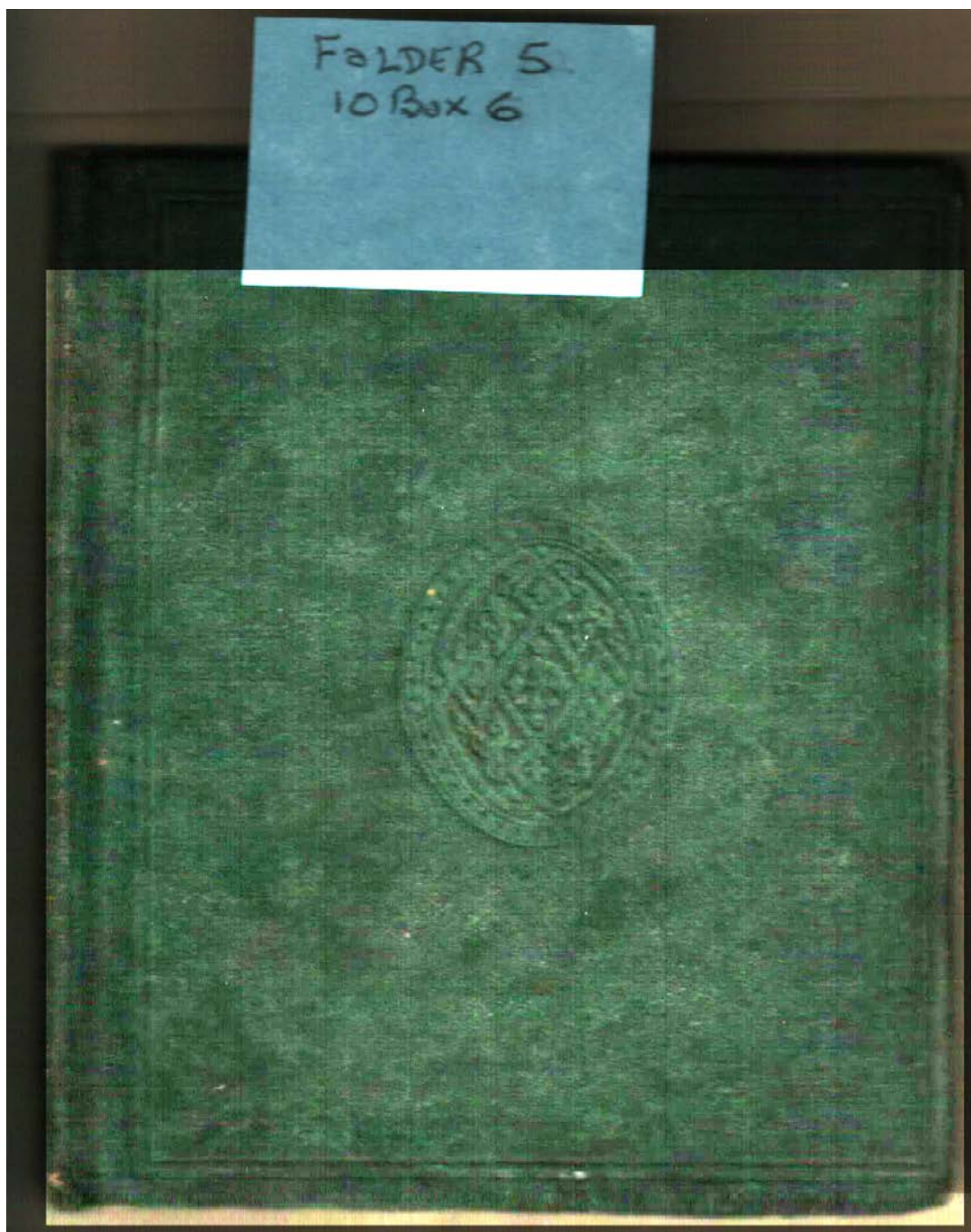


Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 1 r10_06-05-000-0001 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



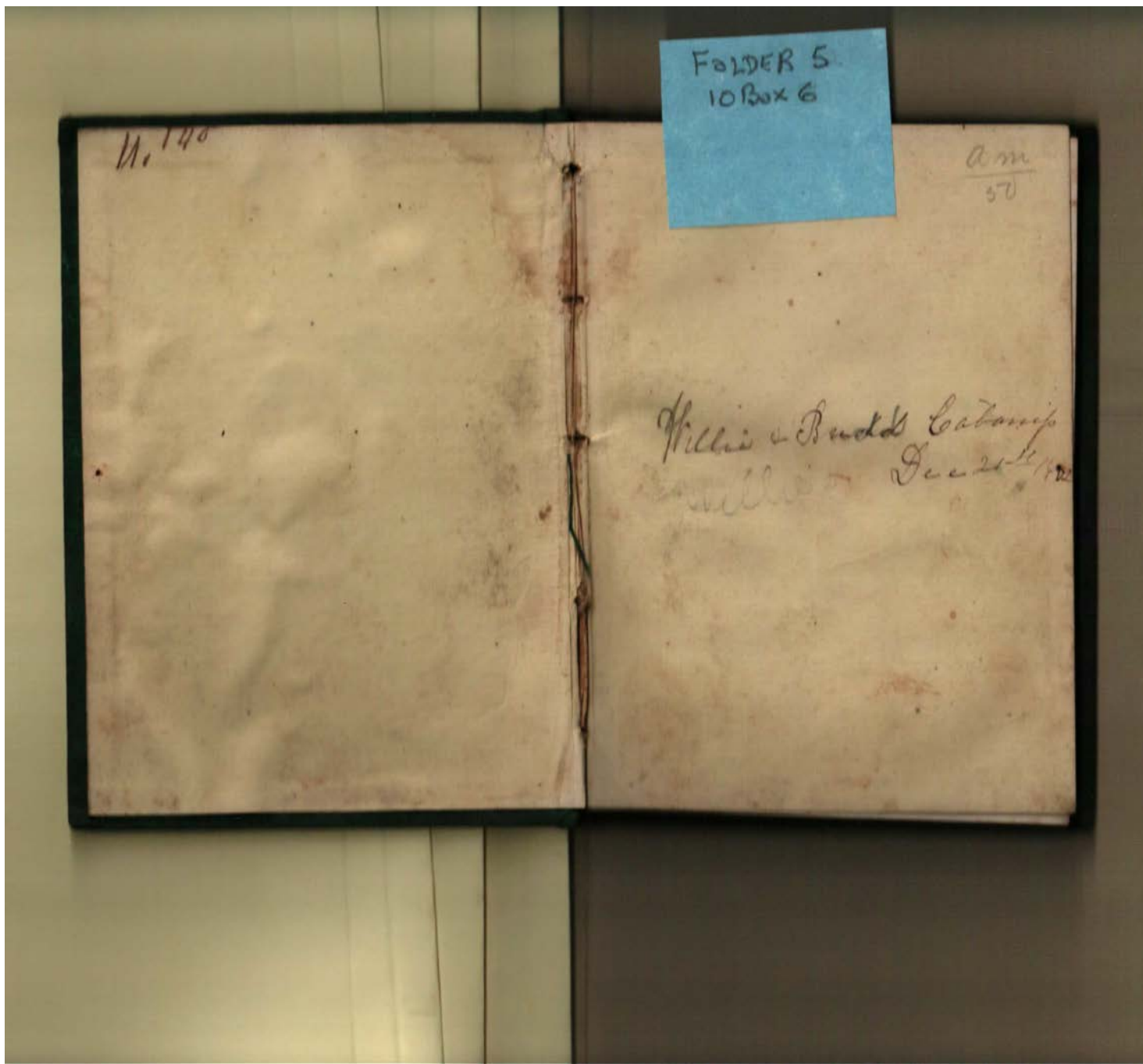
Types:

book cover

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 2 r10_06-05-000-0002 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Cabaniss, Budd

Cabaniss, Willie

Types:

signature

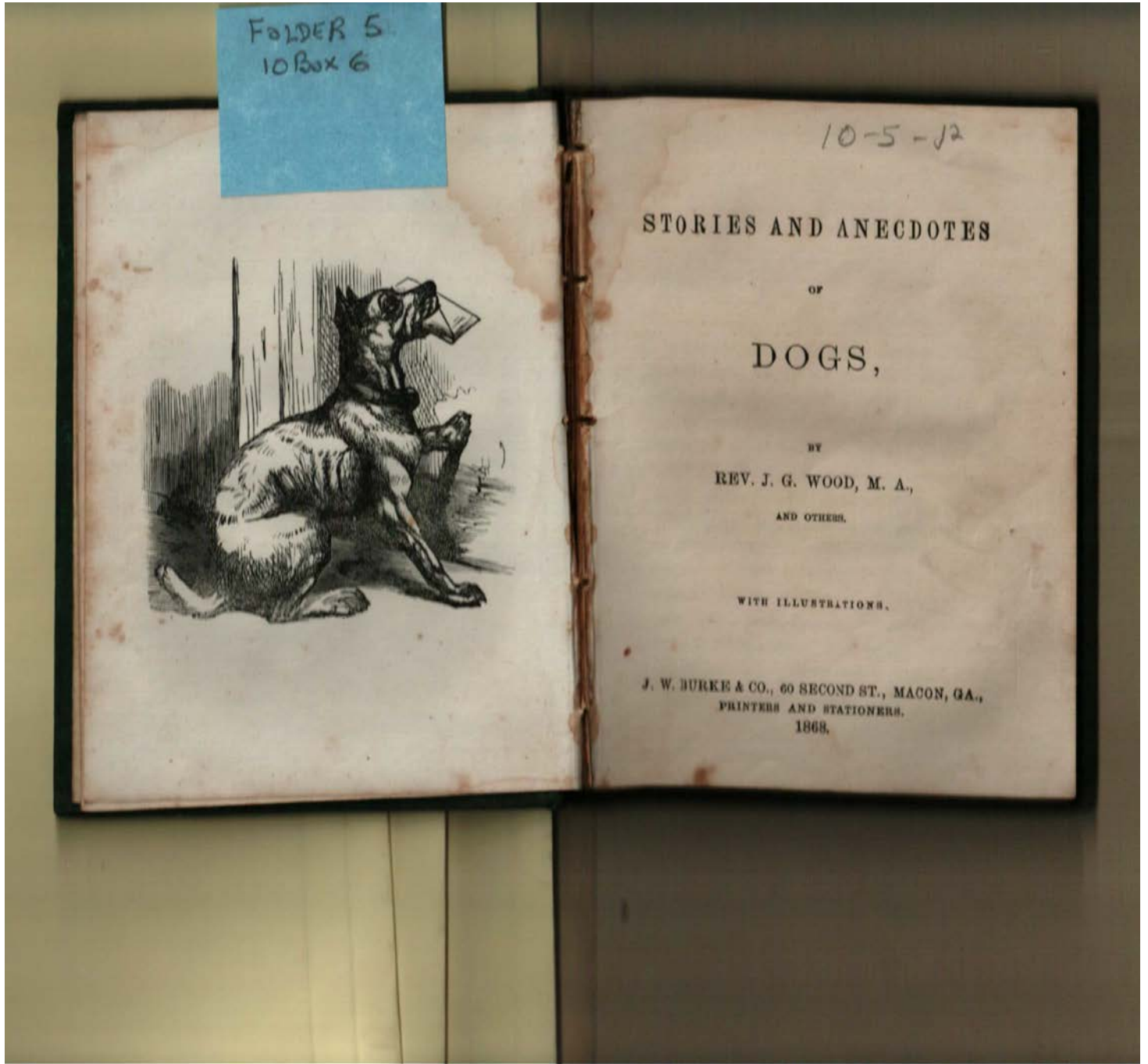
Dates:

Dec 21, 1872

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Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 3 r10_06-05-000-0003 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Stories and
Anecdotes of Dogs

Wood, J. G., Rev.

Places:

Macon, Georgia

Types:

book

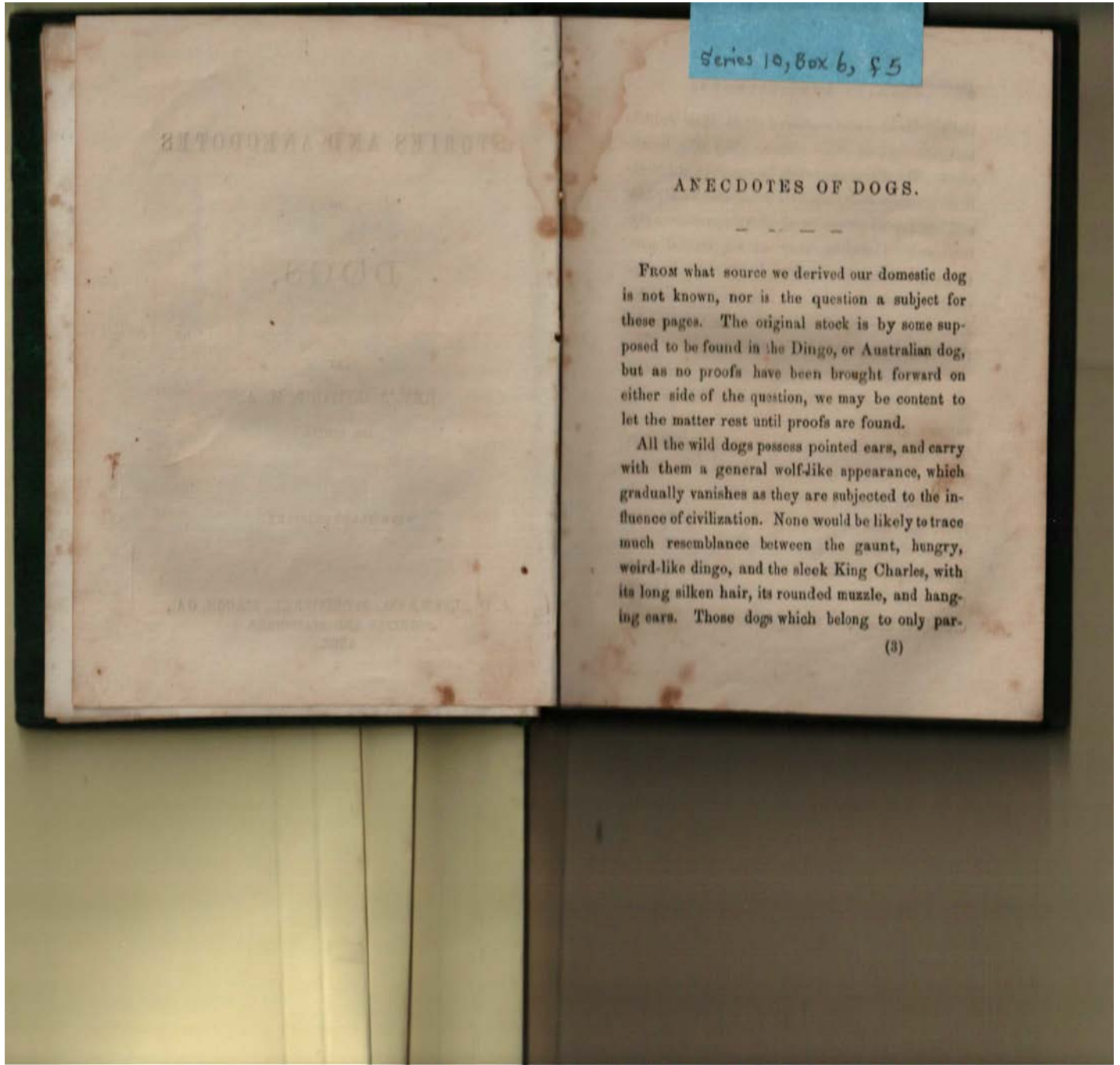
Dates:

1868

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 4 r10_06-05-000-0004 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Names:

Stories and
Anecdotes of Dogs

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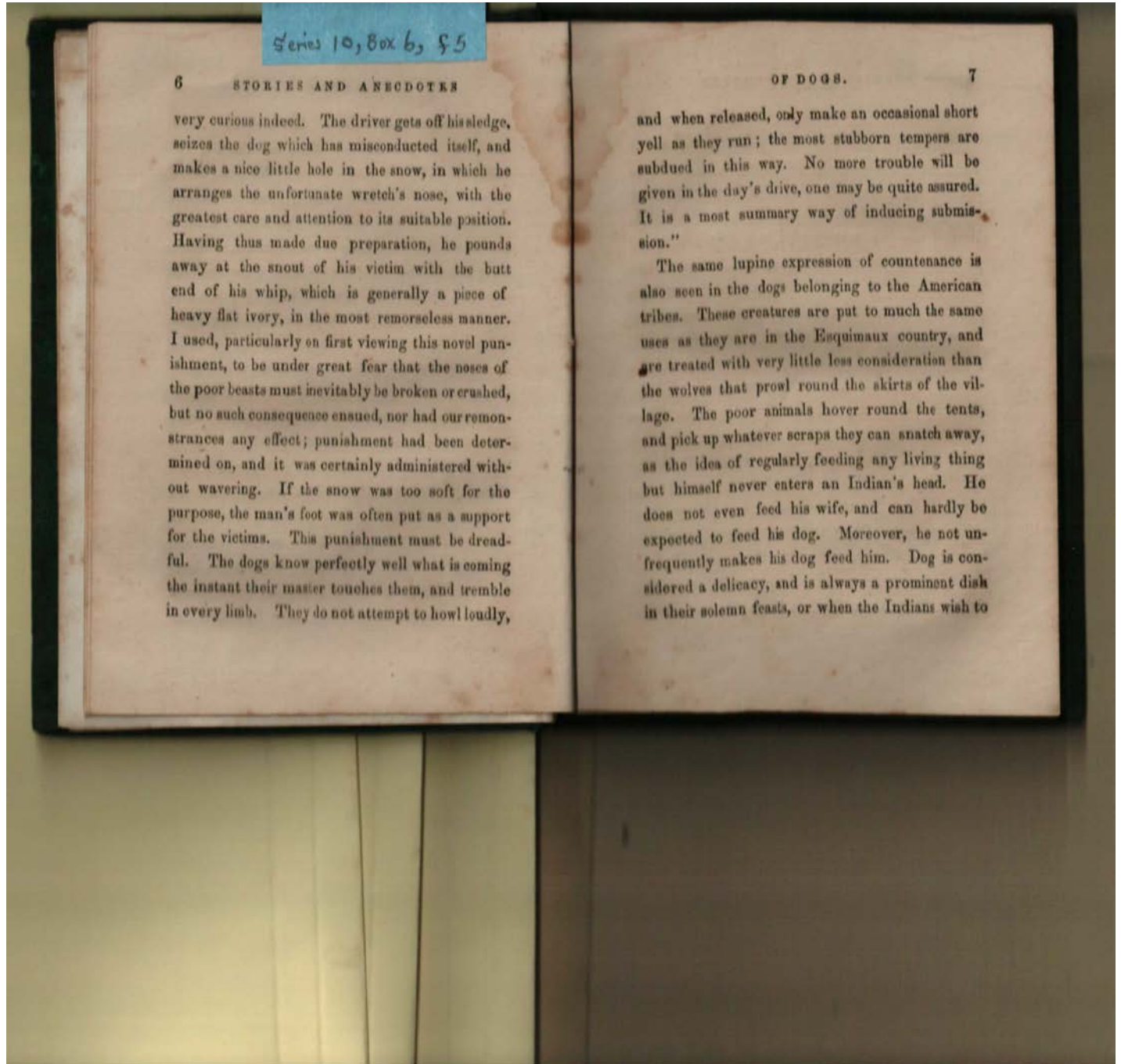
book

Series 10, Box 6, §5

tially civilized nations always retain their wolfish look, although in other respects they may be altered. The Esquimaux dog, for example, although it is furnished with long hair and a bushy tail, has still the lupine character of countenance strongly impressed. Certainly, they are not treated particularly well by their masters, as the following extract, from the accounts of a recent voyager to the Arctic regions, will prove. The account is given in the "Tents of the Tuski," by Mr. Hooper.

"Some curious but cruel modes of punishing the dogs were witnessed, which one could scarcely suppose would ever be invented as a punishment. The dogs turn very sulky and obstinate sometimes; I have frequently seen them stop short in a most determined manner, either offended with their fellows, the road, or the driver, and scarcely any amount of punishment in the regular way will then induce them to budge. If the whip is applied, they throw themselves down on the snow, howl vigorously at first, their cries gradually subsiding into

a short moan at each blow. Occasionally a good whipping has the desired effect, and the dog resumes its labor; but the struggle for supremacy between the master and beast is often protracted and severe. I have seen men who knew the temper of the dog they were about to punish, deliberately dispose themselves to the task, place one foot upon the sledge, and throwing back their arms to clear their dress, rain down blow after blow upon the wretched creature, sometimes for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour continuously; it is seldom this treatment fails of success, and the beast, if subdued, becomes tractable enough for a long time; but, on one occasion, a man of a particularly cold-blooded and savage nature, being displeased with the conduct of one of his dogs, quietly drew his knife, stabbed the dog in two places, unharnessed it, wiped the blade of his knife on his coat, and proceeded on his visit to the ship without the least concern. When ordinary modes of chastisement have failed, the proceedings then instituted are



6 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

very curious indeed. The driver gets off his sledge, seizes the dog which has misconducted itself, and makes a nice little hole in the snow, in which he arranges the unfortunate wretch's nose, with the greatest care and attention to its suitable position. Having thus made due preparation, he pounds away at the snout of his victim with the butt end of his whip, which is generally a piece of heavy flat ivory, in the most remorseless manner. I used, particularly on first viewing this novel punishment, to be under great fear that the noses of the poor beasts must inevitably be broken or crushed, but no such consequence ensued, nor had our remonstrances any effect; punishment had been determined on, and it was certainly administered without wavering. If the snow was too soft for the purpose, the man's foot was often put as a support for the victims. This punishment must be dreadful. The dogs know perfectly well what is coming the instant their master touches them, and tremble in every limb. They do not attempt to howl loudly,

OF DOGS. 7

and when released, only make an occasional short yell as they run; the most stubborn tempers are subdued in this way. No more trouble will be given in the day's drive, one may be quite assured. It is a most summary way of inducing submission."

The same lupine expression of countenance is also seen in the dogs belonging to the American tribes. These creatures are put to much the same uses as they are in the Esquimaux country, and are treated with very little less consideration than the wolves that prowl round the skirts of the village. The poor animals hover round the tents, and pick up whatever scraps they can snatch away, as the idea of regularly feeding any living thing but himself never enters an Indian's head. He does not even feed his wife, and can hardly be expected to feed his dog. Moreover, he not unfrequently makes his dog feed him. Dog is considered a delicacy, and is always a prominent dish in their solemn feasts, or when the Indians wish to

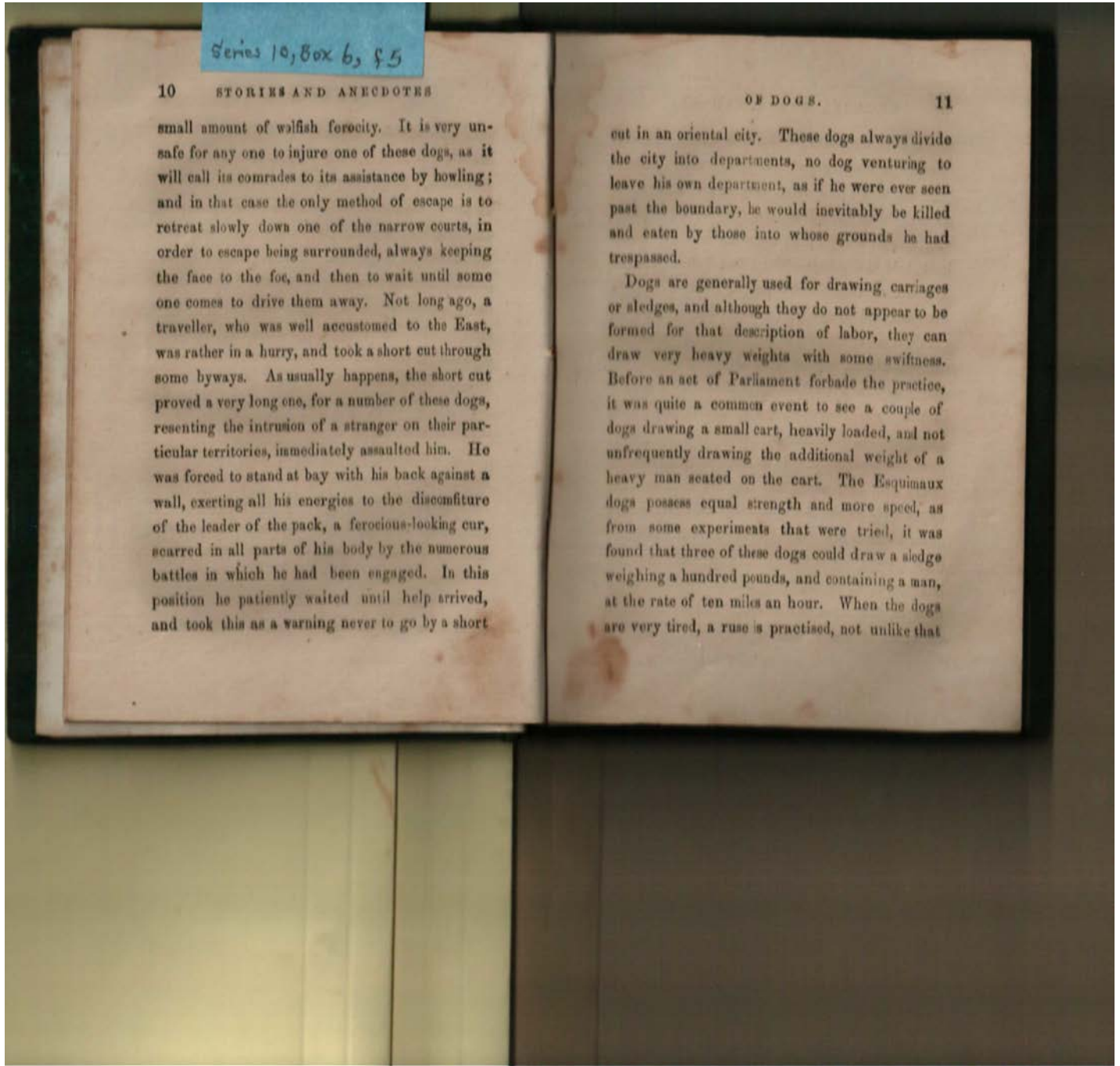
Series 10, Box 6, §5

show themselves particularly hospitable. On such occasions, the Indian slaughters his faithful companion without the slightest remorse. There are several ways in which these dog-feasts are conducted. First, there is a dog-dance, in which the liver of the dog is suspended to a pole, just as it is taken out of the animal. The Indians then dress themselves in all their paraphernalia of feathers, scalps, and such like ornaments, and commence a slow dance round the pole, each as he passes it biting off a piece of the liver suspended on the pole, until it is entirely consumed. Then there is another most singular feast, in which dog-meat takes a prominent part. There is a very peculiar god of the Indians, who is always hot when the weather is cold, and cold when the weather is hot. He then has to be worshipped in his own peculiar manner. The worshippers dress themselves in long pointed caps, not unlike those worn by the unfortunate wretches under the power of the Inquisition. They then kindle a large fire, and hang

over it a cauldron containing dog-meat. While the water is boiling, they perform a mystic dance, and when it is bubbling up most furiously, each as he passes dips his hand in the boiling water, and exclaims, "How cold it is!" The next time that the circuit is completed, the same process is repeated, but this time each throws the boiling water over his naked shoulders, again exclaiming, "How cold it is!" After some time consumed in these ceremonies, the meat is supposed to be thoroughly boiled. Each then takes a piece of the scalding meat out of the pot and swallows it, again exclaiming, "How cold it is!"

The European hunters, who have penetrated into the country occupied by the savage tribes, and have become familiarized with those tribes that still retain their customs, after conquering their first repugnance at eating dog's flesh, have found it very excellent.

The heads of dogs that infest the streets of Oriental cities also possess the wolfish look, and no



Series 10, Box 6, 5

small amount of wolfish ferocity. It is very unsafe for any one to injure one of these dogs, as it will call its comrades to its assistance by howling; and in that case the only method of escape is to retreat slowly down one of the narrow courts, in order to escape being surrounded, always keeping the face to the foe, and then to wait until some one comes to drive them away. Not long ago, a traveller, who was well accustomed to the East, was rather in a hurry, and took a short cut through some byways. As usually happens, the short cut proved a very long one, for a number of these dogs, resenting the intrusion of a stranger on their particular territories, immediately assaulted him. He was forced to stand at bay with his back against a wall, exerting all his energies to the discomfiture of the leader of the pack, a ferocious-looking cur, scarred in all parts of his body by the numerous battles in which he had been engaged. In this position he patiently waited until help arrived, and took this as a warning never to go by a short

cut in an oriental city. These dogs always divide the city into departments, no dog venturing to leave his own department, as if he were ever seen past the boundary, he would inevitably be killed and eaten by those into whose grounds he had trespassed.

Dogs are generally used for drawing carriages or sledges, and although they do not appear to be formed for that description of labor, they can draw very heavy weights with some swiftness. Before an act of Parliament forbade the practice, it was quite a common event to see a couple of dogs drawing a small cart, heavily loaded, and not unfrequently drawing the additional weight of a heavy man seated on the cart. The Esquimaux dogs possess equal strength and more speed, as from some experiments that were tried, it was found that three of these dogs could draw a sledge weighing a hundred pounds, and containing a man, at the rate of ten miles an hour. When the dogs are very tired, a ruse is practised, not unlike that

Series 10, Box 6, § 5

said to have been invented by an ingenious chimney-sweep, who was engaged in a donkey race. Knowing that blows will often only cause donkeys to go backwards instead of forwards, he tied a bunch of greens to a stick, and, mounting on the animal's back, held the greens about a foot before its nose. The donkey immediately pushed forward to gain the prize, and the sweep (who would have made an excellent schoolmaster) won his race. In a similar manner, when the poor dogs are tired with dragging heavy sledges behind them, they send a woman in front, who dangles a fur mitten in her hand. The dogs think that the mitten is meat, and press forward accordingly. It would be of no use to send a man in front, as the dogs are so ill treated by the male part of the population, that they would never believe that any man would feed them, or, indeed, treat them kindly in any way. So the labor of catching, training, and getting the dogs to move, falls upon the women. Indeed, the kind treatment of women and dogs appears to be the

natural accompaniment of civilization. In spite of all the ill treatment, the Esquimaux dog is very faithful, and shows great attachment to its master.

The courage of many of the races of dogs is well known. The bull-dog, for example, as long as life is left in him, will attack his enemy, and grasp so firmly, that his hold is not always loosened by death. One brutal fellow, the owner of a bull-dog, laid a wager that his dog should attack a bull, and that after he had lost a foot, he would again attack the animal. The experiment was tried, and the courageous animal deprived of a foot. True to his instinct, he flew at the bull, hopping along on three feet. Another foot was cut off, and again he attacked his foe. In short, the poor animal lost all his feet in succession, and in that mutilated state dragged himself forward towards the bull.

Some dogs are trained expressly for lion-hunting. They do not injure the lion much, but are extremely useful for hunting him out from the

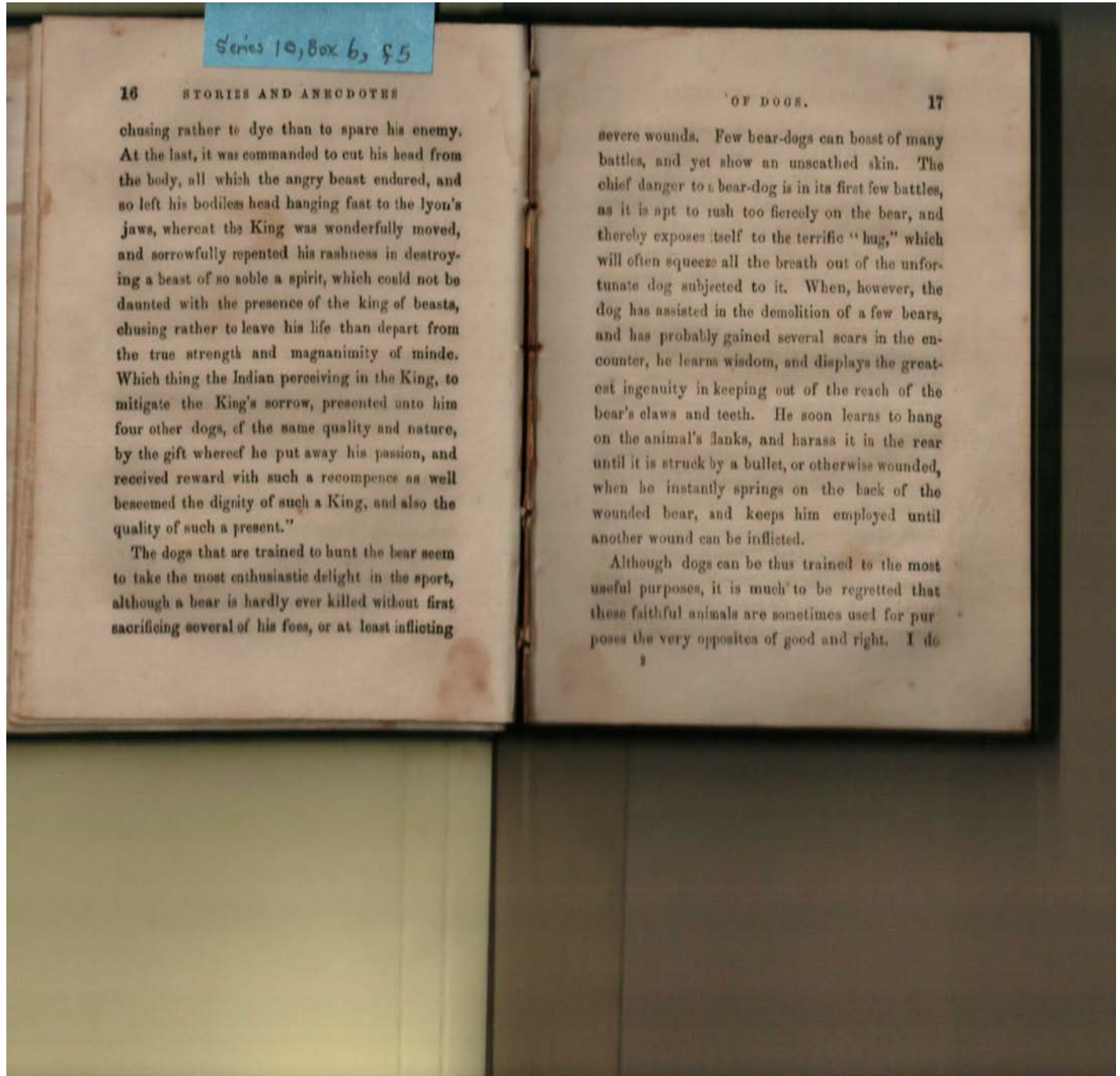
Series 10, Box 6, § 5

places where he lies concealed. There is a story well known, of a combat between certain mastiffs and a lion. I here give the story in the original words:—

“Of this kinde were the dogs given to Alexander by the King of Albania, when he was going into India, and presented by an Indian, whom Alexander admired, and being desirous to try what vertue was contained in so great a body, caused a bore and a hart to be turned out to him; and when he would not so much as stir at them, he turned bears unto him, which likewise he disdained, and rose not from his kennel; wherewithal the King being moved, commanded the heavy and dull beast (for so he termed him) to be hanged up. His keeper, the Indian, informed the King that the dog respected not such beasts, but if he would turn out to him a lyon, he should see what he would do.

“Immediately, a lyon was put unto him, at the first sight whereof he rose with speed (as if never before he saw his match or adversary worthy his

strength), and bristling at him, made force upon him, and the lyon likewise at the dog; but at the last, the dog took the chaps or snout of the lyon into his mouth, where he held him by main strength, untill he strangled him, do the lyon what he could to the contrary. The King, desirous to save the lyon's life, willed the dog should be pulled off; but the labor of men, and all their strength, was too little to loosen those ireful and deep-biting teeth which he had fastened. Then the Indian informed the King, that except some violence were done unto the dog to put him to extream pain, he would sooner dye than let go his hold: whereupon it was commanded to cut off a piece of the dog's tail; but the dog would not remove his teeth for that hurt; then one of his legs were likewise severed from his body, whereat the dog seem not appalled. After that another leg, and so consequently all four, whereby the trunk of his body fell to the ground, still holding the lyon's snout within his mouth, and, like the spirit of some malicious man,



Series 10, Box 6, §5

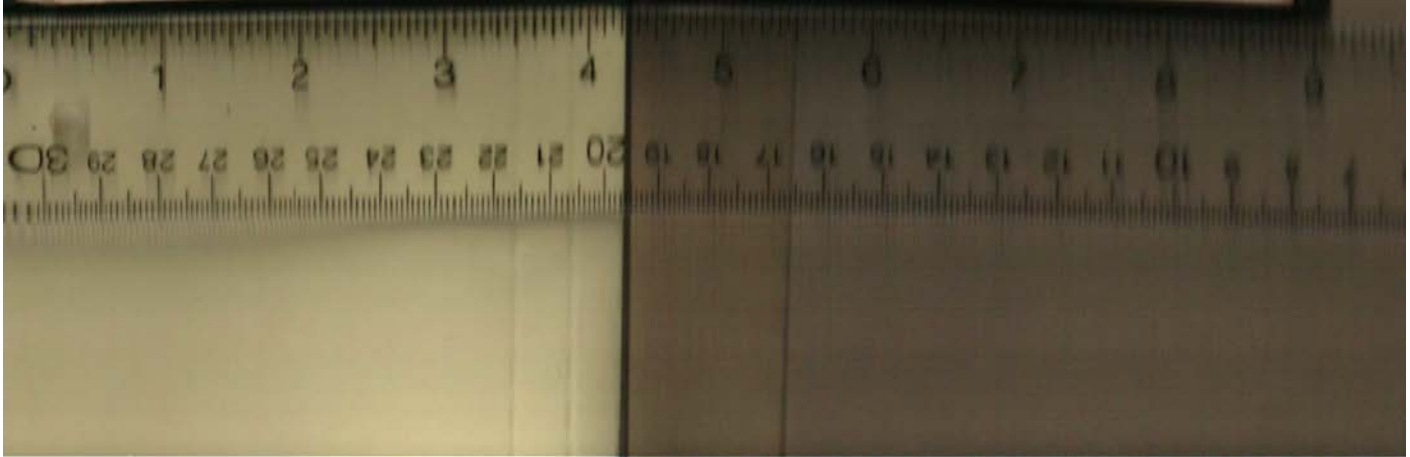
not mean to allude here to those animals who are born and bred merely to afford their masters some gratification, by seeing them tear each other to pieces, or cruelly mangle a harmless and useful animal; neither do I advert to those dogs which are trained to assist their masters in poaching of game; but to those used for poaching on the revenues, in other words, the smuggling dogs. For it is true that there exists, or did exist, a regular force of smuggling dogs, by whose help large amounts of contraband goods evaded the Custom-house.

The manner in which they were employed was as follows:—The smugglers, finding that the vigilance of the revenue-officers was too strict for them, decided on employing other means. They accordingly trained a force of dogs, who were taught to travel by night from station to station, creeping under every inequality of ground, and always keeping in the shade if the moon was out. They were then taught how to evade the search of men disguised as revenue-officers, and who punished the dogs if

they could catch them. Having taught the dogs to avoid detection, they then fastened the contraband goods on their backs, and trusted to the sagacity of the dog to take them to the appointed station, while they themselves remained quiet and possibly unsuspected at their homes. So cleverly did the dogs manage, that the stratagem had been employed for some time before it was discovered, and even when it had become known, the revenue-officers had no means of detecting the canine smugglers, except by a counter-force of dogs, trained to find out those of the smugglers.

Dogs have not unfrequently been used to convey dispatches of importance concealed in their collars, and have sometimes been employed as postmen on a small scale, comprising in their own persons the various offices of letter-box, post-office, and letter-carrier.

It is well known that dogs are fond of certain fruits. I have good cause to remember that dogs eat gooseberries. While I was at school, the mas-



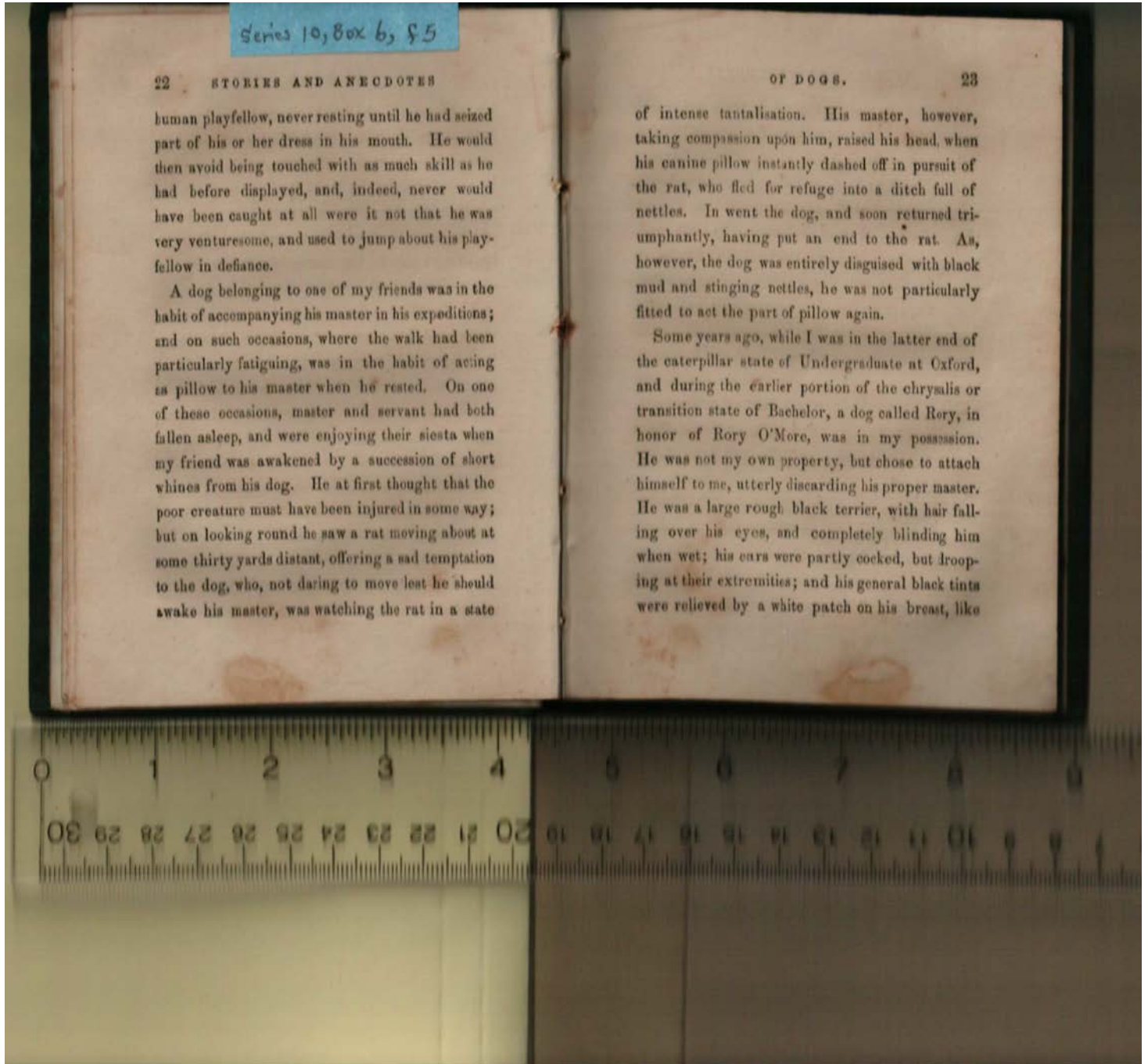
Series 10, Box 6, § 5

ter had missed much of his fruit, especially his gooseberries, and naturally enough supposed that the thief was to be found among the boys. I was unfortunately pitched upon as the victim, principally because I had been seen eating gooseberries during the week, a weakness which was certainly shared by the whole of my school-fellows, any of whom might have been selected upon precisely the same grounds. In consequence, I have still the most vivid recollection of a very severe castigation for the supposed crime of gooseberry-stealing. Only a few days afterwards the master's pet dog was discovered to be the delinquent.

The same dog was also accustomed to rob the hen-roosts. He used to take out the eggs without breaking them with his teeth, and carry them into a back yard. When there, he would break them by a blow from his paw, and lick up every particle of the egg as it flowed out. The little King Charles' dog Prince, whose friendship with a cat has been before narrated, was greatly given to rob-

bing the nests of the blackbirds and thrushes that built in the grounds. His first plan was to insert his paw into the nest, and scrape out the eggs, but he soon found that he broke the eggs, and lost the contents, which rapidly soaked into the substance of the nest. He therefore changed his tactics, and by biting a hole in the bottom of the nest, he got at the eggs without breaking them.

Prince was a wonderful dog in his way, and especially exulted in playing at a game called by boys, "tigg" or "tick," the game in question being a kind of puss in the corner without any corners, the player enacting the part of "tigg" being a kind of perpetual puss, who can only be released from his position by touching one of the others, who immediately takes his place, and becomes a kind of Pariah, whose touch is contamination. The dog had learned this game capitally, and, to incite him to play, it was only necessary to touch him on the back and run away, when the intelligent little animal would set up a preposterous barking, and rush after his

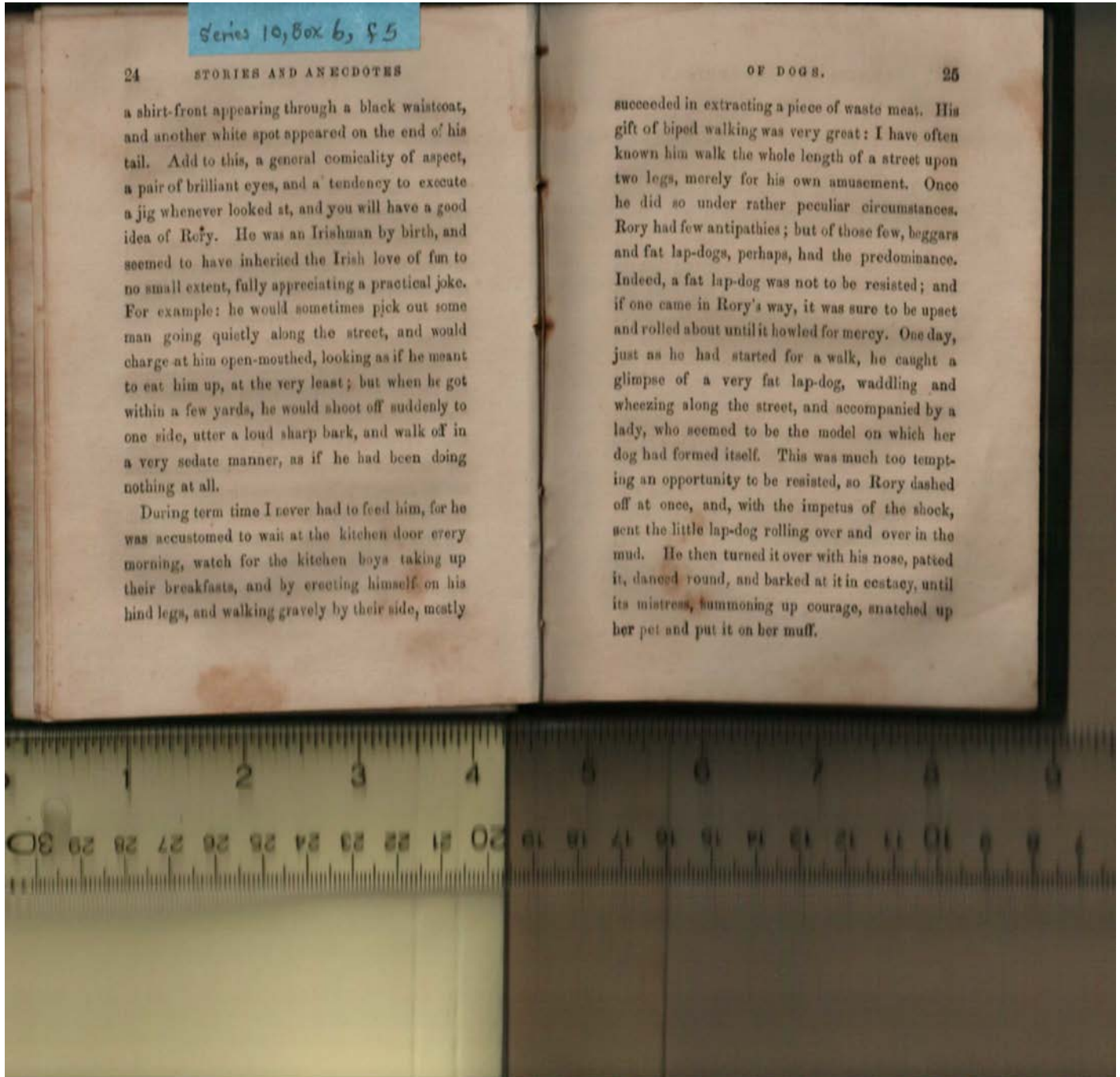


human playfellow, never resting until he had seized part of his or her dress in his mouth. He would then avoid being touched with as much skill as he had before displayed, and, indeed, never would have been caught at all were it not that he was very venturesome, and used to jump about his playfellow in defiance.

A dog belonging to one of my friends was in the habit of accompanying his master in his expeditions; and on such occasions, where the walk had been particularly fatiguing, was in the habit of acting as pillow to his master when he rested. On one of these occasions, master and servant had both fallen asleep, and were enjoying their siesta when my friend was awakened by a succession of short whines from his dog. He at first thought that the poor creature must have been injured in some way; but on looking round he saw a rat moving about at some thirty yards distant, offering a sad temptation to the dog, who, not daring to move lest he should awake his master, was watching the rat in a state

of intense tantalisation. His master, however, taking compassion upon him, raised his head, when his canine pillow instantly dashed off in pursuit of the rat, who fled for refuge into a ditch full of nettles. In went the dog, and soon returned triumphantly, having put an end to the rat. As, however, the dog was entirely disguised with black mud and stinging nettles, he was not particularly fitted to act the part of pillow again.

Some years ago, while I was in the latter end of the caterpillar state of Undergraduate at Oxford, and during the earlier portion of the chrysalis or transition state of Bachelor, a dog called Rory, in honor of Rory O'More, was in my possession. He was not my own property, but chose to attach himself to me, utterly discarding his proper master. He was a large rough black terrier, with hair falling over his eyes, and completely blinding him when wet; his ears were partly cocked, but drooping at their extremities; and his general black tints were relieved by a white patch on his breast, like



Series 10, Box 6, § 5

24

STORIES AND ANECDOTES

a shirt-front appearing through a black waistcoat, and another white spot appeared on the end of his tail. Add to this, a general comicality of aspect, a pair of brilliant eyes, and a tendency to execute a jig whenever looked at, and you will have a good idea of Rory. He was an Irishman by birth, and seemed to have inherited the Irish love of fun to no small extent, fully appreciating a practical joke. For example: he would sometimes pick out some man going quietly along the street, and would charge at him open-mouthed, looking as if he meant to eat him up, at the very least; but when he got within a few yards, he would shoot off suddenly to one side, utter a loud sharp bark, and walk off in a very sedate manner, as if he had been doing nothing at all.

During term time I never had to feed him, for he was accustomed to wait at the kitchen door every morning, watch for the kitchen boys taking up their breakfasts, and by erecting himself on his hind legs, and walking gravely by their side, mostly

OF DOGS.

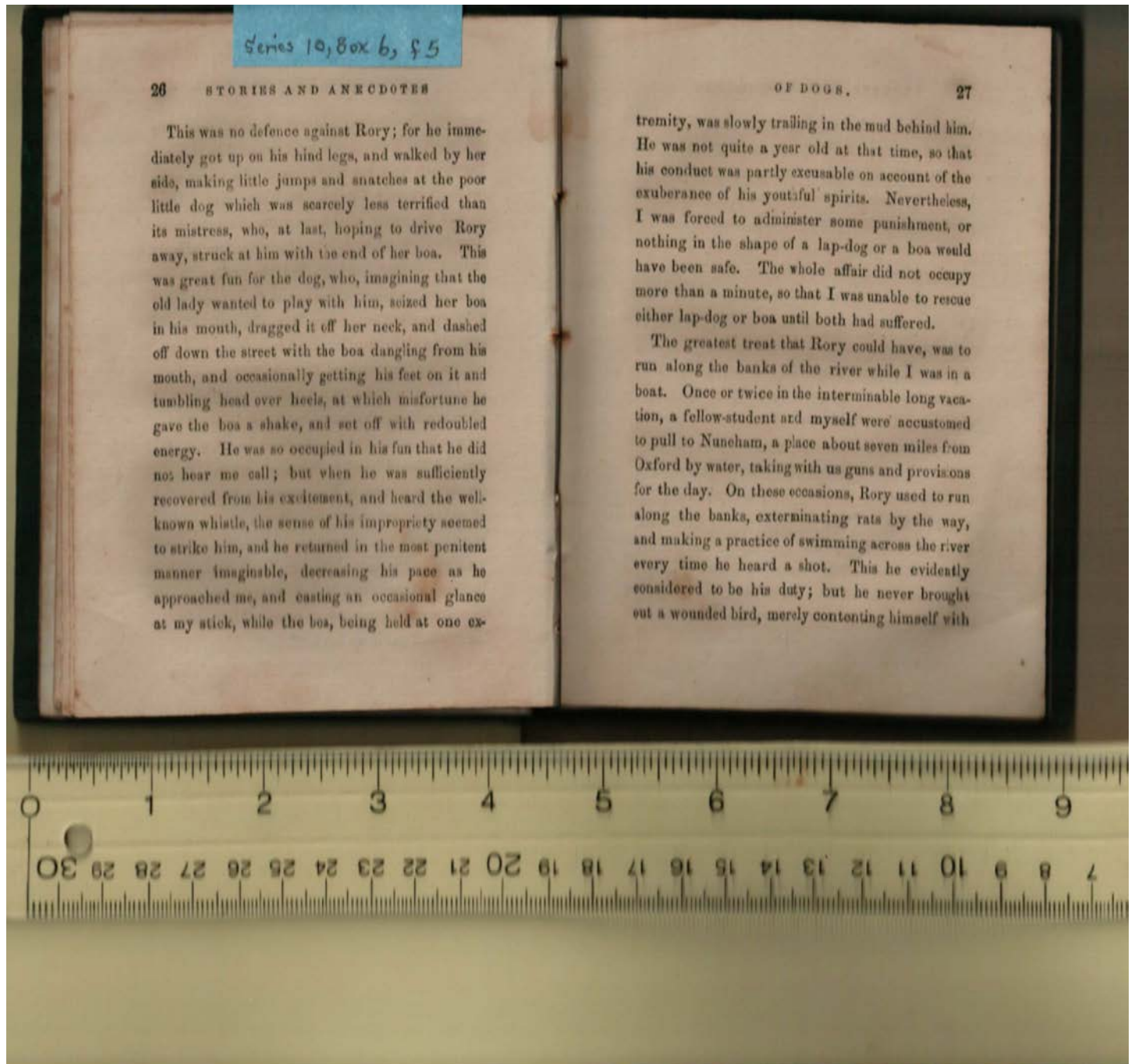
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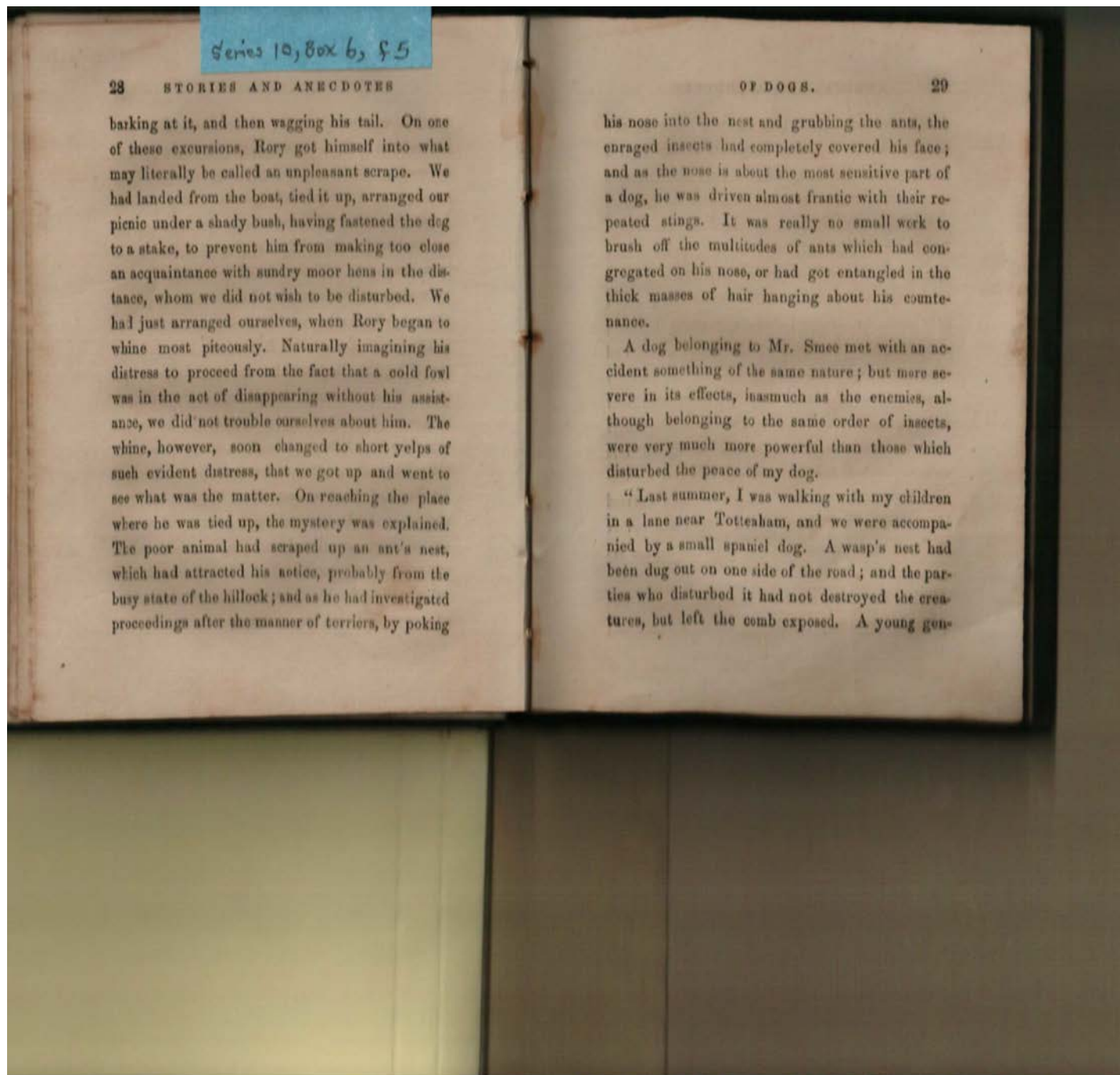
succeeded in extracting a piece of waste meat. His gift of biped walking was very great: I have often known him walk the whole length of a street upon two legs, merely for his own amusement. Once he did so under rather peculiar circumstances. Rory had few antipathies; but of those few, beggars and fat lap-dogs, perhaps, had the predominance. Indeed, a fat lap-dog was not to be resisted; and if one came in Rory's way, it was sure to be upset and rolled about until it howled for mercy. One day, just as he had started for a walk, he caught a glimpse of a very fat lap-dog, waddling and wheezing along the street, and accompanied by a lady, who seemed to be the model on which her dog had formed itself. This was much too tempting an opportunity to be resisted, so Rory dashed off at once, and, with the impetus of the shock, sent the little lap-dog rolling over and over in the mud. He then turned it over with his nose, patted it, danced round, and barked at it in ecstacy, until its mistress, summoning up courage, snatched up her pet and put it on her muff.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

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Image 16 r10_06-05-000-0016 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



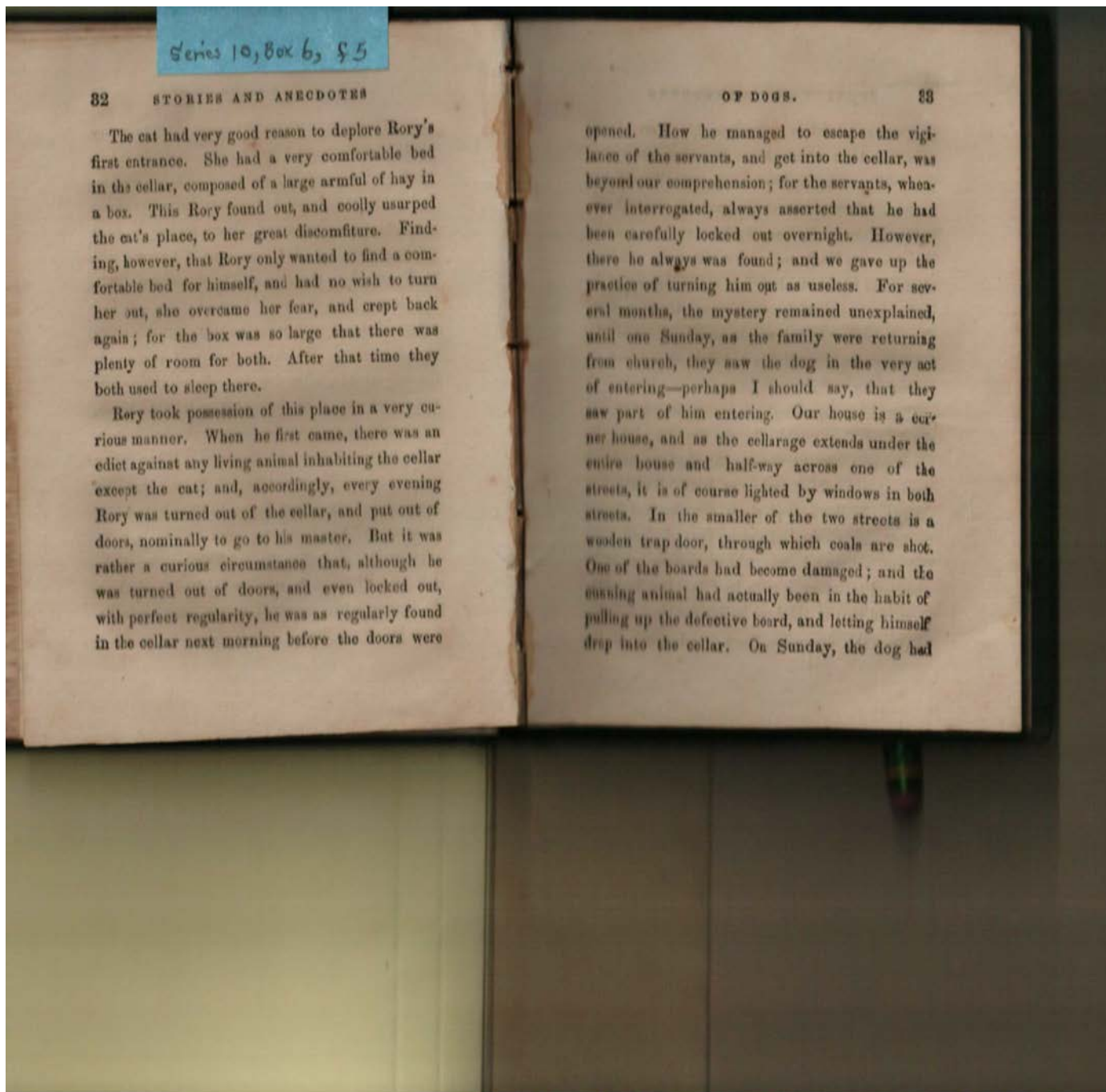


Series 10, Box 6, § 5

tleman who accompanied us throw a stone at the wasps, and the dog, who delighted to run after a stone, dashed headlong after it into the enemy's camp. The wasps rose in a cloud, and the screams of the dog soon indicated that he had been stung. I called and whistled, and, at last, induced the dog to run; but still numbers of the irritated creatures kept about him. After he had run about fifty yards, he dropped down apparently lifeless; and after we had beaten off the wasps, and killed those adhering to the skin, I could neither feel nor hear the heart's action. The New River was near at hand, and it occurred to me that a sudden plunge into the water might rouse him. I dipped him suddenly twice, and we were well pleased to witness signs of returning animation. We carried him home, rubbed him dry, and placed him before the fire; but it was several days before he recovered."

When Rory first attached himself to me, he was quite a puppy, only numbering about six months;

and, of course, occasionally gave way to many youthful frolics which had to be corrected; but as his days increased in number, so did his wisdom, and at the expiration of two years, he was the most obedient pupil I ever had, always giving the most ready and willing obedience, even if he were told to do anything contrary to his own wishes. He had learned all the usual feats of dogs, and had superadded many others; some being entirely of his own invention. He was on very good terms with the cat—that is, after they had settled their quarrels consequent on his first entrance into the house, and would lie very comfortably on the hearth-rug, while pussy played with his ears. When pussy was not wanted, we used to tell Rory to put her down stairs; whereupon, he pushed her before him by means of his fore-paws, until he reached the cellar stairs; and when there, he pushed her down stair by stair, until he saw her safely deposited at the bottom, when he would return, and again lie down before the fire.



The cat had very good reason to deplore Rory's first entrance. She had a very comfortable bed in the cellar, composed of a large armful of hay in a box. This Rory found out, and coolly usurped the cat's place, to her great discomfiture. Finding, however, that Rory only wanted to find a comfortable bed for himself, and had no wish to turn her out, she overcame her fear, and crept back again; for the box was so large that there was plenty of room for both. After that time they both used to sleep there.

Rory took possession of this place in a very curious manner. When he first came, there was an edict against any living animal inhabiting the cellar except the cat; and, accordingly, every evening Rory was turned out of the cellar, and put out of doors, nominally to go to his master. But it was rather a curious circumstance that, although he was turned out of doors, and even locked out, with perfect regularity, he was as regularly found in the cellar next morning before the doors were

opened. How he managed to escape the vigilance of the servants, and get into the cellar, was beyond our comprehension; for the servants, whenever interrogated, always asserted that he had been carefully locked out overnight. However, there he always was found; and we gave up the practice of turning him out as useless. For several months, the mystery remained unexplained, until one Sunday, as the family were returning from church, they saw the dog in the very act of entering—perhaps I should say, that they saw part of him entering. Our house is a corner house, and as the cellarage extends under the entire house and half-way across one of the streets, it is of course lighted by windows in both streets. In the smaller of the two streets is a wooden trap door, through which coals are shot. One of the boards had become damaged; and the cunning animal had actually been in the habit of pulling up the defective board, and letting himself drop into the cellar. On Sunday, the dog had

Series 10, Box 6, § 5

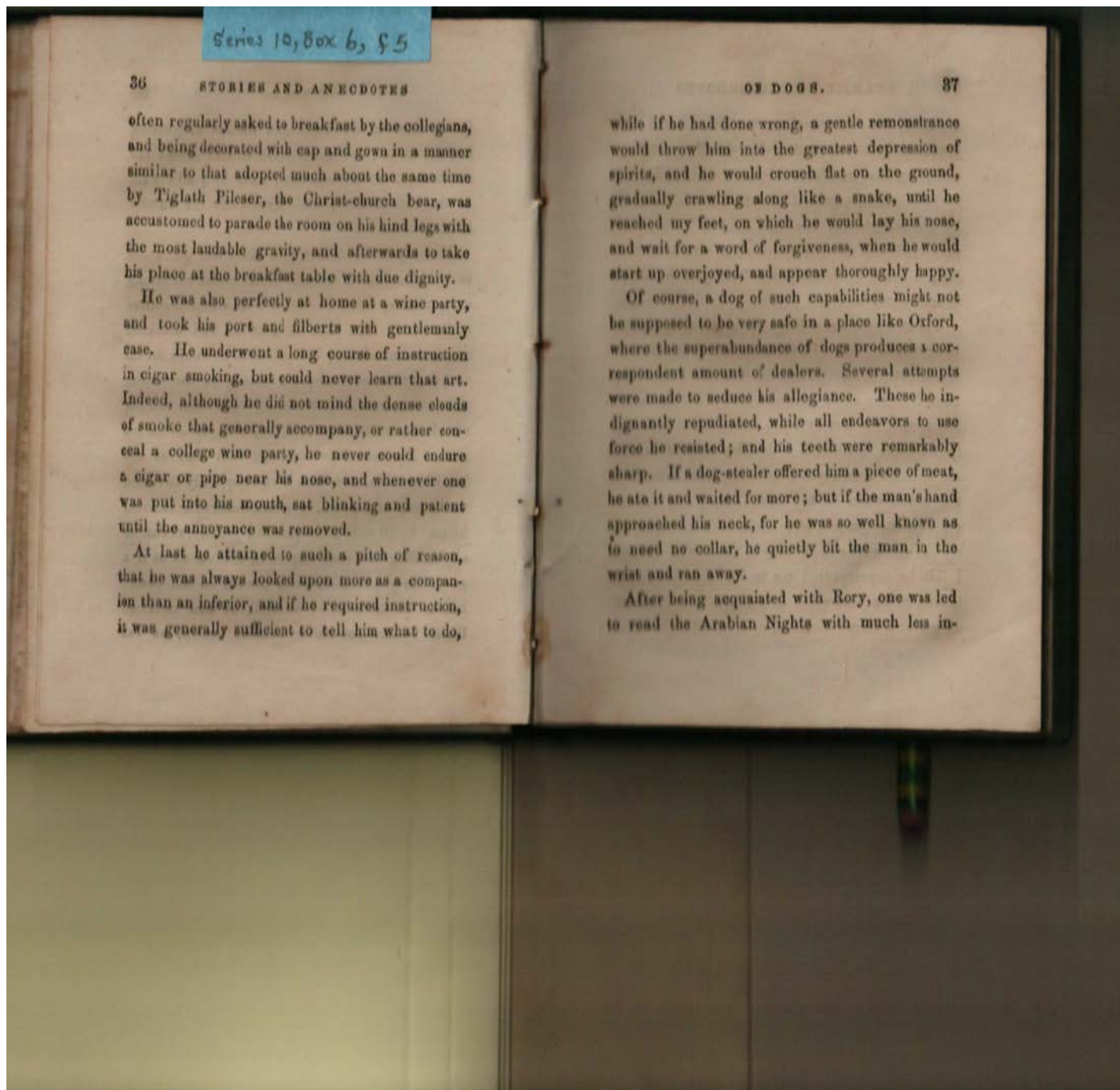
been out to breakfast with a friend, and on his return found the doors shut. He, therefore, went round the corner, and put in practice his old manœuvre. Just as he was disappearing through the aperture, the family came by from church, just in time to see a black tail with a white tip whisking about, and a pair of black legs struggling violently in the air, and then descend through the trap-door. The defective board was immediately repaired; but Rory was allowed free lodgings on account of his sagacity

How he escaped without injury in performing this feat I never could tell. In the first place, the board was a very narrow one, fixed at one end and loose at the other, and must have pinched him sorely. In the second place, after he had forced himself through, he had a clear drop of about eight feet on a heap of coals, whose corners might be supposed to injure him as he fell. But he never appeared hurt in the least by his tumble.

After this discovery, Rory found where all the

family went on Sundays, and instead of getting into the cellar, was accustomed to wait about the streets until service was over, when he would walk to the church door, and accompany the family home.

I have just mentioned that Rory had gone out to breakfast with a friend. That seems rather an extraordinary thing to say of a dog, and requires explanation. The fact is, that he had attained such a command over himself, that he would sit on a chair, with his fore-paws resting on the table, and remain perfectly unmoved, even when the leg of a fowl, or some such dainty, was placed on his plate. He had often executed this feat at my breakfast-table, and had been frequently invested with a cap and gown, in which venerable raiment he used to sit with corresponding gravity, occasionally looking in a very imploring manner at us if a particularly fine bone were placed on his plate; but he never touched it until he had obtained leave. When his habits became known, he was



Series 10, Box 6, § 5

often regularly asked to breakfast by the collegians, and being decorated with cap and gown in a manner similar to that adopted much about the same time by Tiglath Pileser, the Christ-church bear, was accustomed to parade the room on his hind legs with the most laudable gravity, and afterwards to take his place at the breakfast table with due dignity.

He was also perfectly at home at a wine party, and took his port and silberts with gentlemanly ease. He underwent a long course of instruction in cigar smoking, but could never learn that art. Indeed, although he did not mind the dense clouds of smoke that generally accompany, or rather conceal a college wine party, he never could endure a cigar or pipe near his nose, and whenever one was put into his mouth, sat blinking and patient until the annoyance was removed.

At last he attained to such a pitch of reason, that he was always looked upon more as a companion than an inferior, and if he required instruction, it was generally sufficient to tell him what to do,

while if he had done wrong, a gentle remonstrance would throw him into the greatest depression of spirits, and he would crouch flat on the ground, gradually crawling along like a snake, until he reached my feet, on which he would lay his nose, and wait for a word of forgiveness, when he would start up overjoyed, and appear thoroughly happy.

Of course, a dog of such capabilities might not be supposed to be very safe in a place like Oxford, where the superabundance of dogs produces a correspondent amount of dealers. Several attempts were made to seduce his allegiance. These he indignantly repudiated, while all endeavors to use force he resisted; and his teeth were remarkably sharp. If a dog-stealer offered him a piece of meat, he ate it and waited for more; but if the man's hand approached his neck, for he was so well known as to need no collar, he quietly bit the man in the wrist and ran away.

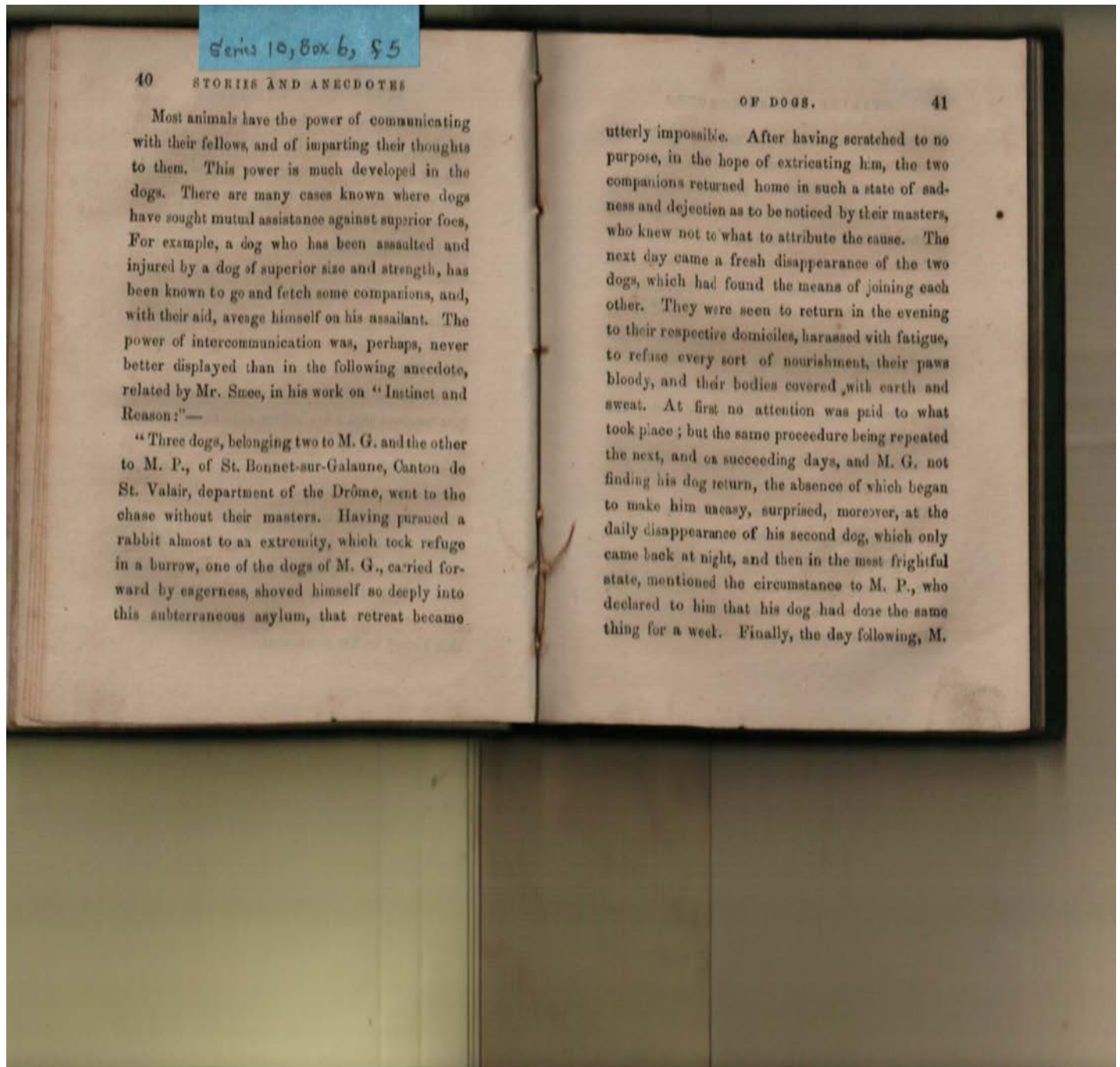
After being acquainted with Rory, one was led to read the Arabian Nights with much less in-

Series 10, Box 6, §5

credulity, for few transformed princes acted with greater propriety or wisdom than did Rory; always excepting the transformed prince, who, under the shape of an ape, gained an introduction at court by his calligraphy, beat the king at chess, complimented him in extemporaneous verses, and at last, in being re-transformed, destroyed the king's daughter, servant, and palace.

The last time I saw Rory was under rather peculiar circumstances. I had been resident in the country for several months, but was forced to leave Rory behind. One day I returned to Oxford for a few hours, and was met by Rory, who did not give way to his usual ebullitions of joy, but walked behind me with his nose against my heel, until I entered the house, when he lay down before me, put his chin on the ground, and never took his eyes off me the whole time of my stay in the house. When I left, he accompanied me in the same way, not having given utterance to a single sound, or indulged in a single bark.

At the expiration of the first term, after he had taken up his residence with us, his master sought him for the purpose of taking him back to Ireland, but sought in vain, for, at the first sight of the packed trunks, Rory had taken himself off, and was not to be found. After three or four days, when he imagined that his master had left Oxford, he came back again and announced himself, after his usual fashion, viz., by jumping on the sill of the dining-room window, and knocking at the pane with his tail. This plan he adopted for several years, but at last was outwitted by his master, who laid violent hands on him a day before any one left college, and sewed him up in a hamper. Poor Rory was then carried off to Ireland, under a promise of restoration when his master should again visit Oxford, at which time he was to become our property. A few months ago his master was seen in Oxford, and we immediately went to claim Rory. Alas! poor Rory had died a month or two before, and great was the grief occasioned by the news. Let this history be his monument.

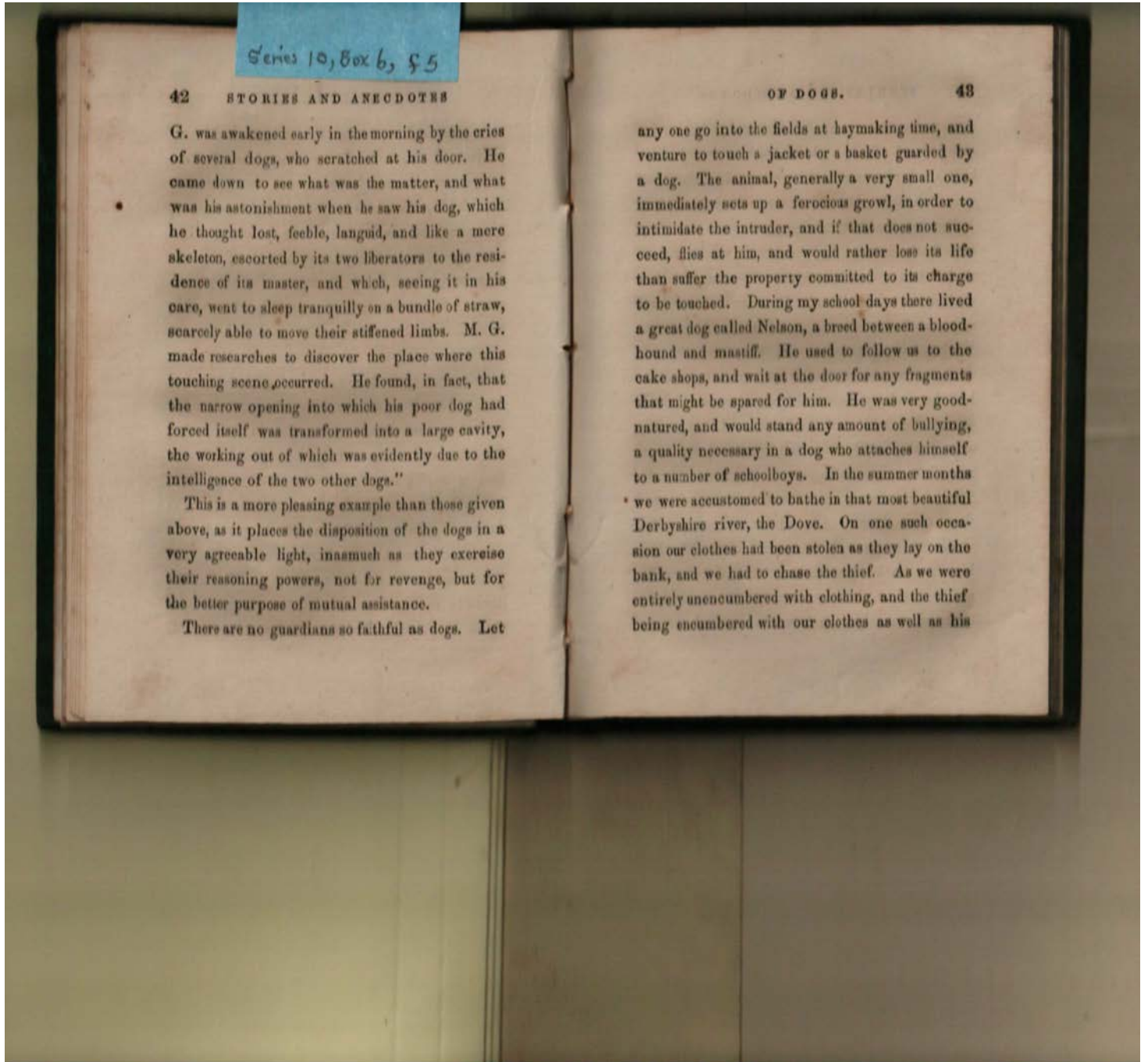


Series 10, Box 6, §5

Most animals have the power of communicating with their fellows, and of imparting their thoughts to them. This power is much developed in the dogs. There are many cases known where dogs have sought mutual assistance against superior foes. For example, a dog who has been assaulted and injured by a dog of superior size and strength, has been known to go and fetch some companions, and, with their aid, avenge himself on his assailant. The power of intercommunication was, perhaps, never better displayed than in the following anecdote, related by Mr. Smee, in his work on "Instinct and Reason:"—

"Three dogs, belonging two to M. G. and the other to M. P., of St. Bonnet-sur-Galaune, Canton de St. Valair, department of the Drôme, went to the chase without their masters. Having pursued a rabbit almost to an extremity, which took refuge in a burrow, one of the dogs of M. G., carried forward by eagerness, shoved himself so deeply into this subterranean asylum, that retreat became

utterly impossible. After having scratched to no purpose, in the hope of extricating him, the two companions returned home in such a state of sadness and dejection as to be noticed by their masters, who knew not to what to attribute the cause. The next day came a fresh disappearance of the two dogs, which had found the means of joining each other. They were seen to return in the evening to their respective domiciles, harassed with fatigue, to refuse every sort of nourishment, their paws bloody, and their bodies covered with earth and sweat. At first no attention was paid to what took place; but the same procedure being repeated the next, and on succeeding days, and M. G. not finding his dog return, the absence of which began to make him uneasy, surprised, moreover, at the daily disappearance of his second dog, which only came back at night, and then in the most frightful state, mentioned the circumstance to M. P., who declared to him that his dog had done the same thing for a week. Finally, the day following, M.



G. was awakened early in the morning by the cries of several dogs, who scratched at his door. He came down to see what was the matter, and what was his astonishment when he saw his dog, which he thought lost, feeble, languid, and like a mere skeleton, escorted by its two liberators to the residence of its master, and which, seeing it in his care, went to sleep tranquilly on a bundle of straw, scarcely able to move their stiffened limbs. M. G. made researches to discover the place where this touching scene occurred. He found, in fact, that the narrow opening into which his poor dog had forced itself was transformed into a large cavity, the working out of which was evidently due to the intelligence of the two other dogs."

This is a more pleasing example than those given above, as it places the disposition of the dogs in a very agreeable light, inasmuch as they exercise their reasoning powers, not for revenge, but for the better purpose of mutual assistance.

There are no guardians so faithful as dogs. Let

any one go into the fields at haymaking time, and venture to touch a jacket or a basket guarded by a dog. The animal, generally a very small one, immediately sets up a ferocious growl, in order to intimidate the intruder, and if that does not succeed, flies at him, and would rather lose its life than suffer the property committed to its charge to be touched. During my school-days there lived a great dog called Nelson, a breed between a bloodhound and mastiff. He used to follow us to the cake shops, and wait at the door for any fragments that might be spared for him. He was very good-natured, and would stand any amount of bullying, a quality necessary in a dog who attaches himself to a number of schoolboys. In the summer months we were accustomed to bathe in that most beautiful Derbyshire river, the Dove. On one such occasion our clothes had been stolen as they lay on the bank, and we had to chase the thief. As we were entirely unencumbered with clothing, and the thief being encumbered with our clothes as well as his

Series 10, Box 6, § 5

own, we soon caught him, and, dragging him to the river, tossed him in, and ducked him until he was half dead, when we let him escape, knowing that our clothes were henceforth secure from him.

But as we wished to secure our garments from any further attacks, we thought we would imitate the conduct of the haymakers. So we took Nelson with us, he being the only dog that we knew, and when we had undressed, we put him in charge. He lay down in the most exemplary manner, and, doubtless, would have made an excellent guardian, had he not been disturbed by an unexpected incident. The field was full of cows, and they, seeing a great dog in the field, felt aggrieved, and summoned a council. In a very few minutes, the whole body of cows set up their tails, and charged down upon Nelson. He lay in some perplexity, until one or two almost poked him with their horns, when he lost his calmness of demeanour, and dashed at the nearest cow. His teeth, however, were nearly gone from old age, and the cow

easily shook him off. There was then a grand battle, in which our clothes seemed likely to be trodden to pieces, so we were forced to take them up and swim across the river with them, and deposit them on the opposite bank, where there were no cows. We then got Nelson away, and took him over; but we never trusted afterwards in a big dog to take care of our clothes.

This attack of the cows on Nelson reminds me of a feat performed by a terrier named Crab, belonging to one of my friends. He was running along the towing-path that edges the Isis, accompanying his master, who was in a boat. Presently Crab came to a gate. Now, the gate itself would have proved no impediment, but unfortunately two young bulls were standing by the gate, and when he came near, they put down their heads, and strenuously resisted his further progress. Crab waited for a minute or two in some bewilderment, but suddenly made up his mind as to future proceedings. He dashed at one of the bulls, barking

Series 10, Box 6, § 5

48 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

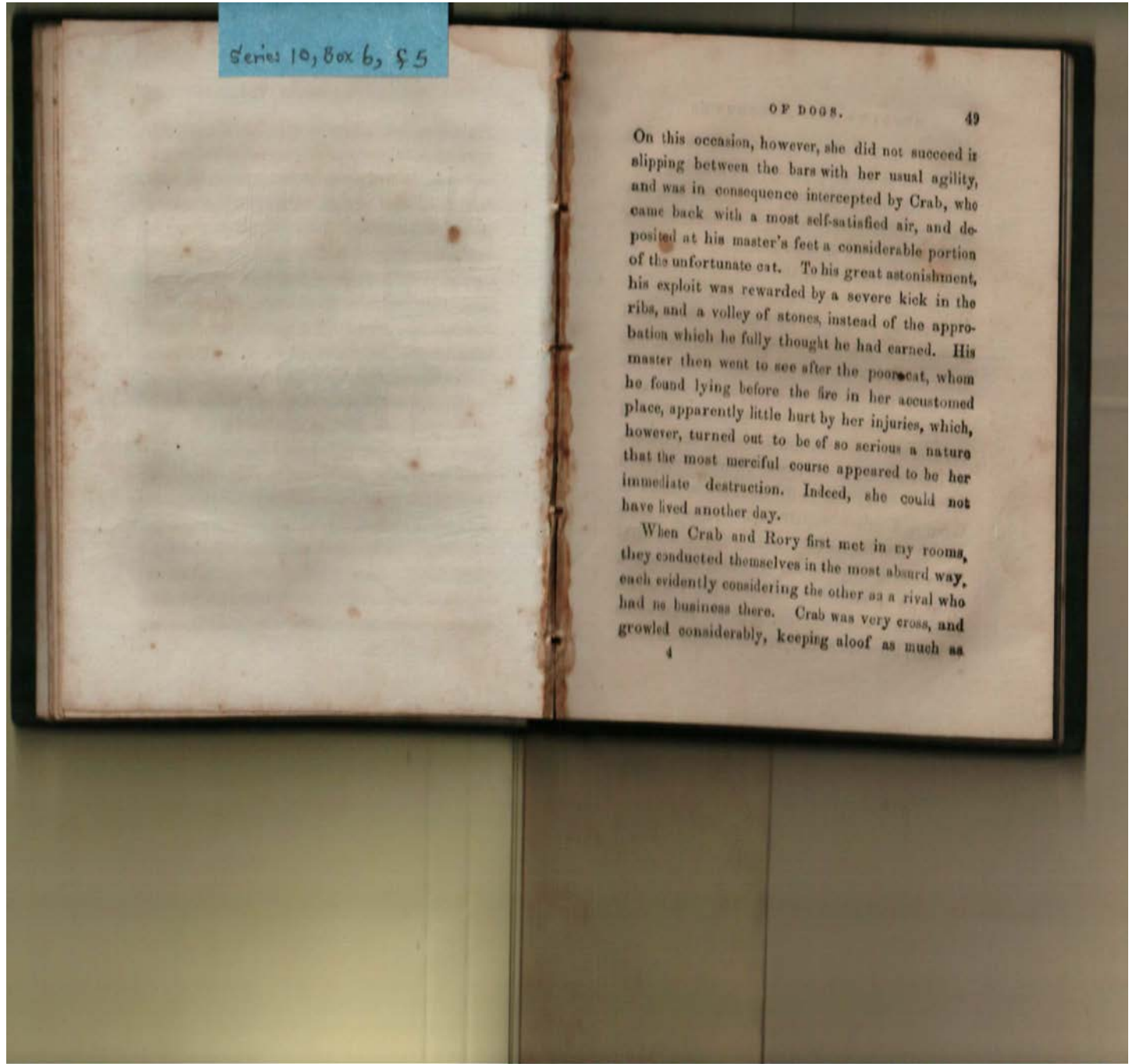
On the whole, Crab was a good dog, and tolerably sagacious in many things; but he was also, as the preceding anecdote shows, rather obtuse in others. In fact, he was a dog of deep prejudices, and by no means equal to Rory. Probably he would have turned out a better character had he been regularly trained, as Rory was. Among his prejudices was a deeply-rooted one for cats, even extending to those that lived in the same house, with whom he was never on friendly terms, and, indeed, always chased them whenever he saw them, for he never learned self-denial to any extent. One day, while his master was in the garden with Crab, the cat made her appearance, endeavoring to steal behind some of the shrubs out of Crab's sight. In this intention she was frustrated, for the dog caught a glimpse of her, and set off in pursuit. Away went the cat to her usual place of escape, between the bars of an iron grating, through which she generally shot with such rapidity as to leave her pursuer fretting outside the grating, to no purpose



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Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 27 r10_06-05-000-0027 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Series 10, Box 6, § 5

possible; but Rory took upon himself to do the honors, put on an air of gaiety, and tumbling over on his back, invited the other to play with him; but Crab was inexorable for a long time, until the idea seemed to dawn on his mind that Rory was really the owner of the room, and then he became reconciled, and had a game accordingly.

I was only bitten once by Crab, an unexampled circumstance among his acquaintance, and that occurred during my first knowledge of him, before the affair that gained his friendship. This was a complete Androcles and lion business. He had been on a college visit, and on leaving the college, he was observed to walk lame. No notice was taken for some time; but as his lameness appeared to increase, I called him, although standing in some awe of him, for he was a terrible dog to bite without warning, lifted up his lame foot, and found a large pin three-fourths buried in the ball of his foot. As it was drawn out, he gave a slight whine of pain; but after it had been removed, he ran about

fifty yards in order to try his foot; came back and licked my hand. Ever after that he allowed me to take any liberties with him, not even resenting that worst of insults in his eyes, namely, taking him by the back of the neck. Why he always resented any attempt to touch that part, I do not know; but whatever might have been the reason, none but his master and myself ever grasped the back of his neck without being bitten. Want of self-control was the bane of his character. He was a capital rat-killer, but he always ate the rats or mice that he killed, and never could be taught to leave them. Now, Rory was equally clever at catching rats and mice, but he always threw them on the ground when dead, and never meddled with them, except, perhaps, an occasional indulgence in rolling over them. His method of rabbit-catching was very singular. He used to dash after the rabbit, and by the force of his rush, knock the rabbit over, when he sprang up it, and holding it down with his fore-paws, delivered it unhurt into

Series 10, Box 6, § 5

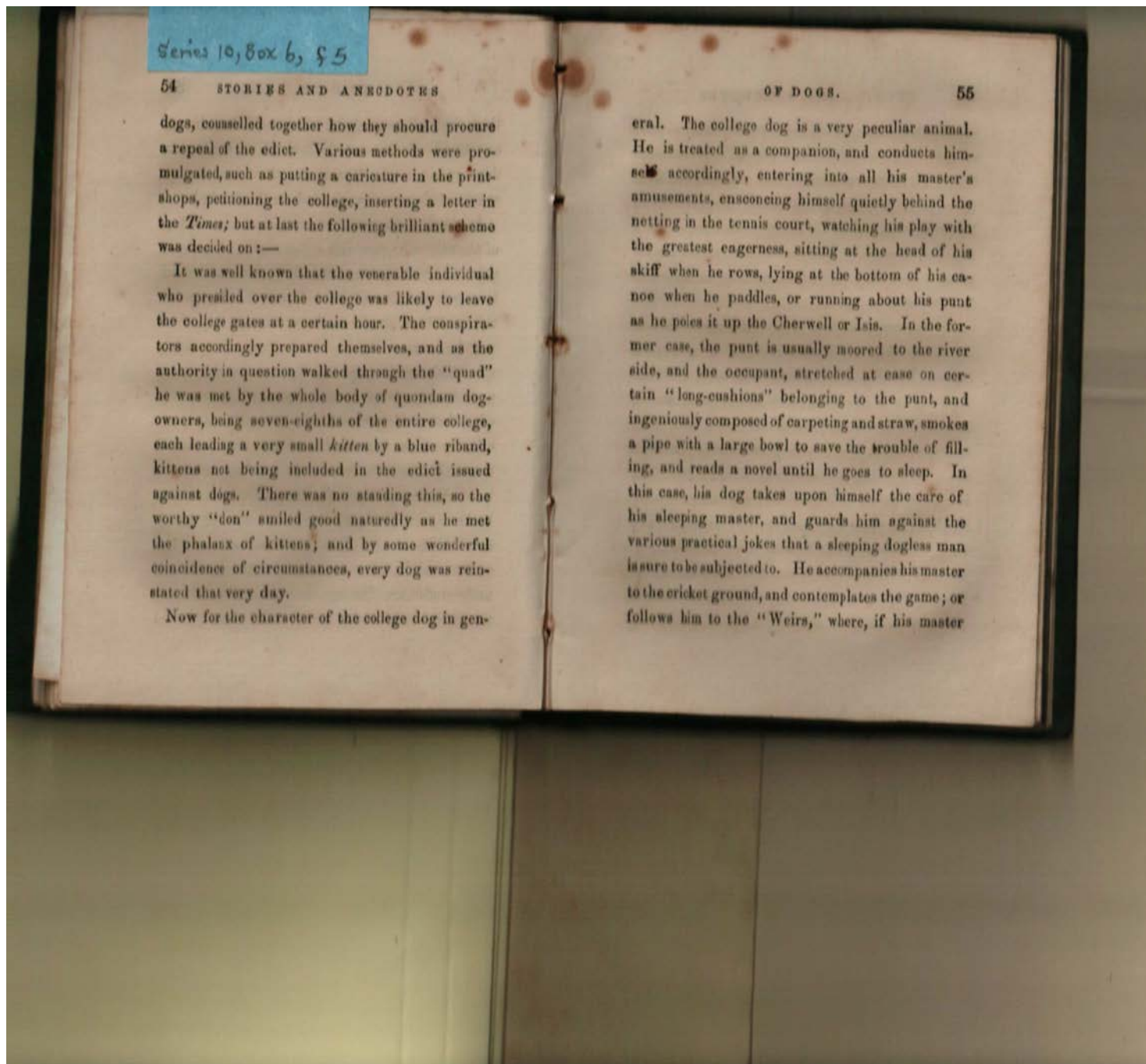
the hands of his master. Before he came into my possession, his master was accustomed to exhibit Rory in the performance of this feat, and for this purpose had procured a rabbit which was used over and over again for the same purpose. At last the rabbit did not care a bit for Rory, but directly it heard his footsteps close behind, would lie down of its own accord, and wait until the dog came up.

One of the reasons urged against the reception of Rory into the house was, that his four dirty feet would injure the carpets. We, therefore, directly he was admitted, took him and rubbed his feet on the mat. After a few days he learned to do it himself, and whenever he entered the house, whether the streets were muddy or dry, he invariably rubbed his feet on the mat with great perseverance.

Rory was essentially a college dog, and, as such, recalls recollections of college dogs as a class. I think that college dogs deserve to be reckoned as a separate class, like shepherd's dogs, for they, as a body, have certain peculiarities that distinguish

them from all other dogs. It is said that almost any breed of dogs can be trained as shepherd's dogs, and it is quite certain that there is no living species of dog that has not led a collegiate life.

In the first place, almost every resident member of the university possesses a dog, and many possess several. Indeed, at my own college it was estimated that each member of the college had a dog and a third, while in another college, two and a quarter was the average. In the latter college, the authorities, thinking the rage for dogs was carried to an unpleasantly large extent, issued a peremptory edict that no dogs were to be allowed in college at all. So all the large dogs were immediately turned out, while the little ones led an unhappy existence in drawers and hat-boxes, until their impatient barks caused their expulsion, accompanied with a fine levied on the purse of their masters. For some time the edict remained in force, until the undergraduates, finding their existence to pass miserably without the presence of their beloved



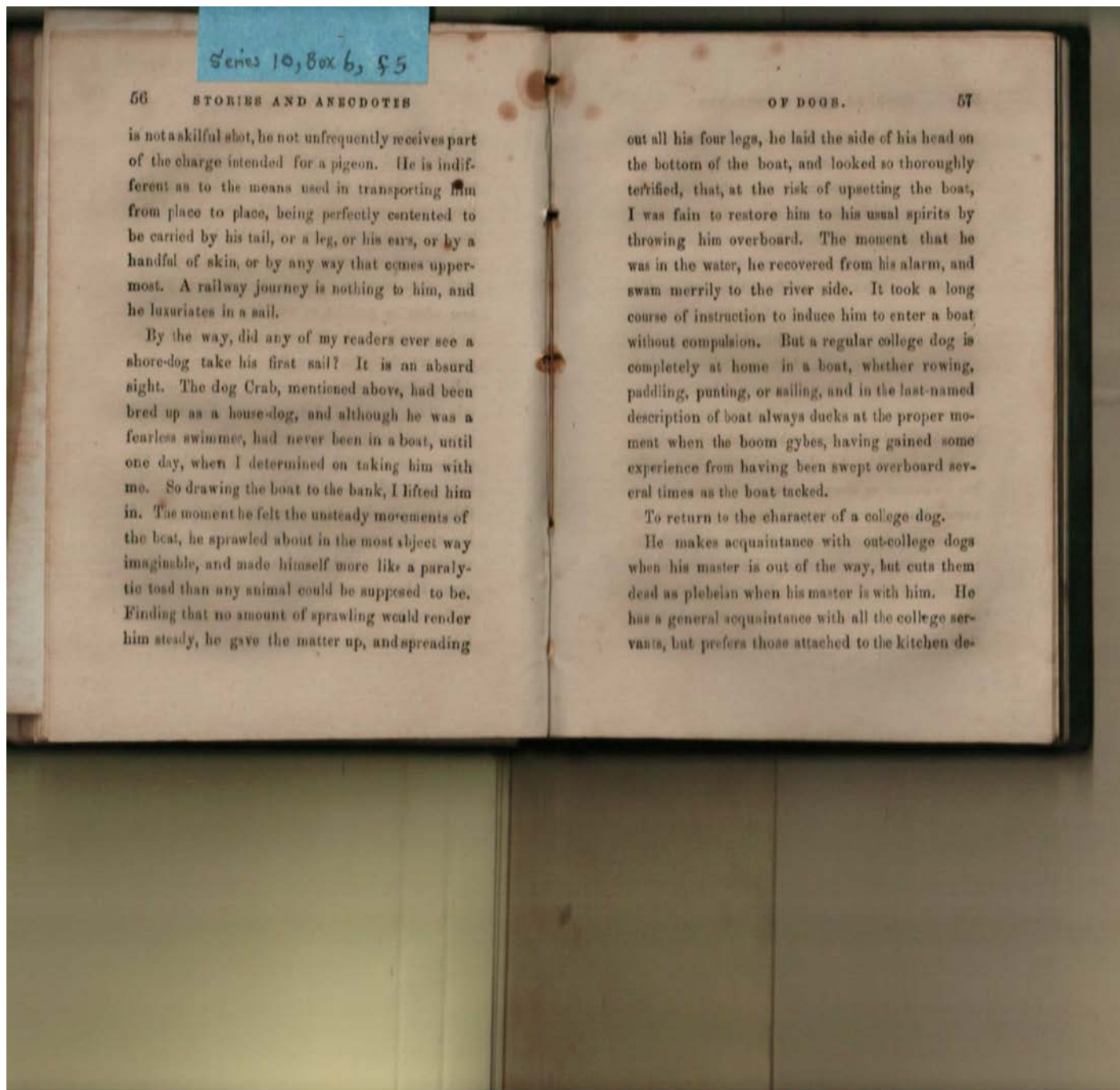
Series 10, Box 6, § 5

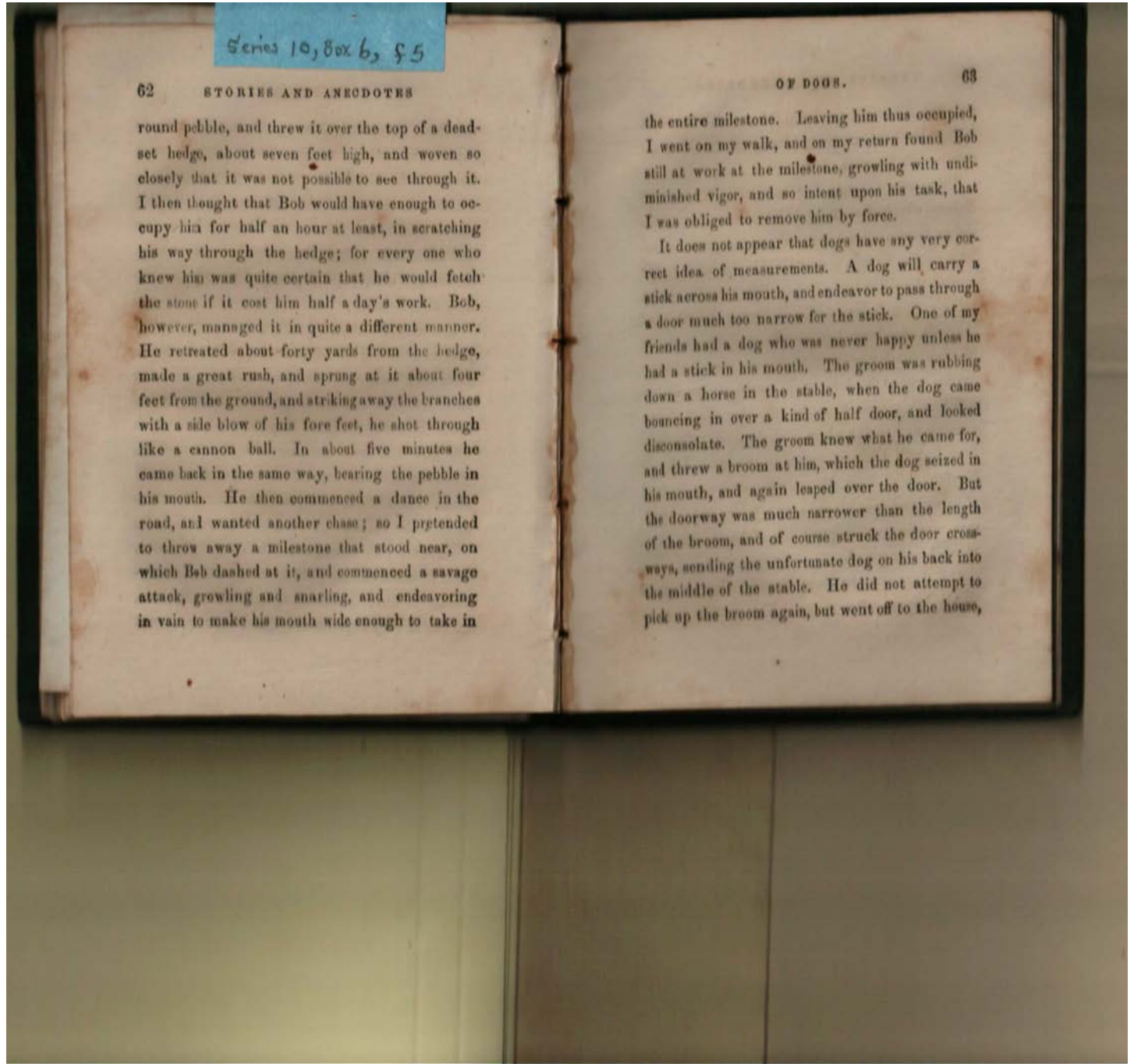
54 STORIES AND ANECDOTES
dogs, counselled together how they should procure a repeal of the edict. Various methods were promulgated, such as putting a caricature in the print-shops, petitioning the college, inserting a letter in the *Times*; but at last the following brilliant scheme was decided on:—

It was well known that the venerable individual who presided over the college was likely to leave the college gates at a certain hour. The conspirators accordingly prepared themselves, and as the authority in question walked through the "quad" he was met by the whole body of quondam dog-owners, being seven-eighths of the entire college, each leading a very small *kitten* by a blue riband, kittens not being included in the edict issued against dogs. There was no standing this, so the worthy "don" smiled good naturedly as he met the phalanx of kittens; and by some wonderful coincidence of circumstances, every dog was reinstated that very day.

Now for the character of the college dog in gen-

OF DOGS. 55
eral. The college dog is a very peculiar animal. He is treated as a companion, and conducts himself accordingly, entering into all his master's amusements, ensconcing himself quietly behind the netting in the tennis court, watching his play with the greatest eagerness, sitting at the head of his skiff when he rows, lying at the bottom of his canoe when he paddles, or running about his punt as he poies it up the Cherwell or Isis. In the former case, the punt is usually moored to the river side, and the occupant, stretched at ease on certain "long-cushions" belonging to the punt, and ingeniously composed of carpeting and straw, smokes a pipe with a large bowl to save the trouble of filling, and reads a novel until he goes to sleep. In this case, his dog takes upon himself the care of his sleeping master, and guards him against the various practical jokes that a sleeping dogless man is sure to be subjected to. He accompanies his master to the cricket ground, and contemplates the game; or follows him to the "Weirs," where, if his master





Series 10, Box 6, § 5

62 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

round pebble, and threw it over the top of a dead-set hedge, about seven feet high, and woven so closely that it was not possible to see through it. I then thought that Bob would have enough to occupy him for half an hour at least, in scratching his way through the hedge; for every one who knew him was quite certain that he would fetch the stone if it cost him half a day's work. Bob, however, managed it in quite a different manner. He retreated about forty yards from the hedge, made a great rush, and sprung at it about four feet from the ground, and striking away the branches with a side blow of his fore feet, he shot through like a cannon ball. In about five minutes he came back in the same way, bearing the pebble in his mouth. He then commenced a dance in the road, and wanted another chase; so I pretended to throw away a milestone that stood near, on which Bob dashed at it, and commenced a savage attack, growling and snarling, and endeavoring in vain to make his mouth wide enough to take in

OF DOGS. 63

the entire milestone. Leaving him thus occupied, I went on my walk, and on my return found Bob still at work at the milestone, growling with undiminished vigor, and so intent upon his task, that I was obliged to remove him by force.

It does not appear that dogs have any very correct idea of measurements. A dog will carry a stick across his mouth, and endeavor to pass through a door much too narrow for the stick. One of my friends had a dog who was never happy unless he had a stick in his mouth. The groom was rubbing down a horse in the stable, when the dog came bouncing in over a kind of half door, and looked disconsolate. The groom knew what he came for, and threw a broom at him, which the dog seized in his mouth, and again leaped over the door. But the doorway was much narrower than the length of the broom, and of course struck the door crossways, sending the unfortunate dog on his back into the middle of the stable. He did not attempt to pick up the broom again, but went off to the house,

Series 10, Box 6, §5

64 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

and was diligently employed for several hours in laying his head on the ground, and stroking his mouth with his paws.

There was a large Newfoundland dog named Nelson, who had a similar habit of carrying sticks, and as he was a large dog, and consequently carried large sticks, he was a considerable nuisance. He carried the sticks in a very peculiar manner, always holding them by one end, and letting the whole of the stick stand out horizontally at right angles to his jaws, causing great discomposure to pedestrians, against whom the long stick would strike with a sufficiently severe blow, for the dog was always running or jumping about, and the stick, of course, described all kinds of figures in the air. Like all Newfoundland dogs, Nelson was passionately fond of water, and once leaped over a bridge into a mill-race, running a very great risk of being dashed to pieces by the wheel.

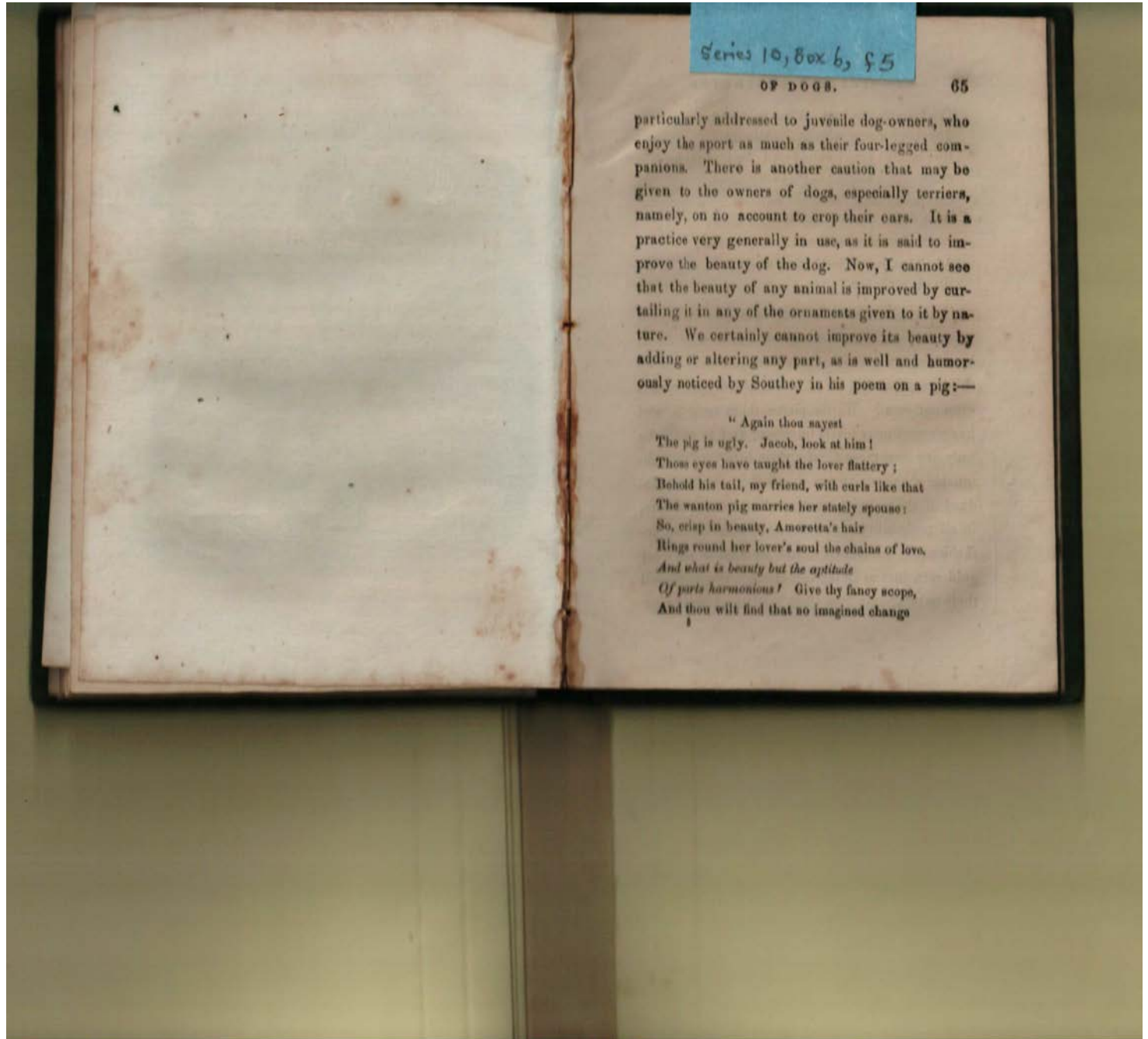
The dog-owner has been already advised not to let his dog run after stones. This caution is more



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Image 34 r10_06-05-000-0034 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



Series 10, Box 6, § 5

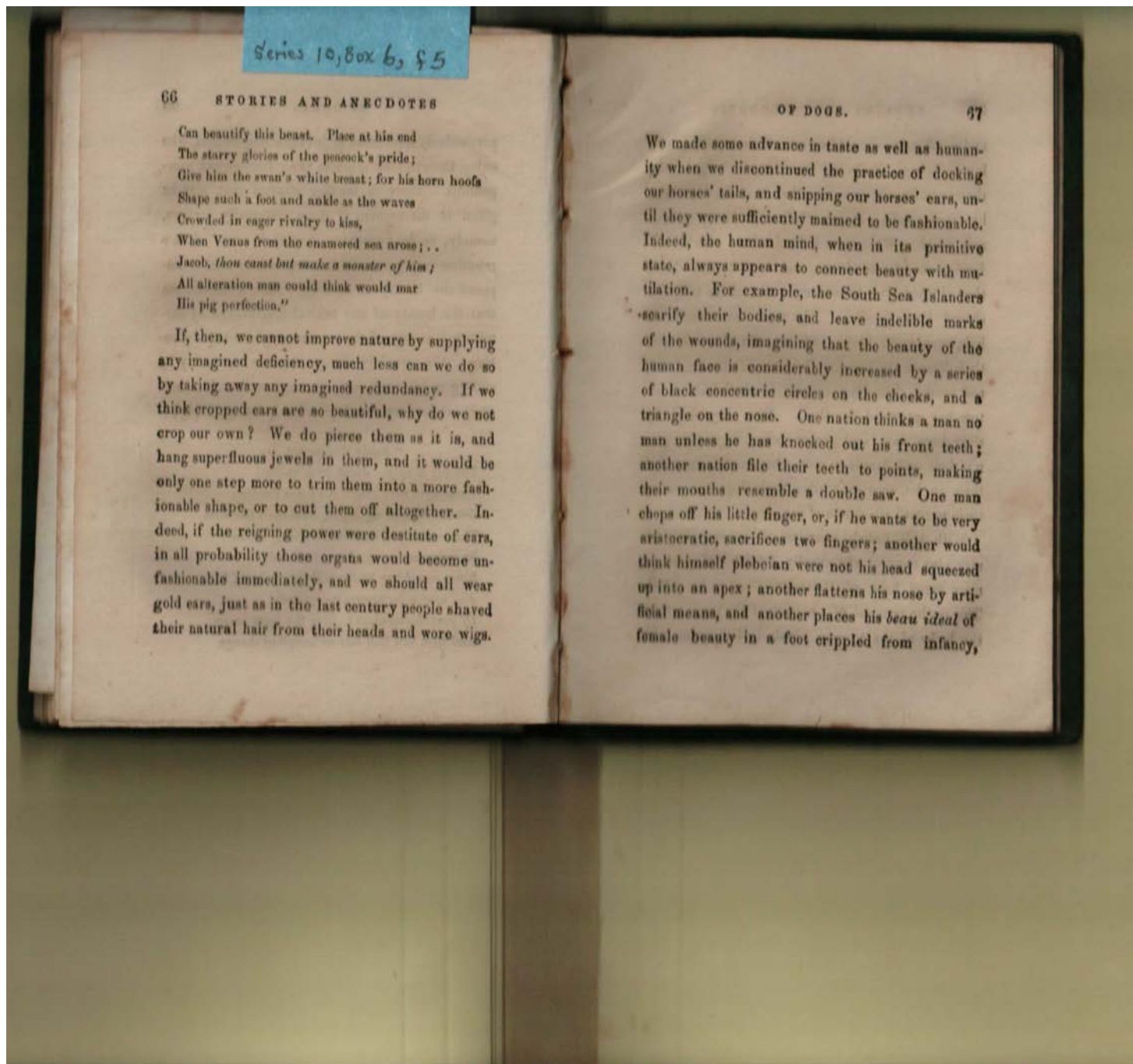
OF DOGS.

65

particularly addressed to juvenile dog-owners, who enjoy the sport as much as their four-legged companions. There is another caution that may be given to the owners of dogs, especially terriers, namely, on no account to crop their ears. It is a practice very generally in use, as it is said to improve the beauty of the dog. Now, I cannot see that the beauty of any animal is improved by curtailing it in any of the ornaments given to it by nature. We certainly cannot improve its beauty by adding or altering any part, as is well and humorously noticed by Southey in his poem on a pig:—

“ Again thou sayest

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery ;
Behold his tail, my friend, with curls like that
The wanton pig marries her stately spouse :
So, crisp in beauty, Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love,
*And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious !* Give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change

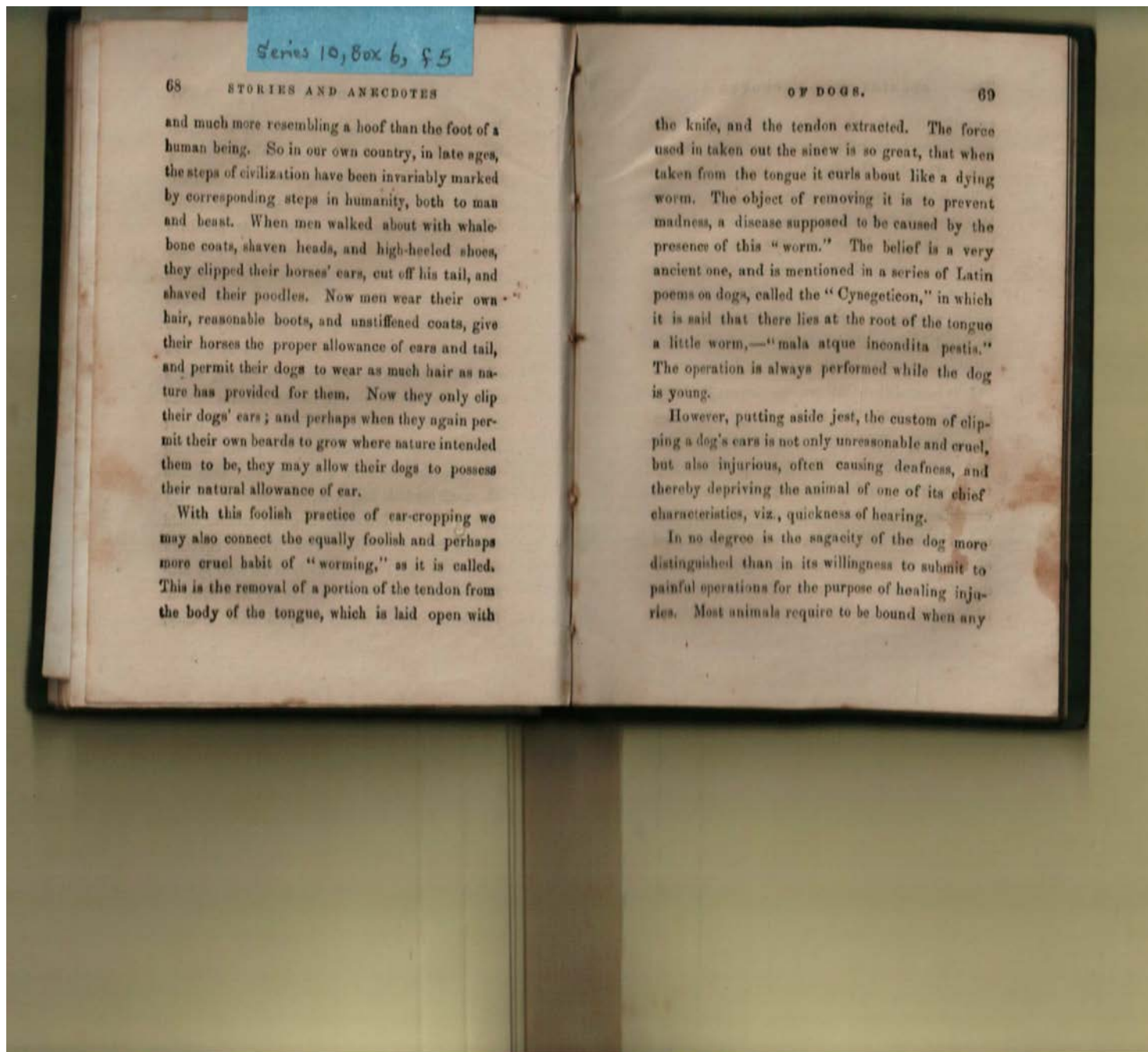


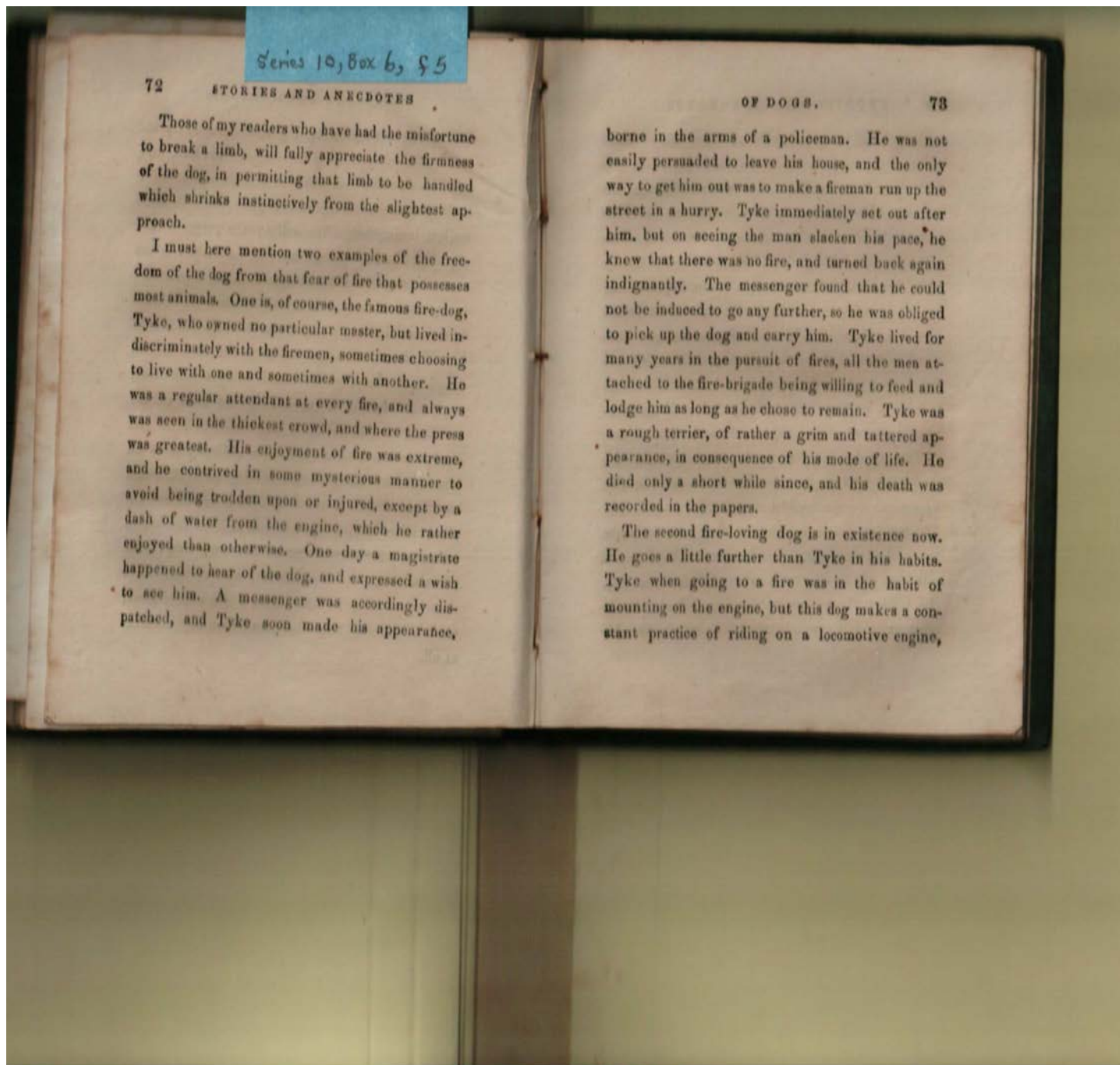
Series 10, Box 6, § 5

Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the peacock's pride;
Give him the swan's white breast; for his horn hoofs
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamored sea arose; . .
Jacob, *thou canst but make a monster of him*;
All alteration man could think would mar
His pig perfection."

If, then, we cannot improve nature by supplying any imagined deficiency, much less can we do so by taking away any imagined redundancy. If we think cropped ears are so beautiful, why do we not crop our own? We do pierce them as it is, and hang superfluous jewels in them, and it would be only one step more to trim them into a more fashionable shape, or to cut them off altogether. Indeed, if the reigning power were destitute of ears, in all probability those organs would become unfashionable immediately, and we should all wear gold ears, just as in the last century people shaved their natural hair from their heads and wore wigs.

We made some advance in taste as well as humanity when we discontinued the practice of docking our horses' tails, and snipping our horses' ears, until they were sufficiently maimed to be fashionable. Indeed, the human mind, when in its primitive state, always appears to connect beauty with mutilation. For example, the South Sea Islanders scarify their bodies, and leave indelible marks of the wounds, imagining that the beauty of the human face is considerably increased by a series of black concentric circles on the cheeks, and a triangle on the nose. One nation thinks a man no man unless he has knocked out his front teeth; another nation file their teeth to points, making their mouths resemble a double saw. One man chops off his little finger, or, if he wants to be very aristocratic, sacrifices two fingers; another would think himself plebeian were not his head squeezed up into an apex; another flattens his nose by artificial means, and another places his *beau ideal* of female beauty in a foot crippled from infancy,



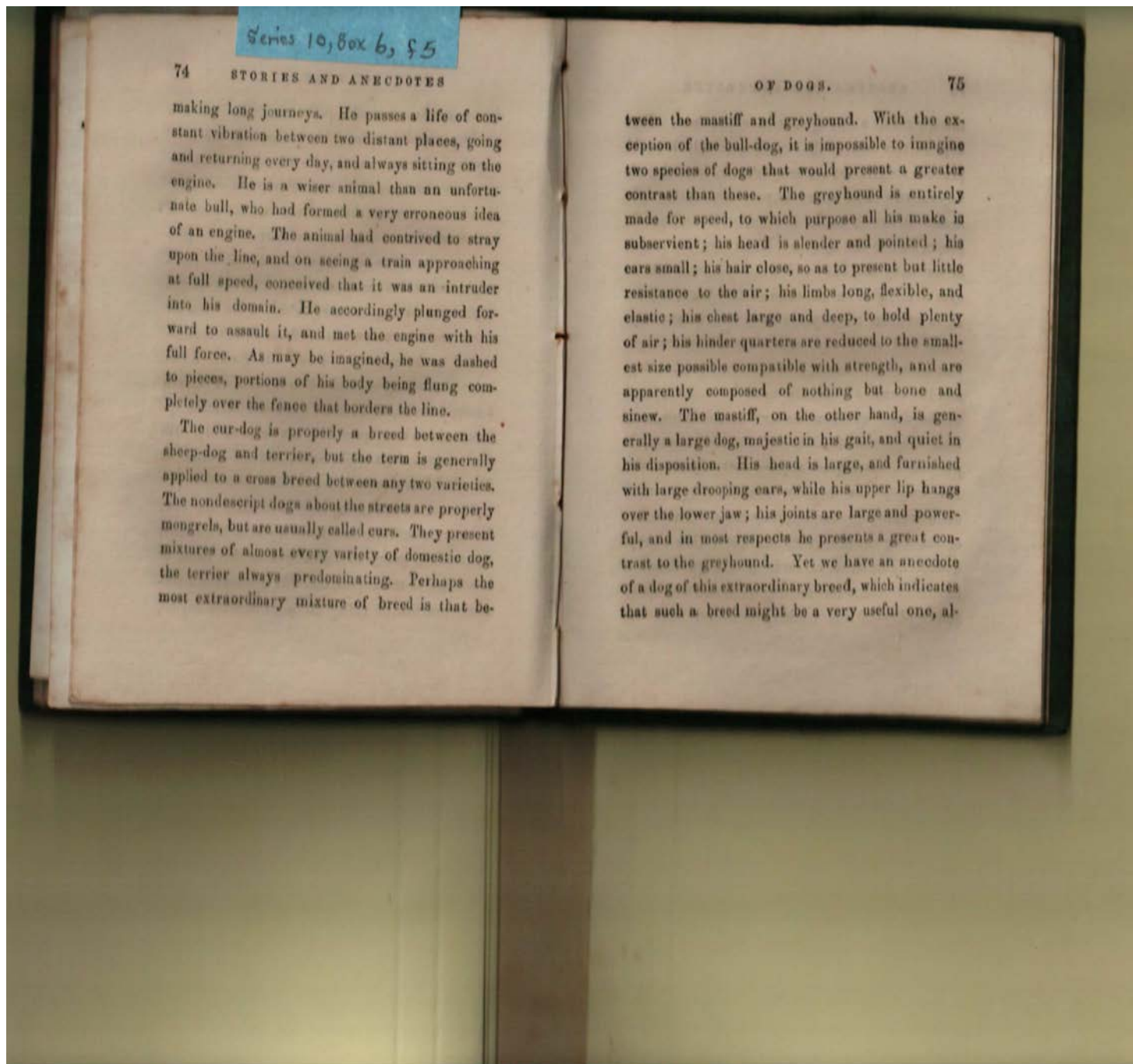


Those of my readers who have had the misfortune to break a limb, will fully appreciate the firmness of the dog, in permitting that limb to be handled which shrinks instinctively from the slightest approach.

I must here mention two examples of the freedom of the dog from that fear of fire that possesses most animals. One is, of course, the famous fire-dog, Tyke, who owned no particular master, but lived indiscriminately with the firemen, sometimes choosing to live with one and sometimes with another. He was a regular attendant at every fire, and always was seen in the thickest crowd, and where the press was greatest. His enjoyment of fire was extreme, and he contrived in some mysterious manner to avoid being trodden upon or injured, except by a dash of water from the engine, which he rather enjoyed than otherwise. One day a magistrate happened to hear of the dog, and expressed a wish to see him. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, and Tyke soon made his appearance,

borne in the arms of a policeman. He was not easily persuaded to leave his house, and the only way to get him out was to make a fireman run up the street in a hurry. Tyke immediately set out after him, but on seeing the man slacken his pace, he knew that there was no fire, and turned back again indignantly. The messenger found that he could not be induced to go any further, so he was obliged to pick up the dog and carry him. Tyke lived for many years in the pursuit of fires, all the men attached to the fire-brigade being willing to feed and lodge him as long as he chose to remain. Tyke was a rough terrier, of rather a grim and tattered appearance, in consequence of his mode of life. He died only a short while since, and his death was recorded in the papers.

The second fire-loving dog is in existence now. He goes a little further than Tyke in his habits. Tyke when going to a fire was in the habit of mounting on the engine, but this dog makes a constant practice of riding on a locomotive engine,



74 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

making long journeys. He passes a life of constant vibration between two distant places, going and returning every day, and always sitting on the engine. He is a wiser animal than an unfortunate bull, who had formed a very erroneous idea of an engine. The animal had contrived to stray upon the line, and on seeing a train approaching at full speed, conceived that it was an intruder into his domain. He accordingly plunged forward to assault it, and met the engine with his full force. As may be imagined, he was dashed to pieces, portions of his body being flung completely over the fence that borders the line.

The cur-dog is properly a breed between the sheep-dog and terrier, but the term is generally applied to a cross breed between any two varieties. The nondescript dogs about the streets are properly mongrels, but are usually called curs. They present mixtures of almost every variety of domestic dog, the terrier always predominating. Perhaps the most extraordinary mixture of breed is that be-

OF DOGS. 75

tween the mastiff and greyhound. With the exception of the bull-dog, it is impossible to imagine two species of dogs that would present a greater contrast than these. The greyhound is entirely made for speed, to which purpose all his make is subservient; his head is slender and pointed; his ears small; his hair close, so as to present but little resistance to the air; his limbs long, flexible, and elastic; his chest large and deep, to hold plenty of air; his hinder quarters are reduced to the smallest size possible compatible with strength, and are apparently composed of nothing but bone and sinew. The mastiff, on the other hand, is generally a large dog, majestic in his gait, and quiet in his disposition. His head is large, and furnished with large drooping ears, while his upper lip hangs over the lower jaw; his joints are large and powerful, and in most respects he presents a great contrast to the greyhound. Yet we have an anecdote of a dog of this extraordinary breed, which indicates that such a breed might be a very useful one, al-

Series 10, Box 6, § 5

though rather a strange one in appearance. Perhaps in this country the strangeness of look would procure its greatest recommendation, for a dog always seems to be valued in proportion to its ugliness. A Scotch terrier is considered handsome in proportion to the shortness of its legs, the length of its body and hair, and the depth to which its eyes are buried in the tufts of hair over its face. If, in addition to these beauties, it barks at everything and everybody, and bites every stranger that enters the house, it is thought a perfect dog, and its master a fortunate man.

The dog in question was born in California, and, from the account of Dana, by whom his memory is preserved, was a great acquisition to the men who were engaged in the very laborious occupation of cleansing, drying, and shipping hides. The father of the dog was a mastiff, and his mother a greyhound. The union of these parents produced a beneficial result, for the dog possessed the speed and agility of his mother, combined with the

strength, powerful jaws, and heavy fore-quarters of his father. An English sailor who happened to see him, declared that he was very like the Duke of Wellington, whom he had once seen at the Tower, and in consequence of this remark, he was immediately dignified with the name of "Welly," and became the prime pet of the men, and, in consequence, the tyrant over the other dogs, of whom they had plenty, of almost every breed in the world.

He was particularly fond of chasing the coatis,* and was known to have killed two of these animals in single combat. The coatis afforded fine sport to the sailors when they had finished their day's work, and were only engaged in cutting and carrying wood. If a coati dared to indulge in the smallest bark, or rather yelp, all the pack of dogs were after him in an instant, Welly always taking the lead, and keeping several lengths ahead, followed by the remainder of the pack. It was useless to

*Probably the "Coyote," a kind of wolfish dog, or doggish wolf, inhabiting California.

Series 10, Box 6, §5

80 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

This plan having been discovered, the lid of the boiler was furnished with an iron rod passing under the handle, and tied to the handle of the boiler on each side. Only a few days elapsed before the dogs had learned to gnaw the cord asunder, and to help themselves as before. Iron chains were then substituted for the cords, and the meat was cooked in safety for nearly a week. But the ingenuity of the dogs was not to be baffled. They continued to raise themselves on their hind legs, and by applying their strength at the same moment, pushed the boiler fairly off the fire, and set it rolling over the floor, when, although the iron chains prevented them from getting at the meat, they were enabled to lap up the broth as it streamed over the floor. At last they were sent away, to the great relief of the man under whose care they were placed, for he was afflicted with sundry fears that they were not beings of this world, or that, at least, they were possessed by evil spirits.

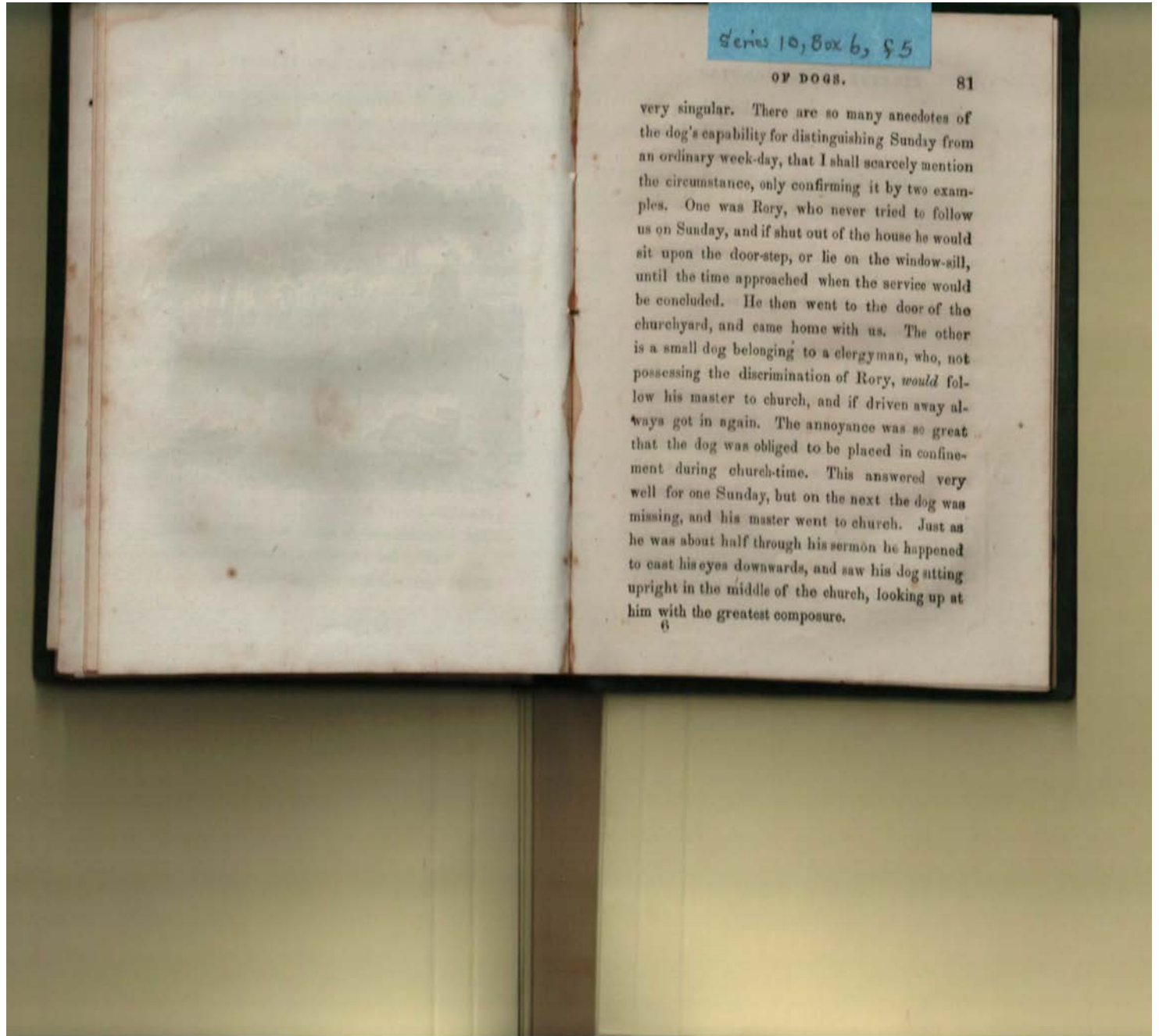
The faculty of dogs for remembering time is



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Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 41 r10_06-05-000-0041 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

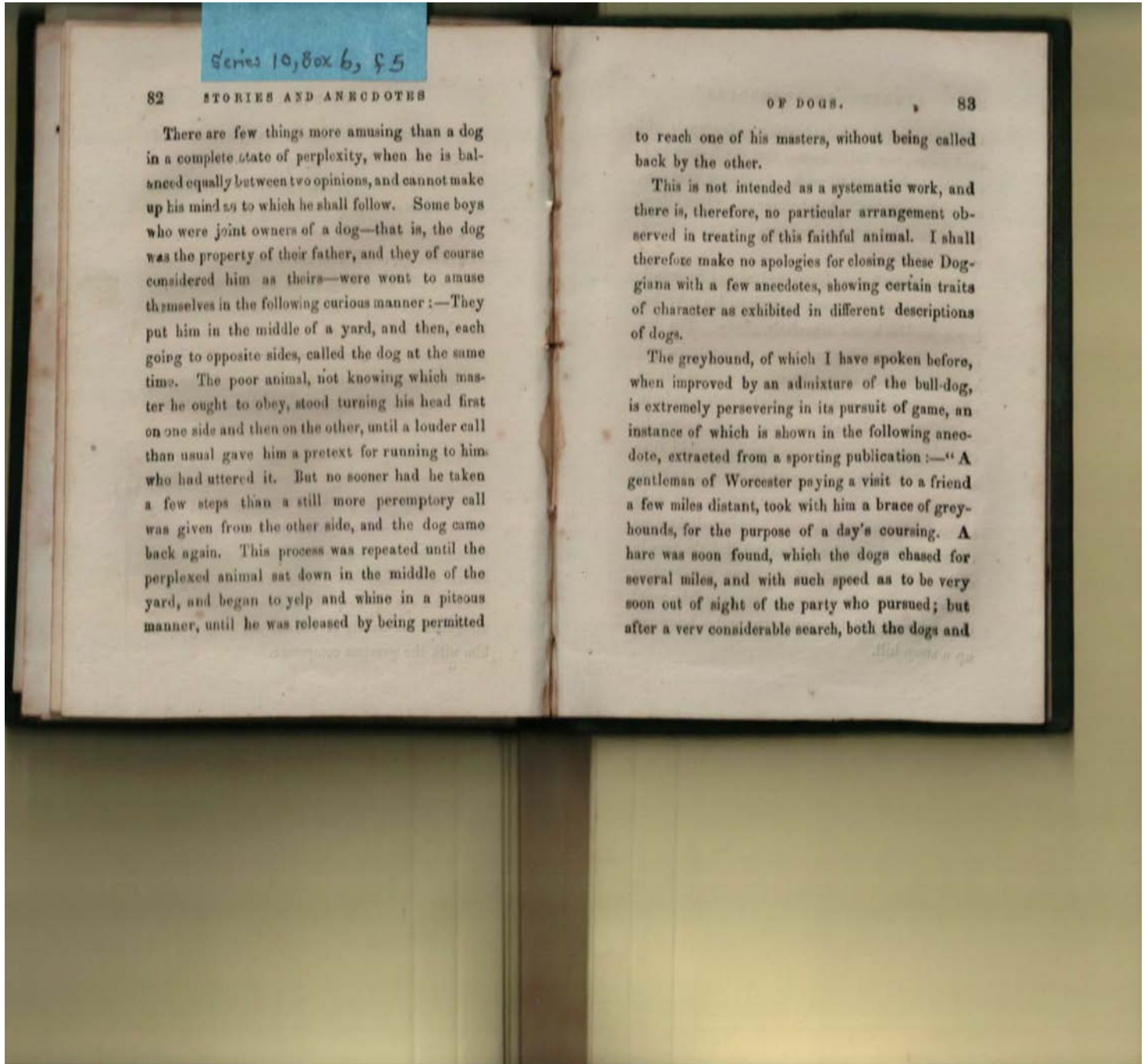


Series 10, Box 6, §5

OF DOGS.

81

very singular. There are so many anecdotes of the dog's capability for distinguishing Sunday from an ordinary week-day, that I shall scarcely mention the circumstance, only confirming it by two examples. One was Rory, who never tried to follow us on Sunday, and if shut out of the house he would sit upon the door-step, or lie on the window-sill, until the time approached when the service would be concluded. He then went to the door of the churchyard, and came home with us. The other is a small dog belonging to a clergyman, who, not possessing the discrimination of Rory, *would* follow his master to church, and if driven away always got in again. The annoyance was so great that the dog was obliged to be placed in confinement during church-time. This answered very well for one Sunday, but on the next the dog was missing, and his master went to church. Just as he was about half through his sermon he happened to cast his eyes downwards, and saw his dog sitting upright in the middle of the church, looking up at him with the greatest composure.

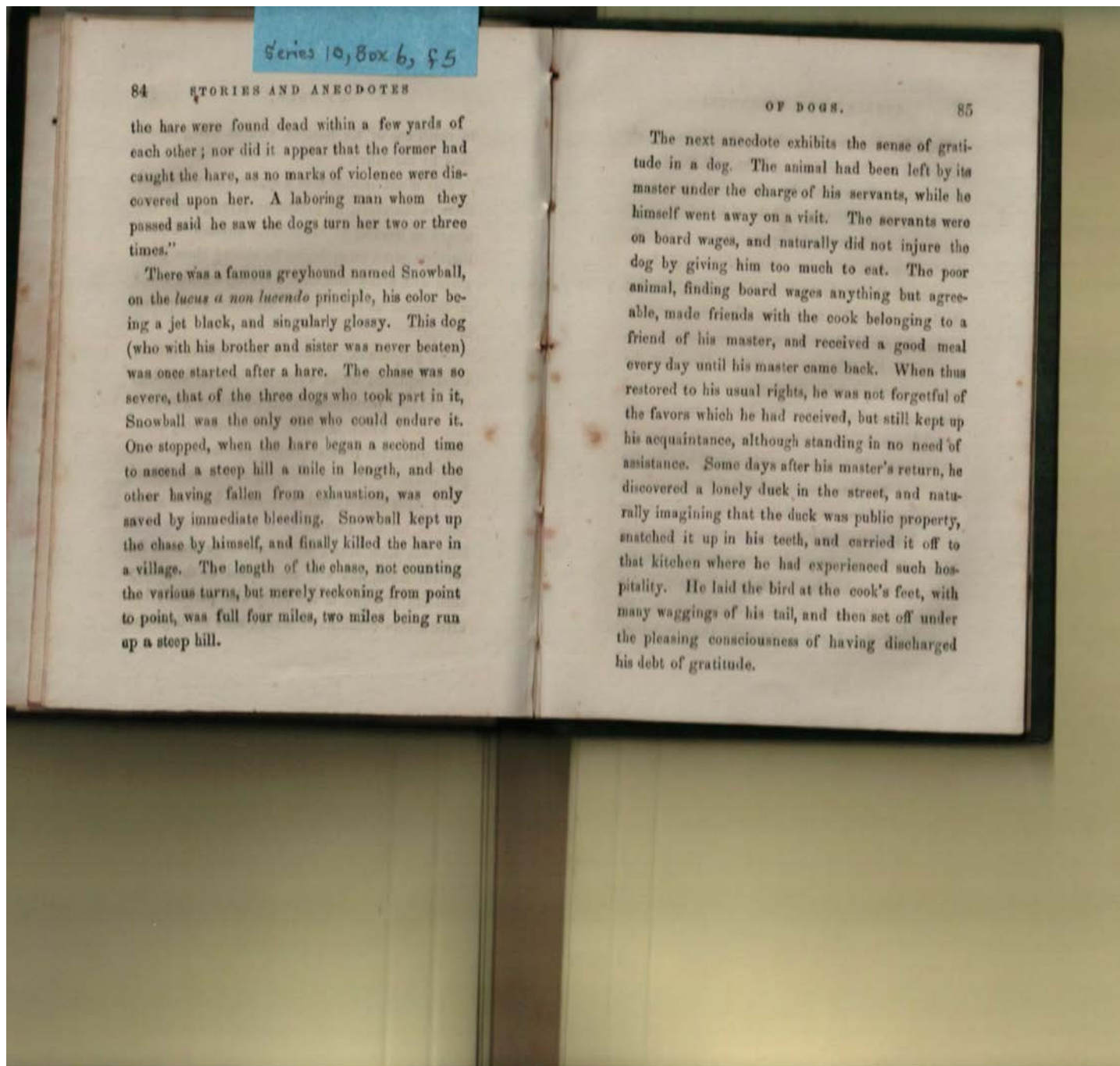


There are few things more amusing than a dog in a complete state of perplexity, when he is balanced equally between two opinions, and cannot make up his mind as to which he shall follow. Some boys who were joint owners of a dog—that is, the dog was the property of their father, and they of course considered him as theirs—were wont to amuse themselves in the following curious manner:—They put him in the middle of a yard, and then, each going to opposite sides, called the dog at the same time. The poor animal, not knowing which master he ought to obey, stood turning his head first on one side and then on the other, until a louder call than usual gave him a pretext for running to him who had uttered it. But no sooner had he taken a few steps than a still more peremptory call was given from the other side, and the dog came back again. This process was repeated until the perplexed animal sat down in the middle of the yard, and began to yelp and whine in a piteous manner, until he was released by being permitted

to reach one of his masters, without being called back by the other.

This is not intended as a systematic work, and there is, therefore, no particular arrangement observed in treating of this faithful animal. I shall therefore make no apologies for closing these Doggiana with a few anecdotes, showing certain traits of character as exhibited in different descriptions of dogs.

The greyhound, of which I have spoken before, when improved by an admixture of the bull-dog, is extremely persevering in its pursuit of game, an instance of which is shown in the following anecdote, extracted from a sporting publication:—"A gentleman of Worcester paying a visit to a friend a few miles distant, took with him a brace of greyhounds, for the purpose of a day's coursing. A hare was soon found, which the dogs chased for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the party who pursued; but after a very considerable search, both the dogs and



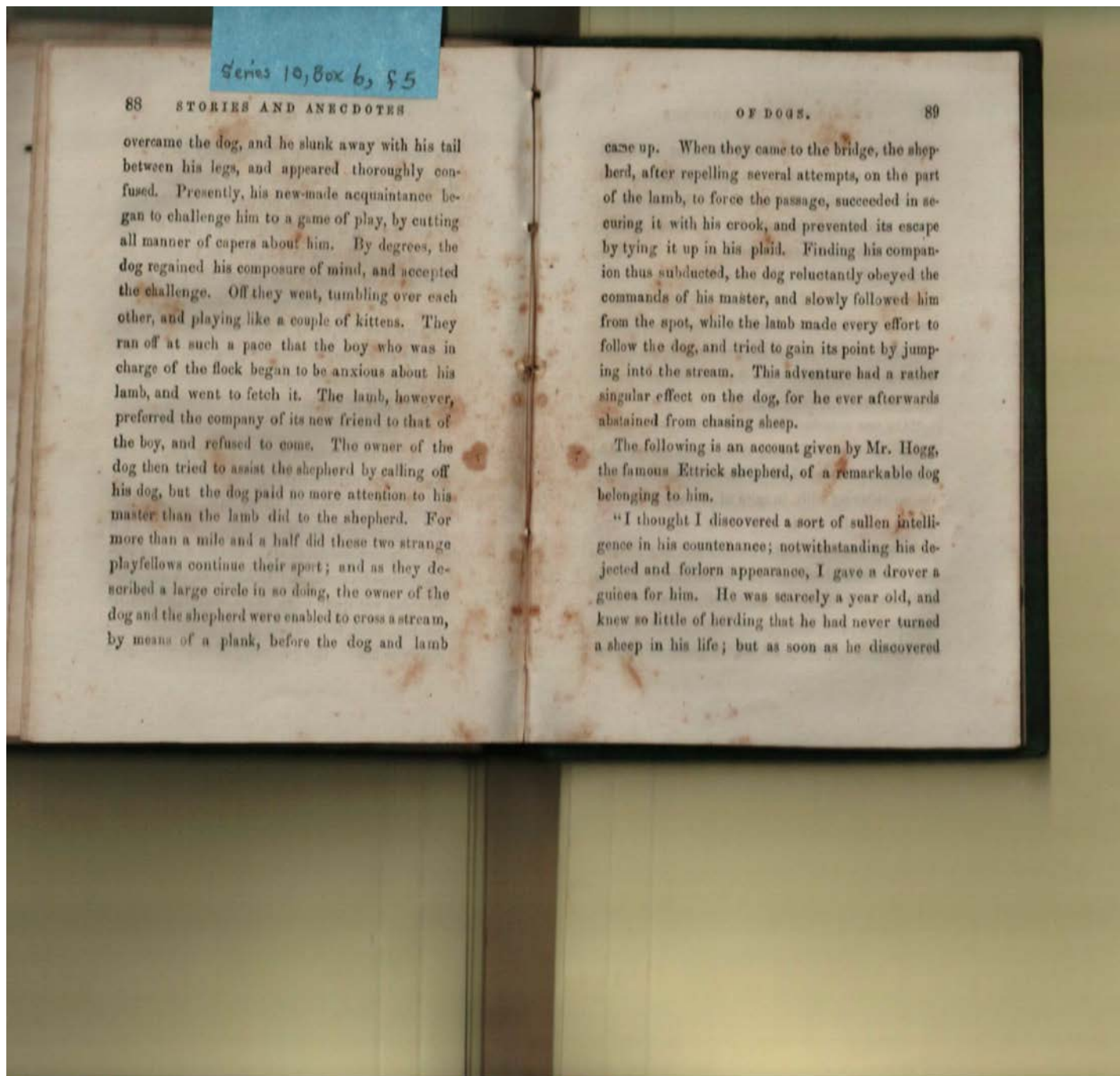
Series 10, Box 6, §5

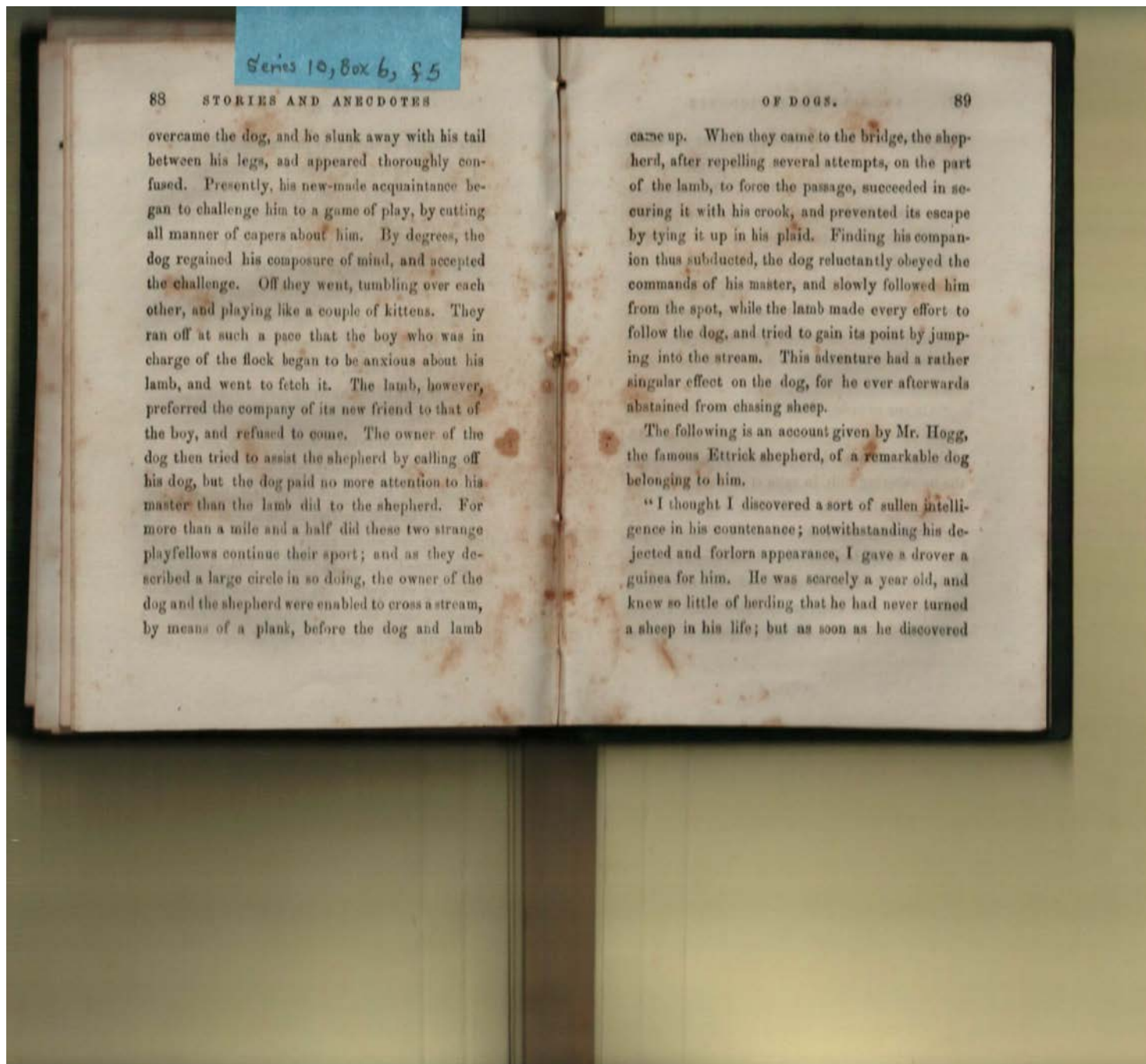
The following anecdote places the character of a dog in a much less pleasing light, and this is the more extraordinary, as the particular species of dog is usually characterised by faithfulness and gentleness. The animal in question was a mastiff, and belonged to a butcher, who had reared it from a puppy. From the trade of his master, the dog obtained plenty of nourishment. It was apparently extremely attached to his master, and always accompanied him wherever he went. One day the butcher purchased for the dog a large quantity of horse-flesh, and when the animal had eaten enough, he took up the remainder to put it away for another meal. The dog instantly seized him by the arm, and lacerated it in a frightful manner; it then, not content with this revenge, quitted the hold of his arm, and flew at his throat, where it hung until some bystanders, who had in vain endeavored to make the dog loosen its hold, tied a rope round its neck in order to strangle it. No sooner did the dog feel the rope than it let go.

The butcher thought that the unusually large meal of horse-flesh was the cause of the ferocity of the animal, as it had on all previous occasions conducted itself in a perfectly quiet and gentle manner. Impressed with this notion, he prevailed on his friends to preserve the life of his dog, as he considered himself to be equally blameable.

Every one knows by sight those Danish dogs that follow carriages, plum-pudding dogs, as they are familiarly named, from whose external appearance the idea of the wafer-spotted toy-horses seems to be taken.

One of these animals was of a very playful disposition, and particularly rejoiced in chasing sheep, although he never hurt them. He was one day amusing himself in this manner, and making a flock of sheep scatter in all directions when a black lamb turned round, and looked him in the face. The dog was quite taken aback, and remained irresolute, until the lamb began to dance about and play with him. This generosity of disposition quite





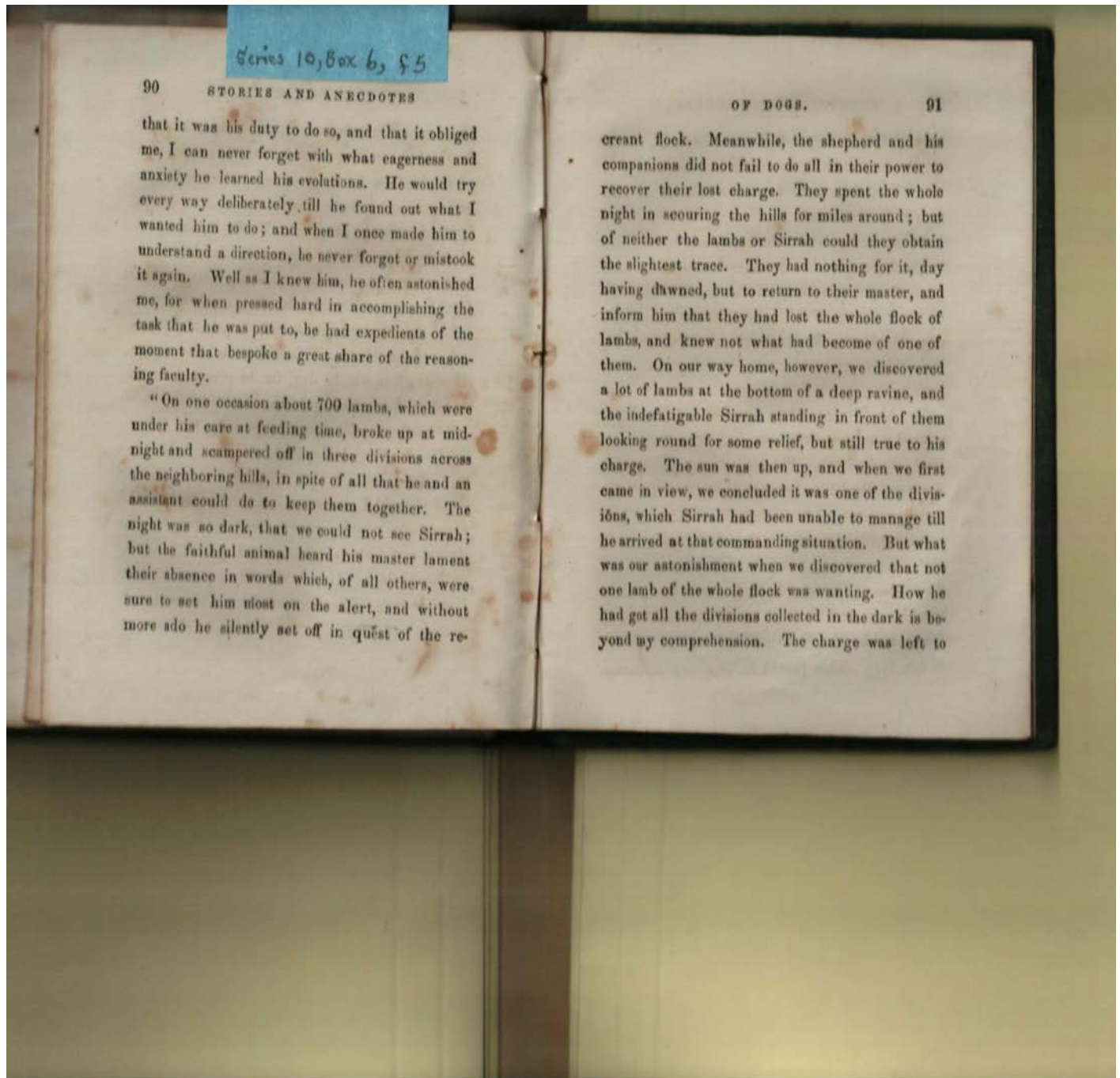
Series 10, Box 6, § 5

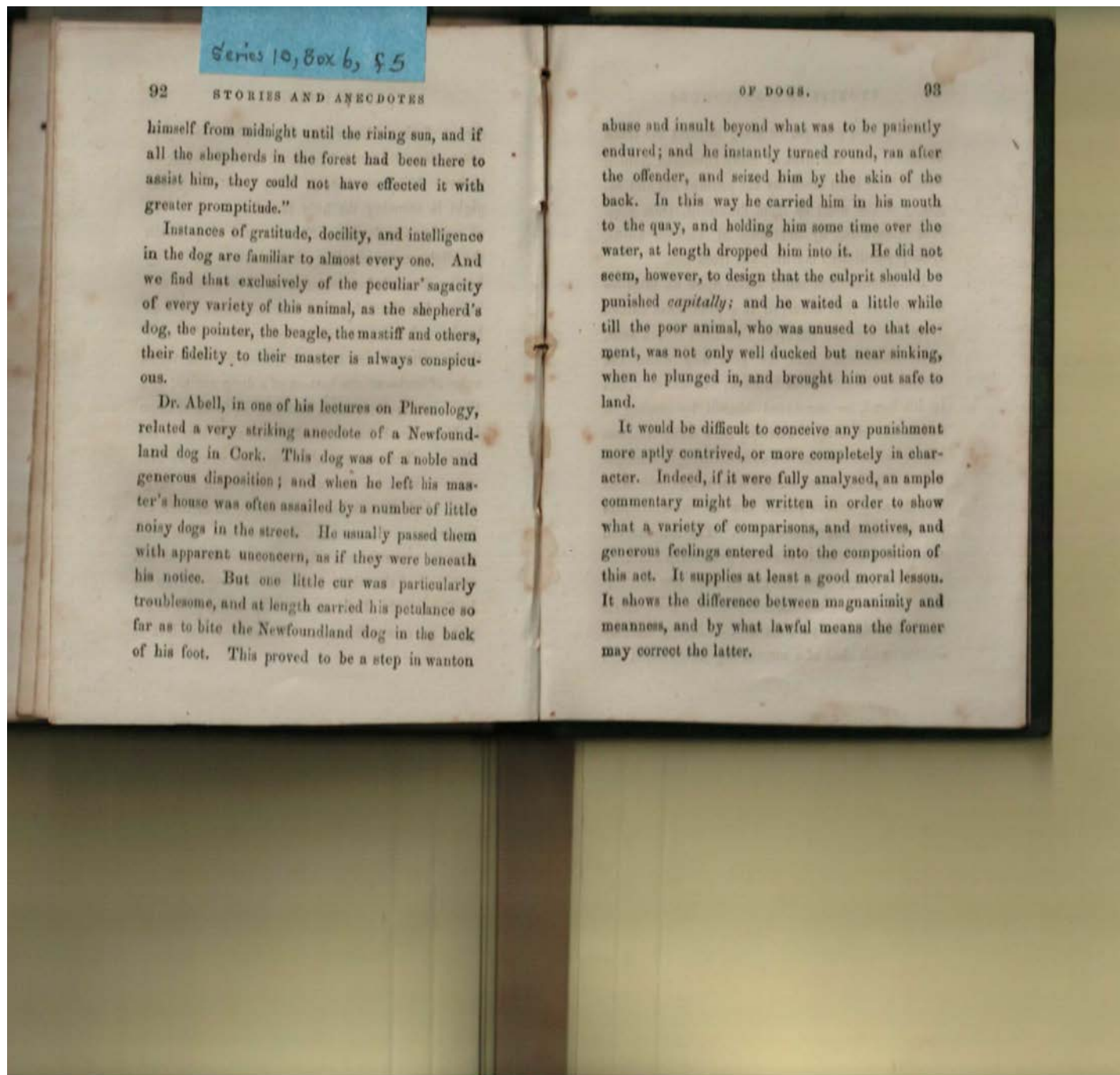
overcame the dog, and he slunk away with his tail between his legs, and appeared thoroughly confused. Presently, his new-made acquaintance began to challenge him to a game of play, by cutting all manner of capers about him. By degrees, the dog regained his composure of mind, and accepted the challenge. Off they went, tumbling over each other, and playing like a couple of kittens. They ran off at such a pace that the boy who was in charge of the flock began to be anxious about his lamb, and went to fetch it. The lamb, however, preferred the company of its new friend to that of the boy, and refused to come. The owner of the dog then tried to assist the shepherd by calling off his dog, but the dog paid no more attention to his master than the lamb did to the shepherd. For more than a mile and a half did these two strange playfellows continue their sport; and as they described a large circle in so doing, the owner of the dog and the shepherd were enabled to cross a stream, by means of a plank, before the dog and lamb

came up. When they came to the bridge, the shepherd, after repelling several attempts, on the part of the lamb, to force the passage, succeeded in securing it with his crook, and prevented its escape by tying it up in his plaid. Finding his companion thus subducted, the dog reluctantly obeyed the commands of his master, and slowly followed him from the spot, while the lamb made every effort to follow the dog, and tried to gain its point by jumping into the stream. This adventure had a rather singular effect on the dog, for he ever afterwards abstained from chasing sheep.

The following is an account given by Mr. Hogg, the famous Ettrick shepherd, of a remarkable dog belonging to him.

"I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance; notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance, I gave a drover a guinea for him. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered





himself from midnight until the rising sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, they could not have effected it with greater promptitude."

Instances of gratitude, docility, and intelligence in the dog are familiar to almost every one. And we find that exclusively of the peculiar sagacity of every variety of this animal, as the shepherd's dog, the pointer, the beagle, the mastiff and others, their fidelity to their master is always conspicuous.

Dr. Abell, in one of his lectures on Phrenology, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog in Cork. This dog was of a noble and generous disposition; and when he left his master's house was often assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice. But one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of his foot. This proved to be a step in wanton

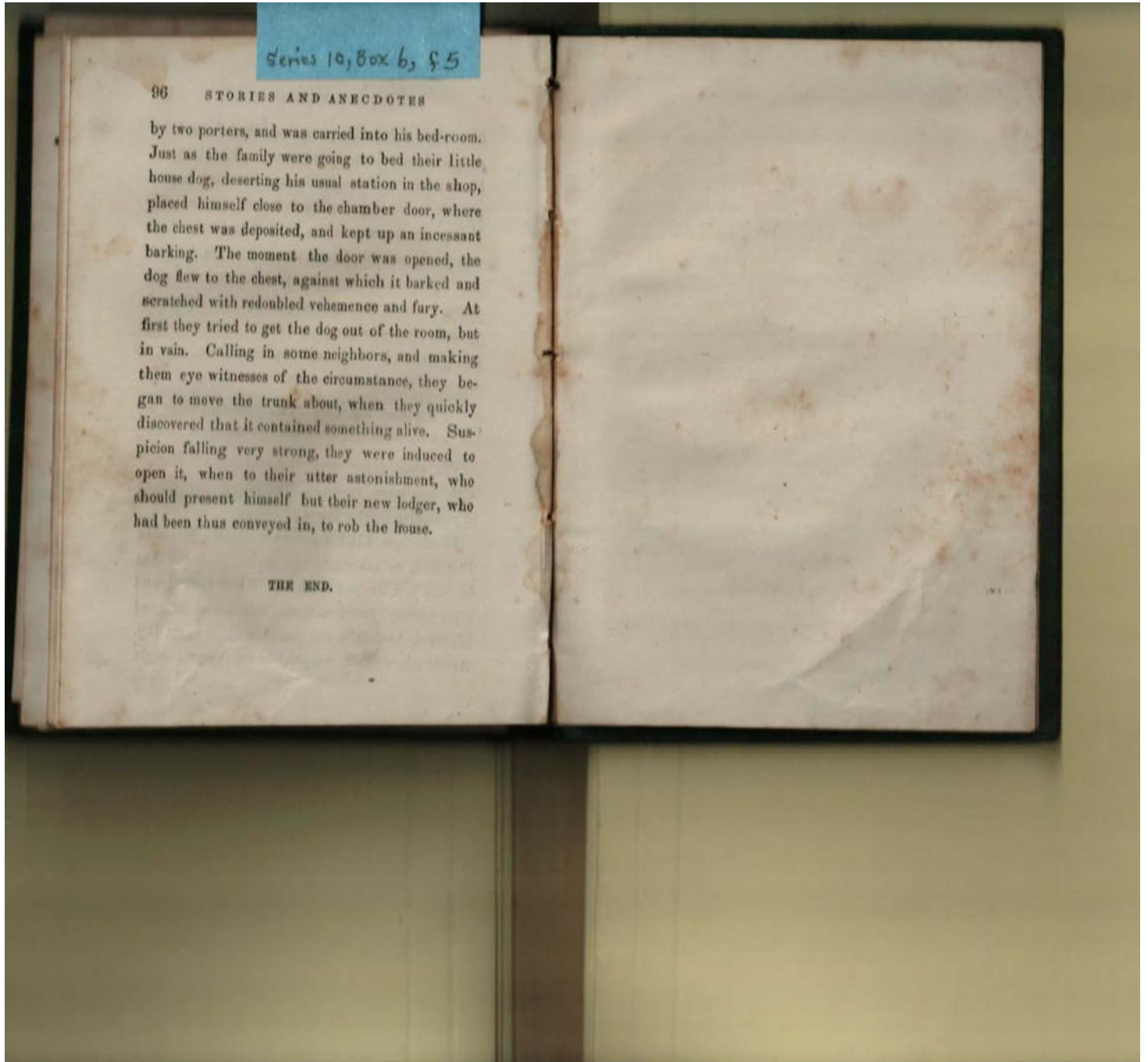
abuse and insult beyond what was to be patiently endured; and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of the back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not seem, however, to design that the culprit should be punished *capitally*; and he waited a little while till the poor animal, who was unused to that element, was not only well ducked but near sinking, when he plunged in, and brought him out safe to land.

It would be difficult to conceive any punishment more aptly contrived, or more completely in character. Indeed, if it were fully analysed, an ample commentary might be written in order to show what a variety of comparisons, and motives, and generous feelings entered into the composition of this act. It supplies at least a good moral lesson. It shows the difference between magnanimity and meanness, and by what lawful means the former may correct the latter.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 49 r10_06-05-000-0049 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



96 STORIES AND ANECDOTES

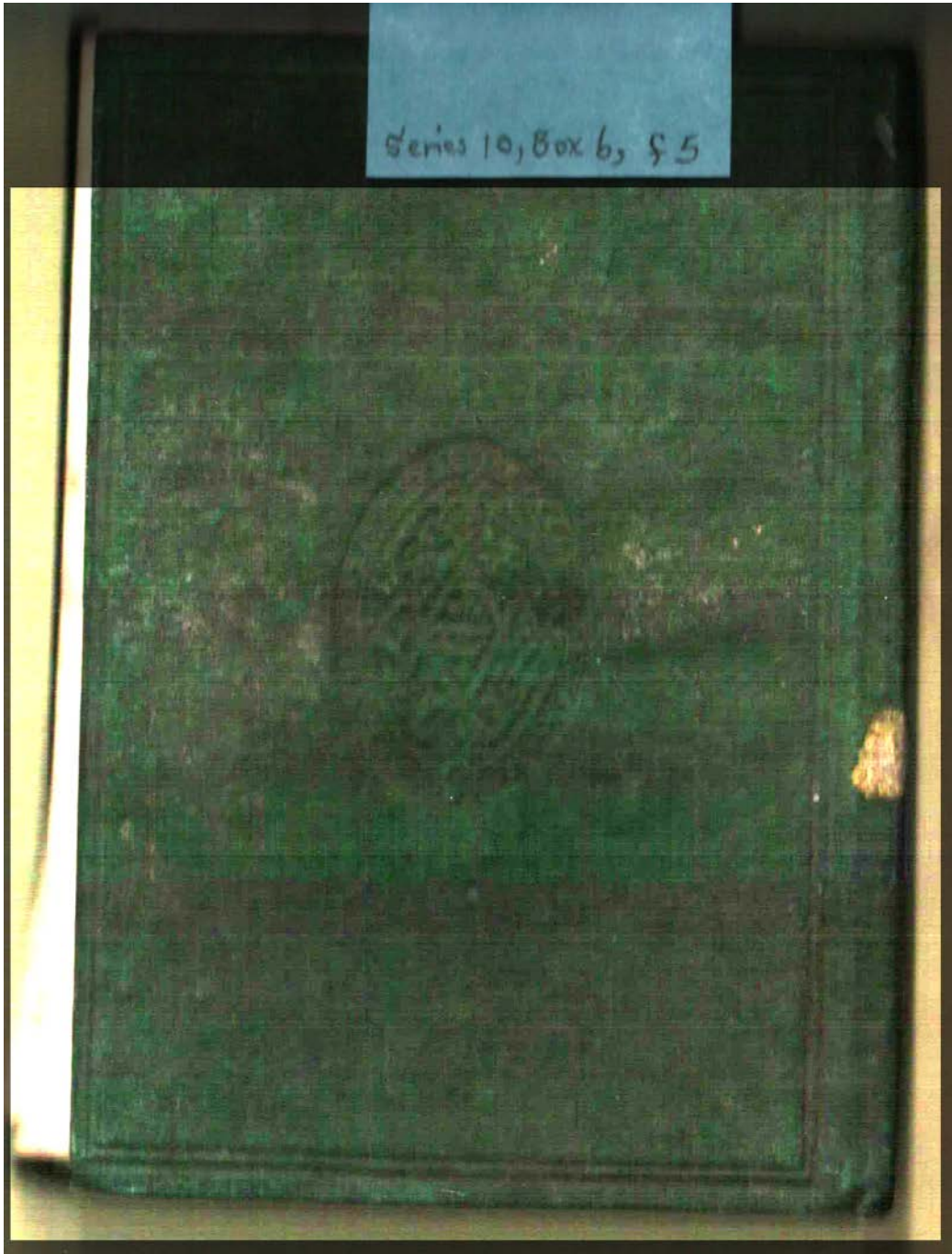
by two porters, and was carried into his bed-room. Just as the family were going to bed their little house dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber door, where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the door was opened, the dog flew to the chest, against which it barked and scratched with redoubled vehemence and fury. At first they tried to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Calling in some neighbors, and making them eye witnesses of the circumstance, they began to move the trunk about, when they quickly discovered that it contained something alive. Suspicion falling very strong, they were induced to open it, when to their utter astonishment, who should present himself but their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed in, to rob the house.

THE END.

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

Image 50 r10_06-05-000-0050 [Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)



back
Types:
book cover

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

[Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

Table of Contents

[Image 1](#) (r10_06-05-000-0001)

[Image 2](#) (r10_06-05-000-0002)

[Image 3](#) (r10_06-05-000-0003)

[Image 4](#) (r10_06-05-000-0004)

[Image 5](#) (r10_06-05-000-0005)

[Image 6](#) (r10_06-05-000-0006)

[Image 7](#) (r10_06-05-000-0007)

[Image 8](#) (r10_06-05-000-0008)

[Image 9](#) (r10_06-05-000-0009)

[Image 10](#) (r10_06-05-000-0010)

[Image 11](#) (r10_06-05-000-0011)

[Image 12](#) (r10_06-05-000-0012)

[Image 13](#) (r10_06-05-000-0013)

[Image 14](#) (r10_06-05-000-0014)

[Image 15](#) (r10_06-05-000-0015)

[Image 16](#) (r10_06-05-000-0016)

[Image 17](#) (r10_06-05-000-0017)

[Image 18](#) (r10_06-05-000-0018)

[Image 19](#) (r10_06-05-000-0019)

[Image 20](#) (r10_06-05-000-0020)

[Image 21](#) (r10_06-05-000-0021)

[Image 22](#) (r10_06-05-000-0022)

[Image 23](#) (r10_06-05-000-0023)

[Image 24](#) (r10_06-05-000-0024)

[Image 25](#) (r10_06-05-000-0025)

[Image 26](#) (r10_06-05-000-0026)

[Image 27](#) (r10_06-05-000-0027)

[Image 28](#) (r10_06-05-000-0028)

[Image 29](#) (r10_06-05-000-0029)

[Image 30](#) (r10_06-05-000-0030)

[Image 31](#) (r10_06-05-000-0031)

[Image 32](#) (r10_06-05-000-0032)

[Image 33](#) (r10_06-05-000-0033)

[Image 34](#) (r10_06-05-000-0034)

[Image 35](#) (r10_06-05-000-0035)

[Image 36](#) (r10_06-05-000-0036)

[Image 37](#) (r10_06-05-000-0037)

[Image 38](#) (r10_06-05-000-0038)

[Image 39](#) (r10_06-05-000-0039)

[Image 40](#) (r10_06-05-000-0040)

[Image 41](#) (r10_06-05-000-0041)

[Image 42](#) (r10_06-05-000-0042)

[Image 43](#) (r10_06-05-000-0043)

[Image 44](#) (r10_06-05-000-0044)

[Image 45](#) (r10_06-05-000-0045)

[Image 46](#) (r10_06-05-000-0046)

[Image 47](#) (r10_06-05-000-0047)

[Image 48](#) (r10_06-05-000-0048)

[Image 49](#) (r10_06-05-000-0049)

[Image 50](#) (r10_06-05-000-0050)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Name & Place Index](#)

[About the Collection](#)

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 10, Box 6, Folder 5

Wood, Reverend J.G., "Stories and Anecdotes of DOGS," Published by J. W. Burke & Company, 1868

[Contents](#) [Index](#) [About](#)

Name & Place Index

Cabaniss, Budd [2](#)

Cabaniss, Willie [2](#)

Macon, Georgia [3](#)

Stories and Anecdotes of Dogs [3](#), [4](#)

Wood, J. G., Rev. [3](#)

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