

Cemeteries for animals,

Smith, Anna Harris, "Mrs Huntington Smith," d. 1929. [from old catalog]
[Boston, 19-]

<http://hdl.handle.net/2027/loc.ark:/13960/t08w3wv67>

HathiTrust



www.hathitrust.org

Public Domain

http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd

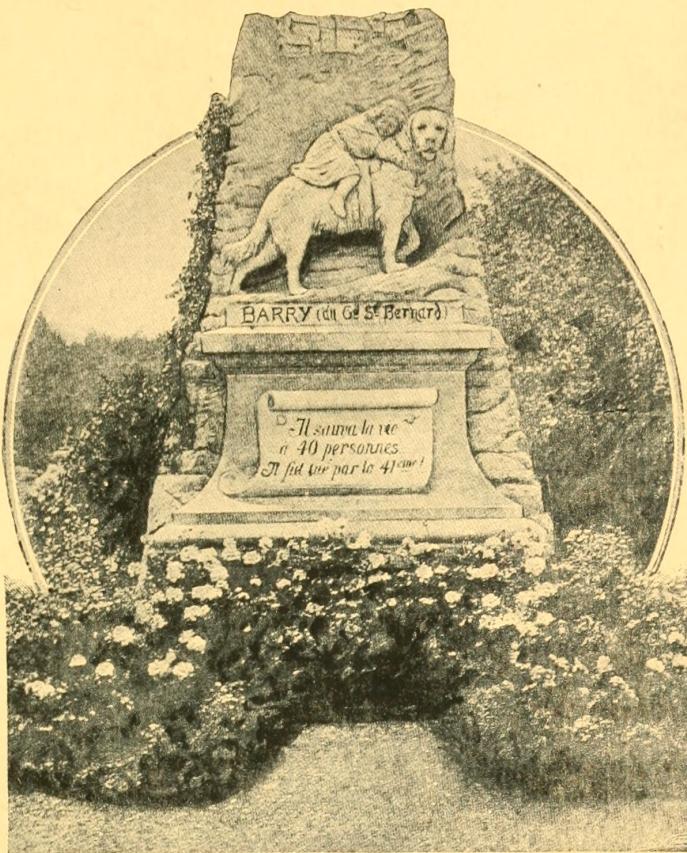
We have determined this work to be in the public domain, meaning that it is not subject to copyright. Users are free to copy, use, and redistribute the work in part or in whole. It is possible that current copyright holders, heirs or the estate of the authors of individual portions of the work, such as illustrations or photographs, assert copyrights over these portions. Depending on the nature of subsequent use that is made, additional rights may need to be obtained independently of anything we can address.

SF 413

.S6







BARRY

Monument and Epitaph in the Paris Cemetery.

"He saved the lives of forty persons; he was killed by the forty-first."

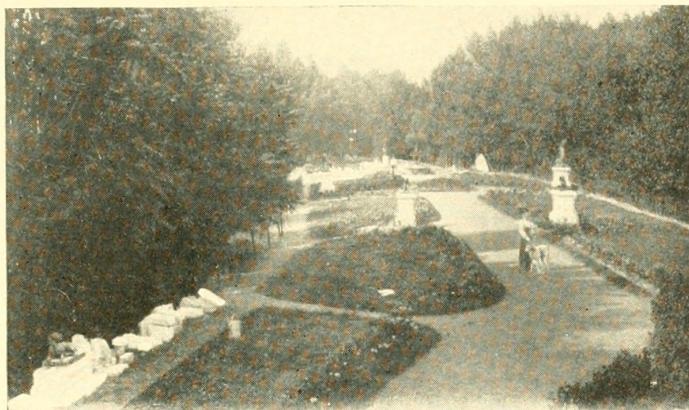
Cemeteries for Animals

Ancient and Modern

AND

The Life Beyond

BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH



ANCIENT BURIAL PLACES.

SINCERE affection for the lower animals and appreciation of their unselfish devotion and useful service to man date back so far in the history of the world that we cannot find the beginning.

From an early period of history there are occasional records showing that this sentiment, if one chooses to call it by that name, has been manifested by giving them honorable burial. For example, Plutarch, in his life of Cato the Censor, speaks of seeing near their master's tomb the graves of the mares with which Cimon thrice conquered at the Olympic games; and, again, of a promontory in Greece called the Dog's Grave, where Xantippus, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, had his faithful follower buried, thus giving the promontory its name.

That the cave dwellers had their dogs beside them in life and in death is probable, for in certain places the bones of dogs were discovered in the caves with those of human beings.

The Indians shared with their horses and their hounds the graves that they believed to be the entrance to the Happy Hunting Ground.

The early Egyptians paid such honor to their household companion, the cat, that they went into mourning, after their fashion, upon the death of a cat, shaving off their eyebrows and showing other marks of woe.

Egyptian cemeteries were caves, mausoleums, and temples, and in these burial places many thousands of embalmed cats have been discovered, as well as other animals, birds, and reptiles. One tomb in Luxor was found filled with cats that were wrapped in fine red and white linen, the heads covered with masks representing a cat's head and made of the same linen.

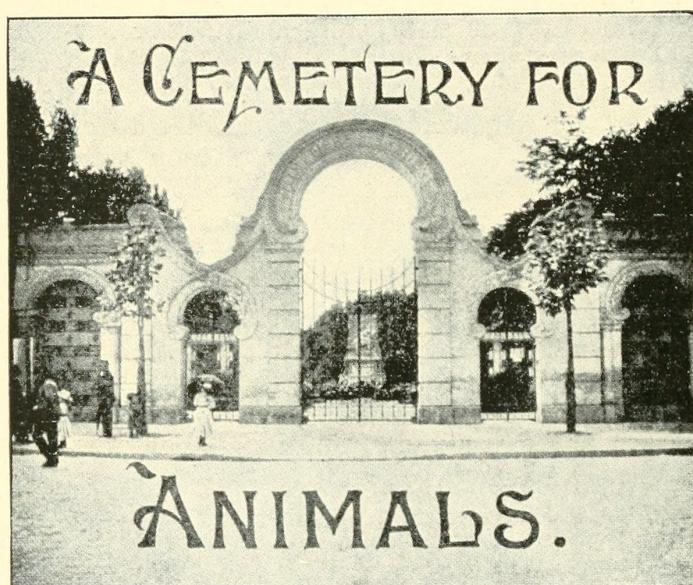
In any large art museum to-day we may see cat mummies, sometimes enclosed in gilded or decorated cases shaped to resemble the body of the cat. By the Egyptian, some of the animals and birds were not only beloved, but considered sacred, and honored accordingly. In these modern days we are beginning to grant them their rightful place, subservient to us,—even as children are, or should be, subservient to their elders,—but our fellow mortals, our companions, helpers, friends, and not beneath the pale of our affections.

Those who have found comfort and pleasure in the daily companionship of a dog or a cat in their homes cannot bear,

when this companionship ends in death, to let the body be carted away as they send away their ashes and other rubbish. We deal tenderly with a garment that has been worn by a dear departed friend; we who love flowers have stooped to pick up a blossom dropped by some heedless hand in the dust and have placed it reverently in the grass by the roadside; should it be wondered at if we wish to give the body of a once living, loving, faithful companion what is called a decent burial?

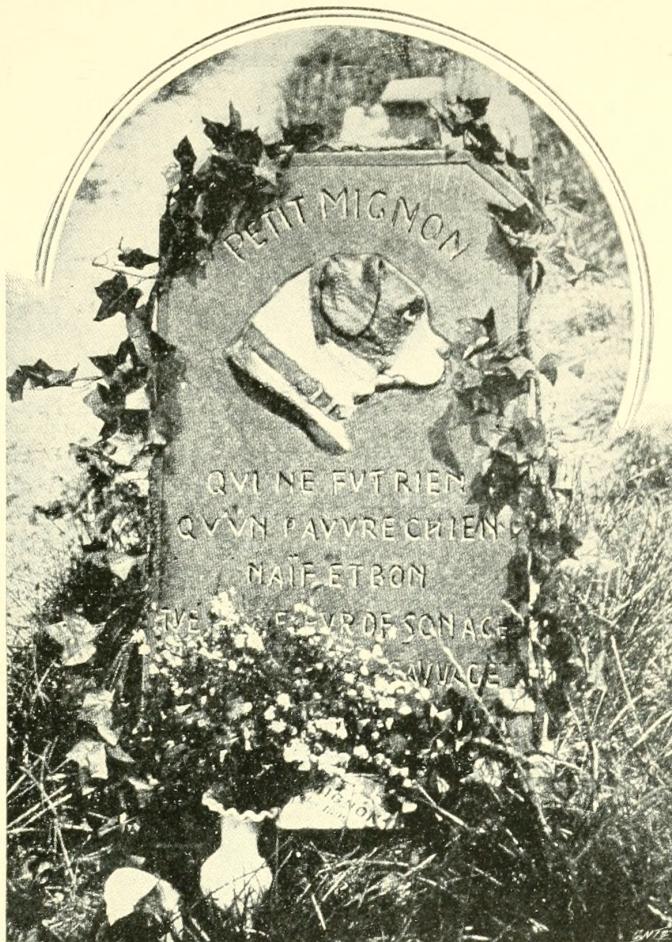
From this feeling, cemeteries for animals have been started and are increasing in number. I shall speak here only of those that seem to me the most notable, and may, through lack of information, omit to mention others that deserve notice.

CEMETERY FOR DOGS AND OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMALS AT PARIS.



Just outside the Clichy gate of Paris, on the Gennevilliers road in Asnière, is an island or peninsula in the Seine called the Isle des Chiens. On this island was started in 1898 a cemetery for animals, called *La Nécropole Zoologique*. A handsome façade of stone and a gate of grill work in hammered iron, from an original design by the architect of the cemetery, Eugène Petit, give dignity and beauty to the entrance. On the right a picturesque lodge guards the approach to this resting place of fourfooted friends of men and women who have not been ashamed to testify in this public manner to the love and, in some cases, the gratitude they have felt for companions that for a time gladdened their lives, then passed on into the mysterious beyond.

Walking along the pathways studying the inscriptions on gleaming stones half buried in ivy and myrtle, and on monuments against a picturesque background of shrubs and trees, through which one could catch glimpses of the slow-moving river, there seemed to me to be a special pathos in this spot of ground, and I wondered if those who are most contemptuous about the affection that often binds the heart of mankind with



“ PETIT MIGNON

“ Who was nothing but a poor dog, gentle and good, killed in the flower of her youth by a civilized savage ”

the heart of his humbler “ fellow mortals,” his fourfooted friends and helpers, could pass unmoved some of the epitaphs I read.

The first monument that meets the eye is a tall and imposing stone erected to the memory of that famous St. Bernard, Barry, who had a record of saving the lives of forty persons on the snow-clad mountains of the Alps. Many worse than worthless men have died and costly monuments have been put up to their memory. Who can say with any justice that Barry, whose life was spent in faithful service as a life-saver, and who lost his life while trying to save the traveler who, in his cowardly terror, killed him, should not be honored with a stone to his memory?

Among those who were saved from death by this noble dog was a child, a little girl, lost in the snow, who clasped her benumbed arms about Barry's neck and was carried on his back to the good monks in the hospice. This act of his life alone was sufficient claim for a memorial stone, but the inscription might well put to shame many men who read it. Translated it reads:

“ He saved the lives of forty persons.
He was killed by the forty-first.”

Barry, whose fame has gone forth throughout Europe and America, is not the only dog who has been ready to give his life for his friends, and other stones in this cemetery record a grateful remembrance of such devotion. These epitaphs I have translated are brief, but express much:

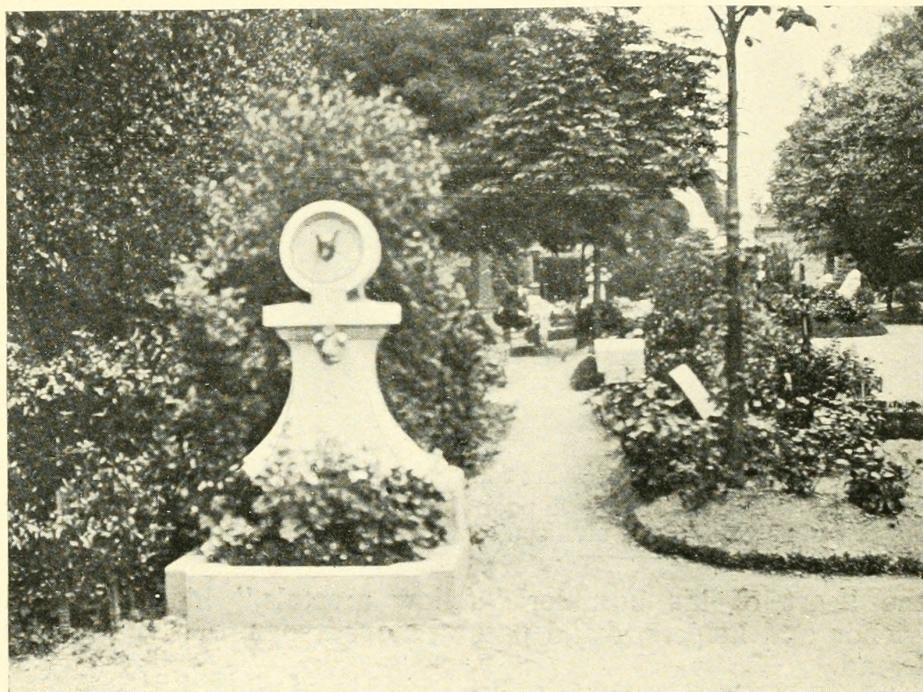
“ BIJOU.

“ He saved my life.
I owe him this memorial.”

“ To our friend Gribouille, faithful unto death.”

“ HOMAGE TO LOULOU.

“ Token of the gratitude of a mother to whom Loulou restored her child who was drowning in the Garonne. Brave Loulou was only nine months old, and, moreover, had a broken paw.”



Can any one scoff at stones erected to the memory of such brave and noble friends? Or can we laugh at the tributes paid to devoted companionship in such epitaphs as these:

“ I have had only one true friend. He lies here.”

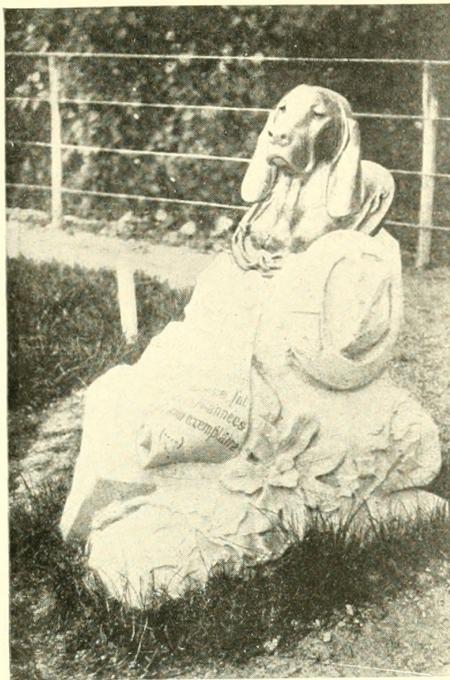
“ Tom. The friend of his master.”

“ Frisette. A faithful friend who will always be mourned by her master.”

“ Bob. 1886-1900.

“ Honor to thy little faithful loving heart which ceased to beat through grief at our separation.”

“ Thy life was all suffering,
Mine was sown with sorrow;
We mingled them, hoping for comfort,
But the cruelty of men
Put an end to this brief happiness.”



Although September had robbed the little graves of some of their beauty, yet the verdure and the late blossoming plants still gave the following epitaph an appropriate setting:

"Poor FOLLETTE beloved!

"To-day thou art resting under the flowery earth, and over thy body the springtime will blossom with roses."

This is a somewhat free translation of a touching verse:

"SAPHO.

"If thy soul, Sapho, cannot go on with mine,
O dear and noble friend, through all the life to be,
Then I desire no heaven. May my fate be like thine,
Here to come at last, to dreamless sleep with thee."

This epitaph savors a little of the morbid:

"LEDA. 1892-1900.

"We loved her too much. She could not live."

And this contains a tragedy in a few words:

"MISS BOALIE.

"Crushed to death at Touis, 18 February, 1903. She had been for ten years a cherished friend."

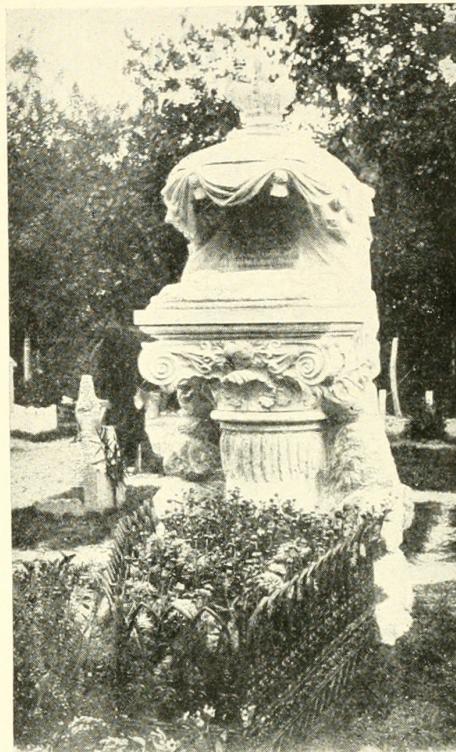
A handsome stone bears this striking inscription:

"No name? No date?

"What does it matter! Under these stones lie the mortal remains of what was to me for fourteen years a perfect friend."

It is a fact worth noting that the epitaphs on these stones are and must be sincere. They convey a true statement of the relations that existed between the mourner and the mourned. There can be no object in putting a false sentiment on a stone

erected to the memory of a dog; indeed, one can hardly imagine putting up a stone to a fourfooted member of a household unless the animal had been a cherished friend and companion. Take, for example, this memorial which is suggestive of unutterable sadness:



EMMA

“ To the memory of my dear Emma.

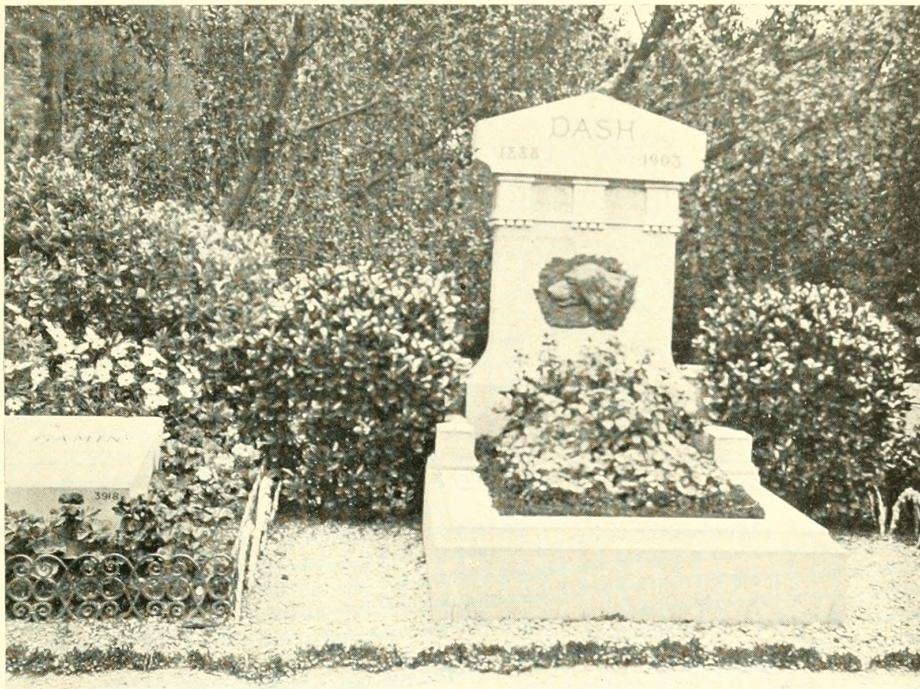
"From April, 1889, to August, 1900, faithful companion and only friend of my wandering and desolate life."

I stood by this handsome and costly monument and looked down at the little grave covered with flowers and ivy that held the "only friend" of a "wandering and desolate life."

A single rosebush bore a late white rose and the September wind drifted a few of the petals on the grave. I picked up the scattered petals and put them in my letter case. And as I lingered there I saw in my imagination a lonely and desolate soul, for some reason bereft of all human companionship, turned bitter, perhaps through ingratitude, treachery, deceit, sinned against, or possibly sinning, yet possessed, when all other love failed, of one faithful friend whose devotion never was and never could be shaken, — “Emma, faithful companion and only friend of my wandering and desolate life.”

How many sad, lonely, bereaved mortals have been sustained and comforted, perhaps saved from utter despair, by the un-exacting, unquestioning, faithful devotion of a dog, God only knows.

Giving love unstinted, asking for nothing in return but the privilege of lying at his master's feet, following his footsteps.



FROM THE PARIS CEMETERY

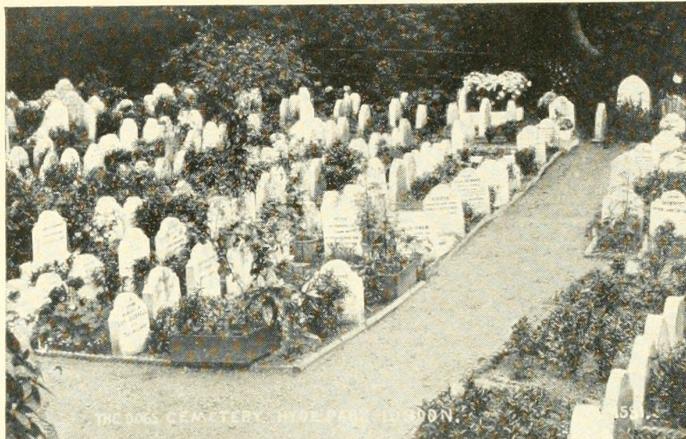
lifting his loving eyes through which the soul of the so-called lower animal looks out and questions the soul of the so-called higher animal, happy if answered by a kind look, a gentle touch of the hand, a single word of affection, always ready to respond to any mood of joy or sorrow — is it strange in a world where one finds so little unselfish love, where the tides of friendship are so easily turned back, if there are warm and loving hearts craving a devotion they never get from their own kind who turn to the unalterable love of a dog?

Is it strange that there are those who desire to pay a last tribute of love to the lifeless body of the companion who guarded their slumbers, attended them on their walks and drives, lay at their feet in readiness on the slightest motion to follow anywhere and to give their lives, if need be, to protect the one they loved?

But this cemetery is not wholly devoted to dogs. There is a corner for cats, where headstones record the names and, sometimes, the virtues of Minet, Titite, Toto, and other feline pets that have added to the comfort of different households.

A beautiful stone that attracts many visitors is erected to the memory of Gazouille, a goldfinch, by two children, Paul and Jeanne, who rescued the bird from a man who had just put out her eyes, with the idea that it would make her sing. The kind-hearted children secured her, gave her every attention until she died, then placed in a little grave the body they had so tenderly cherished.

At the end of the island a few horses and a lion have been buried, but it is to the dog, man's closest companion, that the most loving remembrance has been given in words that undoubtedly come from the heart.



HYDE PARK CEMETERY

CEMETRY FOR DOGS, HYDE PARK, LONDON.

ANOTHER notable cemetery for animals may be found in a secluded corner of Hyde Park, London, near the house of the lodge keeper at the Victoria Gate. This cemetery was opened in 1881 by the late Duke of Cambridge and now contains about four hundred graves. In this quiet spot close to the throbbing heart of the city it is restful to pause awhile and bestow a little thought on the two great needs of mankind so manifest in the epitaphs, — an unselfish love and a faith that reaches beyond this fleeting life. The epitaph that Lord Byron wrote on his Newfoundland dog is seen on one stone, and is well worth quoting:

“ When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor’s art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below.
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master’s own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

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

The following epitaphs express the hope that the Indian felt when he shot the dead warrior’s steed, believing that horse and master would be united beyond the grave.

“ Shall He whose name is Love
Deny our loving friend a home above?
Nay, He who orders all things for the best,
In Paradise will surely give them rest.”

And again:

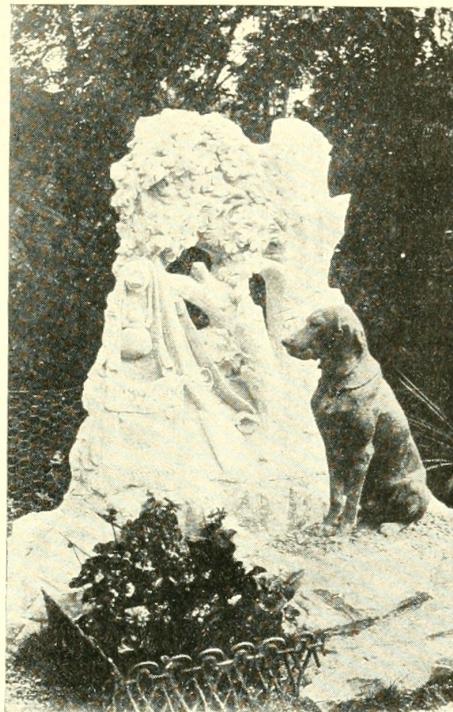
“ There are men most good and wise who say that dumb creatures we have cherished here below shall give us kindly greeting when we pass the Golden Gate.”

Less hopeful is this inscription:

“ Could I think we’d meet again
It would lighten half my pain.”

But there is the joy of faith in these beautiful lines:

“ And when at length my own life’s work is o’er
I hope to find her waiting as of yore,
Eager, exultant, glad to meet me at the door.”



Other brief inscriptions express the same faith: “ Till we meet again.” “ Good-bye, but not forever; God restore thee to me. So prayeth thy loving mistress.” “ And not one of these is forgotten in the sight of God.” “ We are only sleeping, Master.”

Short and very much to the point is the epitaph:

PAT.
“ Dogs is Folks.”

And very touching are these:

“ She brought the sunshine into our lives, but
She took it away with her.
To our gentle, lovely little Blenheim
Jane.”

“ Dear old Topsy, for over 16 years
The faithful friend of Sir —
and his family. Loved, lamented, and respected.”

CURLY.
He pined for his lost mistress and died
A faithful friend.

But it is not worth while to multiply these records of loving remembrance. Enough have been given to show why these stones are erected.

CEMETERY FOR REGIMENTAL PETS, EDINBURGH.

THERE is a graveyard for regimental pets at Edinburgh Castle, where rows of headstones are inscribed with epitaphs that show how the brave soldiers of the regiment mourned for their fourfooted companions, and did not consider it a weakness to pay the respect to their memory they would have paid to one of their own kind. Bravery on the field of battle; courage and faithful effort in saving lives; loving companionship that cheered hearts made sad and bitter by the faithlessness, ingratitude, injustice, and coldness of their own kin or kind,—these are traits of character that would have won admiration and respect if displayed by mankind — then why should they not be appreciated in a dog?

PRIVATE CEMETERIES — ABROAD.

Queen Victoria's Cemetery.

On the Isle of Wight, at Osborne, there is a portion of ground where about fifteen of the Queen's dogs and cats have been buried. The headstones are of white marble, about eighteen inches high. Each grave is enclosed with terra-cotta tiles and the graveled paths are bordered with box.

Gladstone's Dogs.

The "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, had a succession of beloved dogs, and, as death parted them from him, he had their bodies placed in a private cemetery near Hawarden Castle. Granite headstones are placed to mark the grave, each with a dog's name and date of death, and a few have simple inscriptions. Petz, a black Pomeranian, Mr. Gladstone's last fourfooted companion, was said to have died of grief upon being separated from his dearly loved master, whose companion he had been for ten years. Upon his headstone is the inscription:

PETZ.

Born at Schwalbach, 1886.

Died at Hawarden, March 27, 1898.

Mr. Gladstone's favorite dog. Faithful unto Death.

A visitor to this spot noted that flowers were scattered over the grave and a wreath of moss placed there.

Summer Palace, Pekin.

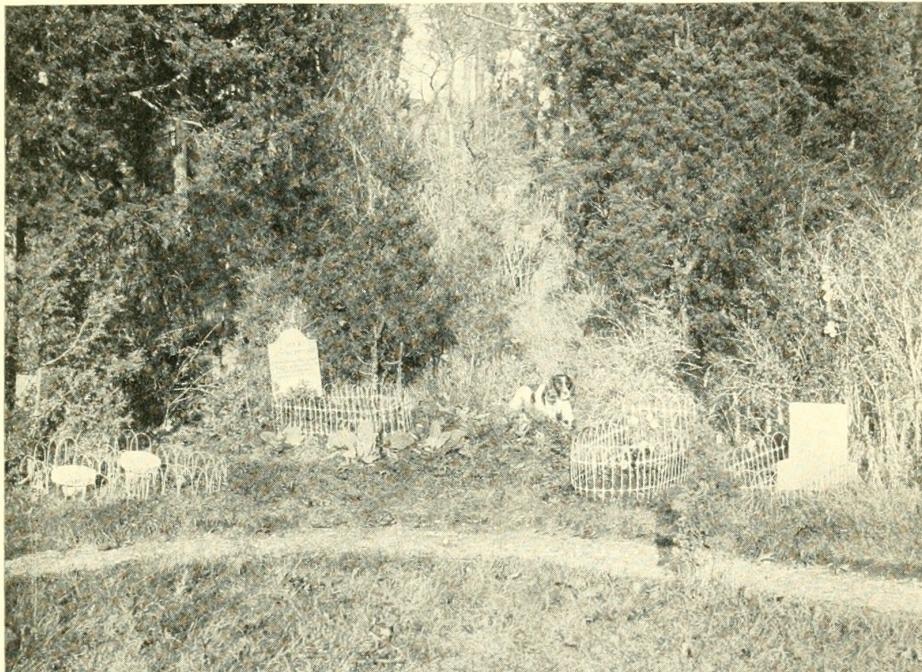
A large and beautifully arranged cemetery is attached to the Summer Palace, Pekin, and has been devoted for some years to the animals belonging to former emperors of China. The tombstones are mostly of marble, but a few are of more costly material, such as ivory, gold, and silver. About a thousand dogs are said to be buried there in coffins of carved wood.

Cemetery of the Duchess of York.

About fifty dogs, once the valued companions of the unhappy Duchess of York, are buried at Oatlands Park, near Weybridge. Each grave has a plain headstone on which is inscribed the name of the dog and the date of his death.

There are many other family cemeteries abroad and in our own country. Did every one possess a country home with

ample grounds, public cemeteries for animals would not be needed, but those who dwell in cities or in suburban towns, who live in hotels and boarding-houses, or who, owning a country home, doubt its permanence, find the need of a place where they can lay the body of a dog or cat they have loved and know that the body will not be disturbed, at any rate, for a term of years. A crematory for animals would be most desirable in every city, but the expense of building it is so great it puts it out of the question for any society not well furnished with money.



PINE RIDGE CEMETERY, DEDHAM, MASS.

HARTSDALE CANINE CEMETERY, NEW YORK.

THE Hartsdale Canine Cemetery, in Hartsdale, about an hour's ride on the New York Central from New York City, contains about five hundred graves, many of which are enclosed in wire or iron fencing. Some of the headstones are handsome and expensive, one of them, a granite monument, having been erected, it is said, at the cost of \$500.

It is a fact worth noting just here that a man or a woman may pay a far more extravagant sum in giving an evening ball or reception, or for a piece of jewelry or furniture, but if this sum be expended as a grateful tribute to a dearly loved, faithful animal, it is thought to be ridiculous and even wicked by those who are not capable of love for an animal lower in the scale of creation than mankind.

The cemetery is surrounded by a high picket fence, and most of the graves are marked with headstones. Though few of them are elaborate, yet a number of them must have cost as much as \$100. Fifteen to twenty-five dollars is the price of a grave in this cemetery.

One of the most expensive funerals was that of two dogs, Trixie and Pet, who had separate satin-lined coffins. The owner of the dogs is a New York millionaire. He could well afford the fine granite headstone and iron railing around the lot where his pets lie buried, and it was not at all to his discredit that he thus paid respect to the memory of his faithful companions.

An interesting inscription in this cemetery has been used on other graves, and originated with Lord Byron:

OUR SYDNEY

Died Sept. 14, 1902,

Aged 16 years.

Born a Dog. Lived like a Gentleman.
Died Beloved.

Another epitaph is:

In loving memory of

WRINKLES.

A little pug dog. Died Jan. 7, 1905.

For seventeen years a steadfast friend and faithful companion who will never be forgotten by his sorrowing mistress.

Among other epitaphs worth quoting is this:

SIR THOMAS.

He shall forever live in the heart of those he loved.

This grave is enclosed in an iron railing with a box tree in each corner.

“ Our dearly loved Dolly ”

is engraved on a marble monument surrounded with box and periwinkle.

COLONEL.

So good. So true. So dearly loved.

is on a granite headstone.

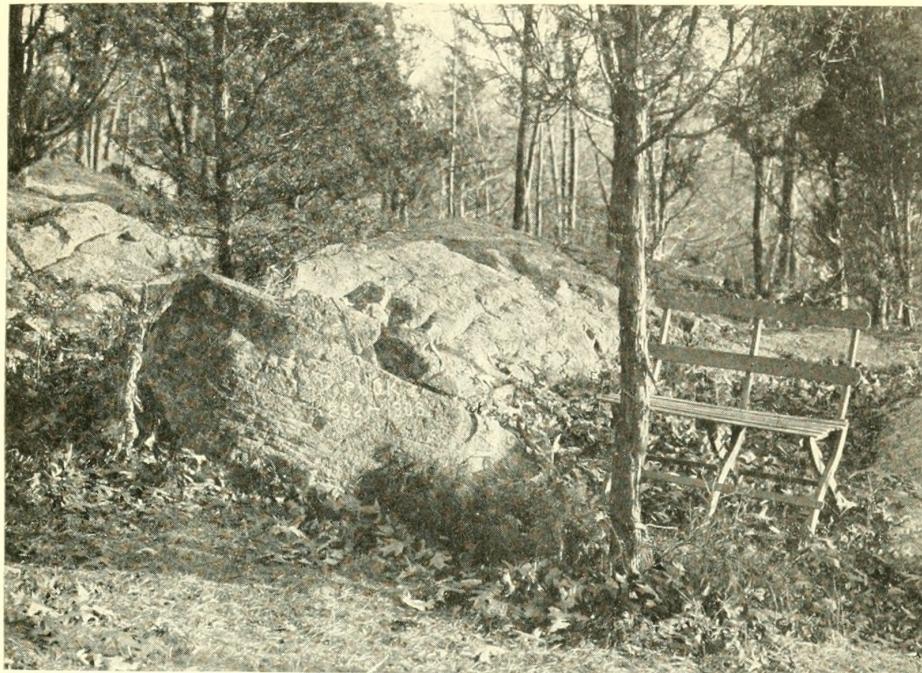
A beautiful cat, valued at \$300 when alive, has a large and handsome lot, in the midst of which is the little grave with a headstone. Flowers are planted near the grave, and a caretaker from Woodlawn Cemetery is regularly engaged to keep the lot in order.

"He helped me to live through the tortuous years" is over a grave which has no name, only a number.

"He was my friend when all others deserted me" is on a dark granite stone, elaborately carved.

KANIS RUHE

KANIS RUHE, literally rendered Peace of Dogs, is the name of what claims to be the first incorporated animal cemetery in America, and is also known by the name New York Animal Cemetery Company, Incorporated. It is situated on Millers Farm, Yorktown Heights, about thirty-seven miles north of New York City. It was started in 1906, and within the first year one hundred and seventy-five interments had been made.



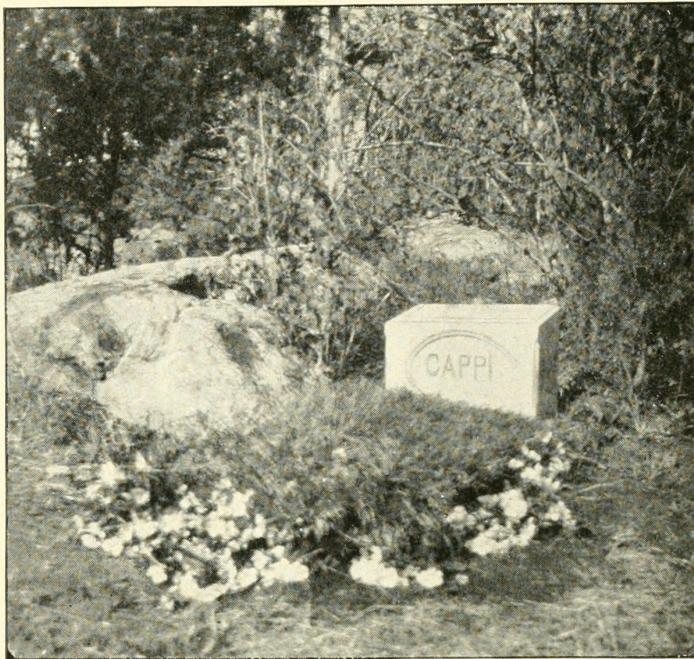
PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR ANIMALS.

THE only public cemetery in Massachusetts, as far as we know, is Pine Ridge Cemetery, Dedham, Massachusetts.

The country annex of the Animal Rescue League of Boston is situated in Dedham, about nine miles from the city. The Needham electric cars go within six minutes' walk of it. By train from the South Station, one may go any hour of the day to the terminal, Dedham, which is a mile from Pine Ridge. For 25 cents carriages at the station will take the visitor to Pine Ridge. On the twenty-five acres owned by the League is a Home of Rest for Horses; model kennels for dogs have been built; and in one picturesque corner, on undulating land diversified with pine, cedar, and oak trees, gray moss-decked rocks and wild vines, there has been started within three years a cemetery for animals.

Here any pleasant day in spring, summer, or fall, one is likely to see visitors; they may be men as well as women and children, lingering along the grass-bordered walks, sometimes with flowers in their hands which are to be laid on the little grave of a once dearly loved and still unforgotten four-footed friend. Up in the trees, birds of various kinds are singing. There are nests in the gay barberry bushes and the cedar-trees. A squirrel runs across the path to his conspicuous home in a large nut-tree. Across the open field, separated by a wire fence, horses are enjoying a well-earned vacation, daintily nibbling the grass or standing with noses stretched over the fence and expectant eyes, hoping for lumps of sugar from the visitors.

It is a cheerful, peaceful graveyard, not the less so because one is likely to see the living amongst the dead. Pine Ridge dogs, large and small, often follow the caretaker as he shows the visitor around, or lie down beside the grave of one of their



CAPPY
"MOST LOVING HEART AND FAITHFUL FRIEND"

fellow-creatures, a red tongue lolling out of the mouth, giving a waggish expression, hardly suited to the seriousness of the place.

No noted dogs or cats are buried here, yet tears have been shed by men and by women as they stood over the open grave and watched the body of a loved companion laid away out of their sight.

One grave is that of a fox terrier, for seventeen years the constant companion of his mistress, who visits his grave every week and can hardly speak of him without tears. His simple epitaph, on a plate fastened on a rock, is "Loving and Beloved."

Near by is the grave of a cocker spaniel, so intelligent and quick to learn that he often entertained his mistress's friends with his amusing tricks. He had a little piano bought for him, and sat down before it and brought out of it with his black paws what was music to him and his mistress. How she has missed this music only those who love dogs can imagine.

Cappy's little grave represents a sad episode in a journey taken by a man, his wife, and their little spaniel. The dog was taken so ill on the train that his owners stopped in Boston and took him to a hospital, where he died in a few days. The man and his wife were much troubled about their little companion's body, and were greatly relieved when told about Pine Ridge Cemetery. They live at a distance from Boston, but come once a year to visit the grave, over which is a marble stone with the epitaph, as seen above.

A man brought the body of a cat he had had for twenty-three years and had dearly loved. He laid a wreath on the little grave and expressed his gratitude that in this quiet, secluded spot he could show his grief for the loss he had met with, and not fear ridicule.

Near this cat's grave lies the body of another very old cat that had been the only companion for sixteen years of a poor woman whose peculiar disposition made it difficult for her to keep any other companion or friend. She was burned to death by the upsetting of a kerosene stove. Her cat was brought to the Animal Rescue League, but he mourned so grievously for his mistress that it seemed only merciful to send poor old Bobbie to his last sleep.

Fairy, a beautiful white Pomeranian, has her photograph embedded in the headstone, and the epitaph reads:

"Our Little Blind Fairy. Passed from Darkness into Light, Easter, 1907." Surely this epitaph speaks of a faith beyond the grave.



FAIRY, OLD BOBBIE

Of one little dog buried in Pine Ridge Cemetery, his mistress said: "When I was away during the day he sat at the window and watched for my return. When he saw me coming he leaped down from the chair, ran into the kitchen to call the maid, attended her to the door, and never once failed to be there to give me a joyful welcome. He never left me when I was in the house, and no words can tell how I miss him. He was loving, obedient, a cheerful companion, often rousing me from sad thoughts by his playful ways. When I watched by the bedside of a dying sister he left his bed in my room and came in the night and lay down close to my side, and when she passed away and I stood by the bed, he jumped on a chair to reach me and thrust his little nose into my hand in silent sympathy."

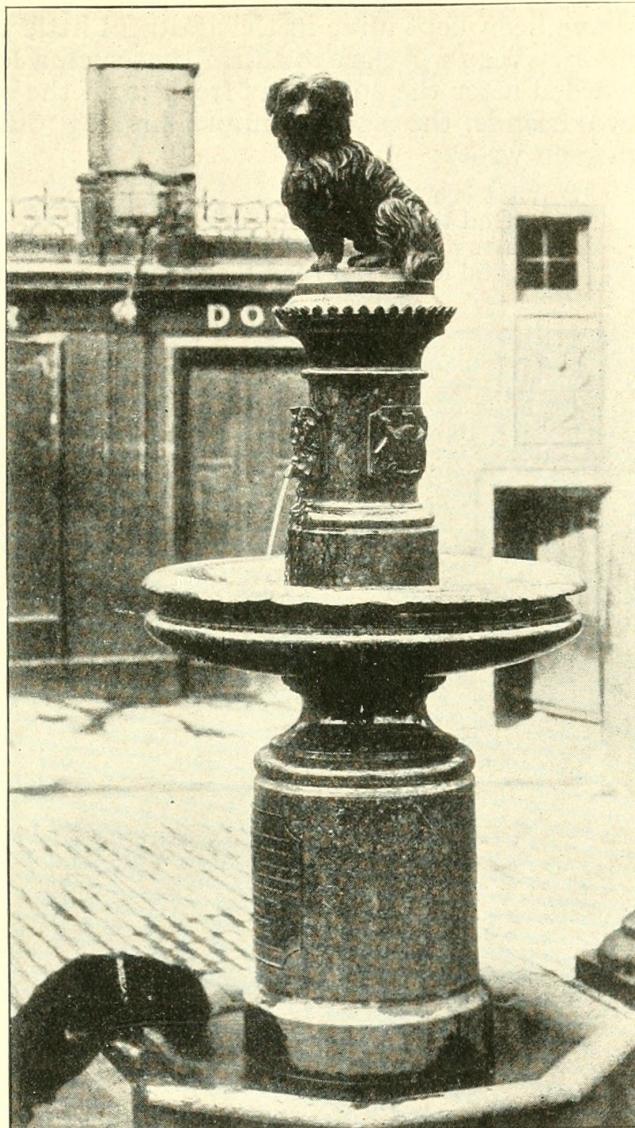
It has been said by those who cannot understand love for a dog or a cat, that the people who love them would much better lavish their affection on children. I have had much opportunity

for observation, and can confidently declare it to be a fact that the majority of those who love animals and are especially tender to them are men and women who have the kindest hearts toward human beings; who do the most to help all who are in need of help; who love children and are not infrequently fathers and mothers. I sometimes question if the men and women who do not have any tenderness and affection for the lower animals really do have it in any great degree for their own kind.



But we will leave this little village of the dead and living. We go silently up through a winding path quite hidden in evergreen-trees and bordered on one side with a ledge of rocks, in the crevices of which ferns and wild columbines wave graceful hands at the passers-by. As we go, a partridge, hiding there from the boys with guns, who frequent the neighboring woods, whirrs up through the bushes and disappears over the rocky wall into the grove on the hill above it, safe within these enclosed acres from the cruel hunters. The crows caw to each other over in the horses' paddock among the trees, and chick-a-dees flutter almost in your face. You think of the verse, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father," and you leave this quiet place feeling that nothing should be too common or too small for us to notice and to love.

We must not omit to mention some of the notable monuments that have been erected to horses and to dogs outside of cemeteries. A monument that has frequently been spoken of is that which was erected in Edinburgh, Scotland, to the memory of a dog whose faithful devotion to his master's memory no human being could have surpassed. A poor tramp died and was buried in Greyfriars churchyard. When the sexton covered the grave, the little dog, who had been following his master, lay down on the grave and refused to leave it. He was carried away and fed.



This monument
was erected by a noble lady,
The Baroness Burdett-Coutts,
to the memory of
GREY FRIAR'S BOBBY,
a faithful and affectionate
Little Dog,
Who followed the remains of his beloved master
to the churchyard
in the year 1858,
and became a constant visitor to the grave,
refusing to be separated from the spot
until he died
in the year 1872.

but returned at night and slept on the grave. Kind-hearted men and women tried to coax him to leave the grave, but he would only leave it long enough to get his food, which was given him by the sympathetic caretaker of the cemetery. For twelve years he watched and waited beside the grave of the only being he had ever loved. Through all those weary years of separation,

hope must have been kept alive in that faithful little breast, the hope of reunion. Who will dare to affirm that such a love as this was not rewarded after the spirit was freed from the body, and that the two friends, the poor man and his dog, did not meet again? Emerson wrote:

“ What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust; hearts' loves remain,
Hearts' love shall need thee again.”



PINE RIDGE CEMETERY, THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

Wagner's dogs are buried not far from his own grave, and one of them, it is said, was placed in his own tomb. Outside the tomb, near the entrance, is a carved likeness of the dog, and underneath are the words, “Here Russ rests and waits.”

Upon a mossy bank surrounded with evergreens, under a marble slab, another of his dogs lies with this inscription on the marble:

“ Here lies in peace Vanfried's faithful watcher and friend,
the good and beautiful Mark.”

Matthew Arnold wrote an exquisite poem when he laid his favorite dog Geist to rest. There are twenty stanzas in this poem. Not having space for all, I quote those that most appeal to me:

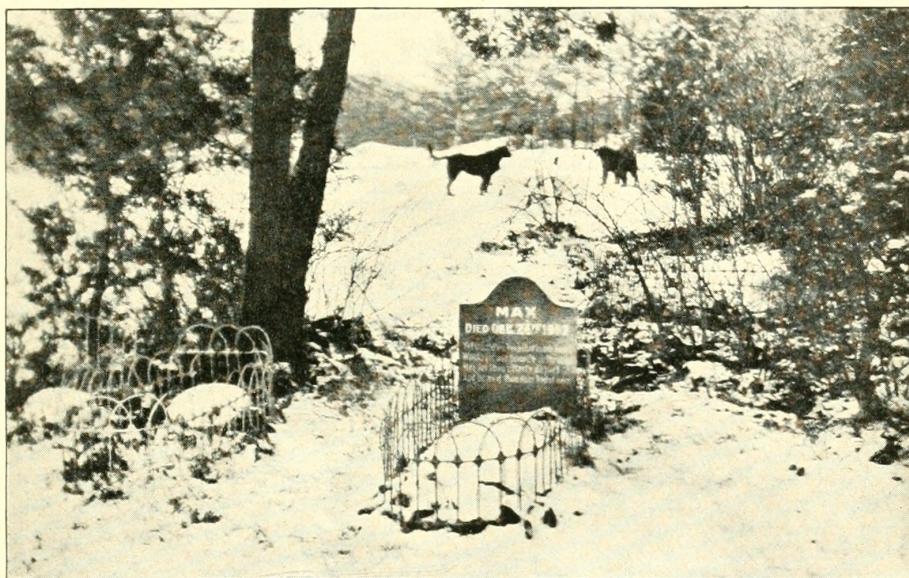
“ Yet would we keep thee in our heart —
Would fix our favorite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

“ And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou.

“ We lay thee close within our reach,
Here where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech
Where oft we watched thy couchant form.

“ Then some who through the garden pass
When we, too, like thyself are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass
And stop before the stone and say:

“ People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone it seems intend
To name for future times to know
The dachshund Geist, their little friend.”



PINE RIDGE CEMETERY
HEADSTONES OF TWO CATS, AUGUSTUS AND TIGER, AND
MAX, AN ENGLISH SETTER

Cowper's epitaph on his pet hare is well known among his poems. In one poem he describes how he saved the little creature from "cruel man," had her for a companion ten years, and he closes this poem with the lines:

“ If I survive thee I will dig thy grave,
And when I place thee in it, sighing, say,
I know at least one hare that had a friend.”

Later he wrote the "Epitaph on a Hare," from which I quote only the first and the last stanzas:

"Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter grayhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hollo!

"I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile."

Benjamin Disraeli, Sr., wrote an epitaph on his loved companion, Max, a Newfoundland dog, which ends with these lines:

“ Domestic friend, companion of all hours!
Our vacant terraces and silent bowers
No more repeat thy name, and by this urn
Not to love dogs too well we sadly learn.”

Robert Southey's epitaph "On the Death of a Favorite Old Spaniel" has been frequently quoted. The closing lines are:

" But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed:
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world
For all that live and move — a better one!
Where the proud bipeds who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity may envy thee."

A beautiful tribute was paid by Governor Hoffman to his dog:

"He was only a dog, but he was refined and gentle; loving and affectionate as a child, faithful and true as the best of women. He was nearly human, but not near enough to have any of the imperfections of humanity."

One of the curiosities of London is a bronze statue set on a drinking fountain in Battersea Park, a tract of about one hundred and eighty-five acres in the southwestern part of London. The statue represents a brown terrier set on a high pedestal which crowns the drinking fountain, and the inscription on the pedestal is as follows:

"In memory of the brown terrier dog done to death in the laboratories of University College in February, 1903, after having endured vivisection extending over more than two months and having been handed over from one vivisector to another till death came to his release.

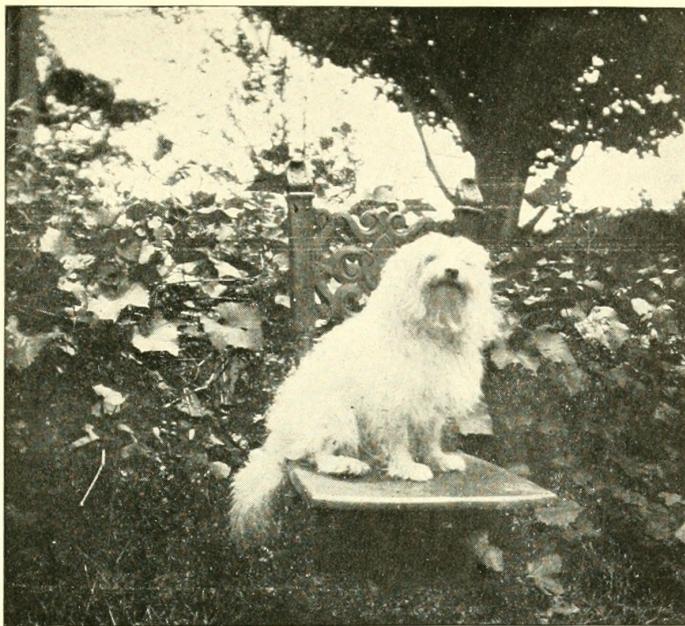
"Also in memory of the two hundred and thirty-two dogs vivisected in the same place during the year 1902.

“ Men and women of England,
How long shall these things be? ”

Miss Lind-Ap-Hageby presented the statue to the Battersea City Council, telling them that she herself had been a witness to the torture the terrier suffered. After the statue was placed, the medical students met in large number with the intention of demolishing it, but the police, being forewarned, protected it from their attack. A riot ensued in which the students had to be beaten off, and retired with many bruises. A law suit was the next result, and one of the medical directors got damages, but the bronze dog memorial still stands.

In burying a dog that he loved, William Wordsworth wrote a beautiful memorial, of which this is a part:

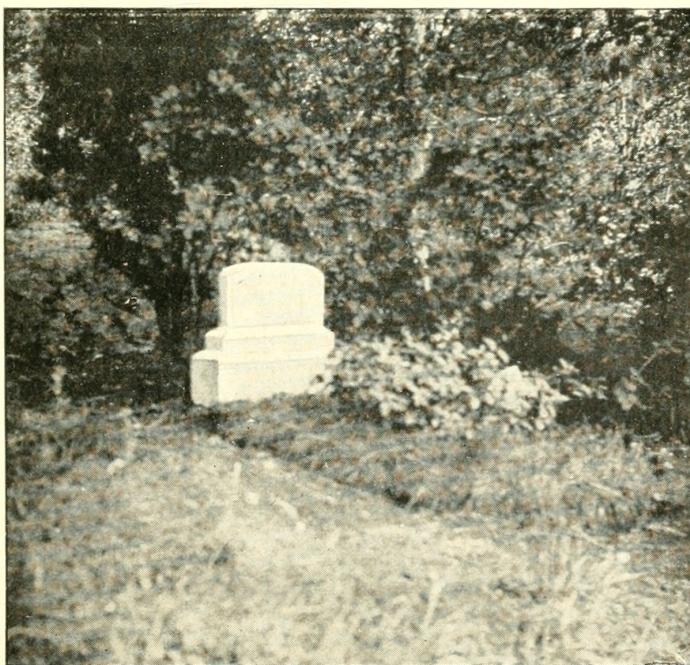
“ Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth;
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love that here no stone we raise;
More thou deserv’st; but this man gives to man,
Brother to brother, this is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year;
This oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.”



IN MEMORIAM.

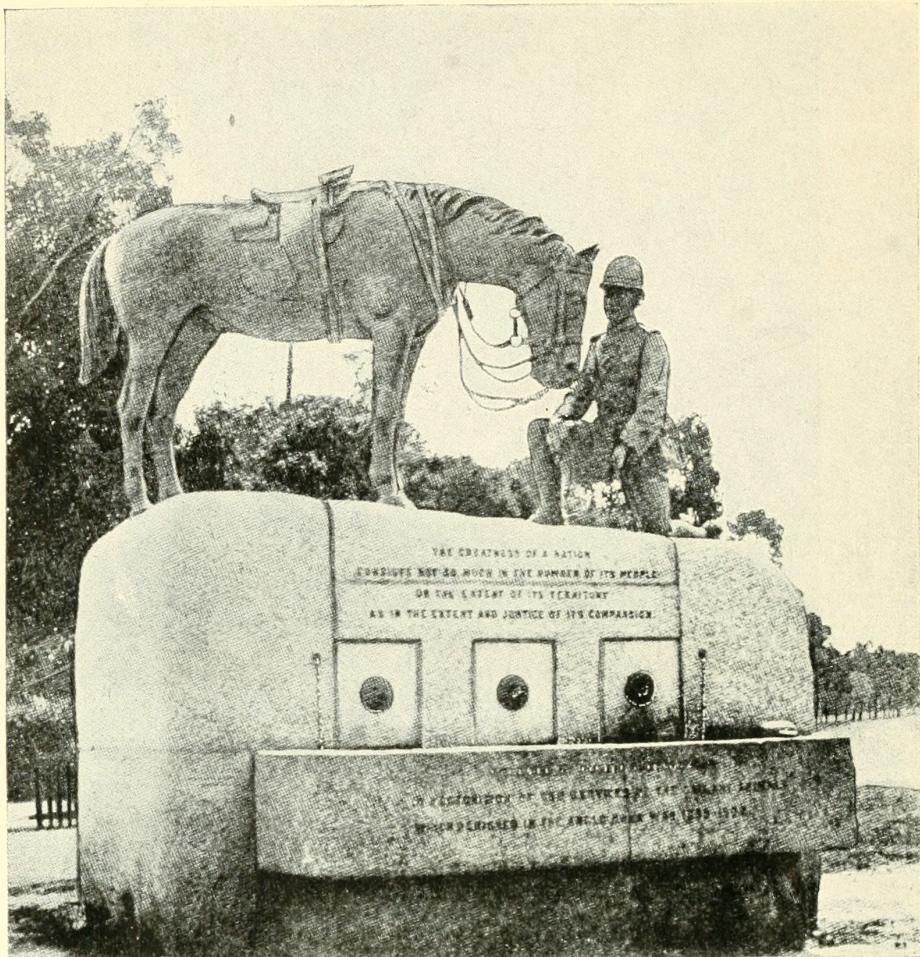
“ I do believe, my dog, that you
Have some beyond, some future new.
Why not? In heaven’s inheritance
Space must be cheap where worldly light
In boundless, limitless expanse
Rolls grandly, far from human sight.

“ He who has given such patient care,
Such constancy, such tender trust,
Such ardent zeal, such instincts rare,
And made you something more than dust,
May yet release the speechless thrall
At death — there’s room enough for all.”



FUZZY

Died September 26, 1907.
“Here lies a little body that held a great heart.”



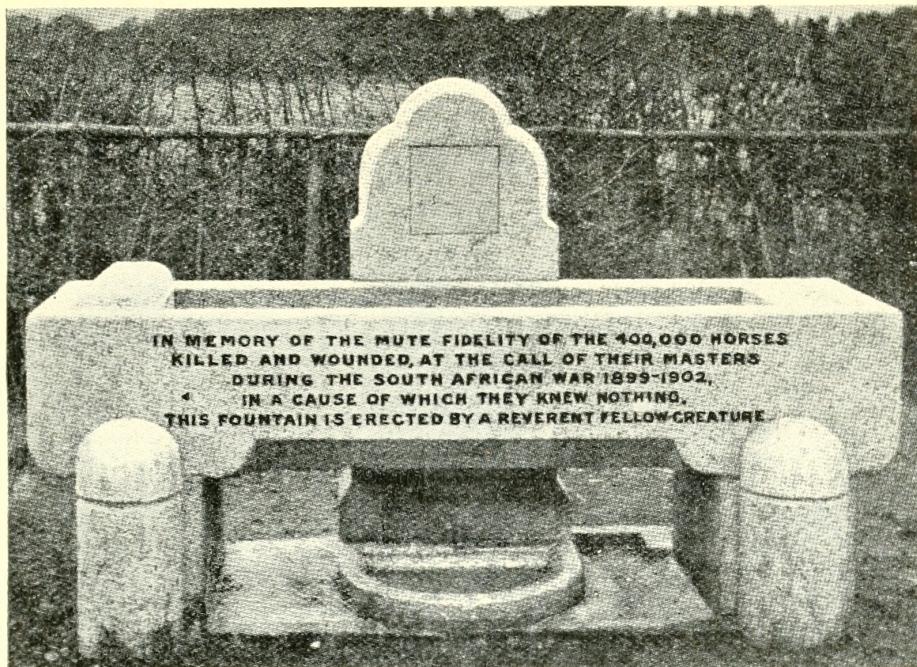
A MONUMENT TO WAR HORSES

Graves and monuments to horses are not as common as those for smaller animals, though every horse deserves a memorial tablet if faithful service and a useful life mean anything.

A touching tribute was paid to two mules who for nearly forty years dragged ore in the lower level of the Comstock Mine in Nevada, never coming to the surface to breathe the fresh air or see the blessed sunshine that all animals delight in. The Hon. William Keyser first placed the mules in the mine, and upon the introduction of machinery in the mine he took the mules out and gave them rich pasturage near his home in Carson City. Here they died. Mr. Keyser buried them on his own grounds, and put over their grave a carved stone with this inscription:

OH SAY and OH SAID

Two mules who contributed more to the Prosperity of Nevada than the Silver King. They worked in the Comstock for forty years. They never took a dollar out of the state, but they moved millions of the value of its treasures. This stone is raised by their old friend who seeks no higher reward than to rest beside them — William Keyser.



ANOTHER MEMORIAL TO HORSES

“ Now just within the gates of Paradise
A green field lies, 'mid groves
And streams. In this
The shades of horses worn in service here
Do graze in peace, and drink the waters clear
In state of equine bliss.
As once St. Peter barred a spirit's way,—
Conscience-accused of many kinds of sin,—
Out spake a stage-horse phantom, ‘This man, lo,
Walked rather than increase my earthly woe!’
Then cried the Saint, ‘Come in!’ ”

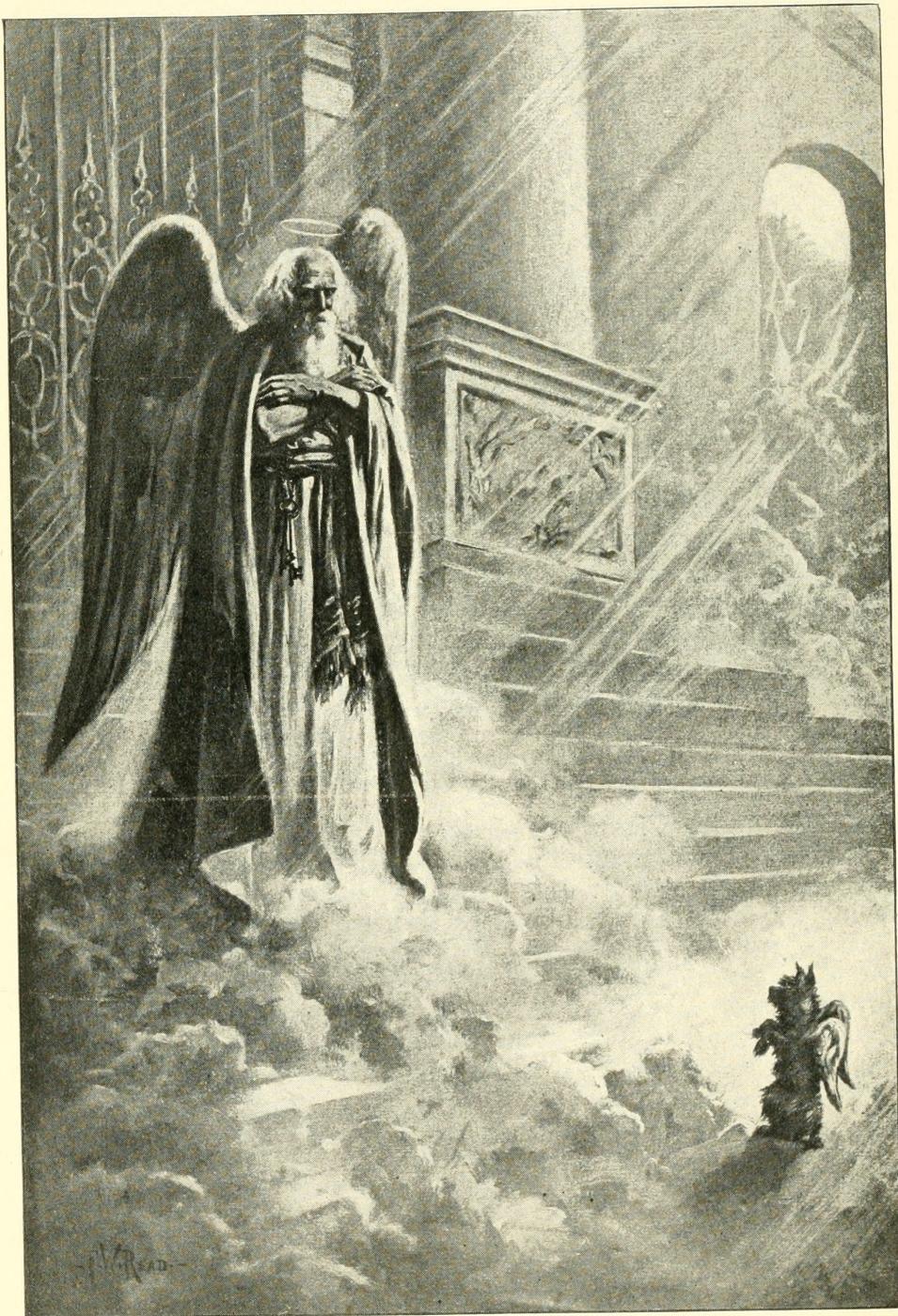
“At Duxbury, Mass., which is not very far from Plymouth Rock, may be seen on the seashore a brick monument eight feet high, surmounted by a large wooden ball. On the side facing the sea is a slate on which this inscription is carved:

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.”

Here lies buried
HONEST DICK,
Who
Faithfully served three generations.
This noble horse was born on Powder Point,
A.D. 1817.
Here lived and here died,
A.D. 1846.

“ What words can describe the services of such a faithful creature? What money could repay them? To funerals, weddings, picnics, parties, school, market, year after year, through mud and sleet and snow and dust, until age compelled the tired body to enter on its long, final rest.”

And this brief history could be multiplied by thousands of families all over the land who have enjoyed the same faithful service, but are more forgetful of its inestimable value.



By permission of Life Publishing Co.

A CANDIDATE

ARE THEY IMMORTAL?

“Behold we know not anything,
We only trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.”

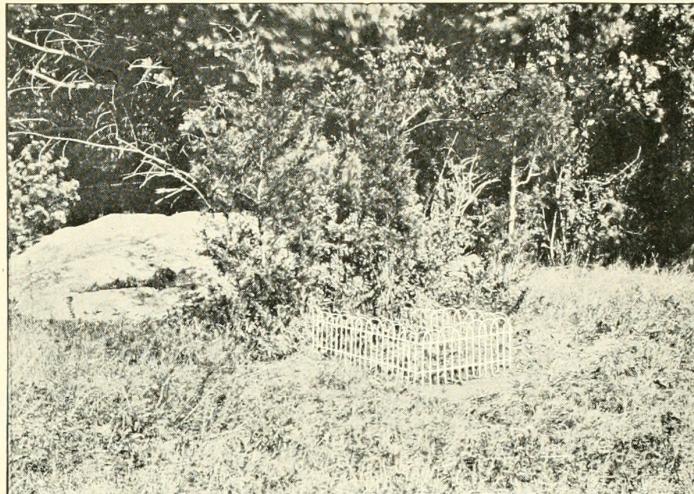
THE question of life beyond death is always coming up in one form or another. “If a man dies, shall he live again?” has probably been asked as many times as there are intelligent, thoughtful human beings. If, then, it is so difficult for many of us to feel a strong, unquestioning faith in conscious life beyond the grave, a state of existence when we shall meet and recognize again those we have loved in this stage of our existence, it is not strange that the future of the lower animals seems even more uncertain.

We who have counted among our dear friends a fourfooted animal, and have so loved that animal that we long to meet it again, may find some consolation in the opinions of men and women who have thought much on the subject of immortality.

J. Howard Moore, author of two remarkable books, “The Universal Kinship” and “The New Ethics,” says:

“I am not one of those who regard the evidence for the post-mortem existence of the human soul as being either abundant or conclusive. But of one thing I am positive, and that is that there are the same grounds precisely for believing in the immortality of the bird and the quadruped as there are for the belief in human immortality. And it is delightful to find great thinkers like Haeckel, great biologists and philosophers, holding the same conviction. Haeckel is the giant of the Germans, and in his brilliant book, ‘The Riddle of the Universe,’ appears this rather poetical paragraph: ‘I once knew an old head-forester who, being left a widower and without children at an early age, had lived alone for more than thirty years in a noble forest of East Prussia. His only companions were one or two servants, with whom he exchanged merely a few necessary words, and a great pack of different kinds of dogs, with whom he lived in perfect psychic communion. Through many years of training this keen observer and friend of nature had penetrated deep into the individual souls of his dogs, and he was as convinced of their personal immortality as he was of his own. Some of his most intelligent dogs were, in his impartial estimation, at a higher stage of psychic development than his old stupid maid and his rough and wrinkled man-servant. Any unprejudiced observer, who will study the psychic phenomena of a fine dog for a year, and follow attentively the processes of its thought, judgment, and reason, will have to admit that it has just as valid a claim to immortality as man himself.’”

“The Egyptians were not a people of very high intellectual development,” said Gladstone, “and yet their religious system was strictly associated with, I might say founded on, the belief in immortality.”



A GRAVE IN PINE RIDGE CEMETERY

"Most of the arguments of philosophy in favor of the immortality of man apply equally to the permanency of the immortal principles in other living beings," was one of the utterances of that great thinker, Louis Agassiz.

" If the Scripture is to be believed, animals have ' souls,' and, having souls, who knows but that animals, at least some of them, are immortal?" said George Dana Boardman. " I do not wonder that in that far-off age, when intellectual Egypt was mapping out the heavens and rearing her own mighty pyramids, she knelt before her Sacred Bull and Ibis and Beetle because she believed them endowed with souls and instinct with immortality."

George T. Angell says in *Our Dumb Animals*: "Many years ago a man left by will to Mr. Bergh's New York Society about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Relatives contested the will on the ground that he was insane because he believed in a future life for animals. The judge, in sustaining the will, said he found that more than half the human race believed the same thing."

From "The Mystery of Suffering in Animals" I take the following selection:

"It would seem to be inconsistent with the ways of an all-wise and merciful Creator to bring into existence these countless millions of the animal creation — all suffering pain and disease, very many suffering great evils from man — unless in some way or other there is a future before those animals.

"Man has, we believe, a divine soul, an emanation of the Deity. May not animals have, in some way of which we have no idea (for it has not been revealed to us), what I may term an animal soul — some future existence, some compensation for pain and suffering here on earth, some reward in some future state? It is impossible to limit the ways of the Almighty; his ways are past finding out. It seems to me that we, as Christians, would be guilty of wrong ideas towards the Creator unless we believe — not that God has created myriads of creatures for

constant pain and suffering, but rather that, in some way past our finding out, animals must have some future existence.

"For myself, I cannot but believe that there is in every one of the lower creation soul, of what nature I know not, but soul, appropriate to and suited to the instinct of each creature brought into the world by the will of the great Creator." —*Lieut.-Gen. Sir F. Fitz Wygram, Bart.*

Mrs. Mary Somerville said: "I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished. I am sincerely happy to find that I am not the only believer in the immortality of the lower animals."

Miss Frances Power Cobbe wrote many loving and sympathetic words about animals. In one of her books she says, "We find ourselves logically driven to assume the future life of lower animals."

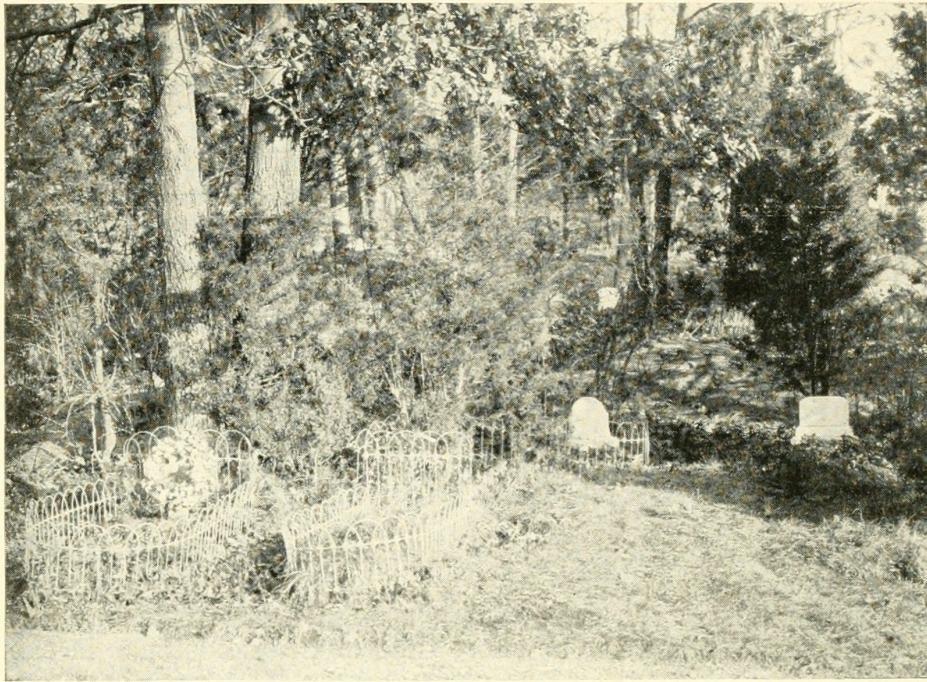
Rev. J. G. Wood, author of "Man and Beast," says: "I feel sure that animals will have the opportunity of developing their latent faculties in the next world, though their free scope has been denied to them in the short time of their existence in the present world. They surpass many human beings in love, unselfishness, generosity, conscience, and self-sacrifice. I claim for them a higher status in creation than is generally attributed to them, and claim they have a future life in which they can be compensated for the suffering which so many of them have to undergo in this world. I am quite sure that most of the cruelties which are perpetrated on animals are due to the habit of considering them as mere machines, without susceptibilities, without reason, and without the capacity of a future."

Rev. Canon I. T. Carter, a noted English clergyman, takes a high religious ground for faith in the immortality of animals. "We may," he says, "connect with the resurrection of our Lord the hope for restoration of the entire creation; for the whole world looks forward to that future state. As the whole world of creation around us suffers from the effect of the fall, so, in some way, they will know a resurrection and be transformed into a pure, more blessed, more beautiful, state. The lowest creatures are not to be destroyed, but after their manner, according to their kind, will be restored, giving praise and glory to Him who created them."

The following quotations from E. D. Buckner's book entitled "The Immortality of Animals," will perhaps awaken a desire to possess and to read the entire volume, which is most interesting and convincing:

"Matter and soul — or mind — are the only constituent elements in the universe, and they both exist alike in man and in the lower animals. The body, which is matter, changes its form at death; but that mysterious life potency known as the soul or mind is immaterial and immortal, and returns to God who gave it.

"The mental differences between the lower animals and man suggested to ancient philosophers that there should be a line drawn somewhere. To meet this distinction the Stoics, the disciples of Socrates, maintained that man possessed a rational



A SHADY CORNER AT PINE RIDGE, THAT THE BIRDS LOVE

soul above that of the animal soul which belonged in common to man and animals, but nowhere denied the fact of animals having souls. This gracious privilege of denying the right of animals to keep the soul their Creator gave them comes from our modern theology and is ingrafted in the creeds of some of our churches. But whatever distinction has been made between the soul of man and the soul of animals has been made by man and not God.

“Comparative psychology is opening up a wonderful field for scientific research, and we are learning to know God’s purposes through nature as well as revelation. All animal life is formed upon one common general law, and shows conclusively that if man is a dual being, composed of matter and mind, or body and soul, so are all other animals. If God created one and imparted to it the breath of life and an immortal soul, he made all others on the same plan; for it is obvious that there is that same visible difference between matter and mind in all living beings.

“Isaiah, in speaking of the ‘restitution of all things,’ says: ‘In that day shall thy cattle feed in large pastures. The oxen likewise and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan.’

“The evidence is positive that a belief in an endless existence of lower animals as well as man has been maintained throughout the history of man from the creation to the present time.

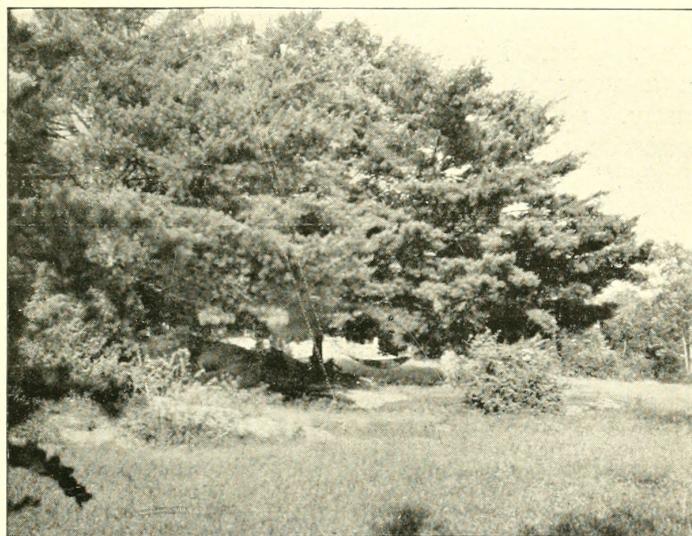
“Indeed, all the primitive religions of the world directly or indirectly advocate the immortality of lower animals.

“The following question was asked over nineteen hundred years ago, and is still being asked: ‘Why should it be thought a

thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?' and the answer comes from the same volume of revelation: 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . . The tender mercy of God is over all his works. . . . In whose hand is the soul of every living thing.'

Huxley says: "I hold that the nature of the physical and mental faculties of brutes applies in its fulness and entirety to man. The consciousness possessed by lower animals is that sort of consciousness which we have ourselves, and foreshadow more or less those feelings which are possessed by mankind."

More than one hundred and seventy English authors, lay and clerical, uphold faith in the immortality of the lower animals, have written in its support, and the belief is gaining ground steadily.



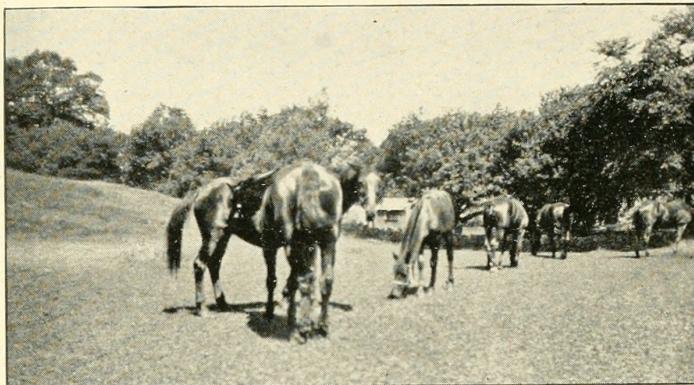
A PLEASANT NOOK AT PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES

"The sense, intuitions, and various emotions and faculties of which man boasts," said Darwin, "may be found in an incipient or even sometimes in a well-developed condition in the lower animals."

It has been truly said that "man can never find his true place in the universe until he recognizes that lower animals are fellow-creatures and, though created inferior in intellect, yet possess all the germs of the intellectual faculties of man."

Ernest Bell, editor of *Animal's Friend*, a valuable magazine published in London, gives in "An After-life for Animals" strong arguments to prove that if there is a life beyond for the human race we have good reason to believe the lower animals also possess an intelligent soul that will live on after death. The following case is vouched for by the Society for Psychical Research (Vol. XIV, p. 285).

The reappearance of animals after death, of which there are now a good many instances on record, will probably be the strongest argument with many people. We have space to quote only one case out of a good many which have been carefully investigated by the Psychical Research Society:



HORSES AT PINE RIDGE ENJOYING A VACATION IN A
PADDOCK NEAR THE CEMETERY

“ ‘ In the year 1883 we were staying at the Hôtel des Anglais, at Mentone. I had left at home (in Norfolk) in the care of our gardener a very favorite little dog, a black-and-tan terrier, named Judy. I was sitting at *table d'hôte*, and suddenly saw my dog run across the room, and unthinkingly exclaimed: “ Why, there is Judy! ” There was no dog in the hotel, and when I went upstairs I told my daughter, who was ill, what I had seen. A few days after I got a letter saying that Judy had gone out with the gardener as usual in the morning quite well but when he returned at breakfast-time she was suddenly taken ill and died in half an hour. At this distance of time I cannot distinctly remember whether the dates agreed, but my impression is that she had died the day I saw her.’

“ The lady’s daughter referred to the incident in her diary as follows:

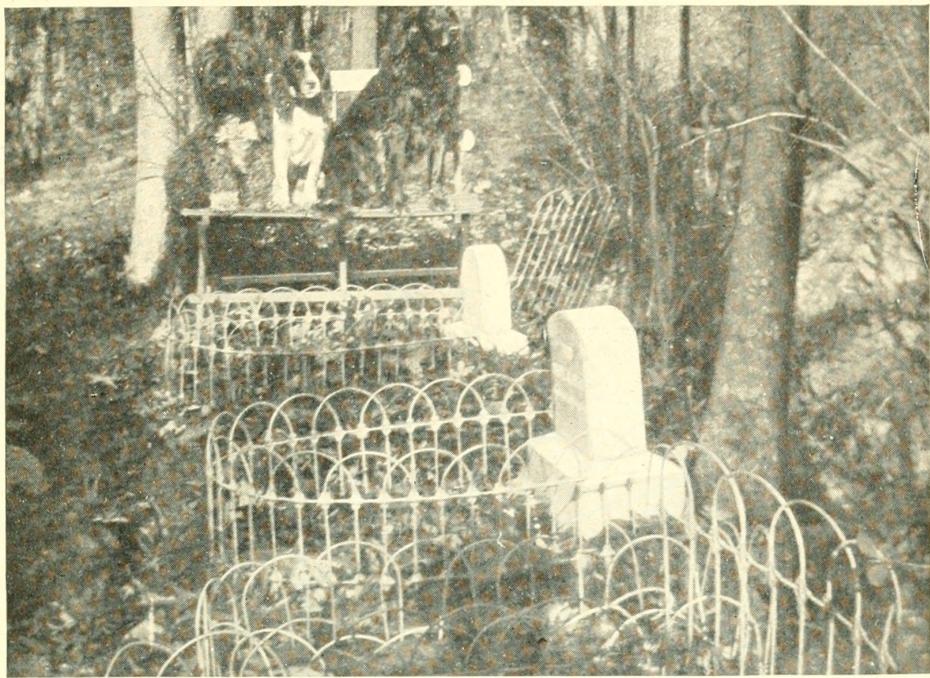
“ ‘ Mamma saw Judy’s ghost at *table d'hôte*! ’

“ The same lady related her own personal recollections of it as follows:

“ ‘ I distinctly remember my father and mother and sister and my cousin coming into my bedroom, all laughing, and telling me how my mother had seen Judy (black-and-tan terrier) running across the room whilst they were at *table d'hôte*. My mother was so positive about it that one of the others (I think my father) had asked the waiter if there were any dog in the hotel, and he had answered in the negative.’ ”

“ The theosophical teaching in this matter, if we understand it rightly,” says Mr. Bell, “ is that all animals are endowed with a soul in some form, but that in the lower forms the soul at the time of physical death returns to what is called the ‘ group-soul,’ from which portions are continually reincarnated and return. It is only after the animal has attained a certain degree of development that it attains to an individual consciousness, and becomes, so to speak, a separate soul. It is, naturally, not possible to define even approximately when this change may take place, but we are told that many creatures far below the rank of our higher domestic animals often manifest an individuality of character which seems to point to the probability that they have already attained individuality of existence.”

Mr. Bell sums up his arguments concisely: “ To sum up,



THREE MOURNERS

we find our world populated by many widely different races of creatures who live the most varied lives in air, in water, or on earth, but in all of them you see a general similarity of structure, varied obviously in accordance with and by reason of their different surroundings and needs. We find no decided gap in the chain. We find them all taking their origin in a similar minute cell, and we see the higher of them passing in their personal early development through the various stages still found in the lower.

“ We find the same mysterious essence, which we call life, actuating them all.

“ We find they all have similar feelings, impulses, affections, developed in varying degrees, the so-called lower forms possessing some of them in higher degree than the more advanced forms where they have been useful in their daily lives.

“ We find the sub-human and human types alike developing in side directions — reaching a certain point and then dying out as unfit to survive as a race in this world.

“ We find the intangible portion of the individual, the mind, so near akin in human and sub-human that communications pass between them quite apart from the senses in a manner incomprehensible to either.

“ We find that, even after the extinction of life in the body, communications can yet be made between the minds of the human and sub-human.

“ Will any candid-minded person venture to affirm that if there is an individual after-life for man, there is not also one for the other animals, and, if so, on what grounds? ”

These quotations on animal immortality might be many times multiplied, but enough have been given to encourage those who

mourn the loss of a fourfooted friend not to be ashamed of their love or their grief or of the hope of seeing them in another life; and to suggest to the critic who ridicules animal cemeteries and scoffs at even a wish for animal immortality, that he is scoffing not at weak sentimentalists, but at such men as Plutarch, Huxley, Darwin, Agassiz, Matthew Arnold, Richard Wagner, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Robert Southey, Martin Luther, Gladstone, and many other men and women whose minds were far above the average.

No more appropriate *finis* to the subject can be given than the query and the answer contained in the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians:

“ But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? ”

“ Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

“ But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body! ”

We may be so constituted that we cannot believe, but at least we can allow ourselves the great comfort of hope and feel that we have good ground for it.

One day in early autumn I followed the winding path leading to Pine Ridge Cemetery, walking behind a plain box that served as a coffin, in which a beautiful little body, only a few days before throbbing with life and love, lay still in death. It was a little funeral procession, but in it were heavy hearts and wet eyes, and as I followed to the open grave, this verse of Tennyson came to me and I thought it would be a most appropriate epitaph:

“ That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”

This booklet can be purchased at the Animal
Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.
Price 25 cents.

mb
PD - 115





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 002 825 279 1