

A Cemetery for Dogs.

BY E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.



THE general public who frequent Hyde Park little suspect that this Royal pleasance contains a dogs' cemetery, and that within a stone's-throw of Victoria Gate and the Bayswater Road, yet carefully hidden from the profane eyes of the throng, are the graves of thirty-nine dogs, of which thirty-three are surmounted by tombstones, mostly marble. Such is nevertheless the case; the graves are bright and green, some are even decorated with flowers. The cemetery is not a public institution; it does not belong to one person; it is an accident, just as my discovery of it was an accident. With a few exceptions, the dogs whose remains are interred there have belonged to ladies residing in the neighbourhood. They were the friends and playmates of their mistresses, sources of comfort and consolation in their hours of sadness, of amusement in their leisure, and trusted companions always. It is a fitting thing that the memories of faithful friends should be kept green. There have been heroic dogs whose names have become historical, dogs like the noble "Gelert," who defended his master's child against a wolf, and was slain by his enraged master on suspicion of having killed the child himself—not until he descried the wolf's dead body, and found his child safe and sound under its overturned cot, did the impetuous knight discover his mistake. Then there was the celebrated dog of Montargis, who avenged his master's death and killed his master's murderer in single combat. "Gelert" received a burial, and his grave is shown to

this day; and the dog of Montargis has an undying memorial in the folk-lore of France. Then why should not the bodies of the less celebrated, but possibly equally noble, pets of modern fashionable London be remembered and buried? There is at least nothing obtrusive or objectionable about the modest canine Elysian-field of Hyde Park.

Driving along the Bayswater Road on the top of an omnibus, the passenger can get a glimpse of this unique little spot dotted with tiny marble tokens of affection. But the pedestrian who would wish to survey the graves at his leisure must enter Hyde Park at Victoria Gate and ask for the gatekeeper at the lodge. This lodge is a miniature Greek temple, like all the lodges of the Park, and is sacred to lollypops and ginger-beer, for which reason it is dear to the imagination of children. To them it is a palace of delight, and the little dogs, their companions, are quite unconscious that they are in close proximity to what must be consecrated ground in their doggish eyes. For behind this severely classical lodge is the canine necropolis. Without the gracious permission of Mr. Winbridge, the gatekeeper, we shall not be able to put our unhallowed foot inside it. Mr. Winbridge, the venerable custodian of Victoria Gate, is a genial old man, well



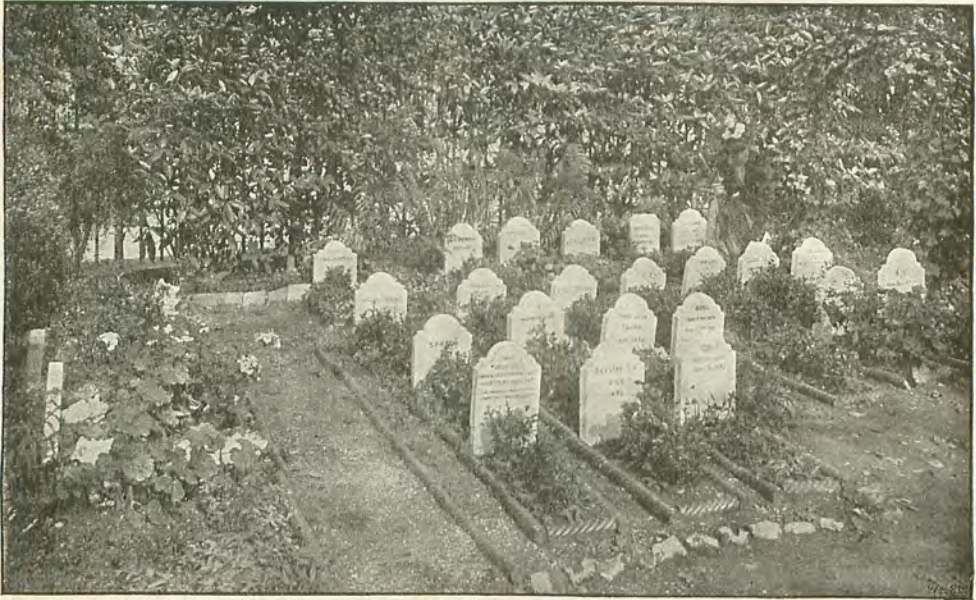
From a Photo. by

THE DOGS' CEMETERY (GENERAL VIEW).

[Elliott & Fry.]

stricken in years, and formerly a servant in the household of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. With a pleasant, indulgent smile, he will open the gate leading to the small inclosure which surrounds his back garden. This the old man has entirely devoted to the dogs' cemetery. It is a curious sight that meets the eye. Arranged in long rows are the simple but pretty little tombstones, nearly all of marble, and each bearing its separate in-

stance, and it is a very touching one, all attentions of this kind were made impossible by the death of the owner himself. This was the late Lord Petre, who sent his dog to be buried by Mr. Winbridge, on a July day in 1892, and intimated his intention of being present at the burial on the following morning; but his lordship could not survive the loss of his favourite, and died before he was able to fulfil his promise.



From a Photo. by]

[SOME OF THE TOMBSTONES.

[Elliott & Fry.

scription. There are thirty-nine graves in all, of which one has a wooden memorial, upon which the inscription has become indistinct, and six have nothing to distinguish them at all. All the others have beautiful white tombstones, and by far the larger number of these are of marble. Each grave is neatly tiled in, and is green with plants and bright with flowers. Some of the graves are ornamented with shells, not one looks neglected. The burial ceremony is generally performed by Mr. Winbridge himself, but only rarely in the presence of the bereaved owners of the lamented pet, who are mostly too much overcome with grief to be able to face this last cruel parting. The dogs are mostly sewn up in canvas bags, and are thus committed to their last resting-place. In a few instances only have neatly polished deal coffins been used. From time to time the owners visit the graves of their pets and see that they are well kept, and, perhaps, place flowers on them. In one in-

The following is a list of the tombstones upon which the inscriptions are still legible :

- “Poor little ‘Prince.’”
 —
 “Poor dear ‘Tappy,’ July, 1892.—
 Lord Petre.”
 —
 “Poor ‘Duchie.’”
 —
 “To dear little ‘Smut.’”
 —
 “Our ‘Prinnie,’ Nov., 1891.”
 —
 “Dear ‘Impy’—‘Loving and Loved,’
 April 7, 1886.”
 —
 “Dear ‘Titsey.’”
 —
 “‘Sonnie,’ died August 25, 1888.”
 —
 “Here lies ‘Tip,’ Sept. 8, 1888.”
 —
 “Darling ‘Faust,’ April 20, 1891.”

"In memory of my dear little 'Bunda,'
9 October, 1891.—A. F. C."

"My 'Bogie,' 14.7, 1891."

"'Flo,' June, 1891."

"'Loo-Loo' and 'Bliss,' 1882-91."

"Dear 'Daisy,' January, 1890."

"To dear 'Centi,' the loved companion of
12 years, Sept., 1889."

"In Tender Memory of Sweet little 'Tiny.'"

"Sprite."

"In Memory of 'Jack,' July, 1892."

"'Mona,' born 2nd November, 1878,
died 15th August, 1892."
Loved, mourned, and missed.

"In Loving Memory of my darling little
'Cirrie,' died March 14th, 1893.—J. R. F."

"A. J. H.—Our dog 'Prince.'"

"Alas! Poor 'Zoe.'"

Born 1st October, 1879.

Died 3rd August, 1892.

As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
For friendship rare by her adorned.

"Darling 'Vic,' died 1892."

"'Topsy,' Nov. 17, 1883.

Jan. 16, 1893."

"'Fanny' and 'Nelly.'"

Love's tribute to love.

"Dear little 'Tommy.'"

"Sweet little 'Skye.' Sept., 1882."

"Poor 'Cherry.' Died 28 April, 1881."

"'Kaiser.' Died 15 April, 1886."

"To Poor 'Jack,' 3.7.92.—C. H. C."

"Dear 'Waldine.' May 13, 1893."

"Dear little 'Peggie.'"

"'Topper.' Hyde Park Police-station.
Died, 9.6.93."

"Boxer.' 1893."

Not one of these inscriptions can be characterized as gushy or foolishly sentimental. On the contrary, their simplicity and brevity are alike touching. "The loved companion of twelve years" is all that one of them says. Poor little "Centi"! What a pang his loss must have occasioned! For twelve years he had wagged his little tail; for twelve years his master or mistress had patted him on the head, had stroked and caressed him, probably personally fed and washed him. For twelve years he had been a faithful and affectionate companion. How many human beings would have shown the like constancy? And now he is gone, and all that is left of him is a tiny mound of earth and a diminutive marble tombstone. Twelve years is a slice out of one's life. It is nearly half a generation. The friendships formed and the associations made for such a period are not easily effaced, and can never be replaced. That, indeed, is the saddest feature of the whole question of pets. They are short-lived. One has scarcely time to grow fond of them, to find them entwined in our hearts, before they are rudely wrenched away from us by the cruel hand of Death.

How suggestive is the name of "Smut," dear little "Smut"! We can almost see him standing before us. "Smut" must have been a pug— we are positive that he was a pug—a pug with a delicious black nose, which looked as though he had popped his head into the coal-scuttle, and with large, affectionate eyes, made in-



From a Photo. by

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TOMBSTONES.

[Elliott & Fry.

teresting by the enormous dark circles under them, which gave him the air of a Spanish beauty. We feel certain that "Smut" must have been the perfection of languid and sentimental exquisiteness, if it had not been for a certain latent roguishness about the corners of his eyes during five o'clock tea-time, and a hopelessly vulgar habit of hanging out just half an inch of his tongue. Most of the names are of themselves eloquent: such as "Duchie," "Impy," "Titsey," "Sonnie," "Tip," "Faust," "Bunda," "Sprite," "Cirrie," "Topsy," "Waldine." The last name must have been owned by a romantic King Charles's spaniel, nothing less. With regard to "Boxer," it is difficult to form any idea of him from his appellation, which sounds formidable. Could he have been a bull-terrier? But it is hard to believe that a bull-terrier could ever have earned for himself the crowning glory of a marble tombstone.

When we come to inquire into the history and record of some of these once treasured animals, we are confronted by a sad but essentially human fact: oblivion has in many cases passed over them. Although the earliest date on any of the tombstones is 1881, and although we may therefore assume, as will presently be shown, that the cemetery has a history of no more than twelve years, it is extremely difficult to get any authentic information concerning the dogs themselves or their owners. Twelve years is a long time; few people continue to mourn for their friends or even their relations for so long a period; and when it comes to dogs—what wonder that they should be forgotten!

"Poor little 'Prince,'" whose tomb has no date to say when it met its sad death, belonged to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who is Ranger of the Park, and was run over at Victoria Gate in front of the lodge. The gatekeeper, being, as already stated, an old servant of His Royal Highness, rushed forward to save the poor little fellow, but too late, and so little "Prince" was appropriately

buried in the adjoining cemetery. But no record seems to have been kept of him, for we have received from Colonel Fitz-George, the Duke's private secretary, a letter stating that "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has no sketch or picture of the dog 'Prince,' and has no history of him." In the case of Colonel Montefiore's dog, "Our Prinnie," we find that his memory is still affectionately treasured. Colonel Montefiore writes to say:—

"Our little dog, 'Prince'—'Prinnie'—came of a very good stock of dachshunds. His mother, 'Princess Frederica,' is in the possession of my cousin, and he had many relations with very high-sounding titles. 'Prinnie' was of a rich-brown colour, his temper was perfect, and he was devoted to my wife and children, and would allow the latter to do anything with him. His tricks were varied and entertaining. He was nine months old when he was given to us, and he died about three years later. His death was caused by a chill which he caught one very cold day, waiting at our door to be let in, after a long, solitary ramble. He used, when let out in the early morning, to scamper off into the Park, and sometimes he would remain away for a considerable time, always returning and scratching for admittance. He was never lost.

"My children tell me I have not said half enough in praise of their pet. I regret I have no photograph."



THE GRAVE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S DOG "PRINCE."
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Here we find that the hand of Time has dealt leniently with the memory of a universal favourite. His name is clearly a household word, and the children apparently jealously treasure and preserve it. To their minds, no

doubt, there never was a more remarkable or a more intelligent animal than 'Prinnie,' whose short life, let us hope, was a merry one. We do not envy the servant who omitted to let him in in response to his plaintive scratchings on that fatally cold morning. That servant's tragic fate history has considerably enveloped in darkness.



"TOPPER."

From a Photograph.

A very different picture is presented to us if we turn from the enviable memory which still survives the virtuous, good-tempered, and in-

telligent "Prinnie," to the kind of reputation which lives on after the death of the insufferably vulgar "Topper," whose deplorable self-indulgence was the cause of his untimely end.

"Topper" was a common, disreputable fox-terrier, and belonged to the Hyde Park Police-station, which has its local habitation next to the guard-house, and north of the Serpentine. To the gallant custodians of the peace of Hyde Park, "Topper" stood very much in the relation of a daughter of the regiment. He would turn out with them on inspection, and was frequently sent down for punishment on account of his disgraceful habits. He did not possess that instinct of personal cleanliness which every well-bred dog displays. He used also to accompany the men on their march to King Street Police-station, Westminster. He had his favourites, and with these he used to love to turn out on night duty. For he had Bohemian tastes, and delighted in roaming about at night when all well-conducted dogs are in bed and asleep. But he was not a genial animal; there was a bad strain in him which seems to have run through every line

of his character. Policemen whom he did not like, he still pretended to be fond of, and he would accompany them on night duty, and then get lost, and come back disconsolate to the police-station. He was a snob, too, and a snob of the lowest and most contemptible kind. When marching with the men, he would sometimes become ashamed of his honest companions, and would leave them to walk behind some elegant gentleman of fashion in the Row, to whom he would pretend to belong, until he was ignominiously kicked away by the disgusted promenader. A greater contrast to the celebrated firemen's dog, who used to save the lives of children from burning buildings, could not well be imagined. But his gravest fault was his greediness. He has been described by a policeman as an "avaricious dog," for although, owing to his dissipated habits, his appetite was not, on ordinary occasions, hearty, he would eat ravenously if watched by a kitten or another dog. It was through over-eating that he got ill, and in pity he was appropriately killed with a truncheon. We

have seen and talked with the policeman who did the deed.

From a review of individual graves let us pass on to an investigation into the origin and history of the Dogs' Cemetery. As we have hinted, its beginnings were an accident, and the additions which have from time to time been made to it in the course of twelve years have also been more or less accidental.

The first dog to be buried at Victoria Gate was "Cherry," and "Cherry," having led the way, other doggies followed.

"It was like this, sir," said Mr. Winbridge; "one gentleman he came, and he had a fancy to bury his dog in here, and then he told another, and so it got spread about and handed on from



"TOPPER" WITH HIS COMPANIONS.

From a Photo. by Wren & Co., Sloane Square, S.W.



From a Photo. by]

"TOPPER'S" GRAVE.

[Elliott & Fry.

one to the other. But most of the dogs belonged to ladies. The tombstones, they are all alike, and they have all been done by the same person."

In 1881 the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Barned, residing in Cambridge Square, were constant frequenters of the Park, where they used to hold their revels in company with other children from the neighbourhood. Those children are now grown-up young men and women, who would no more think of romping about the Park than would the Emperor of China. But in those happy, simple, Arcadian days of 1881, the Park was to them a very paradise, and Mr. Winbridge, its guardian angel, the St. Peter of the earthly heaven, a St. Peter who did not disdain to sell lollypops and goodies in that wonderful palace of delights, the lodge. If he was regarded with a mixture of dread and veneration, his form, his red waistcoat and gold-laced hat, and his kindly, benevolent countenance were also associated in their minds with luscious eatables. He developed thus, in their imaginations, into a sort of presiding deity. When therefore their companion and play-fellow, the intelligent and accomplished "Cherry," who had so often joined them in their revels and perhaps shared their lollypops and gingerbread nuts — when "Cherry" was overtaken by the infirmities of old age and, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, "in the odour of sanctity died," what more fitting resting-place could be

found for his old bones than the spot he had loved so well in his life? "Cherry" was a Maltese terrier, graceful, elegant, and dandified. He was an accomplished dog of the world, and delighted in giving drawing-room entertainments. Dressed up as a soldier, in a little uniform coat, a helmet, and a musket, he was an inimitable

sentinel. But as a sick baby carefully tucked up in a perambulator he always "brought down the house." In the mornings it was "Cherry's" invariable custom to fetch his mistress's letters and carry them up into her room. When the door was locked and "Cherry" could not get in, he would gently push them underneath the door. So intelligent and so amiable a dog assuredly deserved a Christian burial.

In the same grave with "Cherry" lies all that remains of "Kaiser," a Spitz who was run over on 15th April, 1886, and whose name has been inscribed upon "Cherry's" tombstone. But "Kaiser" did not share either the accomplishments or the popularity of "Cherry"; he has left no traditions behind him. He is only remembered as a simple, well-behaved, but commonplace sort of dog who was born "in Germany." It was his sad and painful death which obtained for his remains the distinction of a burial in Hyde Park. And here we may as well remark that to be run over seems to be but too often the end of pet-dogs. One would have thought that the tender care of their owners would have preserved them from this fate, and that in any case their natural cleverness would have enabled them to get out of the way of horses' feet. It would appear, however, that the very tenderness and care that are lavished upon them unfit them for the rude and heartless world, and make them unable to look out for themselves. They



"CHERRY."

have got so used to be taken care of that they become as helpless as children, and are flurried and lose their heads when out of doors or exposed to an unexpected danger. Pet-dogs do not possess that most important knack of "getting out of the way," which is one of the first lessons which animals as well as human beings have to learn to fit them for the stern battle of life. Even indoors they manage to get trodden on by servants and visitors, and resent it. In this respect they are very human; they never regard the mishaps which befall them as due to any faults of their own, but invariably blame others for them.

"Cherry" was succeeded in the affections of his master and mistress by "Zoe," who seems to have been a most remarkable animal; indeed, so large a place did he take up in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned, that Mr. Barned actually wrote a memoir of the dog composed in the form of an autobiography. This manuscript has been kindly placed at our disposal, and we think our readers will be amused if we give them a few extracts. The idea is original and pretty. The autobiography begins as follows; it was evidently written for the amusement of children:—

"THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE DOG 'ZOE,' AND HER HOLIDAY AND TRAVELS.

"Chapter I.—Birth and Parentage.

"Let me, my dear young friends, introduce myself and make my bow-wow-wow. I am a very little doggie, and rejoice in the name of 'Zoe.' I possess a distinguished canine pedigree, was born in October, 1879, and am descended from a very respectable family, my father being Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright,' and my mother 'Pattie' by 'Music.' As for my appearance, everyone admits that I bear away the palm for female canine beauty."

"Zoe" was a Yorkshire terrier and was bred by Lady Lamb, who sold her to Mr. Lewis Barned for three guineas. The receipt has been preserved and runs as follows:—

"30, Great Cumberland Place, W.—'Zoe,' born Oct., 1879, by Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright' ex



"ZOE."

'Pattie' by 'Music' by 'Sandy' by 'Manningham Charlie.'

"Received 23rd June,
1882, £3 3s. od.

"LOUISE M. C. LAMB."

After recording the first meeting with Mr. Barned's son in Kensington Gardens, and how she was subsequently purchased, "Zoe" proceeds to describe her installation as "Cherry's" successor.

"At first," she is made to say, "I could not settle down in my new abode. I was continually escaping to my late mistress's house, and as often brought back. After a time, however, I began to appreciate the difference between the society in the servants' hall and that in the drawing-room, and now I am never happy when I am away from my dear master and mistress."

Of course, "Zoe" got stolen. On one occasion when her mistress had arranged to go to the seaside, the highly-prized "Zoe" was intrusted to the charge of a lady who resided in a suburban villa. "I made myself quite at home," the narrative continues; "I frisked about the garden, enjoyed myself, and behaved like a well-bred doggie. I have been very carefully educated, and I am perfectly well-mannered, and therefore gave general satisfaction. Without conceit, I think I may say I am a universal favourite. But, alas! I soon discovered that in this world there is no such thing as uninterrupted bliss. While my hostess was at church, and the maid who had charge of me was gossiping with her young man, I ran into the garden, and a dog-stealer, who was passing by, seeing me through the gates, jumped over the wall, seized me, put me in his pocket, and made off with me as quickly as lightning, and without attracting notice. Subsequently I heard tell of the alarm and dismay to which my disappearance gave rise; but how can I describe my own



"I MADE MYSELF QUITE AT HOME."

sufferings? No kind voice cheered me, no attentive hand provided me with delicate food, or washed or combed me. I was thrust into a dark hole, cuffed and bullied, and half-starved on a coarse but inadequate diet. Hours, days, a week, ten days I passed in my dungeon, during which I made many sad reflections. I asked myself whether I had always behaved gratefully for the great care bestowed upon me, and I mentally re-registered a vow that if ever restored to my dear master and mistress I would never again leave them."

"Zoe" now begins to moralize, and calls to mind the pathetic history of the Punch and Judy dog which she had once heard related—that touching story of the prodigal dog who would leave his beautiful mistress and happy home to taste the wild excitement of the world, and who, after many adventures, disgraces, and privations, becomes the dog "Toby" of a show. Here he is treated to more blows than biscuits, and it is in this humiliated, fallen state that he finds his way in the course of business into the house which he had so wickedly and foolishly run away from. His former mistress and he recognise each other, and full of pity, compassion, and joy, she clasps him in her arms. But the happiness is too great for him, and bursts his poor, overflowing little heart—he expires in her lap, and, of course, although history does not record it, the showman demanded and received pecuniary compensation.

The loss of "Zoe" caused universal consternation. We can pity the unlucky lady in the suburban villa who had offered him hospitality, and we can imagine the unhappy consequences to the flighty maid. Rewards were offered and "Zoe" was largely advertised for. Finally, Mrs. Barned received a visit from a gentleman calling himself a major, who had met a little dog in a train which, he said, answered the description of "Zoe." The dog was travelling in the care of a lady who had offered to sell it for five

pounds. Through a curious coincidence, this was the exact sum of the reward offered, and so Mrs. Barned was easily prevailed upon to give the major the money, he promising to get the dog, and curiously enough he kept his word, and Mrs. Barned's confidence in human nature was justified.

From this moment it was decided that "Zoe" and her mistress should never again be separated, and so our heroine now commenced her travels. In defence of her mistress's attachment to her, she urges the example of Queen Henrietta Maria, the spouse of Charles I., who was so devoted to her dog that she on one occasion risked her life to save the dog's.

While on her travels "Zoe" gave numerous proofs of the high order of her canine intelligence, but a single instance will suffice. "Zoe" shall tell her own story. She is writing from the Royal Hotel, Matlock:—

"Nothing gave me greater amusement than playing with an indiarubber ball, presented to me by one of my admirers, and the loss and recovery of this ball established my reputation for sagacity, and caused all the visitors at the hotel to call me a knowing dog. One afternoon I was careless enough to leave my ball on the grass when I went in to tea (five-o'clock tea), and when I came back it was no longer there. This fidgeted me considerably, and caused me great uneasiness, and so next morning, at breakfast, I went the rounds of all the people to try to discover the thief. At last I scented indiarubber, and began to bite and scratch at a gentleman's pocket. It was in vain that he called me away. 'What can the dog want?' he said. 'I do believe it must be the ball I

picked up yesterday on the lawn,' and with these words he drew my ball from his pocket, and I received it back with applause."

But pleasant journeys and happy lives must come to an end, and so we find at the conclusion of this entertaining autobiography the following pathetic note:—

"August 11th, 1892.—We linger



"AT LAST I SCENTED INDIARUBBER."

on in town on account of a poor invalid, who says: 'Alas! my dear master and mistress, I feel the hour approaching when I must take an affectionate leave of you, for ever, in this world. Sad indeed is the parting, but Time is laying his fatal icy hand on me, and when the silver cord is loosened I must fulfil the destiny of all flesh—and pass away in a ripe old age without repining. Did I say without repining? Alas! if I repine it is not for myself, but for the grief my death will cause you; for I know full well that I have been all in all to you. When I look back on the fleeting ten years which it has been my happy lot to have lived under your fostering care and friendship, I am filled with gratitude to you for all your goodness to me, although the only recognition I can give is to wag my poor little tail as my spirit leaves my feeble and emaciated body. Have we not been happy together in each other's society? In your walks, in your drives, in your travels and wanderings, and in your visits, I have ever been your constant companion. With pardonable pride I can reflect that my conduct has obtained the kind regard and goodwill of your friends, and a hearty and hospitable welcome from them all. My last moments are soothed by the consciousness that I have never been naughty or caused you grief by wilful misconduct. I have never spurned the generous hand that has fed me, or returned hatred for love, or listened without an indignant growl

to detractors who have spoken evil with a lying tongue.'

It seems that "Zoe" died a peaceful and gentle death, and her virtues have been immortalized by a tombstone upon which are inscribed the words:—

As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
For friendship rare by her adorned.

And so we come to the end of our history of the Dogs' Cemetery in Hyde Park. We have dwelt at such length upon the dogs of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned because in the first place they seemed to us to be typical of the others, and secondly because this gentleman and his wife were the pioneers of this pretty little movement. It is a graceful and harmless custom to bury pet-dogs, and is very common in Germany, where people are perhaps a little more sentimental than in this matter-of-fact England of ours.

Some people may object that the custom of burying dogs and of establishing a regular dogs' cemetery is one that may develop into a danger to public health. But this idea is fallacious. Dogs are not buried in lead coffins,

but in sacks or plain boxes. The danger of human cemeteries arises from the preservation of the bodies in lead coffins. In the earth-to-earth system, for instance, there is no danger, and dogs are buried on what is practically the earth-to-earth system.

As a pretty custom and graceful tribute to the memory of the affectionate and faithful "friend of man" no objection can be raised to the burial of dogs.



MR. WINBRIDGE—THE GATEKEEPER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.