

1896 Book- An American Dog Abroad and the Foreign Dogs he Met – by Frank Pope Humphrey

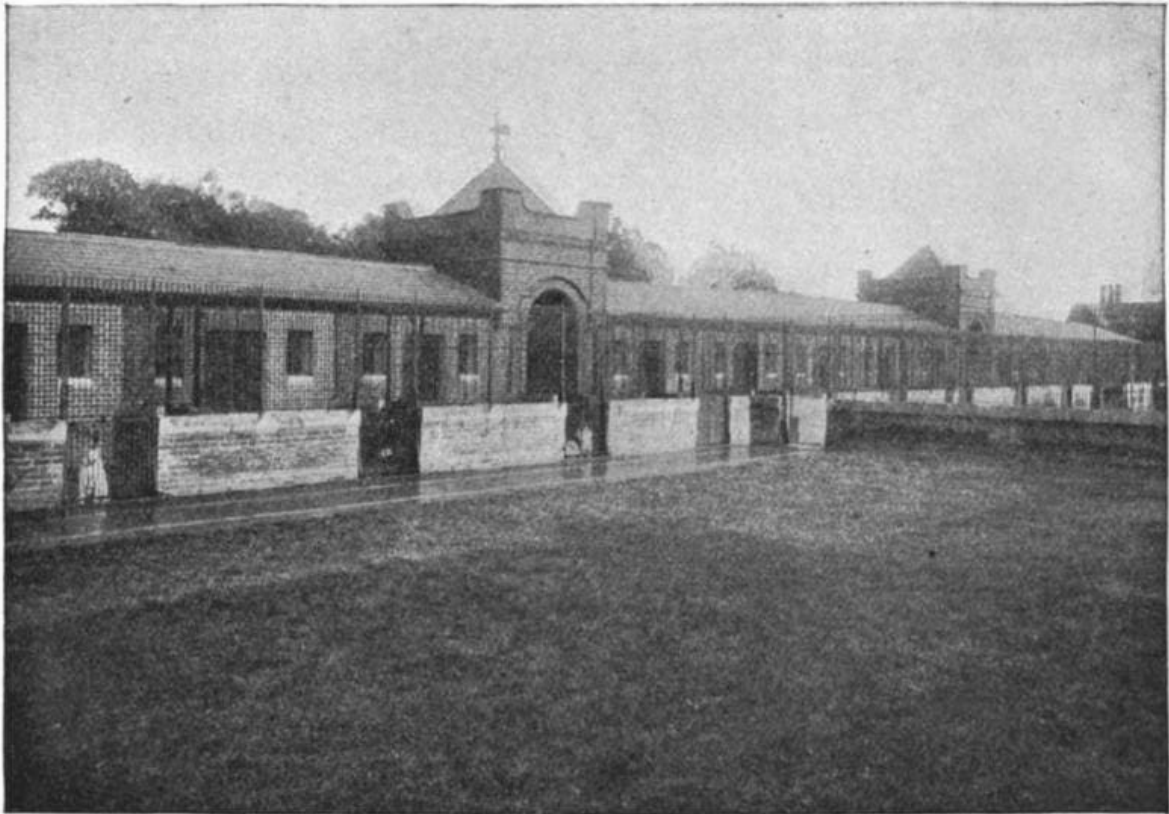


FAMILY GROUP, WITH PLUMPY, GUMMY AND HUFFY.

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My trail of research on the Princess of Wales and her chows, lead me to this charming book written in 1896 from the point of view of a traveling pug dog named "Tony". The dog tells of his travels with his master to visit the dogs and pets of Royalty throughout England and beyond. The story I am inserting below tells of the favorite dog of the Princess of Wales (later to be Queen Alexandra) and her own constant

traveling companion chow named “Plumpy”



SANDRINGHAM KENNELS WITH PERLA AT HER GATE.

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My guess is that Plumpy didn't spend much time in the Royal kennels you see above, but was one of the “house” dogs of Sandringham. If you would like to read the rest of the stories within the pages of this wonderful book...[CLICK HERE](#)

[CLICK HERE TO READ MUCH MORE ABOUT THE CHOWS OF SANDRINGHAM](#)

VIII.

THE PRINCELY DOGS AND KENNELS OF SANDRINGHAM.

TWO things made me wish to visit Sandringham; I wanted to see the kennels where Jack was going to be trained, and I wished to see the place where the Princess who kissed him lived. We went over a great heath before we came to Sandringham Gate House; a heath chock full of rabbits that scampered—how they did scamper, ki-yi!

“They’re Royal rabbits; you are not to chase them, Tony,” said my master.

I like Sandringham Hall. [All great houses in Norfolk are called “Halls.”] It is a lovely house for dogs with its great sunny windows. And there is plenty of room to scamper round the outside without running down flower beds. I noticed that parts of it are built of the pretty brown-red carstone like

Belle Plowright's cottage. The Princess loves it. The heaths about it make her think of her girlhood's country, Denmark. On one of the gables is a sundial that tells the time of day, my master says. But it can tell time only when the sun shines. And so somebody has cut this in the stone of the sundial:

*Let others tell of storms and showers,
I'll only count your sunny hours.*

And above the sundial is this line:

My Time is in Thy Hand.

I remember these especially, because there is a stone in the foundation of the house just there, which my master pointed out. It says on the stone that it was put there to "the memory of

DEAR OLD ROVER,

Who was the constant companion for many years of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales." H. R. H. means Her Royal Highness; and

H. R. H. loves dogs as they deserve to be loved. Rover lies under the flowers in the border.

There are dogs that live always in the kennels, and there are dogs that have the run of the house. One of the house dogs is from China and his name is Plumpy. I found Plumpy a sociable dog of agreeable manners. He took me about to what he thought would interest me. He speaks English with a marked accent. But he does not talk Pigeon English like some Chinese.

We walked down first to pay our respects to our kin at the kennels. As we drew near we heard the dogs all baying, and that's what I call music. Plumpy pointed out to me another little stone among the flowers at the back of the kennels. This is to the memory of

BEATTIE,

“a favorite dog” of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. H. R. H. means here “*His Royal Highness.*”



WEST FRONT OF SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

"I've seen folks laugh at that story," said Plumpy. "Oh, ho! ho! a grave-stone over a dog!"

The very day before, the old man that minds the cows on the Common was talking to my master about his faithful dog, Rose. "And, sir," says he, "a good dog is better than a bad man, sir."

I told Plumpy that and he was pleased. "And yet," said he, "they'll stick up a stone over a bad man and laugh if anybody puts one over a faithful dog."

We walked along the flagged path by the kennels, and stopped at every gate. Each family of dogs has its kennel; the terriers have theirs; the mastiffs theirs; the collies theirs, and so on. At the gate of one sat a large white Siberian. Plumpy introduced her as "Perla." Perla comes from a land of snow and ice, and finds the climate of England warm, sometimes too warm. When the sun is hot she retires within to her straw.

But she likes to sit at her gate and ex-

change the time o' day with the passers-by. In the course of the year there are many passers-by. Perla has seen much distinguished company. The Czar of all the Russias has patted her head. Eastern magnates have treated her to taffy. Kings and queens have exchanged "How d'y' do" with her. "And as to Lords and Ladies," said she, "they're as plenty about here as dog biscuit."

We rambled along in sweet paths, and came to a stream with a bridge. Suddenly Plumpy stopped. "Here he comes!" said he. "Here comes our future King!"

I looked around. I saw only a bonnie baby in his carriage and his nurse trundling him. I love babies when they don't pull my tail.

"A king!" I exclaimed. "Oh, yes, they're all kings or queens. They rule the house."

But Plumpy said quite serious: "I'm not joking, Tony. He'll be a real king. He is Prince Edward now. Some day he'll be—wait, let me reckon. Edward I, he was a

great king. Edward II, he wasn't so much. Edward III, he fought the Scotch and licked 'em. Edward IV, he was a gay gallant. Edward V, he was smothered in the tower. Edward VI, he died at sixteen. Edward VII, ah, now I have it; that's what he'll be, Edward VII, of England."

"You've made good use of your time, Plumpy, since you've been in England," I said admiringly, and immediately resolved to turn my attention to English history.

"And over there is where he lives. It is called York House," and Plumpy pointed over the bridge. "His father lives there. He's a future king, too; and up to the Great House there's another future king."

"There's a good supply," said I.

We went on and the future Edward VII said, "Goo-goo-ah—br-r-r!" as we passed. He'll make a bonnie king.

"Perhaps you'll like to visit the stables, Tony," said Plumpy.

And as I like a good horse, I said "Yes."

"That lake over there is where our Princess skates in the winter. She loves it. She skated at home in Denmark when she was a girl. It is a pretty lake near the house."

We entered the stable court. Opposite the gate on a tall tower is a clock to tell the horses the time. For there is everything for their comfort and convenience. All around the court are the stalls and loose boxes. I observed that the walls and floors were tiled, and everything was neat and sweet.

I saw "Warwick," the fat shooting pony, and the beautiful Hungarian horses, and the white carriage horses, and the Princess's favorite saddle horses, "Viva" and "Marky."

[Whatever Princesses may be at Sandringham, one is always spoken of as *the* or *our* Princess—the dear mistress, the beloved Princess of Wales.]

"And here," said Plumpy, "are our Princess's six ponies—Belle, Beau, Huffy, Bena, Mite and Puffy." They were all munching their corn and all were blanketed. On Huf-



THE FUTURE KING.

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fy's blanketed back a tiger-cat was cosily curled fast asleep.

"Our Princess thinks no end of her ponies and horses," said Plumpy. "She's good to them. She will not have her horses driven with the bearing rein. No, she will not have it. And when she's a-visiting she will not have it. Once she was visiting and was driven out with horses that had the bearing rein, and she objected, and the master said to his coachman, 'No bearing reins while the Princess is here.'"

The more I hear of this gentle lady, the more I love her.

"She would not have a trap set to catch the wild things that trouble the rabbits and pheasants, if she had her way," said Plumpy. "No, she'd rather let the rabbits and pheasants take their chance like other folks. Once a little dog of hers wandered off, and all the keepers were ordered to take up their traps instantly, so he would not be caught in any of them. But one keeper disobeyed, and the poor little doggie came home with one foot

gone. And our Princess *was* in a way about it."

"And I wish our American boys that set horrid traps, and catch poor pussies in them would learn a lesson from her, Plumpy," I remarked.

I should think there were forty horses in the stables. All the hunters were in the paddock feeding; and "There are lots of horses at Wolferton," said Plumpy. "Our master, the Prince, raises lots of horses, and he's a great farmer, Tony."

I can never put down all I see at a place. The printer would never find room enough. So I must select.

Plumpy said there were miles of greenhouses and garden walks, and I have no doubt he is a truthful dog. The gardens certainly look big, and the peaches and grapes are "luscious," my master says. I have no doubt of that either. But I have no taste for fruits—except candied fruits. I can eat no end of those.

We trotted down through the gardens to the gate that leads to the cow barns and the Princess's dairy. For she calls it hers, and she loves to go there and make butter her own self. It is a pretty dairy. The front doors stood wide open, and I was going straight in when I saw an awfully tall bird right in front of the doors, and I stopped.

"It's dead and stuffed, Tony," said Plumpy. "It's a stork. I expect our Princess likes it because there are storks, I understand, in her Denmark home. They build their nests on the housetops and bring the babies."

"How singular!" I remarked, and walked fearlessly in by the big bird. Here are the pans of delicious milk standing upon marble slabs. How I did long to have a lick at the yellow cream! "If we behave properly perhaps we shall get a taste," said Plumpy.

The walls are blue tiles. I like blue. I often wear a blue ribbon to my collar.

In the centre stands a marble table with pretty drinking vessels of sparkling glass

upon it and strawberry sets like leaves of green strawberries with white blossoms on them. I expect I have an eye for color, because I am an artist's dog. And how those lovely drinking cups of many colors did sparkle! I expect the Princess comes here to eat strawberries and cream, and drink milk.

And there is another room where the cream is churned, and the churn goes like a cradle, swing, swing. All about this room are little pottery cows and goats and hares. They stand on brackets. And there are brass-bound milk cans, and the flat tin boxes for the butter pats.

"It do take a sight of cream for the House," said the good-natured dairy-woman. "And Mis' A—she have cream, and Mis' B—she have cream, but here's a sup for you and your friend, Plumpy."

Wasn't that cream good!

And there is still another room—the snuggest, sweetest room! "This," says Plumpy,

"is our Princess's tea-room. She loves to come here and make tea for her particular friends. She butters and cuts her own thin bread-and-butter. Oh, she likes it. She likes simple, homely ways."

"So do I, Plumpy!" I exclaimed. "What's the use of fuss and feathers, anyway?"

The walls of the tea-room are all over china, and here is my favorite blue again, blue Danish pottery, my master says. My master likes this room too. The blue pottery is over the chimney-piece and there is a portrait on a plaque of the master as Henry VIII, and another portrait on a plaque of the mistress in a dress of the same time. "Perhaps," says Plumpy, "as Lady Jane Seymour, or Anne Boleyn." Really, I *must* coach on English history. "The Princess looks fine in any dress," says Plumpy. How he does love that mistress of his!

And there are little cabinets full of china, and pretty paneled walls, and an oriel window with cushions on its seat, and a little

veranda outside to take the air of an evening. I should like exactly just such a room myself. It is so snug.

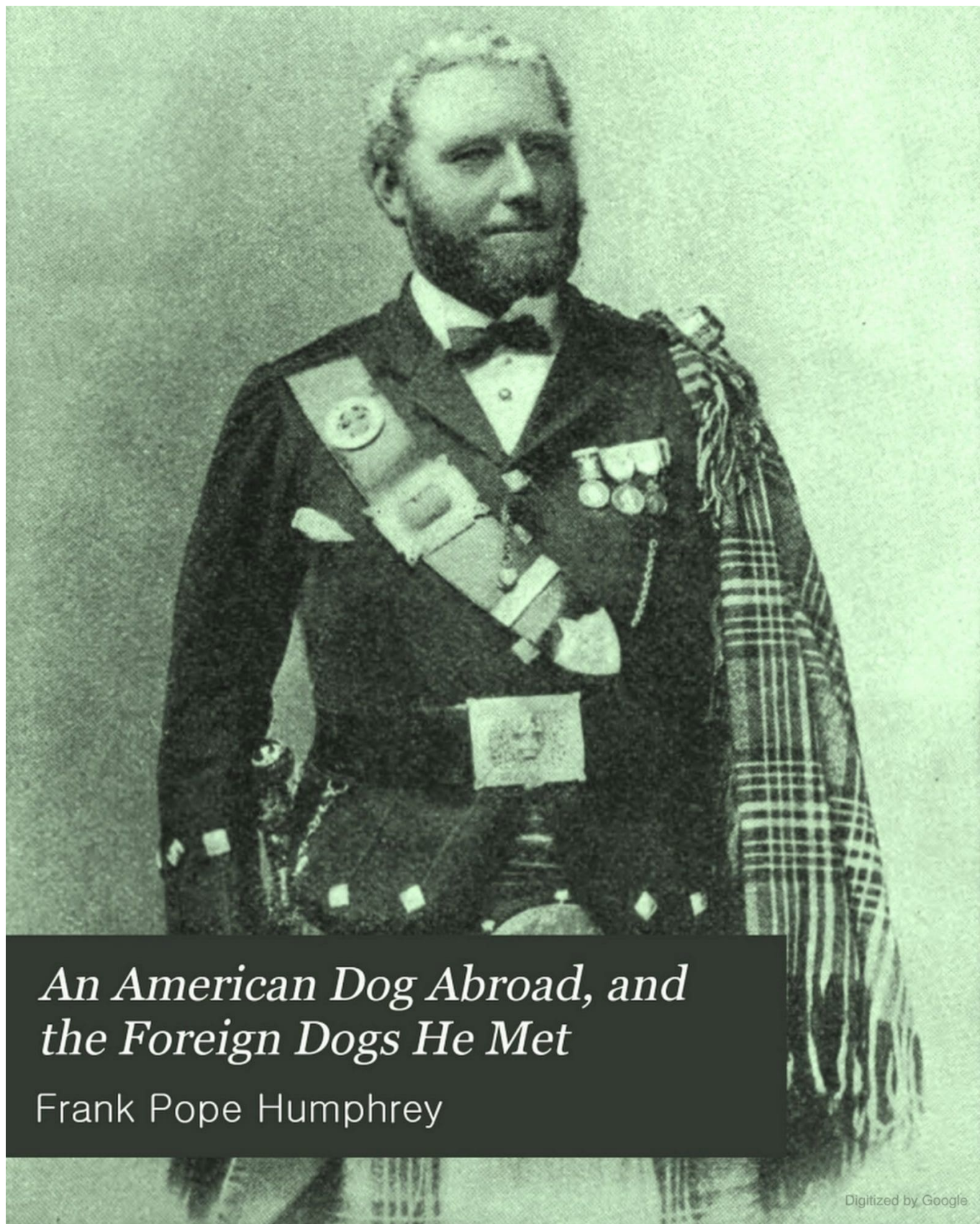
Then we saw the cows milked; such droll little Kerry cows, not much taller than a mastiff! and Jerseys with heads like the deer up Glen Feshie!

"I should like your photograph, Plumpy," I said at parting. "Most of my English friends are so good as to give me theirs."

"I have none taken alone," replied Plumpy. "But I can give you one of a family group I am in. It was taken some time ago."

"That will be still better," I said. And I was pleased when I saw it, and I'm sure my readers will be.

Plumpy sits at the extreme left of the photograph. The fox terrier standing up is "Gummy," and the charming Pomeranian is "Huffy." These last two, I regret to say, are now dead. But there are wise men and women who think there is another life for dogs as well as for men. That dear friend of dogs, Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, thought so.



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the Foreign Dogs He Met*

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