



DOG STORIES.



Dogs and their deeds the wonderful stories are endless. Among all ranks and ages of life we meet with people who can recall some remarkable incident connected with a four-footed but disinterested friend. The following letter has a somewhat pathetic interest, as the amiable prince died so young and full of promise.

In the *Weekly Miscellany* of 1773 is a copy of a letter, addressed to Prince Henry, the promising son of James I., concerning the "famous dogge Bungey."

"May it please your Highnesse to accepte in as goode sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie *I pede fausto*; but havinge goode reason to thinke your Highnesse had

good will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselve, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my Dogge against him for good carriage, for if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe

often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such Nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queenè that this messenger did ever blab ought concerning his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forthe, and returnede withe the other parte of his burden to dinner: hereat yr Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the Dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refrain and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I did once grieve at missinge this Dogge, for on my journie towards Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassadors, where, in a happie houre after six weekes, I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there then at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the Dogge's own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe, but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to

allowe me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept, and came homewards. I coud dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now say in what manner he died, as we traveld towards the Bathe, he leapede on my horse's neck, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but, alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to yr Highnesse thought of this Dogge. Now let Ulysses praise his Dogge Argus, or Tobite belied by that Dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my 'Bungey,' for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich, more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my Dogge if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe, saie that of all the Dogges near your father's Courte, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention.

"I now reste youre Highnesse friend in all service that maye suite him,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

"Kelston, June 14, 1608."

The results that may be attained by unremitting education are sometimes surprising, although natural disposition can never be completely overcome. At the same time, we can but feel something like pity when animals are put, as it were, into splints, as regards their natural feelings.

"Of all the changes which ever I saw wrought upon animals by education," says a writer of 1773, "that effected by a lady whom I was lately to visit, struck me with most surprise. She had, by great industry, and, no doubt, no small difficulty, taught a dog, a cat, a sparrow and a mouse, to live together in amity like brother and sister. Whether they were in reality friends from their heart, I will not take upon me to say, but apparently they were the best neighbours in the world.

These four animals slept on the same bed, and ate from the same plate. The dog, however, took care always to serve himself first, and generally like a glutton; but yet he did not forget the cat, who, in her turn, was civil enough to leave the mouse several little fat bits, with which it seemed greatly pleased; while the sparrow was contented with the crumbs of bread, which the rest scarce thought worth taking. After they had eaten, they then began to divert themselves. The dog licked the cat, and it purred, and seemed extremely satisfied. The mouse, on its side, amused itself with playing with the cat's claws, who always kept the nails within the natural sheath. As for the sparrow, it hopped up and down, and now pecked at one of them, now at the other, without the least anger on their side. In short, there was such a perfect harmony among this little society, that nothing like diffidence, distrust, or apprehension was seen among them."

But perhaps the innate good nature of the dog has seldom been more curiously witnessed than in the following New Zealand story:—

"There is a dog at Taupo, New Zealand, and also a young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the *bona fides* of each other. These two animals live at the native prah on the opposite side of Tapuaeharuru, and the dog discovered some happy hunting grounds on the

other side, and informed the pig. The pig, being only two months old, informed the dog that he could not swim across the river, which at that spot debouches from the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in water, and crouched down, the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with his forelegs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning, the two would in this way go across and forage around Tapuaeharuru, returning to the prah at night; and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait till his friend came down to be ferried over. The truth of this story is vouched for by several who have watched the movements of the pair for some weeks."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton never told a more beautiful story than the following:—

"A dog was bereaved of his master, and became old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in some corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered wore ribbed stockings; the old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings that he remembered rubbing his face against. Believing his master had returned after those weary years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke. The momentary illusion was dispelled; the dog went sadly back to his place, lay down wearily and died."

The patience of dogs is a remarkable feature. A farmer in the neighbourhood of Over Kellet had occasion to go early in the morning to Kendal, on business, when he was followed to the Carnforth Railway Station by his four-footed companion. He did not return until the following night, when, to his surprise, he found the dog waiting for him, and quite overjoyed at his return. The faithful

animal had thus been two days and a night without leaving the platform, patiently looking for his master's return.

That the humour of dogs is not always manifested in a boisterous way will be evident from the following, concerning Garrick and a butcher's dog:—

"One very sultry evening in the 'dog days,' Garrick performed the part of Lear. In the first four acts he received the accustomed tribute of applause; at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion; it was not tragic; it was evidently an endeavour to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner, and the beauteous Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from the sofa, and with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, a tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for this strange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by supposing that the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated in the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally supposed that he might here enjoy the like privilege; the butcher sat very far back, and the dog, finding a fair opening, got on the seat, and fixing his fore-paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most

sagacious critic of the day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to the heat of a play-house, found himself oppressed by a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of the mastiff. The dog being in so conspicuous a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig was too much,—it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment of his deepest distress; no wonder, then, that it had such an effect on his representative."

It is only to be expected that attached as dogs are to the restless genus *homo*, that some should be great travellers. Belgravia has a dog that has been all through the Ashantee campaign, distinguishing himself scarcely second to Sir Garnet Wolseley. It is claimed that Towser once broke into the enemy's ranks and singled out a naked foe, whom he so bit and worried, that the darkey actually surrendered, and permitted himself to be led prisoner by the calf of the leg. Dr. Livingstone's dog is the only one that has survived a journey into Central Africa. This faithful creature travelled from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe with the explorer, and then followed Livingstone's body back to the coast. The dog wears a medal bearing the following inscription:—"Mabel, F.R.G.S., late Livingstone East Coast African Expedition, 1873-4." It is a small-sized bull terrier, white in colour, and, we are sorry to say, in very infirm health. It travelled 1,500 miles in Africa—a wonderful effort in pedestrianism—before it was a year old, and it has since travelled 15,000 miles by sea.