FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER.

"SAILOR," BRED AND BROKEN BY "IDSTONE." THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR ALLISON, OF ROKER, SUNDERLAND.

# THE DOG;

WITH

## Simple Directions for his Treatment,

AND

NOTICES OF THE BEST DOGS OF THE DAY AND THEIR BREEDERS OR EXHIBITORS.

BY

"IDSTONE."

*WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS,*

DRAWN ON WOOD, FROM LIFE, BY GEORGE EARL.

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# PREFACE.

THIS book will be found to contain the correct points of dogs of every breed, and to coincide with the opinions of the most eminent breeders and exhibitors of the present day.

It will have the advantage of more than six years' experience and careful comparison of specimens, since I wrote for a well-known publication all the articles on various breeds, except the Pointer, the Dropper, the Greyhound, the Skye, Dandy Dinmont, and Fox Terriers, the Mastiff (the only breed of which I have not possessed in my time a good example), the Bloodhound, and the Chinese or crested dog.

Since that time I have sedulously arranged and collected materials, and I have had the advantage of correspondence and intercourse with those best experienced in the subject of dogs, especially "Stonehenge" (without doubt the first of living authorities); Mr. Lort, of King's Norton; Mr. Walker, of Holywell Green; Mr. Handley; Mr. Handy; Captain Graham, of Rednock; the Rev. J. C. Macdona; Mr. Wootton, of Mapperley; the Rev. T. O'Grady; Mr. Price, of Rhiwlas Hall, and many others.

The dogs of Great Britain may be said to embrace forty different breeds. Exception may be taken to my calling the Bull Terrier a dog of a distinct class, but he has become so thoroughly established, that he ought to take his place as one of the established families, boasting of as good a lineage as the generality of classes, which were originally established by subtle and judicious combinations and by careful selection, until they reached their present standard of excellence.

A great improvement has taken place in all breeds within the last five years, which I find noticed by myself up and down in seventeen volumes of indexed notes, made by me with a view to some such work as this, whilst I officiated as judge at one important show or another, and decided on the merits of every acknowledged breed.

The Setter is the slowest dog to improve. No dog of that beautiful class has ever attained the speed of Mr. Garth's "Drake," or equalled in form Mr. Whitehouse's "Rap." Mr. Wardlaw Reid's Setter "Sam" (bred by Mr. Laverack), Mr. Bevan's "Blanche" (combining Lord Waterpark's and Mr. Garth's blood), and Mr. J. Handy's "Snake," are the best I have ever seen, with the exception of Mr. Macdona's "Dick;" but the whole race of Setters requires refinement and speed.

Fox Terriers, owing to the spirit and discernment of such men as Messrs. Gibson and Wootton, and the liberal prices given by such buyers as J. H. Murchison, Esq., F.R.G.S., and others, have reached perfection; and the Bull Terriers of the

day, "Rebel," "Victor, and "Puss" of Mr. Smith's, and "Nelson" or "Dick" (the property of S. E. Shirley, Esq., M.P.), may be called a distinct and established breed.

I shall still go on collecting materials and making observations from the life, carefully comparing each new candidate for fame with the monarch he dethrones, whether those materials see the light or no; and whatever may be the opinion of the public as to the letterpress of this little book, I believe that eminent painter Mr. Earl has done his best to illustrate it.

In conclusion let me recommend exhibitors to abstain from mutilating God's work, with the foolish notion that they can improve it by trimming ears or tails, and impress upon those who break or train the dog, that they are never so likely to bring out his good qualities as when they are gaining his confidence by kindness, and stimulating him to fresh exertions of his wonderful brain by encouragement and rewards. Punishment is always perilous.

IDSTONE.

MORDEN VICARAGE, NEAR BLANDFORD.

# THE DOG.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

MANY theories have been put forward as to the origin of the dog. Bell, in his work on quadrupeds (1837), asserts that the anatomy and osteology of the dog does not differ from that of the wolf; that the cranium and all other essential parts of the wolf resemble those of the dog, and that the dog and the wolf breed together, whilst their progeny is fertile. Richardson denies all these assertions; and Stonehenge, a far higher authority than Richardson, states, what is doubtless true, that the cross of the dog with the wolf or fox, when it produces any animal at all, produces a hybrid incapable of continuing the species, if paired with one of the same crossed breed.

It is a very old hypothesis, that the dog is either a domesticated wolf, fox, or jackal; but it is one which cannot be supported. Wild dogs exist in India, in Australia, and in North and South America; but all these animals are of a uniform or "self" colour. They exhibit no variety of form, and but little instinct. In proportion as they are wild and neglected, they are suspicious, treacherous, lanky, and gaunt; and it is exceedingly doubtful whether they could be domesticated or reclaimed.

The wild dogs of all countries, in common with the wolf and fox, have a certain obliquity of eye; but in some specimens of the fox this obliquity is only just perceptible. Bell comments on this peculiarity in the wolf, and endeavours to strengthen

the wolf theory, by asserting that the dog, wolf-descended though he is, has lost this peculiar structure or position of the eye, from the habit of looking forward at his master. But the wolf "looks forward" at a sheep, and at every object of his pursuit, and why therefore should not he lose this obliquity equally with the dog?

In justice to this eminent naturalist, however, I must remark that, since the above lines were written, I have carefully observed the position of the eye in the wild fox, and in those brought up in confinement, and that the tame fox's perceptibly loses this obliquity, one belonging to a friend of mine having eyes almost in a horizontal line.

I cannot see that the period of gestation in any way strengthens Mr. Bell's wolf theory. The wolf goes with young sixty-three days, and so does the dog (sometimes); but instances do occur, and they have occurred in my experience, where the period has been much more, or much less, the variation in one case having been a fortnight in excess of the usual time.

When the dog was first domesticated, we shall never know. His early history is lost. We have intimations in the Mosaic law of his existence in a wild or semi-savage state, and in a thoroughly domesticated condition amongst the Greeks and Romans, who occasionally served him up at their feasts as a pièce de résistance, or a salmi.

Berjeau, in his book 'of dogs, gives an engraving of an Assyrian dog, taken from a wild ass-hunt in one of the bas-reliefs of Nineveh, now at the British Museum, and it was probably a dog of very large stature, and of Mastiff character. This is, perhaps, one of the very oldest representations of the canine race extant; but the carving does not represent one of the earliest domesticated races; for, so far as we can learn, these were "prick-eared;" and the drop ear, the round ear, and eventually the Bloodhound ear, developed themselves after many years of cultivation and selection.

We can say of the dog, that he has been man's slave and companion and friend from the earliest period of civilisation; but his origin cannot be ascertained. He is to be found in every region of the habitable globe, and even amongst savages. In a general way, he is cultivated and trained in exact proportion to the mental power of those by whom he is surrounded. Everywhere he is remarkable for speed, an appreciation of those odours from animals which we call scent, and above all for *intelligence and fidelity.*

He lives in packs in the wild state, and combines his forces to capture his prey. He seems to have no thirst for blood; he simply pursues and kills to satisfy his wants. If flesh is scarce, he can subsist on vegetable food; and yet, perhaps, he is but seldom reduced to such a necessity: for, although he wants the suppleness and agility of the feline races, he makes up for this by his power of endurance, his wariness, his patience, and sagacity.

In China and the Eastern seas we find several kinds, and Australia is in some districts quite overrun with the dingo, which has multiplied in an extraordinary degree, and become the pest of the inhabitants. The owners and breeders of sheep are exposed to the depredations of these wretched pests, which occasionally chase and circumvent the kangaroo. The dingo is a burrowing animal, and when unreclaimed does not bark; but it gains this questionable accomplishment and imitates the domestic dog in confinement and under domestication.

Many Japanese dogs are clearly referable to this origin, and consequently they are less playful and docile than the dogs of Western Asia or Europe.

The jackal, chiefly noticeable for its howling and thievish propensities, has a large geographical range. He extends from Barbary to the land of Caffres. You meet with him in the steppes of Southern Russia, in Arabia, and Greece. He vegetates in Asia Minor, the countries of the Euphrates, in

Persia, along the Indus to the land of the Turkoman. You can trace him all through Hindostan to the country beyond the Ganges. He crops up in China—that is, China Proper; he lives with the Kalmuks; he is in Borneo and the islands of the Eastern seas. I should say he is an intermediate animal, something between fox and dog.

Unlike the fox, the jackal is eminently susceptible of domestication; he loses his offensive smell, and in everything except barking he becomes just like a dog. Yet he is by no means to be looked upon as originating our domesticated dogs, nor could he be reduced to the shape or form of a middling Westminster Terrier, after ages of selection, and the patient, careful selection of Sebright and Darwin.

Supposing we yield to such a theory as that the Nepaulese Hound is the original of all breeds, a doctrine some naturalists have endeavoured to establish? Of course we must believe at once that the Nepaulese Hound accommodated itself in very early days—the days of the Greeks—to the tastes of the Grecian dames; that it became a Maltese in Malta, and an Italian Greyhound at a later epoch in Rome; whilst it kept up its size and power in Siberia, and drew the sledge or hunted the wolf in the dense Continental forests.

It is not without regret that I feel compelled to reject all these theories, and to assert that the Hound, probably, was a Palestine importation of the pilgrims. The Mastiff, or Molossus, is probably indigenous, if not an original breed, like the Wolfhound, or true Deerhound, now extinct in these islands. But most of our other favourites—such as the Spaniel or Pointer, and consequently the Setter—I should say, were imported by lovers of the hawk and net, and the "Toys," or fancy dogs followed, and were produced from dwarf specimens as they appeared.

It may gratify our love of investigation to search old records, or to adopt theories for the dog's origin; but, I repeat, no

satisfactory solution can be arrived at, and I shall therefore pass on to what I have always considered a more interesting, and certainly a more useful subject.

I must conclude, after as large an amount of patience and investigation as I can bestow, that there are great difficulties in the way when I try to refer the various races to one original. We can only say that all the domesticated dogs breed with each other—that size—or "breed," as we call it—makes little or no difference in this, and that the intermixture of races by invasion or conquest, or their intercourse by civilisation and barter, has tended to the production of many distinct varieties in the course of time.

There is no period in the history of the world in which the dog was not subject to man, nor does it seem that we shall ever arrive at a thorough, complete, exhaustive acquaintance with him, for even in a few years great changes take place in established breeds. It is not many years ago that a dog, undoubtedly brought from the Chinese emperor's palace, was exhibited at a London show, which, to my mind, was one of the originators of our King Charles's breed. In everything but colour the dog was identical with our London dog, the ears of the Chinese animal being, however, shorter.

Now, the pictures of Vandyke show us that the favourite of Charles II. was mostly liver-and-white, and the cavaliers' pets were not so well cared as those of the present day. I can myself remember the King Charles when he was far more engaging than the *noseless* dog of our present shows, and when the black-white-and-tan were more predominant in every litter. At the present day the black-and-tanned are almost universally bred and admired.

The Persian Greyhound has much of the coat and quality of the English Setter, and the dogs brought down from the mountainous districts of India appear to be the originals of our Labrador or Newfoundlands.

The general management of dogs is a simple thing. In common with all other domesticated animals, they require simple food, pure air, exercise, and cleanliness. They cannot be reared in a healthy condition without all of these.

They must be allowed free access, at times, to grass, which appears essential to their digestion, or at any rate to improve it. One of the greatest geniuses I have ever known, whose Harriers were one of the wonders of the dog world, and whose celebrated dog "Sam" actually acted as his valet, never loses any of his pack by distemper, and he assured me that he simply takes care the youngsters have the opportunity of helping themselves to grass several times, if not every day, in the week. He attributed the immunity from mange to the excellent quality of his oatmeal, and to his care in boiling or cooking it. Oatmeal should be boiled two hours, and mixed with broth—cold broth. In the summer, vegetables are of the very greatest importance, and of all vegetables, cabbage is the best. But all dogs will eat turnips well boiled and mashed, or pulped, especially when mixed with oatmeal, flavoured with the best *new* tallow greaves. I do not think tallow greaves nutritious, but they take off the flat taste and insipid character of vegetable food in the summer, when horseflesh is hard to get and difficult to keep; for the old horse, which in a general way comes to the share of the dogs, if there is a prospect of a hard winter, is allowed to live with the hope of earning something, as long as his master can turn him out to get his living in country lanes or heath lands.

I believe biscuits (especially Spratt's biscuits, with a small per-centage of animal food in them), soaked overnight, to be a capital diet, for a change, but as long as you give it your expense is increased. The finest bran, what millers call "toppings," is of service when mixed with the oatmeal, and it certainly has a cooling effect upon the blood and regulates the stomach. Young nettles, lettuce run to seed, the outside leaves of broccoli, cauliflower, or the general garden rubbish which goes to the share of

the Alderney cow, all these when boiled are good adjuncts to the kennel copper when the dogs are not in work, and whey is of great service as an alterative, but I do not consider it has any other beneficial effects. Wheat-meal is also good.

All dogs should be fed upon the earth, for unless they take in a certain quantity of mould or lime the stomach becomes weakened or diseased.

Bones, if very large and hard, should be broken up or pounded, so as to make them manageable for the dog, who seldom, if ever, breaks his teeth with anything with which he grapples. He is more apt to lose them from pampered feeding, or to wear them away by fetching stones.

Boiled rice—or, better still, rice-meal—is of great service in the kennel, and dogs will work upon it moderately well, if mixed with oatmeal and broth. I have been accustomed to buy rice of very fair quality at £7 or £8 a ton, and rice-meal costs very little more.

Where one dog is kept, if he has the scraps from the house, these various provisions are not required. It will be necessary merely to guard against the animal's becoming gross by eating fatty substances, or constitutional laziness, to which I may add the mistaken kindness of his master or mistress.

Drawing-room pets are peculiarly liable to plethora, and there is but one remedy—*starvation*. With over-high condition, skin-disease comes as a matter of course. In this wretched state the skin becomes thick, ribbed, and irritable, and low diet, physic, and dressing all fail unless the dressing is severe, and as I think barbarous. No house-dog in a moderate-sized family requires any *feeding*. He can supply himself if he is unrestrained, and plates of meat, thin bread-and-butter, and cake are cruelties. I think, however, that no dog should be altogether a free agent. He should be chained up *at times* or he will be indifferent to any exertion, and capricious as to following his master or staying at home. He will be most

sensible and useful if he is the servant of *one person*, and if no one else has anything to do with him, and decidedly, whoever is to be the master for the day should *personally* loosen his chain. The dog always has a very marked preference for that individual who unbuckles his collar *first* when he has been taken to a new home, and he never forgets this hour's liberty.

In handling a new arrival, I have invariably found that the most ill-tempered brute can be approached without danger, if he is first regarded with a fixed gaze and utter indifference as to his mood or manners. My next step has always been to offer him *the back of my hand* to smell and examine. He will sometimes make a feint of snapping, but if the hand is not withdrawn, it will be a feint only, and there is literally nothing for him to take hold of. I then gently stroke his head, and regardless of all consequences, I proceed to unfasten his chain at the kennel end. After this he is my humble servant, and we thoroughly understand that I have no fear and he has no bad intentions. I have tried this with all sorts of dogs, and I have never been bitten by them. I have purposely selected some of the most savage dogs at exhibitions, and at the Salisbury Dog-show I unfastened a Fox Terrier which the keepers were afraid to touch, on this principle, and he eventually won the first prize at the show. The semblance of fear pleases a snappish dog; it gratifies his vanity, and it has the same effect upon a canary or a goldfinch in confinement. Draw away your finger and the bird will fly *at* it, and eventually *on* it.

As I have entered on this subject, I may observe that a strange dog occasionally has the trick of flying at people in the streets. A sudden stop will make such an animal ashamed of himself, and he will literally slink away if no fear is displayed. I put this in practice not many months ago, when an unpleasant street dog, which had been lashed by a horsebreaker, was attracted by my being near the break whilst he smarted

from the whip, and I was amused by the sudden change in his demeanour when he saw that his rush was disregarded, or viewed with curiosity rather than alarm. As, however, many persons would find it impossible to practise my philosophy, I am a thorough advocate for the utter rout, discomfiture, or annihilation of all stray dogs, unless they are restrained with the *French wire muzzle*—the only reliable instrument for the security of the public; and I trust that the system commenced, I believe, in Glasgow or Liverpool may be extended not only to the towns, but the villages of England.

The lodging of dogs is quite as important a matter as their food. It should be dry, cool in summer, warm in winter, and it should have the morning sun. A rivulet of water running through it is a great boon, for fresh water is of the utmost consideration. The sleeping-room should be paved or tiled; in every case the paving should be set in Roman or Portland cement, and superficial drains from the four corners should meet at a grating with a trapped drain.

The bed ought to be large enough for the dog to lie and stretch on, but not larger. I prefer beds only slightly raised from the ground, and I am most particular as to the jointing of the floors. There must be no upward draught of air, and to ensure this, I not only have the joints beneath but the whole of the bed well pitched on the under side. The wall-side should be wainscoted, and a current of air should pass between the wainscot and the wall, and the back of the wainscoting should be well pitched also. A ledge about three inches deep prevents the straw—or, what is better, deal shavings—from being littered, and the less bedding, in a general way, the better. If red deal shavings cannot be procured, wheaten straw will answer as well if it is slightly sprinkled with turpentine, and a fruit-tree syringe will do this economically, or a pipe made on the principle of the well-known "refraichisseur," with which scent is disseminated in a spray, and this is what I

have found best for the purpose, or for deodorising with Condy's fluid, or carbolic acid diluted.

Of course it is of the very greatest importance that at certain seasons the sexes should be separated. This cannot be done with too great security.

If a man prides himself very much on any particular breed, he should keep no males of any other sort about his premises. He may then fearlessly allow his keeper to put the Retrievers with the Setters, or the Spaniels with both, especially if he has room for them in the harem.

The doors of sleeping-houses ought almost all the year round to be fastened open, and in the most inclement weather, when they are fastened, a swing-door, acting on two pivots, should allow free egress or entrance to the inmates.

I prefer a gravelled yard well drained to any other. The shifty nature of the gravel keeps a dog's feet in order, the daily use of the shovel renders an occasional fresh surface indispensable, and a dressing of dry earth will always check distemper.

Provided the sleeping-house has a high roof, with a free current of air passing all through it, it will afford cool shelter in summer heats, and I think thatch or reed is preferable to any other covering, although it is objectionable as harbouring fleas or other insects.

The fencing of the yard should not be less than ten feet in height, and it is better that the dogs should see all going on around them, than that they should be thoroughly secluded, and also that they should be able to see without standing on their hind-legs.

The breeding-kennels should be very comfortable and airy, and they ought to be shut off from the rest of the establishment. The bitch should have very little bedding, and water so near her that she can allay her thirst without leaving her litter.

Six is a large number for any mother to rear. Four are

quite enough, and foster-mothers should be provided for the rest. I always leave the best whelps with the mother. I put the others with the young of the mother I have retained to nurse them, for an hour or two, until the milk of the wet-nurse begins to be troublesome, when she will be quite ready to take her new charge, and adopt them as her own.

The whelps ought to be born late in February or early in March. None do so well, or make such fine dogs; and with Pointers or Setters this is indispensable, as in the ensuing March they will be ready to break, whilst if born later a year is lost.

As soon as they will lap milk they should have it; new from the cow if possible, but skim milk may be given if it is warmed and sweetened with sugar. Regularity in feeding is a grand point whatever is the age. Young dogs, and those intended for exhibition, should be fed twice a day at least; and in all other cases they should be fed in the evening, and six o'clock is a good hour.

All dogs should be called out by name to feed, and not allowed to eat to repletion, and no food should be left in the trough. A day's entire abstinence will frequently render physic unnecessary for man or dog; but in the case of a dog being amiss, an ounce of Epsom salts for a dog about the size of a Pointer, and less in proportion for smaller dogs, is the best medicine I have ever used.

Young dogs are frequently tormented with parasites—fleas, puppy-lice, or ticks. I have found an eighth of an ounce of corrosive sublimate in six gallons of water an innocuous and effective dipping, and I have used the same quantity of this poisonous drug with effect in the lime-wash with which I cleansed my kennels; but latterly I have applied a teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a gallon of water with the best results.

Throughout the year every kennel ought to be deodorised once a week. I have used Condy's fluid or carbolic acid, diluted

according to the directions on each jar, and have always found it a most efficacious preparation, and I strenuously recommend it to all who would keep their dogs in health.

Next to keeping the dog's stomach in good order, it is important that his skin should be clean and healthy. I have used with considerable success the old dressing of sulphur, turpentine, and fish oil. Later on I substituted sweet oil for fish oil, a change my servants disapproved of, as "it didn't smell half so strong;" but I have been made a convert to the *yellow* iodide of mercury, one and a half drachms mixed with two ounces of lard, applied every other day for a week, being the best proportion in most instances. I have seen very obstinate cases completely cured by this means, and I have within the last six months witnessed its effects upon a lady's pet Newfoundland, which had suffered from a virulent mange for several years. The dog had been condemned when it was sent to me, and in six weeks it was clean, comfortable, and in very fine condition. Hitherto it has had no repetition of the attack, and looks like a dog of two or three years old, although in reality it is seven or eight. The dog should be washed on the alternate days.

Mange may show itself in a kennel from unwashed floors, bad living, gross feeding, want of exercise, or contagion. I believe every description of the disease is to be cured by the iodide of mercury, to which I should add tonic medicine, and the exhibition of the liquor arsenicalis, which is a most valuable preparation if used with common care and attention. I have seen of late years a skin disease which is new to me. It has frequently run through my kennel, but I am not prepared to say that it is contagious. A small, red, greasy spot shows itself on the hip; in a few days this spot becomes bare, circular, and inflamed. The first victim in my pack died a mass of sores, which ran into one all down the neck and shoulder. I was recommended to try remedies of all kinds, but nothing seemed to do any good. It was some months before it showed itself

again, when one of my most valuable Setters was attacked. It suddenly struck me that it was a description of ringworm, and I at once applied Morrell's registration ink, and with complete success. We now have occasional visitations of the complaint, and whilst I write a young bitch is suffering from it, but we look upon the remedy as a specific, and my servant has in latter cases never even mentioned to me that an animal is infected.

Canker in the ear seems to be the complaint of dogs which have passed their prime, or of those suffering from the ills of age. When it attacks young dogs it may be looked upon as the result of cold or accident. The best remedy I have ever used, and I have never known it fail, consists of equal parts of the liquor plumbi and tincture of arnica, diluted with an equal quantity of water, poured into the ear; and whilst the dog's head is held on one side, it must be gently kneaded in by rubbing the dog's ear against its head. No collar should be used whilst the dog is suffering from this complaint, as he is sure to shake his head all day long, and to bruise the flap of his ear, which eventually becomes raw.

Sores on the top of the ear originate in the attacks of flies, and these pests can be warded off by repeatedly dressing the sores with tar ointment.

No dog of mine has ever suffered from founder, or kennel lameness, which is, I believe, more commonly found amongst Hounds than any other dogs.

Setters and hairy-footed dogs, even the very highest-bred Pointers, occasionally become lame from walking in mud and wet lowlands, and passing thence to scorching heath or sandy ground. The toes become spread with hard balls of clay, which entangle themselves in the hair dividing the toes, and as these animals are very high-couraged, and become excited with their work, they manifest no inconvenience until they are kennelled for the night, or have to follow the keeper home, they then suddenly drop lame, and upon examination a redness or ex-

coriation is visible between each toe, which, unless attended to, becomes an ulcer. The evil must be removed first. The feet should be soaked to soften these balls if water is near, and they may then be broken carefully, and all grit removed; but, if other means cannot be found for relieving the poor tired animal, I should cut off the hair carefully, and thus relieve the toes of the pressure and tension, and, on my return home, wash the feet with warm water, and dress them with glycerine. In the morning, if the inflammation has abated, and the redness disappeared, I should use tar ointment as a dressing, and not work the dog until he went sound and looked in condition.'

A dog's fitness for labour—his general health—may be ascertained by several visible signs. His glossy coat, his prominent muscle, his loose skin, his sparkling eye, and his cool damp nose. A hot nose, loaded with a dark ribbed or cracked skin, and sore nostrils, betokens debility or weak digestion. The muscles soon waste and the coat becomes dull, harsh, and "staring."

When a dog shows by his general appearance that he is not healthy, it is best not to wait for a break-down, but *at once* to separate him from his companions, and give him a few days' rest and quiet.

If he has been fed on flesh or greaves, his evacuations will be dark; but if he has fed like the others, and yet these signs of some bilious affection are present, I should give him—I speak of a dog of the Pointer size—three or four grains of podophyllin, which I have proved to be a most efficacious remedy. Or, fifteen grains of jalap and five of calomel will be found a very good bolus; but the dog must be kept dry and warm for several days.

The dog is liable to several eye diseases, especially ophthalmia. This arises from dirt, a thorn, or a blow. The eye weeps, the lid is never still, and the conjunctiva, or inner lid, or rather the lining of the lid, becomes inflamed.

I have always found a gentle dose of medicine and seclusion from light and excitement most beneficial. Even when the eye has become cloudy and opaque there is little danger, provided the organ is left alone, and the most serious cases can be relieved and eventually cured by the seton in the neck.

There is no difficulty in applying this remedy; you have but to hold the skin up as most persons would seize a dog. If you do not possess a seton-needle, a large penknife will do; this must be plunged through both skins, and left there to act as a director for a packing-needle, carrying a tape about half an inch wide. This should be tied, sufficient length being given to pull it through, and cleanse it every twenty-four hours, when it should be smeared with blister cerate, or beeswax and turpentine. It may be left a week or fourteen days, and when withdrawn the sores will rapidly heal. Ulcer on the eye is cured by blowing a grain of dry calomel into it every day.

Distemper—the scourge of all kennels—is very uncertain in its visits and its virulence. If I hear of its presence in the kennels of my neighbours, I ask with anxiety what form it has assumed. If weak and not violent, I know in all probability, I shall not lose many, if any, of my young stock; and if it is violent and fatal, I put my faith in disinfectants, but not in medicine. I believe that "remedies" generally kill—that the dog cured by distemper specifics could have recovered more rapidly without them, for nursing and diet are the best remedies. I do not believe any medical practitioner knows much about the dog, therefore I trust him to the homœopathist whose remedies will at least do no harm.

When the disease is of a light nature, when his appetite does not absolutely fail him, when his muscles do not waste rapidly, then milk and bread, and warmth, will carry the dog through; but a relapse is always fatal. Dogs supplied with pure water and regular exercise are most free from attack. Those which drink water impregnated with lime are, so far as my

experience goes, seldom if ever attacked by it. Most dogs, especially Clumber Spaniels, are safe if they do not take the disease before they are a year old. If the lungs become involved the case is hopeless. If the brain is *seriously* affected the dog may recover, but he will carry the effects of the distemper more or less through life. I have seen dogs recover from chorea, or shaking palsy, but they are generally doomed. I have tried vaccination on a very extensive scale, but I have no faith in it whatever. The best of the litter have the disease the worst, and frequently die. It leaves the kennel as suddenly as it appears, and it is seen in the *virulent form* about every four years. The highest-bred dogs are most exposed to this scourge.

I never keep a whelp which has fits, nor a full-grown dog either, although I have known dogs to grow out of them. Fits are hereditary in the dog, and so is shyness. I have known both these evils propagated through six or seven generations; I would not only never breed from a shy dog, but I would never have one. It shows itself generally at four weeks old, and by stamping on the floor, or a sudden rap against the panel of the kennel, it may at once be detected. The shy whelp will put his tail between his legs, and cower; the bold ones will merely prick their ears and show curiosity.

Protrusion of the rectum has not unfrequently followed distemper in my kennels; if this is neglected, it is fatal. I lost a very fine young Retriever bitch in this way. The gut protruded, and I was from home; my servant waited for my arrival, but my usual remedy failed. I have, in these cases, usually made a number of stitches with a suture-needle; using a soft but strong thread, I have drawn the outer membrane up tight and tied it like the mouth of a bag, having previously returned the protrusion, and when done at once this means is effectual, but if neglected or put off, the animal strains until it bursts the stitches, ulceration sets in, and it will not submit to a second operation.

Another plan I am assured is effectual as a cure is to touch the protrusion with nitric acid and return it, when it will retract of itself. I tried this remedy and it failed, but I ought to say that it was in a desperate case, after usual treatment had been found useless.

Tape-worm is a frequent cause of illness. It shows itself by a staring coat and loss of condition.

The dog should be fasted for twenty-four hours; a dog the size of a Pointer should then have about as much pounded areca-nut as would lie on a florin. If put into new milk, and at once given before it imparts its acrid taste, the animal will drink it; two hours after, if required, he should have a copious dose of castor oil.

As soon as whelps are five weeks old, they should be separated from the mother for a couple of hours at a time; and, indeed, as soon as the last whelp is born the mother ought to be allowed to run out for a few minutes into a sheltered yard.

Twice a day she should have this indulgence, or she will become jaded and weary of her task. But when the whelps are nearly fit to wean, if she is confined with them, the mother will beat them off, and sometimes cripple or even kill them by undue severity. A disposition to kill or eat them at the moment of birth has been ascribed to thirst, and I believe justly. I have never seen such an instance when a trough of water is within the mother's reach. When thoroughly weaned, which must be done gradually, the whelps should be accustomed by degrees to all sights and sounds.

It has been my custom to let them be coupled, and practised to run in pairs by the time they are three months old. When I first take them out, I never attempt to manage more than two couples, and to the centre ring of each couple I attach a trace of very fine cord, not less than thirty yards long. At first there is a strong inclination to run back at the approach

of a cart or carriage, or a flock of sheep. Keeping a sharp look-out for all strange objects, I am enabled to get hold of the line, and to control the youngsters until all danger is over, and by degrees I accustom them to meet all the "common objects of the country" without alarm.

I am most anxious during the rearing of young dogs that they should *never connect noise with pain.* Indeed, I am unwilling that they should experience any pain whatever. If they receive but one blow from a whip which cracks, the sound of the gun reminds them of the blow, and they are inclined to run away.

As they grow larger and get more sense, it is well that they should be named, and that the feeder should call them to the trough one by one.

I would never allow anything more severe than a twig for their correction at this time of their puppy life; nor would I permit more than very light, lenient punishment if they came out of their turn to feed.

I believe that when a dog (I speak of dogs for the gun) goes to his breaker, you may alter his name if you choose, without the slightest inconvenience, and that any dog will answer to a fresh name in a week.

With the Retriever it is perhaps more essential to name him at first, for his positive training and education ought to commence at three months old. At a future time, however, I shall treat particularly of dog-breaking, and it is unnecessary to discuss it here at any length; I need only say that whilst the owner can lay a good foundation for the Retriever's future career, he had better leave Pointers and Setters alone, unless he determines to break them entirely unassisted; when, of course, he can do what he pleases, and if he fails he has but himself to blame. I can only say that those dogs have always given my breakers most trouble which breeders and owners have operated upon, and that were I a dog-breaker, I would never

undertake the schooling of any dog which had received any previous tuition.

It is not every man who understands even the common everyday handling of a young dog. It is partly a gift; a good deal the result of love for the dog, and an appreciation of his character, and partly it is the result of practice and patience.

Many a youngster has been ashamed to own that he did not know what a dog should do, far less how to make him do it. Thus he has been in ignorance all his life of the plainest principles of shooting, and he has grown up to be a mere pot-hunter.

In reality, the handling of a dog is a very simple business—a union of firmness and kindness, and a thorough control of temper under the most trying circumstances. When a dog has a blow, let him feel it, but don't flick and "worret" him all day. Let the whip be used after all other means have failed. Let it be the word *first*, and the blow last. Take care that the dog knows *why* he is either rated or flogged, and never rate or flog unless you have him by the collar. Do not leave go until it is pretty well made up between you; and carefully notice how the dog receives his punishment, and what he thinks of it. Never be in a hurry—never *run* when you have anything to do with a dog, unless you want to bring him to you, which your running *from* him is nearly certain to do.

It is not enough, however, that your dog shall have a good temper and plenty of courage; he must be well made. I have always held the opinion that every dog should have straight limbs: yes, even a Turnspit. If I were to keep Turnspits, I would have straight-legged ones. Crooked limbs are in my opinion a deformity, even in a Skye Terrier. A long neck, shoulders deep and sloping, feet and ankles straight, a good loin, good "back-ribs," a deep chest, straight strong hocks, well-bent "stifles," and good thighs are indispensable for every class of dog. The development of these points is essential.

There are, of course, modifications as to height, or coat, or head, but these I will consider in their proper place.

Dogs have of late been divided into Sporting Dogs and Toys. I prefer myself to call them useful and ornamental. Of course, a dog may be both one and the other, or he may be neither; in the latter case he will not be worth my consideration.

The useful dogs would include, first, the Hounds. These are the Deerhound, the Bloodhound, the Staghound, the Foxhound, the Harrier, the Otter-hound, the Beagle, the Greyhound. Next, the Pointers of various colours, such as the self-coloured Pointers—white, black, liver-coloured, red, sandy. The pied Pointers—the liver-and-white, black-and-white, orange or lemon and white, speckled with the above colours; black, liver, red, or sandy flecked with white; Pointers with coloured heads—black-and-tan, black-white-and-tan.

The Setters are generally divided into English Setters, Gordons, and Irish. The English are to be found of all the Pointer colours, and when flecked with black, with occasional blotches of black, either with tan cheeks and marks on the legs, or without, they are termed Belton Greys.

The Gordon and Irish will be described hereafter. It will be enough to say that the Gordons are so called from being adopted and used by the late Duke of Gordon, and that I have positive proofs to offer that they were both black-tan and black-white-and-tan, whilst the Irish are of a deep red or mahogany colour, and that no other colour ranks as a pure Irish Setter with Irishmen.

Next in general estimation come Retrievers — the dogs used for recovering lost game. There is no doubt that any dog, whether used for recovering man on the Alps, the hart in Scotch forests, or the grouse, pheasant, hare, or other game, is a Retriever; but I am now limiting the term to those dogs which are used as companions for the gun, and therefore I

limit the term to flat-coated black Retrievers, curly-coated black Retrievers, smooth-coated Retrievers—the above differing in colour only—and the dark puce or liver-coloured Irish Retriever, and Russian Retriever.

Next in order come the Spaniels. I place the Clumber in the first rank, as the best-looking but not the most useful of all Spaniels, and decidedly the handsomest dog ever bred for the sportsman. Next to him comes the liver-coloured Sussex; then the Norfolk, and black, black-tan, liver-and-white, and various coloured Cockers, whose name is legion.

The Dropper, a cross between Setter and Pointer, I do not like. He is useless as a breeding dog, although certainly useful occasionally in the field; but his talents are uncertain and his temper is capricious.

The Labrador, or Newfoundland, either pure or crossed by Setter or Scotch Colley, is also a useful dog for the gun, as are various other crosses, such as the Lurcher and other crosses of Greyhound, but these are only broken for driving rabbits or hares by those who do not shoot in a sportsmanlike manner.

Amongst the useful and ornamental dogs, I must class the Scotch Colley; and occasionally the English Sheep Dog is a good-looking animal, but this is of rare occurrence.

The dogs not used for the gun, or not considered as game dogs, are the Mastiff, which, although grand, is of little use; the St. Bernard, the Dalmatian, the Bull Dog, the Bull Terrier, the black-and-tan Terrier, the white English Terrier, the white Scotch Terrier, the blue-tan English Terrier, the blue-tan or Peter Eden breed, the Skye Terrier, the Dandy Dinmont, and the Truffle Dog—a sort of Poodle.

Of Toys there are the Pug Dog, the Italian Greyhound (now much prized), the King Charles's Spaniel, the Blenheim Spaniel, the Maltese, the Poodle, the Pomeranian, and the black-tan Toy Terrier, large and small.

Three *original* (I use this word to distinguish them from

*imported*) breeds—perhaps four, produce distinct and valuable qualities, and hand them down to their descendants.

The Bulldog is the source of courage and perseverance; the Greyhound of speed; the Bloodhound of nose, or power to track by scent; and the Mastiff, possibly a crossed or manufactured animal, in the very earliest days of history, and for which our island was celebrated in the time of the Romans, is the fount of strength and colossal form.

The Bulldog invigorates the constitution and strengthens the nerves of certain breeds, long after all trace of his form has disappeared. This is especially the case if he is crossed with the Greyhound. The Bulldog deteriorates from the speed of that exquisite and fleet Hound for several generations, but he gives him stamina and "bottom." This fact is so well known to coursers, that all distinguished and successful lovers of the leash have had recourse to the cross, and they have waited patiently so far as the tenth generation to regain that fleetness which they imperilled.

Probably the Mastiff, or Molossus, was derived from the admixture of Bulldog and old Wolfhound, and Bulldog family is to my mind evident in his conformation.

The dogs above named have been used to manufacture certain animals now formed into breeds or groups, and to combine form and quality. As I have observed, they are used occasionally to refresh weakened instincts and constitutions, but such infusions of blood require great experience and caution. No animal retains a stain so long, and mongrel blood could not be effaced or counterbalanced by the exertions and care of a whole life.

Certain breeds—take for example the Setter—are too sensitive to submit to any cross of foreign blood without deterioration, which will exhibit itself in form and field qualities. The Pointer bears a cross better, and there is little doubt that he is a combination of Foxhound, Spanish Pointer, and con-

sequently of Greyhound; but all this will be fully described in its proper place.

"General utility" dogs—to borrow a theatrical phrase—bear admixture best; for example, the English Sheep Dog, or what is commonly accepted as the English Terrier—which it frequently is not—may be made up of innumerable breeds.

The first cross between two separate breeds is an undoubted "mongrel," a shapeless nondescript, blending generally in its malformations the faults of both types. A glance at the likeness of Mr. Hanley's "Half-and-Half," figured in Stonehenge's book on the Dog, will show the truth of this assertion; and in a subsequent engraving of "Hystericks," the fourth cross from the Bulldog ("Half-and-Half" being the first, as her name implies), the Bulldog strain is evident to a practised eye.

In the first cross it would require consummate judgment to discover any trace of Greyhound *in these* days—I say advisedly in these days—for thirty years ago the first cross was to be seen on every highway and thoroughfare, the half-and-half being the best truck-dog the itinerant costermonger or nut-barrow man could purchase, and such dogs were bred and broken to harness as a livelihood by dealers in harness-dogs in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool.

Crossing undoubtedly adds to the dog's intelligence. The highest-bred dogs are, as a rule, wanting in this faculty. This is the result of in-breeding. The whole system becomes enfeebled; the constitution is more liable to disease, and soon succumbs; the brain is weak; the circulation slow. Palsy, fits, dropsy, tumours, rickets, malformation of the limbs, cancer, every variety of disease attacks these high-bred favourites, from which the tinker's mongrel escapes.

Many of these calamities occur from the close confinement, the pampering, and high feeding to which these valuable strains are subjected; but most of them are the result of that

constitutional infirmity and scrofulous habit which is the curse of inbred or prize animals.

Judicious crossing can only be successful when done with judgment and patience. We must wait for years to obtain the result, and we may be disappointed in the end.

The mongrel, in the common acceptation of the title, is the dog of the poor man or the ignorant one, who breeds by accident, or takes what is given him and is satisfied. It is aimless, of course. It may be between Spaniel and Terrier—one which no time will ever set right; or Newfoundland and Setter, which is equally disastrous; but supposing it to be between English white Terrier and Bulldog, that first production is valueless, and ought to be kept only to get by degrees the proper and accepted formation of head and jaws, which will declare itself in the course of generations.

It is difficult to imagine how beautiful and talented a race or races of dogs might be produced by practical, patient, and thoughtful breeders. It is painful to think how little care and attention has been given to the subject, and how rude the hands and ignorant the heads of those who have until lately given attention to breeding. The form, the colour, the perseverance, the sense, the dash of the Foxhound—to whose culture many men who would have been eminent in any walk of life have bent all their energies—these brilliant qualities show us how much remains as yet undeveloped in the canine race, and how much has been accomplished.

Mongrels, however, constitute the large majority of what I must take the liberty of calling the canine population, and these wayfarers imperil the purity of many a kennel, and what is more, the safety of many a household. To them we may trace the spread of hydrophobia (a disease utterly incurable), the destruction of game, especially in the nesting season, and those depredations committed under the trials of hunger, for which, often unjustly, foxes are made answerable.

The five-shilling duty has not materially diminished the number of these vagrant curs, nor has it influenced the breeding of the dog in any way. The middle classes will seldom take a dog from each other, except as a gift, and there is no encouragement to those who breed dogs to begin with pure and, consequently, expensive parents.

Possibly want of education as to the dog's form and breeding is the fertile cause of this love of underbred animals, for artisans in manufacturing towns, if they keep or breed dogs at all, soon become celebrated for their "strain."

The numerous dog-shows in various parts of the country have done much to educate the public eye. Where one judge of the general outlines could be found ten or twelve years ago, they can now be multiplied by hundreds, and in many classes the animals which would have been admitted and decorated a few years ago, would now scarcely gain admission, or if admitted, would attract no notice whatever.

Black-and-brindle, or the mixture of these with white, are the commonest mongrel colours; but they are to be found of sandy, sandy-and-white, and, less commonly, of black-and-tan, but pure white is very seldom seen in mixed races. In certain families—for instance, the Spaniel or Setter—the brindle is a sure sign of impure blood. It is not a Spaniel colour, but there are other signs which are unmistakable.

The tail is always characteristic of breed, so are the ears and upper lip, and occasionally the upper or lower jaw. The points of the various acknowledged breeds will be described in their proper place, but it is well to mention that mongrel blood is sure to make itself felt in the points which I have named, and in the texture and density of the hair. A Spaniel with Terrier ears, or a stiff curled tail, or harsh short hair and "moustaches" like a wiry-coated Scotch dog, is readily distinguished, and these ignorant or accidental crosses are utterly useless, as the animal seldom possesses the habits of either

parent to perfection. His base lineage also seems to prey upon his mind, and to render his temper snappish, and his nature slinking, cowardly, and revengeful.

A few simple mechanical contrivances are of great assistance for the breaking of certain sporting dogs, such as Pointers, Setters, Retrievers, and Spaniels. These are choke or check collars, weighted collars, the puzzle peg, and the line.

The choke collar is now seldom or never used, but I have given an engraving of it. Fig. 1, open; Fig. 2, when closed by a jerk of the line which is attached to the swivel ring. This line should be at least twenty yards long. But my improved spike collar, Fig. 3, is far more simple in its action, and as the spikes are constructed of nuts and screws, their severity may be tempered to the disposition, coat, or skin of any dog.

For wild or impetuous rangers I have found the weighted collar, Fig. 4, most useful. The weights are of lead, easily made by any plumber, and their weight must be proportioned to the dog that carries them.

Fig. 5 is a weighted and spiked collar combined, and is a German invention, the balls being made of lead. I have given a separate engraving of the lead weight below, Fig. 6, which is one of the leads used for the collar, Fig. 4.

Fig. 7 is a puzzle peg with adjusting rings, which not only restrains a Pointer or Setter from carrying his head low and thus taking narrow parallels in his "beat," but prevents any dog in his puppyhood from injuring sheep or fowls.

The peg* represented by Fig. 8 is one of the most useful of the keeper's breaking instruments. It should be made with a joint and metal ferrule, like the old-fashioned parasol, as one of considerable length, suited for sandy or loose soil, can thus be carried easily in the pocket. The line can be whipped round this in an instant, and the dog secured to learn the mystery of the "down charge," or "waiting" and guarding gun or game.

* A peg with a worm or screw has now been invented, which is far superior to the old jointed peg.

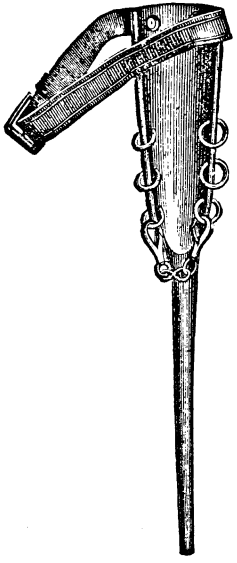


Fig. 7.

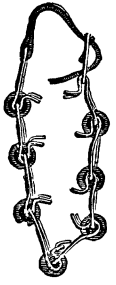


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

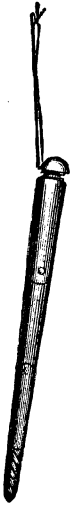


Fig. 8.

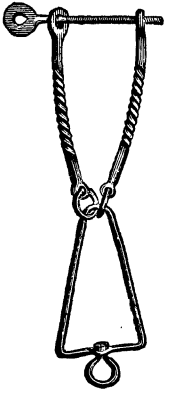


Fig. 2.

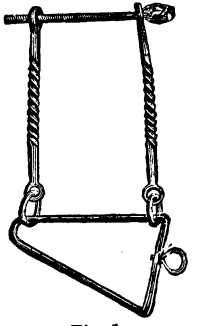


Fig. 1.

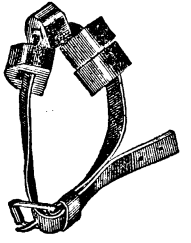


Fig. 4.

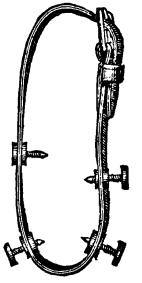


Fig. 3.

## CHAPTER II.

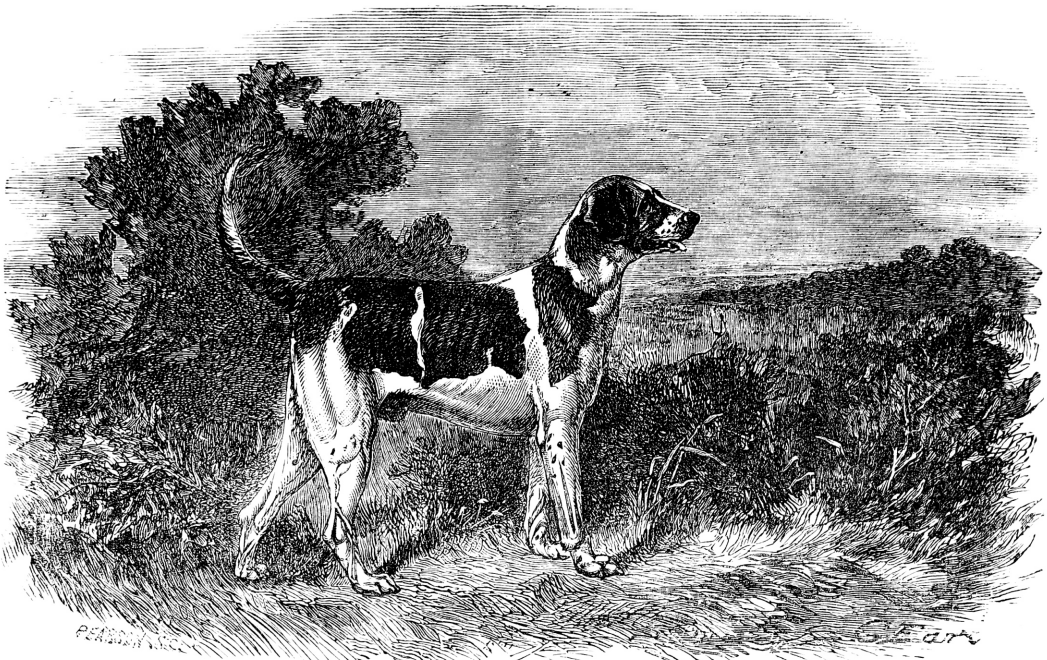
### THE MODERN FOXHOUND.

More than two hundred years ago fox-hunting was a national amusement, but great changes have taken place in the system on which it is carried out.

The dress, for instance, would be rather conspicuous at Melton, according to the description given of a fox-hunter's toilet in the middle of the last century. It relates to a celebrated "Squire Western" of the day.

"His boots were never worn but upon very particular occasions. They constituted his full dress, and had served him for twenty years, and when well greased with neats-foot oil, they would have defied a week's rain. They came up to the point of the knee-pad, and were well secured with a strap round the thigh. The spurs were just large enough in the necks for the rowels to turn. The favourite breeches were made of the skin of a tup dressed with the fleshy side outwards, which, in addition to being very handsome, would never grease or wear out. The waistcoat was made of an otter-skin, trimmed with gold lace. The coat, which had braved the storms of many a winter, made to come well over the knees, and with the addition of an old hunting-cap and a pair of Welsh gloves, a leather girdle round the waist, and an immense whip, completed a dress which might defy the elements themselves."

"Instead of riding their hacks to cover, the plan was to be at the rabbit-warren (or other place where the fox was expected to feed) by break of day, and to trail up to the cover, so that it was frequently necessary to be on horseback by five in the morning, and, from the hounds being much slower than those of the present day, it was frequently starlight when we returned"



FOXHOUND.

"GAINER," THE PROPERTY OF CHAS. RADCLIFFE, ESQ., M.F.H., THE HYDE, DORSET.

This was known as finding a fox by the "drag," or dragging up to a fox before he had digested his supper, and of course he could not stand before Hounds at the pace prevalent in these days, when Hounds and horses (and men for that matter) are all faster than their ancestors. Nimrod says, writing in 1822, "Harriers now go the pace of Foxhounds, and Foxhounds that of Greyhounds, and the style of horse, and the seat upon him, all have been revolutionised."

In the earliest days in which there are any records of fox-hunting, Reynard was pursued by a mixed pack of "Fox-dogs," Terriers, Greyhounds, and nets.

The "Fox-dog," in all probability, was the Southern Hound, a heavy, "crook-kneed" kind of baying Hound, which dwelt on the scent, and was incapable of killing a fox unless he hunted him to death; indeed, so lately as in 1769 he was so destitute of pace that foxes were drawn from their earths, or bolted with Terriers, turned down in an enclosed park, and chased with relays of Hounds!

The same principle of hunting was applied to hares. Edward II., when Prince of Wales, wrote to his cousin, the Count D'Evreux, that he had sent him some "bow-legged Hare-hounds of Wales," who, he says, "can discover a hare if they find it sleeping, and "some of our running dogs, who can swiftly chase it." He also offers to send some of the *wild natives*, who, he suggests, can "teach their rearing to the children of great lords."

So long ago as 1590 the Southern, or Talbot, was rendered shorter on the leg, and faster, by crossing, and then he was called a "Kibble Hound," and in the time of James I. they ran "together in a lumpe" (as that monarch writes to the Duke of Buckingham), "both at sente and view." Probably these were descended from Edward II.'s Welsh Harriers, Wales being celebrated for its breeds in the tenth century, especially for Buckhounds, Greyhounds, Harriers, and Spaniels.

It is not more than 130 years ago, that Hounds were used in couples, and Lord Hertford's pack, in the Cotswolds, were the first to draw woodlands in the modern style.

It is uncertain at what date the modern Foxhound was established, nor can we, with any certainty, determine his exact origin. That the Southern Hound, somewhat resembling the modern Bloodhound, was the root or foundation, I have no doubt; and I think that he derives these colours, formerly more common than at present in old packs (especially with mixings or blendings, as the Hare or Badger "pie"), from having been crossed with the old Gaze or Greyhound. Those who first designed the cross evidently intended and desired to combine the power of the two different races employed for destroying the fox—the Greyhound and the Heavy Finder, or Southern Hound. If, as it is said, hunting was practised 2,600 years before the Christian era, it would be strange indeed if we had not reached perfection in our breed of Hounds and the science of hunting, while the improvement has been so gradual that it can be traced with some degree of certainty. The celebrated pack of the late Mr. John Warde possessed many of the coarse marks of the old Southern, especially about the head—they were throaty —they had large flabby dewlaps, and they were *slow*. His blood, however, was deservedly prized, and by judicious breeding these glaring deformities have been expunged.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," the education of the country gentleman has helped on the refinement of the Hound. Charlemagne could not write his own name, they say; and in the times of bluff King Hal the country squire assisted his memory with a notched stick. But when in time his mind became improved by roughing it at Eton, and he had rubbed off the rough angles at one or other of our Universities, or under the discipline of a sharp colonel, the scales fell from his eyes, and he used some of his new ideas to guide him in purchasing a better class of animal for sporting purposes.

The result of the combination, whatever it was, has been a magnificent development of all that is grand, and great, and good in the canine race. The ideal of a hunter is realised in the modern Foxhound, who is strong without lumber, speedy, possessed of exquisite scenting powers, unequalled endurance, and inexhaustible courage.

A most striking example of these qualities is recorded in the *Sporting Magazine* of the year 1796, and I hesitate not to quote it, for the barbarity of the owner is, I trust, unexampled.

A Foxhound was so flogged for "babbling"—that is, opening, (as these wiseacres supposed, on an imaginary fox) that the ferocious master and whips cut her about her head with their whips until they struck out one of her eyes. She still persisted in her line, and some time after a farmer brought word that a fox was far ahead with one Hound after him, whereupon Colonel Thornton clapped on the pack, overtook, and killed him, and then took out his scissors and severed the skin by which the bitch's eye had hung pendant in the chase.

As to courage, the Foxhound has never hesitated to attack whatever he was laid on—wolf, otter, badger, red deer, or—as in the case of Major Luttrell's pack—the wild boar at Amboise.

The modern Foxhound is probably much faster than he was in 1795, but in that year a Hound named "Merkin" ran four miles in seven minutes and half a second, and I believe that a bitch named "Blue Cap" exceeded this pace at Newmarket Race-course, and with several others beat a race-horse; and as a specimen of perseverance I may instance Mr. G. Baker's "Romulus," who killed a fox single-handed, after a "stern" chase of eighteen miles.

Beckford, whose "Thoughts upon Hunting," published something less than a century ago, has been the text-book of genuine sportsmen from the time the first edition appeared, saw the inconvenience of having as huntsman an illiterate fellow, who seldom can read or write, and maintains "there must be

an understanding somewhere, nor can any gentleman enjoy the noble diversion in perfection without it."

"Without taking upon me," he says, "to describe what requisites may be necessary to form a good prime minister, I will describe some of those which are essentially necessary towards making a perfect huntsman; qualities which I will venture to say would not disgrace more brilliant situations—such as clear head, nice observation, quick apprehension, undaunted courage, strength of constitution, activity of body, a good ear, and a melodious voice."

Education was a dangerous doctrine in those days—of course in these it meets with no obstruction amongst our country squires—and so he felt it necessary to offer some apology for these sweeping sentiments, and after asserting that it was not uncommon to meet with a huntsman "frequently a greater brute than the creature which he rides," he goes on to say, "I do not mean by this that a huntsman should be a man of letters, but give me leave to say that had he the best understanding he would frequently find opportunities of exercising it and intricacies which might put it to the test."

Mr. Beckford asserts of the Foxhound, what may be said of all dogs, that if he is not of perfect symmetry, he will neither run fast nor bear much work; and as his description of the Foxhound has never been surpassed, I shall quote it as a standard of excellence for all time.

"Let his legs be straight as arrows, his feet round and not too large; his chest deep, and back broad; his head small, his neck thin, his tail thick and brushy; if he carries it well, so much the better. Such young Hounds as are out at the elbows, and such as are weak from the knee to the foot, should never be taken into the pack. I find that I have mentioned a small head as one of the necessary points about a Hound; you will please to understand it as relative to beauty only; for, as to goodness, I believe large-headed Hounds are no way inferior."

For colour, Beckford cares little, and referring to the "sharp-nosed Hound" (specimens of which—and excellent Hounds they were—I have seen from Devonshire), in contradistinction to the heavy-headed Hound, he tells us that speed and beauty are the chief excellences of the one, whilst stoutness and tenderness of nose in hunting are characteristic of the other.

Already in his time packs were expected to be matching in size as well as speed; the latter quality was appreciated, as I have shown, in the days of King James; and he mentions Hounds which were "unsorty"—as "separately good," but as a *pack* of Hounds "not to be commended."

Nothing is so essential—says the old sportsman—nothing is so essential to your sport, as that your Hounds should run well together; and those run fastest which dwell, or are thrown out, or, as it is called, "thrown up" the least.

In the present day we have more Foxhounds than our ancestors ever dreamed of; and steam, whilst it has "cut up the country," has given great facilities for joining meets.

The Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, Lords Poltimore, Portsmouth, Macclesfield, and Fitzhardinge, have paid strict attention to Hound-breeding, as have many country gentlemen, whilst the larger-sized drafts have been sent to Baron Rothschild and the late Sir Clifford Constable, to establish a large substantial Staghound, capable of long and exhausting "splits" across the country, after such deer as "Ploughboy" and his comrades of the paddock.

The Belvoir pack stands out conspicuous as the fountain of good blood, and most of the best Hounds trace back to that; but there has been little, if any, improvement in the make, shape, or colour of the Foxhound since 1827, when Abraham Cooper, R.A., the English Wouvermans, painted such Hounds as the Belvoir "Harmony" and her kennel companion "Trounser."

Of late there has been a fashion in the colour of the pack, which should be matching—like members of one family run in

the same mould. Hare-pies and badger or blue pies are unfashionable, although frequently of surpassing beauty and excellence. "Hercules," the famous stallion Hound, purchased by the late Mr. James Morrell, at Sir R. Sutton's sale, was a badger pie, and, not long ago, one of the most beautiful bitches at Mr. Charles Radclyffe's puppy-show, was a blue-and-white-and-tan bitch, and a descendant of "Landscape." Black-and-tans, relics of the old Southern blood (for that Hound was frequently of that colour), have been long rejected, and black-white-and-tan prevails. Very often the head and ears are of a brilliant red, or fallow, with a white mouth and lips, and a streak of white, commonly called a "blaze," down the head, a white collar and chest, more or less black in blotches, or a saddle in the body, and half-way up the tail, with white legs and belly. The rich-coloured head has a charming effect, but if the cheeks are tanned, and there is a white blaze, which gives lightness to the head, or if the orange is mixed with or under the dark patches, such a Hound would be considered perfect in colour.

Strength of hind-quarters, deep body, powerful loin, long neck, wear-and-tear legs, and a foot moderately round, with close-knit toes, these are the grand desiderata for a Hound. His ear matters little, as masters of Hounds persist in "rounding" them, although in drawing a covert or thorny break I believe that the ear is a natural protection to the eye, and that it is given for that purpose. In some puppies I have observed a great abundance of "leather," and frequently puppies which, when at walk, have struck me as singularly dignified and graceful, have been so disfigured on their escape from the block and rounding-iron, that I have failed to recognise them. Masters of Hounds do not hold dog-shows in much favour, but patronise their own exhibition at Yarm. Occasionally whole packs have been shown, and they form a great feature in every show; but even a few couples make such spectacles complete, and add to the beauty of the groups.

Nothing could be finer than the pack of Foxhounds in large kennels recently shown by the Duke of Beaufort at the Agricultural Hall.

The packs are generally confined to the separate sexes, and the "lady pack," as it is usually called, is frequently the favourite. The "tongue," or voice, of the dog-hound is far more deep and sonorous than that of the other sex, but I am sorry to say that this great charm of the field is gradually decreasing.

The height of the Foxhound should not exceed 24 inches, for dogs, and 22½ for bitches; but the size will depend upon the country, and especially upon the fences. Osbaldeston's lady pack averaged 22 inches, and were more than equal to their fox.

A Foxhound is valuable as one of a pack, not as a separate specimen, but I give a portrait of a Hound possessing the chief points of strength, symmetry, speed, and stamina.

Of course there are men who hunt for the sake of following fashion instead of a fox, and—like the man in Beckford's book—prefer coursing to fox-hunting, because it is soonest over; but generally those well-entered to Foxhounds became enthusiasts in the sport, and although they would not go so far as a Duke of Northumberland, who, after a hard run, had a fox's head devilled, and ate the most it; or like Mr. H. Stebbing, leave express instructions in their wills that they should be buried with a fox's head in each hand, they have devoted to it money, time, talent, energy, and exhibited a courage, patience, perseverance, and administrative powers under difficulties, which would have commanded a foremost place at the bar or in public life.

I have to thank my friend Mr. Radcliffe for the use of his celebrated Hound "Gainer" to illustrate this article; a specimen in my opinion possessing all the good points of the Foxhound.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE STAGHOUND.

I THINK that the old Staghound, hunting in a pack, was identical with the Southern Hound, and that in the earlier days of the chase he was one of a number of dogs of all descriptions which joined in the chase. Possibly he was introduced by the old Norman invaders, and continued by succeeding kings, as an assistant in their rude, boisterous, and sumptuous campaigns against the deer.

I have very little doubt on the subject myself, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the *true* Staghound is extinct, and that if any of the old "Palestine" blood remains in the Hound, it will be found in the largest proportion in the Bloodhound. He was used in pursuit of deer later than any other dog, and he can (as I have explained in the chapter on that animal) be easily entered to track and rouse, or follow and eventually pull down the deer.

Cultivation, and the enclosure of wastes, the breaking up of every portion of heath likely to pay—or unlikely to pay—for tillage, these and many other reasons have effectually exterminated the Staghounds, which were never bred in great force, because they were not required by many landowners.

They formed part of a king's retinue and of a prince's establishment. The Master of the Buckhounds is in our day a very important personage, and for the time being—traditionally, but not in fact—the first in point of precedence of all masters of Hounds, besides having a place at court and the honour of attending Her Majesty at Ascot.

These old Hounds, the Staghounds of the old time, were celebrated for tongue, and they made plenty of music as they followed the windings of the deer; but they were not even

moderately speedy or fast Hounds. The truth is, no very fleet Hounds can be musical. They had to run with the old motley pack—occasionally, as we are led to believe, a "trencher pack," of which men in large villages, or country towns, kept one a piece, to be called for by the huntsman as he rode by blowing his horn, which tired out their quarry and wearied him to death. The chase sometimes had not terminated with nightfall, and the sporting community began again with the stiffened pack next day, and roused the broken-hearted stag to canter before his enemies for another twelve hours. I have been told there are some Staghounds in Devonshire still; but I suspect that they are neither more nor less than large Foxhounds drafted for excess of size, and with ears unrounded. I have seen some black-tanned Hounds, of a breed which puzzles me, called by their owner the Black St. Hubert breed, and they are certainly very grand specimens of the dog; but beyond these I have never heard of any peculiar breed in the south of England calling for notice or remark.

There are but few packs of Staghounds in England which hunt the deer, and the Devon and Somerset—of which, I believe, Sir A. Chichester is the master—and Mr. Trelawney's are the only Hounds which draw for and hunt *wild deer*.

The stag or hind (according to the season) is "slotted in," as it is called, and harboured by a man who, by ancient usage, receives a guinea fee, and the stag is formally roused from his lair. If he is *not* so harboured, "tufters," or steady Hounds, draw for the stag. As soon as the right game is afoot, the body of the pack are thrown in, and a terrific chase is the result. A check very seldom occurs, and the country, as Nimrod (Apperley) very truly remarks, is about the worst in the world. Yet (he goes on to say) more Hounds are kept in Devon than in any three counties in England. In 1849 Devonshire possessed eight established packs of Foxhounds, three of Otter-hounds, the Staghounds, and many a parish pack, kept by subscription.

These, however, in common with the Royal Staghounds, Baron Rothschild's, the Cheltenham Staghounds, Sir Clifford Constable's, and the Surrey, hunted by a committee, are made up of large Foxhounds and of nothing else.

Some of these packs may no longer be in existence. They were well known and doing good work in 1849, since which time, I believe, no correct List of Hounds has been published, excepting that which appears annually in our best-written and most reliable sporting papers.

The modern Staghound is about 24 inches high, or more, It is impossible to get a pack together so level at trough as the modern Foxhounds, nor can they possess that "family likeness" which is so remarkably apparent in all first-class packs of Foxhounds or Harriers.

This is the consequence of the present method, which is the only system by which a pack of Staghounds can be got together; for they have probably been gathered from north, south, east, and west.

George III., in his early days, kept a pack of Staghounds at or near Windsor. An old magazine represents him going to the chase; but if the artist is correct in his proportions, the late king was a giant, or his Hounds were Harriers, for a more dwarfed, unlevel, mismatching pack it is impossible to imagine. The present pack of Royal Staghounds, hunted by the late Mr. Davis for many years, is in the highest possible condition, and they are, as they ought to be, the best-matching pack in the kingdom. It is all very well to call the hunting an uncarted deer calf-hunting, and to sneer at the men who ride to these Hounds, but it must be remembered the meet can be arranged to suit those who are overwrought with brain-work, who are thus enabled to make sure of a ride and healthy excitement, and who would only be wearied and disappointed if their hard-earned holiday were spent in dragging after an imaginary fox, whilst they had to meet at an hour

most inconvenient to them, and by which they could not be at the covert-side unless they left town the previous night, at great personal inconvenience.

The Staghound is of the prevailing Hound colours, including every marking except the blue mottle, which is a hue now excluded from almost every Foxhound pack as being indicative of Harrier blood.

The various colours need not be particularised here, nor is it necessary to enumerate the points of excellence more precisely than to say that speed, endurance, good scenting powers, gameness, and muscular strength are indispensable, and that no Hound which dwells on the line is adapted for the sport. The stag, once uncarted, makes off at speed. He is in condition equal to many a hunter, and as fit as corn and beans can make him. He has in all probability been before Hounds on a former occasion, and he makes for his point, or endeavours to put a good space between himself and the "pied flock," with as little delay as possible.

Unlike the packs possessed by nearly all nations in the Middle Ages, the Staghounds of our time are well disciplined and steady. The stag is more fairly hunted than he was even in Queen Elizabeth's time. Greyhounds in her day were mingled with the pack, or slipped when the game came in sight. In fact, every advantage was taken of the poor hunted deer. According to present usage, the deer is let out for a gallop, and when tired, or brought to bay, he goes home like a gentleman. Few instances of harm occur to him, and after a good rest, and an interval of perhaps two months' stable care, he is turned out again before the pack.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE HARRIER.

Hounds of three kinds are kept for the hunting of hares by scent—dwarf Foxhound bitches, rough Welsh Harriers (many of them of surpassing excellence), and the true Harrier, which is a dwarf Southern Hound, and in the present day quite as symmetrical, muscular, and perfect as the Foxhound; indeed, he is formed on the same model, but he requires a more tender nose, he has more tongue and a larger ear.

The same colours are to be found in the Harrier kennel as in his larger relative, but there is—why I know not—a greater proportion of the "hare-pie," or yellow and white shaded with black or grey in the saddle, and one colour is peculiar to Harrier blood—a freckle known as the blue mottle; this is frequently, or even generally, variegated with a tan head and black blotches, but the less of the latter markings for appearance' sake the better.

Beckford, who kept twenty couple of Harriers, and considered that the perfect number, bred them from the large slow-hunting Harrier and the little Fox Beagle, and after many years of perseverance gained a Hound that was fast enough, and which could hunt the coldest scent.

Harriers have to hunt an animal as crafty and with more expedients than a fox; exceedingly timid, often headed back, and with a "trail" that quickly dies away. They must have the keenest power of scent, the utmost sagacity and perseverance, and they must spread, and try, or cast of themselves, whilst the huntsman sits quietly on his horse.

Above all, they must be entered to one kind of game, and they must be kept to it. A taste for rabbits and rabbit-

hunting, when once acquired, is eradicated or suppressed with difficulty.

Foxhounds show a decided taste for hares, and Harriers are always inclined to open on a rabbit when they are first entered. Many Hounds—Welsh Harriers, for instance—will hunt anything with a hairy skin, unless they are broken from it; and I have heard on the best authority of a pack which will hunt hare until fox-hunting begins, and master and whips doff their green plush coats for "pinks," when they will leave puss for the fox, and settle down steadily to their quarry.

The height of the Harrier is a matter of taste. Stonehenge puts it at under 20 inches, and the average at 18 inches. The pack belonging to the late Mr. T. B. Evans, of Chettle, near Blandford—the best I have ever seen—consists of bitches, 15½ inches; they combine the blood of Mr. Wicksted's, Mr. Hurrell's, Sir Vincent Corbet's, and Mr. Boughley's.

The education of this pack is marvellous. Rabbits are frequently left to feed in the kennel, and occasionally, as I am told, coupled on to the reprobates of the pack, to shame them from persecuting them. I have hunted with these Hounds, and I have had the very great pleasure of seeing them handled by that supreme master of his art. I have seen them pass rabbits as a Pointer would go through a poultry-yard. I have watched them as they spread like a fan, when they were picking out a cold scent, and the worthy master sat quietly on his pony, and when they recovered it, stream away with voices like a peal of bells, and close together like a flock of pigeons. I have observed how they followed all the hare's doubles, and with the true Harrier instinct, cast back when in perplexity, never babbling, skirting, or puzzled by other stains, but carrying on the line until they pulled down their game after a forty-five minutes' burst.

The late Mr. Yeatman, of Stock House, used dwarf Foxhound bitches, which drove a hare from her doubles; or, true

to the Foxhound instinct in casting forward, picked up a fresh hare. Be this how it may, he showed wonderful sport, and many of his runs were chronicled in the various sporting prints.

This excellent sportsman was copied by many masters of Harriers. Sir R. Pulestin's pack, in 1824, which were subsequently purchased by the Hon. Charles Trevor, and added to a part of the pack belonging to Mr. John Gale Morant, which he obtained shortly before his death, were true Harriers, and an engraving of two couples appears in the *Sporting Magazine*. Following the fashion of the time, these Harriers are rounded severely; now they are rounded "a little," and we trust that the time will come when men will believe that "God never made his work for man to mend," and leave the ears of all dogs as the Creator made them.

The hare sometimes stands a severe course before Hounds. In 1824 a hare found on Stockbridge Race-course crossed the river Test six times, and was at last drowned in the flood.

Mr. Wilson's Harriers, ten years later, ran an hour and twelve minutes without a check, and Mr. De Burgh's Harriers, "of the smallest sort," two hours and a quarter.

But some of these Harriers were crossed with Foxhound blood, which became fashionable, though Mr. Mark Morrell, of Oxford, was keeping true Harriers at Oxford in 1833, and killing his forty brace of hares before Christmas.

Lord Middleton's Harrier, "Merry Lass," his celebrated "Marksman" and "Honesty," were Foxhound and Harrier, and though they were seldom thrown out by the "counter-trail" of hare, which from her going round in a circle disperses her quickly-fading scent into all directions, they had neither the tongue nor the beautiful style of hunting for which men follow Harriers. The Harriers of Mr. Allix, of Swaffham Hall, Newmarket, especially his "Girkin," "Sportsman," and "Watchman," and the Neasden Harriers, even such as "Boaster" and "Bonny-bell," had Foxhound cross, *and Foxhound instincts.*

The old style, in Beckford's day was the best—to track the hare to her form. At that time hare-finders were employed; men sharp of sight, and with perception quickened by experience and half-crowns.

The moderns flog bushes and halloo to the huntsman to clap on his Harriers; and I regret to say that frequently the hare is hunted by horses as well as Hounds, to the danger of the pack and the destruction of all fair hunting.

Not so with Mr. Dundas Everett's Harriers. His field is in great command, and he seldom overruns the scent. His Harriers are highly-bred, staunch, and clamorous; and his dog-hounds ("Rasselas" especially) are the most perfect and level I have ever seen; for in a general way, dog Harriers are not nearly so symmetrical as the female portion of the pack, nor are they so commonly used.

Prince Albert's pack, which was in full vigour in 1842, and for some time after, was, I believe, an admixture of dogs and bitches of true blood, and he found his hare in the correct style, but occasionally hares were marked sitting, and on one occasion by "Paddy," a famous pedestrian hare-hunter, who frequently followed His Royal Highness's Harriers, and when the prince heard of Paddy's exploit, he, in his usual generous manner, desired one of his equerries to give him a sovereign. Few, if any, masters of Harriers were better or more patient sportsmen than the late Prince Consort.

The name of "Heirers" or Harriers is known to have been given to Hounds used for hare-hunting in the time of Henry V., but they were also used for hunting deer. Before this the same Hound was known as the Brachetis or Bercelettus, the diminutive from the word *brache*.

The breed (coarser and of a larger standard than the Netton, or Mr. Evans's, or Mr. Everett's) has existed from time immemorial, and it is more likely that the Foxhound was derived from them, than that they have been produced from

Foxhound drafts. They are so well known for their scenting powers, that in countries where cold flints and difficult hunting render sport precarious, masters of Hounds, determined to account for their fox, have had recourse to Harrier blood; and for this purpose the genuine old Welsh Harrier is pre-eminently advantageous. No part of Great Britain contains more shrewd and scientific sportsmen than the Principality, nor can any Hound be better suited for their difficult country than the genuine rough Harrier of Wales. He has a gift—a gift almost peculiar to him—of sticking to his game. His scolding voice rings and clangs through the mountains and valleys. His dash and fling and the lash of his stern, his frenzied eye, deep-set and bloodshot; his desperate struggle to get to the head when on view, and his resolute race for the first place, all these merits make us forget his somewhat rough yet thoroughly picturesque exterior, and we can forgive him for being coarse on the outside, when we witness his astonishing sense, honesty, and zeal.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE BEAGLE.

I HAVE frequently seen a single specimen of the Beagle, diminutive, well coloured, with sweeping ears, and graceful proportions, and exquisite colour, but it has very seldom happened to me to fall in with a good pack. One of the best I ever saw belonged to a retired pawnbroker in Oxford, of the name of Muncaster, some years ago, and his little companion was as sensible, tractable, and docile as—ay, more docile than most lambs!

Every fine day I used to see the old fellow and his little companion taking a walk together, and picking their way

daintily across the streets and squares, and quadrangles with equal caution. It might have been a coincidence, but when the wife of the old man died, the little Beagle sickened, and he used to carry her about in the sunshine in his new suit of black every day, until one day she died too, and nothing could persuade her owner—nor would they easily have convinced me—that she did not pine away with grief for her old mistress. It might have been colic, or the yellows, or gastritis, or a thousand maladies with fine names, but it was generally accepted as a fact, that "Lilac" died romantically from grief.

"Lilac" was as good a model as could be found, and for those days she was a wonder. There was then hardly any—I had better say no standard, beyond a man's caprice, for any dogs except the "Toys," for which the London Fancy, as they are vulgarly called, established "properties" some seventy years ago, and Stonehenge's book on the Dog was the first publication which gave fixed rules for breeding to perfection. The dog-shows, which originated somewhere about 1859 or 1860, enabled breeders to compare notes, and learn from competition.

She was somewhere about ten inches, with a Hound-tan head, deep thin flexible ears drooping almost to her shoulders, well hung, flat to her head, and a rich black-and-white body and fine stern, slightly hooped—in short, with more prominent ears than the Foxhound, but in other respects a *bijou* model of that grandest of the canine race. With the exception of a pack, which had no standard of height, and which reminded one of the old saying of "high, low, Jack, and the game," I remember no Beagles at that time but her, though the name is as old as any in the list of dogs. Beckford speaks of the Fox Beagle; I have also heard of Hare Beagles, and James I. used to call his favourites his little Beagles, and subscribe himself to these privileged creatures of his will as their "deare dadde."

The one pack I remember belonged to a very large, lame wine merchant; and it may be observed that men of great

stature generally affect the most diminutive dogs which they can find. He had ten couples varying from about 13½ inches to 11 inches in height, and we used—I was a little boy then—to hunt bagged rabbits turned on Port Meadow.

I once or twice followed them on my pony, but there was no covert whatever, and the whole thing smacked of Cockayne. Old Smith took his Hounds away perhaps five hundred yards, and his bottle-washer turned down a rabbit, which made the best of its way to the nearest hedge. The Hounds were laid on in about ten minutes, and we hunted the "line," and generally killed, but once or twice poor bunny made for the river, and on one occasion we all went through Binsey Ford, near Godstow Nunnery, the burial-place of Fair Rosamond, and "ran into him" in Binsey Fields.

I have also known Beagles broken to the gun. An old friend of mine, long dead, Henry Franklin, Esq., M.D., had such a pack, in Alderney, and with such voices that as they ran in view one would fancy that the rabbits could have heard them across that dangerous tide the Swinge, and amongst the green lanes of Guernsey, eighteen miles away. These came from Devonshire, from a Mr. Clack, but they were rather large for the purpose. A Mr. Oldham, who lived near me, kept a rough team, which he used with the gun to scour his large pine-woods and flush whatever was in them. They were broken to the gun, but their yelping drove all the little game he had into his neighbours' coverts.

A Mr. Fuller, of Sussex, celebrated for his breed of golden liver Spaniels, used to break Beagles for beating coverts for ground game, and Spaniels to "own" pheasants and woodcocks only, and as a feat of breaking this was interesting, but no greater mistake can be made than taking Beagles into a preserve and using them for *shooting*. Fuller taught his pack to *rouse*, and not to follow, rabbits and hares; but it was a mere freak, and must have ruined the quiet of his woods, nor could

he have known that nothing is so disastrous to game preserving as *noise.*

There is a tradition that, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Beagles could be carried in a glove—a figure of speech, of course; but in the early part of this century a Dorsetshire clergyman had a pack which he used to carry about in panniers.

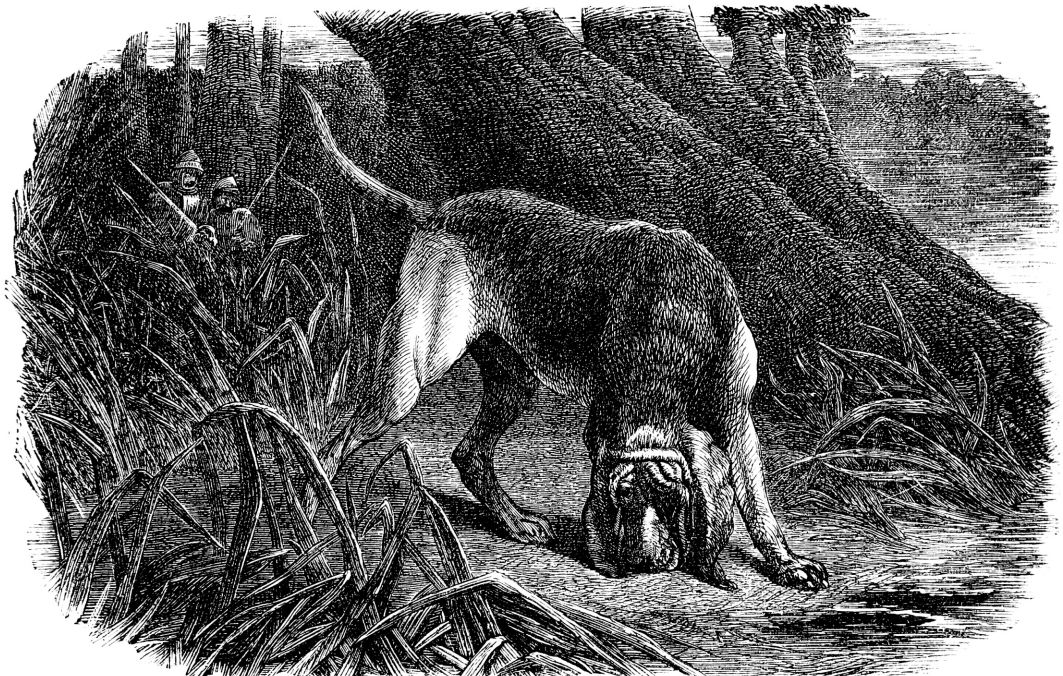
At the present time, the best pack probably ever seen or bred is kept by Mr. James Crane, of Southover House, near Dorchester. At my urgent request he has exhibited them once or twice, and I need hardly say with complete success, winning everywhere. His standard is nine inches, and owing to their wonderful hind-quarters and general frame and development, they can account for a rabbit in about five minutes. I believe that Mr. Crane originally took to the Beagles to rid himself of the rabbits, which had become quite an annoyance on some of his furze and moorland, and which, from the nature of the ground, were always beating him in his efforts to keep them within bounds. On this wild tract, which forms a wide district commencing about a mile from his house, there is every chance for the rabbit if pursued by ordinary means. Ferreting is difficult, for the old earths are deep, intricate, and extensive. It is always a great treat to me to have a day's hunting with these beautiful Beagles.

A very few years ago "Giant" was the dwarf of the pack now he is drafted as too large, whilst as to formation they are equal to the Poltimore or Belvoir Hounds. They go through the performance of a regular pack, with supreme gravity (as Foxhounds would think, if they *do* think, like a set of puppets). It has a serio-comic appearance to see Mr. Crane start from his Lilliputian kennel, with its dog doll's house furniture of troughs and beds, followed by a pack of Hounds not so large as rabbits, of the recognised colours and markings, and with all the importance (I am writing of the Beagles, mind, and not of Mr. Crane) of full-sized Staghounds—a sort of attempt at dignity which

Tom Thumb, now in middle life, might assume if a lady, forgetting that she saw in the mannikin the father of a family of pigmies, took him in her arms to kiss him as of yore.

Mr. Crane, on his model little black hunter, with the horn —all regular—seems scarcely able to suppress a smile as he starts to draw his coverts for a tough old buck, though it will be no joke to get away from "Clamorous," "Pansy," "Duster," "Gamester," "Chimer," "Rally," "Goldfinch," and the rest of them; and the heart of their game must beat faster in his "form," as he feels the gorse shaking, or catches a glance of these busy sterns feathering as they plunge in, and presently open in full chorus, and as they get a view and race at him "with their sterns down," poor bunny comes back to them so fast, that we expect him to be rolled over presently. However, he doubles through some rushes and yellow fern, and they "throw up;" the black pony and the master pick their way deliberately amongst the furze clumps, and wait patiently as the pack brush between the dwarf hunter's legs, and he lifts one foreleg to let a cluster of them get by more readily; presently "Chimer" hits it off, and stands still to throw up his head and toss back his ears as he opens, and then they pick out the scent in Indian file, opening one after another as they acknowledge it, like the notes of a harp. Presently the rabbit "breaks" (I trust I may be allowed the expression), and they press him down hill, across the little pond where the mallards spring, and the sluggard of a woodcock rises from his siesta, after a middling flight from Iceland or thereabouts, and in exactly five minutes by my watch the pack are tugging at him; Mr. Crane in the middle, seemingly, at the distance, looking for the queen amongst a swarm of bees.

The variety of colour in this pack of Beagles, which are perfectly level "at trough," and in their speed, adds to their beauty, in my opinion, and is the more interesting as it proves them identical in family with the Southern Hound, or Harrier.



BLOODHOUND.

"REGENT," THE PROPERTY OF C. E. HOLFORD, ESQ.

One or two are of genuine Harrier appearance, especially a blue mottle, quite free from all black patches, with a Hound-tan head, whilst many are mottled with the larger markings. Yellow and hare-pies are encouraged at Southover, and, I believe, much fancied by Mr. Crane, who in getting his kennel standard down to nine inches, has been compelled to look to qualities of more importance than colour, let his predilections be what they may, for many of his matrons are unprolific, numbers die in giving birth to their offspring; the young ones, though hardy when mature, are delicate in youth, and his chief points are size, symmetry, straight limbs, length of ear, voice, nose, sagacity, substance, and muscular quarters. With shoulders and feet he has little trouble, and his patience and observation have been most successful, and amply rewarded by the fame his pack has attained.

A few moderate examples have appeared from time to time at our shows, but none of any importance, excepting one of Lord Gifford's, another bred by Mr. Starkey, of Spye Park, Wilts, and occasionally a lady's pet drafted because too small for the pack in which it was reared.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BLOODHOUND.

In the country and out of doors, of course, there is no Hound or dog more ornamental, useful, or sociable than a thoroughbred Bloodhound. The genuine Bloodhound it must be, for half-bred or impure ones are uncertain, and frequently dangerous.

He is an old inhabitant of these islands, and he has gone by many names. For example, in the fourteenth century he

was called the Sleuth or Slouth Hound, from the word *slouth*, probably meaning "scent."

At the time that he was kept for tracking moss-troopers, and guarding the various fords, he was called the Sloughdog, as he followed them over bogs and "sloughs" to make them disgorge their booty. They had another name, the "Slowe-hound," because men carried them on horseback when the track was plain upon mud or soft ground, and used them when the trail was foiled by hard ground, or heath and bracken, and they were described as Limehounds, Limiers, or Lyamhounds, because they were led in a leathern thong.

The earliest mention of them occurs in the time of Henry III.; they were known in the fourteenth century, and used in tracking offenders.

They are generally supposed to be identical with the Talbot, and they were held in the highest favour amongst bishops, canons, and archdeacons.

The Leashhound, or Limier, was the "Rache," or guiding one of the pack, used for harbouring the deer. He was led for this purpose, and trained for this one thing. Some old authors have described him as mute, but there is no doubt that this is an error—his wonderfully sonorous, deep, bell-like note being one of his grand characteristics, and distinguishing all Hounds gifted with a keen discriminating and delicate power of scenting and holding on the line.

The breed was highly prized, and specimens were occasionally given to kings and princes, as marks of especial favour. In the dog, great speed appears, except with Pointers and Setters, not to be joined to keen appreciation of scent; and it is most likely that our forefathers were afraid of diminishing this most valuable property in the Bloodhound by crossing, and so retained him as a Slugghound, and ran down the stag, which his sagacity had harboured, with relays of speedy Hounds, called "Houndes of force."

The prevailing colour—according to Boece, a canon of Aberdeen—was "reid hewit" (red hued) which would accurately describe the Hounds of the present day, as bred by Lord Bagot, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Cohen, and others of less note, though equally meritorious in their endeavours to revive a breed nearly lost for ever.

Three of the most successful men of the present day (and they have shown specimens second to none) are Mr. Becker, Mr. Cohen, and Mr. C. E. Holford, the latter being the owner of "Regent" (the dog drawn for this work by Mr. Earl) and "Matchless" also, both by Mr. Cohen's "Druid," a dog never beaten on his merits; whilst Mr. Holford's pair have never been beaten at all.

The Honourable Grantley Berkeley has had considerable experience in these dogs, and his celebrated "Druid" was a grand specimen admirably trained. It seems, however, that he was easily roused, and at such times, uncontrollable in his fits of rage, though generally good tempered, and always sagacious. His talent in hunting was astonishing, and he was educated to a point of refinement beyond the power of any except a master of the art. Tempers vary in dogs, however, as they do in Christians, and after diligent inquiry I am led to think that, as a rule, the Bloodhound is amiable, sagacious, faithful, obedient, and docile; that he might be in some cases used as a Retriever, or to track and find a lost child in the backwoods or bush of the Australian wilds, and I do not draw this conclusion at hazard, as I know that one owner of the pure breed has frequently hunted his own children with them; I have his word for it, I am certain that it is true, and I need scarcely add that it involves no risk.

Prior to the appearance of these celebrities—I mean Mr. Berkeley's "Druid," and those belonging to Messrs. Jennings, Cohen, Holford, and Lord Bagot—a very fine Bloodhound was painted by James Ward, R.A., in the year 1814, belonging to

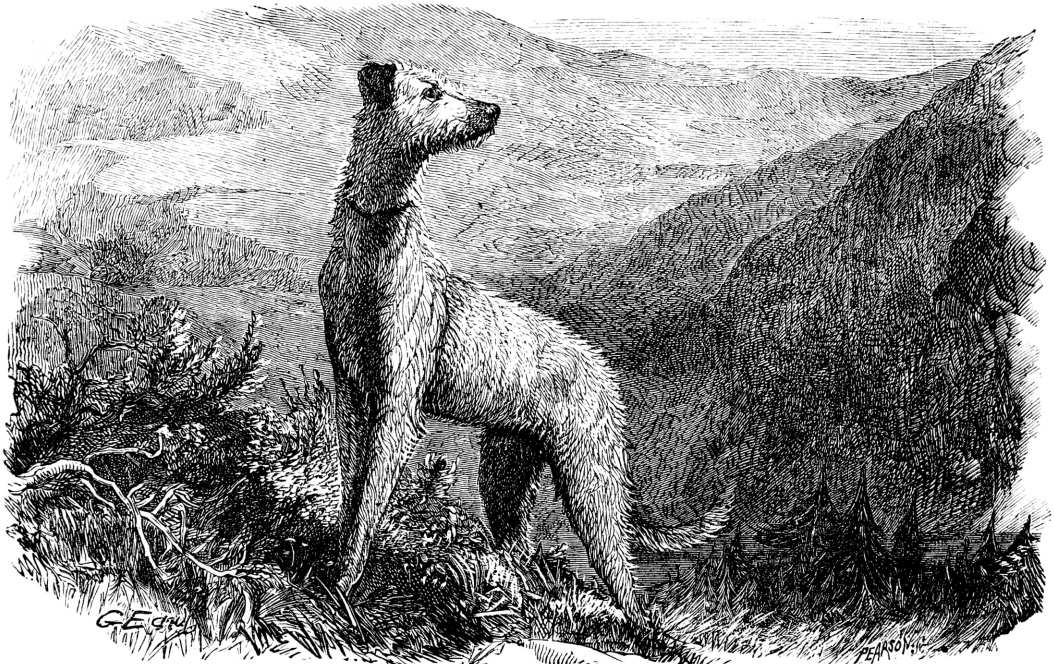
Mr. Hanbury, of Hereford, and bred by Mr. Hammond, of Norfolk. This dog was drawn in full cry, and a replica of the picture, about 18 inches by 11, was in the house of an old tutor of mine at Lasborough Park, near Kingscote, now the property of Mr. Holford, of Weston Birt. A portrait by so eminent and conscientious a painter may be thoroughly relied upon as giving an unflattering representation of the original, and it is a genuine, thorough Bloodhound, with ears 27 inches from tip to tip across the skull—thin, pliant, and hanging in graceful, heavy folds; a long lean head, the base of the skull well "peaked;" the face thin and narrow; the skin loose and puckered; a broad nose; expanded nostrils; long, thin and flabby, pendulous flews; a dewlap deep and voluminous; sunken, bloodshot eyes; a flexible, lashing stern, thick at the root, and tapering from it to a needle point.

The Hound strikes you as not over large—perhaps 26 inches, but as well-knit, full of bone, symmetrical, straight in the leg, wide across the back, and full in the body and back-ribs, and game in temperament and courage.

His back and sides are black, or black flecked with white—black, softening down by a harmonious gradation to a roan, or tawny red; whilst legs, head, chest, and the greater part of the stern are of a brilliant tan, a combination of blended colours, which must have rejoiced the heart and kindled the eye of this glorious English Wouvermans.

You can see, as you observe his fine deep sloping shoulders, his enormous hind-quarters, and the play of his muscles indicated beneath his fine skin, the reason his action is so lithe and fluent, as he stoops to the scent, and rouses the coppice, through which he is going at the top of his speed, with his mellow and his deep-bass tongue, and you can readily understand that this Limier, though a "Slugghounde," was the favourite of kings and princes.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria possesses one or more very fine



DEERHOUND

"KEILDAR," THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN GRAHAM, OF REDNOCK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

specimens, and she exhibited a capital Hound at the London show in 1869. I have had two or three myself, which were clever at tracking wounded deer, and one of them had been trained to track and had detected a gang of sheepstealers, tracing them through the river, which generally foils the scent. I do not believe that the dog made the cast of his own accord, though like most of his breed, he was very fond of water; but certainly he went through it, and recovered the line.

Occasionally these dogs retrieve tenderly, and they decidedly propagate good scenting powers, mate them with what you will. Possibly—though this is a delicate subject to broach—they might be of service to improve the Foxhound's nose, and with a little more of the original Talbot or Bloodhound, we should hear less of bad scenting seasons and cold lands.

I consider Mr. Holford's "Regent" the best specimen ever exhibited, and absolutely faultless.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DEERHOUND.

THE Deerhound closely resembles the rough Greyhound in form and coat, but he is rougher at the muzzle than any specimen of the broken-haired Greyhound which I have ever seen.

Until within the last few years the breed was very scarce, for they were kept by the few men who owned Scotch forests, or wide, wild tracts of deer-park in the less-populated parts of England.

Until the Deerhound was exhibited, few had ever seen a specimen of this handsome, graceful dog, or entertained the notion of keeping one as a companion only. His harmonious colour, his elegant form and outline, his graceful attitudes, and

his amiable temper, at once made him a favourite with sight-seers, and the Deerhound was (to use a commercial phrase) commonly "inquired for;" and at one of the best London shows, in or about the year 1863, forty or more were exhibited.

There is no doubt that he would be more generally used as a companion but for his size. A dog of good proportion should stand 30 inches at the shoulder-blades, and girth 34 inches. His fore-arm should be 8½ inches, and his weight 100 lbs. or more. He should be *long* for speed, and there is no surer proof of slowness and degeneracy than shortness. The females are smaller and lighter: 26 inches would be the average size, and the weight from 65 lbs. to 70 lbs.

It is said that Sir St.-George Gore had a dog 34 inches high. Some idea of the size may be formed when we compare him with the American monster dog, "Prince," and remember that he was but an inch higher. But great mistakes are made in measuring dogs, and I have often found that even huntsmen and masters of Hounds make errors with the standards.

I have noticed the charming colours of this species; they are of various shades and mixtures, though all of one sort or tone of colour; there is a strong family likeness. The Marquis of Breadalbane had a kennel of sixty or more, all harmonising in colour, and the last kennel of importance was Lord H. Bentinck's, which was brought to the hammer in 1871. Sir St.-George Gore's were sold off about eight years ago. Other breeders of celebrity have been Colonel Inge, Lord Stamford, Lord Saltoun, M'Kenzie of Applecross, and Campbell of Menzies.

A grand breed existed, or still exists, at Windsor, and they were highly esteemed by the late Prince Albert and Her Majesty. Four grand specimens were shown at the exhibition at Islington in 1869, under the care of Mr. John Cole, the keeper, and all of these specimens were brindled, some dark, others light, and of every tint from black, or nearly black (so

close were the markings or bars), to grey-sandy and light-sandy, but all were more or less "barred." The best of these were "Hubert," "Caird," and "Mink" (by "Keildar" out of "Hag"), "Bran," bred by Captain Graham, of Rednoch (one of the best judges of the Deerhound now living), and Mr. Dawes's "Lufra."

In coat there is some variety. There is the woolly, waved coat, dense and thickly felted, soft to the touch, and pliable or falling. Then there is the silky coat, generally combined with a topknot on the head; but the proper texture is the hard, wiry hair, or pile, about three inches long, harsh to the touch, bristly at the muzzle, and along the back and shoulder-blades almost as coarse as hackles. The stern should be *curved*, not curled; the chest and brisket deep, the loin powerful, the ear small, and without coat—(for this the breed of Mr. Cameron of Lochiel is celebrated)—or, at most, lightly coated, and pricked forward slightly; in fact, the Deerhound should have the Greyhound ear, the Greyhound neck, and general formation, with more power, more weight, larger stature, and the faculty of tracking by scent.

The fault of the present day with Deerhounds is certainly the short body, the thick and, as the ignorant consider, the *necessarily strong* jaw, and the open, loose, flat foot. In proportion to the weight the foot "goes," or deteriorates, and the strain upon a Deerhound's foot at speed, amongst stones and boulders "in view," and roused to desperation, is greater than that imposed upon any other domesticated animal. No dog but the "rough-footed Scot" could stand it. They can't *pick* their way over corries or through hollows and burns, and they have to make up by dash and speed for the cunning and desperation of a wounded hart, who, as he flies before the Hound, takes advantage of his knowledge of the ground, and will often perhaps keep his pursuer at bay, for some considerable time, with his back to a rock, trusting that the Hound, exhausted

with barking, will lap his fill of water, and render himself unfit to follow his refreshed and rested quarry.

"Judges" are apt to select the very largest specimens as prize dogs, which is mistaking *lumber* for quality. The extra inch wins with some of these gentlemen, and with many of the public.

Deficiency of muscle and bone in the hind-quarter is a common fault, though in this respect the Deerhound never, or seldom, equals the Greyhound.

The Deerhound is one of the oldest breeds we have. I should be inclined to think that it is an *imported breed.* He is probably identical with the "strong Irish Greyhound" mentioned as employed in the Earl of Mar's chase of the red deer in 1618, by Taylor, in his "Pennilesse Pilgrimage." He may be, and he probably is, the last remnant of the Boarhound, the most colossal and courageous of the canine race.

Attempts have been made—hitherto unsuccessfully—to bring him up to this size once more, and to reproduce the "tall Greyhound," as Evelyn calls him, which, according to Buffon, was five feet high as it sat upon its haunches. The shoulder of such an animal would be, as he stood by your side, three or four inches higher than the back of an ordinary dining-room chair; his body would be four feet long at least; his head a foot higher than his shoulder, and his neck sixteen inches or more in length.

"Old Glengary" possessed a noted breed, which he got up to considerable stature by crossing, as Richardson says, with the Bloodhound; but Scott, who had two of them given to him by the chief of the M'Donnels, affirms that they were produced by crossing with the Pyrenean. But no breeders have been able to increase the present race to any extent; nor have they any encouragement to do so, as size, whilst adding to power, decreases speed and endurance, and a Hound larger than Mr. Dawes's "Warrior," winner of the first prize at the

Crystal Palace, 1871, would be scarcely adapted for a Scotch forest.

In old days, judging from such models as the sculpture of the Hound on the Arch of Constantine, the *veloces*, or Greyhounds, were 30 inches high (using Trajan's slave with the spear as a scale); but I have seen an engraving from the antique, of Celtic Greyhounds chasing deer, wild boar, and fox, which represents the Hounds as not less than 36 inches in stature. The Greyhound type is frequently to be found upon antique gems, roughly sculptured, it is true, but giving an idea of the fleet dog of the day, especially those on the antique statue of Actæon, in the British Museum, and having in one case the pricked or, possibly, cropped ear, and in the other the pendulous or Terrier ear; and as a couple are sculptured of each breed, it would seem they were of two distinct races.

I must not omit to mention that Marco Polo describes dogs he saw in Thibet, strong enough to contend with any wild beasts, and "*of the size of asses*," and that other travellers have given the same description of them; in that case they would answer their purpose better than the keepers' night-dogs, taken out by a Lombard Street sportsman to hunt lions in Africa, for he found to his consternation that the king of the forest ate the dogs and then bounded after him!

Pet dogs, of course, are a matter of taste, and locality and space must have much to do with the selection of a companionable dog. If, however, size is no objection, it would be impossible to name any dog superior to the true Deerhound, whether employed in his proper vocation or not. He is gentle in manners, unless roused by the sight of his game and excited to pursue it; he is no sheep-biter; he is a good guard; he "follows" well; he can keep up with hack or carriage; he is not a self-hunter—that is, he does not skulk off poaching; he is faithful to his master; he is gentle with children, like the far-famed "Gelert," his prototype; and he is

majestic in appearance. Witness the pictures of him by Sir Edwin Landseer, in every variety of attitude, and sharing in all the pleasures—ay, even the sorrows of his master. With the hawk or falcon he made up the equipment of the old baron, and slumbered in front of his Yule-log, shared in his wassail and revelry, and formed a feature in his pageant and procession. He has been the companion of kings and emperors, and pulled down his game in the open by dexterity, force, and speed, without the aid of toils or crossbow—immaterial to him in old days whether it were boar, wolf, or hart—no day too long, no game too strong or dangerous, until his eye became dull, his limbs stiff, and his teeth worn down, not so much with years as the hard work, exposure, and wounds inseparable from his occupation, and he was retained at the hall or grange as a pensioner or a companion for the rest of his life.

Many crosses have been adopted, as I have already observed, and one of the Deerhound and Mastiff has been used by the proprietor of a deer-park in my immediate neighbourhood, where there is a fine herd of red and fallow deer. I also introduced a fine Morocco Deerhound, which has been used successfully to all appearance, but the last cross never has been actually employed in the "retrieving" of a wounded stag since that occurrence.

In the North—by which I would be understood to mean Scotland—the Deerhound is gradually falling into disuse, a Colley, or a cross between Colley and Foxhound, being used to bay the deer which have escaped Mr. Lang's treble-grip rifles; but the Duke of Sutherland, who possessed, and no doubt still has, some of the finest Deerhounds I have ever seen, I believe uses them still; and the late Duke of Athol kept animals perfect in their trade, and on one occasion had seven harts at bay at once, and the sketches of this grand sight, made on the spot by my eminent friend, Mr. Frederick Taylor, were to be seen at the Winter Exhibition of the old Water-Colour Society.

It was the scarcity of Deerhounds which led men to set up a breed for themselves, and made them endeavour to produce an animal which should serve their purpose. I have seen a few very handsome, muscular, speedy, courageous dogs which were examples of this attempt, where by a combination of Mastiff and Deerhound they have obtained specimens which always went at the ear, and never flew at hock or haunch, for a dog that snaps at the hock is almost sure to get maimed.

A remote Bulldog cross has been used also, and though I prefer the Deerhound, it must be granted that whilst the breed was not procurable, such a measure as manufacturing a dog for the work was meritorious. The best I have noticed of this description were produced by the skill and patience of Mr. Norwood, of the South Western Railway, at Waterloo. I have never seen these Hounds in action, but I have been assured that nothing can be finer than their work. They had the race-horse points—the long neck, the clean head, the bright intellectual eye, the long sloping shoulder, the muscular arms, the straight legs, the close, well-knit feet, the wide, muscular, arched back and loin, the deep back-ribs, the large girth, the *esprit*, the life, the activity which, when controlled and schooled, is essential to every domesticated animal.

The old sort possessed all these points to perfection, with size and bone, which we have lost; and this majestic construction did not interfere with his speed and constitution, the parts were so well balanced, the proportions of his frame were so exact, rendering him one of the most symmetrical animals ever subjected to man's service in the earliest ages of semicivilisation, when man depended upon his four-footed companion to bring down his game, or to drive it within reach of his arrow. For, "unsighted," he could hold to it by his unerring power of scent; he could puzzle out the trail of a "cold" hart in the tangled thickets, dark, impenetrable forests, or dense woodlands, and thick scrub, and make his own "casts," whether he were put

upon wolf, deer, or boar. If we may credit the old writers, he was a tough match for these single-handed: at the present moment we have no dog that could face them alone.

With the extirpation of the game the Hound died out. The wolf became extinct, and the Hound disappeared. As the boar is preserved or destroyed in Continental forests, the Boarhound flourishes or declines. Thus the Wolfhound held his own in Ireland or Wales to a later period than he did so in this country.

The entering and training of these Deerhounds, or of whatever dog is used for tracking, running down, or baying deer, depends, in the main, upon the individual gifts of the dog employed. Example sometimes does good, occasionally harm, to the young pupil; but as a rule he should be entered at from twelve to fourteen months, and if a good opportunity presents itself, he may be slipped two or three months earlier. If a crippled stag is so hit that he can only go at a slow pace, and the puppy is certain to overtake him, he may be permitted to go in company with a couple of experienced seniors, if he shows any anxiety to join them.

Provided he displays a decided relish for the amusement, he may be allowed to go up and bay him; but, though it will impede his action, he should wear a trace or line, so that he may be restrained, for he may get injured by the brow antlers, or kicked and disabled before he has learnt his business, and this restraint will add to his dash and impetuosity.

After this trial has been once or twice repeated, he may be slipped with an old and clever Hound, of about his own speed —at any rate, one should be matched with him which cannot outpace him. Of course he must now be unfettered, with the hope that the old one may attract the hart, whilst the young one gets the ear.

Deer-stalking is the sport of princes, and many thousands of good sportsmen never have an opportunity of witnessing it, but

I conceive that all who are devoted to gun or rifle take an interest in the entering and work of dogs of every kind, and in studying the habits, propensities, and education of those fitted by nature for their line of sport.

The best Deerhounds of late years have been the following:—"Keildar," the property of Captain Graham, who also owns "Gelert," nearly his equal; "Bran," "Gelert," and "Puma," the property of Mr. John Wright, Yeldersley Hall; "Corrie," "Gaiscan," and "Lorri," Sir St.-George Gore's, bred by Lord H. Bentinck; "Hector," the late Lord Cardigan's; "Maida" and "Bevis," Mr. Dobell's, of Crickley Hall, Gloucestershire; "Alder," Mr. Beasley's, of Northampton; "Valiant," the property of Colonel Inge, of Thorpe, near Tamworth; "Oscar" and "Loyal," a brace of brilliant Hounds, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland; "Lufra," belonging to Mr. Joshua Dawes, Mosseley Hill, near Birmingham: and of these the Duke of Sutherland's and Captain Graham's are decidedly the best, and in all probability they are the choicest specimens extant.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE GREYHOUND.

If the Greyhound was not known to the ancient Greeks—which many authorities deny—a dog of that form was known, and appears, from some old Greek relics which have passed through my hands, to have been generally known; and that class of dog seems to have been used by them as designating the rank of those to whom they erected statues.

But his form and his use or business seemed generally understood in the very earliest part of the Christian era; and when once this swift coursing dog had been thoroughly established, he was carefully guarded and bred. Ovid describes a single-handed course, and many classic authors and poets have expatiated upon his speed. Agur, in the book of Proverbs, mentions the Greyhound: but this interpretation seems faulty, and no allusion to dogs of the chase occurs in any other part of the sacred volume.

Gyfford and Twety mention the Greyhound *once*, but they say nothing of coursing; and Jacques de Fouilloux merely writes of the Greyhound as useful for "setting back sets." Edward, Duke of York, gives a quantity of valuable information, but Dame Julian Berners gives us the corporeal characteristics of a thorough good Celtic Greyhound, and Gervase Markham well illustrates the science and history of the race.

The Greyhound was introduced into this country in the days of Elfric, Duke of Mercia; and manuscript paintings are extant of a Saxon chief, his huntsman, and a brace of Greyhounds in the ninth century.

Ever since, in spite of many difficulties, now done away with —one being the necessity of possessing £100 a year in land, as a "qualification" for keeping them—Greyhounds have been bred

and cultivated with the greatest care and attention, so that at the present time they are perfect in frame, colour, constitution, and speed; and whilst thousands are kept, trained, and bred with careful pedigrees for speed and endurance, their strains being watched as jealously as those of the thorough-bred horse, far more, quite as beautiful and symmetrical to the eye, are kept for private amusement, or for the sake of killing hares, by the yeomen, who have no real knowledge of coursing laws.

With them killing the hare is the great object—or rather, roasting and eating it afterwards. It is usual to give the tenants in my neighbourhood one or two days' coursing, and it is rather a hard matter to rule or guide them. The keepers, of course, desire to spare their ground game, but the farmers wish to extirpate it; consequently they will, if possible, allow a *third* dog to slip his collar and join in the fray. They provide dogs which "run cunning," cut corners, wait upon the other dogs, and baffle their game, they turn the hare with their horses, pelt her with sticks, brandish their hats, yell threats and execrations, ride at her on their oobs, and roll over *en masse*—dogs, hare, and horses, all confusion, and call it sport.

As these orgies do not last long, it is generally accepted as a canon that it does not matter much; but it also proves the necessity of strict coursing laws, and a field held firmly in hand, when Greyhounds are slipped at Altcar, Amesbury, or Ashdown—dogs with priceless qualities and costly training, and of distinction for their many victories, and that "carry" fabulous sums of money on their backs, in the shape of odds, and which are to settle by their exploits the theory of some cross from another famous family of heroes.

I do not know what is the largest sum that has been given for a Greyhound. There was a rumour that £3,000 had been offered for that wonderful Greyhound, "Master M'Grath," after he had scored his third Waterloo victory; but our rustic "long-dogs" as the keepers call them in derision, are not valued in that way. True

enough they have high-sounding names, such as "Bedlamite," "Figaro," "Jacobite," "Sackcloth," "Patent," "Lapidist," and so on, and pedigrees which, by a great deal of ingenuity, and sometimes a knack of invention, "have something to do with" these celebrated sires; but they change hands for a bull calf, or young boar, or a load of straw, or an old "turnip-slicer," and they are exceedingly dear at the price. For the British farmer is notoriously a careless breeder of the canine race, and hence his Greyhound not unfrequently develops a bristly moustache, a suspiciously bushy tail, a "tulip" ear, or some barbarism which by no means horrifies the owner. If, in company with two or three neighbours' Greyhounds, his nondescript can kill a hare or two, he is well satisfied with his bargain, and persists in calling his dog by some high-sounding name, and paying for his annual licence, which the acquisition of a brace of hares will cover.

Not so with the courser, or the "lover of the leash," as I think old Tom Goodlake, of Wadley, Berks, was the first to call him. He insists upon the purest blood, the most exquisite form, kennels secure and inviolate, scrupulous attention to food, exercise, cleanliness, punctuality. His racers are brushed, clothed, led out, examined, disciplined, studied as works of art, matched, led up to the hare, drawn, watched with all the thought, care, consideration, and experience which can be gained by education and example and tradition and books. The healthy emulation of a coursing man is like that of a politician—he feeds on opposition.

I have read—for I have had little experience in coursing—that many, if not most Greyhounds, have more speed than the hare, which, for all that, frequently runs away from a brace of Greyhounds. Generally, a good Greyhound will soon reach a hare if she runs straight, but a single Greyhound would seldom kill. At the moment he attempts to strike her, she turns short, and the dog, unable to stop, is thrown out ten or twenty yards, and that with two dogs, turning from one she

gives an advantage to the other. When moved from her seat or form, she makes for some brake or thicket, and if she cannot reach it, she has recourse to turning. The Greyhound does his utmost to strike her when he sees her making for cover, and the hare makes a sudden turn to throw the dog out.

The Celts had four ways of coursing—the translator of Arrian tells us—which are still practised by modern amateurs. The richest class employed hare-finders to go out early in the morning, and send word when the game was sitting; the second class beat the ground abreast on horseback; but the third class, the real workmen, went out on foot; and the fourth class used scenting dogs to start the game, and slipped the Greyhound when they sighted it.

Sagacity is looked upon with suspicion in the Greyhound in our day, but not so in Arrian's, who described his favourite, "Horme," as eager, spirited, gentle, affectionate, and strongly attached to him and his friend Megillus; as always his companion at the gymnasium or public baths, and at meals patting him or his comrade with one foot or the other as a reminder that she must have her share of food; as intimating by the different tones of her voice what she wanted, and having been, as a puppy, corrected with a whip, going to any one naming it, crouching down and supplicating him, putting up her mouth as though to kiss him, or leaping up and hanging to his neck.

Our views as to the general colour and structure of the Greyhound are very much those of our ancestors. It is amusing to compare the description of a Greyhound, as given by the "Master of Game," written towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, with that of Stonehenge, undoubtedly the most experienced and scientific of writers on the Greyhound, and whose book on breeding, training, and coursing is the text to which all Greyhound owners refer.

The son of Edward III. tells us that the best hue is red fallow, with a black muzzle; that the dog should be of middle

size; that he should have a long head and somewhat great, and made "in the manner of a luce," with good teeth, and neither over-hung nor under-hung jaws. His eyes, red or black as a sparrow-hawk; his ears, small and high "like a serpent;" his neck, great and long; his breast, great and open; fore-legs, straight and great enough, and not too high; the chine, a little high; thighs, great and square; hocks, straight and not "craning" (that is, turning in).

Stonehenge's description I must condense. Head, large between the ears—narrow and low between the eyes; the jaw, lean; teeth, strong and good; eye, bright and full; *ears, soft and falling.* Here Arrian and Stonehenge are at issue, and Stonehenge is right. Neck, long; back, strong; hips, wide; chest, moderately deep; small tail, like a *rat's*, not a *cat's;* a strong foot, well knit, with a substantial pad; arm, long; shoulder-blade, long. The colours—black, blue, red, fawn, brindled, and white; but black, red, and fawn are most prized, "*especially the two last when they have red muzzles.*"

Years ago, Lancashire, Newmarket, Berks, Wiltshire, York, and Scotland had their peculiar breeds; but they are now all amalgamated. Many favourite and peculiar strains exist, having their especial advocates. Some of them contain—generally in an infinitesimal proportion—the Bulldog cross, which, by the way, the late Lord Orford reduced, in the seventh descent, to the 128th portion, a sum which I cannot quite understand, but I take the late Mr. Jesse's word for the truth of it.

The hind-quarters of the Bulldog—we will say his back above his hip, what I believe is called the *os inominatum*, is higher than his shoulder. This is, according to Arrian, the proper Greyhound conformation too, and it is the form of a hare, which is said to be by many good judges since Arrian the true Greyhound model, which in proportion as it resembles the hare is adapted for coursing it; and it is because of this form, as well as the courage he infuses after all trace of formation in

other respects has disappeared, that the Bulldog cross has been adopted.

I have already stated that I am not a coursing man, and I offer this theory with submission to those eminent coursers who may glance over these pages. It is no theory of mine; I should not presume to offer one on a dog I have only judged as to form and grace, expecting him to assimilate with the race-horse in exterior (and "Eclipse" was of the form alluded to); and I may say that I heard this fact from a very eminent and successful courser, and an old neighbour of mine in my native county, one Mr. Thomas Goodlake, of Wadley.

The eminent examples of the Greyhound are so numerous, and go back for so many centuries, that it is impossible to enumerate one hundredth part of them. One of the finest examples in my opinion, that combines, or combined, beauty with speed and endurance, is the white dog "Canaradzo," winner of the Waterloo Cup—the coursers' Derby—and of several champion and other first prizes for elegance and symmetry.

A most beautiful Greyhound won the first prize at the Crystal Palace (1871) Show—"Bengal Light," by "May Morning" out of "Just Off." "Sparkling Cross," by "Racing Hopfactor" out of "Southern Cross," the property of Mr. Sarsfield, won the first prize in the bitch class the same year, and in this most beautiful cluster of Greyhounds, the judges, after giving the second prize to Mr. Salter's "Fair Rosa," determined to commend the whole number, the remaining ten, which were paraded before them.

"Sea Cove," "Sea Pink," "Calaborono," Sir St.-George Gore's "Rienzi," Mr. Faulkner's "Felix," Mr. Page's "Lola Montes," Mr. Bates's "Grand Inquisitor," Mr. Shore's "H. O.," the late Mr. Hugh Hanley's "His Lordship," and many others might be named as show Greyhounds; whilst the *Coursing Calendar* will show what the best public dogs have done in the field, and to that complete work I must refer my readers.

Most wonderful stories have been told of the Greyhound's sagacity, notably that of Sir Roger, mortally wounded by Sir Mardock in a forest, whose Greyhound scraped a pit for his master's body, and on a Christmas Day festival seized the assassin, who was seated in the banquet-hall, by the throat; but I fear it is, like many pretty tales of the canine tribe, simply a romance. A wonderful story is extant also of King Richard II.'s Greyhound, called "Methe," that left the king and took to the "Erle" of Derby. I have seen instances myself of Greyhounds in ladies' hands showing wonderful affection, and far exceeding in intelligence the fat and ungraceful favourites by which they are sometimes followed.

Judging from the "law" given to the hare in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the Greyhounds of her time were fully equal to ours, although I am disposed to think that in shape and exterior qualities we have made a considerable advance, and that improvement is hardly possible.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE OTTER-HOUND.

OTTER-HUNTING was practised in the time of King John, with what were known as "Otter-dogs," and the huntsman was supplied with two horses.

The packs of old days consisted of a promiscuous gathering of curs and Hounds. Such an idea as matching them in size, or breeding them for the pursuit of the otter, therefore, was out of the question, and almost all packs consisted of "platter-hounds," kept by various landowners, and collected by the sound of the horn, at the caprice of those who went out, to which I have alluded under the head of Foxhounds.

King John, of course, had his Hounds and huntsman, his "whip" and kennel-man. These were Ralph, Godfrey, and two "helpers." In the time of Charles II. there was a sergeant of the Otter-hounds—at any rate one John Cott applied for the situation; and after that time the Hounds and the sergeant were discharged, and the whole establishment seems to have been broken up, and possibly went to the hammer.

All over the United Kingdom, more or less, for the last hundred years or longer, there has been a scrambling foray against the otter, according to the good old plan; any dog that would take the water and fight being considered good enough.

Anglesea, Carmarthenshire, Cornwall, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Devon, Hants, Somerset, Shropshire, and many other counties have had packs, kept for otter-hunting, although not real Otter-hounds, and pursued the uproarious sport under a *northerly* wind and *sunny* sky in warm June or July mornings.

Draft Foxhounds were given away or purchased for the sport, but were entered with difficulty, having in their education been taught to own nothing but the fox. It was only by degrees that a Foxhound answered to the cheer, which encouraged him to open upon the "spur" of an otter, and he never freely took to the otter's element. Besides, he is not free enough with his tongue for this noisy sport, and is too soon distracted by the rabble rout that press upon him in the water meadows and by river-banks.

Of late otter-hunting is conducted with more decorum than in the days of yore, and packs of Hounds, of a distinct shape, coat, and colour, are bred and cherished for the purpose.

The late Duke of Athol was devoted to this pursuit, and he had a good pack, though smaller and not so matching as the present breed. He had also a capital huntsman, and other servants, who took their first lessons from His Grace—one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen of this century, whether he pursued fur or feather.

Viscount Hill (the late lord) also possessed good Hounds—now, I believe, dispersed; and at the present time the finest known are those belonging to Mr. Carrick, of Carlisle.

Edward I. never entered with more zeal into the chase of this "beast of the forest," though he levied heavy fines for destroying it, than do the men of Carlisle, who, like James I., would fain make the millers stay their "watercourses" when their rough-muzzled pack is out.

I believe one or two Terriers are used to bolt them at Carlisle. I know that they are "in the West," and that a white Terrier puppy, of the Berkeley Castle breed, bred by old Will Todd, the then huntsman of the old Berkeley, was put in on speculation where they could not dig, that he went up to his game without flinching, bolted him, and took his share of the fight down stream, until the "varmint" was killed by the old dam of "Drowned Mill."

I was coming up the Dart on a fine summer morning in the June of 1870, when our little steamer stopped to take up an old salmon-fisher, and his creels full of fish, all alive and flashing in the sunlight like melted silver. He had with him a one-eyed white Bull Terrier, of which the old man seemed more careful than of his two or three hundredweight of salmon. "Yes," he said—and it so happened there was a respectable farmer on board who saw the fray—"he killed an otter as big as himself yesterday, single-handed, after driving her from her hover."

This "hover" is the otter's bed, formed of rough grass or reeds, in some cave or hollow on the river-bank, far out of sight, and hidden by the roots of some tree which overhangs the stream.

"We had seen her spur"—the name given to an otter's footprint—the old man went on; "and tried to trap her lots of times, and many a time we've pretty near cried with vexation at the work she made among our nets; and all at once my dog

stopped, and went in, but he was a bit too late. However, I see my lady making for the pool, and turned her with a splash, and 'Dick' he seed her too, and had her in the shallows, and she was dead in no time."

But I must go back to the Otter-hound of the North, where you may find the best of them, and (except Devonshire) the best men to handle them. A fine wiry-haired, "hard-bitten" lot they are, with a good deal of eyebrow, and a grizzled moustache, and a wear-and-tear look about them, reminding you of old general officers. All of them look venerable as soon as they arrive at maturity. They are large and muscular, of a rufous-dun mixed with black and grey; not fast, but keen, and delighted with the scent, to which they fasten like Harriers, and fling their tongues with the deep bass of Bloodhounds.

This dog is Hound all over, and reminds you of the old Southern. His voice is rich, sonorous, and mellow; his chest deep; his ears long and sweeping; his tail like the Foxhound's, though more brushy than Lord Poltimore's "Wamba," or a rough Welsh Harrier; his flews and dewlap are large, loose, and in folds like drapery; his eye is sunk, thoughtful, and intelligent; his back and beam wide, strong, and arched. He is full of power and dignity, and when roused to action, or close upon his game, he is one of the finest studies the dog-painter could take as a model for his canvas. His eyes glare; his nostrils expand; he braces every muscle for a spring into the stream or waving sedges, and on more than one occasion he has submitted to his fate, and sunk drowned in the eddies and whirlpools, rather than loose his hold. A case of this kind occurred at Lidford Bridge, when a Hound seized on an otter coming up to "vent," or get his wind. They both went down together, and were never seen again alive, and subsequently were both found dead, a mile below the place, carried down by the stream, which was pent up by a narrow chasm where the fray took place.

Though the present Otter-hound has a genuine Hound frame,

I imagine that he is the result of scientific crosses, bred for courage, keen scent, and quickness of eye, ear, and fang.

He has to contend with a sharp foe, a severe biter, tough in the hide, slippery as an eel, and full of expedients. They have got him up to 22 inches or 24 inches; with a long, narrow forehead; ample, flabby, hanging lips; large and expanded nostrils. They have reached this model probably by crossing Bloodhound and Southern Hound, which latter dog produced the celebrated rough Welsh Harrier that will "hunt anything with a hairy skin." He was known to Somerville who calls him a

> "Deep-flewed Hound, strong, heavy, slow, and sure,
> Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head,
> Shall sweep the morning dew; whose clanging voice
> Awakes the Mountain Echo in her cell,
> And shakes the forest."

He is bred to stand wet or rheumatism; to hunt by eye as well as scent; to mark the bubbles when his quarry is "down," and join in the chase in the otter's element. Failing that, he has to stoop to the scent again. He must be undistracted by the whoops and halloos of tinker, tailor, and blacksmith, observing the huntsman only, and answering his horn and cheer. With many a blank day and disappointment he must resolutely hunt and face a *sea-demon.*

He must have a Bulldog's courage, a Newfoundland's strength in water, a Pointer's nose, and a Labrador's sagacity; the speed of the Foxhound, the patience of a Poodle, the artfulness of a Sheep Dog; given the larger head, the longer ears, the shorter legs, the less like a Foxhound the farther from perfection.

Devonshire, the most sporting county in England, possesses more sportsmen, and better quality, both in men and Hounds, than can be found over the same space of land, and both otters

ENGLISH SETTER.

"BLANCHE," THE PROPERTY OF F. BEVAN, ESQ., OF WESTON GROVE, SOUTHAMPTON.

and Otter-hounds have always been found there. I believe that one or two packs hunt stag, fox, hare, roe, or otter; and such is the true Devonian's passion for everything in the shape of sport, that he never wants an excuse for running or riding with a pack, and when these southern sportsmen make up their minds to kill an otter, his life is not worth many hours' purchase.

## CHAPTER X.

### SETTERS.

THREE classes of Setters are recognised in the present day—English, Irish, and Gordon. I have heard of Russian Setters, but I have never seen one worthy of the name, nor do I think that such an animal is bred or cultivated by the Muscovites; at any rate I shall not be able to say much more of him or his performance, than the late Mr. Lang, of Cockspur Street, whose account of some he once possessed has been quoted by so many authorities, that it must be well known to all who take any interest in the gun; but I believe he subsequently modified his opinion of them.

The English Setter was known in England many years before the Pointer was introduced, and I have little doubt that he followed the Romans, or was brought with them. He is a direct descendant of the Spaniel. "A Setting Spaniel" was the first Setter. It is possible that the Setter may be the original of the Spaniel, and that instead of his being increased in size, and gradually extended to his present form, the shorter head and legs of the Spaniel may be derived from him.

It has been asserted that our ancestors possessed far better Setters than we can boast of; that the pure Setter is lost, and that the modern race is mongrelised. I do not think so; I

believe that but for the efforts of breeders, five, six, or ten years ago, we should have had very few, if any, first-rate specimens; but I am quite sure that kennels of this magnificent breed, utterly unknown to the public, were cherished by our old English and Scotch families, and especially by our dukes and earls.

I recollect seeing some admirable Setters at the late Duke of Sutherland's, at Trentham, at the Duke of Marlborough's, and at a gentleman's house in Staffordshire. They were carefully bred by the late Dukes of Gordon and Argyll, by the Marquis of Anglesea, the late Lord Spencer (I believe), and numerous families of distinction.

I have seen Setters—noble specimens—which were bred by the late Prince Albert, examples equal to any I have ever met with, and, although the first show of dogs brought out but few good models, it certainly did bring before the public one or two whose names will live.

Carefully noting every dog which was thought worthy of a place in sporting magazines, I have, it is true, found few gems, but I *have* discovered some, and, making fair allowance for flattery, they must have been good and well bred.

No man caught the character of his model better than Thomas Bewick. He gives us a likeness of a Setter ranging in good style, and giving evidences of his breeding; but I have seen hundreds of better Setters than that. I remember giving one, a liver-and-white bitch, with tan face—a bad colour, I confess, but a good worker—to a friend, twenty-five years ago, superior to Bewick's.

Venables, who kept the "Mitre Hotel" at Oxford, bred them by the score, and had a name for them, but I think he would discard them now; and he found, and every one finds, a difficulty in obtaining first-rate and reliable blood. But it *exists*, and it can be had for money and trouble. Up and down the country I now and then see a dog which I can at once affirm to be a Setter of family. I have noticed one—a red-and-white—

of Sir Arthur Chichester's, which would displace many a prize dog if he showed him. Mr. Radcliffe, the master of Fox-hounds, possessed a superb brace some thirty years ago, and I believe their breed is extant; and at Wemyss Castle, at Lord Bolingbroke's, at the Duke of Argyll's, at Mr. Handy's, of Malmesbury, in Mr. Garth's kennel, Mr. Drax's, of Charborough Park, Mr. Price's, of Rhiwlas, near Bala (N. Wales), and many others, there is a redundance of the very finest Setter blood in Europe.

I doubt whether any of our forefathers ever had a better dog than Mr. Field's "Bruce," or Mr. Walsh's "Rex," who, a mere puppy, won two first prizes at the competitive examination in grouse and partridge, distancing all competitors; or that rare white dog of Major Venner's, which tied with "Bruce" at the Chilworth trials. For pace, or distance, courage, and lasting they are the best dogs for the gun, and they will bear comparison with any animal in the world for grace and beauty.

I have in my time possessed all kinds and colours. They have one failing—*sometimes* they want courage, but when bold they are admirable. I have never seen more affectionate, willing animals, and I have in my day shot over every description of British sporting dog. No dog is more hardy. They stand the cold of Canada, or the heat of India *moderately* well. I do not say they stand it *well*, for no dogs do, but they endure it as well as any dogs of English breed.

One colour I have never seen, and I do not think it can be obtained; I mean the slate-coloured Setter, with tan legs and face. I do not mean the speckled or Belton grey, but the dog as blue as a blue-tan Terrier. Such a dog *has* been bred, I am assured, and I have seen a painting of one, but that is not much; and I *have seen a man who saw one* about seven or eight years ago. But they are to be obtained of all Pointer colours—red-and-white, orange-and-white, pure white, lemon-and-white, and of these colours pure without white. Then there are

black-and-white, with or without tan; the speckled or fleckled colours sometimes combined with blotches of colour, and hardly ever, if ever, without coloured heads; the liver, liver-and-white, and black; and I have seen what I was told was a pure brindled one, belonging to the late Mr. Dearden, of Rochdale, but I question the dog's purity.

I have a partiality for orange-and-white Setters, and I prefer the freckled nose and legs. I like a liver-and-white dog least of all; I don't like a liver-coloured one, unless he has tanned legs.

All these matters, however, are simply fancies, and what one likes another does not. Men who breed will do well, in this instance, to confine themselves to one colour, or they may breed worse defects than these.

Good Setters are rare, compared with Pointers, and with the best bitch I ever possessed in my life I should object to no colour upon earth, if I saw a chance of improving her in any grand essentials. I have suffered from scrupulously sticking to one colour in past days—I lost size; that I do not care about, but I also lost courage.

As to size, I think the smaller Setter the best; I mean the dog never exceeding 23 inches. I am aware that judges like large Setters, and I myself like them *for show;* but a moderate-sized one works best on the moors. For grouse I do not see that one colour has any advantage over another—such considerations would not influence me; but I own I have had but scant experience of grouse. I have shot an abundance of partridges on similar land—deep ling and heath—and *the colour of the dog does not much influence the lying of the birds.*

I have always believed the Setter to be more agile and enduring than the Pointer, and thus better suited for a mountainous country; and I also think that his coat protects him in the cold mists and drizzling rains of the Scotch hills; but what Stonehenge says is quite true, that "the coat of the Pointer is

as rough as the Foxhound's, which has to encounter, and which is quite regardless of, the briars and thorns of the strong coverts in which he has to find his game."

Let the dogs taken to the moors be what they may, a great deal depends upon their condition. They ought to be on the ground three weeks at least before the gun, and to be worked at first moderately, and more and more by degrees, until they acquire wind and vigour. Their feet ought to receive especial attention, and every care should be taken that they are in form.

The Setter broken to hand is, to a certain extent, finished by the end or even the middle of May. He cannot be exercised from that time until he is sold in July, and if he is a dog of constitution, and meets with a purchaser before he gets his July work, he goes to his business as fat as a bullock and utterly unfit to run.

I suppose that no dog has excited more controversy or wrath than the Setter. A regular battle was the consequence of his points and characteristics being published in one of the leading sporting papers. No satisfactory conclusion was arrived at by this war of words, nor did I see that the opinions expressed by me when I wrote the article were in any way weakened by the correspondents who volunteered to establish a set of forms which should regulate the sporting world; indeed, I may fairly claim that the advantage was from the first on my side, from the nature of things, for the Setter is but a dog at last, and I described a Setter as formed on the Foxhound model. To stray from that established form must be to go from truth, and any, even the least, deviation from certain given points in all dogs is error, and nothing less. It is quite true that good judges and popular celebrated masters and huntsmen disagree on some minor points, but on the grand landmarks all agree.

The Setter's head should never be heavy; it should be light and airy. The dog must be speedy and merry in his work; he

must do it cheerfully. A heavy-headed dog is always a sober and sometimes a dull companion, of which the Clumber is a remarkable instance. I would not take a Setter for myself with a head as heavy as "Peter Bounce's," or any of those grand Pointers which are the dog-stars of the day. I should like my Setter to have a narrower head, a longer nose—that is, greater length from eye to nose. I have measured many heads, and I have found that all good ones measure at least 4 inches, some 4½ inches, and occasionally 5 inches from the eye to the nose. Many a fine Setter catches the judge's eye *first* from this fine form. The pug-faced or chubby-headed Setter is put aside at once. There must be a deep indentation between the eyes. This point in the Bulldog's head is called "the stop." Besides this, there should be a depression of the nasal bone in the centre, or a little above the centre, and it should incline a little upwards. The nose itself should be large, and the nostrils expanded. In colour it should be black for preference, or at least of a dark liver-colour. The jaws should be level. If the upper jaw protrudes, the Setter is said to be "pig-jawed;" many very well-bred Setters have this formation, which I much dislike, although I prefer it to the under jaw protruding, which makes a Setter hideous. The nose should be moderately blunt, and the upper lip should thoroughly hide the under one, and the angles of the mouth should hang down, and be evident and pronounced.

The ears must be set low on the head, and they must hang level with it. They ought to be flat to the cheeks, thin in the leather, not very much coated or feathered where the leather ends, of moderate size, and lobe-shaped, and much of the dog's appearance depends upon the make and set of these appendages.

The eye varies in colour with that of the dog. Let it be what colour it may, it must be *sparkling*, bright, moderately large, not very prominent. It ought to be speaking and intelligent, and not weeping at the corners, as is the case with many of the Spaniel tribe.

The neck should be long and thin, but muscular, and where it joins the head it must be fine, clean, and free from all wrinkles or flews. Anything approaching what is called "cravat" in the Hound is most undesirable and destructive to appearance in the Setter. I like to see the neck a little raised at the crest. As the neck approaches the body or shoulders it should be deeper, wider, and of course much larger in girth, and it should show well back into the shoulders, which should be very long and deep, and sloping well backwards.

I dislike a wide chest—I never saw a fast dog with one. I like a deep brisket. I also prefer round ribs, a straight back, deep back-ribs, and wide or even ragged hips are absolutely indispensable. The fore-arm must be large and straight, and the elbow well let down. The pasterns should be long, strong, and straight; the foot inclined to the hare shape—the toes, however, must not be too much arched, as they are liable to "go down" and lame the dog. Between each toe there will be a tuft of hair, which descends below the ball of the foot, and is replenished by nature as it wears away. The sole must be very strong indeed, and of a thick texture, partly the result of breed, *but far more dependent upon condition and exercise.*

The hind-quarters must be as strong or stronger in proportion than the fore-hand. The thighs must be *long from hip to hock.* The hocks must be straight, and the stifles well bent. A crouching attitude behind,(a stooping of the hind-quarters,) betokens weakness and want of pace. This was the failure in my champion Setter, "Kent."

I particularly dislike *slack loins;* they prove to me that that endurance for which I prize a Setter will be wanting. The tail should be of a moderate length, and it should be of something like the sabre form; not curved over the back, nor carried low, nor curved at the end like what in Bulldogs is called a "ring tail;" above all, that tail is to be avoided which curls twice, like the Pug's—a deformity I have witnessed in some dogs of very

choice breeding. There should be no feather upon the lower part of the stern nearer the root than two inches, then it should begin, and increase to four inches deep, and from the centre it should decrease to nothing at the end. This fringe should be flat, and not thick or curly. It should be what the usual term applied to the stern of the Setter implies—a *comb* fringe.

The coat upon a Setter's head should be as fine and short as the Pointer's, but much more silky and soft. The ears should be feathered more, and *flatly* feathered. The fringe of the neck ought to leave the throat-angle clear and evident. The back of the fore-legs should be feathered to the ankle-joint. The feet should be feathered well. The back and ribs ought to be coated with soft, *straight*, glossy, silky hair, of the texture of floss silk. The back of the thighs should be densely coated as well as the front of them; but this front coating does not show unless the dog is turned up on his back—a practice adopted by some judges, that they may see the "flew" of a Setter to the best advantage.

The carriage of the dog ought to be gay, cheerful, and *fluent*. He should lash his tail in his range, and in his gallop he ought to seem to fly. He should carry his head well up, his neck being well raised, and he ought to have a free, bold "Saunterer" gallop. His temper must be open and forgiving. He must neither sulk nor skulk, but in action display fire and life. Such dogs are not to be got except at very high figures. Occasionally they may be bought at ten, twelve, or fifteen guineas, but a thoroughly good high-bred brace of Setters ought to be worth from fifty to a hundred guineas. They are not only more enduring, hardy, and generally useful than Pointers, but they are more difficult to obtain.

Of late years Setters have multiplied by the score. At the Birmingham show, 1860, but twenty-seven Setter dogs were exhibited, and but eight bitches. All of these were shown in one class, and there was not an average specimen amongst them

of mature age. The first prize was won by a red-and-white dog with bad dropping quarters; the second by a black-and-tan dog bred by Mr. S. Brown, of Melton Mowbray, named "Douce," and he eventually developed into a very first-rate specimen of the Gordon breed; the third prize went to a Setter of the most cumbrous form, with nothing to recommend him but his clumsiness.

The next year, I think, the Setters were divided into three classes—English, black-and-tan, and Irish; and in 1862 the first London show was held at the Agricultural Hall. In the short interval between the Birmingham show and the notorious Appleby *fiasco*, a number of admirable Setters had been produced or purchased. Notably, Captain Brickmann's orange-and-white celebrities, "Sancho" and "Ralph," of Lord Derby's breed; whilst Mr. Russell, of Weymouth, sent one of the pale fallow or yellow Setters, for which he is well known, and which have a cross of Irish from Captain Henning's blood. Bitches were fewer in number, and yet of a good class; but the black-and-tans of both sexes, especially those of Lord Bolingbroke's blood, of which was my "Regent," by his "Argyll," and all of the old "Argyll" strain, were admirable, though "too thick" or clumsy.

The Irish Setters were poorly represented, and it was not for a year or more that better specimens than an old pug-headed dog named "Carlo" were exhibited.

Shortly after this show I purchased my black-and-tan Setter, "Kent," from Sir E. Hoare, and this dog took nearly every first prize that offered, and gained the champion prize for black-tans of all ages, and the gold medal at Paris. His extraordinary success, and the celebrity of my "Ruby," "Rainbow," "Regent," "Argyll the Second," and many others of his kennel, created a strong taste for black-and-tan Setters, so that for a considerable time all other colours, even Mr. Garth's blue-mottled "Major"—always the champion in his class—were

thrown aside, and even Captain Allaway's "blood-red Irish" Setters were overlooked.

In 1864 a wonderfully-made Setter dog (in my opinion the most faultless animal of the breed ever exhibited) was shown in London, and generally known as the French dog "Byron." He came to England with a wonderful reputation, having won the grand gold medal in Paris as the best sporting dog of any breed, and he was at that time the property of a Mr. Green. He was purchased by Mr. Whitfield, and for him won, in company with the late Mr. Hackett's "Rake," the champion prize at Birmingham.

At the same time the late Mr. Jones's "Rap," and "Roll," a black-and-white Setter, won the first and second prizes at Birmingham in the open classes, "Madge," from the same kennel, gaining similar distinctions for bitches; and amongst black-and-tans the eminent dog of the day was Major Elwin's "Reuben," and his "Rowland" was quite equal to him in all but brilliancy of colour. Mr. Henry Blake Knox also showed a good Irish Setter, but not equal to Captain Hutchinson's "Bob," who, in spite of his cumbrous make, which is disastrous in a Setter, was deservedly popular and useful for light-framed bitches.

"Bob" was nick-named "a Suffolk cart-horse," but, barring his square chest and loaded shoulders, he would have pleased the eye of any judge, and scarcely found his match at any exhibition.

Later on, "Bob" was outflanked by some most wonderful Setters belonging to Major Stapylton; but of these hereafter.

The judges now fixed upon some dogs bred at Manchester, and which were, for some time, I believe, unnoticed. I think they first appeared at the Agricultural Hall in 1865, with a guarantee that they had been bred by the owner for forty years, and that he had "bred in and in through."

I believe that this was the first time that the Manchester Setters attracted any attention, and they would probably have been unremarked had Captain Brickmann's dogs been still exhibiting. The dogs shown were—"Jet," a black-white-and-tan dog, that might easily have passed muster for a Retriever; and "Fred," a dog of very superior form and texture of coat, but far too heavy in his shoulder, and too wide in his chest for speed—a fault which he has persistently handed down without exception to his descendants, including "Fred the Second" and the blue-mottled "Dash."

A large class of black-tans appeared, but nothing of any mark, and Captain Hutchinson only showed saplings of nine months old; but Major Stapylton's "Shot" was the dog of the year.

The succeeding year saw the Manchester gentleman winner of the champion class for Setters, with "Fred the Second," a lemon-and-white; the late Mr. Jones's "Madge," black-and-white, being the winner for bitches, though two better were in the class—Mr. Slatter's "Psyche" and my "Bran." "Jet," the Retriever-like Setter, was placed first in the open class, and no dog of great form or character appeared. "Shot" was undeniably the best Setter at this exhibition.

Next year Mr. Price, of Rhiwlas, near Bala, exhibited "Jepp," a capital specimen, and Mr. G. Andrews, of Tuxford, won with "Jewell." Amongst the black-tans the Rev. Mr. Birch's "Suwarrow" was a winner of a first prize for the first time, and the Marquis of Huntly won the first prize with "Silk," bred by me by my "Kent" out of "Regent."

During this period the champion prize had been won with scarcely an exception by old "Kent," until the exhibition of "Suwarrow," who, I believe, gained the champion distinction the first time he was shown. Great improvement was visible during these few years in the Setter class, though not in individuals, and the general mistake amongst all the breeders

was the idea that strength and size were more requisite than, or as requisite as, spring and speed.

This was most remarkable in the prize-winners, of which "Roll," a black-and-white dog of Mr. Rogerson's, seemed the only one with a gift of going, to judge by his frame, and he was confessedly a weak constitutioned, "washy" animal. But Mr. Horlock's "Scamp," a black-tan, the winner of the first prize, was an exception to the rule, and "Shot" was a still nearer approach to the desired quality.

The dogs that knock up and refuse to hunt in hot weather are always square built, wide-chested ones. Those with a deep chest, ragged hips, and which are as narrow as a rail, are always ready to gallop, and never *trot*, which is a flag of distress.

At the first trial in the field ever held, and where I was one of the judges, the worst goer was the strongest and squarest dog there, and no coaxing could get him ten yards from his master's side; whilst "Dandy," a ragged, narrow dog, hunted bravely in spite of his "*weak appearance*," upon which some of the bystanders insisted.

The remedy for this Setter form is by selection; you cannot tamper with Setter blood. Such bitches as Mr. F. R. Bevan's "Blanche," "Bloom," and others of her stamp, mated with such a dog as Major Venner's, who ran, as did "Blanche," so gallantly at Chilworth Manor, for the stakes, or with Mr. Wardlaw Reid's beautiful dog "Sam," would answer well as originals for a race of Setters, in frame and action resembling the woodcut of this superb animal in Bewick's Quadrupeds.

Fashion runs upon different colours. At one time I recollect black-and-white Setters were the rage; then white ones. Many of the celebrated Setters belonging to the Duke of Gordon, as I am informed by a gentleman who has shot with him, were black-white-and-tan. Some few years ago black-and-tan Setters put the red-and-white out of fashion; now the fancy is strong

for black-speckled Setters, known as Bolton Greys—"the hue (as a Scotch keeper told me) of a Scotch mist."

There are also fashions as to the Setter's work. Originally he was taught to fall to his game, as he was used either for hawking birds, or to cover them (dog and all) with a net. He was induced from imitation—being broken with the old Spanish Pointer, which never fell to game—to stand like his fellow-pupil, for *falling* is an artificial attitude. Terriers, Spaniels, Retrievers, even cats, stand before they pounce; so do lions, tigers, or leopards, especially the chetah. Standing is bracing the nerves and balancing the body for a spring. Latterly the old Setter instinct of dropping has shown itself in a marked manner, and many of the very best Setters fall as if struck by lightning.

I never object to it in the Setter. To my mind it is a sign of breeding; but it is disadvantageous on heath, moorland, or amongst high scrub or deep cover of any kind, especially if the dog is of a dark colour, as he is completely hidden, not only from his owner but from the other dog, who may blunder up the game, or be led from getting once or twice close to the point when he ought to back, to neglect this essential part of his training.

The Setter has been used for netting partridges so lately as 1818. At Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, the keepers saw a light traversing a field in a very singular manner, and apparently moving of itself. In a short time the light made a sudden stop, when three or four men appeared and began drawing a large net up to the light, which proved to be a Setter with a lantern fixed upon his head, so that he could range the field, and on his stopping the poachers knew where the partridges lay, and drew the net up to him.*

This curious fact has been illustrated by the celebrated painter, Abraham Cooper, R.A.

The Setter varies as to the age at which he exhibits his

* *Sporting Magazine*, anno 1818, page 205.

instinct. I have seen a Setter whelp, a few weeks old, pointing or setting the flies on the kennel wall, and in the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. lxix. of the old series (1827), a gentleman writing from Ashton, near Exeter, gives an account of an Irish Setter, which, "at three months old, hunted, drew upon birds, and made as firm a point as the staunchest old Setter."

Generally these dogs will neither hunt nor point until they are a year or fifteen months old, and when first taken into a field they will hunt the larks and chase them all over the fields. It is a good sign, and it is only by excessive work, and when they are tired out, that they will stand at birds. This is encouraged and persisted in by coaxing and occasionally by judicious punishment, until the habit is confirmed, when the dog is said to be "staunch." The Pointer is much more easily broken, and he seldom forgets his training; whilst the Setter requires a certain amount of discipline every spring, and abundance of exercise, or his volatile disposition will make him wild and wilful.

When constantly associated with man, no dog shows more sagacity, and his power of learning tricks and feats is quite equal if not superior to that of any other breed; but this is not invariable, and some seem unable to learn, and utterly wanting in memory and discernment. Why this marked difference exists I cannot say, but certainly Setters vary in their sense and form more than any other breeds.

Possibly this variation may arise from incautious breeding, or the carelessness of those to whose charge they are committed, at those critical seasons which periodically occur, and because the instincts of Setters are more easily imperilled than those of other races. Of one thing I am quite sure, that there are more bad Setters than good ones, and that it is more easy to obtain a good Pointer than a reliable specimen of this surpassingly beautiful dog, which is either superlatively good or worthless in the field.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BLACK-TAN OR GORDON SETTER.

MARKHAM, who wrote "Hunger's Prevention; or, The Whole Art of Fowling by Land and Water," in 1655, gives it as his opinion that white dogs are the most beautiful; "the dunne and brended for poachers and nightmen, but that the *black-and-fallow* are esteemed the hardest to endure labour."

This "black-and-fallow," generally known in these days as the black-and-tan, has been a favourite mixture with us from very early days. It is the colour of the old English Terrier and of the Scotch Colley. It has always prevailed amongst our Bloodhounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, and Otter-hounds. Pointers occasionally may be seen of this colour. One, a remarkable specimen, the property of Mr. Adams, of Great Waltham, won the first prize at Ashburnham Hall in 1864; and the Duke of Gordon encouraged it in his kennel of Setters, and introduced it, it is said, by crossing with a Colley of that colour remarkable for her nose and staunchness.

Much has been written as to the colour of these famous Setters, but no dispute has ever been raised as to their quality, and dogs with any trace of descent from the duke's blood command the highest prices. To trace back to his "Regent," "Old Bang," "Old Don," or to Mr. Coke's, "Pan," or "Fan"—for Mr. Coke and the duke bred from the same stock—is ample warrant for purity of lineage.

I have been assured by a gentleman still living, and who shot with the duke, that there were numbers of black-and-tan Setters at Gordon Castle; but that he also possessed, prized, bred, and shot over black-white-and-tans.

Howitt, in one of his books, calls them black; but it is no uncommon thing to find men who have no especial knowledge

of a dog calling him black because that is the prevailing colour, and taking no notice of his tan markings.

I doubt whether the writer bestowed more than a glance upon them, and all he tells us of them is, that any one might as well have asked the duke for a church living as for one of the breed.

"The Druid" mentions them casually in his "Field and Fern," or what he was told were their descendants at Dunrobin Castle. "They are all," he says, "at the castle black-and-white, with a little tan at the toes, muzzle, root of the tail, and round the eyes." They are described as "light in frame, and merry workers," and the critic who reviews poor Dixon's book says of these Gordon Setters that the duke preferred this colour from the facility with which he could see them on the hill-side.

I have been told that he never shot over them until they were seven years old. I cannot believe this, for if he was the sportsman I think him, he would have felt a keen interest in his young entries, and he would have known that the second or third season is the zenith of a Setter's life. From this age he will remain good until his seventh or eighth year; but frequently at four years of age he will show signs of decline, and by degrees leave off galloping and merely potter about in front.

I believe that numbers of Gordons as good as the old duke's have been purchased since his day, and if (as they assert) he did cross with a Scotch Colley bitch, the stain (for stain it was, and a most impolitic step to take) is gradually fading out.

The story goes that the duke had heard of a shepherd's bitch which was a wonderful finder of grouse, pointing them stiffly, and finding them when the Setters were at fault, so that the shepherd and his bitch were frequently in request when the castle party were unable to find game. Having ascertained these facts, the duke bred from her, and so originated the black-tan breed. I am inclined to doubt that the Colley originated

the colour, and I do not give implicit credence to the story from first to last. The duke may have tried the experiment, but I do not believe that he stained the pedigree of his whole kennel.

I have seen, nevertheless, many Colley dogs which would pass muster for coarse Gordons, and Gordons which might easily be mistaken by a Gaelic shepherd for his Sheep Dog; and the Colley, or teapot-tail, occurs occasionally in the very best and most authentic strains which trace directly to the duke's breed.

Some years ago I had, by exchange, a black-and-tan Setter from Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, and she was one of the very cleverest and staunchest game-finders I ever had, but she showed a good deal of Colley character in her form and of Colley nature in her habits, going round her game as a Scotch Sheep Dog would gallop round a flock, and from first to last always determined to put the birds between herself and the gun.

Many and many a time she has stood on a bank and tried for game, and at once ran up to and pointed it, nor do I ever remember her doing wrong or requiring reproof or correction. Her tail and coat were of the true Gordon type, her head and her mind alone showing, as I thought, and still think, that she was crossed as above mentioned.

In the first litter I ever bred, from "Ruby" by "Ranger," which I can authenticate as the duke's strain, I had two of the litter with the curled or, as I think, the Colley tail.

These were "Argyll the Second," one of the best dogs I ever saw, single handed, and a dog so close to "Kent" when he first appeared, that the judges had hard work to decide between them; he was, to my mind, far superior to "Kent," except in stern; and the other was a bitch named "Ruth," which I subsequently sent to Lord Bolingbroke, at Lydiard, as the two first whelps which I sent him died.

It will perhaps interest those who breed Setters to see the prices obtained by the Duke of Gordon's, which were sold at Tattersall's, July 7, 1836. They reached the following sums :

| | *Guineas.* | *Purchaser.* |
|---|---|---|
| Duke ... ... ... ... | 34 ... | Lord Abercorn. |
| Young Regent... ... ... | 72 ... | Lord Chesterfield. |
| Juno ... ... ... ... | 34 ... | Duke of Richmond. |
| Saturn ... ... ... ... | 56 ... | Lord Douglas. |
| Crop ... ... ... ... | 60 ... | Lord Chesterfield. |
| Duchess ... ... ... ... | 37 ... | Mr. Martyn. |
| Randan ... ... ... ... | 35 ... | Mr. Martyn. |
| Princess... ... ... ... | 25 ... | Mr. Walker. |
| Bell ... ... ... ... | 34 ... | Mr. Martyn. |
| A puppy... ... ... ... | 15 ... | Lord Douglas. |
| Ditto ... ... ... ... | 15 ... | Mr. Robertson. |
| | 417 | |

Without doubt these formed only a part of the kennel, for I have heard that a brace of black-and-tans, with white frills, went to the Duke of Abercorn, and that nine others went to the Duke of Argyll and Viscount Bolingbroke, the latter of whom received one which was given to the Duke of Argyll as a present, just at or before the time of the Duke of Gordon's death.

Eleven Setters would have been a poor team for Gordon Castle, and possibly the duchess, who had little fancy for sports or sportsmen, got rid of them as incumbrances as soon as possible.

Of late years, Setter prices have far exceeded those which I have quoted, and so late as May, 1871, 300 guineas were paid for a brace of broken Setters, the property of Mr. Statter, which had shown well at the Shrewsbury trials.

The black-and-tan Setter's form does not differ in any essential points from that of the English Setter. The main distinction is one of colour, and the existence of certain properties (and I am inclined to think excellences) which the English Setter does not possess.

He fails, also, in some points wherein the English Setter excels. He has not so finely-formed a head; it inclines occasionally to the heavy and Bloodhound type. His ears are frequently too large and weighted with coat, as well as "leather." He is far too heavy—I am writing of the common type observable at our shows—and he must be refined at any cost. How all this lumber and substance was accumulated I cannot say, but I am sure that "The Druid" would not now describe the generality of Setters as "light of frame and merry workers."

In spite of his wide chest and loaded fore-quarters, he is free, active, and lithe in his gallop, and a good specimen (I mean a narrow, deep-chested, long and low Gordon Setter) will more than hold his own. I have seen better Setters of the black-and-tan than of any other breed.

They are not so thirsty as English Setters—water is not indispensable to them, and provided they are in condition, I have seen them utterly indifferent to the luxury of a bath.

They are of a peculiarly nervous temperament, and must be handled judiciously. Sometimes they want no instruction, but come to their work at once. Occasionally they are the veriest dullards, but remember all that is "drilled into them" for life. I have made a Setter of the Gordon breed (my own strain) perfect in six days, and my old breaker had one of mine from Staffordshire, which he ultimately gave up in despair.

I have hardly ever seen a black-tan Setter go lame on the hardest ground, nor do I think I ever saw dogs with finer attitude on their points, and I have twice hunted them very severely six days a week when my friends used three brace to my two.

The texture of the coat should be silky, flat, and close. A number of so-called Gordon Setters and some well-bred ones, have curly or wavy coats, but this is a positive disfigurement to any Setter. The Gordon should only show Setter coat on his profile and flag. The latter, by the way, is shorter than the

English Setter's, and of graceful form, bare of flag two inches from the root, with a flag as flat and scanty as a comb, tapering away to nothing at the point.

His colour must be intensely black—where it is black, and the coloured markings should be of a rich deep russet, or burnt sienna colour. This distinctive colour is known as tan, or red orange. Some Setters have the whole of the mask of the face far up the forehead of this colour, which varies in warmth and volume in different dogs. The greater number have a spot over each eye, the cheeks, the lining—especially the edges—of the ears, the throat, the lower part of the fore-legs, and the back part of them as high as the fore-arm, being tan. The belly, front-margin of the thighs, the vent, the thighs, and the plumage of the stern and hind-quarters, all harmoniously blended with this bright colour, which mixes up generally whenever there is flue or abundance of coat.

I do not object to white frills, nor to a white toe behind. I should regret to think that any Gordon Setter breeder destroyed whelps of fine blood for such trifles as these. They will have to give up the breed altogether, or else put up with defects of a more serious nature for some years.

The breed was originated by the Gordon family fifty years ago or more, and it is time some fresh blood was infused into the race. It must be Setter blood, of course; and I fancy that the Duke of Gordon saw the necessity of a cross and used it. I believe that he adopted the Irish Setter cross; for in almost every litter, provided it descends from his kennel, there are a brace or more of red Setters. These have the peculiarity of being almost white until they moult their Setter coat, when they take the brilliant mahogany red, and follow the form and have the panther-like noiseless gallop of the Irish Setter.

With some such break in the blood *again* we should recover that lightness which is nearly extinct. By the careful selection of specimens, we should recover stamina, courage, speed, and

nerve, combined with graceful form and perfect action. This is not to be effected in one year, or even two or three years, and it could be best carried out by the combination of men having this improvement at heart.

Better legs and feet are not wanted, but the thick neck, the wide chest, the loaded shoulders, the heavy jowl, must be improved off the face of the earth.

The best blood of the present day is that which claims relationship with Lord Bolingbroke's kennel. A bitch which he gave me some years ago was the best in her work, the most elegant in her form and action, and the most varied and imposing in her attitudes on game of any I have ever seen, excepting, perhaps, "Young Kent," a dog I bred myself and sold to the Marquis of Huntly. "Regent," a daughter of Lord Bolingbroke's "Old Argyll," was also beautiful in the show-yard, and on game; and Mr. Field's "Kate," though she went with her back "roached," or arched, and carried her head low, was, or rather is, a Setter far above the average of excellent Setters in form and performance. "Reuben" (Mr. S. Lang's) has been a frequent winner of champion prizes, and he was a dog of mark, both for coat, depth of chest, and action; and "Shot," Mr. Stokes's dog, but for his being rather thick-set, is admirable.

"Old Kent," the winner of innumerable prizes, and a dog with which I won the grand gold medal in France, was very fine in his day, but he probably imposed upon many judges by his rich colour and large stature. These made them overlook his weak hind-quarters and thick shoulders, which could not have passed muster but for their admirable slope and length, and a knack he had of showing himself off to his utmost on the chain.

His stock was not satisfactory. He propagated his own faults, and introduced others; for, as a rule, his offspring feared the gun, whilst *he* never showed any symptoms of nervousness, either in or out of the field.

I have often wondered, at the time that "Kent" was so much admired, what the public would have thought of Lord Bolingbroke's "Argyll"—such a Gordon as I never saw before, and have vainly looked for since. As he was a type of his class, I will endeavour to describe him from notes I took of him when staying at Lydiard. "Guile," as the keepers called him for shortness, was an old dog when I saw him, quite perfect in the field, and sent out, with the young hands who were his lordship's guests, as a dog they could not spoil. There was no "walking up birds in turnips" then, and to have no dog, or a bad one, was to have no sport.

I have seen dogs of a richer colour, and *that* we must remember deteriorates with age. He was rather grey about the muzzle, and his eyes had lost some of their intelligence. His coat was shining, soft to the touch, silky and flat or straight, free from the least wave or curl, and of sufficient volume to fringe his profile and no more; I should rather say to fringe the lower outline of his body, leaving his head and the angle of his jaw "clean cut" and sharply defined. But for the scanty fringe to his tail, legs, thighs, and belly, and a rather abundant frill to his chest and neck, and for the gloss on his coat, he might have been a Pointer.

He had a grand frame, powerful hocks and loin, and his neck and shoulders so long, well poised, and muscular, that he would have taken high rank anywhere, and a downright ignorant master must have seen something in him. He was a narrow, deep-made, racing-looking dog, of true pure Gordon blood, and I will engage that there was no Colley about him, though several of his stock had the Colley stern, which rather weakens my theory.

I had one litter from him out of my "Ruby," and out of them I got those celebrated public winners, "Argyll the Second," "Boll," and my bitch "Regent." The latter, in her prime, was never beaten except by her own mother. Three I sent to

Lydiard, and two bitches to Sir C. Domville, of which I know nothing. "Regent," as I write, is still alive, and her sister died in my kennel, after working for years for Mr. Drax, of Charborough Park, Dorset.

The champion "Regent" was the most perfect Gordon I ever saw; and "Moll," the other champion, bred by Mr. Jobling, of Morpeth, and subsequently belonging to Mr. Handy, of whom bought her, was not to be compared to "Regent," except in coat, "Moll's" being much straighter and flatter. Mr. Stokes's "Shot" is out of a daughter of "Regent," and carries a far better coat than his mother, but few have the texture—that is, the silkiness of coat—for which "Old Argyll," and "Regent," and my "Princess" were conspicuous.

The Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, a Wiltshire clergyman who writes under the name of "Sixty-one," has some good ones, especially as regards frame and speed, and the Marquis of Huntly, who never passes by a good one if it is to be obtained, has "Silk" and "Young Kent," both bred by me. The latter, except that he has not tiptop speed, is one of the best dogs to hunt, find, and quarter his ground which I ever broke, but he is not so narrow and deep as I could wish him.

"Dandy," bred by Mr. Jobling, of Morpeth, was one of the best Setters, as to coat and colour, I ever saw, but his breed did not "nick" with mine.

Mr. Fleming, of Kilkerran House, had a dog "Dandy" by him, out of, I think, Lord Loughborough's "Ruin," and a grand dog he was, making 90 or 100 points at the first field trial ever held, at which I was one of the judges.

"Robin the First," bred by Mr. S. Brown, the veterinary surgeon of Melton Mowbray, and purchased by me as a puppy, was also a very fine Setter of the same litter as my "Ruby the First," mother of "Regent." He was a grand game-finder, and very clever and knowing. When I broke him he could find before "Regent"—a rather unusual thing for the dog to be more

precocious than the female—but as soon as I got near him he flushed his birds. As I noticed that he always looked from the corner of his eye to observe what effect this freak had upon me, I desired my man to flog him, and after this he never repeated what he evidently considered a good joke.

Black-and-tan Setters come to their zenith as show dogs at their third year; for the field they are often ripe at fifteen or eighteen months old; but they will always require a little handling in July before they are forwarded to Scotland, or they may be headstrong and stubborn. When a dog is in show condition—to which he must be brought by excellent food given twice or three times a-day, capital clean bedding, and daily exercise—he will reflect the light in flashes of blue or plum-colour from his black coat, and his tan will appear, in a broad full light, almost red. If, in addition to this treatment he is well groomed twice a day with such a "dandy-brush" as is used for the race-horse, or with the ordinary hat-brush, and the floss or feather is well and carefully combed out, he will look all the better, and remunerate his owner for the extra trouble.

As dogs are shown in the chain, he should be led in one, and accustomed, if possible, to crowds. In a general way, the Setter, let his breed be what it may, sulks in his kennel from the end of September until the grouse season begins again. He is not made a companion. He associates with his own species only, or he endures solitary confinement; but when he is educated—I am not now writing of field sports—he is a most intellectual dog, capable of learning any accomplishment, and the best performing dogs I have ever seen, not even excepting the "French" Poodle, as it is called—but why French?—have been, to all appearance, pure veritable Setters. I myself have had Setters of marvellous sagacity, whose penetration into my intentions—whose reflection and method and deductions have startled me at times; and who acted from a power to which I should hesitate to give the name of instinct.

I never could understand how it was that one of my favourite Setters—"Rhine," a bitch I had from Wemyss Castle —"divined" that I was going out shooting. Certainly she did so, for though at other times she was quiet in the kennel, no sooner was any preparation made for it, than she would scramble over the kennel fence, eight feet high, and get into my "Whitechapel" unperceived, and once or twice she escaped our notice, until she crawled out in a deprecatory manner when we arrived at our destination. She once tracked us for over four miles, found us in the midst of our sport, and after coming to me for forgiveness—and I need hardly add obtaining it—she joined the team at work, and was the first to find game, greatly to her delight.

"Robin," a brother to my celebrated "Ruby," often showed wonderful sense. He was never used as a Retriever, but on one occasion my young Retriever had overrun the scent of a winged bird, and had tried for it in vain—perhaps for ten minutes. I saw Master "Robin" half prick his ears though at the down-charge, and turn his head with an eager look towards what I expected was a hare stealing away in the high ling, but presently, as the Retriever "Fag" made a cast near him, he darted up, caught the running bird, and took it to "Fag," dropped it, and went back to his down-charge, as though he could no longer stand the dog's stupidity, but would do the retrieving and the finding, rather than put up with such slow hunting. It would be hard to find a more sensible feat than that, or a more thorough exercise of reason, enhanced by his taking the bird to the dog instead of bringing it to me.

## CHAPTER XII.

### IRISH SETTERS.

THIS fine race of dogs has always held high rank with sportsmen in Great Britain, and no better breed exists. They have been jealously protected from any mongrel crosses for many years by their native breeders, and they owe their popularity in Ireland and elsewhere to their quality quite as much as to their colour. They are exceedingly fast, very resolute, hardy, and thoroughly blood-like, genuine Setters. A finer, more open-hearted, frank, good-tempered race no man can find, and I should be abundantly satisfied with them for any open shooting where Setters could act.

I have seen and known a good many of them, and I candidly confess I never saw or heard of a bad one. I have not been fortunate enough to see more than one or two good bitches, and these bore no comparison to the dogs. Perhaps the Irish owners are chary of exhibiting them; but let the reason be what it may, they have not been made public in any numbers.

I look with confidence to the time when they will be more generally used by our grouse-shooters in Scotland than they are now; but before this can be, they must become numerically stronger.

Very few were entered at our first shows, and I thought when I saw the first lot which were put forward, that the Irish must either be very jealous of parting with them, or that they must be extinct.

Looking over some of our old magazines, I find it asserted that some years ago "an estate" was given for a very celebrated dog of the breed, but what was the annual income of this property, the work does not state. A great deal of corre-

spondence has taken place in a leading sporting print on the colour and form of this most noble animal, ending, as most controversies do, in no satisfactory results.

It was not a point of colour alone, but of form and quality; but every fresh writer appeared to put forth new theories. However, I shall only state facts taken from undoubted authorities. I have been at great pains to find out everything which can set the matter at rest, and I shall not speculate as to quality or form in what I now set down about the breed.

When the Irish Setter first appeared at dog-shows, the old dog "Carlo," a faint red dog, with black tips to his ears and fringe generally—a dog with a short face, square features, and a *retroussé* nose, frequently won the first prize. Whom he belonged to at first I forget, but I fancy he was purchased by the late Mr. George Jones, of Oscott, when he was the second prize—a dog with a bit of white on his nose, belonging to Mr. Foley Onslow, being first, and this dog's name is not given, but I think he was a good dog. "Carlo," however, was a great favourite for some time. After him came Mr. Birtwhistle's "Tim," Mr. Watts's "Ranger," and several others, all prize-winners. At last Captain Hutchinson, of Kingstown, Ireland, "came to the fore" with his "Bob." Now both "Tim" and "Ranger" were pure in colour, and were long, low, smart, rakish-looking Setters. They had a great deal of quality about them. They seemed ready to break their chains, and were full of life and activity. I liked them. They reminded me of a brace I saw once, the property of an officer near Christchurch, in Hants. They were thorough blood-like Setters; but not of the deep, pure chestnut red which I believe to mark the Irish breed.

Captain Hutchinson's "Bob" appeared to have been bred with the greatest possible care. He was a fine, rich, deep-red chestnut, and free from white. He was good all over, formed

in exact proportion, and with substance as well as symmetry. The winner of the first prize at the Dublin show was next to him, but nothing equal to him in any way, being apparently bred from a black-and-tan strain. I imply this from his colour, in which I could detect black shadows, when my attention was called to this defect in his colour by an eminent judge and breeder of these Setters, to whom I applied for information.

The thorough Irish dog is a very fast and persevering worker. He is a rapid galloper. Indeed, his action is quite equal to the best specimens, whether English or Gordon. I believe he is an admirable water-dog, and invaluable in fens and swamps for snipe; but I should fancy that he had too much dash for that sport. In heather his power and muscle enable him to do a long day's work without fatigue, and he has a comparatively noiseless and stealthy gallop. He is inclined to be headstrong, and is accused of being hard to break, and of having a wild nature, especially during the first days of grouse-shooting, when he demands patience, severity, and judgment, or he will play vagaries of all kinds, and exhaust the good temper of any but the most firm and experienced of sportsmen. When, however, he has settled down to his work, and discovered the tactics of his owner, he is exceedingly valuable, and he will be regarded with envy by all who witness his mathematical precision, his firm style, his staunchness, and patience, coupled with docility, which is equalled but never exceeded by any Pointer or Setter of any breed.

I have said that the Irish Setter should be of a pure rich mahogany red, without any black fringe or mixture of another colour. He is most handsome without white, but few breeders can afford to destroy a dog of high family simply because he has a white foot, or some little mixture of that colour. *For breeding* I would, if possible, and if I aimed at celebrity, select both dogs with no white, or with as little as possible; but I should never put a whelp in a bucket if I could possibly find

space and food for him. Some one will take a good Setter at some price, and the more bred the better, let who will have them.

Having said so much about his colour, let me add that some "correspondents" assert that red-and-white Irish Setters have been, may be, and are to be had pure, and of the highest caste. I do not doubt it. The white would be developed in larger volume by the very process I have suggested, and I have little hesitation in asserting that if there are not red-and-white dogs of a breed so very remarkable for diversity of colour as all Setters are, it is a very wonderful thing. As to frame, the Irish Setter is modelled exactly like the best English specimens. I see no difference in them there, and I believe that his coat is of much the same texture; but some Irishmen, who have written a good deal on the subject, say that there is some harshness or wiry texture about the coat of their dogs. I did not detect anything of the kind in Captain Hutchinson's "Bob" —to my mind the correct model of the Irish, or indeed of any Setter, his only fault being that his chest is too wide, and that he wants that *lightness*, or airy look, which is lacking in most of the English Gordons and Irish breeds, without which formation the pace must be indifferent.

Of late the Rev. Mr. Macdona has paid considerable attention to the Irish Setter, possessing some of the very oldest strains. One of the best he has produced is a dog named "Plunkett," who has distinguished himself in the field, and is one of the fastest Setters I have ever seen.

This Setter is not of the deep-red I have described, but—and this is of far more importance—he is of the correct formation, consequently he is a high ranger, quick in his turn, light in his gallop, with a thorough command of his action, enabling him to pull up and finish in style. He is narrow in front, with a capital forehead, a fine lean head, a full hazel eye, a large liver nose and nostrils, which expand when they catch the

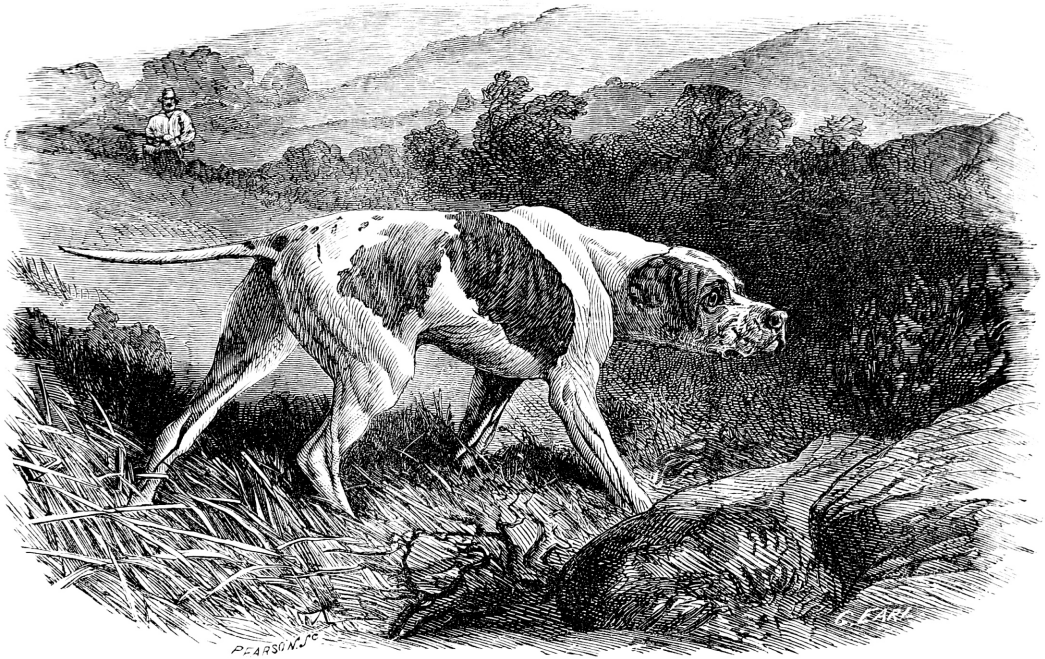
wind. He has the long taper neck, the broad back, the ragged hips, the strong hind-quarters, the firm small foot, the long muscular thighs of the genuine Irish Setter, suitable for the rough sporting of his native island, or the Scotch mountain and granite boulders, and though not of that rich red which you see on the thoroughbred chestnut, as, in the highest possible condition, he takes his canter before the Stand at Epsom, on a May morning in the sun, or of the stain of the red beech-leaves in early autumn, or the burnt sienna-like tint of an old Scotch fir, or of that deep red ochre sand which you come upon fresh turned up in some Berkshire lane (and not one of these illustrations gives a thorough notion of the Irish Setter red, as I could desire to give it), you have in him and his class, the quality, the pace, endurance, and style which, to my mind, are to be obtained in few others of what I consider the best dogs for the moor and gun.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE POINTER.

I CANNOT find out at what date the Pointer was introduced into this country; but there seems little doubt that he is a later importation than the Setter, and that he originally came from Spain, where dogs of the same class as the Spaniel Pointer, from which our brilliant performers descended, may still be met with occasionally, sleeping by the old greystone fountains, or jogging with solemn gait after the lazy muleteer.

He seems to have been ignored in the time of Edward II., though his quaint old huntsman sung the praises of "the Spaniel, a hound for hawking, whose craft is for the perdrick and the quayle," and possibly some rambler in the land of Spain who




POINTER.

"RAP," THE PROPERTY OF J. H. WHITEHOUSE, ESQ.

observed the rigid staunchness of the old liver-and-white dog, thought that he would prove a better dog for the net than his silky-coated, flashy, and somewhat headstrong confrère already known in England as a Setting-dog. Be this how it may, he soon took rank as a first-class sporting dog, and he has at the present time more partisans than the Setter, as being an easier dog to manage, and one capable of sustaining his fluent and light gallop without slaking his thirst or revelling in the luxury of a bath, which most Setters require.

When he was first brought to this country he was fast enough. Sportsmen went out early, when the hawk was used; and *their* ancestors went out late to net birds—in fact, just as they were assembling for their night's rest. In the first case they had a long day before them; they seldom walked at the rate of three miles an hour; they had the benefit—long since departed—of deep stubbles, wide, grassy hedgerows, and bad farming generally. No one could hunt unless he had a "qualification;" and few men had one. The art of shooting flying was little known, and was only brought to perfection when Manton or Egg (or whoever it was) invented the percussion lock; even then the partridge had a good time of it, and it was not until many years had passed that day after day brought persecution to the covey.

Gradually the notion prevailed that the old Spaniard was too slow. He trotted, instead of galloping; true, he quartered his ground well; he carried a high head, and this brilliant style gave him the command of wide parallels, whilst his exquisite power of scent served him instead of speed to such an extent that, only give him the wind, and he would crawl up to his game in a direct line, and there stand for four and (like some of the descendants of his family, for which I must quote the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiv., p. 243) for as many as *twelve hours!* But in long days he *fagged*, stood still, rolled in the sun, or, wagging his cropped tail, followed panting at his master's heels.

To counteract this it was found absolutely necessary to cross him with some lighter frame, even at the peril of injuring his staunchness, for all confessed, in the days of old Colonel Thornton—a capital sportsman, who lived in the beginning of this century—that they could put up with the tedious old sort no longer.

Colonel Thornton tried the Foxhound cross with success, in one instance, at any rate, in 1795, his pointer, "Dash," liver-and-white, a long-necked, wiry animal of good form, and with undeniable shoulders, back, and hind-quarters, attaining such celebrity that he was purchased by Sir R. Hill for 120 guineas and a cask of Madeira wine, subject to the stipulation that the dog should be returned for fifty guineas when rendered unfit for work. The first season "Dash" broke his leg, and was returned according to agreement.

The Spanish Pointer was, I believe, a liver-and-white dog, with a great preponderance of liver-colour. He was very seldom ticked or flecked on his white, and bore a close resemblance to that well-known picture of the breed by Reinagle, in which he is represented with a very heavy head and jowl, deep flews, sunken, large eyes, and tremendous bone and muscle. This picture hands him down to us as rough in the coat, though the profile of his body is not obscured by it, with "hackles" on his white collar, a blaze, and cheeks white, as are also the inner margins of his legs and arms, and the end of his tail, which has been shortened by about a third of its length.

The markings of Bewick's engraving of the dog are identical with those of Reinagle's, but Bewick's dog is better balanced on his point, and his hind-quarters are more skilfully drawn.

It is fair to infer that as Bewick gives us no engraving of a lighter Pointer, it was not known in his time. But Reinagle does give us a specimen of the improved breed, with more white in his colour and less lumber than his ancestors. This dog is drawn standing on game, in form that would be excellent in

our day, and with a stern well poised, although it has been cut, according to the absurd fashion of the time. It is only within the last forty or fifty years that such barbarous "customs" have gone out.

Daniel Lambert, the fat prodigy of Leicester, was justly celebrated for his breed of black Pointers, their tails left as nature made them, being in this respect in advance of his day.

I am by no means sure that the Foxhound was the only cross used to give pace and fire to this well-known English breed; but I am sure that the Pointer's staunchness has not been injured. Fresh colours have been produced, all having their adherents and admirers, and these various colours have been the outward marks of what sportsmen established as their own breeds. These were gradually introduced, and now we have the self-coloured dog—white, black, liver-coloured, red, sandy, or lemon, and the black-and-tan. Besides these we have the pied or blotched dogs, which are any of the above colours mixed more or less with white. Sometimes the white is flecked with the same colour as the patches, and occasionally the dark blotches are shot or powdered with white specks. This is more frequently the case with liver or black dogs than any others; and in my opinion it has a very nice appearance.

Colour in the Pointer is something more than a matter of taste—it is closely connected with his business. For some years—I am writing of forty years ago—the fashionable dog was much heavier than we breed now, and that dog was most esteemed which had a liver head and a white body. I don't know that the general public had any reason for this prejudice, but this can be said for dogs having a good deal of white about them—their owner can discover them at a long distance; but the game can discover them also, and therefore dark-coloured dogs possibly can get much nearer to their game, and are possibly not so likely to flush it if they come upon it suddenly; still I am by no means sure of this.

This, however, is certain, that wide rangers are often lost on a dark moor and on a hazy day, and the sportsman's sight is frequently tried by the constant watching of his scarcely-visible leash of Pointers.

How long ago it was discovered that a dog would "back" the point of his kennel companion it would be hard to say, but at the present time no dog is considered thoroughly broken unless he will acknowledge the point of his fellow-worker, and become cataleptic directly the other dog draws up to game. I recollect seeing, at an exhibition of celebrated pictures in town, a large oil painting, by a celebrated artist, of eight or nine Pointers pointing and backing, and this work of art must have been from eighty to a hundred years old.

When this talent has been thoroughly drilled into a dog, it enables him to help in the day's sport without coming into collision with his companion; and when dogs are good backers their master can take out as many as he likes together, *provided* they cross each other in hunting, and do not run in couples. In other words, provided each dog not only backs, but has an "independent range." All modern breakers *profess* to teach this, but many are too idle or ignorant to do it, and the result is mischief and disappointment.

When the improved Pointer first came to be fashionable, a Duke of Kingston was well known for them, and after his death they fetched what was considered enormous sums. Subsequently, ghastly-looking objects bore the name of Pointers. There was a deficiency in nose, probably from some rash adventurer crossing with the Greyhound; there was no lashing of the stern, no high-ranging, no dash and discipline combined; no quick turn and quarter; no vigour, pluck, and constitution. Mr. Meynell was, I believe, one of the first men who, in the midst of a busy life and many avocations, found time to consider the improvement of the Pointer; and Mr. Osbaldiston emulated him. Contemporary with him was Mr. Edge,

justly celebrated for his blotched dark liver-and-whites, with slightly-bronzed cheeks. These dogs were large, well-framed, grand goers, fine dogs on their game, and delighting in their work. He realised high prices, and what is far better, he disseminated the right breed. One bitch of his—"Bloom"—fetched eighty guineas at the hammer, and several of the best were, at his giving up breeding, purchased by Mr. Statham, of Derby, who succeeded him.

Lord Derby, Mr. Edge's contemporary, and the grandfather of the present earl, was also a sincere admirer of the Edge kennel, and bred from that strain in profusion; whilst the Lords Lichfield, Sefton, and Stamford had, I believe, a breed of the same of wonderful excellence.

The late Mr. Lang, the well-known gunmaker, of Cockspur Street, bred, I believe, from the kennels I have named, and from some source or other he obtained a lemon-and-white or orange-and-white breed, which has been held in very high estimation for the last ten years or more; although Mr. Antrobus, Mr. Comberbache, and Mr. Darbyshire, and pre-eminently Mr. Whitehouse, still hold their own.

If the Pointer of the present day *has* a failing, that failing is *delicacy*. He has been refined, perhaps, too much for hard and exhaustive work. He is a model of beauty, worthy of the capital material from which he has descended. He is to be found now in every kennel of mark, with all the attributes and properties of the highest class, and with intelligence and observation deserving the name of reason. His airy gallop, his lashing stern, his fine range, his magnificent dead stop on game, his rapid turn to catch the wind of the body-scent, his perseverance under a trying sun to reach a faint and hardly-perceptible stain of game borne to him on the breeze; his glorious attitude as he becomes (directly his wide-spread nostrils assure him he is right) stiff and motionless, with limbs wide-spread, and head aloft, and stern high held, and his

implicit obedience to the lessons he learnt perhaps two or three seasons past—all these wonderful gifts put him on a level with that paragon of Hounds with which he claims relationship.

And such is the Pointer of the present day, as he is to be found in the kennels of Mr. Whitehouse, of Ipsley Court, in Warwickshire; of Lord Lichfield, Mr. Garth, Mr. Vernon Darbyshire, or Mr. Brockton, of Farndon, a better dog than whose "Bounce" I never saw on game.

As soon as dog-shows became general, several eminent dogs came to the front, the first celebrity being Mr. Newton's "Ranger," a grand liver-and-white dog of the Edge kennel stamp and colour. When the first trial of dogs in the field took place, "Ranger" had lost his pace, and the chief distinctions were gained by Mr. Brockton's "Bounce," liver-and-white, for large dogs, and by Mr. Garth's "Jill," and Mr. Whitehouse's orange-and-white "Hamlet," for dogs of less size. Amongst other dogs which acquitted themselves well were Mr. Swan's "Peter," a white dog of exquisite form, with liver head and liver-and-white ears, and Mr. Peter Jones's "Brag."

"Hamlet" subsequently gained great and deserved popularity by winning the Bala Sweepstakes of twenty-five guineas each, against any dogs that could be brought against him, although from a mistake of the judge in counting his marks, much unpleasantness ensued; the real winner being the Marquis of Huntly's "Young Kent," according to the rules laid down.

This celebrated dog "Hamlet" has been one of the most successful dogs of the day, numbers of his offspring combining first-class form with excellent stamina and nose. Mr. Whitehouse's "Rap," a dog of the same colour, excels the old dog in general outline, though in style of working "Hamlet" never will be surpassed.

These orange-and-whites are closely connected with Mr. Lang's breed, "Bob," the father of "Hamlet," having been

the property of a Mr. Gilbert, who had the mother from Mr. Lang.

It is usual to divide modern Pointers, according to their weight, into large, medium, and small. The large Pointer dog must weigh 70 lbs. or more; the bitch, not less than 60 lbs. or more. The medium dog, 50 lbs.; the bitch, 45 lbs., not exceeding 60 lbs. Small Pointer dogs, not over 50 lbs.; bitches, not to exceed 45 lbs.

First-class stud dogs can be obtained of these proportions, or whelps of undoubted purity can be purchased by searching the catalogues, and fixing upon successful exhibitors of reputation; but occasionally there are sales of Pointers where valuable and mature animals can be obtained at competitive prices.

Provided that moderate size and good quality are sufficient, there is no dog more to be depended upon than "Rap," and if his colour is an objection, or a larger-framed Pointer is desired, I should suggest "Sancho," a liver-and-white Pointer, belonging to Mr. Francis, jun., of Exeter, a grand dog by "Bounce," already described; and it is enough to say of "Sancho" that he has gained the first prize wherever he has been exhibited, and in December, 1870, and November, 1871, that he easily disposed of all his rivals, and won the Champion Class first prize at Birmingham, in the company of some of the crack dogs of the day, besides being first at Plymouth on two occasions.

Having said so much of Pointers in general, I will endeavour to give some idea of their form, though that is difficult, the whole race of dogs being so hard to draw or photograph, that very few artists have succeeded in delineating them.

In a dog called upon to make vast, sustained exertions for our sport, we want grace, strength, endurance, bone, muscle, pace, style, and courage. The Pointer must be compact, well-knit, with plenty of bone, and that too like the thoroughbred horse, of close texture and quality like ivory.

How can I better describe him than by saying he should be formed to a great extent on the model of the Foxhound? But his head should be finer. His nose square, the upper lip *slightly* in excess of the lower, the corners of the mouth well flewed. The forehead should be raised, but not round like a King Charles's Spaniel. It should be depressed in the centre, almost forming a ridge. There should be a well-pronounced "stop" between the eyes, which should sparkle with animation, and be full and bold. The ears should be thin, flexible, silky, and the hair should be spare, short, and soft. In the best specimens I have ever seen they are of moderate size, and rather far back in the head, but hanging close to it, and seldom if ever raised by excitement. A dark-coloured nose has always been associated in my mind with strength of constitution, but it need not be black. The nasal bone should be depressed in the centre, and turn upwards slightly. There should be length of head, and especially length from the eye to the end of the nose, as in the Setter, and the skin should be thin, silky, and flexible.

The neck should be long, with no approach to loose skin on the throat, and the angle of the jaw should be clean in profile, and strong where it joins the shoulders, which must be deep and sloping back, like those of the thoroughbred horse; with a skin like silk.

Too little attention has been paid to the form of the chest, which *ought not to be wide, but deep*, as deep as a Greyhound's, and the loin should be wide and moderately arched. Upon the hind-quarters we depend for motion. The fore-legs are little more than props, and therefore muscular thighs, with length and strength and elasticity, are indispensable. The stifles must be well bent, the foot close, with a strong sole; and I am almost a convert to the hare-foot. I have come to the conclusion that it is more lasting than the cat-foot so fashionable among masters of Hounds, who see the toes of their grand

favourites giving way, year after year, without altering their system and breeding for more length.

In all dogs the fore-legs should be, in the words of Beckford, "*straight as arrows.*" Crooked legs, or feet turned out, are a deformity.

Depth of back-ribs indicates stamina, but I believe that in excess they impede action and detract from speed.

The stern is a great indicator of breed-purity, and there the first hint of bad blood will be found. If it is thick at the end, or as thick at the base where it springs from the body as at the end, or on the lower side discovers anything like coarseness, there is no doubt that there has been some impure cross.

No such disfigurement is to be found amongst our most celebrated sorts. The only variety to be found in true-bred Pointers' tails will be in their *length*. The genuine sort has a tail thick at the root, and gradually tapering to an absolute point, or "sting;" and the shortest example I have ever seen is the stern of the grand liver-and-white "Sancho," which I have described.

Shyness is one of the failings of the breed—a temperament so irritable and excitable as to render the whole litter occasionally, from no assignable cause, afraid of the gun, or of any sudden noise. Sometimes, but not very frequently, this fault may be overcome by gentle usage and extreme patience, but, as a rule, these specimens are not worth saving, and most decidedly the weakness is hereditary. The timid produce a nervous offspring, and this want of nerve is a sign that in-breeding, though perhaps unsuspected, is doing its work.

I have a suspicion that we shall have to go to a distinct cross, probably that of the Foxhound, "diluted," if I may use such an expression, to the fifth or sixth generation, to obtain that courage and *verve* which are essential in an animal bred for field sports, nor can I see my way to any other remedy.

Faults, of course, are bred as well as excellences, and in

the dog, certainly, mind as well as matter is produced by crossing.

March puppies are invariably the best; they have the spring and summer to reach maturity, and they will be able to take a certain amount of exercise on the road in autumn, which is one of the greatest preventives of that dread disease, distemper, which generally breaks out at the fall of the leaf.

But there is another valid reason for breeding at this time. Until the Pointer is at least a year old he is unfit to break. He will not range or hunt, nor is his mind sufficiently formed to enable him to learn the rudiments of his education, which will be perfected in July, after his preliminary and initiatory lessons in coming to whistle, dropping to hand, and pointing, in March or April. Then, provided he is well bred, and his instincts are good, he will require but little handling, and he will soon be a trustworthy descendant of "Hamlet," "Rap," "Bounce," or "Sancho."

I have said that examples are quoted of the Pointer's not breaking his point for twelve hours *on birds*. Another instance is chronicled in the *Sporting Magazine* of a dog's pointing birds for five hours. I presume these birds must have been tied by the leg, for I never knew birds lie for more than an hour to a dog's point in my life, though I have the authority of an eye-witness, a relative of my own, that in travelling from Leicester to Oxford, in the memorable frost of 1814, he came upon a dog which had been frozen dead on his point, possibly being overlooked or lost by his owner towards the decline of day; but there was the poor victim, stark and dead, a martyr to his profession, a victim to his training and culture.

The staunchest dogs I ever saw were of Mr. Edge's blood, and staunchest of the staunch was "Queen," belonging to Mr. Meir, of Tunstall. She was closely related to Mr. Edge's "Bloom," for which the late Prince Consort gave eighty guineas. "Queen" was liver-and-white, and as she lived and died long

before the age of dog-shows, she was comparatively unknown. At that period none were kept unless they were positively good. In the present day a beauty is reared, even if it turns out a drone, and, provided it is a prize-winner, the chances are that it propagates its faults, and is the head of a race of nameless, shivering idiots.

I have no prejudice for the Setter over the Pointer, although I have had ten Setters for one Pointer. If the ground I shoot over suits the Pointer, the Pointer suits me; but I do not think that he is quite so well adapted for the gun as the Setter, provided the latter is of equal talent and adequately broken.

But it would be hard to find anything more perfect than some Pointers which I have shot over myself, and which died in my service, or which were more thoroughly intelligent, industrious, and sensible.

One of them, "Old Jesse," a chance dog which I had of Mr. Meir, for snipe-shooting, and which was purchased of a deserter from Yorkshire, was a fine example indeed. As he was of an unascertained pedigree, Mr. Meir would not breed from him, but he was a fine specimen of the Yorkshire dog; he was liver-and-white, and large. If I missed him on driving off to my snipe-ground, he would track my little white French pony and gig like a Sleuth-hound; and many a time I have found him close at my wheels when I have looked back for him in vain for several miles.

One bright winter morning I sat on a gate waiting for my companion (a Captain Hall), and looking up a long stretch of road, when I observed "Old Jesse" coming along, with a young dog of mine, which he had evidently invited to join in the fun, and as I let the young dog work for snipe—game he never was on before—it was a sight to see how "Old Jesse" tried to teach him the trade.

I had two pieces of snipe-bog two miles apart, and one bad scenting day he missed my track, and went to the wrong piece.

so that it was past one o'clock when I reached the piece to which he had gone. On getting to my second piece, which I generally shot first, I saw "Old Jesse" standing stiffly on a snipe, and how long he had been pointing I cannot say. Frequently as I walked up to his point I have flushed snipes, and shot them before I reached him, but this made no difference to him, nor did it interfere in the least with his steadiness. Once on this occasion he snarled at the youngster for flushing a jack, and when he repeated the fault he went up and severely worried him.

As two of us shot together, he got into the habit of coming up to my room in the morning to see if I was dressed for shooting, and if I was not he would go to my companion's chambers, and accompany him, or track him through the streets if he was gone on, and I do not remember that he ever failed to find him.

"Julie," a liver-and-white Pointer bitch, was another of my Pointers which showed great sagacity and firmness. We have frequently lost her for a considerable time in high cover on a celebrated piece of ground called Keysworth, in Dorsetshire, belonging to my friend Mr. Drax, and at last we have seen the sting of her fine stern above the rushes, for she always held it higher than her head. She was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever possessed, and would retrieve any game alive. Though only in her second season, she was the animal always sent out with young hands, and if they ran to pick up their game, she would bark at them reproachfully. I never had a Pointer before that seemed so keenly to enter into the sport, or to appreciate as she did the real and proper style of beating for game.

"Belle," out of the famous "Queen," already described, was another of my Pointers, a dark liver-and-white, with a streak down her forehead, and a spot in the centre of her skull. She nearly broke herself, and the least hint of what was required

was sufficient for her. Unfortunately, I never got but one litter from her, and I lost the breed, or no doubt I should have kept as many Pointers as Setters. In her old age she was a martyr to rheumatism, and became a house pet, after assisting in the killing of as much game as most Pointers of her age, and leading my teams of young Setters for six or seven seasons. Her death was the occasion of deep gloom in my family for a long time, and even my then cook, whom she tormented out of her life, said, as old Weller did of his wife, that "on the whole she was sorry she was gone."

The following are the best specimens which have been exhibited of late years:—"Bounce," the property of Mr. W. R. Brockton, Farndon, near Newark; "Peter," Mr. S. Swan, of Lincoln; "Don," the property of Mr. Darbyshire, Pendyffryn, Conway; "Silk," the property of R. Garth, Esq., Q.C., Wimbledon; "Hamlet," "Rap," and "Nina," the property of Mr. Whitehouse, Ispsley Court, Warwickshire; "Sancho" and "Chang," Mr. Francis, of Exeter; Mr. Richard Hemming's "Flake;" and Mr. Lloyd Price, of Bala, possesses "Lady Alice," "The General," and many more; while Mr. Antrobus, Mr. Comberbatch, Mr. H. Meir, of Tunstall, Mr. Holford, and many others are celebrated for their breed of Pointers.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE SMOOTH OR HAIRY-COATED BLACK RETRIEVER.

It is useless to shoot game unless you can find it after it has been killed; and as the very best shots frequently cripple hares, rabbits, and birds which, but for the dog's instinct, would wander off and pine away, dying by inches, nothing can excuse a man's not having a good dog for recovering these sufferers, and sparing neither time, trouble, nor thought in retrieving them.

A good Retriever is the most interesting feature of a day's sport, when you have only a line of beaters, no dogs to point and back, and merely walk up the game in turnips, or sainfoin, or the ancestral springs and coverts. If game is left without this precaution, shooting is on a level with cock-fighting as to barbarity; and I will not describe the painful scenes which I have witnessed, without being able to prevent them, from the want of a good dog and the ambition to make a heavy bag in a given time. For it must be understood it is not usual to take a Retriever off your own manor, unless the animal is famous and receives a special invitation; nor can you always handle or use him efficiently if you do take him; for the interest in a friend's dog is not much; and before he can make a couple of casts or hit off a runner, Dives and his friends are impatient to get at the birds marked down, and do not check the beaters from foiling the scent, or perhaps running after your dog to tear the game from his mouth and give him a rap on the nose with a stick.

A Retriever ought to be the most intelligent and highly-cultivated of all dogs. But he is not a machine; and it requires a knowledge of sport to handle or use him, or keep him good when he is expert, and to give him those advantages and

that assistance *occasionally* which is accorded to a pack of Hounds too often.

Deer-stalkers and deer-stealers have used a Retriever for *their* game for centuries. No one ever thought of losing a crippled stag; and the monks of St. Bernard always keep their fine Alpine Mastiffs for the recovery of crippled human beings. But the handsome, intelligent, capable, highly-disciplined black Retriever is a comparatively modern institution.

A gamekeeper, especially if he is a sloven who takes no pride in his work, and never cares for personal appearance or the smartness of his gun or the comforts of his home, gets the first big rough dog he can, and uses him either to do his work well or badly. His cur puts up birds out of distance, runs after hares or rabbits when the gun is pointed just long enough to make it impossible to shoot at them, gives up on a cold scent, and is as intractable as a London Arab. Because, in these days dog-breaking is not an indispensable accomplishment. The days are past when every game dog—Pointer, Setter, or Clumber—retrieved his game. In Colonel Thornton's time, or in the early days of Morland or Wheatley or Cooper, the Royal Academician's dog was drawn with the game in his mouth, and he was supposed to be quite perfect if he "laid it at his master's feet." We consider that imperfect in a dog, because he is taught to bring it alive, or rather he brings it by nature; for unless it is his nature you can't really teach him so to do. But the dogs of the "fine old English gentleman" squeezed live game, and sometimes broke the bones. A flint gun and a Lurcher were the old keeper's tools; and his head, always at night and sometimes by day, was surmounted, not by a hat, but a "cap and jack"—the *cap*, a large-sized straw helmet, exactly like a beehive in make and material, with a narrow brim; the *jack*, a canvas jerkin quilted with wool, to defend him from the poacher's bludgeons: and the poacher wore a similar suit. An old copper-lined hunting-cap, or a new one if

he can get it, is the best protection for a keeper's skull in the present day, and is occasionally worn for watching by men who are annoyed by poachers.

Well, dressed in his "cap and jack," and followed by his general servant, a dog that served as a night-dog or Retriever in a rough way, the old keeper used to spend most of his time in his woods amongst his watchers; and this dog, from constant association with his master, and daily practice, became so expert as to attract the notice of the employer. It was found that a far handsomer dog could learn precisely the same things as this churlish cross between Mastiff or Bandog—the latter a smaller description of Mastiff; so the larger Spaniel of a white liver-colour, with a white tag to his tail, and a white leg or two, and perhaps a bristly nose, was adopted; and such dogs figure as the earliest Retrievers. Some few landowners, or *gun*owners, affect them now, and insist, I believe, upon this white tassel. The black Retriever was a Setter originally, I have little doubt; and in some old families there is a decided Setter form about the hereditary breed. He was thickened, strengthened, and improved by the Labrador blood; and at the present time he is a dignified, substantial, glossy, intelligent, good-tempered, affectionate companion, faithful, talented, highly-cultivated, and esteemed in the season and out of it, for his mind as well as his beauty.

I recollect a black, flat-coated one a friend of mine purchased at a long price; but he was well worth the money, and a good deal cheaper than a shorthorn calf sold at a guinea an ounce because his mother was numbered the 12,489th, and his father belonged to Mr. Somebody's herd. He was as black as a raven—a blue-black—not a very large dog, but wide over the back and loins, with limbs like a lion, and thick, glossy, long, silky coat, which parted down the back, a long, sagacious head, full of character, and clean as a Setter's in the matter of coat. His ears were small, and so close to his head that they were hidden in his

feathered neck. His eye was neither more nor less than a human one, and I never saw a bad expression in it. He was not over twenty-five inches in height, but he carried a hare with ease; and if he could not top a gate with one—which about one dog in two hundred does twice a year—he could get through the second or third spar, or push it through a gap before him in his mouth, and never lose his hold. And then for water. He would trot into the launching-punt, and coil himself up by the luncheon-basket to wait for his master as soon as he saw the usual preparations for a cruise. For this work he had too much coat, and brought a quantity of water into the boat; but for retrieving wild-fowl he was excellent; and in the narrow water-courses and amongst the reeds and osiers his chase of a winged mallard was a thing to see. They seemed both to belong to one element; and he would dive like an otter for yards, sometimes coming up for breath, only to go down again for pleasure.

But on a winged grouse, to see him swing and feather with his fine bushy stern like a Foxhound, and try the bits of ling and the grass and bog-myrtle, against which he suspected the bird had brushed, like an Indian on a trail, was most interesting; now and then hesitating at some suspicious clump, his tail more agitated and his eye kindling as he makes a dead point, and crashes through the brake. There is a flutter, and out he comes, his head covered with sand and splinters of the dead branches, with the poor cripple in his mouth. I saw this performance one sultry day when there was no scent. Subsequently, in the middle of an exceptionally dry September, when the turnip-leaves were yellow and orange-coloured and brown, and rattled like parchment, "Snow" picked up the birds with no trouble, distinguishing where they ran by a sort of instinct, in spite of the strong rank smell of the roots and decayed foliage, dabbing for and retrieving them with marvellous precision.

Now that we can't see Pointers and Setters quartering their ground with their light fluent action, and using their scenting

powers to such advantage and nicety, it is a luxury to have a dog of some kind, trained expert as a detective, and always at your heel for an emergency, taught to restrain his natural love of chasing, and to sit wagging his bushy stern, and watching for the flip of your finger, to follow you as you put him on "the foot," to recover the poor fluttering grouse, partridge, a pheasant, which would trail its wing along for a mile perhaps, and then die by inches, a thousand deaths; and isn't he ornamental too, as he stretches himself in your hall at full length, or looks in at the breakfast-room window, with his fore-feet upon the sill, or, admitted under protest, pats you with his paw to remind you of his dependence upon your bounty? And isn't he a protection as well as an ornament, if you send him out with his young mistress? and doesn't he show his importance, setting up his hackles and showing his white teeth, and simulating surliness, and with his silk surtout ruffled, till you can see the silver lining that proves his close descent from Labrador ancestors; scaring the sturdy tramps and loafers, who look upon extortion by a sort of surly manner as their natural livelihood?

We none of us know, or ever shall ascertain, I think, how much we owe the dog, especially that cherished one which we treat with confidence he never has abused, and kindness he certainly returns.

I don't mean to say that this sense, good nature, or high-breeding can't be taught to others of his class. There is the *smooth*-coated dog of the same family, and as useful an adept. The flat and shaggy, and the smooth-coated—I mean as short in the hair as a Mastiff—are sometimes found in one litter, and one of the best I ever saw was thus bred from Mr. Drax's keeper's old "Dinah" (imported), the father being also from Labrador. "Jack" acknowledged no owner but Mr. Drax, and died in his service at Charborough Park. During the time he was in the squire's service he must have carried more game than any team, or half-a-dozen teams, could draw, since every year he went the

circuit of Mr. Drax's manors and estates, and the two were as much heralds of each other in Kent, Dorset, or Yorkshire, as Wells and "Fisherman" when a Queen's Plate was to be run for. Beaters gave him a wide berth, for he was not to be induced to give up game to them, and woe betide any of the number, whom he knew by their dress—a white gaberdine with a red cross in it—if they approached to familiarity, or intercepted him whilst he tracked his game liked a Bloodhound, and stooped to his line amongst the underwood, or tried to knock over crippled game after he had viewed it and was racing it down.

He was just like his rough brother "Tom"—or, in fact, like "Snow," in all but length of coat. As they, "Snow" and "Tom," came out of the lake when we were shooting teal and widgeon, drenched with half-frozen water, I have frequently been struck with the family likeness.

But the smooth-coated dog has a lighter eye—a pale hazel with an intensely black pupil, occasionally very like what is known as a "china" or "wall-eye." Be that how it may, they are the best of all breeds for boating; they can stand all weathers, and though men unused to them call them butchers' dogs, I think them handsome, and I know that they are sensible, and that the punt and shore men, living by adroit use of the long stauncheon gun and "flat," look upon them as a part of their household, and in some cases—to quote the words of one old sporting farmer, to a duke who wanted to buy his horse—"no man has money enough to buy them."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CURLY-COATED RETRIEVER.

ALMOST every preserver of game had his own favourite breed of Retrievers, and dog-shows have brought out specimens of more than average beauty; still only five dogs and two bitches were exhibited in the Birmingham Show of 1860.

Mr. Henry Brailsford won the first prize, of the magnificent value of £3, with a large black Setter-headed dog, but decidedly a good one; and the same sum was given to a bad, liver-coloured, leggy bitch belonging to Lord A. Paget, which would not be noticed now, especially if compared with her companion in the class, a good long low curly black, one of Mr. Druce's. The Birmingham Show Committee was quite right to begin with low prizes, but the judges were at sea in their awards. Every one was young at these exhibitions, and even the disappointed exhibitor was unborn.

In 1864 Birmingham divided the Retriever classes into the curly and the smooth or wavy-coated breeds. They had already a cup and other prizes for Irish Water Spaniels, and in 1866 a class was opened for Retrievers "other than black," all which are continued to the present time. A champion class had been established in 1863, when Mr. Hill's "Windham," a smooth dog, was placed first, and a Mr. Carver's "Belle" second, to the exclusion of five much better dogs—Mr. Hill's "Jet," subsequently purchased by Mr. Gorse, and one of the most perfect Retrievers ever seen; Mr. Riley's "Royal," and his bitch "Bess;" Sir St.-George Gore's "Dinah;" and Mr. Hill's "Mab."

"Royal" was a frequent winner, but he was not equal to his kennel-companion "Bess," who, like Mr. Gorse's "Jet," was never beaten on her merits. Mr. Riley's breed was popular for

some years, but when Mr. Gorse bought "Windham" and "Jet," he attained the first place as a breeder and retains it. "Windham" never took my fancy, but "Jet" was superb. I believe that he and all of his tribe owe their origin to a cross between Labrador and Irish Water Spaniel.

The curly Retriever follows, or ought to follow, the Labrador type in ear and head. He should have a clean face and forehead, an unfeathered stern, or at most very slightly feathered; a large, intelligent eye, and legs clean from hocks and knees to the feet, which should be close, firm, and rather large, *to act as paddles.* With respect to feathered stern, Mr. Gorse's first prize dog, "Nelson," by "Jet the Second," fails, but in other respects he is a worthy descendant of *old* "Jet," the celebrated winner; better he could not be.

Amongst the immense variety of dogs which I have seen, judged, and taken notice of, or even bred and broken, many pass from my recollection, but I don't think that I shall ever forget the original "Jet." A photograph from an oil-painting, kindly forwarded to me by Mr. Gorse, conveys a poor impression of him. His carriage was more sprightly, his head longer, and cleaner cut under his jaw, and his stern was better placed and carried than the photograph represents. He was a mass of black, crisp, short curls, except his face and forehead, which were as smooth as the Setter's, which he generally stood next to in the rank, with his champion card above him, barking a husky and, as I think, high-bred welcome to all who passed by.

I don't know any dog which I coveted more, or which has produced better offspring; and he has been put by Mr. Gorse to excellent bitches, for he has kept curly Retrievers of mark for thirty years.

I don't speak without knowledge of the breed. I have, years ago, purchased them from Mr. Riley, and they were excellent; and though I have not more than once or twice

obtained curly dogs, *said* to be bred by Mr Gorse—and I have no doubt that they were—many have been broken and used in my neighbourhood, and they have come to hand easily and turned out well.

By the way, dogs are frequently sent for my opinion, and I heartily wish that they were not, as their owners not seldom forget to pay their expenses.

I can always tell the "Jet" produce by their coats, which are never *crape-like*, and their temperament, which is always gay and cheerful, without which quality no dog can be tortured into a Retriever, or earn his Spratt's biscuit.

In the winter of 1871, after the season was over, I saw two excellent young bitches of Mr. Gorse's sort, which were broken by an old servant of mine—merry, lighthearted, and full of spirits at the kennel, or when first loosed from it; chasing their own tails, with arched backs, and half knocking down the pretty daughter of the keeper, who might have been the model for Frith and Ansdell's famous picture, but subdued and sensible, and full of what Oxford tutors called "application," when sixteen stone five took down the gun, and accompanied me to see how much they knew of the rudiments.

"They can both go, sir," he said, "if you be minded; I can send which I like, and t'other will wait her turn." I did not quite expect this, and you very seldom see it—not once in five years, perhaps; and when such a thing occurs, I take care to make a note of it, or as collectors say, I "stick a pin through it."

A busy little Spaniel went with us to push out the rabbits from some good gorse of about ten acres, with wide ridges cut in it, for the portly keeper is rather slow upon a rabbit running "for the bare life," and he can't, he says, "get on 'em at less than nine yards"—or couldn't—until he found out that "as soon as a rabbit has crossed a ridge, he stops one or two seconds directly he is concealed, to listen and fix upon his next cast or

scamper;" so he said, "I shoots at the place, and there they are, white side uppermost, nine times in ten."

Well, we went in company to this gorse, with a couple of hours' light left in the dull winter's sky, all three dogs behind, and when we got to the gorse, he sent in "Daisy," the little Cocker, a white one with a liver head, and flecked body, legs, and nose. But that her tail was barbarously shortened to about three inches, she might have passed for one of Mr. Phinehas Bullock's, though she was not, but was bought—as many a good one has been and will be—of tramps in the road just by, who, no doubt, "borrowed" her ("bustled" is, I believe, the rogues' pleasant phrase), whilst her owner was "left lamenting."

She dived under the thorns and gorse as though she liked it; and the keeper hit the rabbit as he squirted from his concealment; but he draggled his hind-legs along for shelter, and "Daisy" dropped and began wagging her apology for a tail, and rubbing her head upon the green hassocks to clear them for the next encounter. "Which is it to be, sir?" said the breaker, touching his low-crowned hat, which fitted so tight and was so hard that he seldom took it off, except, as he said, to lady-folk, or when he drank my good health; and I then saw that the two young Gorse puppies—they were about nine months old—were both down-charging.

"Jet," I said, "for choice."

The old man flipped his finger, as he looked at her, and in she went.

"Call her back," I said, as I saw her feathering across the trail, "and send the other."

"Almost too much that, sir," he said; but he crooked his little finger, and put the edge of it in his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle—an achievement I could never learn—and back she came, but rather mortified. "Come behind, 'Jet,'" he continued, and signalled the other; and she went in, the other dropping steadily and obedient.

Presently there was a shrill squeak, and a rush in the bushes, and "Rose" vaulted over the gorse with the crippled rabbit alive in her mouth, and brought it to the keeper's hand.

"Think that 'ull do, sir?" said the feather-weight.

"Yes, my man," I said, "very well. Go on, and prosper;" and we parted mutually satisfied.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### RETRIEVERS OTHER THAN BLACK.

THERE are numbers of dogs which may be called Retrievers, because they do the work of one, and there are a few people in the world who prefer liver-coloured, or even parti-coloured dogs, to black ones, for the purpose.

For instance: it is but two seasons ago that I went out to shoot a magnificent preserve of wild-fowl—at a very large piece of water in my immediate neighbourhood, and to join a party of men, each accompanied by his own Retriever; rather a rare occurrence, by the way, as you are not expected to take a dog unless he is specially invited; which is a good plan, as a wild dog would destroy the comfort, or possibly the sport, of the whole party. On the occasion to which I allude there were several Retrievers. There was one decidedly the character of the party, but as common a little cur as one would desire *not* to see. There was another, a veritable griffin, or heraldic dog, not excepting those tags of hair depending from the hocks, elbows, and chest, the pointed imperial on the chin, and the fourteen inches or so of tongue, which seem "the points" of attraction in dogs "passant" or "rampant,"—and rampant he was all day;

possibly it was his first time out. I believe he was a first-prize dog at Birmingham.

There were several others, including the squire's three favourites, which were black, and so need no description; but amongst them was a remarkably sedate, clever-looking, black-and-white dog, somewhat larger than a Foxhound, moderately coated, and with an eye full of intelligence.

This dog was brought by his owner, who has a very large quantity of shooting, on purpose that I might see him work, and his work was well worth seeing; but I saw at once that I caused considerable disappointment by not commending his appearance. This was impossible, and I not unfrequently have this unpleasant duty to perform. It may result from my want of taste, but I have no fancy for other than black Retrievers, nor do I think that they will ever be in general favour. However, he was a finished Retriever.

There is a strong inducement to breed a Retriever from parents celebrated for their work, without reference to colour or form, and in the example I have quoted such was the case; but the owner, from some peculiar fancy, selected the only singular or really badly coloured one of the litter, as all were black, though spoiled by their white chests and toes.

Liver-coloured and sandy Retrievers have a few partisans. They are the sort which "always were kept," people tell you, "in our family," and possibly one or more of the breed, or the head of one with the squire's hand on it in a full court-dress, is hung in the picture-gallery, so much being introduced because the painter had not room for more of the animal in his kitcat portrait. I know of no family priding itself on this coloured species just now, but I have heard that they are not uncommon in Norfolk, and I myself had one from that county some years ago. Like all of his congeners, he had a strong dash of Irish Water Spaniel blood in him, and possibly of the ordinary Field Spaniel too, and he had the failing common to red or liver-

coated dogs with long coats—he looked, when moulting, just the colour of a rusty nail.

It is true that liver dogs are not so conspicuous amongst autumn leaves as black dogs, but in cover you want them to be conspicuous. They act as "a stop" for game if you are placed at the end of a cover, and they can't well be shot without great carelessness when in it. In walking up partridges in the open, a good dog will keep a bit to the right of his master in a line with the beaters, and therefore his being conspicuous will do no harm, and if Setters are used he will remain behind and drop to the spring of the bird until he is wanted.

The Americans have good reasons for selecting that colour —they generally have for everything they do—and no other description of shooting requires a Retriever to be other than black.

Some years ago an attempt was made to introduce "Russian Retrievers;" these were large leggy dogs, blind from quantities of hair overshadowing the eyes, and nearly deaf from the same cause. Their coats required the greatest care, or they became felted and unpleasant, and in a wet day they were wretched objects. I recollect seeing one of them at a battue, which attempted to fetch a hare from a thick brake, and became so entangled amongst the thorns and "burs," that the beaters had to cut away a quantity of his coat to liberate him, and in the confusion the hare was lost. Further comment on the Russian Retriever for this country is needless

## CHAPTER XVII.

### IRISH AND OTHER WATER SPANIELS.

MR. M'CARTHY, in his excellent description of the Irish Water Spaniel, which he had bred for many years, asserts, "They will not stand a cross with any other breed." I should hesitate very much to state anything on report in opposition to such an authority, and I therefore give certain facts as they occurred to me.

Three or four years ago I was looking out for one or two liver-coloured Retrievers for some Americans, who prefer red, fallow, or liver Retrievers for their duck-shooting, as they are less conspicuous amongst the reeds and rushes, by the margin of which cover the birds sweep, and are shot as they careen over.

There is very little encouragement to breed them, and I was unsuccessful in obtaining anything worth the voyage. Numbers of dogs had been brought or sent, which did not fulfil my expectations, or answer my purpose in any way. One man brought a dog which, but for his size, might have been a Poodle, with a long pedigree and a short tail, and of a pale straw colour; and another a "young dog," as he assured me, of the right colour, but a grey muzzle, and literally no teeth. I should think that he could not have been less than twelve years old.

At last I got quite weary of going out to look at these objects, and my servant usually got me a sight of them from the window of my room, and I telegraphed him whether I wanted to see any more of the new dog or his master.

One autumn evening, when we came in from shooting, I found a spring cart in my stable-yard, and I saw in it two or three lively-looking dogs. As we were nearly wet through, I did not wait to speak to the owner—a tall and decent-looking keeper—for a man with a horse or dog to sell generally has a

good deal to say; but when I had dressed, and was come down stairs, I got a message from my man to the effect that there were four young dogs, and that he thought three of them would do. Accordingly I went down to look at them, and I saw what I shall faithfully describe. Three of them were dogs. The "slut," as it is the fashion to call the other sex, appeared to me of a sour temper, and I dismissed her, though the man declared she was as quiet as any of them.

Of the dogs, one was black, curly, about twenty-three inches, with a good long head, of the right substance and power, a "whip" stern, with short curls, a bare or short-coated forehead, and the remainder of his body was coated with curls also. His ear was a trifle heavy, and he had no white. The other two were of the same form, and with similar coats, only that one was darker than his brother, and that neither was of that dark purple or pure liver so conspicuous in the genuine Irish Water Spaniel. They were about ten months old, and had been used in turn, and well used too, as I found when I tried them next morning, and bought them at the price required, for I could get them no cheaper, though I purchased all three dogs.

I sent the liver-coloured ones to America in the spring, and they were as good as Retrievers are in general at that age. About six months afterwards my American friend wrote for the black dog and the bitch. The latter I got for him, but the dog was gone to Germany. Now, these dogs were by an Irish Water Spaniel of Mr. M'Carthy's genuine breed, which I saw a few days after purchasing his sons; and he answered in all the points insisted upon as being those of his class—that is, he was about twenty-one inches high; his ears were large; he had a capital top-knot and a smooth face, with curls on his head coming down to a sharp point, and a beautifully-shaped muzzle, with a bold forehead—two points in which Mr. Lindoe's "Rake" excels; while his tail, naturally short—which I like in any dog—was large at the body and tapering to a fine and sudden point. His legs

were coated with curls *all round*, and he was so dark in colour that in some lights he appeared almost black. His eye was a trifle full, but inquisitive, penetrating—what one would call in a woman "arch;" and as he held his head a trifle on one side and looked up at his master, one would not have wondered much to have heard him address him in that rich Cork brogue to which doubtless his ear in his infancy had been well accustomed.

His appearance was an exact index of his character. He learnt anything directly. In water he was, of course, proficient, and it seemed more his element than land. His chief work had been amongst ducks and wild-fowl of all kinds; and he would work amongst water-rushes and sedge for "flappers" with a resolution and daring which could not be surpassed. In covert he was as willing as possible, but not so efficacious, his coat preventing his getting through brambles. He was not very efficient in the recovering of ground game; but in partridge-shooting there were few equal to him: and all these qualities, with better coat, and, in fact, a coat which was not a serious obstacle to cover-work, I found in the half-bred Irish Water Spaniels, which I purchased; and from their form and coat, I have come to the conclusion that the curly Retriever may be, and probably was, produced from the union of two breeds—the Labrador, if a substantial thick Retriever was required, and the Setter, if the legitimate form was departed from.

English Water Spaniels are simply crosses and modifications of the Irish race. In many cases they are imperfect examples of that for which Mr. M'Carthy or Captain Montresor are celebrated—neither better nor worse.

Such a dog as Bewick has engraved, with his white legs and collar, his curly tail, and low forehead, may be seen by the side of most canals, and in the gaudy kennels of most barges, where he divides admiration with the rough, petted, unkempt

Poodle to which that illustrious wood-engraver gives the name of the Rough Water Dog.

An attempt has been made of late to resuscitate the breed; but, although Mr. Bullock's "Rover" is a good useful Spaniel, he has no pretensions to rank with the Irish brigade, led by Mr. Lindoe's "Rake" and "Blarney," and Mr. Skidmore's no less beautiful and justly celebrated "Doctor" and "Duck."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

In that celebrated work called "The Master of the Game," preserved in the British Museum, written by a son of Edward III., who died in 1402, the Spaniel is called the Saynolfe, probably a mistake for Spaynolfe, and is described as one of the Hounds used for hawking, and called a Spaynel, "because the nature of him cometh from Spain; notwithstanding that they are to be found in other countries:" and such Hounds, the author proceeds, "have many good customs and evil." He insists that a good Hound for hawking should have a large head and body, and that he should be of a "fair hewe," white or tawne, and not too "jough"—that is, hairy or rough—but his tail should be "rough" or feathered.

All this is a good account of a Springer or shooting Spaniel; and he goes on to describe the proper temperament, as a connoisseur of the present day would speak of a modern Clumber, omitting, I think, one point useful in many respects, the *muteness* or silence of one or two of our best breeds—especially the Clumber.

He tells us of the Spaniel's affectionate disposition, of its "tail action," and that it ought to be a coucher for the service of the net, and to take quail or partridge. Hounds for the hawk, he tells us, come out of Spain, and follow the generation or breed from which they come, especially in being "baffers" or barkers, so that the mute Spaniel was an invention of later days.

The large ear — large in "the leather," and profusely feathered—the short leg, the silky coat, and the full eye, are the characteristics of the English Spaniel; added to which they are shorter on the leg, longer in the body, and generally smaller than the Setter, and many of them have a wet or weeping eye, which shows itself by the deeper colour of the hair.

If of a good breed, clever, and well broken, more game can be killed to Spaniels than you can get over any other description of dog, although the time occupied (a consideration in these fast days) will be longer, and the process to the present generation perhaps tedious.

A "close worker," with courage and perseverance, passes by no game; he tries every inch of it, and *goes through* what ordinary dogs leave unexplored. I have many a time tried a piece of Swede turnip or Italian grass with a brace or a leash of Spaniels, after the Setters and a party of guns were gone, for the sake of giving a party of young Spaniels a bit of schooling, and in twenty or thirty acres I have amused myself for hours, and made the stitches of the game-bag "grin" with birds, and a hare or two, which the high rangers passed by. The Spaniels went *under* what the others galloped *over*, and found every odd bird which had formed part of a flushed covey. But for this sort of thing you want *discipline*. The Spaniels never ought to range more than twenty or thirty yards away; there must be no tongue, no "chase, and thorough *down*-charge, or *round* charge.

In thick covert, wherever it is over two feet six or three

feet high, Spaniels should be used in preference to any other sort of dog. People used to write of using Pointers in cover, with bells on their necks, but the bells ought to be on the cap of the Pointers' owner. I confess I have done this very thing myself years ago, but it was with an old Pointer, and at the time the only one I had; but it is sheer folly to talk or write of using a Pointer for Spaniel work, or a Spaniel for Setter work.

A keeper, the other day, brought a Spaniel to me, which, he said with a grin, stood like a Pointer; and appeared dumbfoundered when I rejoined, "That is not his trade."

But all this, it may be said, has little to do with Clumbers, and I shall therefore go back to the line again.

It is commonly believed that the Clumber Spaniel originated at the Duke of Newcastle's seat, but this is not the case. They were given, Daniels tells us, to one of the former Dukes of Newcastle by the Duc de Nouailles; and they were jealously guarded and kept at Clumber for some years, and acknowledged as a vast improvement on the English Springer of the day, which was a mongrel-looking, long-haired dog, with white feet, longish ears and legs, chestnut-coloured coat, snipe nose, and a cock tail.

The best pictures of the dog extant, perhaps, are those of Clumbers; for from Bewick to Abraham Cooper we had few if any painters, except Morland, who could make anything better than a map of the dog, and Morland's dogs are generally Clumbers, and first-rate specimens.

I have no doubt that some good English Spaniels existed in his day, for I have seen a good picture by this artist of snipe-shooting in the snow, where English or coloured Spaniels are employed; but evidently the Clumber was *the* dog of his time, as it will be of all time.

Somewhere about the year 1868-69, a very fine picture, by F. Wheatley, R.A., of the Duke of Newcastle was exhibited in

the Portrait Gallery in London, and was attributed by several persons to Morland, who seldom, if ever, finished so highly as the former painter. The duke is represented on his bay shooting-pony, surrounded by a group of Clumbers, which a writer in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1807, when an engraving of the picture, or a part of it only, appeared in that serial, calls Springers, or Cock-flushers. William Mansell at that time had had the care of them for thirty years, and made it his study to produce this race of dogs unmixed, and they were at that time known as the Duke or Mansell's breed. "Reinagle, the well-known R.A.," the writer goes on to say, "made them his peculiar study;" but I have seen no Clumbers painted by Reinagle, whose dogs are almost always a sort of heraldic type, and whose Spaniels are, for the most part, drawn chasing their game open-mouthed, as he probably saw them rushing after the cats in his garden.

A great deal of sport may be had over a brace of Clumbers, which are as many as a man can well manage to do with, especially if he has also a Retriever behind him; but one Clumber, from the slow nature of the dog, is of little use. If a team—anything over a brace (and a team may be three brace or more)—if a team is taken out, the man who handles them should go with them, and they will do more for him than for the gun.

Unhappily, teams of Clumbers are very seldom seen. They require the constant, unremitting attention and drill of a servant who is a thorough sportsman, and they are easily unsteadied. When good, they are a beautiful sight, and generally they are worked in bells called "rattlers," which ought to be of different notes. These bells not only keep the game forward, like the clatter of beaters' sticks, but they also betray the young or unsteady ones, if they get up at the down-charge, which I prefer to the "round" charge, or coming back to their breaker in a clump after each shot; for where there is much shooting,

or, in fact, in any case in these days of breechloaders, such a ceremony as round charge is a nuisance, and should be exploded.

The Earl of Abingdon, James Morrell, the Marquis of Westminster, and Mr. Yeatman, of Stock House, Dorset, all kept—I regret to have to speak of them in the past tense—teams of excellent Clumbers, and they are still retained and used, I believe, by Earl Spencer, Mr. Holford, Dhuleep Singh, and many others. All of these are of the purest and best blood, which is still retained at Clumber in perfection, though about a year ago a large draft was sold, including some very choice specimens.

Some of the very best I have ever seen are at Wardour Castle, where they are kept in admirable condition and drill by Adams, the head-keeper, a son of old Adams, whom he succeeded, and who had more knowledge of dog-breaking and the general management of sporting dogs than most servants of his day.

It is no easy matter to breed Clumbers successfully. They will allow of no cross, but they often improve ordinary Field Spaniels, and it is difficult to produce thick short-legged ones without some infusion of the blood. It will be evident from my foregoing remarks that all the Clumbers in the kingdom sprang from one family and one place, and therefore there can be no change of blood; and although an interchange of puppies from the few kennels scattered up and down the country does good, it cannot refresh the constitution like a new strain.

On account of this in-breeding, the Clumber is very liable to fall through in distemper, and many have slipped through my fingers when that scourge has been in my kennels, a disaster which comes once in four or five years, and sweeps off the highest-bred examples of my breed. Fresh-dug earth, an inch deep, spread over the yards generally checks the disorder, and

diluted carbolic acid sprinkled on the walls has, I am convinced, done wonders in staying the plague.

They are also—consequent, no doubt, upon this in-breeding—subject, more or less, to scrofulous affections and rickets; but lime-water, and no other beverage, and small doses of sulphate of iron, with air and exercise, usually put these things to rights.

Yellows, or jaundice, is generally a fatal disease, and one to which they are especially liable. I was some time before I could check this, and I find now that it is easier to prevent than cure it, by giving once in five or six weeks a pill composed of half a scruple of colocynth, six grains of colchicum, and five of blue pill. The dose should be given at night, and fasting, and the dog must remain quiet for twelve hours. If the disease has shown itself, and the lips, gums, or armpits are yellow, it is generally fatal; but I should give, on the chance of cure, a pill of double the proportions named above.

Once the Clumber is reared, especially if he has had the lightest attack of distemper, he is a vigorous dog for life. I have hardly ever seen a dog thus attacked after the distemper, and I have been thus particular in describing his early ailments as I hope my experience and treatment may be of service to what I consider one of our choicest breeds, and decidedly one of our most ornamental sporting dogs.

Although the Clumber form is known to all sportsmen, and to most outsiders, it will lose nothing by repetition. He is invariably lemon-and-white, or orange-and-white. I myself prefer the pale colour, and I think the more white the better, as you want to distinguish him easily, and you desire the game should see him also. He is thoroughly mute, however excited; and on the hottest scent, and under any amount of provocation, he is seldom, if ever, roused from his studious, plodding method of rousing game. Though when crossed with other

Spaniels he propagates his form, he seldom, if ever, produces cross-bred offspring of his own colour, nor are they generally influenced much in the matter of tongue.

He is remarkable for his large bones, his length of body, the extreme shortness of his legs (so that he appears to have none), for his comparatively coatless, at least, his short-coated, deep ears, his large, long head, his full eye, generally of a rich hazel, and his exaggerated muscle. He varies in weight—the average would be 40 lbs. or less—and he should be resolute in temper. The tail is generally about eleven inches long, but some men crop it shorter. He is admirably constructed for beating thick woodlands, gorse, or ling, as he can get under it; and in deep, dead fern, beaten down by wind, rain, and snow, he is invaluable, as he forges ahead, and flushes game which, but for Clumbers, would squat close, run back, or lie *perdue* to a certainty.

A good coat, the feather straight, and not too long, is indispensable to him as a protection from briars and brambles, and his legs should also be well-feathered; but for all woodcraft, a long coat like the Irish Water Spaniel's is an impediment, or, rather, an insurmountable obstacle, and renders many dogs, though willing to draw thick cover, quite unable to do so.

Owing to his strong frame and sober disposition, the Clumber lasts longer than most dogs. He also gains wisdom by experience, and attains value with age. Thus at seven, when your Setter is slow, your Clumber is an adept, and you are the envy of all your acquaintance, who, provided they are really fond of sport, will feel as much pleasure in the work of your dog as in the variety and abundance of sport you offer them.

The sporting magazines of old times give few and meagre accounts of Spaniels, and in an early account of a Duke of Newcastle, if I remember rightly, nothing is said of the breed. The

*Sportsman's Cabinet* is silent on the subject, and no Clumbers seem to have come under the observation of Bewick, or to have been painted by Reinagle for publication. Twenty or thirty years ago it was exceedingly difficult to procure one at any price; but they can now be obtained in any quantity, though good ones, well broken, will always command a high figure.

The best Clumbers of late years have been "Timbush," "Tasty," "Truce," "Venus," "Rover," "Brush," and "Rout," belonging to Mr. R. S. Holford, of Weston Birt, near Tetbury; "Dot," "Duck," and "Young Bustler," belonging to Mr. Bowler, of Barlborough, Derby; "Bruce," belonging to Mr. H. L. Price, of Rhiwlas, near Bala; "Bob," belonging to Mr. Veysey, of Fairview, near Wriplaw; "Duchess" (bred by me), and the property of Mr. Rogerson, of Liverpool; and "Belle," the property of Mr. F. C. Bradley, of Ireton House, near Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE NORFOLK SPANIEL.

THIS is the third description of Springer which can claim to be a pure-bred animal; and as almost any liver-coloured and white moderately large dog is called by this name, more Norfolk Spaniels are used than any other.

Most gamekeepers who have a Spaniel keep a liver-and-white one, and it goes by the name of a Norfolk dog; but some specimens are to be seen of very great beauty—silky-coated, strong, short, compact, moderately-eared dogs—which are not only useful but ornamental.

Occasionally they are to be found mute, and such a one I

saw some years ago in the possession of a gentleman in Dorsetshire, but he was very old and worn out, and he was not able to work. I was thus unable to breed from him, which I should have been glad to have done, as I had a bitch of very great excellence at the time, and of the same breed.

I have frequently possessed good Norfolk Spaniels, but I never had more than one of the mute kind, and none of her family remain in my possession.

She was very highly bred, but she was not *purely bred;* for she had no freckles on her legs or nose, and those of the highest caste invariably have them. One of the handsomest I ever saw was exhibited by Mr. Hinks, of Birmingham. This dog was of the very darkest liver-and-white, and the spots or freckles on his legs, feet, and nose were very small, dark, and distinct. I have known some families in which the breed has been maintained for many generations with the best results, the dogs being most industrious workers, and requiring little or no breaking. These dogs were the best to push through the thick I ever saw, and nothing stopped them. Strange to say, they seemed little the worse for it, and amongst eight or ten brace I saw none with a blind eye.

The black-and-white are not so common, and, to my mind, they are not so handsome either. Still, I have seen some very singularly handsome animals thus marked, and one I have bred from with success. I had a bitch by this dog, "Duke," for several years, with which I could have made havoc with any manor; for she was so perfectly temperate, and served the gun so quietly, but with such decision, that nothing could escape her. If she winded birds in turnips, she would go round them, eyeing the gun as she crept away, and having checkmated the covey, she would wait for me to walk them up, or put them up one at a time, with a keen sense of enjoyment.

I also had a liver-and-white Norfolk since I lost her, which retrieved as well as worked, and this dog died from the result

of an accident, in the zenith of his powers, and at the beginning of one of the best woodcock seasons I remember.

A babbling Spaniel of this breed I never could forgive, and it is well to be sure that you do not become possessed of noisy ones. They generally drive from the gun. They are not hunting for their master, but for their own diversion.

For appearance, I prefer Norfolk dogs, which have a preponderance of liver-colour; but for use it is better to have plenty of white, as they are more readily seen. Under certain circumstances this is of no consequence, as in thick covert, for instance, when you want your dogs to drive woodcocks to you, and when you cannot see your dog at all.

Only the best judges can determine as to the correct breeding of Norfolks, as the breed has been very much mixed for years; nor do I believe that their origin is known, or that any person at the present time is very remarkable as a breeder. With the exception of Mr. Hinks's dog, I never saw any dog of great beauty in the market or exhibited, except in Devonshire; and Clumbers are so much in vogue that I doubt the resuscitation of a Norfolk breed. They are good water dogs, and sometimes good Retrievers; but they are inclined to mouth their game, and sometimes to eat it, for which fault I have more than once seen an otherwise useful dog worked in a muzzle, which, by the way, generally renders a noisy dog mute, or nearly so.

The form and coat of this breed correspond with that of the Sussex; like him they are from 30 lbs. to 35 lbs. in weight, and they are quite as useful for all purposes.

The Spaniels painted by Reinagle in 1803 are, for the most part, exactly what I have described; but they are too much curled, and their ears resemble a profusion of ringlets. The short head in this, as in all other sporting Spaniels, is as great a defect as long legs; and although this formation of the skull does not interfere with the dog's work, yet it very much

detracts from his appearance, and I should say deteriorates from his intelligence. I have never seen short-headed dogs—except Poodles—with so much sense as long-headed ones; and invariably, or nearly without exception—a pug-faced Spaniel is, for field purposes, a failure. I ought not to omit stating that the Norfolk is not generally to be met with of equal size or strength with the Sussex, but that in proportion as he is weaker he is worthless.

The Spaniels I have seen in Devonshire of the Norfolk type are singularly good. Strong, hardy, persevering, short-legged, and with that description of coat and ear which, whilst it protects them from thorns, enables them to push through gorse and briars, where the woodcock would be secure but for their valuable assistance, owing to the precipitous nature of the rocks and fastnesses where the birds alight on their first flight from sea. They are, as a rule, good Retrievers on land or amongst streams.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE SUSSEX SPANIEL.

THE ordinary Wood Spaniel, or Springer, by which name the larger breed is distinguished from the smaller one, or Cocker, is not only one of the most ancient of sporting dogs, but certainly the most useful. There is little doubt that he is the original of the Setter, and that he was used for the net.

In "The Master of the Game" he is described as "coming from Spayn," and as being used for "ye hawke; and that he should have a great head and great body, and of a fair hewe, or

white, or tawne, and not too rough, but his tail feathered." We are also told by Edmond de Langley that they should be "couchers," by which I understand him to mean that they should drop to the bird to take quail and partridge.

To render them thoroughly handy, he suggests that they should be taught to swim and dive for wild-fowl, no easy accomplishment for a heavy dog of the same breed, from his description, with our celebrated Clumber, except that he says they should be great "baffers," or barkers, which, in my opinion, is a great mistake, and detracts considerably from the value of any Spaniel, for reasons which I shall presently give.

The large Spaniels are divided into the Sussex, Norfolk, and mixed breeds. The Sussex is nearly, if not quite, extinct, and I have not seen a first-class one for some years. These dogs were moderately mute. I believe that some of them were as silent as Clumbers, but as a rule they would fling their tongue under strong excitement, and especially on view, unless they were broken to drop to game. Dropping, the perfection of breaking, keeps a dog not thoroughly mute out of mischief. He does not squander his powers, drive game out of covert, and give notice to the old cock pheasants that it is time for them to run for their lives.

Good Spaniels may be obtained of any colours, but the true Sussex is of a golden liver. The dog has never been produced in great numbers, nor has he ever been common. He has been in the hands of a few families, and the late Mr. Fuller, as I have already remarked, was celebrated as a breeder, and for the breaking or discipline of his team.

For the patient, genuine sportsman there is no better dog than the short-legged, thick-set, long, and low Spaniel, which ought to down-charge, to retrieve, and to swim well and cheerfully.

The Sussex possessed all these accomplishments, and he

was a capital dog to go through thick covert or woodlands, being able, from his formation, to burrow under gorse or tangle, and to rouse fur or feather in situations inaccessible to his master.

For this purpose he should have a thick, straight, but not a voluminous coat, such as shall protect but not impede him, and ears of moderate size, or what a judge of exhibition Spaniels would pronounce small. A dog with heavily-coated ears, and with leather sufficient to cover one-half of a football, may be ornamental to the benches of a dog-show, but he is useless as a sporting dog.

The Spaniel must be selected for his ground too. The dog that would suit one county would be unsuitable for another; and in Devonshire—the land of Spaniels and woodcocks—a Spaniel with some length of leg, though not "leggy," is absolutely indispensable.

As the Sussex so emphatically answered all these conditions, it is remarkable that he is not to be found at the present moment, but I am not aware that he is to be obtained. I account for it in this way. Being of a uniform colour, he may possibly have proved indistinct in the midst of beech-woods and oak-leaves, an objection which cannot be made to the dog when mixed with white, so that the Sussex may have resolved itself by degrees into the liver-and-white, although when or where will always be a matter of conjecture.

At the Plymouth shows, as well as at Barnstaple, I have seen dogs showing a tendency to the Sussex colour, though with white blaze, throat, neck-collar, and feet; and it has struck me that these Spaniels have been produced by the Sussex cross.

In all my experience I have seen but few of the genuine sort; for many years I have met with none, but what I have seen were of the Clumber form, with a lighter head, and this

is the proper structure for the Springer of this breed, unless the country, as I have before said, should require a little more leg.

The heads of such specimens as I saw were of the following form :—The forehead was marked, with a decided brow, and a deep dent, or "stop," between the eyes; the nasal bone was long; nose, liver-coloured; nostrils, well-developed; mouth, very large, the corners loose and rather heavy; the ears, level; the eye, bold, large, and hazel in colour, but not protruding; neck, long, with no loose skin; shoulders, powerful; brisket and chest, deep; low hind-quarters and back; strong limbs, very powerful, with short joints; the tail is thick and strong. The colour is the great mark of purity; the lights of the liver being golden or orange, not blue or puce, like M'Carthy's Irish Water Spaniel.

I have seen portraits of the Sussex by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., and Abraham Cooper, R.A., which answered to my description of the animal. Mr. Cooper's picture represents the Sussex with white toes, and he has introduced Sir Edwin Landseer in the picture, resting after woodcock-shooting, with another dog close to him, which I believe belonged to the painter.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### SMALLER FIELD SPANIELS, OR COCKERS.

THESE diminutive sporting dogs form the connecting link between the sporting dogs and what are commonly called "toys"—a name assigned to the small pet dogs many centuries ago. The Cocker is, compared with the Clumber, what the Beagle is to the Foxhound; and some of our comforters—toy-dogs, lap-dogs, or pet parlour-dogs—are but the smaller specimens of working Spaniels.

The once favourite but now nearly obsolete Blenheim was used by a former Duke of Marlborough as a Cocker, and for this purpose he was at first bred and broken. No doubt the small and delicate scions of these old Cockers found favour with some duke or duke's daughter of the house of Blenheim, and, like the author of "Childe Harold," or, rather, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," woke some morning and found themselves famous.

All small Spaniels are the dwarfed specimens of the larger breeds, crossed, perhaps, with the King Charles, which many of them resemble. I have noticed many a Cocker with distinctive marks of this cross which could not be mistaken, such as the rolling eye, the watery corner, and now and then the delicate constitution which argued it was more fit for the drawing-room than the kennel. Several years ago, a genuine King Charles was given to me by Dr. Franklyn, of Alderney, which he had used with great success for woodcock-shooting in the barren solitudes of that isolated spot; and I have more than once since that time possessed capital sporting Spaniels as highly bred. One I bought of a tramp in Guernsey, about the year 1844, and I afterwards gave it to the Rector of the Forest in

that island, the Rev. Daniel Dobrée—one of the best snipe-shots I ever saw.

Wales, Devon, and other places frequented by woodcock in the season, have always been celebrated for Cocking Spaniels. Those commonly used in the Principality are for the most part of a red liver-colour, and very strongly made. I have seen some good, bustling, active, pushing dogs which came thence, and they were serviceable and resolute little dogs. Like all small Spaniels, they had great advantages over larger ones in gorse, which they could run under harmless, and I have observed some of them which, when they came—if I may use such a term—to the surface, breathed as quickly, and had all the appearance of having been under water. Some of the Welsh dogs are liver-and-white, and others lemon, or lemon-and-white; but lemon or red is not the colour for a Spaniel, as it too much resembles that of the hare.

The forms and colours of Cockers are all matters of fancy and fashion; but I may caution those who desire to have them, that they must not expect a very great amount of work from them unless they are of an adequate size, and that they are apt to "shut up" in very rough or stormy weather. Thus, when the woodcocks are in, and the wind and wet render the sport fatiguing, the Cocker is now and then unavailable, and beaters are necessary to take the place of the team—a proceeding, to my mind, devoid of all interest, rather dangerous, and decidedly expensive. The cock flies low, and nine beaters out of ten who come home maimed, or with the loss of an eye, are thus victimised because their head intercepted the gun and saved the bird, whilst the little Cocker would have been safe from the shot.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE MASTIFF.

THE Mastiff was known to the Greeks as the *Molossus*, and it obtained this name from Molossis, a part of Epirus, opposite Corfu, whence at that early period the best sorts were obtained.

Probably the breed was imported subsequently from Middle Asia, until it became distributed throughout Europe, and in unsettled times it was used in these islands as a terror to the thief; whence its name "Mase thefe," or, according to William Harrison (1586), "Master theefe."

It was also called the Allan, or Alaunt, whilst a smaller and probably mongrelised species was known as the "Bandog," because it was generally used as a chained or banded yard-dog, confined to the vehicle it was intended to protect, precisely as carriers often use a dog at the present time.

It has been asserted that the Mastiff of Thibet (which has been assumed to be the origin of the present Mastiff) is sculptured upon an Assyrian tomb, 640 B.C. The tomb is that of the son of Esar-haddon; but Darwin tells us in a note (after quoting the instance) that a gentleman conversant with the Thibetan Mastiff says it is a different animal.

The Assyrian dog, taken from a wild ass-hunt in one of the bas-reliefs of Nineveh at the British Museum, is supposed by some to be the Thibet dog described by Marco Polo as of the size of asses. Probably this is the same animal as that to which Darwin refers, if so, it is precisely the Mastiff of the present day, and in its action exactly represents Mr. Kingdon's, "Barry," as I witnessed him, rampant and struggling with his master, at the Plymouth Show of 1870.

Oppian's War Dogs are described as having light hazel eyes,

MASTIFF.

"LION," THE PROPERTY OF MISS AGLIONBY.

a truncated muzzle, loose skin above the brows, great stature, and muscular legs. Their colour and the volume or quality of their coat we are not told.

It seems, according to Colonel Hamilton Smith, that there was also a race of ochre-coloured dogs, with a dark muzzle, and also a blue or slate-coloured dog, called by Cælius the *Glaucus molossus*, which was also a broad-mouthed dog, as the Mastiff ought to be.

I have also seen an engraving from a tile dug up from the supposed ruins of Babylon, representing a genuine smooth Mastiff led in a rope by a man armed with a short club. Probably a man of superior stature and strength would be selected to discipline such a monster; and supposing the keeper to be six feet high, this Titanic animal would be forty-eight inches high! and his limbs are represented as large or larger than the man's legs, the coil of rope round his neck being about the size of a ship's cable.

All we know is that a race of Mastiff or Bulldog, or both, existed in this country before the arrival of the Romans; and that, according to the descriptions which reach us, they were like those of Central Asia, or such as are mentioned by Megasthenes, massive of limb, muscular, broad, large-headed, and with blunt muzzles.

I now append the description of the Mastiff by Barnaby Googe (1631). It is the translation of a work by Conrad Heresbatch. The Mastiff is here called "the Bandog for the house."

"First, the Mastie that keepeth the house. For this purpose you must provide you such a one as hath a large and mightie body, a great and a shrill voyce, that both with his barking he may discover, and with his sight dismaye the theefe, yea, being not seene, with the horror of his voice put him to flight. His stature must neither be long nor short, but well set; his head, great; his eyes, sharp and fiery, either

browne or grey; his lippes, blackish, neither turning up nor hanging too much down; his mouth, black and wide; his neather jaw, fat, and comming out of it on either side a fang appearing more outward than his other teeth; his upper teeth, even with his neather, not hanging too much over, sharpe, and hidden with his lippes; his countenance, like a lion; his brest, great and shag hayrd; his sholders, broad; his legges, bigge; his tayle, short; his feet, very great. His disposition must neither be too gentle nor too curst, that he neither faune upon a theefe nor flee upon his friends; very waking; no gadder abroad, nor lavish of his mouth, barking without cause; neither maketh it any matter though he be not swift, for he is but to fight at home, and to give warning to the enemie."

According to this translation, the "Tie-dog," or "Bandog," and the Mastiff were identical; but I can hardly fancy that it was so in the times of so careful an observer as Bewick, or that the *large* Mastiff would be a dog generally kept, especially as, for reasons which I shall give presently, the smaller and more noisy dog would be more useful.

Like the Bulldog, the Mastiff has existed from time immemorial in this kingdom. In the days of Cæsar, according to Strabo, the dogs of Britain were superior and well known, coveted, exported, and doubtless used in their amphitheatrical combats. But they were also cherished by the Anglo-Saxon, and every two villeins, as we find from Jesse, had to maintain one of these animals; the Heading Hound, or Molossus, being used for chasing the larger animals.

Some of the dogs employed to destroy the boars or the wolves which devastated the flocks may have been bred from an early period in the island; but, as I have already stated, I have little doubt that the Mastiff, largely employed for this purpose, was an imported and highly-valued dog, kept by the wealthy, and carefully and purely bred as an article of barter.

Probably it was never very abundant, certainly not very

common; and the colours were fallow, granite, grey, brindled, or barred, and occasionally either black, red, or even white. These colours are permitted at the present time, supposing that there is a black muzzle; but the granite—and, in painters' language, the cooler the colour the better—is the hue or stain which I should consider most meritorious.

The vexed question whether the Bulldog is derived from the Mastiff, or *vice versâ*, I shall not enter into. It can never be decided, but I will express my decided opinion that but for the existence of the Bulldog the Mastiff would never have been recovered. It is my belief that the breed was resuscitated *by crossing the Bulldog with the foreign Boarhound*, and I think that there are Mastiff-breeders alive who could enlighten us if they would. The rapid increase and growing excellence of our Mastiffs is to me one of the wonders of the dog world, recollecting as I do the meagre materials which were at hand.

There is no doubt whatever that the Romans called the Bulldog the *Molossus*, and that they described bulls as baited or subdued by them. Probably the Bulldog was bred simply to hunt the wild cattle. A dog was required which should run close to the ground, fly at the head, be more active than his larger brother, and hold by means of his powerful jaw. I believe that within the last hundred years the Mastiff has been underhung. It is intimated in Bewick's drawing with a masterly hand, and his article ends thus significantly: "The generality of dogs distinguished by that name seem to be compounded of the Bulldog, Danish Mastiff, and the Bandog."

Sixty-three Mastiffs were exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1871. They formed one line, to the left of the entrance, of 200 yards long. I think I should be justified in asserting that there was hardly a bad specimen amongst them. Four years ago the breed was so well established that Miss Aglionby, of Esthwaite, Hawkshead, North Lancashire, bred five very celebrated dogs, "Wolf," "Turk," "Knight," "Templar," and

"Emperor," from one litter. "Turk" has been sold for £450, to Mr. Robinson, of Kilburn, the largest price given for a dog of late years, excepting public Greyhounds, some thousands having been refused by his noble owner for "Master M'Grath."

The phlegmatic disposition of the Mastiff is well known, for long after the extirpation of the wolf, under the Saxon kings, these gigantic dogs might be kept within the precincts of a forest, and they were "disforested"—that is, three toes of their feet were cut off—at a scrutiny held every third year. Such was the loose manner in which dogs were examined which, it is stated, have singly pulled down a pard, a bear, and a lion in a day.

The fact is, they have but slight hunting instincts; they are far below the Spaniel in intelligence, though instances are given of their leading children to their nurse by their frocks when lost, or of their "plucking down the clothes of the hapless infant made ready for the birch!"

This feeling of superiority, or sense of power, renders them less dangerous than they would be were their instinct or temperament more sanguine.

A fierce Mastiff is worse than useless, for he would be as dangerous as a lion. He is roused with difficulty. Even the attack of a cur he resents by rolling him in the gutter; and he has been known to satisfy himself by keeping a burglar in custody until the morning, or leading a visitor whom he suspected to the presence of his master by the skirt of his coat.

Bewick was evidently aware of this faculty, as in his tail-piece, or vignette, to "The Titlark," in his "Land Birds," he represents a crop-eared Mastiff as baying a thief whom he has intercepted carrying off a portmanteau from a house; and another proof of his knowledge of this faculty in the king of non-sporting dogs occurs in his "Æsop's Fables," where he has represented the same specimen detaining (not attacking) a thief who offers him a piece of bread.

The Mastiff of the present day is not a very noisy dog; he is inclined to be indolent and self-possessed. So he was in former times, according to the meagre accounts which reach us; whilst the smaller sort, or Bandog, was relied upon as giving notice of the approach of strangers, or for keeping pilferers from cart or stall. We cannot visit a fair or market in any provincial town without observing this mongrel Mastiff on guard amongst the travellers' carts, generally brindled, frequently blazed or marked on one side of the face only, and blended with the Greyhound, and approximating to the Lurcher or the Greyhound in precise proportion to the poaching or gipsy proclivities of his proprietor.

The thoroughbred Mastiff is not a morose animal. In fact, as some of the most reliable writers and breeders declare, "it will not do to breed from a savage animal;" but a great deal of his acrimony and severity of demeanour is the effect of his being chained perpetually, and he resents confinement. He becomes subject to bilious affections, which disorder his body and disarrange his liver, so that no doubt he has some of the pangs of Prometheus *vinctus*—the type (no doubt so intended by the ancients) of dyspeptic patients and chained yard-dogs to the end of time.

I have said that its presence in the neighbourhood of forests was disregarded in comparison with that of other dogs, for it was only subject to mutilation, or "lawing," *every third year*. This loose interference was principally from its disinclination to hunt, and want of scenting power. Dogs of the same family—even the Bloodhounds—vary in this respect. There are some Mastiffs which have a moderately sensitive organ of smell, but they are not addicted to the use of it, nor are they dangerous to game in general. They are more likely to attack sheep than *game*, to which they are as indifferent as a Poodle or a Pomeranian. Their great quality—and what greater or so valuable in a dumb animal?—their great quality of fidelity to their master is historical. Such was the defence of her dead master by a bitch of the old

race at the battle of Agincourt; or of Sir Henry Lee, at the seat now belonging to the Earl of Lichfield; or of the nobleman of the Scottish border, from the attack of assassins in a suspicious Italian inn—the two latter instances being recorded at length in Low's "Domesticated Animals," and this seems the property of the Molossian group, and other large breeds, such as the St. Bernard, or Alpine Mastiff, the old Wolfhound Gelert, and the general class of Newfoundlands. All these display their courage, exert their strength, imperil their existence, and seem to court death, not in pursuit of prey, but in the defence of human life. The old Gauls were aware of this property in their Mastiffs too, as they used to leave them in charge of their wives and daughters, to garrison their towns.

It seems beyond doubt that the English climate is peculiarly adapted to the breed. This did not escape the notice of Gratius Faliscus, who, in his "Cynegeticon," clearly describes the British Mastiff as exceeding the dog of Molossis in stoutness, and equalling the breeds known as Athamanian and Thessalian in craft. I have no doubt that they were early superior to those of Epirus, for we well know that although the Setter degenerates more gradually than other dogs on the European continent, and in Asia generally, still it seems impossible to maintain courage or instinct in the warmer regions without a constant infusion of English, Irish, or Scotch blood. The races of Asia which guarded the "wagon-rampart," and with a few light troops formed the advanced line of their primitive army, or were the sentinels of fortress and castle, though fabled as cast in brass and animated by Jupiter, could only have been maintained by resorting for litters to the colder regions of their hills.

I must leave these old records, to give some idea—I trust a correct one—of the Mastiff of 1871. Judges disagree, but I think it rather a piece of that unhappy jealousy which has seized upon the breeders of various sorts than any actual *bond fide* dissension.

A domestic disposition, a loving temper, and one roused with difficulty, or, better still, imperturbable, is the first requisite in so powerful a creature as the Mastiff of the present day.

Next he should be *massive*. He need not exceed 28 inches under the standard—few dogs called 28 inches measure so much—but if he were 38 inches I should like him all the better, provided his head, body, and limbs were all large in exact proportion.

In the Mastiff, size, character, and strength are great points, especially combined with wide muzzle, small ears, and good coat. An approach to shaggy coat, any pile, softening, or blinking the sharp outline, betrays Alpine or St. Bernard blood. A long, pointed muzzle, or a muzzle which is not blunt, would make me suspicious of the purity of the family also.

The colour I have already described, cool granite-grey for choice, but brindle (as Stonehenge has told me frequently, and as I have read in minor authorities to him) is a true Mastiff colour. Black occurs seldom, and I have been told that Mastiffs exist of the blue-pied, or Danish Mastiff mixture, prevalent in the days of Snyders or Rubens. But the true character of the Mastiff is best expressed when of the first-named colour. In his attitude of attention, reclining on his kennel floor, he possibly gave the old sculptor the idea of the Sphinx, of which he now frequently reminds me.

The black mask is also indispensable, so is the small close-lying ear, round, not lobe-shaped, and not set back too much—a common fault. The head should measure well; the forehead should be wide, flat, depressed in the centre, with a good stop; the face wide in proportion to its length, *with a broad muzzle*, and the teeth should decidedly be level; the lips should be loose, flabby, and large; the eyes, wide apart, hazel, and neither sunk nor prominent; deep girth; wide loin; muscular, clean neck; deep back, ribs, and flank; short, large-boned, straight fore-leg; fine coat; tapering tail, rather short in proportion, carried low

down; small, close feet; wide thighs, and good shoulders—these are the points of the majestic animal, the records of whose existence date to the days of the Pharaohs, who has the courage of the lion, the docility of the Spaniel, and the generosity of—well, a Christian—and which has been known, on the authority of Bingley, to have suckled and brought up a lamb.

The best specimens were to be found at Chatsworth, Lyme Hall, and at Lord Stamford's—the last the best, though Lyme Hall claims the oldest line. Those of the present day are Miss Aglionby's, Miss Hale's, Mr. Hanbury's, Mr. Nichol's, and others whose names do not at present occur to me. Nor must I forget Mr. Lukey, who as a breeder is not to be excelled.

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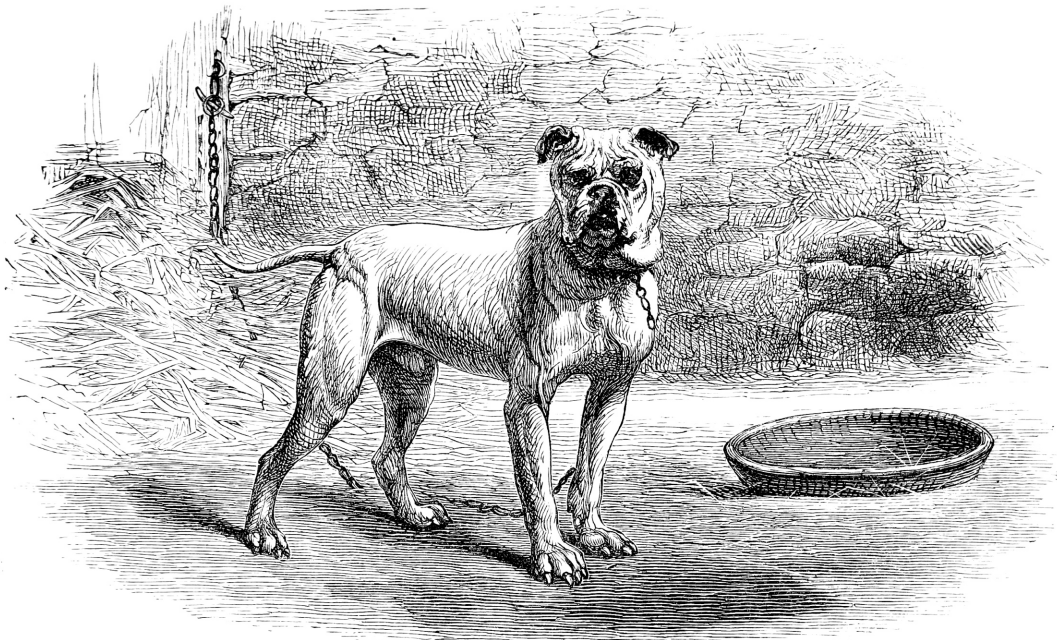
## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE BULLDOG.

THE Bulldog owes his celebrity to his indomitable courage, which he transmits in large measure to his descendants when crossed with almost any breed. There is nothing in his form to recommend him, as in expression and conformation he is a repulsive-looking animal. His principal quality consists in always going at the head of his victim, with a rapid spring, and in being mute and cunning in his attack.

Of his origin there are few records; but undoubtedly he has existed for many centuries, and has been looked upon as the typical dog of England.

Jesse states that the first mention of the Bulldog occurs in a letter written by Prestwich Eaton, from St. Sebastian, to George Wellingham, in St. Swithin's Lane, London, in 1631 or 1632, for a good Mastiff, a case of bottles replenished with the best liquor, and two good "Bulldoggs."



BULLDOG.

"DUKE," THE PROPERTY OF MR. JOHN HENSHALL.

It was essential that the Bulldog should not only go at the head of his adversary, but that he should hold on tenaciously; and for this his strong lower jaw, projecting under teeth, short face, and wide cheeks precisely adapted him. In 1680 it was said of the breed that, though small and low, when once they seized the throat "you might sooner cut them in pieces than make them let go their hold," and that they were frequently killed—"the bull taking them on his horns, and tossing them up in the air like footballs."

He is described by Bewick as low in stature, but strong and muscular, and probably the most courageous creature in the world; with a short nose, a projecting under jaw, and always fastening upon the lip, the tongue, the eye, or some part of the face, and hanging there in spite of every effort of the bull to disengage himself.

Bull-baiting was practised at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, in 1209, and also at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, about 1374. In all probability the Bulldog was used at that time; though, probably, until that sport was originated it went by the name of the Mastiff, or the genuine Mastiff might have been used, as it was accustomed to pull down any large animal.

In 1824 the breed was said to be degenerating, although in those days, and fifty years before, specimens of a coarse though courageous sort were in the hands of prizefighters and coachmen, "Black Will," the noted Oxford whip, being amongst the most celebrated of the breeders. Many of these comparatively early specimens were disfigured by cropping, and it was not uncommon to find them with their ears cleanly shaved off their heads.

About the year 1840 very few thoroughbred examples existed, and the possession of such an animal would have been regarded as a sure sign of ruffianism. Occasionally they were to be obtained in London and Birmingham—the latter place and the "Black Country" generally having a kindly feeling towards

such animals. Their form and character, without an approach, however, to artistic feeling, has been handed down to us by unknown painters, and two such illustrations are to be found in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1824. They are white, with a small patch of brindle on the eye; leggy, and with the "rose ear," which will be explained, and an approach to what is known as the "ring tail;" but such dogs would in these days be described as cross-bred, and Bull Terriers of bad form—such as were used for dog-fighting in the Westminster pit. This, indeed, was their trade. "The father," we are told in the letterpress, "has fought several battles, twice out of which he killed his dog in the pit. The son has fought four times—over an hour each time—though he is but two years old, and has always proved victorious."

William George, the well-known London dealer (by the way, one of the most trustworthy and experienced of the craft), has always kept up the breed; and his stock dogs are well known and highly prized. Most, if not all, of our prize stock may be referred to him; and the well-known Jemmy Shaw and Frank Redmond possessed much the same strain.

One of the first Bulldogs exhibited, which was worthy of the name, belonged to Mr. James Hinks, of Birmingham. He was a white dog; and he gained the first prize in Mr. Hinks's native town in 1860. He was priced at ten guineas; he would probably realise five times that sum in the present day. At the same time, Mr. Percivall, of Harborne, near Birmingham, showed a marvellously fine dog; but only five put in an appearance. Four years afterwards forty were exhibited at the Agricultural Hall, and the late Mr. Jacob Lamphier, of Soho Street, Birmingham, won with his celebrated "King Dick;" and this was a great triumph, for the class contained some of the finest specimens in the world, belonging to Mr. Carrington Stockdale, Mr. M'Donald, and Mr. Orme.

Mr. Lamphier's son still keeps up the breed, for which he is

famous. The blood of his "Duchess" has been in his family for forty years, and he asserted to me that he could trace it for a hundred years.

Within the last year the celebrated Bulldog Club has been revived; and I am told that their scale of points differs in no great measure, if at all, from those laid down by the extinct one. First, as to coat. This should be fine and smooth, not woolly or broken, and the more glossy in texture the better. The colour, as a matter of taste, should be whole or unmixed. Shaw always preferred white Bulldogs to any others, especially when, like Mr. Henshall's "Duke," they showed a faint blue mottle, and had a black muzzle. When this occurs, the dog is said to be a white "smut." Next in order of merit comes the red, or red smut, the fawn, or fawn smut, and their various shades. Always excepting the white specimens, I have a strong inclination towards the brindled or barred Bulldog, or to a white dog with a few brindled marks. The best marks or patches are as follow: white body, brindle cheeks and ears, white blaze down the face. Next in value is the dog with the "one-sided face," or but one eye brindled, a difficult dog to judge, let him be of what breed he may, as the unpractised judge (and, alas! there are many such) is deceived by the colour, and especially by the notion this particolour conveys, that one eye is larger than the other. Marks on one side are more objectionable than a spot at the root of the tail, or on the back; and good marking and colour are great points with dogs whose only theatre is the show-yard.

The head of the Bulldog is all important, and no dog with an indifferent or second-rate head can make up for it by large bones, or excellence of coat or colour.

The skull should be large, wide, steep; the cheeks protruding beyond the orbits, whilst the forehead should be flat, and the skin puckered, wrinkled, and creased.

The eyes should be wide apart, round, dark, by no means

large or full, and set horizontally, so that if a line were drawn down the forehead and face, the centre would cut another drawn at right angles from the given line, and would cut the corners of the eye. This is a material point also.

The "stop" is an indentation between the eyes; this should be evident up the face, which should be deeply furrowed or wrinkled, very short from the front of the cheek-bone or the stop to the end of the nose. The muzzle must turn up short.

The fleshy part of the muzzle is called the "chop." This should be broad and deep, and it should cover the teeth; frequently it does not. The nose must be large, black, and moist, and set well back. The lower jaw must be projecting, and turning upwards. The neck should be long, muscular, and with a good dewlap. The ears must be small, not mutilated or cut, and on the top of the head.

There are three kinds of ear—the "rose," the "button," and the "tulip."

The "rose" ear folds at the back, the tip laps over outwards, showing part of the inside. The "button" ear falls in front, completely hiding the inside. The "tulip" ear is quite erect, resembling the petal of the flower from which it takes its name. Of the three forms the "button" is the best, and the "tulip" ear is universally condemned in dogs of every kind except the Pomeranian.

The chest should be wide, and the bow-legs nearly touching at the ankles used to be insisted on, as forming the "pear" figure; but this idea is exploded, and it is conceded that a Bull-dog's legs should be straight, though his ankles (corresponding with the horse's pasterns) may be somewhat—a very little—inclined.

The shoulders should be deep and oblique, the ribs round, the loin strong and higher than the forehead, with a sudden fall to the stem, which should be thick at the body and fine

at the point, and carried low. It should be moderately short. The long tail with a curve at the end, known as the ring or monkey tail, is objectionable; so, in my opinion, is the exceedingly short "screw" tail, occasionally not more than five inches long, and spiral like a corkscrew: but I have seen some of the highest bred Bulldogs with this screw tail, and men who are good judges are of opinion that it is no deformity.

The fore-legs must be strong, straight, and well let down at the elbow. The hind-legs must be long in proportion, *so that the loins may be raised*, and the hocks must be straight also; but in many dogs of celebrity the hocks are near each other, and the feet lean out in consequence. The feet must be compact, arched, and with toes well split up.

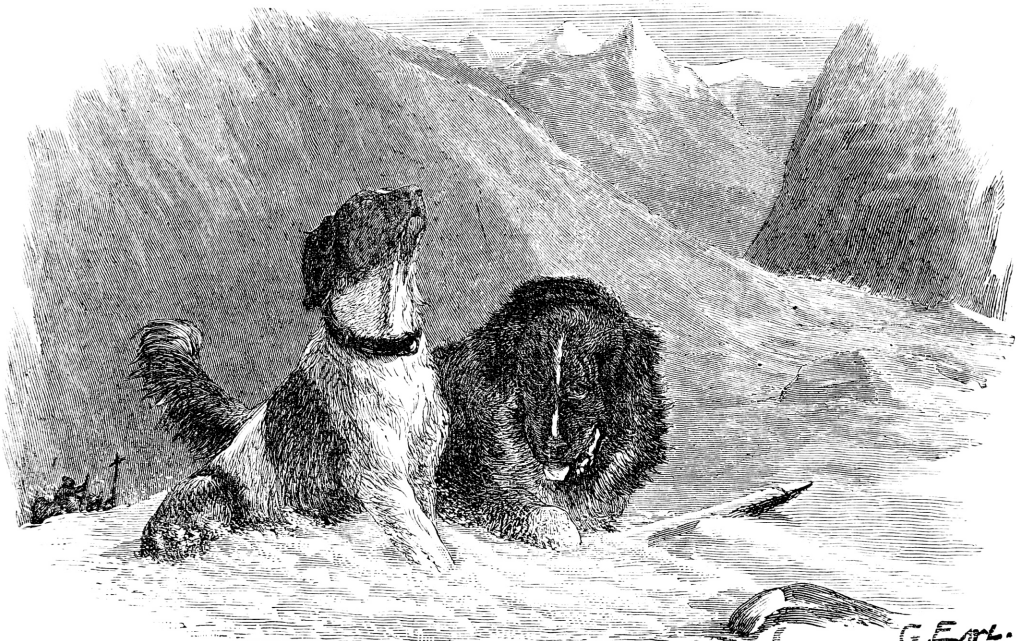
The above description accords in the main with the rules of the Bulldog Club, and with the opinions of the most eminent judges, and might be taken as a description of "Romanee," a dog sold by the late Mr. Lamphier to R. L. Price, Esq., of Rhiwlas Hall, near Bala. This dog was one of the most noted Bulldogs of his day, and a son of the celebrated "King Dick," out of "Nell." Mr. Henshall's "Duke," by "Old Dan," out of "Jill," bred by the Duke of Hamilton, was the champion dog of the Crystal Palace Show of 1871, and winner, I believe, of many prizes besides. This is one of the most perfect specimens extant, nor do I think it possible to surpass him. His head is a complete study, and his style and formation are of the very highest class.

Bell, in his "History of Quadrupeds," says truly that Bulldogs "possess less sagacity than is to be found in almost any other variety, with an almost total absence of that innate and distinguishing instinct of attachment which characterises the species in general."

My experience is precisely similar to his, and no doubt the animal is to all intents and purposes artificial. Cuvier

asserts that his brain is smaller than that of any other dog; but Stonehenge, one of our most eminent authorities—I may as well say the highest of the present day—doubts this, as well as the assumed inference that he is wanting in sagacity.

I leave the anatomical question undecided, but this I know, that in Watson's "Reasoning Power of Animals" I can discover few instances of his sense, or anecdotes of his discernment; and his indifference to mutilation or death, though proving his unparalleled courage, also indicates to my mind most clearly his absence of sense. I remember a friend of mine, one of the greatest of living painters, celebrated equally in his equestrian and canine pictures, telling me that when a young man he had a Bulldog which invariably ran with full force at a stone wall opposite his kennel, when unchained, that he fell backwards almost stunned, yet he never learnt to avoid the danger; and another dog of the breed, belonging to a huntsman, used to worry live coals which were scattered under the feeding-house boiler. Jesse, however, relates a story of a dog of the breed belonging to a duke, which for years rode with His Grace in the carriage to Scotland and back. At last the dog was replaced by a younger one. The old favourite watched the preparations for the journey, became dull and melancholy, pined away, refused his food, and died brokenhearted. One can hardly imagine the countenance of a disconsolate Bulldog. In his ordinary health and spirits, his villainous expression and ferocious leer stamp him the felon of the canine race.




ST. BERNARDS.

"MONARQUE" AND "ALP," THE FORMER DOG THE PROPERTY OF THE REV. J. C. MACDONA; THE LATTER THE PROPERTY OF J. H. MURCHISON, ESQ., F.R.G.S.

*From the Original Picture in the possession of Major Allison, of Roker, Sunderland.*

# CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE ST. BERNARD.

THE St. Bernard Mastiff, from his grand colossal form, his vast power, his picturesque colour, and his extreme docility, has long been a favourite companion, not only in Great Britain, but on the continent of Europe and in America.

He is capable of very high training, and he could easily be educated as a Retriever, but he is almost too massive for the purpose. He is the largest dog generally seen in England, and in condition he reaches to a great weight and stature, with a stately carriage and bearing, which add not a little to the dignity of his appearance, and his consequent popularity.

Some years ago the dog was rarely seen, and the few which reached this country were "drafts" from the Hospice of St. Bernard, brought with difficulty from their homes amongst the snow. Facility of locomotion, the vast increase in the number of tourists, and their liberal prices stimulated the hotel-keepers in the neighbourhood to breed the Alpine Mastiff, and better specimens arrived; whilst the daily exhibition of the late Albert Smith's dogs, purchased of the monks, excited the ambition of many amongst his audience to become possessed of similar animals.

There is little doubt that the dog, as used and bred on the Pass, was of various colours: the most celebrated, "Barry," preserved in the Museum at Berne, was of a brindled, or barred, and white colour. As to his form, no conjecture can be arrived at, as none of the taxidermists with whom I am acquainted have been able to preserve the intelligent expression of any dog, or to keep the features at all like nature.

The dogs which I saw at St. Bernard were all of them of a rich orange-tawny, with white chest, collar, legs, belly, and tip

to the tail. The head had a white streak, or blaze, through the face, extending down the collar to the poll; the lips, white; the mark below the eyes, and half-way down, black. The ears were small and unfeathered, hanging close to the head, and set low down. The eye was hazel, moderately full, but showing the red haw, or conjunctiva, though not so much as in the Blood-hound, and in many of the best examples this is not the case, nor do I approve of it. The white line from forehead to poll was considered by the monks as a mark of purity, but *they laid no stress whatever upon the presence or absence of dew-claws on the hind-feet*, which some judges of the present day insist upon. They chiefly desired strength, constitution, acute power of scent, docility, and intelligence. If a dog had these great gifts, especially the latter two, I do not think that they would care for either colour or dew-claws. Constitution is a great point for dogs living more than 7,000 feet above the level of the sea; and a dense, compact, serviceable coat is essential for creatures exposed to the worst of weather, whose business lies amongst snowdrifts and winter storms, and which, in spite of the wonderful protection of nature, afforded by their thick overcoat of hair and the underlining of woolly fur beneath, and notwithstanding the care and love shown for their dumb helpmates by the monks, generally fall victims to rheumatism, and seldom reach their eleventh year.

The stern, or tail, of the St. Bernard should be heavily feathered, and carried well, if not gaily.

Their principal work in their native snows is to ascertain the safe path amidst the drifts—paths frequently perilous when unhidden by the fall of snow—and but for these sagacious guides it would be at times a rash and fruitless task to attempt to reach the nearest house of refuge on the St. Bernard crest.

They vary in intelligence, like all other dogs, but a dog of moderate ability will learn his sacred profession, and discover the dying or the dead beneath the snow in from eighteen

months to two years. He is always accompanied by some of the monks, and by an older dog, until he is exalted from the pupil to the preceptor.

"Old Barry" was the means of rescuing forty-two persons, and fell a victim to his benevolence, being killed by a benighted traveller, who mistook his preserver for a wolf.

Nine months of the year these sagacious animals are in full work, attentive as they lie coiled before the glowing embers in the Hospice hall to the least source of alarm or cry for aid, and manifesting the same desire to succour and preserve life which some breeds of dogs and some men display to destroy it.

Undoubtedly we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Macdona for the finest specimens brought to this country of late years. At the time he first exhibited his splendid dog "Tell," there was, I believe, no class or prize for the breed, but that noble dog made his mark, and raised an admiration for his family, which is still in the ascendant. His levee was always crowded at every exhibition, and the first prize was invariably awarded to him by acclamation. Rules were modified in his favour. He was brought into his place at his own convenience, or, rather, he walked in by his master's side, and resigned himself to be chained up under his number, submitting with heroic resignation to the various trials of patience and affronts to his dignity to which all eminent dogs are accustomed; and after he had, as he considered, sufficiently exhibited himself in various attitudes, and given the public some idea of his powers of vocalisation, he would curve himself round for a siesta with all the dignity of an Eastern rajah, indifferent to the blandishments of ladies, or the flattery of strange keepers, until he recognised amidst the crowd the footsteps of his owner, when he would at once rouse himself to welcome the well-known hand and voice, and jump over sticks or chairs with the agility of a Greyhound.

This grand St. Bernard *was* (for he died owing to an accident, or something worse, about 1870) a barred or brindled specimen, perhaps the largest, and undoubtedly the finest, ever seen in this country, as he stood over 30 inches in height, and weighed when quite a young dog 150 lbs. Later in life I believe that he must have reached nearly 200 lbs., and he was quite as eminent for his charming disposition as for his vast giant strength and stature, and his extraordinary activity.

Mr. Macdona has introduced several other St. Bernards into this country; among the best of which are "Gessler," "Hedwig," and his black-and-tan rough St. Bernard, "Meuthon." He has also bred some magnificent animals from both "Tell" and "Gessler," and from "Hedwig," own sister to "Tell;" amongst others, "Alp," of "Tell's" colour, but with a finer head.

A smooth class has also been exhibited, but never obtained much favour, amongst which "Monarque" (the dog to the left in Mr. Earl's drawing of "Tell") is the chief and most remarkable. A magnificent young dog, 33 inches high, belonging to Mr. Murchison, F.R.G.S., of the orange-colour, was shown, and attracted a good deal of notice at the Crystal Palace in 1871, where Miss Hale's "Hermit" and "Hilda" achieved much popularity.

The breed of St. Bernard has undergone some change within the last thirty or forty years. A pest, or virulent distemper, at one time carried off all the dogs at the St. Bernard Hospice but one, and that, I believe, was crossed with the Pyrenean Wolf Dog. At another time nearly all the kennel was swept off by an avalanche; and in 1852 but three dogs were in the possession of the monks, two and the mother were at Liddes, and about four or five at Martigny.

One of the puppies by "Pluto," the dog at the Hospice, from a bitch bred by the monks, I brought home at great inconvenience, which would have been insurmountable, but that at every place at which I stopped—Montreux, Geneva, Paris, Lyons—he was welcomed with open arms as "*le petit chien de St.*

*Bernard.*" Even the conductors of diligences and the guards of trains vied in showing him attention, and shared their bread with him indifferent to fee or reward. He so fascinated the driver of four grey stallions of exceptional ferocity that, between the interludes of whip-cracking and blandishments bestowed on "*le petit Alp*," we nearly rolled over a dizzy precipice overhanging a chasm of some 2,000 feet; which merely produced a remark from a sombre American suffering from dyspepsia that such an escape was "more than the precious old car deserved," though he desired the driver (who was sitting on the reins that he might brandish the whip with both hands) to "handle them leather *u*tensils more *keerfully*, as he had shares in a *knee*cropolis in Orl*ee*ns, and guessed he should like Christian burial."

After I got home "Alp" flourished wonderfully, and grew to amazing stature. He learnt a good deal, and might have been educated to anything. He would carry, swim, go back, or wait where I left him. He was past the perils of youth, but he fell a victim to hydrophobia—how contracted I never could ascertain—and I was so fortunate as to destroy him in one of his paroxysms, without being injured myself, or giving him an opportunity of communicating this fearful disease to any other animal.

Mr. Macdona's "Alp" has been engraved in England, America, France, and Germany. Many of his stock have been transplanted to the United States, where large dogs are very fashionable; and cuteness in the St. Bernard renders him especially popular with our genial American cousins, who, possessed as they are of wonderful acumen themselves, are well able and willing to appreciate excellence and to pay for it liberally in man or animal. Always anxious to possess the best horses, hounds, shorthorns, sheep, and machinery, not to speak of (what I little understand) their admirable ironclads and army, it is not to be wondered at that they have given

Mr. Macdona "a turn," and largely imported his stupendous Alpine Mastiffs, which are not only sensible but humane, as the following instance will show.

A favourite St. Bernard of Mr. Macdona's, named "Sultan," whilst walking with his master by the side of a canal, was attracted by a splashing in the water, and soon discovered that it was caused by the efforts of a large Pointer to escape from drowning. The poor brute was beating the water frantically with his fore-paws in his efforts to escape, but he could only move round as on a pivot, his hind-legs being far below in the mud. His awkward manœuvres made it a difficult matter for the Alpine hero to assist him; and for some seconds he could only float majestically round him, waiting for his opportunity, and trying once or twice to seize the poor wretch by the neck. But his good-natured attempts appeared to paralyse the Pointer, whose fate seemed imminent, when "Sultan," as though struck with a sudden inspiration of genius, gave him a strong push with his fore-paw, and repeated it until he had landed him safely on the bank.

The same dog, on another occasion, happening to knock down a little child in his rough gambols as they were playing together, was apparently struck with remorse, and, lying by the side of his playmate, placed one of his enormous paws under his head and the other round the infant's neck, and, wagging his tail, licked the tears from his cheeks as fast as they fell, with every appearance of remorse.

"Tell" was remarkably intelligent and good-tempered. He tracked his owner on one occasion, in a very hard winter, from West Derby in Lancashire to West Kirby in Cheshire. Having reached the landing-stage on the Liverpool side of the Mersey, he watched all the steamers as they passed backwards and forwards, until at length the right one came alongside, when he at once vaulted on board, crossed without a ticket, and discovered Mr. Macdona "at home."

In the village of Thün, a poor idiot boy was suddenly missed. Search was made in vain for him; and the endeavours of a St. Bernard to enter a walled garden were for some time unconnected with his loss. At length, the intimations of the dog being understood, the gate was opened, and the poor child was discovered by the Mastiff buried in the snow. This sagacious dog was brought to England by Captain Fyler, of Heffleton, Dorsetshire, and was the sire of Mr. Macdona's prize dog "Victor."

At the Hospice on one occasion the monks declare that their old dog "Castor" showed great anxiety to be allowed to go into the track, and shortly returned with an old man whom he helped up the mountain.

Much nonsense has been written on the subject of the "double dew-claw," which some quasi judges assert that the St. Bernard should have. Such, however, is not the case.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE unbounded intelligence of the Newfoundland dog has rendered him perhaps the greatest favourite wherever a large dog can be allowed. But, apart from that mysterious sense which enables him to understand short sentences as well as words, he is, take him for all and all, unsurpassed or possibly unequalled as the companion of man, for his fine formation, his Herculean strength, and the grandeur of his carriage.

Of course it is common enough to call every large, shaggy dog a Newfoundland, as it is the rule to name every small dog with large ears a King Charles's Spaniel, but dog-shows, if they have done no more, have educated the eye of the general public, who can now discriminate pretty well between mongrels and the true-bred type.

The Newfoundland, the Labrador, and the St. John's dogs have this peculiarity—they not only possess sagacity, but they disseminate it through any number of crosses, or at least through a great number of them. On this account their breed has been used almost universally in improving Retrievers, and with great success. Some of the best shepherds I have ever met with have told me that their favourite breed of Sheep Dog was descended from Labrador and Colley; and I have been solicited by them, and never in vain, for the services of my most intelligent Retrievers, to put more sense into Sheep Dogs, already showing distinctly the Newfoundland mixture.

Intelligence is retained in the absence of all approach to the shape of the Newfoundland, and the instincts of the Retriever, the love for water, and the general gentleness and cordiality of the massive parent have discovered themselves more than once or twice in insignificant little mongrels which were the produce of Newfoundland and Terrier.

A writer in the *Sporting Magazine*, 1819, says of the Newfoundland breed, "Twenty or thirty years ago they were large, rough-coated, curly-haired, liver-and-white dogs." Thirty years ago the large black-and-white shaggy or thick-coated dog was especially in fashion, and the black dog was scarcely ever seen. In the early days of dog-shows, black-and-white dogs received the award of the judge more than once or twice; but the special favour in which black dogs are universally held has banished particoloured dogs from the prize lists as a rule.

The Newfoundland should be black, without any mixture of white whatever; but many good examples have a few white hairs in the middle of the chest. White toes may exist without impurity of blood; but a white tip to the tail should be looked upon as most suspicious.

He should be of large stature—that is one of his strongest characteristics—from 27 to 30 inches in height, though the

latter size is exceedingly rare, nor do I think that I have ever seen a dog of that stature. Mr. Robinson's "Carlo," the first prize dog at Birmingham, 1864, is said to measure this "out size," but probably more mistakes are made in the measurement of dogs than of any other animal, because the gauge is frequently, through inadvertence, put too far up the neck.

The head should be long, large, and moderately square at the nose, especially long from the eye downwards, and moderately flewed. It should be broad across the eyes; and these, though comparatively small, should be bright, piercing, and utterly free from that red haw, characteristic of the Bloodhound and the Thibet Dog. The nose must be large, with expanded nostrils, and the teeth white and regular, with level jaws. In these points many of the breed are wanting, especially in the colour of the teeth. The eye, also, is frequently of too pale a colour around the target or pupil, giving the dog the appearance of a "wall-eye." The head and face must be smooth to the back of the poll and to the angle of the jaw, where the voluminous shaggy coat should begin suddenly, and almost hide the ears, which must be small, falling close, and almost smooth.

The neck is strong, enlarging towards the shoulders, and exceedingly muscular. The specimens shown some years ago were deficient in length of neck, and in this respect Mr. Cunliffe Lee's "Baltic" shows a great improvement, as he does also in his shoulders, which are deep, long, sloping, with the elbow well let down, and working freely, as they ought.

The chest should be deep and moderately wide; the legs powerful, and short in proportion to the length of body; the feet large, to act as paddles, and the sole firm and horny, in which respect there is an improvement of late. The back should be broad, the loin wide and muscular, the ribs round—a great point with a dog which is to float with ease—and the thighs wide, well clothed with muscle and sinew. There

should be great length from hip to hock, and the stern should be well plumed and well carried, higher than a Setter's flag, but not so gaily as a Foxhound's. The fore-legs should be feathered to the ankle; the hind-legs should be bare of feather from the hock to the ground. Many good examples are feathered from hock to heel, but the best are not, and ought not to be.

As to the coat of a Newfoundland, the less wave in it the better. It should be shining and glossy, and on the body about three or four inches long. It must not be silky like the Setter's —at least, not silky and soft—but of a texture peculiar to the sort. Such a dog as I have described, *with a mind*, is worth a king's ransom; and, if attached to his master, neither length of time nor carelessness of treatment will ever be found to disengage his affections.

I say advisedly, *if* attached, for the Newfoundland is capricious in his likes and antipathies. I have, in one instance, possessed a dog which would never own me; and I had one brought to me for a very moderate price which had been discarded by his master for a similar reason. On another occasion, a dog with whom I was on the best of terms was amusing himself with a series of howls, "long drawn out," and disobeyed my repeated orders to leave off. At last, out of patience, I took my whip out, and calling my man, said, pointing to the dog, "Give that dog a moderate thrashing." The dog never resented it in the man, but he hated me from that hour, and we were never more than acquaintances as long as I kept him. He was not sulky, but indifferent and careless of my orders, though he had been well broken as a Retriever, and was an adept at recovering wounded game.

The Newfoundland is remarkable for his retentive memory. Mr. Youatt mentions a dog of this breed which recognised him five years after he had parted with it, and left its new master to protect him from two ill-looking fellows who were

making their way through the bushes between Roehampton and Wandsworth to intercept him.

Another instance is mentioned by Mr. Jesse. A traveller passing through a village in Cumberland gave a sleeping Newfoundland dog a blow with his whip, in mere wantonness. The animal made a rush at him, and pursued him for some distance. Twelve months after, as he was leading his horse through the same village, the dog, recollecting him, seized him by the boot, and made his teeth penetrate the flesh, and would have inflicted further injuries, but that some witnesses to the occurrence drove the animal off.

Mr. Youatt gives a touching example of this grand animal's tender heart. A lame puppy was lying close to a gate through which he desired to pass, but he could not push it open without causing the animal pain. To his surprise, his Newfoundland dog put out his strong paw, and gently rolled the invalid out of the way, and drew back to allow the gate to open. I myself have frequently seen a dog push a hare through a gate when he could not conveniently jump it, and then take it from the other side.

The following instance of fidelity and sense is given by Bewick, in his "History of Quadrupeds," in the article on the Newfoundland dog.

"During a severe storm in the winter of 1789, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amongst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge which in all probability was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for everything that came from

the wrecked vessel, seizing it and endeavouring to drag it to land."

Mr. Watson, in his interesting book on "The Reasoning Power in Animals," tells us that the dog was afterwards kept at Dropmore, by Lord Granville, who, on the animal's death, wrote a Latin epitaph on him, with an English translation.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE FOX TERRIER.

Not many years ago, any dog under 35 lbs. in weight, provided he had his ears cut short, was called a Terrier, unless his owner preferred describing him as a Bull Terrier, a Bulldog, or a Pug. On the same principle, a dog with so much coat that he was only a sketchy notion of an animate being went by the name of a "Skye" or a "Dandie," the name being a matter of taste, and the breed or points one of opinion; the owner of such animals taking for granted what the breeder said of them, and frequently knowing just as much of dogs in general as a boarding-school miss does of a horse.

The Terrier of old times was a nondescript. Daniels, I think it is, who, writing in 1812, advises breeding Terriers between a Beagle and a Mastiff, and in another part of his book he divides them into two kinds, rough and smooth—a description about equal to that of the boor who divided pudding into two classes, hot and cold. The rough, he tells us, should be short-legged, long-backed, strong, black, or yellowish mixed with white. The smooth-haired, he says, is beautifully formed, shorter in the body, more sprightly, reddish-brown or black, with tanned legs; and both are determined foes to vermin, and can go long but

FOX TERRIERS.

"TRIMMER" AND "BELLONA," THE PROPERTY OF J. H. MURCHISON, ESQ., F.R.G.S.

not fast. He records a Terrier going, however, a mile in two minutes, the second in four, the third mile in six, the fourth in eight minutes, and the fifth and sixth in eighteen.

Form has not so much to do with pace in the dog tribe as we think, provided "Nimrod" was correct in his statement of the performances of a Turnspit, which, he says, was not seven inches high, and had legs not more than two and a half inches long, and followed a coach 180 miles, at the rate of nine miles an hour, without a sore foot!

My favourite author, Beckford, writing a little less than one hundred years ago, says that he "prefers the black or white Terrier; but some, he says, "are so like a fox that awkward people frequently mistake one for the other. If you prefer Terriers to run with your pack, large ones at times are useful, but in an earth they do little good, as they cannot always get up to the fox." For my part, unless a Terrier is small enough to go to ground, I see little use in him; and the perfect Terrier should be able to make short cuts, and keep up with Hounds, or be planted amongst the farmers at different points—of course, I mean fox-hunting farmers—so as to be handy when required; and he will earn his living as a destroyer of vermin, and so keep down the poultry bill, which no farmer of any position would ever dream of sending in.

The English Terrier, according to the notions of the writer of an article in the *Penny Magazine*, in 1834, was a very singular, I hope, a unique, animal. Here is the description of him, written, possibly, by Lord Brougham, of whom one of his political opponents declared that "if he knew a little law he would know a little of everything:" "He is a handsome, sprightly dog, generally black on the back, sides, upper part of the head, neck, and tail; the belly and throat are of a very bright reddish brown, with a spot of the same colour over each eye. The tail is rather *truncated*" (whatever that may mean); "the ears are small, *somewhat erect, and turned back at the tips!* The head is

small in proportion to the body, and *the snout* (!) is moderately elongated."

The Fox Terrier of Dr. John Kaye, or Caius, as he elected to be called, who lived in the days of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, is simply described as "sagax," and used to hunt "the foxe, the badger, or the greye, which, after the manner of ferrets, creepe into the grounde, and by that means make afraid, nyppe and byte the foxe and badger in such sorte that eyther they teare them in peeces with theyr teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of their lurking angles, dark dungeons, and close caves; or, at the least, through conceaved feare, drive them out of their hollow harbours, insomuch that they are compelled to prepare speedy flight; and being desirous of the next, albeit not the safest, refuge, are otherwise taken and entrapped with snares and nettes layde over holes to the same purpose."

These, doubtless, were the stout sort of Terriers for which, as fox killers, James I. wrote to his friend, the Laird of Caldwell, naming the Earl of Monteith as having good ones of the kind; and which sort were generally accepted as good from 1677 downwards, bred without much attempt at refinement, and they remained simply crook-legged, hairy, vermin-dogs, until it was deemed requisite to establish something neater and more pleasing to the eye in connection with the handsome and high-mettled Foxhound.

For many years the Fox Terrier flourished in Hound-kennels, the property, for the most part, of the huntsman, or, if he was so fortunate as to obtain one, of the earth-stopper or gamekeeper.

He was by no means public property until within the last ten or a dozen years. Here and there some first-class country gentleman had one and appreciated him; and occasionally a master of Foxhounds elected him as a pet, and let him have the range of the hall, or follow his Stanhope, or his hack to

the cover-side. The black-and-tan Terrier, or the broken-haired rough one, was the general house-dog, and the white dog without a patched body was rare. He was either too small for the earth—nine pounds or so—or he was too big. In the first case he went into the drawing-room, with the "Mitten Beagle" and the Blenheim Spaniel; in the last he fought for his bone in the saddle-room with the Dalmatian.

If he could bay a fox, kill the rats in the boiling-house, was not over 20 lbs. nor under 14 lbs. in weight, and was compact, with short legs, he was christened "Grip," "Jem," or "Twig," entered with the young Hounds, and, maybe, one day eaten by them. The huntsman did not notice whether his ears were small, nor insist upon a long, lean head, a nose that would go into a narrow champagne-glass, nor care if it got wider across the base of the skull; didn't reject him because his ears did not hang close, or were set forward; forgave his having too full an eye, or being a trifle coarse in the tail. Was he small enough and not too diminutive for hard work and rough winter weather —could he trudge through muddy lanes at the heels of his horse, and bear the splashing and sleet without shivering, and do well and look well on the odd scraps and what was left in the kennel-bucket—if so, they never parted until death overtook one of them.

There is a capital notion of this dog—a white one with a coloured head—in Landseer's picture of "A Cover Hack," so far as we can see; for he is coiled up and fast asleep in the foreground, with the mud-spangles of the road drying on him as he drops asleep after the labours of the day.

I have always had a good one myself hanging about the place, and with all the qualities required, or he would not stay long with me. I prefer a white one. I believe fox or otter would bolt from a white dog best, and I can see him in the dark nooks and angles of a barn, and so can the lads and helpers who let and hinder him on a wet day at his rat-killing voca-

tion. I like a small Terrier; in fact, I am no advocate for lumber in Foxhound, Harrier, Setter, Retriever, or Spaniel. I don't admire a Deerhound for his size, unless his muscle and bone and formation warrant him agile and speedy as well as stout; size belongs to St. Bernards, Mastiffs, and Newfoundlands. A dog should be able to make up for his want of size, like the small coachman to whom the lord objected for his want of stature: "My lord," he replied, "*what the big ones does by strength I does by hartifice.*"

I don't mean to say that I have had anything to compare with Mr. Wootton's old "Jock" or "Tartar," or such beauties as have appeared from time to time upon show-benches; but I have generally one or two which can trace back to Jack Russell's Devonshires, and maintain an average with any vermin-dogs in courage and intelligence.

So little were these dogs known amongst so-called breeders in 1860 that only four Terriers were shown at Birmingham that year except black-and-tans. Three years later, in an exhibition of 1,678 dogs, there was no class for Fox Terriers in May, whilst in the November of the same year Birmingham had two classes and thirty-seven entries. In 1867 these had almost doubled; and in 1871, at the Crystal Palace, Fox Terriers numbered more than an eighth of the whole number exhibited, the total being 828!

It is impossible to enumerate a tithe of the celebrities which have figured on the bench, but I will endeavour to remember some of them.

"Jock," now the property of Mr. Murchison, was brought out by Mr. Wootton, of Mapperley, and bred by Jack Morgan. During the eight years he was exhibited he won thirty-three first prizes, and nine of these were champion prizes. He is a white dog, with a hound-tan ear, and a dark mark on the rump and lower part of his tail; and he has several times exchanged hands at more than his weight in silver.

"Trimmer," also Mr. Murchison's, only came out in 1868, but he has already won twenty-five first prizes, ten of which may be said to be champion prizes. He is a white dog with a black-and-tanned, evenly-marked head, and of exquisite proportions, but, I believe, rather careful of himself.

"Rival," also Mr. Murchison's, but sold by him to Mr. Henry Gibson, of Brockenhurst, at a very long price, is one of the best dogs of the day—hound-tan-and-white, with a long, punishing head, and the heart of a lion, though a little deficient in points of trivial interest.

"Fussy," now the property of Mr. Sarsfield, of Durham, is a daughter of "Young Trap," and has never been beaten; but in 1871, at the Crystal Palace, she shared the champion prize with Mr. Murchison's "Bellona."

But I do not attempt to "place" or distinguish the excellences of such dogs as "Chance," "Tartar," "Young Trap," or "Worry," the property of the Marquis of Huntly, and one of the most beautiful Terriers I ever saw. And there arises in my mind a confused recollection of long benches of priceless, well-known "gems of the kennel," such as Mr. Murchison's "Venture," bought of Mr. Cropper; Mr. Statter's "Fox;" Mr. Cropper's "Nectar," subsequently purchased by Mr. Murchison; and a whole kennelful of the Honourable Thomas W. Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Sale's, Mr. Wootton's, and others.

It is a common thing to say of these beautiful creatures that they are half Italian Greyhound—timid, tender, suspicious, enervated, and useless. My experience points the other way.

I had a couple of Terriers from Mr. Wootton, of his best blood, which at once went to ground, and showed the very greatest game and determination. The keepers, who used to borrow them to decrease the number of badgers, which were becoming a nuisance, dug eleven one winter near me, and never would go without them. On one occasion my son, to

whom they really belonged, left a dog of Mr. Wootton's because they could not dig him out. He had run back from the dog-cart, and had gone into the earth like an express train after they were beaten by the dark. I sent men to try and unearth him, with spades and lanterns; but they heard him baying the badger until dawn, when he came out to have a breath of air, and they caught him by the chain which he had gone in with when he escaped.

And one of the same sort, not belonging to me, was never found again. This was one of the "Tartar" lot, and very like her sire. They had run a fox to earth in one of the covers amongst some fir-trees, and on a slope very near an enemy's country, and they determined to dig him; and my friend, living near, rather indiscreetly volunteered to lend his Terrier. Being a good-natured fellow, he was rather too liberal with beer from the public-house; and in the multitude of counsellors and excavators there was no wisdom. The huntsman, a stub-born and, I need hardly say, a stupid, pig-headed little fellow, was confident that he heard the dog in one direction, and the keeper was as certain he was in another; so two parties began to dig and draw the sand, and no doubt buried the dog between them. After a couple of hours he blew his horn, spurred his horse maliciously, and shambled out of the cover to "get on home;" and then the tipsy Solomons had it all their own way. At about half-past ten, on a cold, moonlight night, there was a knocking at my back door, and a groom, half-sobered by his two-miles' ride, and the fright of passing close to the church-yard and under the shadow of the large yew-tree, craved an interview. He told me that his "master sent his compliments, and that he was happy to say that his young dog 'Jacko' was gone to ground in the big earths a-top of Gallows Lane, and they rather thought they'd smothered him; and if I would bring old 'Burke'"—(my old experienced Terrier, now blind, but still sensible)—"and a man or two, perhaps they could

recover him." I went, of course, and called for my best man on my way—a short, thick sort of navigator, in the prime of life—and, by means of relays and management, we got to the dog at about four or five in the morning, old "Burke" helping when we were at fault. But poor young "Jacko" was stone dead, though he had struggled hard to turn; he had been killed by the heap of earth, and the weight of the tipsy scoundrels who were couched upon the sand above him.

Few, if any, dogs exceed the Fox Terrier in sagacity. He is small, and, what is of more consequence, short in his coat, cleanly in his habits, and of a discriminating temper; therefore he has the *entrée* of the house, where he is ever picking up information, and learning the meaning of words and sentences to an extent of which we have no notion.

I have a Fox Terrier, fourteen or fifteen years old, quite blind, but able to find his way about, and to follow us on foot, or when we go in the carriage. He knows all the hours, and when the doors are closed jumps into the dining-room through the window. He is always waiting when the children are going for a walk, and will keep close to them for the ten minutes or quarter of an hour they are preparing for an excursion.

It is quite touching to see him panting at a rat's hole day after day, where his unerring nose tells him the vermin lies perdue, and to see the dejection with which he makes futile efforts to ascertain where it flies as we unearth it for the pursuit of the younger Terriers, and the resignation with which he listens to the chase in which he can take no part.

During the Prussian war he used to go daily to meet the boy who brought the daily paper, and when it had been placed in the tin case he invariably returned with it to the drawing-room window, where he made his presence known by a couple of short barks, and never failed to be back within a few

minutes of his time. The darkness of night, of course, made no difference to him, though the road was intricate, and he never loitered on the road.

Having run with Mr. Radcliffe's hounds for several seasons, he has a great passion for Foxhounds, and when they pay us a visit it arouses in him the strongest emotions; but as they leave my gates he seems to recollect his infirmities, and turns for the kitchen door with what in man we should call a heavy heart and submission to his privations.

White body, small eye, short legs, straight as arrows, compact form, long lean head, foxy muzzle, small thin ears, lying close to the head, fine "stern," hard, short, smooth coat —these are the Fox Terrier's marks of excellence; and his feet must be close, firm, small, and strong. If he will kill rats and *bay* (not bite) a fox, he is "hard" enough.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE BULL TERRIER.

THE Bull Terrier has always been a favourite with the inhabitants of Great Britain, on account of his courage, his activity, and his neat make. In the country house he is almost indispensable, as he is the resolute and determined enemy of vermin, and an efficient, vigilant guard to stables and out-buildings.

His admirable form, combining in an exact proportion the frame best suited for activity, endurance, and pace, makes him a capital companion for horses or the dog-cart; and unless he has sufficient self-control to be trusted to follow his master without doing mischief, he is only worthy of a halter.

Too strong an infusion of bull blood produces an animal

BULL TERRIER.

"NELSON," THE PROPERTY OF S. E. SHIRLEY, ESQ., M.P.

given up to blind, indiscriminate fury, and ready to fall on friend or foe. This fault is quite ineradicable, and, though permitted in the old fighting dog, was found to be seldom co-existent with "generalship," when that barbarous sport obtained.

The dog, though quickly roused to the attack, should be perfectly obedient, for unless docility is blended with determination, he has too much bull blood, or his education has been faulty.

I have observed that he is a deadly foe to vermin. I am well aware that the Terrier as pure as we can get it is to be obtained with mettle, and that many of those which are denounced as made up of Italian Greyhound cross will destroy rats or attack the badger and otter; but a slight infusion of bull blood gives this advantage. The Terrier will destroy or attack when he is set on, but frequently shut him in a barn by himself, and he will let the rats run under his nose. On the other hand, the Bull Terrier running loose—as he ought to be—about the premises will be constantly on the look-out for his small game, and nothing in the shape of vermin can go abroad.

He has been bred for many years, originally to tackle the polecat, the marten, or the otter, and to go to ground and engage the attention of the badger as they dug him out. From the wild cat, he was set by the roughs of the day to bait tame cats; and it used to be (and perhaps still remains so) a strong commendation to say of one that he would kill a cat in a minute.

He is an admirable water-dog in the summer; but if he has a fine coat and is highly bred, he frequently pays the penalty of disease or death if used indiscriminately amongst ice and in cold winds, though his courage will certainly induce him to take all risks of rheumatism or death. I had a magnificent specimen, bred by the late Mr. A. Wyndham, the master of the

South Wilts, which met his death from cold taken in this way.

"Craven," in the "Young Sportsman's Manual" (1849), describes a Bull Terrier which he used as a Retriever; and I have seen many which would bring fur or feather tenderly, but it is not the Bull Terrier's vocation.

Having existed for some years, it is a question how he was bred. Doubtless at first from the Terrier and Bulldog. But what Terrier?

Beckford merely states that a good Terrier is a necessity, and that he must be black or white; and that if you want such dogs to run with the pack you must have large ones.

The oldest likenesses of Terriers which I can find represent coarse, shaggy-breasted, rough-tailed animals. For example, I find "Viper," the property of, and painted by, James Ward, the Royal Academician, in 1808, brown-tan with a white nose, ears shorn off, and nothing of the Terrier except the small eye. Two years after I find "Mischief," black-white-and-tan, painted by Marshall, the property of old John Ward, of the New Forest, badly cropped, combining the blood cherished by Mr. Adderley and Lord Talbot, and vouched for by no less an authority than Mr. Meynell, as the best breed he ever knew. But the form was bad, and Mr. Meynell's certificate would not include that, as masters of Foxhounds notoriously ignore beauty in any of the canine race, except the Foxhound.

Another Terrier, (belonging to an ancestor of the present member for Dorsetshire, Mr. Gerard Sturt,) figures in the *Sporting Magazine*, more celebrated for fidelity to its master than for beauty of form; and from some such materials as these, or perhaps that "smooth dog" Daniels describes in his "Field Sports" as "beautifully formed, shorter than the rough one, more sprightly in its carriage, and reddish-brown or black with tan," our Bull Terriers are descended.

There is a fighting dog of Lord Camelford's figured in the *Sporting Magazine*, and painted by H. B. Chalon, the father, I imagine, of the two late Royal Academicians. This dog was bought by Lord Camelford, at the then extraordinary price of eighty-four guineas, and was afterwards, in 1806, given by his owner to Belcher, the pugilist. He was a short-legged, fawn-coloured, cropped specimen, his ears being amputated close to his head, after the brutal manner of the times, and according to the system prevalent amongst the lower orders and ruffians, whom I recollect as keeping dogs for fighting so lately as the year 1839. He was a pug-headed dog, probably "half Bull,' and nearly as thickset and wide as two or three frog-coloured dogs of fame which, with heads seared and scarred with wounds, trotted unmolested at the heels of Baley Wakelin or Milky Will, or were trained by them in the face of day in the much-frequented lanes about Oxford, or the celebrated "parks."

Hamilton Smith gives but eleven lines to the Bull Terrier, in his description of the *genus canis*, describing it as smaller, more lively, and, if possible, more ferocious than the common Bulldog; as having ears "always pointed," and commonly white, with some black about it. He also notices a dog of this colour or markings of which he had seen a portrait taken when it was four years old, considered the fiercest and trustiest of its kind, which had then fought thirty battles, won them all, and killed five of his opponents. He was also an unrivalled rat-catcher, and weighed 32 lbs., his colour white, with black about the head.

Brindle marks on a white ground may always be regarded as signs of Bulldog blood. I think that I never saw a Terrier so called, or rather, *authenticated as pure Terrier*, with any brindle mark. The "bars" are peculiar to Bulldog blood and Molossian races.

The true Bull Terrier—that is, a dog with more than one fourth Bull, or the fourth cross—shows no Bulldog ancestry to

the casual observer, though it is clearly defined to a judge's eye. Of course, he may be half Bull; beyond that infusion he degenerates into a mongrel Bulldog. Wonderful, considering the coarse material at hand in other days for forming the Bull Terrier, that such neat — rather let me say, such handsome—animals exist. Possibly the admirable strains now in the hands of public exhibitors in general, are the offspring of the neat white English Terrier and the Bulldog; but for some generations the best have been obtained by the use of acknowledged Bull Terriers on both sides, such as "Madman," "Rebel," or "Victor," the property of Mr. G. Smith, out of his "Puss;" or, if of smaller size, from "Nelson Dick, and "Jenny."

All that remains of Bulldog origin in a prize-dog must be the heart or courage; and the only thing visible to the eye, the powerful under-jaw, united to a fine taper foxy muzzle.

They are divided into two classes, those exceeding 16 lbs., and those of that weight, or below it.

White dogs alone would have a chance of success at an exhibition where competent judges presided; a short-faced one would be rejected unanimously. Supposing the form of a specimen were good, he might weigh from 10 lbs. to 38 lbs. He must have a long head, wide between the ears, level jaws, a small black eye, a large black nose, a long neck, straight forelegs, a small "hare-foot," with close toes, moderately arched, a somewhat narrow chest, a deep brisket, powerful loin, long body, muscular thighs, straight hocks as seen from behind, bent as seen from a side view; a tail set low, carried low, short but taper, and not lower than horizontal; a fine coat, and small ears, well hung, dropping forward.

*The ears should be uncut—as nature made them*—not improved by the illiterate, by cutting away the lobes, pointing

them, and keeping them in an upright position until they are rigid and erect for life. "God never made his work for man to mend."

Fallow-smuts, black-muzzled whites, pies, especially yellow-and-brindles, are common, but not comely, and the pure brindle is the commonest of all; but an exhibitor forwarding such colours to a show would meet with ridicule, unless the formation of his dog was something sensational. The dog's colour would then be treated as a calamity, but a conscientious judge would be very wary of decorating an animal which might be put forward as a sire or matron, to the deterioration of the breed.

I can answer for it that unmutilated ears would in no way disfigure the Bull Terrier. I had one from Mr. Alexander Wyndham, ears and tail uncut, not to be surpassed. I have seen others far superior in character to cropped dogs, for no training or clipping could have improved them.

The intelligence of the Bull Terrier is most remarkable. Indeed the sense of crossed breeds is quite equal, and, I think, superior to that of the highest-bred ones; but it must be remembered that such extra care is taken of prize-winners that they lead an artificial life.

Prize Setters, Deerhounds, Fox Terriers, or Field Spaniels rust away their lives; they are too precious to be risked in their vocations! The mongrel, such as the Lurcher, or Bull Terrier, or the cheap Sheep Dog, not considered worth the expense of a collar or chain, is man's constant helper and companion, and shares in, rivals, or excels him in intelligence.

The first dog I ever possessed was a Bull Terrier, named after "Boz," then just commencing his "Pickwick. I bought him of a stone-sawyer, and he absorbed all my pocket-money. He was a white dog with yellow blotches, admirably cropped, but mismanaged after the operation, for one ear stood up and

the other hung down. I have had some hundreds of dogs since, and in all the trials and vexations of life, amongst college dons and tutors, or when travelling from place to place, my dog always ran the gauntlet of frowns and rebukes. "Boz" knew the proctors as well as I did, and set up his hackles when he saw their assistants, as though he knew that they rejoiced in the name of Bulldogs.

When I took him home, travelling by the night mail, I shut him up in the knife-house—he would remain wherever he was ordered—and next morning when my servant took my clothes to brush, I was surprised at his not bringing my Wellington boots. "Sir," he said—he was an old retainer of my father's, who lived with him before I was born—"you must fetch them yourself; I was obliged to give them to your dog to pacify him." And so it was.

Having seen me pat the pony, he would not admit the man into the stable, nor enter the garden gate where I left him lying. In a few days he got more friendly with old William; but from the very first he would obey members of my own family, or follow them in the public streets, where on one occasion he had a very smart affair with a dog belonging to the vice-chancellor, finishing the first round in the porch of St. Mary's Church.

As I did not wish to be authenticated as the owner of this pugilistic animal, I left the two dogs to their own devices, especially as I saw the head of my college and a couple of tutors walking down the High Street; but as I was very fond of the dog, and lost sight of him in Brazenose Lane, I came back to look for him. They were repairing the church just then, and I found that "Boz" had fraternised with the stonemasons, for one of them had known the dog in Worcestershire, and, owing to this introduction, he had been unmolested, and had curled himself round for a quiet nap close to the stone-sawyers, lulled to rest, no doubt, by his previous exertions and

the soothing sound of the saw, to which he had been accustomed in his youth. More singular still, he would always find his way to the workmen if he missed me, and I was sure to discover him either with the sawyer or in the yard close by.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE SKYE TERRIER.

THE Skye Terrier has been a great favourite with the public for many years, but he became more generally sought for after the appearance of Sir Walter Scott's novel containing a glowing description of the Dandy.

The passion for a long-bodied Scotch Terrier then subsided, and the Blenheim and King Charles's Spaniel reigned. Still, there were numbers who perferred the Skye to all others, and amongst them Lady Fanny Cowper, the present Countess of Jocelyn, who was followed by a wondrously beautiful fawn or silver-sandy one, in the Isle of Wight, about the year 1837.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of communication between north and south in those days, better specimens were obtainable than those exhibited in a general way at the present time, the majority of so-called Skye Terriers being mongrels of the lowest caste. Even in Skye it is difficult to obtain a good specimen, the best being carefully retained and bred in the kennels of Lord Macdonald.

I was at some pains ten years ago to obtain, if possible, a thoroughly good one, but with poor results. The first specimen sent to me was a tulip-eared, short-backed, yellow, broken-haired little mongrel, with a cropped tail carried in a half ring

over his hollow back, with a large eye, a projecting under jaw, and hair which might have been wool, shoddy, or alpaca.

The next, which was forwarded by the same gentleman, was vouched for as coming from Lord Macdonald's strain, and as having been used for hunting otters. She was a dark pepper-grey, with cut ears, but long in the body, and with the peculiar black nails which I observed as very characteristic of a bitch which I purchased when a mere skeleton, in the year 1839. That bitch, "Smut," was more like my idea of a proper Skye than anything I had seen before, or than most I have seen since. She was as long as an otter, and when I first got her from an Oxford dealer she was literally but skin and bone. She was moaning in pain, and neglected as "a bad job"—so the dealer said when I, or rather a friend of mine, purchased her; the fact being that as she was low in distemper, and refused the coarse food other dogs ate with avidity, the Edinburgh dealer had put her into a hamper with the rest he consigned to England, to get her off his hands.

She did not recover for some months, but at last she rewarded me for my care by putting on flesh and muscle with her new coat, and turning out a perfect paragon. She was close to the ground, long as a ferret, with a straight or rather low-set tail, hair long and hard, of that sort well described by some writers as in texture "like the tail of a horse." She had a keen black eye, a head long, but small in proportion, and the whole of the forehead hidden by a profusion of hair.

Some years ago, I am told, a French vessel was stranded on the rocks of Skye, containing several French Poodles or Barbets; and the Terrier of the islands and the western Highlands has degenerated from that time in form and quality. This cross-bred is not a coward, but he is indifferent to vermin. He wants well rousing or exciting before he will commence the attack, and he scarcely injures rat or otter.

The genuine dog is one of the keenest biters known, and,

considering his caterpillar form, he is prodigiously active; whilst his foretop, which hangs over his eyes, never seems to obscure his vision, and perhaps sharpens his perception.

His form, quaint and original as it is, seems adapted for the rocks, boulders, and crevices in which he works; and he is one of the best of swimmers. His stamina and constitution, his speed and endurance, are little less than miraculous, whilst his sagacity, depth, penetration, and memory are equalled by some few races, but never excelled.

Length of body and neck; short legs; long, straight, coarse hair, of blue-yellow or its mixtures; long, straight, well-feathered tail; long head; small black eyes; ears falling forward and half pricked; black toe-nails; and well-coated forehead and body—these are the marks of a "Skye."

The form of the head is peculiar, wide at the ears, strong in the jaw, and wide there, but with the muzzle of a fox. The frill of the forehead should not hide more than half the nasal bone, the angle of the throat should be visible, the moustache should be bristly, but laid back, and the coat should stand "on end."

I have possessed dogs of great intelligence of this breed, and one slaty-blue one lay about the house and hall for years. I have also seen black Skye Terriers, nutmeg-greys, and two white ones. One pure white dog, the property of a Colonel Vernon, was exhibited at Birmingham, and I think claimed at his price. White are prized in their native island; black are not valued. The slate-coloured, called "blue," are most sought in London, and the pale or dingy fallow are most common. "Slaty blue," or black mixed with white or orange hairs, are in my opinion the best colours.

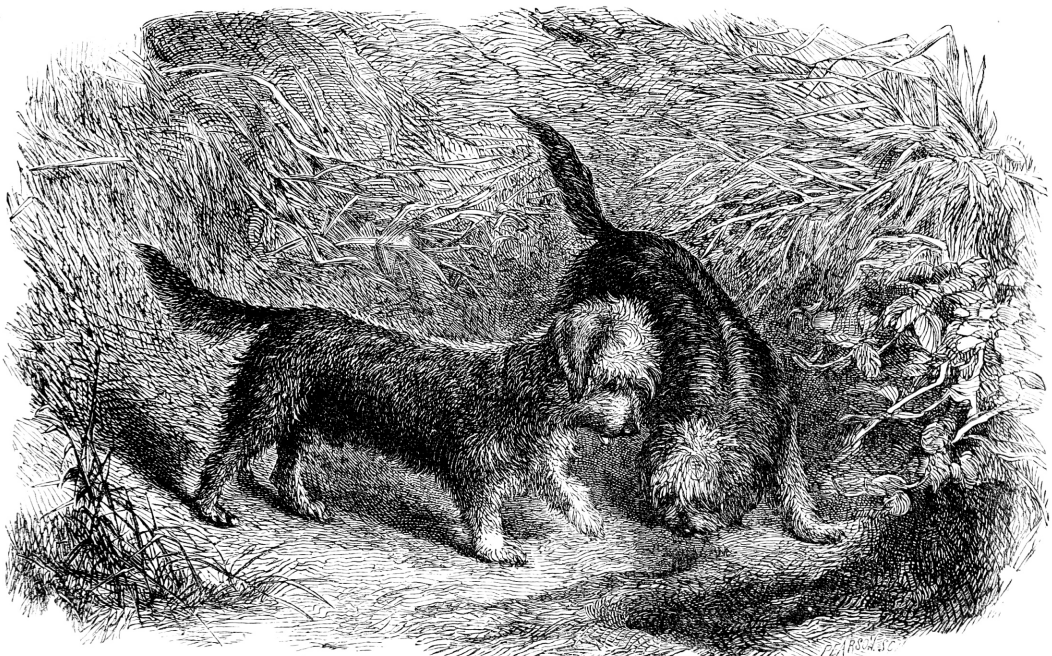
Captain Russell England's "Laddie," a frequent winner at Birmingham, was one of the best ever shown. Mr. Macdona has also shown a black one which has taken several prizes, and which he purchased at Edinburgh; about this dog's merits

opinions differ. I acknowledge that I do not much like him, nor can I call to my recollection any except the white Skye and "Laddie" which have taken my fancy. As a class they hunt well, and they are very engaging in manner and affectionate in disposition, being especially tolerant of little children, clean in their habits, free from rank smell, hardy, vigilant, and obedient.

Occasionally they display a perfect mania for hunting, especially rabbits; and one that I had was so determined to have his sport, that if I refused to let him accompany me, he would go and drive a home cover by himself, and by some means, possibly "the language of touch," by gesture or sound, all of which, or some of which means of communication are I believe common even to insects—such is, I believe, the opinion of Dr. Scott, who has spent his life in the education of the deaf and dumb—at any rate, somehow, I am absolutely certain that my Skye Terrier "Rough," and an old rusty-coloured Retriever, "Daddy," had the means of communicating their wishes when they went out to imitate the beating of a covert, a practice they resorted to time after time without any results in the shape of game, but with ardour unabated, excited thereto when they saw preparations for pheasant-shooting going on in which they were not to participate.

Ratcatching they never resorted to, though both were used for it when the Retriever had become *blasé*, doubtless arguing that it was useless to attempt that diversion without ferrets; but both of them had a thorough knowledge of the Sabbath—common to all intelligent house-dogs—and never attempted to follow any members of the family until after the services of the church were over.

I must not omit to state that the Shantung Terrier of Japan is stated by Jesse, on the authority of Fleming, to be equal to the Skye in affection, tender sagacity, and purity of breed, and to be very like if not complete in its resemblance of



DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.

"RHODERICK DHU" AND "VIXEN," THE PROPERTY OF J. H. MURCHISON, ESQ., F.R.G.S.

this well-known dog in form and coat. Possibly the famous dog of the Scottish Isles may have been imported from that subtle nation in the same basket with the King Charles or Blenheim.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE DANDY DINMONT TERRIER.

It has been the fate of certain breeds to provoke grave criticism, and to give the judges intense trouble, difficulty, and unrest; and, next to the Setter, the Scotch Terrier known as the Dandy has been conspicuous for his notoriety in this respect.

The points of the Dandy are an open question, and I doubt if any "authorities" can settle it. Be that as it may the Southern having on two occasions fetched gentlemen from the very north to Maidstone and London, seem to have then and there outvoted them on several occasions.

It is a great pity that Sir Walter, who highly appreciated the breed, cherished it at Abbotsford, and as a particular mark of friendship gave one of "Pepper's" sons to Sir Francis Chantrey, did not in a few terse lines describe the form of these terriers as well as their colour; but as Mr. James Davidson died but fifty-one years ago ("on the first Sabbath of the year 1820"), it does not seem difficult to determine with some accuracy and decision what the Dandy Dinmont really was, even if the genuine dog has become blended with Highland Terriers of less celebrity, as a matter of necessity if not by accident.

But it must be remembered that a true likeness of the dog exists somewhere, and that it is not very likely to be lost or hidden, as the very specimen presented by the great novelist to

the sculptor was painted by a man of equal genius (Sir E. Landseer), and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1836. A short notice of this picture occurs in the *Sporting Magazine* for that year, page 263. A glance at this work of art would set at rest all controversy, and at once determine the points of the celebrated Terrier bred by Mr. Davidson. I have very little doubt that the dogs originated or cultivated by the worthy yeoman were simply good Terriers obtained by careful crossing with the best in his neighbourhood, established as a breed by judicious selection and careful comparison of form and quality, which must succeed, provided the originator of the breed is a true sportsman. He is simply making his own tools, and acting like "Jack Russell" the Devonian, in establishing for himself acute, sensible, obedient, Fox Terriers from the materials around him. Just so Thomas Bewick made the tools he found requisite for wood engraving, or engineers find means for the end. Put the majority of these authorities of the pen to the same critical test, surround them "wi' rottens, stots, or weasels, tods, and brocks," and their sole means of obtaining a Terrier would be to write to Mr. George, of Kensal New Town, or to advertise in the *Field*. Davidson found, no doubt, that his broken-haired Terrier stood the climate, that the short-legged one went most easily to ground, and that he had dogs which feared nothing that came "wi' a hairy skin," and he kept up the breed. The pepper or mustard colour was an accident, and it is that into which many of the Highland breeds fall, tracing back probably or crossed with the Otter-hound, which—excepting in the size of the ear—these admirable Terriers resemble somewhat in colour, coat, carriage, resolution, and form.

Although I think that I have the Dandy in my mind's eye, I should prefer to leave the description of him to the graceful pencil of Mr. Earl; for he is an especially difficult dog to describe, and unless compared with the living dog, whole pages of word painting would convey but a poor idea of his form, even

were the points written by Sir Walter, Washington Irving, or Charles Dickens. Certainly a glance at Sir Edward's pictures from the living subjects would throw a clear light upon the matter, and do more to settle the controversy than whole columns of argument and acrimony.

Meyrick, in his "House Dogs and Sporting Dogs," states the Dandy to be "long, low-backed, with great strength in the shoulders, broad muscular legs, a long large head, strong jaws, and full bright eyes, often of a hazel colour; his forehead he states to be high, and his ears pendulous, set far apart and back on the head. The hair on the top of the head, he says, should be smooth, but not silky, and the jaws hairy like those of the Deerhound. The hair on the rest of the body," he continues, "very wiry, rather straight, and neither long nor matted; the tail, which is carried rather higher than in other Terriers, should be straight, or have only a slight curve upwards; the colour is either mustard or pepper, no other colour is allowable, and any white is highly objectionable. The weight of a pure Dandy is never less than 16 lbs., but the breed is now in such demand as house pets, that Terriers weighing only 8 lbs. or 10 lbs., with short heads, prick ears, drooping tails, and silky coats, are often passed off for real Dandy Dinmonts. Such dogs as these are evidently produced by a cross with the Skye Terrier."

He goes on to say that there are at least two varieties of the Dandy; one stronger, heavier, and of the mustard colour; the other shorter in the leg, and quicker and keener in its movements.

Richardson says that there are three varieties of the Highland Terrier, and after stating them to be generally of a sand colour, or black, with hair hard, long, and *matted*, he describes a third variety as lower, long backed, and short legged, with hair more wiry and *curled*, but not so long as in the former breeds, mouth also not so broad, and muzzle longer.

This latter variety (he adds) is the dog celebrated by Sir Walter Scott as the pepper and mustard, or Dandy Dinmont.

Stonehenge gives two drawings of Dandies from photographs, and describes them thus: "The legs are short; the body, long; shoulders, low; back, slightly curved; head, large; jaws, long and tapered to the muzzle, which is not sharp; ears, large and hanging close to the head; eyes, full, bright, and intelligent; tail, straight, and carried erect with a slight curve over the back (hound-like); weight, 18 lbs. to 24 lbs., varying according to the strain, but the original Dandy was a heavy dog. Occasionally in the litter there may be some with the short folding ear of the Bull Terrier, and also with greater length of the legs. These are not approved by fanciers, but nevertheless are pure, showing a tendency to cast back. Sir Walter Scott, I believe, preferred the small ear."

In "The Dogs of the British Islands" the description is very similar to the above, except that the legs are mentioned as without feather, and there is an allusion to a silky knot at the top of the head, and it is said that there is "no more hair on the tail than on the rest of the body."

A correspondent,(alluded to by Stonehenge, who edited the volume, as "the highest authority" on the Dandy,)disputes that the coat should be hard and hairy, and states that it should be *soft*, not silky, or a mixture of hardish and soft hair—what old John Stoddart used to term a "pily" coat. He also states that the hair should be more or less *covered* with silky hair, and not confined to a mere knot; and these are the only exceptions he takes to the description.

Mr. Hinks's "Dandie," the dog drawn to illustrate the article in "The Dogs of the British Islands," was for some weeks in my possession, and he answers the description given by Stonehenge very fully, having the hair, however, of the quality described by "the highest authority," and the head sparsely covered with a thin, falling, silky top-knot; but he was

in such a mangy state that it was difficult to ascertain what his coat really was, and, although I very soon got his skin into a healthy condition, he did not recover his bloom before I returned him to his quondam guardian. He had the small dropping ear, the head rather large in proportion, the rough but partially soft coat alluded to as "pily" by John Stoddart, the large hazel eye, the square nose, the pronounced shaggy eyebrow, the arched, hound-like stern, long back, and strong limbs associated in my mind with the Dandy, or Dandie; and he coincided in all particulars with a dog undoubtedly of that breed which was brought to Oxford by a young Highlander, of Christchurch, in the year 1836, which dog I clearly remember, not only for his form, but for his quality.

This dog was of the mustard colour, and I can assert that he had no silky top-knot like the dog in my possession, and which at the time belonged to Mr. Philip Lindoe, of the Royal Engineers, who was then employed in the West Indies. The Christchurch dog was thoroughly game, and he would take any amount of punishment, and undergo any task or fatigue. His speed and endurance were remarkable, and in some of the hunts after a certain wild animal which was frequent on Bullington Green, or of *domesticated* animals, which took place in the streets "after nine o'clock," his dash and courage amounted to ferocity; and this was the case with one or two others brought from the Highlands by young Scotchmen, in emulation of the mustard dog, who was as energetic and enduring as a Bull Terrier in all those trials of skill and courage which, although then prevalent, have now happily passed away for ever.

The Dandy must be seen to be understood. The Skye, from which he has been bred, is to my mind a far more picturesque animal; but there is a rough-and-ready, wear-and-tear look about such dogs as Mr. Lindoe's which has claims for every sportsman. Show Dandies there are, no doubt, but Mr. Lindoe's

Mr. Tennison Moss's, and Mr. Murchison's are, I believe, thoroughly serviceable animals, answering to the descriptions given of them as to form and other particulars, with those fancied differences or actual variations which may exist and possibly are apparent to men who have given their undivided attention to one class of Terrier. For my part, the true-bred animal appears to me a long, low dog, with a head large and almost hound-like in proportion, and like the head of a Foxhound bitch in form; but with a rough-coated or "jagged" outline, and a shaggy eyebrow; longer than the Skye Terrier on the leg; yellow, or grizzle, or both combined, with a rough stern, carried like the Foxhound, and a coat standing in all directions, and neither hard nor smooth. The eyes of the best specimens are hazel, large, but not full, and the top-knot of those I have seen has generally been rather softer than the rest of the body, with a silky texture, which, I am bound to say, I think entirely out of character in vermin-dogs.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE BROKEN-HAIRED FOX TERRIER.

THE broken-haired or wiry Scotch Terrier used to be the favourite vermin-dog. White was the fashionable colour, and he was in perfection about thirty years ago,

For general work, vermin-killing, ferreting, or the otter, he had no superior, and one or two—perhaps with an undistinguishable or unknown Bulldog cross—were celebrated for their ferocity and fighting. I think the only dog which I ever saw or owned which was thoroughly intractable and frantic was of this description, and eventually I had him destroyed in

despair, as he was dangerous when loose, even if muzzled; but in a general way the rough dog is sagacious, though not so courageous as the smooth dog.

The breed would have died out, I am persuaded, but for the Rev. John Russell, of Dennington, near Barnstaple, North Devon, who has always declared them to be the best of good Terriers, and his opinion carries great weight.

The best breed are wire-haired. The peculiar texture does not interfere with the profile of the body, though there is a shaggy eyebrow and a pronounced moustache. The eyebrow is the great mark, giving the dog the look of a Bristol merchant. Mr. Russell's have a keen jaw; narrow, but strong; short, well-set limbs; a long back; small ears; and white is the prevailing colour: but one of the best-looking and most serviceable bred by him, and belonging to Lord Poltimore's capital huntsman, Evans, was of a pale tortoiseshell, mixed with white and grey, a hard-coated, enduring dog, fit for any work, however hard, with a rough jacket, defiant of all weather, and resolution (combined with sense enough) to serve him in all difficulties.

Devonshire rejoices in this Fox Terrier, and stands almost alone in its admiration of the rough breed, as a county; but the huntsmen of England know them well, and generally produce a few specimens at the Yarm Hound Show, whether they win or no.

The old sort was a blunt-headed dog; how Mr. Russell has refined them I cannot tell, but refined they are, and easily educated, especially when in the hands of their breeder, whose power over Hound or Terrier has been equalled by few and surpassed by none.

White is the useful as well as the fashionable colour, but a coloured ear or head is not objectionable. The eye is generally small and black, the neck long, the shoulders deep, the form long and low; the tail, about as brushy as a Hound's, is carried

higher than that of Terriers' in general. In other respects the points are those of the Foxhound as to body and legs.

Other colours are not uncommon, black-and-tan, ginger or ginger-pie, badger-grey, black, or the grey-and-tan, with the rusty extremities of the Carlisle Otter-hound.

Manchester has produced a sort of late years called the Scotch Terrier, with a long silky forelock covering the face and eyes. These are invariably blue-grey tan, or black tan, and they are large or toy size. I imagine they are manufactured from those for which Mr. Peter Eden was famed. I have seen —I think at Middleton—the stock-dog from which most of these dogs come, and the best class I ever saw was produced at that exhibition; for these, men in rags refused offers of twenty or thirty guineas from the London dealers, and they were not far wrong, as the breed has become exceedingly fashionable, and second-rate specimens—first-rate ones are never in the market —readily fetch twenty or thirty guineas each. A good blue, a rich tan, length and silky texture of forelock, symmetry and clearness of marks, are the great points of excellence, whilst the prevalence of the blue tinge is never passed over, and generally carries the day.

These dogs require constant attention, and are carefully brushed, combed, and cultivated, as one lump of felt is soon succeeded by another, and a tangled coat is fatal to all chances of success. Great roguery is committed by the dishonest in the dressing and staining of these dogs, but the chicanery has hitherto never escaped detection, as the judging takes place in daylight, and even heightened colour is transparently visible to a practised judge.

Dogs of this breed are generally cropped, but it does not add to their beauty, as the ears are scarcely visible. The coat is profuse on the body, the tail is not very bushy; the feet are short-coated; the eyes rather full; the moustache moderate; the tan is profuse, and blended into a black saddle, and the

general texture is soft and silky; the back should be silvery, with a mixture of slate or blue, and this should prevail on face and legs.

The dog is hard to describe and difficult to judge, requiring a practised eye, acute observation, and adroit comparison. The oldest dogs are generally the most taking; none are thoroughly coated until they are over two years old, and much allowance must be made for age. They are also called Yorkshire and Lancashire Terriers, and the best I have seen have come from the latter county, with the exception of Mr. Foster's.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### SMOOTH BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIERS.

The Smooth Black-and-tanned Terrier has been a popular dog in this country for many years. He is mentioned by our oldest sporting writers as one of our original breeds; and he was used, and is used, as a vermin dog in most parts of England. He is supposed to be the dog which may follow a dean or justice of the peace, and rather add to a man's respectability than otherwise; whilst the Bull Terrier, however neat and well-conducted, the Pointer, or the Setter, would be hardly tolerated as the constant companion of the quiet or "stiff" professional man.

The respectable Terrier, a "chunky" dog, approaching the *Dachund*, or German Badger-hound, formation, except that he is straight in the limbs, with his short burly countenance, his sedate carriage, and his thick tail, is not the Black-and-tan of these days. He may bask and blink in the cathedral

close, or the head-master's stable-yard, or recline at ease on the cushion of the old lady's *vis-à-vis*, or Siamese basket phaeton, but Manchester, the headquarters of the best blood, would not own him.

The Terrier of the colour now favoured by our judges with first prizes and champion cups was produced, no doubt, from this old stock, which existed carefully-bred in many kennels, especially, as I am told, at Badminton, where Tom Clarke, the late huntsman, found it, and whence he distributed amongst the tenants of the Duke of Beaufort, and members of the hunt, as good Terriers for vermin as man could have. Years ago Jim Hills, (under whom I studied on bye-days at Heythrop,) used to assert that there was no better sort; and I have seen a Terrier neat enough for any one, and good enough too, in the possession of a relation of mine, only, according to the barbarous custom of the times, they had cut off his ears.

Some of the very best of the breed were possessed by my family about fifty years ago, nearly as neat as Mr. Murchison's "Jock," "Trimmer," "Bellona," "Grove Nettle," "Reynard," "Brigand," "Princess," or the kennel of three hundred which he has now stationed at the Grove kennels. Many of these were of the stamp that Mr. Gibson, of Brockenhurst, the owner of "Rival," "Diamond," and many of our best Fox Terriers, insists upon—plenty of bone and plenty of heart.

This old sort were excellent for going to ground, and took hold and kept hold. The great difficulty was to breed something not too "hard-bitten," for the old Black-tans when roused were slow to give way. I can trace one old family sort right away to the Berkshire kennels, where the first of the breed was brought away from the North by our groom in his pocket. It grew up so good that he was sent back next year to bring another, and our first Black-and-tan Terrier was the produce of the pair.

Just such a one was in the hands of the gardener of

Charborough Park, in Dorsetshire, eighteen years ago, and just as good—as good a model of the Fox Terrier as "Jock" himself, and with the benefit of a most liberal education on the boundless Charborough Manor, replete with game and wild animals of every kind.

Whether the Black-tan Terrier has been improved or deteriorated I must leave it to the two parties—the sportsmen and the showmen—to decide. To my mind the dog is spoiled for work and exhibition too.

It is generally understood that he may be a "leggy" dog, of the form, so to speak, of a milking-stool; but why that form, condemned in every other animal we domesticate, should be conceded to him I do not pretend to explain.

Within the last few years two other points of excellence have been invented and upheld—what are called "pencilled toes," and the "thumb mark." The former is a black streak on the upper margin of the toe, along its arch; the other a black, oblong spot crossing the foot above the toes. According to some judges, the higher up the instep this mark occurs the better.

The general formation of the Black-and-tan is precisely similar to that of the white or other colour variety as to shape of the head, size of eye, and general structure, but the coat should be more glossy and the skin finer. Absence of hair, however, is a great deterioration, especially on the skull and tail.

The colours should be strongly contrasted—the black intense; the tan brilliant and rich, without any mixture of black or smuttiness. A pale or clay-coloured tan is a great fault. The redder, or as artists call it, the "warmer," the better. Above each eye there should be a spot of this colour well defined; the larger the better. The fore-legs should be tanned high up; the body black, with tan chest, neck, and throat; the cheeks, upper and lower, well tanned, and the

nasal bone black; the inner thighs and the legs from hock to heel tanned; most judges agree that the outside of the hind-legs ought to be black; vent and lower part of tail tanned. There should be a black spot in each cheek.

Place this dog on short legs, do away with the fancy marks, leave his ears as nature made them, and he would be a very handsome, useful dog. As it is, he is an artificial creature, fit only to be led from show to show, to win cups and collars.

The Toy Terrier of the black-tan class is the dwarf of this breed, got down by breeding and selection to the miraculous weight of from 5 lbs. and so low as 3 lbs.

The pencilling and the thumb-marks are hereditary in these mites, and all the points are precisely similar to the larger sort, except that it is almost impossible to get the coat on the skull and tail to cover the skin, and they are apt to have a wretchedly dropsical skull, which indicates hydrocephalus, which, however, rarely proves fatal to them.

The best specimens of late years of the larger breed, of 14 lbs. and upwards, have been Mr. Hodgson's "Queen," Mr. Lacy's "Queen the Second," and his "Saff" and "Baffler;" and Mr. S. Lang, of Clifton, has exhibited and possessed some of the finest specimens ever seen.

Mr. Handley, of Manchester, is one of the best judges of this class; and he has bred almost all the celebrated dogs of past days. It would be no more than the truth to state that he is at the present time one of the best authorities, and that his experience on the subject is almost unparalleled.

I have never witnessed, nor do I expect to hear of any feat of intelligence in the present exhibition Terrier of this old English colour.

The Greyhound form of head is weakened by that narrow skull which the Greyhound has not; and that oldest of all races, and one of the most perfeclty constructed of domesticated

animals, though large between the ears, is not as a rule celebrated for its intelligence.

Breeders of the best specimens seem to be aware of this, and seldom trust their valuable favourites beyond the length of their leather thong or "lead," not disguising the fact that they merely produce an animal true to their notions of perfection in lines and marks. In these respects, and at the peril or, rather, the loss of sense and utility, the Black-tan Terrier cannot be improved; but it is a remarkable fact that whilst I have seen scores of shy Pointers, Setters, Spaniels, and Retrievers, and even Foxhounds, I never saw a shy dog of the Manchester Black-tan breed.

The old Black-tan dog first noticed in this article was, and, indeed, he is, a dog of great intelligence, fond of his master, of the stable, and its inmates; active, bold, fond of hunting, and, when crossed with the Bulldog, capable of attacking our larger vermin, and always ready to face it. He will do anything a dog of his inches ought to do, and, but for his colour, which makes him indistinct in cover or the angles of a barn, no dog much surpasses him; and as white dogs kept in a town never look clean, I should advocate the Black-tan Terrier of 12 lbs. or 15 lbs. as the best possible house-dog or rat-destroyer for the professional man. He is patient with children; he follows well; he is the aversion of tramps and beggars; he always looks clean; if admitted to the hall, he does not bring a quantity of wet and mud with him, like the Skye, Dandy, or Colley; and he does not brand his owner as a sporting doctor, parson, or lawyer in the eyes of Mrs. Grundy. Besides this, he is a good subject for education.

Dogs vary, like men and women, in their power of application and their capacity for work, and the pupil may have no gifts; but a dog of average sense will learn to beg, to fetch, to carry, wait outside a house, to go into the water, or to dive. I have seen one of the sort, belonging to a relative,

which walked on his hind-legs with the gravity of a Poodle or a policeman; slept on the carriage-horse's back, and would ride on it as he went to his stable; picked up a pin with his tongue; and "asked," in his way, for what he wanted with the eloquent eye and gesture of a deaf and dumb human being educated to the highest point by such a philanthropist and man of talent, say, as Dr. Scott, of the Exeter Dumb Asylum, to whom I have already alluded as being a master of the science of signs and symbols.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE ENGLISH SMOOTH-COATED TERRIER, NOT BEING BLACK-AND-TAN.

THE English Smooth-coated Terrier is a dog seldom seen except in the possession of dog-traders and "fanciers," as they call themselves, being bred for show more than for use. Ten or twelve years ago it was at most of our dog-shows, and the breed commanded considerable attention, especially when the dog had plenty of courage and intelligence; but this was the exception. As a rule, the show Terrier is not a hardy nor a courageous dog. Most of his life has been passed in a highly-varnished mahogany kennel, by a bar-parlour fire, or in the arms of some opulent or quasi-opulent dog-breeder, whose chief vocation is to show his "stud" of Terriers for cups and collars.

Twenty-five years ago the coloured or partly-coloured dog, fallow, or even brindled, or with head and body-markings, would have had a chance of a prize at these public-house meetings; but since the exhibition of dogs has been a prominent feature in the fashionable amusements of large cities, the dog has been so cultivated that white dogs only are admissible.

The ears are scientifically cut to a point, and much care is taken that they shall stand erect and alike when the scars are healed; the least fall of the tip or puckering of the edges being fatal to the dog's chances of notoriety.

I have little doubt that these London and Manchester Terriers were "the pick" of what are now commonly received as Fox Terriers, purchased up and down the country by those agents who have a roving commission to "snap up" anything which they can find which is neat and saleable. These smart country Terriers were collected in London by the keen-eyed "fancy," and from these the White Terrier was gradually produced.

None of these breeders can trace their breed for many years; and all the best white dogs were the sons of one known in London as "King Dick." He was succeeded by his son, known as "Young King Dick;" but neither of these dogs, so far as I remember, were equal to some dogs exhibited in 1863, by Frederick White, of Crescent Lane, Clapham Common, named "Fly," "Laddie," "Nettle," and "Teddy." Twenty dogs were entered in the class, but Mr. White's were the only specimens which had any business there. Birmingham alone produces a good class in a general way, and the rarity of the best sort may be inferred from the fact that the same dogs won year after year without fearing rivalry. This is the case with Mr. Walker's "Tim," which has won fifty-six first prizes and champion cups.

The muzzle of the white Smooth Terrier should be fine, sharp, and foxy; a round forehead or a high skull is a great deformity, the skull should be flat, but the stop or indentation between the eyes must be evident. It should be narrow between the ears, which must be set low, small, and thin, with short, smooth, fine hair. They are generally cropped, as I have observed already, but they should be left uncropped, and when the dog is excited they should rise a little and drop over in

front. Tulip ears are most objectionable. The eye should be small and black, the nose also should be black, and the lips and cheeks white. The neck must be long, tapering to the jaws, which should be level and strong; shoulders, deep and oblique; brisket, deep, and chest narrow; legs, short, straight, with small feet; toes, well split, but close and rather oblong, not too much arched, but by no means flat; the feet, straight; the elbows, well let down; ribs, round and deep, especially the back ribs; loin, wide, and hips wide also; thighs, muscular; the leg from hock to hip, long; the hocks, straight as viewed from behind, well bent as seen laterally; tail, fine at point, thick at root, set well up the back, carried moderately low, not hooped; weight, from 9 lbs. to 20 lbs.; form, compact; temperament, sanguine; coat, fine and smooth, but not silky; teeth, large, level, and white.

A slate-coloured and tanned dog existed some few years ago in the Potteries, more closely allied perhaps to the Black-and-tanned Terrier. This Staffordshire dog was remarkable for its courage, although it was, I well know, manufactured from the Italian Greyhound.

I suspect that the London fancy have employed a similar cross, for producing that refined form and sharp muzzle observable in their present strain of Terriers, which has been put aside of late for the fashionable Fox Terrier; which I trust has been produced and will be continued without resorting to the Italian, so perilous to stamina and courage, compared with which form in the Terrier is of secondary consideration. Blue mottles *beneath* the hair, in the skin, are the result of Bulldog crosses generations back, and they are, I think, peculiar to that breed. Mr. Henshall's beautiful prize Bulldog, "Duke," is an instance of this; and in the Bulldog this mottled skin is a prominent and deserved point, though it cannot be reckoned, as it would give the whites undue precedence over fallows, fawns, or barred dogs.

I have never heard of dogs of this breed being gifted with much intelligence, nor have any I have possessed ever shown more than average sagacity, or in any way attached themselves to my servants or myself. They are indifferent guards to the house, too delicate for the yard, and generally indolent and timorous, pining for indulgences, and delicate in their appetites.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE SCOTCH COLLEY.

Some writers on the dog have given it as their opinion that the Colley or Scotch Shepherd's Dog is next in intelligence to the Newfoundland. So far as my experience goes, he is quite equal to the Newfoundland, if not his superior; and he lets you see this in the sparkle of his oblique, crafty, intelligent eyes, which, together with his pointed nose and half-pricked ears, and the general character and expression of his head, remind one strongly of the fox.

The Russian shepherd, the Pyrenean, and the Turkoman have acquired in the lapse of years the description of dog suited to their climate and requirements; but in frame, coat, disposition, and intelligence no dog is more adapted for the Scotch flock-master than the Highland Sheep Dog.

To my mind, he is one of the most perfect animals extant; and his constant association with the Gaelic shepherd, his daily intercourse with the inmates of the Highland bothie during his whole life, and his listening to, though he cannot take part in, the conversation, has resulted in his being able to understand and obey words, or sentences in some instances, with an

alacrity which might well be quoted as an example to rational beings.

St. John, in his admirable "Sketches of Highland Sports" (which, by the way, are *finished studies*), says: "Generally speaking, these Highland Sheep Dogs do not show much aptness in learning to do anything not connected in some way or other with sheep or cattle;" but, much as I respect his knowledge, experience, and powers of observation, here I must differ from him. In fact, he gives an example against his opinion in the next paragraph, for he tells us a shepherd, to prove the quickness of his dog who was lying before the fire in the house, said in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking the cow is in the potatoes," laying no stress on the words. "The dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potatoe-field; he then, not seeing the cow, ran into the byre where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd repeated the words, and the dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being given the third time, the dog got up and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that we could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again."

Smellie, writing of the Colley, observes that he "reigns at the head of his flock; and that his language, whether expressive of blandishment or command, is better heard and better understood than the voice of his master. Safety, order, and discipline are the effects of his vigilance and activity; sheep and cattle are his subjects. These he conducts and protects with prudence and bravery, and never employs force against them except for the preservation of peace and good order."

These dogs have been known to help up ewes "cast," or lying on their backs, to push on or support weak lambs with their head; and it is part of their business not only to discover those which are lost in the mountain mists, but to recover such as are buried in the snow-drifts of that wild district. They can —and we have ample testimony of the fact from Lord Truro and others—single out cattle or oxen from a score of beasts, or take a flock alone for miles, with the care and forethought of a human being. One belonging to a farmer in Fifeshire drove a flock seventeen miles, returning at intervals for whelps which she had brought into the world upon her way; whilst Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, told a story to Dr. Brown, which he quotes in his "Horæ Subsecivæ," of a dog which, having his flock intercepted by the "toll-wife," jumped on her back, and crossed his fore-legs over her arms, until his charge had all passed through.

The true Highland Colley is about 23 inches high, but there is no rule for his height; he is compact, strong, muscular, and wiry. The English dog of the old rough sort invariably has a wiry muzzle and a moustache, the Scotch dog never. He has a clean face, a foxy expression and muzzle, frequently oblique and rather small eyes, and an unmistakably shrewd, observant expression.

He frequently has the dew-claw on the hind-leg; and Richardson imagines them useful to dogs employed upon moors and soft, spongy ground, acting as snow-shoes to give a larger surface to the foot. I think the dew-claw is an indication or a mark of no particular breed, and that its presence in the Colley is mainly due to the indifference of their owners as to its removal. The Sheep Dog's ear is small, half-pricked, sometimes erect, but that preferred falls, half of it in front. The coat is thick, long, and with a straight pile, especially abundant round the neck and chest. The colour varies; occasionally it is granite-grey or Foxhound tan; black-and-tan, with white collar, legs,

and belly, is not infrequent; and then the head is generally marked regularly with a white leaf in the forehead and blaze down the nose.

The backs of the fore-legs are feathered; the hind are bare from the hock. The feet are small, oval, and close; neck, long and taper; shoulders and brisket, deep; back, rather short; tail, long, curled well over the back, and very heavily feathered; the hips are wide and prominent, and the hocks well separated. The dog is given to barking, and his note is sharp, husky, and petulant.

Those of a mixed grey colour are most esteemed; also the sharpest or most foxy-faced, even if they have tulip ears—nothing being more characteristic of pure Colley origin than this pointed face.

A true smooth variety exists, equal to the more picturesque breed in docility, in fidelity, and powers of learning. They are generally of a yellowish grey; and such a one was in the possession of Sir E. Landseer, in or about the year 1862, and is painted in his famous picture of "The Critics."

Much of the Colley's sense, as I have before stated, results from his constant intercourse with his master, and his being taught, praised, blamed, in fact, educated, by one man. He resents any change of ownership, and he very frequently refuses to work for his new proprietor on any terms. His fidelity to his post has been on several occasions most severely tried, and he has more than once died from want and exposure rather than abandon it. He may be seen at the present day, perched upon some headland or weather-beaten scaw, the sole guardian of a flock consisting of hundreds, which he can manage, manœuvre round, or move with the consummate ease resulting from practice and genius. He is a vigilant guard by night or day, and in the dark his unfailing instinct enables him to effect operations with a flock, to single out a ewe, or to recover a multitude which have made a wild stampede

across the moor, with precision and intelligence which are truly marvellous.

His nose is delicate and unerring, and though he possesses a most punishing mouth, he is very cautious in the use of it; and I have seen some of the breed which would retrieve a landrail alive, which is one of the most delicate birds we have. On this account I have crossed them with the Labrador, with unvaried success. They give lightness to his form; and the second or third cross results in the very handsomest and most sensible Retrievers I have ever had. The first cross occasionally throws the tail too high, or even curls it; but in the next generation this disfigurement is lost. I may add that the best Shepherd Dogs in my vicinity have some mixture of the Scotch blood, some very good specimens having been brought southward by the late Mr. Farquharson's stewards.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE ENGLISH SHEEP DOG.

THE English Sheep Dog, is, as a rule, a very different and inferior animal to his Scotch fellow-labourer, and can hardly be described as of any particular class, especially when his labours include, as they do in many of our village homesteads, the guardianship or conduct of cattle, as well as flocks, or they are kept by the numerous drovers who wait at markets and fairs, to take home the new purchases for all comers.

The drover generally selects a smooth, or short-coated dog, larger than the Colley, and with a turn of speed. He also requires a dog full of activity and courage, which shall stand his

friend in case of danger from the strange cattle which he is always encountering, and not unfrequently has to fetch from their pastures, or to separate from herds. For this purpose his dog serves him well; and a drover of my acquaintance tells me that his favourite helpmate—a black, short-tailed one of the breed—has more than a dozen times drawn off the attack of a bull or ox which meant to do him a mischief.

Under the old laws, a dog was exempt from tax when the tail was cut off, and many old herdsmen and shepherds persist in this practice still; but since the five-shilling tax has been levied the younger and more enlightened have allowed their dogs to retain this useful and ornamental appendage.

I was frequently assured that a breed of the rough Sheep Dog existed born, like Manx cats, without tails, but I disbelieved the story; however, I had ocular proof of the fact not many years ago. I had, and still possess, a breed of black-tan Setters, and I have always some difficulty in obtaining foster-mothers. As I breed most of my litters in February or March, I always select shaggy or long-coated nurses. One of these happened to be a rough, short-tailed Sheep Dog, which, the old man, an itinerant dog-dealer, assured me, was born with the stump of a tail she then retained. When she whelped, to my surprise, all except one of the litter were born tailless, and I was converted to the belief which for many years I had hesitated to accept.

Fifty years ago, the Pointer's tail was docked sometimes to a foot in length, and frequently only two or three inches were allowed to remain. I have been informed that some litters of Pointers have been produced with short tails, but I never heard of any other breeds whose tails have been reduced by fashion, century after century producing crop-tailed litters—for example, Spaniels, Terriers, or that sagacious dog the Poodle. Since this was written an example has occurred in my own kennel.

The English Sheep Dog, being required for an enclosed country, and for a slower and tamer breed of sheep than the

Scotch flocks consist of, is a heavier, slower, and more sedate animal than the Colley. Even on the wide-spread Wiltshire Downs the same description of dog prevails—bought or exchanged at the first fair for a few shillings, ready broken by the shepherd, who seldom seems to have a cordial understanding with, or affection for, his dog. At the large sheep-fairs it is the usual thing to see these dogs bartered or bought, the deal being completed in a few words; and after some hasty ejaculations, and an uncouth gesticulation or two, the new purchase is handed over to the purchaser, with a collar twisted out of a green hazel and a few feet of old cord.

Bewick's engraving of the Sheep Dog represents a Colley, though his tail is not well carried; and I am strengthened in the opinion that he intended to represent this breed by the fact that he introduces in his back-ground a kilted Highland shepherd, followed by his dog with a tail well carried.

His drawing of the "Cur Dog" gives a faithful portrait of the ordinary English cattle-dog, with his bobtail, as he is to be seen at the present time, of various colours, but generally black or brindled, with more or less white about his body, half-pricked ears, and a sharp muzzle.

I think it likely that the Colley had been generally adopted by shepherds at Newcastle (the scene of the artist's labours), and that he was to be seen at the heels of most of the shepherds Bewick encountered, purely or semi-purely bred, if such an expression may be permitted; but farther south the Sheep Dog was a mixture of many breeds. His parentage was the result of accident nine times out of ten, unless some intelligent shepherd, possessed of a superior dog, carefully mated it with some neighbour's which rivalled it in sagacity. That some men who could not write their names had arrived at some notion of the kind before the time of Darwin, I am quite sure, though without brains enough to explain their actions to the world.

And, although Sheep Dogs are to be found of all colours

(excepting liver-colour, or liver in connection with other colours, which seems confined entirely to sporting dogs), and the arrival of a litter of all colours is a very common occurrence, and, it must be remembered, at once proclaims indiscriminate breeding, there is one class of Sheep Dog which I can recollect in Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hants, Dorset, and other counties, for many years, and which I always regard as the typical English Sheep Dog. I mean the blue, grizzled, rough-haired, large-limbed, surly, small-eared and small-eyed, leggy, bob-tailed dog, which, to all appearance, would obey no lighter instrument of punishment than an iron-shod crook, listen to no voice unless seasoned with a strong provincial twang, and coil himself upon none other than that inevitable drab blanket-coat into whose sleeves no shepherd was ever known to put his arms.

I have said that the English Sheep Dog is slower and heavier than the Colley. I must add that he is not so sprightly as his northern cousin, nor, on the whole, so sagacious. He partakes (as do all the dogs, especially pastoral dogs) more or less of the character of his teacher. The English shepherd is surly, silent, and for the most part ignorant, and he has an especial dislike to strangers. He does not, as the Staffordshire collier is reported, "'eave arf a brick" at an unknown face or figure—which, by the way, is rather a libel, for a better set of rough diamonds I never lived amongst—but he will scarcely give you a civil answer, whilst his dog growls in concert as he walks round your leg, with all his hackles up, and an ominous display of lip and fang. His manner of speaking to his dog, wife, or child partakes of the same sullen manner and reserve—but, as a rule, except in his cups, he seldom strikes a dog, and then only under great provocation. The feats his companion performs are the result of his own marvellous sagacity, daily unvarying practice, and thorough acquaintance with his duty. He will, though such dogs are rare, run over the back of the flock to head them in a

lane, jump the hedge to present his grim features at a gap ahead, or drive them as his master walks in front. He will keep them from a defined piece of pasture, or, as his master sets the evening fold, confine them to the old boundary. These last are the ordinary duties of the Sheep Dog; the first may be looked upon as an exceptional refinement, which would raise a dog five shillings or so in the estimation of his master. But now and then he gives proofs of devotion and intelligence far surpassing the hounds of instinct.

I remember a case in point. The dog belonged to a shepherd whom all our large agriculturists coveted, but never could keep after his year's service had expired, because of his drunken habits, or, rather, his fits of drunkenness. No man's sheep throve so well, no one reared so many lambs, or, in a general way, was more devoted to his flock. He had that natural gift of attracting animals to him, and attaching them to him also, which can neither be imparted nor acquired, and his dogs were the best for miles around. At last, having lost the confidence of the leading farmers, he might have got a place with some little two or three hundred acre farmer, but such preferment he despised; so he turned drover, and he and his dog, "Quick," a blue grizzle, bought as a puppy at Salisbury Market, for a pint of beer and the promise of a shilling, as he informed me, set off together.

One autumn evening he was leaving Weyhill Fair, with a flock of something like three hundred sheep, and walking for some point about twenty-five miles to the west, when it came on to blow just as the sun was going down, and before they had got seven miles on the road he was wet through, and it was nearly dark. "I couldn't see the flock, but as I walked in front I could hear 'Quick' bark now and then," he told me, "and I warrant they were all right, and just on the left hand there was a little public-house. I thought"—I give it in his own words—"there would be no harm in having one glass of beer"—(one glass in the vernacular means one gallon). "I suppose," he continued, "that

I must have tied the dog to the signpost, but I don't remember it, and I stayed about an hour"—(this is the vernacular for three hours at least)—"and I found from the landlord that I could turn in the sheep for the night, and get a shakedown myself. It was raining worse than ever when I came out, and the first thing I saw was the old dog. Well, that put me out of temper, for I thought he had let the sheep run back, as they will, so I sung out to him to go after them, and turned in to have another glass till he came back. I came out in a quarter of an hour, and there he was, wagging his stump of a tail, and not gone. I thought as I sat in the chimney-corner, I heard him bark; and I made no more to-do, but threw the crook at him, as I generally did, and, by bad luck, broke his fore-leg. When the poor thing began to cry out, the landlord began to abuse me; and when they brought the light, there were the sheep all lying under the hedge, as quiet as could be. They declared I shouldn't go on, nor the dog either; but I did, and old 'Quick' hopped after me. I don't remember nothing else but trying to find the field to put the sheep in; but just before the light broke I was woke by the policeman throwing his bull's-eye on me. He told me he heard the dog barking, and that when he came to within fifty yards there was the dog lying on my breast, calling for help like a Christian. I was sober then, and I made two rough splints and a bandage, and did 'Quick's' leg up in my rough way; and I've never struck a dog since, nor drank anything either, and I never will; and I've bought two cottages out of my savings."

"What became of the old dog?"

"Oh, I kept him till he died, though for six months he was stone-blind. That's his grandson by the fold, keeping 'my' sheep off the young clover."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE DALMATIAN, OR SPOTTED COACH DOG.

THE Dalmatian or Spotted Carriage Dog has of late years become comparatively rare. Sixty or seventy years ago he was the companion of the squire's carriage and an occupant of almost every country house stable-yard.

He is admirably drawn by Bewick in his "Quadrupeds" as he appeared in that engraver's day, with his ears shorn off his head, which was supposed to add to his beauty, and with clear black spots half way up his tail—a mark of excellence now seldom seen.

In the well-known vignette of the "Docked Coach-horse," mounted by the old coachman, who follows his young master on the white pony, the same dog is drawn accompanying the party, the object of the artist being to show the superior beauty of the Shetland, undisfigured by the shears, to the grand coach-horse and the handsome Coach Dog, "improved" by mutilation.

Many opinions have been given as to the correct shape of the Carriage Dog. In the Book of Prints, published under the sanction of the National Dog Club, it is stated that he should "resemble the large-sized Bull Terrier as much as possible." I cannot agree with this opinion. I think that Stonehenge is perfectly right when he states that he should resemble the Pointer in shape; and it is my opinion that, except in colour, he is a Pointer, with Pointer instincts, which only require cultivation. He has a finer muzzle and smaller ears, the latter of thin texture, and close to his head. The eye of a Dalmatian should be black or dark, sparkling, and small in proportion to his size. His ears should be spotted, not black, nor should he have any black upon his muzzle, head, or body except in spots. Black on the head or ears is not unfrequent

but it detracts from the beauty of the dog. Black-and-tan on the head is not uncommon, and occasionally tan-spots mingle with the black on the legs, feet, and hips. The tail should be like the Pointer's, but it is seldom found so good, being inclined to coarseness. The feet should be small, well split up, but close and firm, the sole thick and elastic. The dog's chief beauty consists in his markings, the roundness and distinctness and the even distribution of them over his whole body, especially his head and ears. If the tail is well and distinctly marked part of the way up, that would be a great distinction, and the higher the better. The spots ought not to be large—in fact, the smaller they are the more valuable the animal is considered, provided that the outline is sharp, and that they are not smaller than a shilling. When they are smaller than that, the dog is said to be "flecked," "freckled," or "shot." A clear back is rare, many dogs being swarthy or confused from the poll to the setting on of the tail. "Crib," the celebrated prize-dog of Mr. Price, is a remarkable example of a good back, and of a pre-eminently good head. Although in some few points he has his superiors, yet in the aggregate he has never been surpassed; though, improving as we are in form and markings in all breeds, he may have to succumb ere long to some new candidate for fame.

The Dalmatian class is notably one of the smallest at all our shows, and the breed is not unfrequently absent from them. At our largest exhibitions we seldom see more than half a dozen, and I do not remember to have ever seen a liver-spotted one exhibited at all, although, as I think, a very beautiful variety of the genuine breed.

I am at a loss when I try to trace the breed to its source. By French writers it is called "*Le Braque de Bengale*," and so Buffon named it. In 1556 a print was published at Cadiz of a recently-imported Indian dog, somewhat intermediate in shape between the Greyhound and the Southern Hound, light and

strong in frame, deep in the chest, shorter in head than the Greyhound, with small, half-falling ears. This dog was white, and entirely covered with small black spots. It was conjectured that it belonged to a breed possessed by the Mohammedan princes of the west coast, and without much doubt it was the parent of our present—or past—Coach Dogs. These facts, and a figure of the imported dog, will be found in the tenth volume of the "Naturalist's Library," nearly word for word as I have quoted them. The eye of the Indian specimen is hazel, and the spots are greyish, and not pronounced or definite, although exceptionally regular. The tail is of good form, but unspotted, and the carriage of it is mean and low. In most respects the dog so closely assimilates with ours that I have little doubt the breed was perpetuated through some of the Cadiz Pointers, and there are—especially in the neighbourhood of Exeter—some remarkably handsome and sensible Pointers of the Dalmatian colour, which was not uncommon some years ago.

A portrait of such a dog on his point, painted by the celebrated Abraham Cooper, R.A., may be found in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1827; the dog was named "Victory," and was bred in Norfolk. This dog is well-spotted up the tail to the very end; and but for his thorough Pointer head, and a blotch on his back, he would impose upon nine judges out of ten as a genuine Carriage Dog.

I never knew a Dalmatian which did not take instinctively to the stables, and naturally follow the family carriage. Though not of late years esteemed indispensable (which was the case in the days of powder and yellow chariots), there are some country families which accept him; and amongst those who patronised the Spotted Dog, I may mention old Sam Collingwood, the head printer of the Clarendon Press, whose coachman, Stokes, would as soon have thought of mounting his box in his stable-jacket as of not unchaining his Dalmatian.

About five-and-thirty years ago, a man of the name of Bayas, living in Guernsey, had a remarkably handsome dog of the kind, which was perpetually borrowed of his master by the young sportsmen of the island, for the dog was a well-known snipe-dog. Mr. Bayas had the misfortune to be hung for murder, or, rather, for the suspected murder, of an infant, as I believe that it was never thoroughly brought home to him; and the animal for some time gained his living by working first for one sportsman and then another. Eventually, some barbarous islander hung the dog, considering him, in his stupid ignorance, to be *particeps criminis.*

In following a carriage these dogs discover wonderful shrewdness. An old London coachman, in the service of my own family, always kept one or more in the stables, where he shared the company of two white Persian or Angora cats, all chained to their respective stalls. The dog always accompanied the landau, and took his place between the hind-wheels.

His knowledge of the London Arabs told him he was most secure in that position—one assumed by almost every London or town dog which follows any vehicle. He was never absent or chained up when the family went to balls, operas, or concerts; and in the thickest crush and confusion of a Jenny Lind night, or a benefit, he never lost his carriage. He would at once discover it in the thickest rank, and wait as patiently as Mr. Wimbush's greys and the grey coachman, whilst the entertainment was going on; eluding wheels, high-stepping cab-horses, or "showful" thoroughbreds with wonderful alacrity, and never getting in the way, rather, if *in* the way, getting out of it with the precision and alacrity of an acrobat.

I must not omit to mention the wonderful clown dog which is at the present time exhibiting at the Holborn Amphitheatre, and which has been the amusement of half the town for the past three or four years. This dog is of the Coach Dog breed and

colour, and his antics, which rank him as the very Grimaldi of dogs, are full of the most genuine fun and sparkle. He appears "a fellow of infinite humour," and burlesques the feats of the red Setter and the two Poodles with a gusto and gravity which must be seen to be appreciated.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE POMERANIAN DOG.

IMPURITY of colour is one of the most common faults in this dog, which should be of a cold, flake-white, and frequently "comes" creamy or clay-coloured.

Some years ago the breed was in better favour; but a class is hardly ever made for them at our important shows, nor is there much encouragement for breeders. I remember a fine example was exhibited at Maidstone, except as to colour, and with so good a head and frill that he was at once declared the winner.

At Birmingham (1870) a good class was shown, especially a litter of young ones; and at the Bideford Show, held at "Westward Ho," Miss Lankey, of Bean House, Torrington, exhibited in the extra class one of the best, named "Prince," which I ever judged.

Owing to the dog's general indifference to game, he is a good lady's dog, not anxious to disturb coverts as he trots along the road, nor given to self-hunting or joining company with Curs and Lurchers; but there are exceptions to the rule, and I parted with a dog of my own for this very fault.

The dog is generally of a mild disposition, and is said

to be a good esculent, and fattened by the Chinese for the purpose; but the Chinese dog, though similar in coat, is seldom white.

It is known also as the Fox Dog, having the sharp features, keen muzzle, and occasionally the oblique eye of that animal; and if the dog could be obtained of a fox-colour, and with a brush instead of a curled tail, the resemblance would be remarkable.

At the London Show (1869) Lord Harrington exhibited a capital dog of the breed, named "Fritz," and Mr. Cooper and Mr. Sharman also showed good ones.

Black Pomeranians have occasionally occurred, and I have seen an undoubted specimen at Bournemouth, Hants, the property of Miss Fane. This was a small specimen, perfectly blind from old age, but carefully preserved by his kind owner, who, perhaps, well knows the value of her protégé.

The breed is not remarkable for intelligence, nor adapted for learning tricks. They show no disposition to fetch or carry, and, as a rule, they dislike water, but they follow well, and are attached and faithful.

The ear should be erect, and naturally pointed to a greater degree than the ordinary "tulip" ear. The smaller the ear the better. The skull should be flat, and wide from ear to ear, the jaw broad, the muzzle fine and pointed; *the best specimens have the oblique eye*—it should be large and black; the nose, black; the cheeks, wide; neck, long; general formation, based on that of the Terrier, with a bushy tail curled over to the hip-joint; coat, long, straight, fine, and hard; face, clear and smooth; frill, deep and full; legs, clean; the rest of the body well coated; from hock to heel there should be no fringe.

The carriage of the dog should be gay and sprightly. The breed have a tendency to go on three legs, holding one up behind as though the foot were injured. Some owners of these symmetrical dogs have dyed their tails of various colours. One

used to accompany the omnibus at Wimborne (1869) with his tail dyed a rich magenta colour; another used to follow a dyer's cart at Brighton, stained with various brilliant colours, as an advertisement. I may add that Miss Fane's Pomeranian is a miracle of intelligence, and that I have seen a White Pomeranian a wonderfully good "trick dog."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE POODLE.

THE Poodle, known as the French Poodle, has been so long known in this country that I unhesitatingly place it amongst the dogs of this country.

It is well known, both in France, Spain, and Italy, for its sagacity, its love of approbation, its activity of mind and body, and its consequent quick apprehension of what is wanted, and its compliance with its teacher.

It is not generally known that it possesses a keen, unerring nose, and on this account it has been used from time immemorial as a truffle-hunting dog, both in this country and abroad, especially in France; whilst trick dogs, circus dogs, and street performers are nine times out of ten of this engaging breed.

I have seen these dogs walk, dance, jump through a hoop on fire, turn a wheel, throw a somersault, jump over a chair (using the hind-legs only), balance themselves on the back of it, worm themselves like a darning-needle up a ladder, and return head-foremost the same way, play cards, tell fortunes, and perform any number of antics.

These tricks and this training are the result of kindness and rewards; and the signal given by the showman, with his hand in his pocket, is the fillip of the nail of the middle finger.

The dogs enjoy the fun as much as the spectators, and the

best-trained dogs I have seen (excepting the buffoon dog at the Holborn Amphitheatre) belonged to a young French girl, and were shown at the "Oxford" in 1869.

The Poodle is generally white. Black is a rare colour, but valuable. I have seldom seen one; but there is a noble specimen in the possession of a Mr. Kaye, near Wimborne. This beautiful dog, "Moko," besides his other accomplishments, will carefully carry "the baby" from its perambulator to its nurse; and in intelligence, love of its benefactors, and obedience, shames many of the human race. His eye has a striking resemblance to that of a man. The marked or patched dogs are commonly of doubtful parentage. Such are the Hampshire and Wilts truffle-hunters, which are generally grey-and-white or liver-and-white.

The marked dog frequently has a "cherry" or flesh-coloured nose; if liver-marked, a liver nose; and a mottled one is not unfrequent in the white dog, whose body presents the mottle on the skin so common in the white Bulldog.

The black nose is the best, and the under lip should be black also. He has the weeping eye of the King Charles's Spaniel, but it is a small, oval, black one, not prominent or globular. Around the eye there is little or no hair; the muzzle is fine, but overgrown with woolly curls, an inch and a half long; the legs are feathered front and back; the tail is covered with close curls, carried like a Setter's, but not heavily feathered; the ears are vine-leaf shaped, small at the lobe, and only moderately coated. He was fashionable in the days of Van Eyck, Albert Durer, and Hogarth, all of whom have drawn him clipped like a lion, a fashion still prevailing. His skull is moderately high, his hind-quarters are small and narrow, his feet almost always round, weak, and delicate, with a thin sole.

The Poodle has a wonderful love for his master, and is a capital follower in the most crowded streets and thoroughfares. He does not readily take to a new owner; but when once he has

transferred his affections, or bestowed them, he is a most faithful friend.

He will find his way home for many miles, with the instinct of a pigeon. One which I purchased of a truffle-hunter ran back across country more than thirty miles without the least hesitation, although he had been brought in a basket a week before by train.

Owing to its woolly fibre, the coat is apt to felt, and this, no doubt, led to the fashion of clipping such dogs. Where truffle-digging is a trade, these dogs are employed from November until March by the men, who the rest of the year are engaged in turnip-hoeing and harvest work. Meanwhile, the women and children teach the young Poodle to fetch, or perhaps to find, a worsted ball which has been kept in the truffle-bag, and after a time bury it lightly in the earth. Time, practice, and rewards, which are given for every truffle brought by the old dogs, as well as the young ones, perfect what the women have begun; and, associated with the older animals, the young Poodles train into dogs capable of sustaining the family during the autumn and winter, whilst their owner roams from one clump of beeches to another, with his short spud and grapple, to assist his canine servant if the ground is difficult or the root deep. Digging takes place by night as well as by day. For this purpose white dogs are preferred, but dark-coloured ones are worked in a white jacket. The dog brings the truffle after he has scratched it up. Bad ones eat it if they can. They are rewarded and set off again, scenting the root and "feathering" on the scent for fifty or a hundred yards. The dogs are clipped in May. Their coats are then sufficiently long to protect them from wet and cold, and short enough to allow them to work unimpeded by thorns and briars. A good dog is worth ten guineas, and is not always procurable at that price.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE MALTESE.

THE Maltese "Terrier," as it has been called by some writers on the dog, has probably been a domestic pet for more centuries than any other specimen of the dog family. There is little doubt that he was a favourite with the ladies of ancient Greece, and imported by their nation as one of the luxuries of the rich; and I myself have seen a very good model of the head of one of these little animals carved upon a knife or dagger handle, by no 'prentice hand, and of the date of the Grecian Empire.

Throughout the Roman period he was still a favourite, as appears from the writings of Strabo; and he continued to be pretty general, and of a pure strain, until he merged into the ring-curled Poodle, about three centuries ago.

In Malta the breed is rare now, if it exists at all; and, according to Stonehenge, the specimen engraved in his work was derived from parents imported from Manilla; and I have seen more than once or twice average examples which came from the West Indies.

Maltese, as they are called, are frequently brought to the shore for sale, or held up to passengers by the owners of shore boats; but they are simply long-haired little wretches, washed, starched, and combed out with all the "Buy a dawg, marm?" dexterity of Regent Street or St. Martin's Lane, even the usual red worsted binding by way of leading-string, and the clipped feet and muzzle, being adopted for effect.

I do not know whether they have as yet arrived at such a pitch of excellence in the way of attracting customers as one of the Whitechapel fraternity, who acknowledged that, having cut the foot of one of these poor little wretches by accident in

trimming it for sale, he found a customer in the first old lady at whose clarence window he held it up, buying it that she might "cure its poor little foot, poor thing!" "So" he added, with a grin, "I always put a little red paint on the foot of 'em ever arter, and sold lots in consequence, till the *fakement* became general, and all the dealers got *ochreing of 'em.*"

I fear, as paint costs money, the Whitechapel dealer was apt to prefer nature to art; and I have some recollection of his practices been interfered with by a certain society which inspects cab-horses and dancing-bears.

There was no class at Birmingham for Maltese until the year 1864; but Mr. Macdonald, then of 27, Long Acre, but now of Winchmore Hill, gained the prize of £1 for his Maltese dog "Prince," in "the extra class for any known breeds of foreign dogs of small size, not used in field sports," in 1862; and in 1863 he gained the same prize for the same dog, then described as a Maltese.

In 1864 Birmingham established a class for Maltese, and Mr. Robert Mandeville, of 101, Kent Street, Borough, won "first and second prize cards" with his two dogs, each named "Fido;" and with I think but few in favour of Mr. Macdonald (who pays more attention to Pug Dogs, and has a wide reputation for Italian Greyhounds), Mr. Mandeville has always won, wherever he has shown his beautiful little dogs. With the exception of a unique specimen exhibited at Birmingham in 1870, by a lady residing at or near the town of Reading, Messrs. Mandeville and Macdonald have never been beaten; and the former is certainly the most celebrated breeder of Maltese dogs of the present day.

The Maltese must be *small.* He should not exceed 6½ lbs.; he is all the better if he is 5 lbs. or 4 lbs. He must be of cheerful temperament and lively character. The longer his coat the better, provided that it is soft, silky, and straight. It should consist of long straight locks, and the longer the

better. The specimen I alluded to at Reading was probably under 4 lbs. in weight, and I measured the coat, which averaged 7 inches in length. This was the longest hair I ever found on any of the dog tribe, not excepting Mr. P. Lindoe's Irish Spaniel, "Rake," which was for some time under my care during Mr. Lindoe's absence in the West Indies. The coat of the Maltese being so voluminous, his shape is hardly discernible; and as his tail is closely curled, or, rather, bent over his hip (generally the left), and lies flat on his back, he looks like a ball of cotton-wool quite as much as an animated being. A curl is objected to in the tail, but in some specimens of high pedigree it does occur. Woolly coat is also found, but the silky glistening hair is the only sort allowed. Legs and ears are fringed deeply, and the latter are very short; eyes and nose black; face short, but not chubby; all the features thoroughly hidden with long tufts of coat. The eye, though lustrous, is not prominent nor watery, and the dog should be in shape a sort of oblong ball.

As though aware of their beauty, Maltese pets are most remarkable for cleanliness and freedom from all taint or smell, but they require washing and combing. Soap is apt to detract from the gloss of the coat, and it should be seldom if ever used. Eggs beaten up in chilled water are generally preferred, as they add to instead of decreasing the lustre of the coat. These dogs are remarkable for their fidelity to their owners, and possess considerable intelligence; but I have been unable to discover amongst my notes any remarkable instances of their sagacity.

It has been said, but with what proof I know not, that the little dog found lying under Mary, Queen of Scots, after her execution, was of this description, but I cannot recollect my authority for the statement.

A beautiful specimen of the Maltese is painted by Mr. W. Powell Frith, R.A., in the arms of an old lady, in his celebrated picture of "The Railway Station." That eminent artist, whose quick observation nothing escapes, had evidently noticed

that the Maltese had been recovered from oblivion, and would become, as he must become when more readily obtainable, deservedly popular with our wives and daughters.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE KING CHARLES'S SPANIEL.

This dog, named after King Charles from his well-known partiality to the breed, has never been out of favour with the aristocracy, and its production has met with great encouragement in London and our largest cities. The London breeders have as yet distinguished themselves most in the class, but Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield have run them hard.

Thirty years ago they were rare in the provinces, but so long ago as that I had several of great excellence, which were the offspring of a celebrated dog named "Cherry," then considered the best dog in London. His produce had but one fault. They carried their tails a trifle high; but a superb black-white-and-tan bitch, named "Cora," weighing not over 6 lbs., was free from this or any other fault.

Originally the King Charles was a liver-and-white dog, and I imagine, indeed, I am almost certain, that the dogs belonging to the Merry Monarch were so marked. How or when the colour altered I do not know, but by selection we can alter the colour of any dog, as we can change the feather or form of a pigeon or canary; and if the same attention were paid to the colour of our best breeds which has been given to poultry, great improvements would be effected year by year.

I have a strong suspicion that the King Charles originally

came from Japan. Jesse, in his work on the dog, quotes the description of the Japanese Lapdog as given by a traveller of the name of Robert Fortune. He says: "The Lapdogs of the country (Japan) are highly prized, both by natives and foreigners. They are small, some of them not more than nine or ten inches in length. They are remarkable for snub noses and sunken eyes, and are certainly more curious than beautiful. They are carefully bred, and command high prices even amongst the Japanese; *and are dwarfed, it is said, by the use of 'saki,' a spirit to which their owners are particularly partial.*"

I have seen several of these Japanese Lapdogs, some have been publicly exhibited, and others have been shown to me by gentlemen who imported them from that country. I recollect seeing two very beautiful specimens brought home by Mr. Clogstone, of Wimborne, Dorsetshire. These, both of them, had large prominent eyes, so that the sunken eye named by Fortune was a misnomer, of the King Charles's type, and were only deficient in ear; their colour was pale yellow and white, and the coat was silky. The noses of those I saw were very short, but the skull was not so round as the London breeder would desire, yet showing a tendency to the spherical formation which is a mark of the race.

In corroboration of my statement, I will give Sir Rutherford Alcock's own words: "I am to find a pair of well-bred Japanese dogs, *with eyes like saucers*, no nose, the tongue hanging out at the side too large for the mouth, white-and-tan if possible, and two years old." He goes on to say, "My dogs are chosen—a species of Charles II. Spaniel intensified—and, by-the-bye, there is so much genuine likeness that I think it probable the Merry Monarch was indebted to his marriage with a Portuguese princess for the original race of Spaniels, as well as her dower of Bombay."

There is another reason for believing that the King Charles was imported from Japan. There is a vulgar belief that the

Spaniel may be dwarfed in size by giving it gin, and possibly the supposed secret of producing Lapdogs in Japan—the administration of *saki*—was brought over by the importer of dogs. These ignorant ideas are always traceable, and if the conformation of the King Charles and Japanese is so close. and the means of dwarfing them coincides in both countries, or rather is supposed to dwarf them (for it does not), and the dogs are not referable to the same stock, it is a very singular coincidence.

The King Charles of to-day is almost universally black-and-tan, with the same markings as the black-and-tanned Setter. The black-white-and-tanned dog is out of fashion. I consider that he is the handsomest dog of the two, but he requires more attention—almost as much care and washing as the Maltese.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the variegated or, black-white-and-tan Spaniel, when his colours are bright and sparkling. Witness the beautiful pictures by Sir E. Landseer of "The Cavalier's Pets," or "The Lady and Spaniels," or the charming group of Spaniels, with puppies sprawling on the floor, in Mr. Frith's picture of "The Last Sunday at Whitehall."

The black-white-and-tanned Spaniel should have a white leaf down the centre of his forehead, tan spots over the eyes, white lips, tan cheeks, and freckles of tan on the lips; a white collar and mane; white fore-legs, sparingly flecked with tan and black; the edges of the thighs should be white, belly white, and end of the tail also. The inner part of the ears should be tan; the mane, long, profuse, and like floss-silk; the thighs and hind-quarters must be feathered heavily, also the tail, with a flag-end; feet, profusely feathered; tan, wherever visible, brilliant and rich. In the heavy feather of the hind-quarters and tail there should be a harmonious amalgamation of the three colours. The face should be short; the eye, large, black, and prominent, the corner of it wet; the skull, round the ears, large; there should be a deep, pronounced stop between the eyes;

the ears should be large, flabby, and well coated; the formation of the dog low on the leg; the coat very silky; and a sprightly temper is indispensable.

I have seen extraordinary instinct developed in these Spaniels. One, a dog in my possession in 1838, and until his death, was, from constant association with me and my friends, almost human; and as he held his head on one side, apparently endeavouring to fathom the meaning of conversation, it seemed as though he were almost prepared to join in it.

On one occasion he was sleeping in the room where a lady to whom he was much attached was moaning with pain, and, waking up, he seemed at a glance to understand the emergency, and, after a moment's consideration, endeavoured to pull the bell, though he had never before been taught to do so. Though impatient of strangers, he would at once permit the approaches of my friends at first sight; and, more singular still, he understood and appreciated a dislike I did not venture to express, and would always dive at the legs of a couple of New College chaplains towards whom I had no cordiality. How did he know this, I wonder; or how divine that I had a sincere respect for Dr. Pusey, to whom I never spoke in my life?—but such was the case, I am sure, by his manner and gestures, which, however, the sage never noticed or acknowledged.

The black-and-tan Spaniel follows in its form the points given for the black, white, and tanned dog, and the weight should never exceed 7 lbs. for exhibition.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL.

THE Blenheim Spaniel is said to be the same dog described by Buffon as the "Pyrame," and is of the class somewhat contemptuously described by Bewick as consisting of "Messets, Lapdogs, Dancers, Waps, and Mongrels." The "Comforter," as he has drawn it, resembles the worst specimens of bastard Blenheims—sharp-nosed, with badly-set ears, and, so far as we can judge of the tint by his engraving, of the pale lemon and-white which is, in Blenheims, a clear intimation of close or indiscriminate breeding.

Few dogs are less understood than the genuine Blenheim dog, the public accepting anything small and with large ears as a true bred one, just as they believe in any black-tan Spaniel being a King Charles's Spaniel.

Thirty years ago the Blenheim was very fashionable, and in Oxford and the neighbourhood scores of specimens could be obtained. A sour old portress at Blenheim bred numbers of them; but purchasers must be content to accept her choice, not theirs, her system being to dispose of the worst first. The cottagers around Woodstock also bred for the market, and the London dealers used to replenish their stock from the little villages under the shadow of the palace, obtaining good and occasionally exquisite specimens at a few pounds, or even a few shillings each.

As a rule, the Blenheims thus procured were leggy; and the Londoners soon defied competition, producing Spaniels, small, compact, with good ear and colour, and improved nose and skull, but they lost the spot or lozenge on the forehead *which ought to mark every Blenheim.* This, I have no doubt, arose partly from indifference on their part, and also from using too

freely the King Charles's cross. Even now, the London breeders whom I have consulted affect indifference on this point, which I—from old acquaintance with the Blenheim family—consider of the utmost importance, although not indispensable.

I imagine that the Japanese dog is the original of this breed, and that, as its name implies, it came to us, like all the Spaniel family, from Spain. It has been known as the Blenheim Spaniel more than one hundred and fifty years, and some specimens occur in pictures by Vandyke, although the colours are somewhat subdued.

The main points of beauty are as follow :—The high skull; the full, black, wet eye; the short nose; the large, broad, heavy, well-feathered ear; compact form, close to the ground; pure, brilliant, rich, red and distinct white markings, especially the broad white leaf down the forehead; the round spot on the skull; the white neck and mane; a texture like floss-silk; legs all well-coated at the back, and deeply-feathered toes.

They are restless in their habits, capital guardians, always vigilant, but snappish and capricious, showing a dislike to children, and want of discrimination between friend and foe. They resent any fancied slight or injury, and are not particularly forgiving.

I remember that George, the large dealer in dogs at Kensal New Town, offered me a most beautiful specimen, which the owner parted with for the following reason. As often happens, the large fang in growing up had not pushed out the temporary tooth, which, by the way, like all milk-teeth, had no root whatever. This milk-tooth the owner had abstracted somewhat roughly, but with little if any pain to the dog; still the little Blenheim resented the liberty, and would neither follow his master nor suffer him to touch him without snapping, and hence he was compelled most reluctantly to part with him. I heard subsequently that the dog took to his new owner, and appeared much relieved by the exchange of residence.

The crossing of King Charles and Blenheim has so confused the two breeds that the three colours often appear in one litter, viz.: black-and-tan, black-white-and-tan, and red-and-white.

Pale-coloured Blenheims are very inferior, and valueless; but all specimens are of this hue until they have changed their coat. Nine pounds is the outside limit for a Blenheim, but valuable dogs should not weigh over six or seven.

I have seen but few excellent specimens for some years. Mr. Dawes, of Moseley Hall, near Birmingham, has one of the best extant, but if I remember rightly he is a little over weight. The best specimen I ever saw belonged to Mr. A. R. Reinagle, the well-known violoncello player of Oxford, about thirty years ago. At that time the breed was more refined than in these days. The nose has been shortened until it is deformed; and the broad mouth and protruding tongue of many specimens are revolting and untrue to the type of the genuine Blenheim Spaniel, which, when in any degree approaching perfection, is one of the most beautiful of our parlour pets.

I would allow (indeed, I would insist upon) a deep indentation between the eyes, added to the high skull, and a moderately short face; but the projecting lower jaw, the frog mouth, and the broken nose, free from all cartilage, I decidedly object to. Such animals are offensive from their snuffling and snoring; and if tolerated in sanded bar-parlours, are not fit to be admitted into drawing-rooms, where I should expect to see a Spaniel with a pretty face, well-coated all over, large-eared, large-eyed, rich-coloured, with a bushy flag, well-feathered feet, and diminutive in stature, in preference to the snuffling, apple-faced, idiotic animals too generally bred by "the fancy," and which ought to be discouraged; though, if judging, I would not put them aside until some definite conclusion had been arrived at, as an adverse decision would be unfair to the exhibitor during the present state of things.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE PUG DOG.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Pug Dog was the rarest of all "toy-dogs," and I doubt if there was a good specimen in England. I have heard them spoken of as "lost" by one or two old county families, and I doubt if at the present time we could produce more than half-a-dozen specimens equal to what existed one hundred years ago.

They are occasionally represented in old portraits, and the marks and points were undoubtedly the same, with one exception—we have not produced an example with the black patch on the poll which used to be characteristic of the purest breeds; nor have we thoroughly established the positive black mask, which is indispensable in a first-class prize dog.

The dog has been probably recovered from Holland, where it had not died out, and that will account for the clay-coloured face, the sickly colour, and the woolly coat, which we are losing by slow degrees, and which would improve under the influence of our climate faster and to greater certainty than the colour and markings of the face and back.

Fortunately, the breeders of the present day have learnt also that judges insist upon straight legs for all animals except the *Dachund*, or German Badger-hound, and the Pug is now almost invariably straight-limbed, short-legged, and symmetrical.

In old days it would have been impossible to have found a good specimen uncropped, but the remonstrances of judges and purchasers had their effect, and all the best dogs shown had their ears as nature made them, until the exhibition of 1871, at the Crystal Palace, where, I regret to say, several mutilated specimens were exhibited

The reason assigned for thus disfiguring them is an exceedingly weak one, that it "adds to the puckers or wrinkles in the forehead;" but this is not true, in fact, it has a tendency to draw the skin of the forehead tight. I would never myself give a prize to any Pug Dog thus tortured if there were one unmutilated in the class which could be called a fair example; and I trust that all judges will discountenance the exercise of these barbarous customs.

I have stated, in an article written by me for the *Field* newspaper, that this dog derives its name from the Greek word πυξ, whence comes the Latin *pugnus*, "a fist," because the shadow of a clenched fist was considered to resemble the dog's profile; and that their jet-black muzzle obtained for them the name of *Carlins*, from a famous Parisian harlequin, but they were previously known as *Doguins*, or *Roquets*, though now they are known as Pugs in France and Italy. The name *Carlin* is interesting, as proving that the black mask was valued in France; though it was either overlooked, or they did not take the trouble to attain it, in Italy. Any one who has observed a dog without the black mask and mole, by the side of one thus perfect, will see at once how much richer the form looks by contrast, especially when there is the black trace or mule-mark down the back, which, however, is frequently indistinct in young dogs.

The Pug is affectionate and sensible, but not in the first rank as regards intelligence, nor, in my opinion, so intellectual as the King Charles—at any rate the King Charles of twenty years ago—for I cannot think that the artificial skulls now prevalent in the latter breed can be obtained, without the sacrifice of discernment and reflection.

I have seldom if ever seen a Pug Dog shy, snappish, or sulky; generally they are ready to be friendly with strangers—unexcitable and indifferent. Cleanliness is their chief attraction, and a certain high-bred demeanour, which they have

possibly brought with them from France and Holland, and which two excellences they probably imported from the two countries.

I cannot say that I am an admirer of their form, which is not so elegant as the Terrier's, nor so revolting as the Bulldog's; but their colour—exactly that of the Mastiff—is, to my mind, exquisite.

This cool stone-colour, or grey, or drab, must be quite pure, or unblended with the sharply-defined black mask, no higher than the lower line of the eyes, which should be large, globular, and brilliant. A black line or trace should run from the shoulders to the end of the tail; there should be a mole on each cheek, with three hairs on it; the head should be short, the forehead high, the brow prominent, the ears small, thin, black, and flat to the head, teeth level, jaw square; the tongue should not protrude from the lips; the neck should be long and strong, and the skin of it tight.

No animal is more difficult to judge (excepting, perhaps, the Greyhound), as Pugs are beautiful by comparison. The smaller the Pug Dog the more valuable he is; and a "leggy" specimen should never win a prize. One of the best specimens I ever saw was exhibited by Mr. Gurney, of the Royal Exchange, at the Maidstone Show, in 1869. Mr. Macdonald, the celebrated Italian Greyhound breeder, has also some of the best; and the late Lord Willoughby d'Eresby was well known for his stud of the purest blood, but in form and colour he was not so fortunate as many of our public exhibitors.

I have inquired of many breeders, but I can hear of no white specimen ever known, nor of any dog of the sort which did not come true to colour excepting the white toe or chest. This is the more remarkable as the white Mastiff has been known, though I cannot authenticate it positively.

The Pug was most fashionable about 1702, and especially from the time of William III. to George II. He was decorated

with orange ribbons; and the reasons for William's partiality to the breed are given in a scarce book called "Sir Roger Williams: His Actions of the Low Countries" (1618). This book states: "The Prince of Orange being retired into camp, Julian Romero procured the licence of the Duke D'Alva to hazard a *camisado* or night attack on the prince. Julian sallied out with a thousand pikemen, found their way to the prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries. The prince's dog fell to scratching, and awaked him; and ever after the prince kept a dog of the breed. They are not remarkable for their beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked, flat noses, called '*Camuses*'—*camus* meaning 'flat-nosed.'" Gilpin, R.A., in 1798, calls them "Dutch Pugs."

I have no doubt that the "white" dogs mentioned above were drab or granite-coloured dogs of a light tint.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

This toy-dog, the most elegant but, alas! the most delicate of the smaller races, has existed from time immemorial, and has always been in fashion. There is no doubt that it is simply a small specimen of the larger dog, refined and dwarfed by in-breeding and selection, and first introduced from Italy and the South of France, where they are more abundant, but not light, graceful, and refined, as those which are occasionally exhibited in England.

I have seen a great many specimens, and some of the best have been in the possession of Her Majesty and the late Prince Albert, and have been immortalised by Landseer. Indeed,

they have at all times been the inmates of *châteaux* and palaces, employing the pencils of the most celebrated masters of old or modern times. Their exquisite formation—their graceful lines and elegant attitudes—their scrupulous cleanliness and loving dispositions (for, without exception, they are the gentlest and most loving of the canine race)—their large, languishing eyes and charming colours—all these excellences have contributed to make them favourites; nor could any lady possess a more harmless, amiable, or ornamental companion.

As a rule, they have no sporting propensities, no power of scent, no animosity to vermin, and no snappishness or jealousy of either dog or stranger. There are exceptions to this rule; and Meyrick mentions one in his possession which would do battle with a Dandie Dinmont. She was imported from Italy; and those bred there may have more courage, endurance, and "game" than ours. I have never seen any in this country which were not gentle as gazelles, and frequently as timorous.

I have said that they are delicate; I mean that they are exceedingly susceptible of cold and damp, for which their coats afford no protection, being fine as satin, and almost as thin.

Richardson says that they have been employed in taking rabbits; but I have never known of their being thus used. I have little doubt of their being employed to refine some of our show Terriers, especially the black-and-tan toy-dog and the blue-tan; but I do not think that the beautiful Fox Terriers now establishing themselves in this country owe their fine muzzle and stern to this breed, and I am chiefly led to this belief by their compact form and short though pointed nose.

The Italian Greyhound should be of the form and possess the points of the larger race; but he should have a large, prominent eye, a remarkably fine muzzle, and a thin skin.

Blue, and all the delicate shades known as "fawn," are

good—slaty-fawn perhaps the best—but white, with black or blue muzzle, is the rarest of all. The best white specimen I have seen was exhibited at Plymouth, 1871, where there was no prize for the breed. Particoloured dogs are not admired, nor are barred or brindled ones; pale-drab and cream also have their advocates. Size is of the utmost consequence, no dog over 8 lbs. being worth much consideration. "Molly" (Mr. Macdonald's) is of the most esteemed colour; and her owner refused 100 guineas for her at the London Show of 1871. She is the most perfect specimen ever seen or recorded; and, notwithstanding her fragile form, delicate skin, and diminutive stature, she has no timidity, and possesses an excellent constitution. She has never been beaten, wherever she has been exhibited; and it would be within the truth to assert that she never has been approached.

The breed display sincere attachment for their owners, and cannot bear to be separated or secluded. I know an instance of a bitch of the breed jumping from a very high window into the street to follow her master, escaping unhurt; and of another which swam a rapid river to rejoin her mistress, in the depth of winter, although she had never been known to trust herself to the water before.

It is said that Charles I. was much attached to a dog of this breed, and that it remained with him almost to the last. We cannot authenticate the fact.

The other varieties are the Grecian and the Persian Greyhound. The latter is often called the Turkish Greyhound.

The Grecian Greyhound I have seen several times. The dog is feathered on the profile of its body like our Setters. It has the Setter ear and brow, with the Greyhound muzzle. The stern is in fringe, though not in carriage, equal, if not superior, to that of the Setter; and it has struck me forcibly that the Setter may have been produced by a cross from this dog and the Spanish Pointer, or from our Field Spaniels. The

specimens I saw were black-white-and-tan, with a slate-colour or "pie" mixture at the margin of the blotches.

The Persian Greyhound I have never seen; I believe that it is like the Grecian dog, but that its coat is smoother, and the colour of an ashy-grey and white. It is my impression that it is identical with the Grecian dog; and I should not have noticed these foreign breeds but for their possessing marks and formation which lead me to believe that they may possibly have some connection with English Setters.

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