it's joost to cheat the dowgs." The dogs, imagining the service concluded when the congregation rose, had always prepared to leave and disturbed the solemnity of the occasion by various canine noises and shufflings.

Stories of comradeship between dogs and children are numerous. I have a friend in Jersey whose little

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son and little Airedale are inseparable companions. They have formed a mutual admiration society. This dog, he tells me, untaught, invariably runs from the house when the telephone rings, hunts up his master, brings him to the house, even catching him by the foot with his mouth, and stands at the foot of the stairs, barking and looking up until the summoned has obeyed the summons of the summoner and begins the ascent of the staircase; or if it happened to be the telephone downstairs, the dog leads his master through the dining room. There are many cases reported, too, of dogs forming fast friendships with other animals, even lions, with which they play, as with children.



Chapter XXV

FAMOUS DOGS AND DOG STORIES



PROBABLY the three most celebrated dogs in all history are Argos, Barry and Balto. I have already given an account of the first. As for the last, the whole world knows how, in February 1925, the famous Alaskan

dog carried the serum through the blizzard to Nome, where there was a severe epidemic of diphtheria. In March a movement was started to erect a statue to the hero in New York.

About Barry the masses in America are probably not so well informed. Yet Barry was a hero, too, and to him a statue has been erected as to his *confrères*, Soter and Balto. Barry was a huge St. Bernard. Over his grave is the inscription: "Barry the heroic. Saved forty persons and was killed by the forty-first." A lost traveler who thought that the rescuing dog was about to attack him killed the ani-

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mal that was befriending him. Barry once saved a child, whom he restored to consciousness by licking his face, and then crouched in the snow so that the child might climb upon his back and be carried to the monastery, founded in 962 for the benefit of pilgrims going to Rome.

When you go to Paris, you should visit the Necropolis. It is on Dog Island¹ in the Seine, near Asnières, and easily approached from there or from Paris by the Clichy bridge. There is an imposing wrought-iron gateway entrance to this cemetery for dogs; and when you enter you behold handsome monuments and touching epitaphs. Among these is one to Barry with the figure of a beautiful dog with a child on his back. Whenever the slightest snow-storm came on, Barry could not be kept in. His (stuffed) body is preserved in the Museum at Berne.

Another famous dog, more widely known perhaps than any except Balto is Gelert. He lived in a village at the foot of Mt. Snowdon, in Wales, where Llewellyn, his master, had a house given to him by his father-in-law, King John, in 1205. The place

¹ There is also an "Isle of Dogs" in the Thames near London, so called, it is said, because it was the depot of the spaniels and greyhounds of Edward III. But this is doubtful, for it was swampy. It was near this "island" that the king and his courtiers indulged in the sports of shooting woodcock and coursing the red deer.

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to this day is called Beth Gelert (Grave of the Greyhound).

The oldest dog story in the world is found in the folklore of Russia, Germany, France, England and Wales. This is the story of Gelert, who risked his life to slay an intruder who would have killed his master's child, but was himself mistaken for the offender and suffered the penalty of death for his supposed crime. I have read precisely the same story in Sanskrit—only it was an ichneumon instead of a dog that saved the child and was then killed by his master.

Long before Balto and Barry and Gelert and Argos there were many famous dogs—and probably thousands of others just as heroic, but unhonored and unsung—for on the walls of Nineveh we find the dog's picture; and on the tomb of King Antef, one of the oldest rulers of Egyptian Thebes, appear four hunting dogs, with their names Bahuka, Abaker, Paktes and Pakaro, still recognizable after five thousand years. Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians also had numerous packs of hounds; but among these nations the dog never stood in as high esteem as among the Greeks. Castor first hunted with fleet dogs of the chase. Alexander the Great honored his dog Perites by giving his name to a city. The

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Romans were not hunters like the Greeks. But the Alexandrian poet, Claudianus (450 A.D.) portrays Diana and the various dogs of the chase. Of all the ancients, Xenophon, who possessed a famous dog, Hippocentaurus, gives us in his treatise on hunting the best glimpse of this sport as practiced by the Greeks. He furnishes us also with forty-seven good names for dogs.

Greek art has supplied many dogs for illustration, but there is little diversity, although there were many varieties by that time. The Attic graves represent twenty toy dogs. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York is a replica of the mural tablet at the tomb of Korallion at the Dipylon gate of Athens. Plutarch mentions a famous dog owned by Xanthippus, the father of Pericles. Alexander the Great, before leaving for the East, received the gift of a dog of extraordinary size and beauty sent to him by the king of Albania. This dog was exceedingly courageous. Alexander put him in an arena with a stag. The dog calmly lay down. A wild boar was then introduced. The dog never stirred, did not even deign to look. Then a lion was let in, and at once the dog leaped to his feet; his hair bristled; and he answered the roar of the lion with a howl. But Alexander did not wish to take the risk

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of losing his favorite and gave orders to prevent the battle royal. The king doubtless thought, not that "a living dog is better than a dead lion" (*Ecclesiastes* 9.4), but that a living dog is better than a dead dog killed by a lion.

On another occasion Perites, in the presence of his master, did not hesitate to measure himself with an elephant: the dog harassed the larger animal with so much fire and fury, returned to the charge so often and so boldly that the elephant was at a loss how to repel the attack. Of course, the dog could not win against such fearful odds, but (so the story goes) the elephant, in despair at last that such a puny antagonist had the temerity to cope with him so long, threw himself upon the ground and died from his fall. Alexander built a city in the dog's honor and gave it his name.

Alcibiades had a dog of singular beauty and surprising strength. One day the dog was attacked in a wood near Athens by thieves who wished to steal his silver collar. The courageous animal rushed upon his assailants so furiously that three of them yelled with fright and fled. The fourth had not received a single bite. Seizing him by the wrist, the dog forced the man to walk by his side until he found his master.

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Pliny tells an extraordinary story of a dog, a story attested by the public register of the Roman people. In the consulship of Appius Junius and P. Silius, when Titus Sabinus was put to death, together with his slaves, for the affair of Nero, the son of Germanicus, it was found impossible to drive away a dog, which belonged to one of them, from the prison; nor could it be forced away from the body, which had been cast down the Gemitorian steps. But there it stood howling, in the presence of a vast multitude of people; and when some one threw a piece of bread to it, the animal carried it to the mouth of its master. Afterwards when the body was thrown into the Tiber, the dog swam into the river and endeavored to raise it out of the water; quite a throng of people collected to witness this instance of an animal's fidelity.

The finest tribute to the dog in Latin literature is in Martial's "Epitaph of the Dog Lydia"—

*Amphitheatrales inter nutrita magistros
Venatrix, sylvis asper, blanda domi,
Lydia dicebar, domino fidissima Dextro.
Non queror, infernas quamvis cito raptō sub umbras;
Non potui fato nobiliore mori.*

The poet represents her as rejoicing in such a death; but as for any kind feeling for the animal, such as is implied in St. Bernard's words on dogs,

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we do not find a trace in Roman literature. This does not mean, however, that it did not exist, for only a comparatively small part of that literature has come down to us.

There are, indeed, hundreds of famous dogs in history besides those already mentioned, both in life, and in literature. To mention only a few, there is Jocelyn's dog, Fido, who inspired Lamartine to write those exquisite verses which one cannot read dry-eyed; Nero, Napoleon the Third's favorite; Sir Isaac Newton's mischievous "Diamond"; Sir Walter Scott's "Camp," and the little terrier, "Wasp," that appears again and again in "Guy Mannering," Roswal in "The Talisman"; Wolf, the deer-hound in "The Abbott"; Fangs in "Ivanhoe," a lean, black dog, of plebeian birth, but noble of soul.

In "Old Mortality" is a touching scene that recalls old Argos of Homer:

"Down, Elphin! down, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise. "Ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common ane. And the creature kens you, too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone "God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

Other famous dogs are Bron, in Kingsley's "Hypatia"; Crab (with Launce) and Rab (with his

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friends); Rip Van Winkle's dog; Tolstoi's dogs; Ouida's "Dog of Flanders"; Greyfriar's "Bobby," whose devotion to his master has been perpetuated in bronze; Albert Payson's "Lad"; Cowper's "Beau"; Matthew Arnold's "Geist" and "Kaiser"; Pope's "Bounce"; and back to the dog mentioned in Tobias (xl.9): "Then the Dog, which had been with them in the way, ran before, and coming as if *he* had brought the news, showed his joy by his fawning and wagging his tail"—to announce to the father the welcome news of the end of all his mortal troubles with the early arrival of his son.

At Malboise in the Ardennes lived a wood-cutter who had a dog Sultan, and a daughter Jeanne. One day, in the woods, the superintendent Maugrard, assaulted Jeanne, who was saved by Sultan. The human beast from whose clutches the dog had saved his mistress avenged himself on the poor animal by putting out his eyes. But the blind dog saved Jeanne once again, for the wretch, Maugrard, entered her room one night when she was alone. Her father, on his return, found his daughter extended across her bed motionless. In the middle of the room were two corpses, that of a man and that of a dog weltering in a sea of blood. A dagger blade had been plunged into the belly of the animal; in the throat of the

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man were two gaping wounds from which were still trickling two streams of black blood.

SIR TRISTRAM'S DOG

The Queen always had a little brachet with her, that Sir Tristram gave her the first time ever she came into Cornwall, and never would the brachet depart from her, but if Sir Tristram was nigh there also was La Beale Isoud; and this brachet was sent from the King's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram, for great love. And anon as this little brachet felt a savor of Sir Tristram, she leaped upon him, and licked his cheeks and his ears, and then she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and at his hands, and on all parts of his body that she might come to. "Ah! my lady," said Dame Bragwaine unto La Beale Isoud, "Alas! alas!" said she, "I see it is mine own lord, Sir Tristram." And thereupon Isoud fell down in a swoon and so lay a great while; and when she might speak, she said, "My lord, Sir Tristram, blessed be God ye have your life; and now I am sure ye shall be discovered by this little brachet, for she will never leave you . . ."

With Isoud and Mark, king of Lyonesse, went Sir Tristram's little brachet, Hodain, the gift of the daughter of the King of France. When "this little

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brachet felt a savor of Sir Tristram, she leapt upon him and licked his tears and his ears, and she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and his hands and on all parts of the body that she might come to." "Sir, this is Sir Tristram, I see by this brachet." "Nay," said the king, "I cannot suppose that." But finally he was convinced; and when the identity of the man he had rescued was proved, he sentenced him to ten years' banishment from the country of Cornwall, and Sir Tristram journeyed to Wales, to the castle of Duke Gilian. Now, at that time there was a giant that was troubling the land, and Tristram overcame the giant, and in recompense therefor he asked for the duke's dog which had been given to him by the Duke of Avalon, "and as Sir Tristram stroked the little thing, the fairy dog that took away his sorrow, he saw how delicate it was and fine, and how it had soft hair like samite" (velvet), and the duke answered and said: "Take it then, but in taking it you take away all my joy."

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE'S DOG

I give the story in the words of Sir Roger Williams: "For I heard the Prince say often, that as hee thought, but for a dog he had been taken. The camisado was given with such resolution, that the

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place of armes tooke no alarme, until their fellowes were running in with the enemies in their tailes. Whereupon this dogge, hearing a great noyse, fell to scratching and crying, and withall leapt on the Prince's face, awaking him being asleep, before any of his men. And albeit the Prince lay in his armes, with a lackey alwaies holding one of his horses ready bridled; yet at the going out of his tent, with much adoe hee recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless one of his Quiries was slaine taking horse presently after him; and divers of his servants were forced to escape amongst the guards of foote, which could not recover their horses. For truth, ever since, untill the Prince's dying day, hee kept one of that dog's race; so did many of his friends and followers. The most or all of these dogs were white little hounds, with crooked noses, called Camuses."

The fashionable lap-dog of the days of the first two Georges was the ugly little Dutch pug. It was customary to decorate them with orange-colored ribbons.

In Spain the famous and faithful knight, Amadis, gave his name to thousands of noble dogs in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On the stone which encloses the tomb of Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa,

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who died in 1409, is carved the figure of a dog, on whose collar is inscribed the name "Amadis." The dog of Alba appealed so to the imagination of the people and so many distichs were written about it that the latter in turn gave rise to the saying: "Las coplas del perro de Alba" (meaning something of small value).

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S DOG

When Marie Antoinette left the Temple to be taken to the dark dungeons of the Conciergerie, she expressed a desire to be permitted to take her little dog Thisbe with her. The request was refused. But the dog ran after her carriage and never lost sight of it. At the entrance of her new prison the dog tried to enter with her; but the sentry kicked it away. As long as the queen was kept in confinement, the dog kept going around the prison. A hundred times she endeavored to find an opportunity to enter. People began to talk about it. The dog refused to take nourishment, became savage, scared, unwilling to let anyone come near her. One day, after howling for more than two hours she jumped out of a window, fell into the Seine, and was drowned.

But, perhaps no dog has won greater renown than Dragon, the dog of Montargis, because his attack on

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Macaire was pictured over the chimney of the great hall in the castle of Montargis. A hundred authors have narrated the story; mothers tell it to their children; and it has been made the subject of a great drama palpitating with emotion, by Guilbert de Pixerecourt, which had immense success in Paris (1814), throughout France, and in London and Vienna.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS

I

It was in the month of July; the sun was shining in a cloudless sky and seemed to be placing a crown of fire on the high turrets of the manor of Villemonble. In one of the shady avenues of the park a young man and a young lady, Isabelle, were strolling together. In the front of them ran a magnificent greyhound, who would stop from time to time and leap up to them joyously. In the copse the blackbirds were singing and amid the boughs of the large beeches the goldfinches and the tomtits were chattering.

The young man was Aubry de Montdidier and wore the uniform of the royal archers; his companion was the Chatelaine of Villemonble. An orphan, beautiful and rich, Mlle. Isabelle's hand was sought by all the

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young nobles of the court of Charles V. One refusal after another had removed most of the suitors; others had prudently retired, leaving an open field to Aubry de Montdidier, who, thanks to a very marked preference on the part of Mlle. Isabelle, seemed to be destined to carry off the prize. Among these was one whom nothing could discourage: he cherished the foolish hope of becoming the husband of the charming Chatelaine, in spite of the disdain she showed for him.

This courageous pretender was also a royal archer, and was called Chevalier Macaire. Needless to say, the Chevalier detested Aubry. Although he endeavored to conceal the hate that filled his heart, more than once, while speaking of his rival, he had uttered words that betrayed his secret.

“Be on your guard against Macaire,” Aubry was warned by his friends. And the young man had replied: “I am not afraid.”

Hence, as he was walking in the park with his beautiful fiancée, he thought only of her and not at all of his enemy. The young lady had put her hand in his and, engrossed in the happiness of the moment, they talked of their future. When they came to the end of the avenue, they sat down on a turf-bench. The greyhound came and lay down at their feet.

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“So, Messire,” said the young lady, continuing the conversation, “you will speak this very evening to the king, our lord?”

“Yes, my dear Isabelle, and as I am certain in advance that he will approve, you will be my dearly beloved companion.”

“How long this week will seem to me!” she replied; “but you will come every day to the château, will you not? You promise me?”

“Oh, yes; you know that the hours I spend by your side are the happiest of all!”

The maiden smiled at him deliciously; but immediately a cloud passed over her brow, and she leaned her head on the young man’s shoulder.

The latter noted that sudden sadness.

“What ails you, dear Isabelle?” he asked; “your sweet smile has vanished, I see tears in your eyes; have I unwittingly caused you pain?”

“Pain from you, Aubry, you whom I love! Never—”

“Whence then your sadness?”

“Because you are going to leave me to return to Paris; I wish I could follow you there, never live separated from you— Oh! I deserve to be scolded, Aubry; I do not know what is going on inside of me, but foolish fears assail me; just now it seemed

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to me that we were going to say good-by to each other and that I would never see you again.”

“Those are foolish fears, indeed.”

“Aubry, my dear Aubry, the Chevalier Macaire is a bad man; he hates you; be on your guard.”

“If Macaire hates me, it is because he loves you; but don’t be uneasy, dear Isabelle, the chevalier is not formidable, and I question whether he would dare try his strength against me.”

“No matter, Aubry, be prudent, and avoid every occasion of meeting that man.”

“I shall do as you command, Isabelle. But the time to say good-by has come,” said he rising; “I must be in Paris before nightfall.”

The young lady accompanied him as far as the little gate of the park, near which his horse, held by a servant of the château, was waiting for him.

Aubry de Montdidier threw himself into the saddle and with his hand and his heart sent a last adieu to his fiancée.

Before he left, the greyhound came to lick her hand. She returned his caresses, saying:

“Watch well over your master, and if anyone tries to harm him, defend him.” Half an hour later Aubry de Montdidier was galloping gaily through the forest of Bondy. As the weather was excessively

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warm, he had taken off his helmet and was carrying it in one hand, while with the other he amused himself by making signs to his dog. The greyhound ran hither and thither, barking joyously. Suddenly he stopped and stood still; as if he had just perceived a roebuck or a deer in the thicket. Aubry stopped his horse and looked, expecting to see the animal dart out at any moment. Suddenly the greyhound ran at full speed toward his master, who observed all his movements with surprise. At the same instant a man darted out from behind a tree and before he could be perceived by the man on horseback, thrust a dagger in his side.

Aubry, feeling that he was wounded, turned round and attempted to seize a weapon to defend himself; but before he had time to do so, his assailant stabbed him a second time, this time in the breast, and the blade penetrated his heart. The unhappy man first fell back upon his horse, then rolled off to the ground.

He was dead.

On seeing his master stretched out on the ground motionless, the dog flew into a terrible rage and hurled himself upon the assassin. A desperate struggle ensued; but the man finally got the upper hand. Believing that he had beaten the greyhound to death, he dragged him away and rolled him into the ditch

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that bordered the highway. Then wishing to remove all trace of his crime, he dug a hole at the foot of a tree and buried the body of his victim. Meanwhile the horse had run away and had disappeared in the depths of the forest.

But the hound had only been stunned by the blow he had received; he soon recovered consciousness; he leaped out of the ditch and returned to the place where the attack had been made. The murderer had disappeared. Not finding the body of his master, the faithful animal began to utter plaintive wails; but soon his instinct guided him to the foot of the tree where the body had been buried. He lay down upon the grave and for two days the forest resounded incessantly with his howls. Finally, oppressed by hunger and thirst, he decided to leave the grave, and he ran without stopping to Paris and went to the house of a friend of his master. There his sad howls seemed to announce the loss he had suffered. But his language was not understood. They gave him food and he appeased his hunger, but began again at once to utter his piteous cries. Vain efforts! He ran to the door, turned and looked to see if they were following him, came back, returned again, pulled at the clothes of those who had given him bread and finally, seeing the futility of his efforts, he ran off

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howling. He went back again and lay down on the grave of his master, remained there one day, and then returned to the château of Villemonble.

II

For three days the young chatelaine had been a prey to the greatest fears; she had passed through all kinds of anxiety. Locked in her room and a prey to the darkest thoughts, she prayed and cried: nevertheless, in spite of the cruel admonitions of her heart, she tried to summon up smiling illusions; she forced back with all her might the possibility of a misfortune and hoped to see her fiancé arrive at any moment.

At last, when she could no longer find consolation amid her doubts and uncertainties, she thought of sending to Paris one of her faithful servants.

“Jehan,” she said to him, “take the best horse from the stable and go to Paris.”

Jehan bowed.

“In Paris call at the house of Messire Aubry de Montdidier. If he is not in, wait until he returns. I command you not to return here without having seen him and without bringing me a note written by his hand.”

“Your orders shall be executed,” replied Jehan.

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And he went to get ready to leave.

As he was mounting his horse and they were lowering the drawbridge, the greyhound darted into the court of the château howling with all his might.

Isabelle ran out on hearing his cries. The dog rushed toward her, lay down at her feet, looked at her sorrowfully, got up again and began to howl once more.

“It is the messenger of death,” cried the young lady.

And she fell unconscious in the arms of her attendants. While the women crowded around her and gave her attention, the servants gathered and, obeying the voice of the dog which seemed to be calling them, they followed him closely until they reached the edge of the forest.

All at once the greyhound left the highway and stopped at a place where the earth seemed to have been recently turned up. The dog was seen to be agitated, seized by a sort of convulsive trembling; then, scratching the soil with his paws, he gave a long wail.

They began to dig the earth immediately, and soon they discovered the body, which was easily recognized as that of Aubry de Montdidier. The two wounds which he had received left no doubt as to

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the manner in which he had met his end. A crime had been committed; of that there was not the shadow of a doubt. But who was guilty of that crime?

The body was carried to the château and buried the following day in the chapel. The same day Isabelle announced to the servants that she was leaving the château to go and live in Paris. Before departing from the place where the body of her fiancé reposed, she went and knelt upon his tomb. "Adieu, noble friend," said she, "adieu, but only for a time; I shall come back, and as soon as thou hast been avenged; then, I hope, death, which separates us now, will reunite us under this stone. No one, except me, knows the name of thy murderer. I go to deliver him up to his punishment. Forgive me, if I leave thee, my dearly beloved; my heart remains with thee, I take with me only my grief and my regrets."

The chatelaine of Villemonble departed, followed by the faithful greyhound of Aubry.

III

But there is come

A witness dumb not heard upon thy trial.

Isabelle had been in Paris for a month and she had not yet been able to put into execution her plans of vengeance; she was even on the point of giving them

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up, so difficult did the project seem to be when closely examined; for, after all, to make an accusation one must have proofs; and she was unable to furnish a single one.

She saw herself forced to consign to God the case for her vengeance, to God, whose inflexible justice, soon or late, knows how to punish the guilty.

One day as she was crossing a square accompanied by the greyhound, who never left her side, the latter, barking furiously, darted into the midst of a group of archers and leaped to the throat of one of them. By dint of blows they succeeded in driving him off, but he came back to the charge each time more furious than the last, and, three different times, he hurled himself on the same archer. The latter, to escape the fury of the dog, was obliged to flee. Then the animal, which they prevented from approaching, became restless and uneasy and barked at a distance, addressing his threats in that direction in which the individual had escaped.

The archer against whom the greyhound had just declared war, was the Chevalier Macaire.

“God be praised!” said Isabelle to herself, “I have my vengeance; that man will not escape me now. The dog of his victim will testify against him.”

From that day she showed herself constantly on

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the promenades and in the places frequented by the archers of the king. Henceforth it was war with a vengeance between the greyhound and Macaire, a war without truce or quarter. Every time the animal met his enemy he attacked him and pursued him with unprecedented tenacity and blind courage. These multiplied assaults, this strange fury of an animal that was gentle and kind, began to arouse suspicion. People began to remark:

“The Chevalier Macaire detested Aubry de Montdidier. When Aubry disappeared, Macaire himself was absent. On his return he looked troubled; his clothes were torn and in disorder. Did Macaire, driven by jealousy, murder Aubry?”

This gossip reached the ears of the king, who had already heard about the persistence of the dog in pursuing Macaire. He desired to witness the movements of that noble animal and so gave orders to have the dog brought into his presence.

Isabelle presented herself before Charles V, accompanied by her dog. Weeping she told him her sad story and ended by accusing the Chevalier Macaire of having murdered her fiancé.

“We shall compel the Chevalier, if he is guilty, to confess his crime,” said the king, “and justice shall be done.”

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He sent for the archer at once and ordered him to conceal himself in a large group of courtiers. The dog was then brought in from an adjoining room which Isabelle had entered with him. No sooner had the dog come in than he rushed upon the murderer with his accustomed fury; he went straight to him without the least hesitation and picked him out from among all the noblemen. By his barks and his piercing cries he seemed to be demanding justice of the king.

“Take the dog out,” commanded the monarch; “what I have just seen is strange and marvelous, Chevalier Macaire. Answer. You are accused of having treacherously slain one of your comrades to whom this dog belonged.”

“It is an infamous calumny!” exclaimed Macaire.

“Why then was that dog so enraged at you?”

“This is probably the reason. One day I had a quarrel with his owner; he rushed upon me, and I struck him; since that time he has been pursuing me with his anger every time he encounters me.”

“Where were you the day Aubry was assassinated? On your return why were you confused and perturbed? Why were your clothes torn?”

“Sire, I recall none of those circumstances; but as God is my judge, I protest my innocence.”

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“Appearances accuse you, Chevalier Macaire. You call God to witness for your innocence. So be it. God will decide between you who deny your guilt and the dog who seems to accuse you. I command that a single combat take place between you. That will be the verdict of God!”

IV

In olden times there existed a barbarous law in France. That law declared that if anyone was suspected of a crime, he should prove his innocence by fighting his adversary in the lists. In that period of ardent faith this custom had its origin in the belief that Heaven could not permit crime to go unpunished, as if God did not have his own methods of punishment for the guilty man who escaped the justice of men. These combats were prescribed by authority of justice and were preceded by lugubrious ceremonies. The vanquished was forewarned of his fate. He was to be dragged by the feet outside of the lists and attached to the gibbet. This sentence was executed in the case of the dead as well as of the living, for it might happen that the vanquished would be only wounded. These duels were called “Judgments of God.”

Now, the day came when the Chevalier Macaire

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was to fight the greyhound and prove by a victorious contest that he had been falsely accused. It was the eighth of October, 1381, and the combat took place with as much solemnity as if it had been between two knights.

At an early hour an immense crowd assembled around the lists which had been set up in the Isle of St. Louis (now Notre Dame), at that time uninhabited.

A few minutes before the entrance of the two champions in the arena the king and all his court took their places in the reserved seats in the grandstand. The field judges then came and sat down on their benches under the royal box. A moment later the two antagonists were led in.

Macaire was armed with a large club having the form of a bludgeon, the dog with his claws and teeth.

The trumpets sound. It is the signal. The dog is released. He does not wait for his enemy to come to him; he runs, leaps, darts, rushes upon his assailant, retreats, gets out of the way, turns, comes back, dodges the blows that threaten him; now on one side, now on the other, he does not cease attacking Macaire a single instant. A blow which he receives sideways removes the skin from one of his legs.

The animal howls with pain; Macaire marches

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upon him with club raised high, ready to break it over the brute's head; the dog recoils; he is about to take refuge in flight—and victory belongs to the murderer of his master.

The crowd, silent and palpitating with excitement, looks and waits.

Suddenly, a woman dressed in black rises against the palisade opposite the greyhound. Her face is white as snow; her long black hair falls disheveled over her shoulders.

With eyes fixed on the dog and her hand pointing to the Chevalier Macaire, she cries:

“Avenge your master!”

That well-known voice restores to the dog his strength, his courage, and redoubles his fury. Just when the spectators believe him to be already conquered, he rushes afresh upon his enemy; by a movement prompt and skilful he avoids the blow that threatens his head, glides stealthily and swiftly under the arm suspended in the air, seizes Macaire by the throat and fastens himself so firmly to it that he upsets him on the field of battle and forces him to cry for mercy.

Then the king gives orders for the man to be released from the grip of the dog; at a fresh order, the judges approach.

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Chevalier Macaire, brought before them, confessed that he had assassinated his comrade Aubry de Montdidier, without anybody's being able to see him except the greyhound by whom he acknowledged his defeat.

The sentence was immediately executed; the murderer was dragged outside of the lists, conducted to the gibbet, and hanged.

Six months later the Chatelaine of Villemonble died: her body was placed in the tomb which she had had constructed for her fiancé, under the cupola of the chapel of the château.

After the funeral ceremony the doors of the chapel were locked and the château itself remained unoccupied for several years. Finally a nobleman acquired it and came to install himself with his family. The day when the new lord of the manor of Villemonble had the doors of the chapel opened again, they found the skeleton of a dog on the tomb of Isabelle and of Aubry de Montdidier.

*“Beasts can neither feel nor suffer”;
So said Descartes long ago—
And the angels of dumb creatures
Wept that men should judge them so.*

*For they knew what depths of feeling
Through the dumb creation ran;
Yea, that beasts have died for sorrow,
Even for misjudging man.*

Part Five

Reflections

Chapter XXVI

REFLECTIONS ON MAN AND MEDITATIONS ON DOG



A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written recently about the dozen writers who have achieved immortality. Kipling doubtless had in mind a definite dozen. But he wisely refrained from mentioning them.

Well did he know that many a cocksure writer would pounce upon him and berate him for not including in his list some particular author he had read and admired, but one who will be as dead, in the long sweep of time, as his champion in the public press. In literature nothing survives that is not so put as to meet universal acceptance; and the subject must be of universal interest. All the rest is merely the fashion of the hour. I shall not attempt to enumerate the twelve immortals; but I will name the Great Three.

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Homer, Æschylus and Shakespeare form the triple summit of all literature. I did not think that anybody would omit the first and last, but I see that Ferrero would not include Shakespeare, and Bainville would ban Homer. Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, and Ellery Sedgwick rightly admit Æschylus. But how many of those whose choice has been solicited, or of those who have sent a list in to the press unsolicited, are capable of judging Æschylus? Reading him in a translation amounts to nothing. Those who know that marvelous and gigantic genius place him on a pinnacle as high—some even higher—than Homer and Shakespeare. Swinburne, in a private letter, declared that in his opinion the *Oresteia* of Æschylus was, on the whole, “the greatest, spiritual work of man.” Dante (who would certainly come in the first six) puts both Homer and Virgil above himself; but he did not, could not, know Æschylus. Macaulay’s catalogue is: Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Æschylus, Milton, Sophocles—half of them Greek, and two of them Athenians, living at the same time and in a town that could be put in Central Park, New York.

But what has this to do with dogs? Simply this: A dog does not judge until he has the means to judge, for he determines a thing by the test of knowledge

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and ignorance; he refuses to prophesy until he knows. Now what do these writers know about Æschylus or Pindar? Not one jot or tittle more than Dante or Goethe knew about dogs. Dante's compatriot, De Amicis, knew just as little until one day he bought one for thirty cents. Then he learned—and his opinion was completely reversed. "And among the many debts of gratitude I owe him is this, that he made me discontinue an injustice. I was unjust to all his kind; not because I hated them, but because I never loved them. I had never had a dog. I did not know anything about dogs except what I had learned from conversations with friends or from the pages of some writer." And all the marvels and tenderness of which he had heard he had believed to be mere flowers of fancy.

During his first few days of ownership he had to overcome a sort of repulsion he felt for the new inmate of his house. But it was not long before he realized what he had missed. "To think that in fifty years I had never felt the great satisfaction, the great enjoyment, of seeing a dog running to me from afar to meet me and jump up and put his paws on my knees as if he desired to embrace me! . . . Ah! Your black and steady eyes! How many things they express—perhaps what I do not understand. And per-

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haps you observe and comprehend much more than I give you credit for.”

De Amicis asks himself why he complains of the dog's barking when the bell rings, and then listens with infinite patience to many unwelcome bores, who make more noise than the dog and say nothing wiser and better. “If you only knew what curiosity seizes me and makes me meditate for hours how to penetrate your brain with my mind, to know what you understand and what are the limits of that intelligence which constantly increases and decreases to my mental vision. . . . And I wonder what concepts of the mind, what shadows of ideas the vision of this world has given you, and what you think of us as you gaze upon us and see the act and hear the sounds that come from our lips! . . . If you only knew what an attractive and solemn mystery is imprisoned in that little head so impenetrable . . . in that look of yours, simple, yet mysterious, in which I seem to see glimpses of human understanding, and the effort to pronounce the word that cannot be articulated, the aggravation of the forced speechlessness, and almost the spasm of a soul locked up in a prison of bone and flesh, that feels the mutilation of the ancient faculties of which you have a confused remembrance . . . and you are good without knowing it,

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and you love without thinking, and you live to live, never giving a thought to misfortune or death. . . . Will you sometimes remember the old master who loved you so much? Will you do all this, good Dick, faithful companion of mine, dear comfort of my solitude and of my work? Ah! Your straight and shining eyes say 'Yes.' Your tongue that seeks my face tells me more than it would if you could talk, and your tail is wagging a promise."

*My Airedale has no soul, they say—
He's nothing but a lump of clay.
Perhaps. But when we reach the day
We sunder,
And near the golden gate I get,
I'll see him wriggling up, I'll bet,
And some good soul, within, will let
Him under.*

