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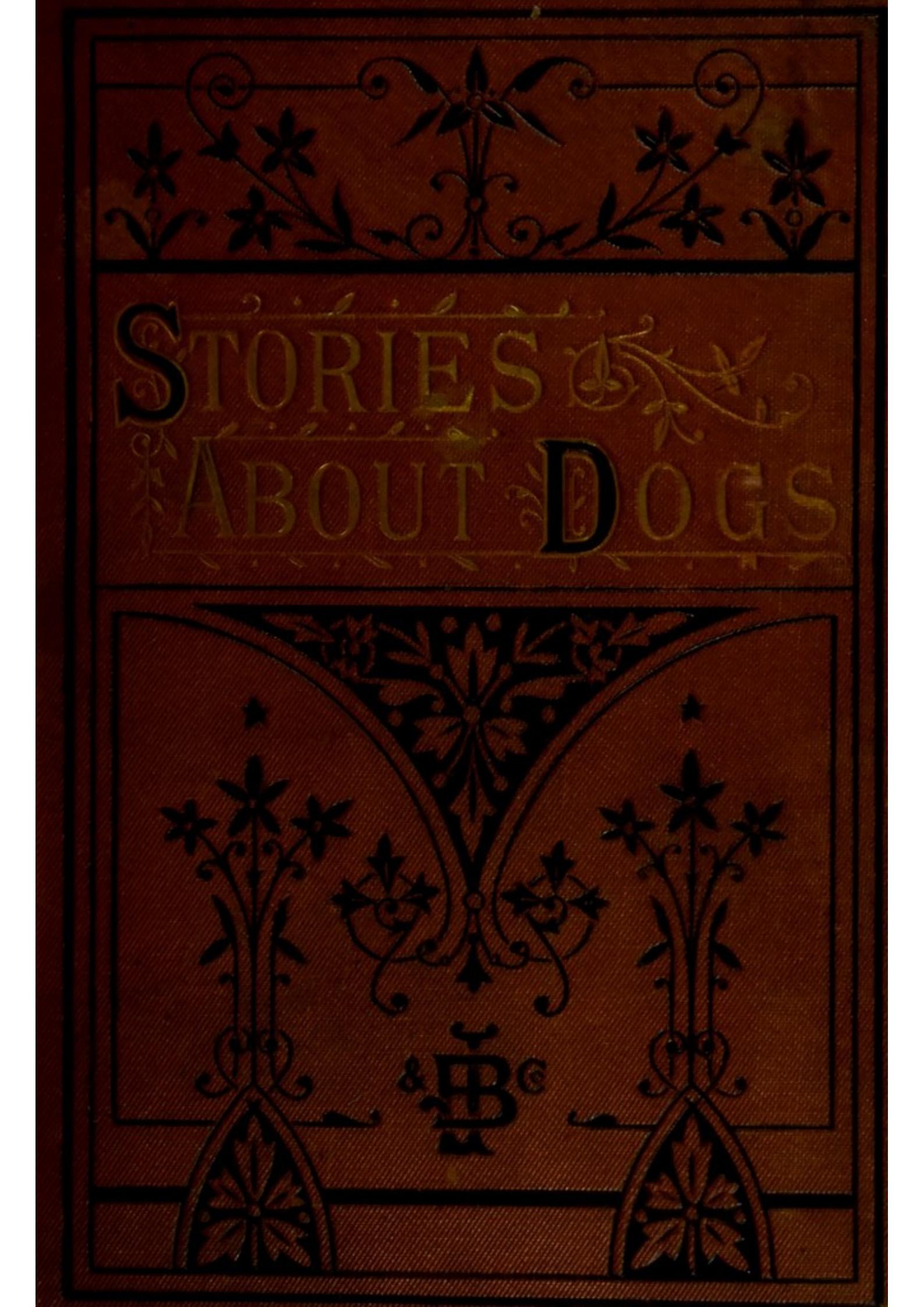
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STORIES ABOUT DOGS

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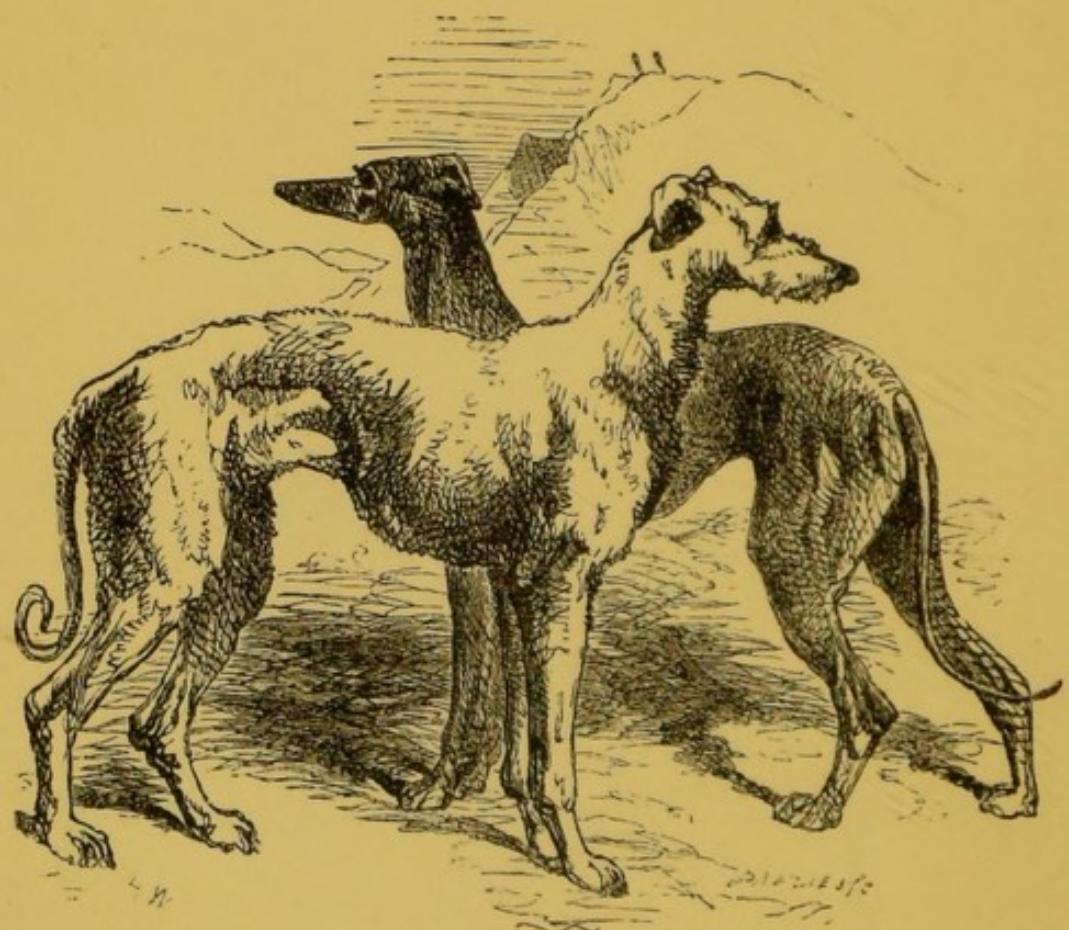


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DEERHOUND AND GREYHOUND.

DOGS:

THEIR

SAGACITY, INSTINCT, AND USES.

DOGS:
THEIR
SAGACITY, INSTINCT, AND USES;
WITH

Instructions for their Rearing, Training, & Management
in Health and Disease,

AND
ANECDOTES AND STORIES OF DOG LIFE,

BY
GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON,

With Illustrations, drawn from life, by Harrison Weir and others.

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PREFACE.



THE Dog is so universal a favourite that little excuse is needed for writing another book about his natural history, whims, instincts, and peculiarities. Most men pride themselves on their knowledge of Horses and Dogs, and to many, an acquaintance with their habits stands in the place of a liberal education. From a child I have been fond of Dogs ; and, as they were among my earliest companions, so they have proved my latest and steadiest friends. It has been well said that of all creatures the Dog alone seems capable of ministering to our wants without servility, of receiving reproof without complaint, of displaying for both rich and poor an equal ardour of friendship, and of following us to our

PREFACE.

graves with real and unselfish regret. In nearly all parts of the world the Dog is the servant and friend of man; the only creature, indeed, that loves its master for his own sake; sharing with equal content in his poverty and his wealth; well paid if his sagacity be observed and his faithfulness acknowledged.

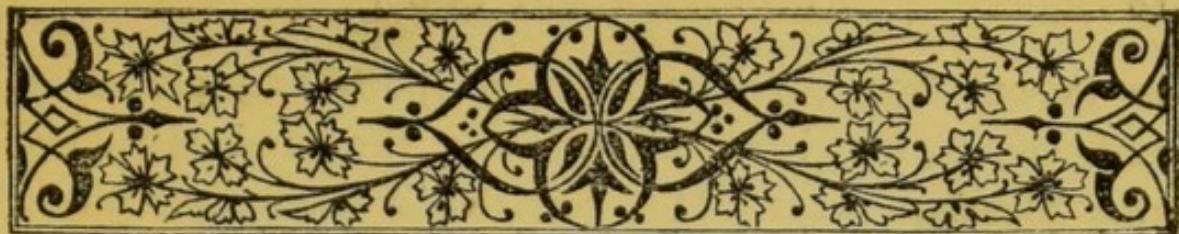
G. F. P.

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STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

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CHAPTER I.

About Dogs in general.

But the poor Dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.—BYRON.



HE world all over, wherever man dwells, there we are certain to find the Dog. No creature is so much at home under all varieties of circumstances; not one so entirely the companion, friend, and servant of mankind. Other animals submit to man, and perform the tasks he exacts. They eat from his hand; they rest under his roof; they become acquainted with his voice, and subject to his commands; but so soon as their hunger is satisfied and their strength recruited, they appear to forget their benefactor. The Dog, however, follows

us to our home, enters into our sports and pleasures, and shows his love for us in a thousand sagacious and pleasing ways. His service is voluntary, and is performed without hope of reward. Other animals regard man as their natural enemy ; but the Dog seems to turn to him as if by a law of its nature, as his natural protector and friend. He is the most sagacious of brutes, and ranks next to man in intelligence and the power of thinking for himself. The elephant and the horse may be taught to perform various amusing tricks, and in a short time learn to know the voices of their keepers ; the monkey and the cat, and even the stolid sheep and the obstinate pig, have been instructed to perform various offices for their masters ; many kinds of birds have been taught to speak, to come when they are called, and to display many wonderful signs of sagacity with correct obedience ; but to the Dog alone belongs that affectionate sympathy for those with whom it lives that has peculiarly distinguished it in all ages and countries.

Nor is the affection which the Dog bears to its master always the result of kind treatment and abundant food. He forgets the cruel blow in the first caress that follows it ; he shares with equal devotedness in our abundance and in our poverty ; he loves us while living and mourns for us when we die—many instances being known of the faithful dog pining to death on the grave of his master. Sir Walter Scott beautifully describes an instance of the devotion of the dog to his dead master. A young man lost his life by falling from a precipice of Helvellyn, and was not heard of for three months. At last chance led

some shepherds to the spot where they discovered his remains guarded by his faithful dog, now worn, with grief and long watching, almost to a skeleton :—

“ Dark green was the spot, 'mid the brown mountain heather
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
 Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.
 How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
 When the wind waved his garments how oft didst thou start ?
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ? ”

The first animal mentioned in Scripture is the sheep ; but probably the Dog was soon also known to Abel, “ the keeper of sheep.” And, as the rearing of flocks and herds was nearly the whole business of men in the earlier ages of the world, it seems most likely that the training of the Dog, the natural guardian of the sheep, should speedily follow. And that such was the case we have the evidence of the patriarch Job, who speaks of the “ Dogs of his flock.” Henceforth the Dog is found in all parts of the world ; everywhere the companion of man, and the guardian of his property. See, says the poet Burns, how the Dog worships his master ; “ with what reverence he crouches at his feet—with what reverence he looks up to him—with what delight he fawns upon him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him.”

Numerous other instances of the love and sagacity of

the Dog might be drawn from the writings of eminent authors; for the present one or two will be sufficient. "To his master," says Buffon, "the Dog flies with alacrity, and submissively lays at his feet all his courage, strength, and talent. He has all the ardour of friendship, and fidelity, and constancy in his affections that man can have. Neither interest nor desire of revenge can corrupt him, and he has no fear but that of displeasing. He is all zeal and obedience. He speedily forgets ill-usage, or only recollects it to make returning attachment the stronger. He licks the hand that causes him pain, and subdues his anger by submission. The training of the Dog seems to have been the first art invented by man, and the fruit of that art was the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth."

Thus, as the guardian of the flocks from wolves and other dangerous enemies, the careful and faithful watcher over the person and property of his master, a useful beast of draught and burden, a scavenger for the streets, and a willing and obedient servant, the Dog is found in all parts of the world.

But there is one other characteristic of this noble animal—that of a preserver of human life. Mr. Youatt tells us that he had seen a Newfoundland Dog which on five distinct occasions saved the lives of men and children from drowning; and I have myself the honour of an acquaintance with a noble fellow of the same breed who has saved no fewer than four children and two men from watery graves. Of such facts, and of the usefulness of the Dogs of St. Bernard in their peculiar offices of mercy

and humanity, we shall, however, have something more to say by and by.

But not only during life is the Dog an interesting and useful animal. After death we convert his skin into leather, and make it into gloves, leggings, saddles, and many other articles ; we use his teeth to burnish the gold on our picture frames, and his hair to mix with mortar with which to build our houses. In some countries his flesh is considered a dainty, and many thousands of people in Asia and Africa breed and fatten him expressly for food. Most of us, I think, would prefer a slice of beef or mutton. During the late Siege of Paris by the German Army, the flesh of the Dog, the horse, the elephant, and even the rat, were, it is stated, eaten by the besieged inhabitants.

“Though,” says a recent writer, “the Dog is so universal and common, he does, nevertheless, from a combination of causes in his habits, present volumes of the most interesting study to every admirer of nature’s wonders. His social disposition, unlike that of most other animals, is more directed to human society than towards that of his own species. In the intimacy of this association he stands alone, even surpassing in every way that of the domestic cat. His knowledge of his master or his friends is thorough, ready, and decisive ; while his attachment is sincere, firm and enduring. He remembers a caress or a kindness, and forgets an injury from his friends. He is quick to perceive the approach of a stranger, and his watchfulness and suspicion are instantly awakened. His fidelity is so stable that no vicissitude or

circumstance ever shakes it. He will risk his life to save that of his protector, and die rather than relinquish his post of duty. He is capable of intense emotion, for it has happened that the unexpected joy of meeting a long-absent friend has burst his very heart asunder, and he has expired at the feet of a former and indulgent master. All these are qualities peculiar to himself, and distinguish him above any other family of animals. Yet how often do we see this amiable creature ill-used by ignorant and cruel men or boys. Sometimes he is unmercifully beaten because he is a brute, and cannot understand all that is expressed in the commands given to him, and sometimes he is required to suffer much through the capricious and irrational temper of his owner.”*

The Dog is remarkable for one physical property of exquisite delicacy, and that lies in the fineness of his olfactory nerve, by which he scents his game with unerring certainty. Nevertheless some birds of prey exhibit a power of scent more astonishing than his, because it is even more refined. But the Dog has some mental endowments that perplex the philosopher infinitely more than that wonderful sense of smell we have just named; for they are such that make him appear to live, as expressed by Professor Harwood, “in the doubtful confines of the material and spiritual worlds.”

His mental qualifications, whatever called, are such as to enable him to perceive quickly and to learn aptly. Hence he can be trained to perform incredible feats. The smuggler has taught him the art of carrying on his

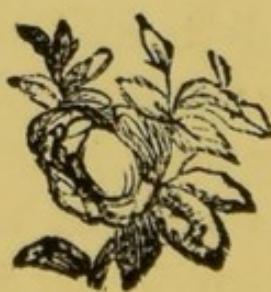
* “Marvels and Mysteries of Instinct.”

contraband trade, both by land and water; the thief has taught him to purloin from a shop any parcel previously pointed out; and the sheep-stealer has been successful in training him to find and bring to him from a large flock, the very sheep he himself had selected in the Dog's presence. Many extraordinary facts and curious anecdotes have been recorded as instances of the Dog's mental ability.

We are inclined to exercise strong faith in the general principle, that in proportion to the physical matter of the brain, such is the degree of intelligence displayed by it. The Dog genus affords us an exemplification. The Greyhound and the Bulldog have but small development of brain: for though the head of the latter is large, the capacity of the cranium is small, while the forehead of the former is flattened, and accompanied with an elongated snout, which is generally considered the symbol of stupidity. The intelligence of these Dogs is limited, for neither are capable of profiting much either from experience or education. Yet, if some accounts that are given of coursing be true, the Greyhound can derive benefit from experience; for it is said that when an old and young Dog are running together, the inexperienced hound instinctively follows the hare in every turn and winding, while the old courser sometimes takes the way the crow flies, anticipating the hare in her habit of doubling, and thus depriving puss of the advantage she otherwise would gain by making a sudden turn.

Than the Dog a more perfect type of obedience and affectionate subservience cannot be conceived. Each

individual Dog acknowledges a master, and follows him only, making his interest its own. If, on the other hand, we consider the species, we find in it every variety of size, shape, intelligence, and disposition; always in accordance with the duties and services suited to its conformation. This diversity is almost as complete in the different kinds of Dogs as in the men and women of different races and nations—graceful in the Greyhound, majestic in the Staghound, bold and firm in the Mastiff, fierce in the Bulldog, affectionate in the Spaniel, playful in the Terrier; but in each and every case docile, faithful and true to its master and his family; sagacious beyond all other brutes of the field; and, as compared with them, displaying a capacity for device, and contrivance in unexpected circumstances and situations, which nearly approaches reason.





CHAPTER II.

History and Zoological Classification.

The subtle Dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows.—GAY.



T seems probable that the Dog was the first animal trained and domesticated by man. Without the Dog, how, in the earlier ages of the world, could men have protected themselves against the ravages of the savage lion, the fierce tiger, the formidable bear, the voracious wolf, or the hungry boar? As soon, however, as the wild Dog—if, indeed, the

Dog ever was utterly wild—was reclaimed and came to acknowledge his master, he was employed in the extirpation of these dangerous and destructive animals, and by his aid men have been enabled to “replenish the earth and subdue it,” according to the command given to our first parent.

Of the origin of the Dog naturalists differ. Buffon considers the shepherd's Dog the original type; and in a curious genealogical table traces all the varieties of the Dog to this; but other writers consider the wolf as the first parent of the Dog. Youatt, on the contrary, believes that, though there are many points of resemblance between the wolf and the Dog, the latter is a distinct animal. It is true that the one will sometimes breed with the other, and instances have been known of the partial taming of the wolf; but the dispositions, habits, and general character of the two animals are so decidedly opposite as to make us doubt the theory of their common origin.

As soon as the Israelites were settled in the land of Canaan, we find they made use of the Dog as a scavenger. It is probable that troops of vagabond Dogs prowled about the ancient Jewish cities as they do now about the streets of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other cities of the east; where, but for his useful labours, pestilence and death would quickly ensue from the collection of carrion, filth, and garbage. The Hebrews appear to have a great dislike to our friend the Dog, and to a certain extent the feeling continues among the modern Jews. This dislike existed during the continuance of the Israelites in Palestine, and it is to its prevalence that so many terms of reproach are common among us even now—such as "dog," "cur," "puppy," "hound," "dog-cheap," to "lead the life of a dog," and so on. But the Jews, like other nations, used the Dog as a guardian to their flocks and herds, though they, as well as the Mohammedans and Hindoos of the present day, regard him as an unclean animal. To call a man a

“dog” is even now considered among Eastern peoples the most opprobrious term they can employ. By the Jews the Dog never seems to have been employed, as with us, in the hunting and pursuit of game and wild animals.

The Egyptians, however, and the Ethiopians held the Dog in great veneration, and erected temples to his honour; and as the former people were open enemies of the Israelites, the dislike of the latter to this faithful animal may probably be thereby accounted for. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the Dog was highly estimated. They employed it in hunting, and set great store upon the pure breed of their hounds. They properly valued his staunch and incorruptible fidelity, and many touching accounts of his love for his master are to be found among the ancient poets. You will remember, perhaps, the story of Ulysses and his Dog, as told by Homer in the “*Odyssey*” :—

Twenty years had passed since Argus, the favourite Dog of Ulysses, had been parted from his noble master. The king at last made his way homewards, and in the disguise of a beggar he stood at the door of his palace. There he was met by an old servant of his house, who knew him not in his disguise, but—

“ Near to the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the Dog, his ancient master knew ;
And, not unconscious of his voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ears and rears his head.
He knew his lord—he knew and strove to meet ;
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet ;
Yet all he could, his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master and confess his joys.”

In nearly every latitude is found the Dog, either in a domesticated or wild state. Left without a master the creature rapidly degenerates, and partakes of the habits of other wild animals—pursuing his game in packs, and exhibiting much of the lawless character of the wolf. In the extreme western districts of North America, and even in the neighbourhood of the towns in the south-west, troops of wild Dogs, obeying the voice of no owner, and living upon such game as they can catch, preying on the carcases of any animals that have happened to die upon the road or in the wood, wander about lawlessly and disturb the quiet night with their howls. In the Far West these wild Dogs are known as prairie wolves, but if they are caught when young, they are easily tamed. In Australia and some parts of Asia there are also troops of wild Dogs, who wander hither and thither and commit great depredations on the property of the settlers. Of these I shall have something further to say. It is certain, however, that wherever the blessings of civilization extend, there the Dog soon becomes a domesticated animal, faithful to his master and watchful of his property. Baron Cuvier, the great French naturalist, says that the Dog exhibits the most complete and useful conquest that man has made. Each individual is devoted to his master, no matter whether he be rich or poor, adopts his manners, distinguishes his voice, defends his goods, and remains attached to him even unto death ; and all this springing not merely from necessity or constraint, but arising simply from gratitude and true friendship. The swiftness, the strength, and the highly-developed sense of smell in the Dog, have made him a

powerful ally against other animals, qualities that were perhaps necessary to the establishment of society. The Dog is the only animal that has followed the human being all over the earth.

The Dog belongs to the division of animals that naturalists have distinguished as the Vertebrated ; that is, having a vertebra, or backbone, extending from the skull. It is of the class *Mammalia*, because it suckles its young ; the tribe *Unguiculata*, because its extremities are armed with claws or nails ; the order *Digitigrades*, because it walks principally on its toes ; and the genus *Canis*, to which also belongs the wolf, the jackal, and the fox, though it has little in common except in form with either of those animals. The domestic Dog—sub-genus *canis familiaris*—is distinguished from the wolf by having the pupils of the eye circular, while those of the wolf are oblique, and those of the fox upright and long. The domestic Dog carries its tail curled upwards, and the hairy tip, if it has one, is almost invariably white. There is also another distinction, that of the teeth, there being in the genus *Canis* always two tubercular or hollow teeth behind the large carnivorous or eye tooth in the upper jaw.

Dogs may be roughly divided into several distinct varieties—the Spaniels, to which belong the Newfoundland and the King Charles, the Water Spaniel, &c. ; the Mastiff and its congeners ; the Greyhounds ; the Terriers ; the Hounds, including the Bloodhound, Foxhound, Deerhound, Pointer, Setter, &c. ; the Poodles ; the Pomeranian ; and some of not less marked character, as the Bulldog, the Pug, &c. The Shepherd's Dog, from which some naturalists

derive the various kinds of Dogs found in all countries, does not belong especially to any one class; for, though in this country he is a rough, shaggy animal, commonly bred for the purpose of sheep-keeping, in other lands he is taken indifferently from any species which shows aptitude for the purposes of the shepherd. The Scotch Colley is a notable example of an almost distinct breed of shepherd's Dogs. The Bloodhound, the Foxhound, the Italian Greyhound, the Water Spaniel, and the Poodle, may each be regarded as a representative of its class; for, while all are faithful and sagacious, each is distinguished for the possession of some one quality not common to the rest. Thus the Bloodhound and Mastiff are ferocious and savage, and display no friendship or tolerance for any person beyond the immediate families of their masters. The Foxhound is remarkable for its keen scent and surprising adaptability for hunting in company with others of its kind, while if it be separated from the pack to which it belongs, it is rather listless and stupid; the Greyhound, of which the Italian Greyhound is a miniature specimen, is noted for its swiftness and keen sight, rather than for any particular display of friendship for its owner, though it is often a household pet; the Spaniel, on the contrary, is famed for its gentle, affectionate disposition, its lively and attractive manners, and its regard for every member of its master's family; while the Poodle is, above all other Dogs, capable of exhibiting teachableness. If you go to an exhibition of performing Dogs, you will invariably find it is the Poodle that jumps over the chairs, walks on its hind legs, finds the right card when the pack is spread out

before it, and goes through the majority of those curious tricks which make us almost believe that the Dog possesses reason as well as instinct.

Certain peculiarities are common to all Dogs; one of the most noticeable is the use the Dog makes of its tail to express joy, hope, fear, love, gratitude, obedience, defiance, entreaty, or shame; therefore to cut off or deform its tail—as is done with some Terriers and Bulldogs—is to deprive the animal of what may be termed its most expressive feature.

All the varieties of the Dog tribe are distinguished by one or other of the following peculiarities:—

Those having the head elongated and pointed, as the Greyhound.

Those having the head less elongated, as the Sheep-dog, the Hound, the Spaniel, the Setter, and Pointer.

Those having the muzzle more or less shortened and the cranium elevated, as in the Terriers and Bulldogs.

To the first division belong those known as Greyhounds, Albanian, and Australian dogs; the second includes the Spaniel, and its varieties, with the Esquimaux, Newfoundland, and St. Bernard Dogs; and the third the Mastiff, Bulldog, and all kinds of pug Dogs distinguished by the shortness of their noses.

It may seem almost incredible that all these varieties, which to a casual observer appear as great as exist between any distinct species of other animals, can be supposed to have descended from one uniform type; but as it is not improbable that all of them left to run wild would breed back into one particular kind, so it is not difficult to imagine

that the peculiarities of any individual Dog, carefully developed and cultivated through several generations, would result in a distinct species, modified, of course, by training and climate.

We possess in this country some of the finest breeds of Dogs in the world, and great care is taken in their training or education. The Mastiff, a native of these islands, was celebrated in the time of the Romans for strength and fine qualities. The Bulldog and all its varieties are also peculiar to Great Britain. Possessed of no beauty of form, of a sullen and unsociable temper, he is distinguished by a determination and tenacity of purpose almost unrivalled. The different varieties of Hound have in Great Britain all arrived at the greatest perfection. In coursing and foxhunting, the steadiness with which the Greyhound and Foxhound pursue their game, and their perfect submission to the orders of their master and the rules of their art, are as extraordinary as the quick scent and discretion displayed by the Setter, Pointer, and other sporting Dogs. But the cleverness and ability of all these races are surpassed by the sagacity of the Shepherd's Dog, who appears not only to understand the directions given him, but to reason upon them, and to carry out by his own genius what he supposes would be, under unforeseen circumstances, the wishes of his master. The common Drover's Dog, which is a variety of this species, will conduct a flock of sheep to any given point through the most crowded thoroughfares of a town or city, without suffering one of them to stray, or to occupy more ground than is actually necessary.

The anecdotes related of their sagacity, in the severe winters among the mountains of Scotland, are innumerable and almost beyond belief. Both man and his fleecy charge are equally indebted to them for the preservation of their lives, and for the power of communicating with those who can provide the necessary succour, when all other means would be unavailing.

The custom of keeping pet-dogs for pleasure and amusement prevails almost universally in this country, and in Europe generally; there being so many of these animals distinguished for their beauty and diminutiveness, as to render them peculiarly fitted for the post of pet, companion, and playmate. The most favourite kinds of lap-dog are the King Charles and Blenheim Spaniels, the black-and-tan short-haired Terrier, the Spitzbergen Dog, and the various long-haired Terriers of Scotland. On the Continent there are many breeds of Poodles and Barbets, some of them considered handsome, and many distinguished for their cleverness, and the ease with which they may be taught amusing tricks.

The Lion-dog of Malta, now extremely rare, and the small Greyhound of Italy are very graceful animals. A species of Barbet, peculiar to the West Indies, is so small as sometimes to weigh only a few ounces. It is covered with long, white, silky hair. Most of these Dogs endure the climate of England with difficulty; each variety, however, possesses some peculiar merit, and each individual some original features. All understand their position and its duties; they study the habits of their owners, seek to make themselves useful, and appear to do more in the way

of self-education than those instructed for special purposes. A thoroughly idle Dog, except when diseased or overfed, is rarely to be found ; for it is his nature to be active and to seek employment. Whatever bustle goes on in the house, the Dog seeks to join in it, and is never happier than when sent on some errand which he imagines will benefit his master.

It has been too much the custom to laugh at the fondness most people have for Dogs, and to disapprove of the practice of keeping them ; but there are benefits reciprocated from the Dog to his owner which fully justify the habit. Not in vain does the reflecting mind observe the love, the fidelity, and the gratitude of the Dog—his docility, his patience, his obedience, and his quick forgiveness of the injuries. To children therefore, his example is especially beneficial. They soon learn to admire and imitate his qualities, while the habit of giving them something to love and care for is always desirable, to act as a check to their natural selfishness. It is a great mistake to make a child timid and afraid of Dogs, for it will only occasion unnecessary alarm in after-life. As Dogs, however naturally generous, nearly always pursue objects that fly from them, this mistaken caution goes far to create the very evil it seeks to avoid. Dogs are bold and courageous, but not naturally cruel ; and it is much to be regretted that either their instincts or capabilities, when developed by training, should be directed to the brutal sport of worrying and destroying other unoffending animals.

It is difficult to say how far the instinct of the Dog

verges on imagination and reason, or how far these co-exist with it. The domesticated Dog possesses memory, and evidently argues from what has occurred before to guide himself in his conduct. No one who has closely studied the more intelligent kinds of Dogs, but will concede to them something more than mere blind instinct. The Dog has a more expressive countenance than any other animal. All the passions of hope, fear, distrust, desire, love, gratitude, and solicitude may be seen in his eye, or in the lines of his face. No one has made a better use of such observation than our great painter, the late Sir Edward Landseer, and it is difficult to look on his immortal portraitures—and not feel with the poor Indian, who

—“ Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

This topic is discussed at some length in a subsequent chapter.

In mentioning the various kinds of Dogs, I follow the order observed by Mr. Youatt. Our next chapter, therefore, will treat of the Wild Dogs at present known in the world.

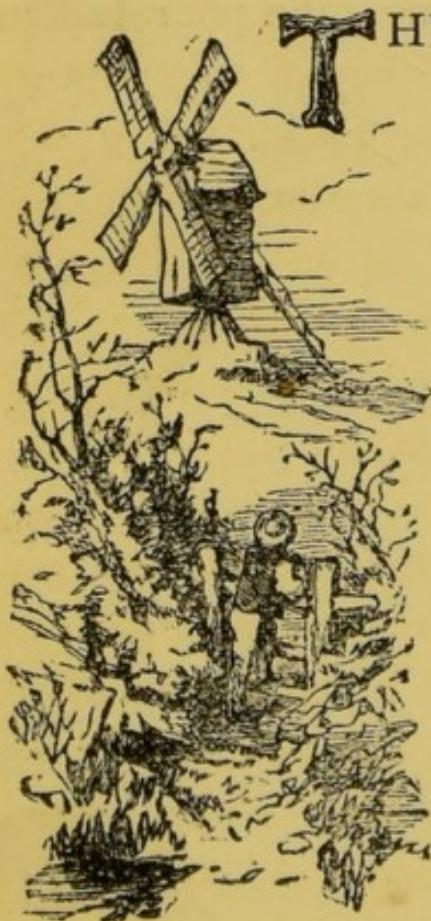




CHAPTER III.

Various kinds of Wild Dogs.

Strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute.
What dreadful howlings and what hideous roars
Disturb the peaceful glade.—SOMERVILLE.



THE Wild Dog is nearly unknown in Europe, but several instances are recorded of domesticated Dogs having escaped from their masters and taking to the wild independence of the woods and forests.

An instance of this occurs to me which is worth relating. Captain Campbell, who had travelled in many parts of the world, brought home from India a fine large Dog of the Terrier kind. When the creature first came into the Captain's possession he had a very wild look, and would snap and bark at any stranger who happened to come into the room. But after a while he became very much more tractable, so that by the time the Captain reached his home

in Devonshire he was as good and quiet a Dog as you would wish to see. During the voyage he had become quite a favourite with the sailors, who taught him to fetch and carry, and to do a hundred clever and amusing tricks. He was a capital hunter of rats and mice; and he had not been on board the vessel a month before he had entirely cleared it of the vermin that had infested it. But he had not been long at home with the Captain before he began to prowl into the woods at night, and many was the hare and rabbit he killed and brought home with him. At first the cook and servants encouraged him in these excursions, and made merry suppers over the game he captured; but soon the Dog became more vicious, and, not content with catching rabbits, began to worry the sheep in the pastures. Having once got a taste for mutton, nothing would satisfy Wolf but that whenever he could get loose he must hunt the flock. At last, so dangerous an enemy did he become, that it was found necessary to confine him closely to his own kennel. One night, however, he contrived to gnaw through the rope that held him, and escape. From that day nothing was heard of him for some time. A report, however, sprang up that a certain Wild Dog was in the woods, which at night came into the farmyards and worried and killed any poultry or other animals he could find. This was Wolf, the Terrier. After much trouble he was caught and brought home. Being treated with kindness he appeared reconciled to his situation; but in less than a year he again escaped, and, being at last caught prowling about a sheep-fold, was tracked by the farmer and shot dead.

In some part of the forests of Germany, Italy, Turkey, and Spain, Wild Dogs are not uncommon ; but in India whole troops of them are known to exist. They are called by various names, as the Thibet Dog, the Dhole, the Pariah Dog, and the Wild Dog of the Deccan. But perhaps the most remarkable group of Wild Dogs is that of the Dingo, of Australia, which is described by Dampier, the traveller, as lean and hungry, and partaking of the character of the wolf. In the island of New Zealand, also, and in many parts of Africa, the Wild Dog has not yet been completely reclaimed and domesticated ; though, as these places become fuller of inhabitants, it doubtless will soon be brought into subjection and used to hunt the more wild and ferocious animals of the forest. One thing is very peculiar with respect to these Wild Dogs —they none of them bark like our tame Rovers and Didos ; they only howl and snarl ; and though they seem brave enough, they appear to want the generosity and noble qualities of their civilized brethren. In its wild state the Dog differs little in its habits from those of the order of quadrupeds to which it belongs. It resembles the wolf rather than the fox, hunts in troops, and, thus associated, attacks the most formidable animal—wild boars, bisons, tigers, and even lions. Wild Dogs are said, however, even while in this condition, to exhibit a disposition to yield to man, and if approached by him with gentleness, will submit to be caressed. On the other hand, if Dogs that have been once tamed are driven from the haunts of men and the protection to which they have been accustomed, they readily turn vagabonds and

associate in troops. There are many instances of such troops to be found in Canada and America, and there they hunt in packs like wolves, and are so totally estranged from their former habits as to attack the poultry and hogs which they have been taught to respect, and even to destroy foals, though previously accustomed to horses.

It may be remarked that the Wild Dog hunts only to supply his necessities, without appearing to take any pleasure in it, while in a tame state he is always delighted with it, and in being accompanied and conducted in the chase by man, whose superior guidance and understanding the animal seems to thoroughly appreciate.

A few notes of the most common of the Wild Dogs of the world may be here appended.

THE DHOLE OR WILD DOG OF INDIA.—This very singular animal, which has often been confounded with the Jackal, is found principally—or, some say, only—on the western frontier of Bengal. The Dhole is by nature extremely sly, and avoids places frequented by civilized men. It differs in name in various districts, and has even had its existence doubted. Recent travellers have, however, proved that the Dhole, which is about the size of a small Greyhound, lives in packs in the immense jungle of the western frontier. It has an uncommonly keen look; its countenance being highly enlivened by a remarkably brilliant eye. Its body, which is slender and deep-chested, is very thinly covered with a reddish-brown coat of hair, or, more properly, of a rich bay colour. The tail is long and thin, becoming, like the feet, ears, muzzle, &c., darker towards the extremities. The limbs, though light and

compact, appear to be remarkably strong, and to be equally calculated for speed and for power.

The Dhole is said to be perfectly innocent if unmolested; but, if attacked, it is extremely fierce and implacable. It does not willingly approach persons; but, if it chance to meet any, it does not show any particular anxiety to avoid their sight, apparently considering them rather as objects of curiosity than of apprehension or enmity. The peasants state that the Dholes are keen in proportion to the size or powers of the animal they hunt; preferring elks to other deer, and particularly seeking the royal tiger. Though incapable individually, or perhaps in small numbers, of effecting the destruction of a royal tiger, the Dholes may, from their custom of hunting together, with ease overcome any beast to be found in the wilds of India; not, perhaps, excepting even the rhinoceros; which, however, is not to be found in any numbers on the south side of the Ganges, where alone the Dholes are as yet known to exist.

THE ESQUIMAUX.—Of the Esquimaux Dog, which may be considered almost a wolf in its native country, Captain Lyon thus writes:—“Having myself possessed, during our second winter, a team of eleven very fine animals, I was enabled to become better acquainted with their good qualities than could possibly have been the case by the casual visits of the Esquimaux to the ships. The form of the Esquimaux Dog is very similar to that of our Shepherd’s Dog in England, but he is more muscular and broad-chested, owing to the constant and severe work to which he is brought up. In size a fine Dog is about the

height of the Newfoundland breed, but broad like a Mastiff in every part except the nose. Young Dogs are put into harness as soon as they can walk, and, being tied up, soon acquire a habit of pulling in their attempts to recover their liberty or to roam in quest of their mother. When about two months old, they are put into the sledge with the grown Dogs, and sometimes eight or ten little ones are under the charge of some steady old animal, where, with frequent and sometimes cruel beatings, they soon receive a competent education."

In another passage Captain Lyon says:—"Our eleven Dogs were large and even majestic-looking animals; and an old one of peculiar sagacity was placed at their head by having a longer trace, so as to lead them through the safest and driest place: these animals having such a dread of water as to receive a severe beating before they would swim a foot. The leader was instant in obeying the voice of the driver, who never beat, but repeatedly called to him by name. When the Dogs slackened their pace the sight of a seal or bird was sufficient to put them instantly to their full speed; and even though none of these might be seen on the ice, the cry of 'a seal! a seal!' — 'a bear!' — 'a bird!' &c., was enough to give play to the legs and voices of the whole pack. It was a beautiful sight to observe the two sledges racing at full speed to the same object, the Dogs and men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the holes of water with the velocity and spirit of rival stage-coaches. . . . The driver sits on the fore part of the vehicle, from whence he jumps when requisite, to pull it clear of any impediments which may

be in the way. The voice and long whip answer all the purposes of reins, and the Dogs can be made to turn a corner as dexterously as horses, though not in such an orderly manner, since they are constantly fighting ; and I do not recollect to have seen one receive a flogging without instantly wreaking his passion on the ears of his neighbours. The cries of the men are not more melodious than those of the animals ; and their wild looks and gestures, when animated, give them an appearance of demons driving wolves before them."

In the last Arctic Expedition, which left England in May, 1875, great use was expected to be made of Esquimaux Dogs in the drawing of sledges over the ice fields of the polar lands. On the return of the adventurers we shall doubtless obtain better information respecting this useful creature than we at present possess.

THE DINGO.—A Dog found wild in Australia is called by the natives the Dingo. It resembles a large Shepherd's Dog, but the neck is thicker, and the whole body more powerfully made. It has reddish shaggy hair, a bushy tail, and erect ears. It does not bark, but utters a melancholy howl. When it bites, whether in fighting or attacking its prey, it does not seize and keep hold, but snaps like a Poodle. It is very destructive when among a flock of sheep, as it snaps at all the animals in its way, and its bite is so severe that the poor wounded sheep almost invariably dies. If these Dogs be taken young, they may be trained to the chase of emus and kangaroos. But even when domesticated, they retain a strong propensity for destroying sheep and poultry. If some of these Dogs,

when living in the gardens of the Zoological Society, have lost a portion of their native ferocity, it has been retained in its utmost force by others. One that was brought hither a few years ago broke its chain at night, scoured the country, and before dawn had destroyed several sheep.

THE PARIAH DOG.—Of the Pariah Dog of India I find the following anecdote in the well-known book, "Oriental Field Sports":—The Dogs of the East Indians, known by the name of Pariahs, "a troublesome breed of curs, are not remarkable for bravery. They are frequently thrown into the cages of tigers, by those who keep the Royal beast of Bengal as objects of sport, to be by them destroyed. It has not always happened that the tiger has killed the Pariah put into his cage. Captain Williamson informs us of an instance of one that was devoted to destruction, and which was expected to become the tiger's daily bread, which stood on its defence in a manner that completely astonished both tiger and spectators. He crept into a corner, and whenever the tiger approached seized him by the lip or by the nose, making him roar piteously. The tiger, impelled, however, by hunger, for no other supply was given him for several days, again and again renewed the attack. The result was ever the same. At length the tiger began to treat the Dog with more deference, and allowed him not only to eat the mess of rice and meat furnished for his daily subsistence, but even refrained from any attempt to disturb his rest. The two animals after some weeks became completely courteous, and each showed symptoms of attachment to his companion. But, what is extraordinary, the Dog, on being

allowed free way in and out of the aperture, considered the cage as his home, always returning to it with confidence, and, when the tiger died, moaned for want of his companion."

THE THIBET Dog.—A half-wild Dog common in India is the Thibet, which is not unlike our English Mastiff in appearance. Animals of this kind are used as watch-dogs by the Bhoteans, to whom they are strongly attached. When the men come down from the mountains to trade, the Dogs remain at home with the women and children, and guard the camp from the intrusion of strangers. Captain Turner describes the Dogs he saw when on a mission to the Court of the Teshoo Lama. "The mansion of the Rajah of Bootan," says this gentleman, "stood upon the right; on the left was a row of wooden cages containing a number of large Dogs, tremendously fierce, strong, and noisy. They were natives of Thibet, and whether savage by nature or soured by confinement, they were so impetuously furious, that it was unsafe, unless the keepers were near, even to approach their dens."

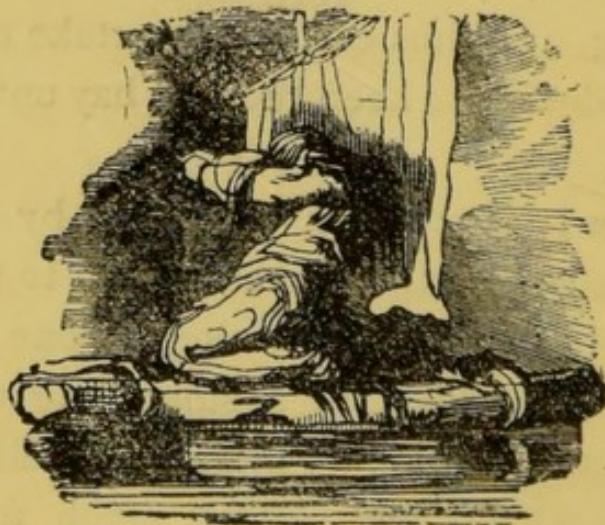
Captain Turner speaks highly of these Dogs as guardians of the camp and the sheepfold. "Entering a Thibet village," says he, "and being indolently disposed, I strolled along among the houses; and seeing everything still and quiet, I turned into one of the stone enclosures which serve for cattle. The instant I entered the gate, to my astonishment up started a huge Dog, big enough, if his courage had been equal to his size, to fight a lion. He kept me at bay with a most clamorous bark, and I was a good deal startled at first; but recollecting their cowardly

disposition, I stood still; for, having once had one in my possession, I knew that they were fierce only when they perceived themselves feared. If I had attempted to run, he probably would have flown upon me, and torn me to pieces before any one could have come to my rescue. Some person came out of the house, and he was soon silenced."

THE HARE-INDIAN DOG.—Another Dog of the half-wild kind is the Hare-Indian Dog, which seem peculiar to a tribe of Indians frequenting the banks of the Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake in North America. They are highly valued by the the Hare-Indians. "This animal," says Dr. Richardson, the botanist who accompanied Sir John Franklin in his first expedition, "has neither courage nor strength to fit it for pulling down any of the larger animals; but its broad feet and light make enable it to run over the snow, if the lightest crust be formed on it, without sinking, and thus easily to overtake and tease the moose or rein-deer, and keep them at bay until the hunters come up."

A disposition is sometimes displayed by the Dog, also by the cat, to abandon the domestic, and to return to the savage state. Of this, the following is one of many instances. A Dog was left by a smuggling vessel on the coast of Northumberland. Finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep, and did so much mischief as to create considerable alarm in the surrounding country. Several of the sheep which he mangled were found alive by the shepherds; and, by proper attention, some not only recovered, but had lambs. He was frequently

pursued, but when the Dogs came up with him, he lay down on his back, as if asking for mercy, and in that position they never hurt him ; he therefore continued to lie quietly till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully. He was one day pursued from Hawick to a distance of more than thirty miles, but returned thither and killed a sheep the same evening. His general residence was upon the Heugh-hill, near Hawick, where he had a view of four roads that approached it, and where after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot.





CHAPTER IV

Hounds.

UNDER the generic term "Hounds" we may include the Greyhound and its varieties, the Foxhound, Staghound, Harrier, Beagle, Dashound, Setter, and Pointer. The Bloodhound must have a chapter to himself. We will begin with

THE GREYHOUND.

As when th' impatient Greyhound, slipped from far,
Bounds o'er the glade to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay,
And he with double speed pursues the prey ;
O'erruns her at the setting sun, but licks
His chaps in vain, yet blows upon the flix ;
She seeks the shelter which the covert gives,
And gaining it, she doubts if yet she lives.—OVID.

First of Dogs for beauty and grace of form is the Greyhound. From the earliest times it has been a favourite with the rich and noble. The Greeks and Romans used it to hunt game. The Greyhound hunts by sight, and was famed in the coursing matches of the ancients almost as much as it is now. In the above extract from Ovid, the well-known Roman poet, the characteristic of this handsome Dog is well and accurately given. The best breed of

Greyhounds is that which is native to these islands, and in times past none but "born gentlemen" were allowed to keep them. The English, Irish, and Scotch Greyhounds are all of Celtic origin. Each kind has been the favourite Dog of kings and nobles. The unfortunate Charles I. was as fond of the Greyhound as his son Charles II. was of the Spaniel.

The principal use of the Greyhound is to course the hare, which it rivals in speed, if not in native cunning and resource. It is only of late years, however, that the Greyhound has been largely employed as a sporting Dog. Previously to 1831 no person in England with an income of less than £100 a year landed property was allowed to course the hare. The alteration in the Game Laws, however, threw open the sport to everybody, and since then the breeding and keeping of Greyhounds in this country has greatly improved and increased.

The Greyhound is not a particularly sagacious or affectionate Dog. Like an aristocratic lady, it is esteemed rather for its beauty and high breeding than for its sense or sensibility.

The characteristics of the Greyhound are well given in the quaint old rhymes attributed to Wynkyn de Werde printer and poet, 1496:—

Headed lyke a snake,
Neckyed lyke a drake,
Footed lyke a catte,
Tayled lyke a ratte,
Syded lyke a teme,
And chyned lyke a bream.

The Greyhound is swifter than the hare, and if the hare

instinct, however, teaches it to turn in angles and curves more sharp and sudden than are possible to its long-legged pursuer. Thus it is that the hare often reaches cover and gets away, instead of being run down. A single Greyhound seldom kills; for the moment the hare is reached it doubles round, and the Dog, unable to stop in its long, swinging gallop, is obliged to pass and lose ground. This trick of Master Puss is met and defeated by the employment of two Greyhounds; so that when the hare turns from the one he is met by the other.

All this, however, belongs to the art of coursing, which we need not now discuss.

There are various breeds of the Greyhound—the English, the Irish, the Scotch, the Russian, &c.; and the Toy or Italian Greyhound, valued only as a pet—and generally a very delicate and expensive pet it is.

Mr. Marshall, the well-known judge at Dog shows, thus describes the Greyhound—the typical Dog that should possess all the “points” in perfection.

The head of the Greyhound should be large between the ears, and in a Dog from twenty-five to twenty-six inches in height it should measure at least fourteen and a-half inches in circumference midway between ears and eyes. The jaw can hardly be too lean; but the muscle should be full, and there should be little or no development of the nasal organs. The eye should be full and bright, giving the idea of high spirits and animation. The ears vary from large upstanding ones to the small and elegantly falling ear of the modern Greyhound. The

latter are far preferable. The teeth should be strong and long. The neck, according to the old rhyme quoted, should be like a drake, but certainly not so long. Many good killers have short, bull necks; so that this is a matter of judgment, although it stands to reason that the long neck would be preferable.

The chest is an important part; it must be capacious, but deep rather than wide. The shoulders should be broad and deep, and obliquely placed, as in the horse. The fore leg should be set on square at the shoulder, having plenty of bone, be straight, and well-set on the feet, and the toes neither turned out nor in. The forearm, between the elbow and the knee, should be long, straight, and muscular. The feet should be cat-like. The back should be long and beam-like. The ribs should be well arched. The thigh should be large and muscularly indented. The hocks broad, and, like the knee, low-placed. The tail should be rat-like.

The points of the Greyhound are thus apportioned:—
Head and neck, 20; frame and general symmetry, 40;
feet, 15; legs, 15; tail, 5; colour and coat, 5.

The well-known and highly valued Greyhound, Master M'Grath, was the property of Lord Lurgan. It won the Waterloo Cup—the great coursing prize—no fewer than three times. Previous to his last victory he was taken to Windsor, where he was petted and patted by the Queen and the Royal Family; after which the aristocracy, of course, fêted and made much of him. And then, in the very height of his fame, he died. Could any Dog desire a higher destiny?

Sir Philip Warwick has an anecdote which is very characteristic of the Greyhound.

“One evening the King told me to let in Gipsy, the Greyhound, which was scratching at the door.

“‘Methinks, sire,’ I ventured to observe, ‘you love the Greyhound better than you do the Spaniel.’—‘Yes,’ replied the King, ‘for they equally love their masters, and yet do not flatter them so much.’”

Henry II. was extremely fond of hounds, and King John spared no expense to procure swift hounds. He frequently received these animals instead of money, on the issue or removal of grants.

On many old tombs in England the Greyhound is represented lying at the feet of his master; and even celebrated sculptors did not hesitate to try their skill in modelling portraits of this valuable and faithful servant of man.

A very curious incident is related by Froissart, the chronicler, with regard to King Richard II. and one of these Dogs. The name of this hound was Mithe; it always accompanied the King on his excursions, and could not be induced to follow any one else. As soon as the Monarch was seated upon his horse, the keeper of the hound would let him loose, when he would immediately run and fawn upon his master, evidencing the greatest joy and affection. One day, however, as the King and the Earl of Derby were talking together in the court, the Greyhound, who was wont to leap upon the King, left him and fawned upon the Earl of Derby, Duke of Lancaster, manifesting the same tokens of affection towards him which he had before bestowed upon Richard.

“What does this mean?” said the Duke, who knew not the hound.

“Cousin,” replied the King, “it is a token of great good to you, but an evil sign to me.”

“How know you that?” said the Earl.

“I well know,” replied Richard, “that the Greyhound acknowledges you here this day as King of England, as you shall be, and I shall be deposed. The hound has this knowledge naturally, therefore take him to you. He will follow you and forsake me.”

The Duke understood these words, and cherished the hound, which would never after follow King Richard. This incident we are asked to believe, but such cases are of extremely rare occurrence, for the hound will follow his master through life, and often die of starvation rather than forsake his grave. An instance similar to this, however, is known. A Dog belonging to the mate of a vessel, upon being taken to sea by his master, left him, and immediately attached himself to the captain, to whom he could not afterwards be separated but by force. From that time he treated his former owner as an entire stranger.

Greyhounds appear to have changed the character of their hair according to the climate of the country they inhabit. The Russian and Tartar Greyhounds have long and shaggy hair. In Syria, Hungary, and Germany their hair is rough and straggling; in the Deccan it is soft and silky; as it also is in Persia, Natolia and Greece; while in Southern India, Arabia, Egypt, and Southern and Western Europe it is soft and smooth. In Roumelia, the

Turks have a breed of Greyhounds with smooth hair, but with long-haired ears, those of a Spaniel. But in the west, the smooth coat is the result of importation, for the native races were rugged until the French kings, down to Louis XV., began to introduce the more graceful breeds from Constantinople, Crete, and even from Alexandria.

Very considerable differences have appeared even in the United Kingdom. According to Mr. Blaine, Scotland has for centuries been celebrated for its Greyhounds, which are known to be large and wiry-coated. They are probably types of the early Celtic Greyhounds, which, yielding to the influences of a colder climate than they came from, became coated with a thick and wiry hair. In Ireland, as being milder in its climate, the frame expanded in bulk, and the coat, although not very silky, was yet less crisped and wiry. In both localities, there being at that time boars, wolves, and even bears, powerful Dogs were required. In England these wild beasts were more early exterminated, and consequently the same kind of Dog was not retained, but, on the contrary, was by culture made finer in coat, and of greater beauty in form.

Before we pass on, the question should be noticed—

“ Seest thou the Gazehound, how with glance severe,

From the close herd he marks the destined deer ? ”

This Dog, in former times, was probably allied or connected with the Irish Greyhound. It hunted entirely by sight; and if the deer was lost and then rejoined his companions, the Dog unerringly selected him from all the herd. No Gazehound of pure blood and quality is at present known in Europe.

THE PERSIAN GREYHOUND.—This variety of the Greyhound differs little from the well-known type in general form; but its legs are feathered, like those of a Setter, and it has a bushy, curling tail. It is probable that our Setter was originally produced from a cross between a Persian Greyhound and a Pointer, or Field Spaniel. The Grecian (or Turkish) Greyhound is generally believed to be almost identical with the Persian Greyhound.

This breed of Dogs is not used for coursing in this country, where it is seen only as a curiosity. Indeed, little is known of it here as a sporting Dog, and, like the Dachshund, is not much prized out of its own habitat. I have been informed that it is of a more affectionate nature than our English Greyhound.

In its native country it is not only used for hunting the hare, but (says Youatt, the only trustworthy authority on the breed of Dogs,) also the antelope, the wild ass, and even the boar. The antelope is speedier than the Persian Greyhound, therefore the hawk is given him as an ally. The antelope is no sooner started than the hawk is cast off. The hawk, fluttering before the head of the antelope, and sometimes darting its talons into its head, disconcerts him, and enables the Dog to overtake and master him. The chase, however, in which the Persians chiefly delight, and for which these Greyhounds are most highly valued, is that of the ghookhan, or wild ass. This animal inhabits the mountainous districts of Persia. He is swift, ferocious, and of great endurance, which, together with the nature of the ground, renders the sport of hunting him exceedingly dangerous. The hunter, however, scarcely gives the

ghookhan a fair chance, for relays of Greyhounds are placed at distances in the surrounding country, so that when those by which the prey is first started are tired out, there are others to continue the chase. Such, however, is the speed and endurance of the ghookhan that its death is seldom achieved by the hounds alone. He generally receives his *coup de grace* by the rifle of an impatient horseman. In this sport the Persians exhibit great skill and courage, galloping at full speed, rifle in hand, up and down the most precipitous hills, and across ravines and mountain streams that might well daunt the most fearless of our English sportsmen.

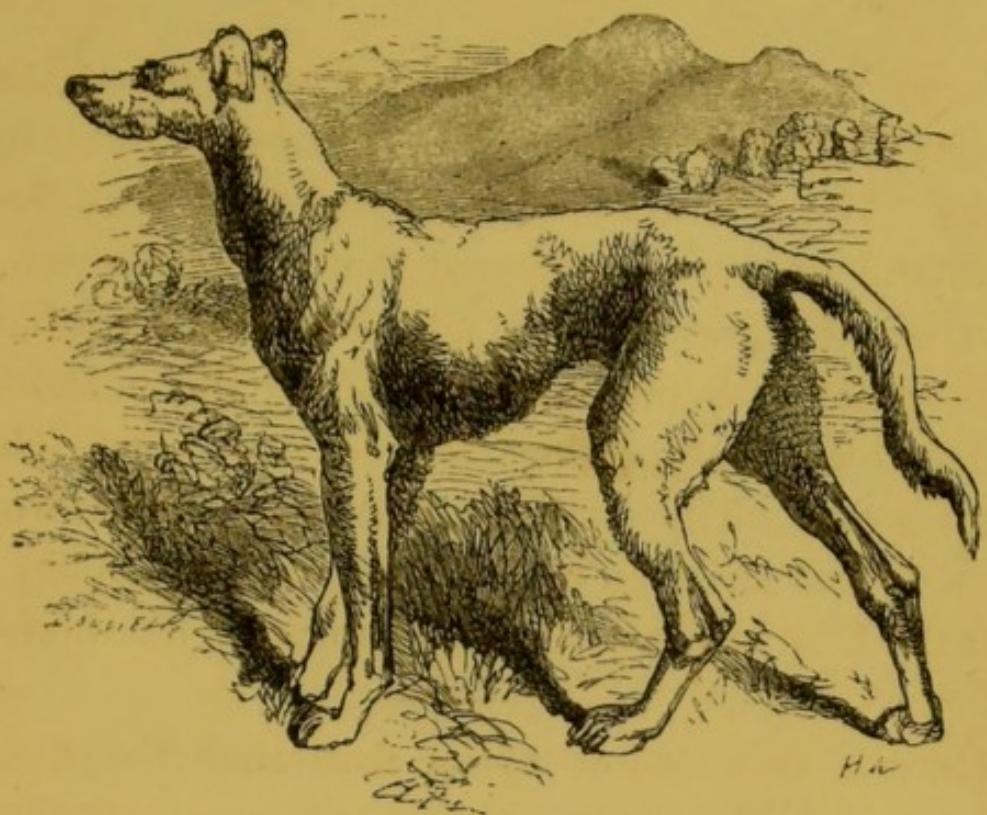
Out of Persia this Greyhound is said to lose many of its natural characteristics. In India, where it has been lately introduced, it hunts on its own account, sometimes even hunting its master, or any game that may cross its path.

A curious, if authentic, story lately appeared in the newspapers, respecting the way in which the Yorkshire colliers keep their Greyhounds, which they use for coursing rabbits:—"A Sheffield collier took his Greyhound, valued at £40, to a veterinary surgeon for his advice. He told the surgeon that he thought the Dog was not right, for she would not 'eat her mutton the day afore, and that morning she wouldn't hev her eggs and port wine.' When she refused her breakfast of eggs and port wine he was sure she was wrong. On being asked what he gave his Dog, the collier said that he bought for the Dog every week two nice little legs of Welsh mutton, and when she could not be tempted by a slice out of the middle of the leg, he

became uneasy. Fresh eggs and wine—some favoured sherry, he preferred port—were the best things for these Dogs. The veterinary surgeon pronounced the Dog to be mad, and its owner confessed that she had bitten several men, women, and children, and a number of other Dogs. The collier on being asked to inform the persons bitten and the owners of the Dogs, replied, ‘Nay, not I. They mun foind it out.’ This collier earned 6os. to 7os. a week, and his wife and children had to rest content with any scraps, that the Dog might be fed and pampered like himself!”

Here is an anecdote of an Australian Greyhound, the property of Mr. Baker, author of an interesting book called the “Rifle and Hound in Ceylon” :—

“ Killbuck was a Greyhound of extraordinary courage. He stood 28 inches high at the shoulder, and was 31 inches in girth round the brisket. He was a most gentle and affectionate creature. It was a splendid sight to witness the bounding spring of Killbuck as he pinned an elk at bay that no other Dog could touch. He had a peculiar knack of seizing that I never saw equalled ; no matter where or in what position an elk might be, he was sure to have him. When once started from the slips, it was certain death to the animal he coursed ; and even when out of view, and the elk had taken to the jungle, I have seen the Dog with his nose to the ground, following upon the scent at full speed like a Foxhound. I never heard him bark at game when at bay. With a Bulldog courage he would recklessly fly straight at the animal’s head, unheeding the wounds received in the struggle. This unguided courage at



IRISH GREYHOUND.



HARRIER.

length caused his death when in the very prime of his life. Poor Killbuck ! his was a short but glorious career, and his name will never be forgotten. Next in rotation in the chronicles of seizers appears Lena, who is still alive, an Australian bitch of great size, courage, and beauty, wire-haired, like a Scotch Deerhound ; Bran, a perfect model of a Greyhound ; Lucifer, combining the beauty, speed, and courage of his parents, Bran and Lena, in a superlative degree."

The memory of the Dog Gelert has been preserved by tradition and celebrated in song. In the neighbourhood of the Welsh mountain, Snowdon, Llewellyn, son-in-law to King John, had a hunting lodge. The King, it is said, had presented to him one of the finest Greyhounds in England. The Dog was named Gelert. One day in the year 1205, Llewellyn, on going out to hunt, called all his Dogs together, but his favourite Greyhound was missing, and nowhere to be found. He blew his horn as a signal for the chase, and still Gelert came not. Llewellyn was much disconcerted at the heedlessness of his favourite, but at length pursued the chase without him. For want of Gelert the sport was limited ; and getting tired, he returned home at an early hour. There the first object that presented itself at the castle gate was Gelert, who bounded with the usual transport to meet his master, having his lips besmeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed with surprise at the unusual appearance of his Dog. On going into the apartment where he had left his infant son and heir asleep, he found the bed-clothes all in confusion, the

cover rent, and stained with blood. He called to his child, but no answer was made. From which he hastily concluded that the Dog must have killed him ; and, giving vent to his rage, plunged his sword to the hilt in Gelert's side. The noble animal fell at his feet, uttering a dying yell that awoke the infant, who was sleeping beneath a mingled heap of bedclothes, while beneath the bed lay a great wolf covered with gore, which the faithful and gallant hound had attacked and destroyed. The Prince, smitten with sorrow and remorse at his rash and hasty act, wept aloud. The child woke, and called to its father.

“Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear,
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.”

Vain now were all the lamentings of the Prince. His faithful friend had been killed by his own hand. Alas ! all he could do was to sorrow at his loss and preserve his memory. So he caused an elegant marble tomb to be erected over the grave of his gallant Dog, which place to this day is called Beth-Gelert, the grave of the Greyhound.

“Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved ;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell."

THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.—This elegant creature is shaped exactly like its English namesake, only on a very small scale. It is a great favourite with the ladies, and is a very cleanly and beautiful drawing-room companion. Like the Greyhound, it does not display so great an attachment to its owner as does the Newfoundland or the Spaniel. Large numbers of these exquisitely formed Dogs are bred on the coasts of Italy for export to India and America. Our climate is almost too cold for them except in summer. In the winter time, therefore, they are generally clothed in flannel, and are made great pets. In its native country, however, it is hardy and bold, and is used in hunting rabbits, squirrels, and other small game. Mr. Youatt tells the following anecdote of an Italian Greyhound, which was so great a favourite with Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that he used to carry it about with him under his cloak upon nearly all occasions:—“ During the seven years’ war, Frederick, being pursued by a party of Austrian dragoons, was compelled to take refuge under the dry arch of a bridge while the soldiers passed by. He had his favourite in his arms, and had the little animal once barked or growled the monarch would have been discovered and taken prisoner, and the fate of the campaign and Prussia at once decided. But the Dog lay quite still and quiet, clinging to its master in

fear and trembling, as if conscious of the danger to which it was exposed. Thus was the king saved from discovery —the only instance perhaps in the world when the fate of an empire depended on the bark of a Dog. When, years after, the little creature died, he was carefully buried in the palace gardens at Berlin, the king placing him in the grave with his own hands. Over his remains there was soon after placed an inscription telling all the world of his bravery and faithfulness."

In Prussia, as in England, the Dog is taxed, and no one can keep one without paying something to the state for the enjoyment of the luxury. Unlike his kinsmen in some other countries he is not considered a vagabond or a vagrant, but holds his own specified rank, and is really a patentee. Every Dog in Berlin has his own number, and pays a fixed tax, just like an adult citizen; in testimony whereof, he bears his acquittance suspended to his neck, in the shape of a little plate of metal stamped with his number. Furnished with this legal passport, he rambles through the whole territory, without fearing either ragman or bullets. The authorities interpose the shield of their protection between him and outrage; he is regarded as a citizen. The privilege of paying the tax, however, does not extend to all Dogs indiscriminately. The Dog of luxury, which constitutes the aristocracy of the canine species, alone enjoys this prerogative. The blind man's Dog, the sheep Dog, the draught Dog—a common office in Germany—are exonerated from all payment. But woe to the animal convicted of not being included in one of these categories, if he carry not his number. He is then

treated as a vagabond, and, as such, expelled from the territory, or "hanged by the neck until he be dead."

The playfulness of the Italian Greyhound is not so observable as that of other kinds of Dogs. When young, however, these pretty little animals seem to be influenced by the spirit of youth and good temper, and roll about, chase each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects as if in anger, and seem to wish their masters to join in their sport.

That the Italian Greyhound is not deficient of sagacity and resource under exceptional circumstances the following story is sufficient proof:—A small Italian Greyhound at Bologna used daily to leave home for the purpose of visiting some other Dogs of the same species. On these occasions he placed himself opposite to the house where they resided, and by loud barking solicited admittance. His noise being troublesome, the inmates not only refused him admittance, but used to drive him off with stones. These he was enabled to avoid by creeping close to the door. Recourse was then had to the whip; but he placed himself in a position where he could continue barking, where he was secure from stones, and could escape from the lash. While he was one morning waiting here, he saw a boy come to the house, knock at the door, and gain admittance. From this he took the hint, crept to the door, leapt several times at the knocker, succeeded in making it strike, and waited the issue. When the door was opened he immediately rushed in, to the surprise of the family. Admiration for his ingenuity ever afterwards secured its success.

The following are the characteristics for which Italian Greyhounds are prized and judged in competition Dog shows:—

Head long and fine; ears thin and pendulous; neck long; shoulders well set back; chest deep; straight fore-legs beautifully formed, not full of muscle, but wiry and thin to appearance, but withal strong, with a nice arched foot; back slightly arched just at commencement of where the loin is set on, deeply ribbed, but cut away at the loin, that is to say, come off with a beautiful sweep from the chest; ribs up to the flank; nice square hips, with fine stern, well-bent hocks, and strong stifles, all being slim and beautiful, but plenty of strength, although modelled so fine; self-coloured—the colours most approved being fawn, blue, or black.

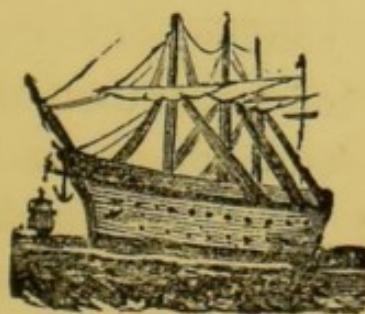
POINTS IN JUDGING.

Head	15
Neck	5
Shoulders		15
Back	10
Hind-quarters		20
Loins	10
Legs	10
Feet	10
Tail	5—100

There are two or three other kinds of Greyhounds, such as the Gazehound, mentioned at page 45, so called from its hunting entirely by sight; the Scotch Greyhound, noticed in the next chapter, a very fine and rather cunning animal; the Russian, the Grecian, and the Turkish

Greyhounds, all more or less resembling our English Dog in size, colour, and general appearance. Of a Dog of the last kind there is a story told, that when his master, a Turkish pasha, was executed for some crime, he laid himself down on the corpse, licked and caressed it with the greatest affection, and in a few moments expired.

Donald, the winner of the Waterloo Cup for 1876, is a fourth season Dog of fine form and undoubted pluck. He is son of Master Burleigh and Phœnia, and this, though his first victory, is quite in accord with his previous form. He was sold, after his victory, to Dr. Dougal, for three hundred guineas. His former owner was Mr. Douglass, an Irish landowner. Honeymoon, the winner of the Cup in 1875, was beaten in the third round. It is a grand Dog, and was considered only inferior to Donald. This annual coursing match is *the* match of the year, and for it there usually enter sixty-four Greyhounds. A great feature of the contest of 1876 was that there was not a single undecided course. This great race, the Dog-Derby, as it is called, is run at Altcar, near Liverpool, and attracts thousands of spectators.

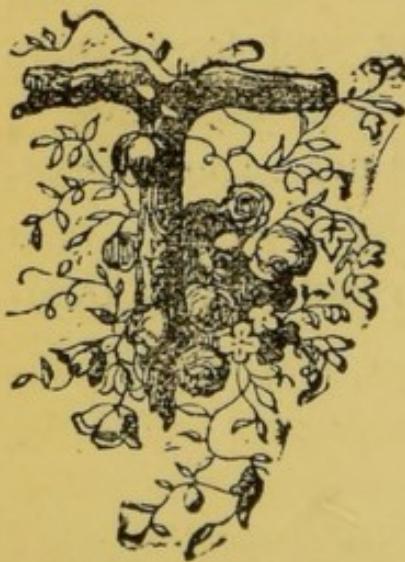




CHAPTER V.

The Deerhound and the Wolf-Dog.

The Dog possesses many a good
And useful quality and virtue too.
Attachment never to be weaned or changed
By any change of fortune ; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, or neglect.
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glistening even in the dying eye.



THE affection of the Deerhound, or Highland Greyhound as it is sometimes called, has fewer opportunities for display than are possessed by many other kinds of Dogs. Being kept only for sporting purposes, and his excellent qualities confined to the one description of sport, that of hunting the stag,

his faithfulness and attachment to his master is but ill considered. Like our Greyhound, he has a long, sharp face, a slender body, and a long thin tail, curved

upwards; but he is altogether a stronger and more firmly built animal than the Greyhound. He carries his head high, as if he knew his worth, and is really a noble-looking fellow. He hunts by both sight and scent, and is more cunning and ferocious than his English namesake. Holinshed, the old English chronicler, tells a story of the mischief that ensued from the stealing of one of these Dogs :—

“Once upon a time divers of the Pictish nobility went to Crainlint, King of the Scots, to hunt and make merry with him; but when they were departing homewards, they, perceiving that the Scottish Greyhounds did far exceed their own in hardiness, swiftness, and courage, requested that some might be given to them. Their request being complied with, they took with them several male and female Dogs of the kind they wanted. But not contented with receiving these as gifts, they had the meanness to steal a fine Deerhound belonging to the Scotch king. As soon as the master of the hounds came to be aware of the theft, he was so angry that he went after them, and accused them of the act. They resented his interference, quarrelled with him, and brutally used him so that he died. The Scots going home from hunting, hearing the noise occasioned by this cruel act of the Picts, rode after them, and a fierce battle ensued, in which more than a hundred of the Picts were slain, besides many of the Scottish gentlemen.” Thus you see that a bad and unworthy action was severely punished. Had the Picts been content with the present made them, their lives would have been saved and their honour untarnished.

The Deerhound is still used in Scotland in the sport called deerstalking, and the quietness, caution, and sagacity displayed by the Dog in this sport has long been celebrated. The great painter of animals, Sir Edwin Landseer, has given us portraits of Deerhounds in more than one of his noble pictures.

In the hunting of elks and other wild game, Mr. Baker found the high-couraged Deerhound of great service in Ceylon. "We had strolled," he says, "quietly along for about half a mile, when the loud bark of an elk was suddenly heard in the jungle upon the opposite hills. In a moment the hounds dashed across the river towards the well-known sound, and entered the jungle at full speed. Judging the direction which the elk would most probably take when found, I ran along the bank of the river, down stream, for a quarter of a mile, towards a jungle through which the river flowed previous to its descent into the lower plains, and I waited upon a steep grassy hill, about a hundred feet above the river's bed. From this spot I had a fine view of the ground. Immediately before me rose the hill from which the elk had barked; beneath my feet the river stretched into a wide pool on its entrance to the jungle. This jungle clothed the precipitous cliffs of a deep ravine, down which the river fell in two cataracts, which were concealed from view by the forest. I waited in breathless expectation of the 'find.' A few minutes passed, when the sudden burst of the pack in full cry came sweeping down upon the light breeze; loudly the cheering sound swelled as they topped the hill, and again it died away as they crossed some deep ravine. In a few

minutes the cry became very distinct, as the elk was evidently making straight up the hill: once or twice I feared he would cross them, and make away for a different part of the country. The cry of the pack was so indistinct that my ear could barely catch it, when suddenly a gust of wind from that direction brought down a chorus of voices that there was no mistaking. Louder and louder the cry became: the elk had turned, and was coming down the hill-side at a great pace. The jungle crashed as he came rushing through the yielding branches. Out he came, breaking cover in fine style, and away he dashed over the open country. He was a noble buck, and had got a long start: not a single hound had yet appeared, but I heard them coming through the jungle in full cry. Down the side of the hill he came straight to the pool beneath my feet. Yoick to him! Hark forward to him! and I gave a view holloa till my lungs had well nigh cracked. I had lost sight of him, as he had taken to water in the pool within the jungle.

“One more holloa, and out came the gallant old fellow Smut, from the jungle, on the exact line that the elk had taken. On he came, bounding along the rough side of the hill like a lion, followed by only two Dogs, Dan, a Pointer (since killed by a leopard), and Cato, a hound that had never yet seen an elk. The remainder of the pack had taken after a doe that had crossed the scent, and they were now running in a different direction. I now imagined that the elk had gone down the ravine to the lower plains by some run that might exist along the edge of the cliff, and accordingly started off along a deerpath

through the jungle, to arrive at the lower plains by the shortest road that I could make.

"Hardly had I run a hundred yards when I heard the ringing of the bay and the deep voice of Smut, mingled with the roar of the waterfall, to which I had been running parallel. Instantly changing my course, I was in a few moments on the bank of the river just above the fall. There stood the buck at bay in a large pool about three feet deep, where the Dogs could only advance by swimming. Upon my jumping into the pool, he broke his bay, and, dashing through the Dogs, appeared to leap over the verge of the cataract, but in reality he took to a deerpath which skirted the steep side of the wooded precipice. So steep was the inclination that I could only follow on his track by clinging to the stems of the trees. The roar of the waterfall, now only a few feet on my right hand, completely overpowered the voices of the Dogs, wherever they might be, and I carefully commenced a perilous descent by the side of the fall, knowing that both Dogs and elk must be somewhere before me. So stunning was the roar of the water that a cannon might have been fired without my hearing it. I was now one-third of the way down the fall, which was about fifty feet deep. A large flat rock projected from the side of the cliff, forming a platform of about six feet square, over one corner of which the water struck, and again bounded downwards. This platform could only be reached by a narrow ledge of rock, beneath which, at a depth of thirty feet, the water boiled at the foot of the fall. Upon this platform stood the buck, having gained his secure, but frightful position by passing

along the narrow ledge of rock. Should either Dog or man attempt to advance, one charge from the buck would send them to perdition, as they would fall into the abyss below. This the Dogs were fully aware of, and they accordingly kept up a continual bay from the edge of the cliff, while I attempted to dislodge him by throwing stones and sticks upon him from above. Finding this uncomfortable, he made a sudden dash forward, and, striking the Dogs over, away he went down the steep sides of the ravine, followed once more by the Dogs and myself.

“By clinging from tree to tree and lowering myself by the tangled creepers, I was soon at the foot of the first fall, which plunged into a deep pool on a flat plateau of rock, bounded on either side by a wall-like precipice.

“This plateau was about eighty feet in length, through which the water flowed in two rapid but narrow streams, from the foot of the first fall towards a second cataract at the extreme end. This second fall leaped from the centre of the ravine into the lower plain.

“When I arrived on this fine level surface of rock, a splendid sight presented itself. In the centre of one of the rapid streams the buck stood at bay, belly-deep, with the torrent rushing in foam between his legs. His mane was bristled up, his nostrils were distended, and his antlers were lowered to receive the Dog who should first attack him. I happened to have a spear on that occasion, so that I felt he could not escape, and I gave the baying Dogs a loud cheer on. Poor Cato! it was his first elk, and he little knew the danger of a buck at bay in such a strong position. Answering with youthful ardour to my holloa, the

young Dog sprang boldly at the elk's face, but, caught upon the ready antlers, he was instantly dashed senseless upon the rocks. Now for old Smut, the hero of countless battles, who, though pluck to the back-bone, tempers his valour with discretion.

"Yoick to him, Smut! and I jumped into the water. The buck made a rush forward, but that moment a mass of yellow hair dangled before his eyes as the true old Dog hung upon his cheek. Now came the tug of war —only one seizer! The spring had been so great, and the position of the buck was so secure, that the Dog had missed the ear, and only held by the cheek. The elk, in an instant, saw his advantage, and, quickly thrusting his sharp brow antlers into the Dog's chest, he reared to his full height and attempted to pin the apparently fated Smut against a rock. That had been the last of Smut's days of prowess had I not fortunately had a spear. I could just reach the elk's shoulder in time to save the Dog. After a short but violent struggle, the buck yielded up his spirit. He was a noble fellow, and pluck to the last.

"Having secured his horns to a bush, lest he should be washed away by the torrent, I examined the Dogs. Smut was wounded in two places, but not severely, and Cato had just recovered his senses, but was so bruised as to move with great difficulty. In addition to this, he had a deep wound from the buck's horn, under the shoulder."

The Deerhound and the Irish Wolf-dog are said by some to be identical; but by others they are considered as distinct breeds. The representative type of the true Deerhound is thus described:—ivory-coated, shaggy, with

black ears, black eyes and black nose. The head of the greyhound shape, but larger in front. The mouth level, and nose very pointed. The eye full, the neck long, and the loins and back very large and strong. The chest must be deep; the elbow well set down; the forearm long, and the shoulders long, sloping well back. The loins should be arched, the quarters drooping, the tail long and set low; the ears pricked forward, and a decided moustache on the lips. The best colour is a yellowish or iron grey, with white breast. In length it should not be less than 28 inches and in girth about 32 inches.

In judging for prizes at Dog Shows the following are the points:—

Head, well set on,	25
Neck, long,	10
Shoulders firm,	15
Legs, strong,	15
Loin, round and firm,	15
Feet, with strong sole,	10
Coat, wiry,	5
Temper and intelligence	5
				—
				100

It is probable that Gelert, the famous hero of the ballad, was a Deerhound, and not a Greyhound as is generally supposed—the one being a much fiercer and braver animal than the other.

As to the

IRISH WOLF-DOG.

Holinshed, writing more than three hundred years ago, says:—"the Irish are not without wolves, and hounds to

hunt them." Campion, who flourished a few years later than Holinshed, also speaks of the wolf-dog as "a Greyhound of great bone and limb." Evelyn, the diarist, a contemporary of Campion, describing the savage sports of the bear-garden, says—"The Bulldogs did exceedingly well, but the Irish Wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall Greyhound, a stately creature, and did beat a cruel Mastiff." Here we have an actual comparison of powers, which marks the Dog to have been a Greyhound, and distinct from a Mastiff. In the second edition of Smith's "History of Waterford," the Irish Wolf-dog is described as much taller than a Mastiff, and as being "of the Greyhound form, unequalled in size and strength."

Sir James Ware (1594-1666) in his "Antiquities of Ireland," collected much information with regard to the Wolf-dog. "I must now take notice," says he, "of those hounds, which, from their hunting of wolves, are commonly called Wolf-dogs, being creatures of great strength and size, and of a fine shape. I cannot but think that these are the Dogs which Symmachus mentions in an epistle to his brother Flavianus. 'I thank you,' says he, 'for the present you made me of some *canes Scotici*, which were shown at the Circensian games, to the great astonishment of the people, who could not judge it possible to bring them to Rome otherwise than in iron cages.' I am sensible Mr. Burton (Itinerary of Antoninus, 220), treading the footsteps of Justus Lipsius (Epist. ad Belg. Cent. i., p. 44), does not scruple to say, that the Dogs intended by Symmachus were British Mastiffs. But, with submission to such great names, how could the British

Mastiff get the appellation of *Scoticus* in the age Symmachus lived? For he was consul of Rome in the latter end of the fourth century; at which time, and for some time before, and for many centuries after, Ireland was well known by the name of *Scotia*. Besides, the English Mastiff was no way comparable to the Irish Wolf-dog in size, tenacious ferocity, or elegant shape; nor would it make an astonishing figure in the spectacles then commonly exhibited in the circus. On the other hand, the Irish Wolf-dog has been thought a valuable present to the greatest monarch, and is sought after, and is sent abroad to all quarters of the world; and this has been one cause why that noble creature has grown so scarce among us, as another is the neglect of the species since the extinction of wolves in Ireland; and, even of what remain, the size seems to have dwindled from its ancient stateliness. When Sir Thomas Rowe was ambassador at the court of the Great Mogul, in the year 1615, that emperor desired him to send for some Irish Greyhounds, as the most welcome present he could make him, which being done, the Mogul showed the greatest respect to Sir Thomas, and presented him with his picture and several things of value. We see in the public records an earlier instance of the desire foreigners have had for hawks and Wolf-dogs of Irish growth. In a privy seal from King Henry VIII. to the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland, wherein his Majesty takes notice, that 'at the instant suit of the Duke of Alberkyrke of Spain (of the Privy Council to Henry VIII.), on the behalf of the Marquis of Desarraya, and his son, that it might please his Majesty to grant to the said Marquis

and his son, and the longer liver of them, yearly, out of Ireland, two goshawks and four Greyhounds; and forasmuch as the said duke hath done the king acceptable service in his wars, and that the king is informed that the said marquis beareth to him especial good-will, he therefore grants the said suit, and commands that the deputy for the time being shall take order for the delivery of the said hawks and Greyhounds, unto the order of the said marquis and his son, and the longer liver of them yearly: and that the treasurer shall take the charges of buying the said hawks and hounds."

It is true that British hounds and Beagles were in reputation among the Romans for their speed and quick scent. Thus, Nemesian, in his *Cunegelicks* :—

‘—Divisa Britannia mittit
Veloce, nostrique orbis venatibus aptos.’
‘Great Britain sends swift hounds,
Fittest to hunt upon our grounds.’

And Appian calls the British Hound, ‘a Dog that scents the track of the game.’ But this character does not hit the Irish Wolf-dog, which is not remarkable for any great sagacity in hunting by the nose. Nor is it to be confounded with the celebrated Belgic Dog of antiquity, which we read of in so many places, as having been brought to Rome for the combats of the amphitheatre.”

The Wolf-dog, of which there is perhaps no thoroughly pure specimen now to be found, is shaped like the Greyhound, but more powerful. Wolves have long been extirpated from the sister island, so that the value of this Dog for hunting has become greatly lessened. Goldsmith tells us that he knew one as tall as a yearling calf.

He is a good and faithful watcher over the property of his master, though for stag or fox hunting he is never used. Indeed, he is only kept now in the houses of the wealthy, and is looked upon as a great curiosity. I recollect a story of one of these Dogs which goes to prove that intelligence and affection are by no means confined to one or two varieties. A gentleman in Ireland, one Major O'Brien, had two fine Dogs, descended from the famous Wolf-dogs of Spain. They were called Watch and Ward, and were in the habit of going out every night to hunt rats and rabbits on the mountains. One night they went out as usual, and it was observed the next morning that Watch came home alone. The poor Dog pined and moped about the house and seemed very uneasy; and it was noticed that as soon as he was fed he hastened away with his meal instead of eating it, and that he hung about the dinner table and kitchen in a strange manner, snapping greedily at any pieces or scraps that fell. The major was absent from home at the time, and did not return for more than a week. When informed of the loss of the Dog Ward, he went at once to the kennel of the Dog Watch. But Watch was not there. The major thought it strange; and as the Dogs were very valuable ones, he feared some mischief had been done them. The next morning Watch returned, and, on seeing the major, ran and leaped up to him, and tried to pull him from the house. "What, Watch, my boy," said his master, "where's Ward?" The Dog appeared to understand him, sprang before him, and, by every sign except speech, seemed to wish the major to follow him. The

major put on his hat and prepared to go with the Dog, who expressed the highest delight by barking and leaping about. Away went Watch towards the mountain, the major following close at his heels. For miles the master trod in the steps of the Dog. At last they came to a low rock ; and there, with his head jammed in a hole, was poor Ward. It appeared that in trying to follow his game he had got his head so tight in a hole of the rock that he could not extricate himself. There he had remained for eight days, and there had his companion fed him daily with his own meal. The poor imprisoned animal had suffered very much in his efforts to get free, and had worn the hair from his neck and shoulders. Of course he was soon liberated, when it was found that he was very thin and poor from the effects of his confinement. The joy of the two Dogs can scarcely be conceived ; they leaped, barked, and ran to and fro, jumping up on the shoulders of their master and licking his face and hands. All round the hole were scattered fragments of the bones Ward's friend and companion had brought him ! Was there nothing in this friendship and assistance but mere instinct ?





CHAPTER VI.

The Staghound and the Foxhound.

Wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the good old times the Staghound was a much more valued Dog than he is in our day. Now that deer are no longer found wild in our forests, but—except in Scotland—must first be caught in the paddock, and then taken in carts to the place where they are thrown off, this kind of sport has much declined. Hunting the deer is probably one of the most ancient sports practised in England ; and from the time of Alfred the Great we find laws restricting the killing of game by the “common people.” Since the reign of George III. stag-hunting has much declined, and the principal amusement now appears to consist in the assembling of gay company at the place appointed for the turning out or throwing off of the stag.

A distinct group of Dogs is that containing the Hounds. In the times of our ancestors, two noble varieties of this sort of Dog were used in the chase—the Talbot and the Bloodhound. The Talbot, or old English hound, whose portrait is often seen in family portraits and in heraldic emblazonments, is the original breed from which has descended our present Staghound. Shakspeare has painted this kind of Dog to the life in his description of the hounds of Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan breed,
So flewed, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn.

There is a word or two in the above lines that may need explaining. The *flews* are those large hanging chaps which give to the different kinds of hounds their peculiar appearance about the face ; the *dewlap* is the loose hanging skin seen in the neck of the cow, and, in a slight degree, in hounds and other animals.

The Staghound is the modern representative of the Talbot ; and it was with such animals that our ancestors chased the wild deer in the forests and wastes that abounded in our island. It was probably two Dogs of the Talbot kind which made that famous chase from Wingfield Park, in Northumberland, to Annan, in Scotland, and back—a distance of more than a hundred miles. For some cause or other, the whole pack was at fault soon

after the stag started, and the chase was taken up and continued by only a couple of hounds. After being seen at Red Kirks, near Annan, in Scotland, the stag doubled and returned to Wingfield Park, closely pursued the whole way by the Dogs. Almost exhausted, the poor animal made a last expiring effort, leapt the wall of the park, and immediately expired. One of the hounds pursued him to the wall, but, being unable to get over, lay down and died; the other was found dead with fatigue at a short distance. The distance run has been variously computed, but, by the circuitous route taken, it could not be less than a hundred miles. The horns of the stag, the largest ever seen in that part of the country, were placed against a tree in the park, and the tree was afterwards known as the Hart's-horn Tree.

“ When the stag first hears the cry of the hounds,” says Mr. Youatt, “ he hastens forward with the swiftness of the wind, and continues to run as long as any sound of his pursuers can be distinguished. That having ceased, he pauses and looks carefully around him; but before he can determine what course to pursue, the cry of the pack again forces itself upon his attention. Once more he darts away, and, after a while, again pauses. His strength, perhaps, begins to fail, and he has recourse to stratagem in order to escape. He practises the doubling and the crossing of the fox or the hare. This being useless, he attempts to escape by plunging into some lake or river that happens to lie in his way, and when at last every attempt to escape proves abortive, he boldly faces his pursuers, and attacks the first Dog or man that approaches

him." Formidable, indeed, is the antagonist with which he has to contend. In 1822 a deer was turned out before the Earl of Derby's hounds, at Hayes Common. The chase was continued for nearly four hours without a check, when, being almost run down, the animal took refuge in some out-houses near Speldhurst, in Kent, more than forty miles across the country, and having actually run more than fifty miles. What endurance these hounds possessed is further obvious from the fact, that, in consequence of the severity of the chase, nearly twenty horses died in the field!

The Staghound is a fine animal, but from his being constantly employed in the chase, he has but few opportunities of exhibiting particular attachment to individuals. Stories of his sagacity and gentleness, however, are not uncommon. Here is one:—A gentleman in Edinburgh had domesticated a Staghound, and used to take it about the streets with him. One day he treated the animal to a pie. The next time the pieman appeared, the Dog seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass, till the pieman, showing him a penny, pointed to his master, to whom the Dog immediately ran, begging for the penny, which was given, taken in his mouth to the pieman, and exchanged for a pie. As often as the pieman made his appearance this practice was continued.

Here is another:—One severe winter, as two small boys were cutting wood in a forest in France, they were startled by the barking of a Dog. On going into the bushes, they were met by a great two-year old buck, having a tussle with a Dog. One of the boys caught up a stick and made

for the deer; but no sooner had he done this than the deer made for him, the animal's hair standing straight on his back, and his eyes like fire. As he ran at the boys the Dog caught him by the hind leg and threw him down, and both boys struck at him with their sticks, and pounded him pretty severely; but he soon gained his footing, and made a second dash at the young huntsmen. As he did so, striking at them with his horns, the boys struck him with their sticks on the head. The deer, not liking this kind of treatment, and having to fight three to one, concluded to take French leave, which he presently did, with the Dog and boys in pursuit. The deer made for a lake, some two hundred yards away, and ran on the ice, closely pursued by the Dog. The stag had not run far on the ice when he fell, and the Dog, having a chance to come up, caught the deer by the nose. In this way the Dog held on till the boys came up, when one of them took the deer by the horns and jumped on his back. Then the younger boy so effectually hit the deer on the head, that he soon gave in and died; the Dog all the time springing about and preventing the enraged animal from injuring his conquerors. The young sportsmen then dragged the stag by the hind legs towards the house, to the mortification of a couple of hunters who had been on his track all day, and just arrived in time to assist in carrying home the game.

THE FOXHOUND.

Wide through the furzy field their route they take ;
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake ;
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace ;
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war.—GAY.

The cross between the old English hound and the Greyhound has produced this, the most useful of sporting Dogs. The Foxhound is used for hunting the fox, the Harrier for the hare, the Otter-hound for the otter, the Beagle for the rabbit, and the Dachshund for the badger. All these Dogs hunt in packs, not singly nor in couples.

The Foxhound hunts by scent and sight, but principally the former. It gets speed from the Greyhound and spirit from the old English hound. Being kept in large packs, and used only for hunting, there is not much room for any great display of individual qualities in these Dogs. Very high prices are given for choice specimens of almost any breed of value, and from fifty to sixty pounds a-pair is frequently paid for Foxhounds. The trade in Dogs between this country and the continent is a very large and increasing one. Of late years, the French have bestowed much attention upon the breed of Dogs for sporting purposes ; though, in the sense in which the term is understood by Englishmen, they can hardly be considered sportsmen.

We have often seen (says Mr. Garratt) a pack of Foxhounds in full cry, and “have been struck with the plodding and apparently hasteless character of their progress.

Most other Dogs are greatly excited while on the track of game, and make great manifestation of it; but the Foxhound and the Staghound in particular seem so calm, and take it as such a matter of course, that they appear to resemble an imperturbable man, who, though overtaken with a disaster sufficient to put most men out of their senses, can yet remain unmoved. This quality in these hounds has never failed to strike us, nor have we ever ceased to admire it."

It is well known, of Dogs in a wild or savage state, that if they do not live in troops, they associate together for the purpose of securing their prey, and hunt it in packs; so that when man, their natural master, is absent, they become sociable with one another.

Some methods of giving chase among Dogs are of no mere ordinary interest to the naturalist. The hound announces his discovery of the scent by a strong cry, or by giving tongue as long as he keeps it, more or less loud and quick, as he is more or less near to the object of pursuit. In the case of a find of a fox, one Dog begins to open his mouth, sometimes at intervals, as if in doubt, but soon a second and a third cry is heard, and quickly the whole pack, though scattered all over a cover, will converge to the point of attraction, and all getting assembled on the track, they pour out a united cry in pursuit, that is by no means devoid of melody. We may discover the use of their voice in the fact of its enabling them to unite all their forces, by its giving notice to the distant and straggling hounds; for it is necessary to spread them out, in order to draw a cover perfectly. Did the few finding

Dogs, like the Greyhound, give chase in silence, the rest of the pack would never come up at all. Yet we must suppose that the Dogs do not know the purposes their cry answers. They do it merely because they cannot help it. The impulsive power is within them, and their cry is involuntary and irrepressible. It is not required in the Greyhound, for his game is chased by sight, and the instinct to give tongue is altogether absent.

The character of a true Foxhound I may condense from the "National Dog Club Book of Points:"— The head should be light, very sensible, and at the same time full of dignity; with a certain amount of chap, and the forehead a little wrinkled; the neck long and clean, with no approach to dewlap or cravat; the ears set low and lie close to the head; the shoulders should be long and well sloped back; the chest deep and wide; the elbows in a straight line with the body; the fore legs quite straight, large in bone and well clothed with muscle; the pasterns or ankles must be large, strong, and straight, without turning in or out; the feet round, and rather flat than arched; the division between each toe should be just apparent; the sole of the foot hard and indurated. The back of the Foxhound should be straight, wide, and muscular; the loins strong and square; the back ribs deep, and the hind quarters powerful. The tail should be carried gaily, but not hooped, nor feathered at the end.

In colour the Foxhound should, for choice, be black, white, and tan. When the colours blend, the animal is said to be pied. The best pie colours are hare, badger, red and yellow. The coat should be dense, smooth and

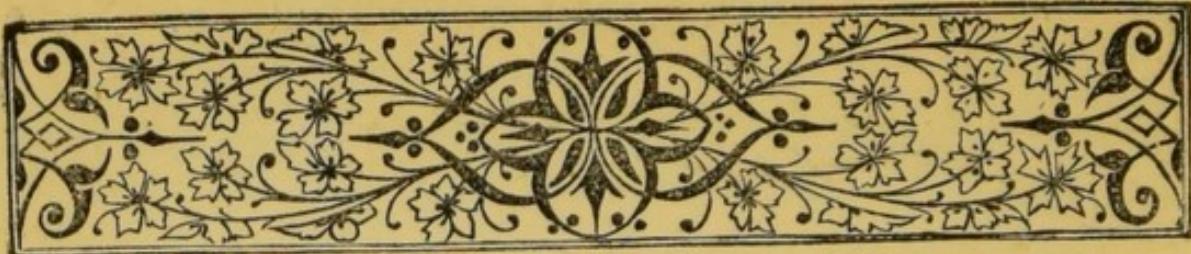
glossy, though many a good Foxhound is seen in a rough garment.

Altogether, the Foxhound should be symmetrical ; muscular, without fat, strong, active, and sagacious. It is only when we closely examine his limbs and feel his muscle that we can appreciate his strength and power of speed ; only when we contemplate his expressive head, his large nose, well-widened nostrils, and his intelligent eye, that we can understand his value ; only when we see him at his best that we can appreciate his cast-forward and true hunting, the ease with which he recovers a scent, and the speed and endurance which enable him to find the fox, hunt him down, and knock him over.

The judging points of the Foxhound are :—

Head	15
Neck	5
Shoulders	20
Back and loins	20
Fore legs	10
Hind quarters	10
Feet	10
Stern and coat	5
Colour and symmetry	5—100

At recent Dog shows, notably those at the Crystal Palace, some fine packs of Foxhounds have been exhibited. Only when together in the field, however, can the special characteristics of the best Foxhounds be discovered. The very finest kennel is seen to but small advantage in a Dog show.



CHAPTER VII.

The Harrier, Beagle, and Otter Hound.

There's no pleasure can compare
Wi' the hunting o' the hare,
In the morning, in the morning,
In fine and pleasant weather.

SOMERSETSHIRE HUNTING SONG.



OTH in colour and disposition the HARRIER is smaller than the Foxhound, which it resembles. It is used in the pursuit of the Hare, from which indeed it derives its name. You know the pretty lines that tell of the chase of the poor innocent animal :—

“Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By nature raised to take the horizon in,
And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep

In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze, she hears the coming storm,
 But nearer and more frequent, as it heeds
 The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once."

The true Harrier is a dwarf Foxhound, standing from 18 to 20 inches high. In 1842 the late Prince Consort formed a fine and nearly perfect pack of Harriers, and since then much attention has been given to the breed. The original Harer was used as long ago as the reign of Henry V., when it was used for chasing deer and hunting hares. In Wales at the present day many packs of Harriers are kept and prized.

The points of the Harrier are :—

Head	15
Neck	5
Legs	10
Feet	10
Shoulders	20
Back and loins	20
Hind quarters	10
Stern and coat	5
Colour and shape	5—100

THE BEAGLE.—This variety of Dog is used principally in the hunting of rabbits. It was formerly a great favourite with country gentlemen. Prince Albert had a fine pack, with which he used to hunt in Windsor Forest. The Beagle is of small stature, but compact in make, with long ears; its scent is exquisite, and when heard at

full cry, its tones are said to be musical. It has not, however, the strength or fleetness of the Harrier, and still less so of the Foxhound. The Beagle is regarded by some as the Brachet of the middle ages, and we are told that it was the only species of the long-eared Dogs known in the west during the Roman empire. On the continent there is a coarse-haired, buff-coloured hound of a mixed breed, figured by Buffon, apparently formed from the French Braque and the crisp wire-haired Dog. It is now uncommon, probably neglected because of its lack of beauty, though formerly much esteemed in otter-hunting, and in the chase, when the country was swampy and intersected by rivers. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, the fanciers bred a race so small that a complete cry of them could be carried out to the field in a pair of panniers. That princess is said to have had little *singing* Beagles, which could be placed in a man's glove !

The following is a description of the Prize Beagle :— Head intelligent, eye expressive and soft, the head much finer in all proportions than that of the Harrier, which it somewhat resembles ; sharp-nosed ; body very compact and muscular ; short legs ; height from 12 inches to 15 inches ; colour same as Harriers. This class is judged almost similar to the Harrier, but so few come under the eyes of the judges at Dog shows, that the breed has not been taken so much notice of as some others, and to define all the separate points required is very difficult. The above will, however, give an idea of what is really wanted for the show-yard in the Beagle class.

Points in judging:

Head ..	:	15
Neck	5
Legs	10
Feet	10
Shoulders	20
Back	10
Loin	10
Hind quarters	15
Stern	5—100

Hunting the hare was formerly one of the regular amusements of the good citizens of London; and for this purpose the Harrier and the Beagle were greatly employed. On certain days the Lord Mayor and Eldermen, with their friends and retainers, went out to "chase and hunt in Middlesex and Surrey." But towards Elizabeth's reign the citizens' hunting must have been held in great contempt, for in D'Urfey's collection of old London customs we find it thus ridiculed:

" Next once a year into Essex a-hunting they go ;
 To see 'em pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show ;
 Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street, and so to Aldgate-pump,
 Each man with spurs in's horse's sides, and sword to make him jump.

" My Lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er ;
 I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before ;
 A creature bounceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh ;
 My Lord, he cried, a hare, a hare, but it prov'd an Essex calf.

" And when they had done their sport, they came to London where
 they dwell, ,
 Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce knew them well ;
 For 'twas a very great mercy, so many 'scap'd alive,
 For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again but five."

THE OTTER HOUND.

William Twice, the grand huntsman to Edward the Second, gives a poetical description of the various kinds of game that were hunted in his day, with the several Dogs used in the sport. First there were the "beasts for hunting," namely, the Bear, the Hart, the Wolf, the Hare and the wild Boar; next, the "beasts of the chase"—the Buck, the Duck, the Fox, the Martin, and the Roe; and lastly, the "beasts of bad odour," but which afforded "greate dysporte;" these were the Badger, the Wild Cat, the Weazel, the Stoat, the Polecat, and the Otter. For the pursuit of the latter animal, a rough sort of Dog, between a Terrier and a Hound, was employed. Packs of them were kept for the express purpose for hunting the otter, which abounded in the streams and rivers.

The sport of otter-hunting is well described by Somerville, the rural poet:—

"See ! that bold hound has seized him, down they sink,
Together lost ; but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See ! there escaped he flies,
Half drown'd, and clammers up the slippery bank,
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature formed, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element ; yet there
He lives not long, but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents ;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierced
His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fixed is the bearded lance unwelcome guest,

Where'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts, sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans ; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate ; his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies, he dies !”

The modern Otter hound is a cross between the Blood hound and the Southern hound—at once fierce enough to face the savage creature he hunts, and courageous and patient enough to do the huntsman's bidding. To the courage of the Bulldog he must add the sagacity of the Pointer, the speed of the Foxhound, the constancy of the Poodle, the cunning of the Sheep-dog, and the strength and endurance of the Newfoundland. He must be able to stand wet and cold, to hunt by sight as well as scent, to be undisturbed by the whoops and cries of the lookers-on, and to implicitly obey the voice and even the look of the huntsman: in fact, as Somerville describes him, a

“Deep-flewed hound, strong, heavy, slow, and sure.”

A thorough sporting Dog, hard, wiry, grave, ready, and obedient.

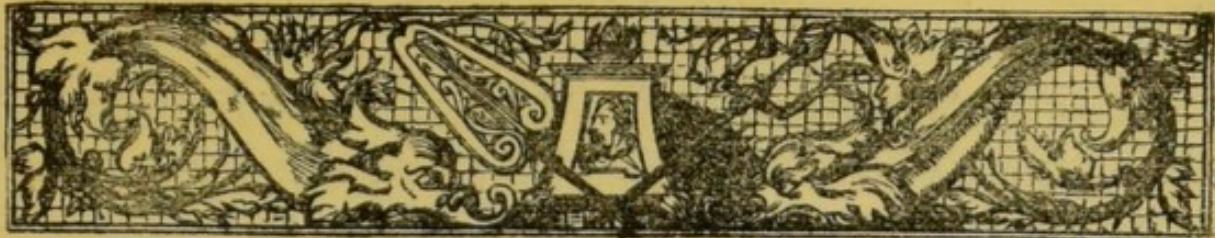
Except in Lincolnshire and counties where there is much water, otters have greatly diminished in number, and consequently the hunting of them has declined. The same class of Dogs are used indifferently in Devonshire for hunting the stag, fox, hare, and otter; in other counties hounds as nearly as may be of the proper breed are

employed in the sport of otter-hunting ; though any Dog that will take readily to the water and fight bravely against his fierce enemy is employed by the sportsman. On reaching the river, down rush the hounds, and after them the master, followed by the first of the field. The otter is found ; the Dogs race him through the stream, turn him through the wood, and again he takes to the water. Right gamely does he fight, but at last the Dogs get him fairly down, and soon the otter is raised high on the spear of the huntsman in the midst of the yelping pack, just as we see pictorially described in Landseer's admirable painting !

The best Otter hounds are found in Scotland, the Northern Counties, and Devonshire. They are large and strong ; of a mixed dun, tan, and grey colour ; keen of scent and deep of voice ; with intelligent eyes, long ears, large loose flews or dewlaps, grizzled muzzles, and dignified in carriage.

Their Points in judging are :—

Head and ears	25
Neck	5
Legs	5
Feet	10
Shoulders	15
Back and loins	20
Hind quarters	10
Stern and coat	5
Colour and shape	5—100

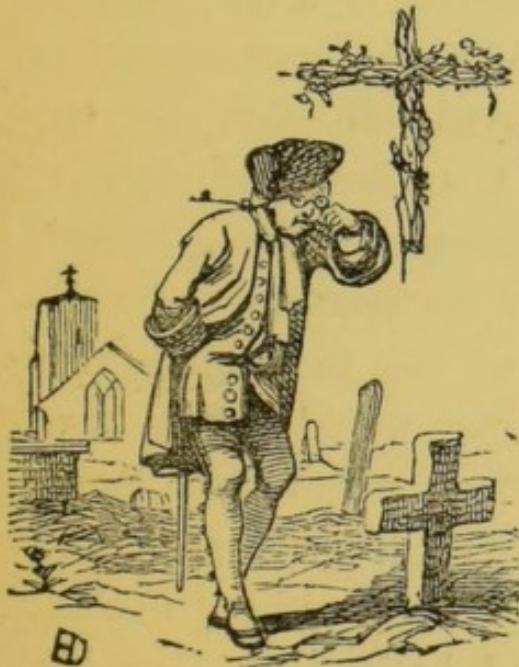


CHAPTER VIII.

The Dachshund, or German Badger-Hound.

Draw the badger, brave boys, brave boys,
Up in the morning early.

Songs of the Peasantry.



THE Dachshund (*dachs*, a badger, and *hund*, a hound), is a Dog which has only lately been introduced into English shows, as a distinct class. In a recent Crystal Palace show, ten Dogs of this breed were exhibited. The First Prize in Red Dachshunds was taken by Mr. E. Hind's *Bob*, a fine animal, almost entirely white in colour; the Second Prize by Dr. Seyton's *Dursteg*. In Dachshunds of "any other colour," the First Prize was taken by Colonel Holden's *Bergmann*; the Second Prize by the

Prince of Wales's *Saxe*. The Prince's *Deurstich*, and the Earl of Onslow's *Daechel*, were also highly commended.

Owing to the scarcity of badgers in this country, and the hunting of them having gone out of fashion, this breed of Dogs is scarce,—nay, almost unknown. Mr. Walsh, the surgeon, better known as "Stonehenge," makes no mention of the Dachshund in his "British Rural Sports," neither do Messrs. Johnstone nor Mayhew in their works on Dogs. I hardly expected to find Mr. Youatt saying anything about this German cross-breed; but I certainly thought that "Idstone," would have told us something about it. He, like the rest of the writers on Dogs, however, is silent on the subject. We are compelled, then, to go to the Germans themselves for information. All that we learn, however, is that the Dachshund is a variety produced by a series of crosses, in which the endeavour has been to preserve the spirit of the Bloodhound, and the scent and perseverance of the Foxhound and Harrier. Mr. George Francis Lovell, of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, however, affords us some valuable suggestions as to the breed. He says:—"The results of the judging in this class at the Crystal Palace, must, one would think, have somewhat surprised breeders and possessors of these Dogs, inasmuch as both the first and second Dogs in 1873, and a first at Birmingham, were passed over without notice; and in fact, with one exception, I believe no Dog has been mentioned this year that was commended at the last show. I think this bears out a theory I have for some time held with regard to these hounds, and which I should be extremely glad if more able and more

experienced breeders would discuss. It is that there are two breeds quite distinct ; the one the old *Dachshund*, a long and heavy Dog, well fitted to cope with a badger ; the other a shorter and lighter Dog, more useful for the fox. The former is the first of the two breeds of bassets, described by Jacques du Fouilloux, and figured in the edition of 1561 (reprinted at Angiers 1844). A Dog of this class should be about 40 inches long, and under 10 high, with a round head, nose thick as well as long, and well flewed ; the loin generally somewhat light, but the quarters almost disproportionately muscular and strong. The other, which I will call the Hanoverian hound, (because my own two specimens of this class came from Hanover, and all I have ever seen in Germany or England), is about 36 inches long, under 10 high, head much more like a terrier, without flews, well ribbed up, but lacking the muscular quarters of the former class."

John Fisher, Esq., of Woodhouse, Cross-hills, Yorkshire, has furnished the following, which appears in the second edition of Mr. Webb's book :—

"The Dachshund, or German Badger-hound, is a long, low, massive, and rather clumsy-looking Dog, with a noble head somewhat of the Bloodhound type, and is indubitably a sub-variety of the Talbot hound ; and perhaps we might look in vain throughout the whole canine family for a more striking instance of the power which man exercises over nature in the cultivation of the Dog for his special uses."

This breed of Dog has long been used by the noble owners of the immense forests of Germany, for hunting

the badger; and Col. Thornton, in his Sporting Tour in France, in 1802, also mentions them as being used for other purposes; but it is only of late years that they have gained a footing in this country, where they have not been much used for hunting the badger, but have been mostly kept as pets in the families of royalty and nobility. They are very cheerful and agreeable companions, being watchful and devoted in their attentions, and of great courage where defence is necessary, amiable in temper, but withal jealous of favours, and admit the presence of a rival with but ill-bred grace.

There is on the top of the Grand Duke of Baden's Jagdhaus, or hunting-lodge, near Baden-Baden, an historical life-size statue of a red deer couchant, with a Dachshund in the act of seizing him by the throat,—showing that the hound has tracked the stag to his lair, and seized upon him: and the Germans have a proverb: “Wo ein Dachshund fangt er halt,” *i.e.*, “where a Dachshund bites he holds.”

The chief characteristics of the breed may be thus described;—the head is long and somewhat narrow, and the ‘stop’ slight; the muzzle long, and broad to the end of the nose; the teeth strong—those in the lower jaw slightly receding, the fangs large and recurvant; flews of medium size; the ears, set low and far back, are thin and soft, and fall gracefully over the cheeks; the eyes, of medium size, and of the same colour as the coat, are very lustrous, tender, and intelligent in expression; the neck is thick and muscular; the chest broad, with the brisket point well up to the throat; the ribs very widely sprung

or rounded behind the shoulders ; the loin long, slightly arched and litesome—enabling the Dog to turn round, or serpent-like to wriggle himself out of the earth or burrow. The fore legs possess great bone, and are very muscular ; the elbows turned out and the knees turned in, so that when standing at ease the ankles touch. The shoulders are very loose, and the legs so supple that he can go to ground without going down on his knees ; the fore feet, which are very large and armed with strong claws, are splayed outwards, and are admirably adapted for working in the earth ; the thighs are short and remarkably muscular, and the hocks straight, giving a greater power of leverage for drawing the quarry to daylight when it is reached. The skin is remarkable for its thickness as well as for its elasticity, which is so great, that on whatever part an adversary may seize, he can give skin enough to enable him to return the compliment on the throat or fore leg ; for the Dachshund always fights low and near the ground, and will stand in as long as any sportsman would desire ; indeed he never seems to realize the idea of leaving off second best. The stern is of good length, strong at the base, is carried hound-like, and should not show any decided curl. The coat is short and moderately hard ; the prevalent colours being black with tan markings, brown with tawny markings, fallow red, and grey with blue or brown flecks—and they mostly have a little white on the breast, and sometimes on the toes, but the latter is not desirable. The black-and-tans are the most plentiful, and the fallow-reds the most fashionable colours. The late king of Hanover had a fine pack of these Dogs, from

which we have drawn supplies on several occasions ; and having possessed Dogs of each of the above mentioned colours, we give to the fallow-reds a decided preference,

they possess more substance, are more hardy, and have, we think, more courage, and certainly show more nobleness of character and quality in the head than we have ever met with in Dogs of the other colours. The weight of Dogs of this breed should be about 20lbs., and of bitches 18 or 19lbs., and ought not to be less for drawing the badger from his stronghold, or for successfully competing with him in the open.

As an instance of the pluck and tenacity of this breed, we may mention, that being out rabbiting last winter, an earth on a steep bank was challenged, but which was too small for any of the Dogs except a red bitch puppy, which managed to enter with considerable difficulty, when the hubbub inside told that the hole was occupied by something more formidable than rabbits. Presently she was seen backing out—the other Dogs anxiously waiting on the bank for a grab at whatever might be brought to daylight, and in the *melée* which followed, they all—Dogs and prey—rolled down the bank into a pool of water below. The puppy held her grip, and brought to land what turned out to be a full-grown hedgehog, which was soon dispatched, when she returned and ultimately produced four other young hedgehogs from the same burrow, with two of which she got cold baths as with the first. With the exception of having been in at the breaking up of a rabbit or two, this puppy had not been previously entered to any kind of vermin.

We give the following scale of points for the Dachshund :

Head, ears and neck	25
Chest and ribs	20
Back and loins	10
Legs and feet	25
Skin	10
Stern	5
Coat and colour	5—100

The Rev. Mr. Wood has much to say in "Routledge's Natural History" about the "cruel sport of baiting the badger." He tells us that "young Dogs are trained to draw the poor creature from its lair, or from a kennel," but—as is not unusual with the Rev. Mr. Wood—he falls off in the practical part of his description, namely, the kind of Dogs that are so trained; contenting himself with the observation that "the pleasure of this sport, as in many other diversions in the sporting world, appears to consist in trying whether the Dogs or the badger will be most mangled in a given time;"—an observation equally trite and fallacious.

Since the above was written the Dachshund has been seen in several English Dog shows; and in one of the illustrated papers—I think the *Sporting and Dramatic News*—appeared an excellent portrait of this famous German Dog. The Prince of Wales is said to possess a pair of Dachshunds of very fine quality, the gift of his brother-in-law, Frederick William, Prince Imperial of Germany.





CHAPTER IX.

The Bloodhound.

Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then, with deep-opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reasoning; o'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills;
O'er beaten paths, with men and beast distain'd;
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey.
So exquisitely delicate his sense.—SOMERVILLE.



HIS description of the Bloodhound is extracted from a poem once very popular, called, "The Chase," in which all the uses of the several kinds of

sporting Dogs, the way they should be fed, housed, and so on, are cleverly described. The true Bloodhound is now considered a rare animal in England; but it is still used on the continent to follow the wounded beasts of the chase, and sometimes the footsteps of criminals. So exquisite is its sense of smell, that once put on the right scent, it never leaves it till it has discovered its prey.

Numerous and interesting are the stories related of the Bloodhound—his rare sagacity, his unfailing power of tracking wounded animals, his faithfulness, gentleness, and affection for his friends. Over the chimney-piece of the grand hall in the Castle of Montargis, near the little town of Montargis, on the river Loire, in France, there is a bas-relief descriptive of the discovery of a murder by a Bloodhound. The story has been often told. It has been made the subject of a poem, a picture, a piece of sculpture, and a play. But it is worth re-telling.

Many years ago a gentleman of fortune, called Aubri de Mondidier, while travelling alone through the Forest of Bondi, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His Dog, an English Bloodhound, continued several days at his master's grave; but at length, compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of his master's in Paris. Here he attracted attention by his melancholy howling. Repeating his cries, the Dog went to the door, and looked back to see if any one followed him. His being alone, and his strange manners, induced his master's friend, accompanied by some other persons, to follow him. Conducting them to a tree scratching the

earth with his feet, and violently howling, the Dog induced them to dig in that particular spot, and there they discovered the corpse of the murdered man.

But this was not all. Some time after the Dog seized by the throat a man he met in the street, and was with difficulty compelled to quit his hold ; and whenever he saw that person—the Chevalier Macaire—he attacked him with great fury. These circumstances awakened suspicion, which gradually increased, till at length the King, Louis VIII., heard of them, and sent for the Dog. The sagacious brute was perfectly gentle till he perceived Macaire in the midst of a group of nobles, when he rushed upon him with all the violence he had previously displayed. It was now resolved to submit the decision of the question of Macaire's innocence or guilt, according to the practice of the time, to the issue of a conflict between the Chevalier and the Dog. It was appointed to take place in the Isle of Notre Dame, then unenclosed and uninhabited. Macaire was provided with a great cudgel, and an empty cask was placed as a retreat for the Dog. The crisis came. The instant the Dog was at liberty he ran round and round his antagonist avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side till his strength was exhausted. Then, with one bound, the Dog seized Macaire by the throat, and threw him to the ground. In the presence of the King and his Court, Macaire confessed to the murder. The confession made, proofs of his guilt were soon forthcoming, and the wretched man was beheaded for his crime.

Such is the story of the Dog of Montargis—a story

which has attracted considerable attention, and which Dickens in one of his early numbers of "Master Humphrey's Clock," employed as an illustration of the extraordinary sagacity and instinct of the Bloodhound.

The grand and noble presence of this Dog has afforded a favourite study for the artist. Sir Edwin Landseer has introduced the Bloodhound into several of his pictures, showing the magnificent creature in various familiar attitudes.

On account of its extraordinary powers of scent, the Bloodhound has frequently been employed in the capture of thieves, poachers, and criminals. To train a Bloodhound—says Mr. Holford, a good authority on this breed of Dogs—you can hardly begin too soon. Its scent is early developed, and the younger you begin with your pupil, the easier it is to hunt at a moderate pace, and without undue straining on the line by which he is held. In the first place you must send on a man whose boots have been rubbed with fresh meat, blood, cheese, or anything eatable. As soon as the man is out of sight, take your Dog on to his line. Hold the pup in by a light cord about five yards in length, and then give a *view holloa* or any other signal for starting. The Dog will generally take up the scent, and follow straight after the man. All you have to do is to keep him from rushing too fast and exhausting himself, by gently jerking the cord now and then when he unduly increases his pace. He will surely find the man, however much he may have doubled and dodged on his way. When your Dog comes up to

the man, reward him with a piece of meat, which will remind him next time that he is paid for his labour.

After a few lessons there will be no need to grease the man's boots. The Dog will have learned to track any man, immediately he is laid on his scent, and directly the signal is given him to start. This is the whole process, which is very simple and easy of accomplishment.

Unlike the ferocious mongrels often employed as night watchers by keepers and others, the Bloodhound, when he comes up to his man, will hold him without doing him the slightest injury. This—says the same authority—is the very beau ideal of what a night Dog should be, though exactly opposite to the scentless brute commonly used for that purpose.

The genuine Bloodhound is a strong, gentle, and sociable Dog. He is often crossed, in order to obtain some qualities other than strength, speed, and scent, but perhaps with less success than has been anticipated. The finest Bloodhounds exhibited in Dog Shows are of the pure breed. Among these are Mr. Cohen's *Druid*, Mr. Holford's *Regent*, Mr. Ray's *Roswell*, and *Peerless*, Mr. Bird's *Brutus*, and Major Cowen's *Dauntless*. The four last named took First and Second Prizes at a recent Crystal Palace Show.

It is not necessary to trace the history of the Bloodhound. It has been known and bred in England from time immemorial; under various names it is true—as the Sleuth or Slouth, the Leashhound or Limier, the Slugg-

hound, &c.; but always possessing the same general characteristics. The Rev. Mr. Wood thinks that the old English Talbot was identical with the Bloodhound; but as he is not an eminently trustworthy authority on any subject, I prefer to believe, with Youatt and others, that the Talbot was a distinct breed.

In colour the Bloodhound should be of a reddish tan, darkening towards the back and head. A white patch on the body, a white face, or a streak down it, shows that the Dog is not of pure breed; but to have the brown of the body flecked with white is by no means a fault. The coat should be close, silky, short, and strong, the forehead long and narrow, the eyes deep and sunken, but expressive, and plainly showing the *haw* or third eyelid, which gives a peculiar look of redness to the eyes. The ears should be long, thin, and pendant, hanging straight down the sides of the face; if they rise when the Dog is excited it shows that there is cross blood in him. The face and upper jaw to the nose should be narrow, the nose itself large and black, or nearly black, the lips or flews should be long, thin, and pendulous. In a perfect Bloodhound the ears and the flews are long enough to touch each other when brought under the chin. The neck should be long and strong, the shoulders and fore legs straight and powerful, the feet compact and close at the toes, which should be well split. The skin of the throat should be loose and wrinkled, or what the huntsmen call throaty. The back and loins should be broad, the chest deep and full, the stern tapering, and the tail well set on and carried in a graceful upward curve.

Taking 100 as the total, the following are the judging points of the Bloodhound :—

Head, ears, nose, flews, mouth, and teeth	..	15
Neck and Skin	5
Legs—Fore Legs 5, Hind Legs 5	..	10
Feet, Toes, and Toe-nails (which should be black)	..	10
Shoulders, and Fore-ribs	15
Back, Back-girth, and Hind-ribs	10
Loin and Barrel (roundness of girth)	10
Hind quarters	10
Stern and Tail	5
Colour and Symmetry	10—100

In temper the Bloodhound is touchy, and when roused even savage. With all, however, he is very forgiving; and after he has attacked, or even bitten his enemy, he seems anxious to repair his fault by fawns and caresses. With those of the household, however, and especially his master and children, he is gentle and playful, and, in fact, one of the safest of Dogs. He may be taught to fetch and carry, and has often been made a successful retriever.

In height the perfect Bloodhound is 18 inches to 30 inches or even 33 inches at the shoulder. His voice—or mouth as it is called—is full, deep, mellow, and prolonged. To the fact that he is generally kept chained may be attributed some of his fierceness, and not a little of the ill reputation he has acquired in towns and cities. In the country, where he has his freedom to a much greater extent, he is quiet and tractable.

In Cuba, Africa, and the Southern States of America, (before the civil war) the Bloodhound was often employed

in tracking the escaped negroes; and it is feared that oftentimes the Dog so used was but a half-bred savage brute, whose instinct led it to greater mischief than even its cruel masters intended.

A story, which is quite true, that happened a few years ago in Suffolk, I may here insert, as a further illustration of the sagacity of the Bloodhound. I call it

The Murder Discovered.

“That’s a fine Dog of yours.”

“Yes, sir,” said the keeper.

“Do you always keep it muzzled?” I inquired.

“Why yes, sir; you see, it’s dangerous to let a Bloodhound go loose, at times; though we have found him useful more than once. There was when poor Nat Rayner was killed.”

“Who was Nat Rayner?”

“He was our keeper here, sir; and as good a keeper as ever fired a gun.”

“And he was killed! How?”

The keeper seemed unwilling to enter upon the story, which only made my curiosity the greater: so, walking on by his side as he went his rounds, we talked on different matters, till I asked him—were there many poachers in that part?

“Poachers, sir; ay, a many of ‘em, to be sure. There was Bill Cob—him as we hung for shooting Nat Rayner; he poached once too often.”

"Ah! how was that?" said I, beginning to get an insight into the mystery.

"Well, sir, it happened a goodish while ago; and I have almost forgotten the particulars. But you see, Nat Rayner who was keeper here, had been a poacher himself, and when the young squire took possession, he was made a sort of underkeeper; and he and I were employed about the preserves here. Well, sir, in the course of time the old man, Ned Adams, died; and Nat, who was a good shot, and made a fairish sort of hand in looking after the game—for he knew all their haunts long before he was employed on the estate—was put in his place; and I took Nat's. Just then work was very slack in the village; and there was a good deal of poaching, you see. Now, although I'm a keeper myself, and has to keep a sharp look-out after the lads, I don't altogether like the trade."

"Well, but Nat Rayner?"

"Ay, ay, I'm coming to that, sir. One night in the middle of the autumn—I was away at the time—as Nat was going his rounds, he came on a party of chaps, who had taken advantage of Nat's being alone to snare a hare or two. Now Nat having been a poacher himself, very civilly warned them off his master's land, telling them if they didn't go he would mark them—for he knew 'em, every one. And so they sulkily crossed the hedge and left Nat to pursue his way home. But it didn't end there; for when I came back in the morning I was surprised to find that Nat hadn't been home all night; and what was stranger still, nobody appeared to know anything about it. Lor' bless you, sir, if you had seen his poor wife you'd ha'

never forgotten it. She came to my cottage as pale and white as a ghost, and looking as wild as a witch. ‘Why, Mary,’ says I, ‘what’s the matter?’ I needn’t have asked, however; for I soon found that Nat hadn’t been heard of. Poor soul, she had been out all the morning, and couldn’t find him. Well, sir, you may be sure I began to get frightened. So I soon saddled my horse, you see; and taking Mary behind me, made my way to the hall as fast as I could. As soon as I told the squire, he ordered his horse, and, telling me to call the servants, prepared to scour the woods in search of the lost man. It wasn’t long, you may be sure, before the whole neighbourhood was aroused, and every one turned out—for Nat was a great favourite.”

“But didn’t it strike you that he had been murdered?”

“Of course it did; but nobody liked to say so before his wife, who stood silent and tearless, listening to every word that was said, and almost dead with agony and fright. Well, we searched and searched all round the country, but without success. Everybody that we met, carters, and labourers, and mole-catchers, we inquired of, had they seen Nat? but nobody knew. And so we continued to search till noon—for it was about six o’clock in the morning when we started—and when we got back we looked at each other like ghosts; everybody believing he was killed and nobody daring to say so. At last Mary, poor thing, suggested setting the Bloodhound on the track; he would be sure to find him. ‘By Heaven!’ said the squire, ‘I never thought of that. Bring out the Dog.’ So the hound was soon loosed,—this same Dog, sir,—and, giving

him one of Nat's shoes to smell, at which he wagged his tail and looked pleased, off we set. Well, the Dog went snuffing round and round ; but there had been too many people tramping about the house all the morning to allow him to get the scent. Seeing this, the squire ordered us all to stand still ; and taking the Dog a little way from the house, led him to the track we had traversed before."

"And did the hound get the scent ?"

"Ay, in a minute, sir. You may guess our surprise when we saw him taking the way to the wood we had just left, and go steadily on towards the Five-fields. Poor Mary, she looked distracted, and wrung her arms in despair ; but the squire bidding her be calm and follow him, we went after the Dog as fast as we could. Away went the squire, and we all followed him,—men and women, about a couple of hundred—with Mary on my horse behind. The Blood-hound never paused, but went straight to the Five-fields, baying and snuffing the ground in fierce and terrible eagerness. As he came into the middle of the wood, he stopped and smelt about him. We all looked at each other, afraid to speak, yet every one feeling that the murdered man was there. And, sure enough, in a minute the Dog gave a fearful howl that went to my heart, and we hastened to the spot. We hadn't to stop long ; for there, in the middle of a heap, lay poor Nat, with the Dog howling and tearing the slight covering which concealed him. There he lay with his gun beside him ; while close by was stretched his Dog, quite dead. They had shot the keeper in the scuffle, and murdered his Dog. In too much haste

to bury them, they had just covered them with dry leaves and fled."

"And the wife?"

"Ah, poor creature; it was a happy thing for her that she was never fully sensible of her loss. They both lay in one grave in the churchyard yonder."

"And the murderers, did you discover them?"

"Why, yes, sir, it wasn't long before they found 'em Bill Cob was hung, and three others transported; and though a keeper myself, I couldn't but pity 'em."

The Bloodhound is a most extraordinary animal, and possesses some marvellous features in his instinct. According to Mr. Bell, a gentleman, "to make trial whether a young hound was well instructed, desired one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market town three miles from thence. The Dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, followed him by the scent to the above mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of market people that went along the same road, and of travellers that had occasion to come; and when the Bloodhound came to the cross market town, he passed through the streets, without taking notice of any of the people there, and ceased not till he had gone to the house where the man he sought rested himself, and where he found him in an upper room; to the wonder of those who had accompanied him in this pursuit."

The English Bloodhound (says Mr. Garratt) has a wide forehead, with an obtuse nose and expansive nostrils.

His voice is very deep and sonorous, while a degree of serene ferocity is spread over his countenance; and though his character is supposed to be full of decided enmity to man, it is yet considered doubtful whether this Dog whose

“ Nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew.”

would, in a tame state at least, devour him, were he not trained to it, as has been done in the United States, by feeding him upon blood, and setting him to chase a figure representing a negro. He is distinguished by that remarkable property which will never change, from that particular scent upon which he is first laid, whether it be by the foot or by the shed-blood of an animal; and it is said that nothing will destroy the scent, from his power to detect it, except blood spilt upon the track.

Almost every reader of natural history is familiar with the capture in Cuba of some Spanish sailors, who, when passing the island, ran the ship ashore, and after murdering the English officers, carried away all the valuable plunder to the wild and unfrequented retreats among the mountains, where they believed all pursuit would be vain. A body of twelve Chasseurs with their Dogs was obtained from Havanna, and these infallible pursuers, being put upon the scent, were very quickly upon the heels of the fugitive murderers, who were immediately captured without being hurt by the Dogs, and a few days sufficed to bring every man of them to judgment, which was speedily followed by the execution

of the whole gang. Mr. Dallas thus describes the Cuban Dogs used in hunting down maroons and fugitive slaves :—

“ The Dogs employed by the Chasseurs del Re are perfectly broken ; that is to say, they will not kill the object they pursue, unless resisted. On coming up to the fugitive, they bark at him until he stops ; they then crouch near him, terrifying him with a ferocious growling if he stirs. In this position they continue barking, to give notice to the Chasseurs, who come up and secure their prisoner ; each Chasseur, though he can hunt only with two Dogs, is properly obliged to have three, which he maintains at his own cost, and that at no small expense. These people live with their Dogs, from which they are inseparable. At home the Dogs are kept chained, and, when walking with their masters, are never unmuzzled, or let out of ropes, but for attack. They are constantly accompanied with one or two small Dogs, called finders, whose scent is very keen, and always sure of hitting off a track. Male and female Dogs hunt equally well, and the Chasseurs rear no more than will supply the number required. This breed of Dogs, indeed, is not so prolific as the common kind, though infinitely stronger and hardier. The animal is the size of a very large hound, with ears erect, which are usually cropped at the points ; the nose more pointed, but widening very much towards the upper part of the jaw. His coat, or skin, is much harder than that of most Dogs, and so must be the whole structure of the body, as the severe beatings he undergoes in training would kill any other species of Dog. There are some, but not many, of a more obtuse nose, and

which are rather squarer set. These, it may be presumed, have been crossed with the Mastiff; but if by this the bulk has been a little increased, it has added nothing to the strength, height, beauty, or agility of the native breed."

About the beginning of the present century there was, it appears, at Thrapston in Northamptonshire, an association formed for the prosecution of felons, and a Blood-hound was kept and trained for the detection of sheep-stealers.

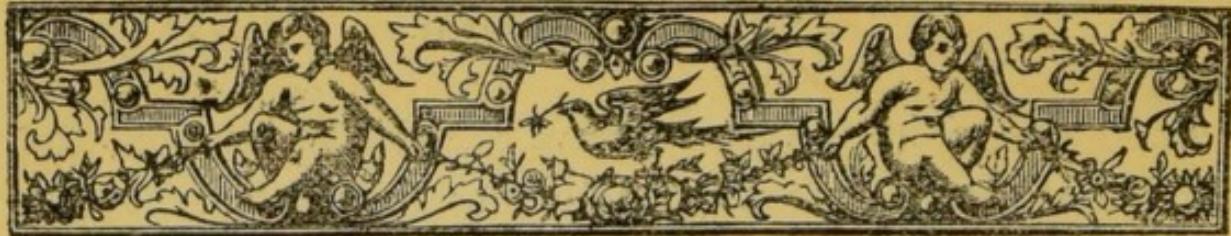
To demonstrate the unerring infallibility of this animal, a day was appointed for public trial; the person he was intended to hunt started in the presence of a great concourse of people, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and at eleven the hound was laid on. After a chase of an hour and a-half, notwithstanding a very indifferent scent, the hound ran up to the tree in which the man was secreted, at the distance of fifteen miles from the place of starting, to the admiration and perfect satisfaction of the very great number assembled on the occasion.

It has been observed that when the object of the Blood-hound's pursuit crosses a river, and the scent is not readily found on the other side, the Dog will make a considerable circuit in order to intersect the track that must have been taken. That this animal should be able to trace with unerring certainty any person through numerous streets and busy thoroughfares, where the track has been crossed and recrossed by hundreds of other individuals, is a feat that strikes every contemplative mind with astonishment. Who can comprehend the refined

sensibility of his olfactory nerve? It is so sensitive that the least atom of scent will affect it; for neither the principle of gaseous diffusion, however constant and insidious, nor the agitation of the aërial elements by the winds, however violent, is able to move from the track all the taint the man or animal to be hunted leaves upon it; for it seems that even after these two potent forces, and others as well as these, have done their utmost, this determined Dog will yet find sufficient left to discover the path of the fugitive. We may and ought to admire it, but we cannot understand it.

A remarkable case occurred some short time ago: a Yorkshire Bloodhound was employed in search of the remains of a murdered child. So successful were his efforts, that the criminal, a barber of the name of Fish, astounded and cast down, at once confessed his guilt. The Dog was much feted and caressed, and the murderer soon afterwards expiated his crime on the scaffold.

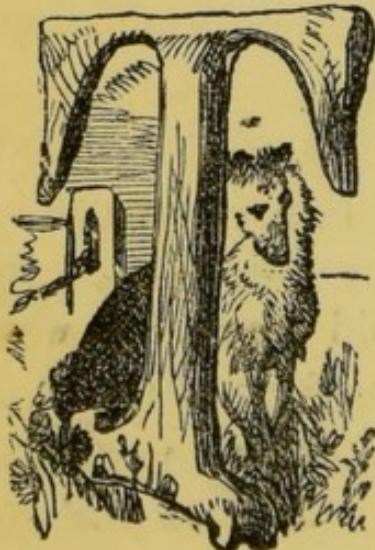
We observe here that the intelligence of the Bloodhound is confined within very narrow limits, for he can be instructed only in the business of his very mysterious instinct. What strength of power could teach, or what force of habit could make this hound perform, the part of a Shepherd's Dog among sheep? His nature would be an insurmountable obstacle in the way of accomplishing such a task. Which, then, is the ruling or the preponderating power, instinct or intelligence?



CHAPTER X.

The Spaniel.

But if the shady woods my cares employ,
In quest of feathered game my Spaniels beat,
Puzzling the entangled copse, and from the brake,
Push forth the whirring pheasant.



HE Spaniels, as a class, may be said to be the most sagacious, tractable, and affectionate of Dogs. They are all handsome creatures ; all more or less distinguished by long silky hair, pendent ears, bushy tails, and partly webbed feet—for they are nearly all swimmers—and intelligent countenances. Of the attachment of the

Spaniel to his master there are abundant proofs. Of all Dogs it is the most timid, fond, and affectionate ; the most grateful for kindness, and the most frightened under ill-treatment. The instances of attachment of this in-

teresting and beautiful creature are not only numerous, but affecting. It is not merely as a favoured companion of his days of health and cheerfulness, and amidst the excitement of the sports of the field, that its attachment to man is shown ; it is rather in the hours of sickness and imprisonment, in the chamber of death, or on the scaffold, and finally, lying and starving on the grave of its beloved master, that the strength and sincerity of its devotion are exhibited. This is no overdrawn picture ; the scenes of humble domestic life, the platform of execution, and the scenes of midnight murder or assassination could all be quoted in its proof. Among the Spaniel tribe we may reckon the St. Bernard, the Newfoundland, the King Charles, the Blenheim, and perhaps the half-bred animal commonly known as the Shepherd's Dog. Each of these deserves separate notice, so we will begin with the

ALPINE SPANIEL, OR DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.—The appearance of this beautiful creature is well known. Everybody is familiar with his picture, carrying a child on his back through the snow, or assisting the monks to recover a half-frozen traveller in some bleak pass of the mountains. He has been made the subject of poems, pictures, tales, and plays innumerable, and we are never tired of hearing of his noble deeds. While the business of other Dogs is to destroy life, it is his to save it. The Bloodhound tracks the criminal, the other hounds are all concerned in compassing the death of the creatures they are taught to hunt—the stag, the fox, the otter, the hare, the rabbit, and the badger; even the Pointers, Setters,

and Retrievers, are consenting parties to the capture and destruction of game birds, while the Bulldogs and Terriers, and the rest of their tribe, wage deadly war upon inferior creatures. But the mission of the Dog of St. Bernard's is wholly and solely to save life, and very ably does he perform that noble office.

These Dogs, which belong almost exclusively to the mountainous districts between Switzerland and Savoy, were originally introduced by St. Bernard de Menthon, who in the year 962 is said to have founded the well-known monastery, as a half-way house for travellers across the Alps. In the Hospice chapel there is a painting, representing the pious monk with his Dog by his side.

From the first institution of the Hospice, the monks have never been without their Dogs. Fine specimens of the pure breed are occasionally seen in England ; but it is said to be rapidly deteriorating. Mrs. Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," graphically describes the Dogs she saw at St. Bernard :—

"Seven great Dogs were sunning themselves on the porch. They are of a tawny-yellow colour, short-haired, broad-chested, and strong-limbed. As to size, I have seen much larger Newfoundland Dogs in Boston. I made one of them open his mouth, and can assure you it was as black as night, a fact which would seem to imply Newfoundland blood. In fact, the breed, originally from Spain, is supposed to be a cross between the Pyrenean and the Newfoundland. The biggest of them was called Pluto.

"For my part, I was a little uneasy among them, as they

went walloping and frisking around me, flouncing and rolling over each other on the stone floor, and making every now and then the most hideous noises that it ever came into a Dog's head to conceive.

"As I saw them biting each other in their clumsy frolics, I began to be afraid lest they should take it into their heads to treat me like one of the family, and so stood ready to run.

"The man who showed them wished to know if I should like to see some puppies, to which, in the ardour of natural history, I assented ; so he opened the door of a little stone closet, and sure enough their lay madam in state, with four little blind, snubbed-nosed pledges. As the man picked up one of these, and held it up before me in all the helplessness of infancy, looking for all the world like a roly-poly pudding with a short tail to it, I could not help querying in my mind, Are you going to be a St. Bernard Dog ?

"One of the large Dogs, seeing the door open, thought now was a good time to examine the premises, and so walked briskly into the kennel, but was received by the amiable mother with such a sniff of the nose as sent him howling back into the passage, apparently a much wiser and better Dog than he had been before. Their principal use is to find paths in the deep snow when the fathers go out to look for travellers, as they always do in stormy weather. They are not long-lived ; neither man nor animal can stand the severe temperature and the thin air for a long time. Many of the Dogs die from diseases of the lungs and rheumatism, besides those killed by

accidents, such as the falling of avalanches, &c. A little while ago so many died that they were fearful of losing the breed altogether, and were obliged to recruit by sending down into the valleys for some they had given away. One of the monks told us that when they went out after the Dogs in the winter storms, all they could see of them was their tails moving along through the snow. The monks themselves can stand the climate but a short time, and then they are obliged to go down and live in the valleys below, while others take their places."

These animals are wonderfully sagacious. Every night, particularly if the wind blows, some of them are sent out. They traverse all the paths about the mountains, and their scent is so keen that they can discover the traveller, even if he is buried several feet beneath the snow. As soon as the Dogs find any one in the snow, they begin to utter a deep howl, which the monks hear, and immediately come to their assistance. The Dogs commence digging and scraping away the snow, and in this way, if not buried too deeply, they frequently succeed in uncovering the body. Generally a flask of some kind of cordial is fastened round their necks, and if the wanderer has strength sufficient, he partakes of it until more effectual assistance arrives. Numbers of travellers have thus been saved from death by these good men and their interesting and intelligent dogs.

The famous fellow known as Good Dog Barry has had his praises sung and told a thousand times. In the museum at Berne the stuffed skin of Barry may be seen. There he stands, with bottle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start on the mission of his useful life. His

home was the Convent of St. Bernard, away on the Alpine summit. There in pleasant weather he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows, as jolly as any Dog. But when the storms came on, and the rough weather set in, Barry nerved himself for the serious business of life. With a little casket of meat and drink tied upon his neck, and a warm blanket strapped on his back, he set out in search of lost travellers in those fearful passes. Never a fall of snow so heavy or a fog so thick, but Barry could find his way, and his keen scent could discover a traveller at a great distance. If they were not too benumbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he brought, and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and went bounding joyfully onward to show the way. If they were fast sinking into unconsciousness, he would warm them with his breath and tongue, pull at their clothes, and if all his efforts to arouse them failed, he would dash off for other help. Forty poor wanderers owed their lives to noble Barry. Surely he had earned a warm, comfortable home in the valley when his age of service was over, and this honourable niche in the museum when his short life was ended!

The chief points for which a thorough-bred St. Bernard is prized are—head, which should be large, majestic, and full of character; eyes deeply set, with a crease between them, which gives to the countenance something of a mastiff character; lips pendulous; coat hard, smooth and fleecy; tail bushy, and carried gaily; gait stately; feet round and arched; toes broad; temper amiable; and shape symmetrical throughout.

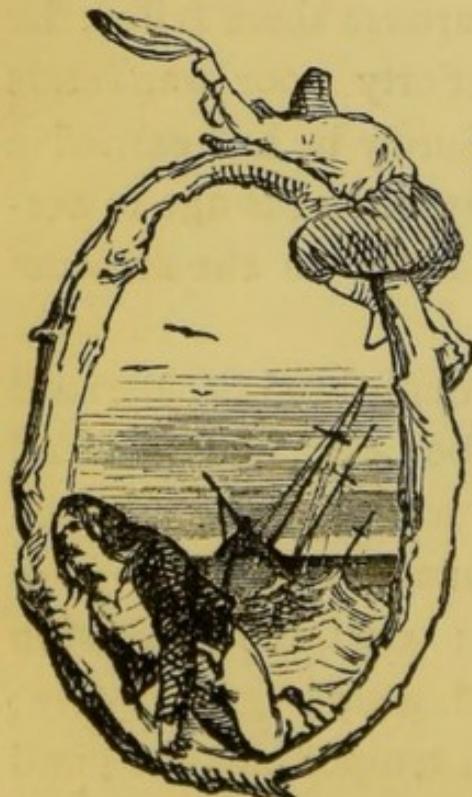


CHAPTER XI.

The Newfoundland.

Ho ! Carlo ! Newfoundland ! go, follow his cry,
As it gaspingly answers the sea-moaner's sigh ;
The boat shall be lowered, the men shall belay—
Life-saver ! Wave-stemmer ! Deep-diver ! away !

MACKAY.



For all the Spaniels, this is the noblest and the best. He came originally from the island on the east side of America, from which he takes his name. In St. John's, the capital, he is employed during winter in drawing wood, harnessed to a clumsy kind of cart. During the summer seasons, when the owners have little use for them, the Dogs are left to shift for themselves.

Lately, however, much more care has been taken to pre-

serve the breed as pure as possible. When we consider what a fine, noble, faithful, and sagacious creature the Newfoundland Dog is, how ready it is at all times to plunge into the sea to save human life, even without the bidding of its master, and how bravely it defends his property against the depredations of robbers and strangers, our wonder is that it can ever have been neglected. The character of a true Newfoundland is thus given by Dr. Stables, R.N., who possesses one of the finest Dogs of this kind :—

“The head of a Newfoundland is remarkably grand and full of character, and its expression very benevolent. Across the eyes the skull is very broad, and he has a large brain. The forehead is frequently wrinkled ; the eyes are small, but bright and intelligent ; they are generally deeply set, but should not have a blood-shot appearance. The ears must be small, smooth, set low, and hanging close ; they are very seldom set up, even when the animal is excited. Nose and nostrils large ; muzzle long and quite smooth ; mouth capacious ; teeth level.

“The neck is naturally short. It is well clothed with muscle, as are the arms, legs, and fore-hand ; but there is a slackness about the loin, which accounts for his slouching and somewhat slovenly carriage.

“He is frequently short in his back ribs, and some of the largest Dogs have a tendency to weakness in the back.

“The feet are long and strong, but the sole is not so thick as that of a well-bred Pointer, nor are the toes so much arched as in the average of hunting Dogs. This peculiar structure of the foot is adapted for his sledge work on snow, and accounts for his power in the water,

and has given rise to the vulgar error that he is 'semi-palmated.' Owing to this structure, the Dog has a wholesome dread of the down-thistle or of short furze.

"The shaggy coated Newfoundland has a smooth face, but within 2in. of the skull the coat suddenly elongates, and, except that he is very clean to the angle of his neck, he is thoroughly feathered in his outline. His coat generally parts down the back, and this parting is continued to the end of the tail, which is bushy and carried very gaily. His hind legs are closely-coated from the hock, and his feet all round are nearly as free of feather as a cat's.

"The colour is generally black; and a brown, or brindled tinge is a valued characteristic of the true breed. The black and white is not considered so good.

"In form he is colossal. He has been known to reach 34in. in height, and he is frequently to be found from 28in. to 30in., or even more.

"POINTS.—Head, 20; Eyes, 5; Ears, 5; Frame, 10; Symmetry, 10; Legs and Feet, 10; Size, 20; Coat, 10; Colour, 10.

"Owing to the thickness of his coat, I doubt if there is any Dog requires more careful grooming than the Newfoundland; that is, if he is to be man's companion and servant, as nature intended he should be. These Dogs are very cleanly in their habits, and fleas do not readily gather on them as on smaller Dogs. It seems, indeed, to be a provision of nature that all large animals shall be exempt from this fidgetty insect, else how could man come in contact at all with either the horse or cow? There are

different ways of grooming the Newfoundland. Some brush them, some wash them. I do both, using a hard brush every morning, and having him carefully washed once a week with hard soap and water. Eggs would be preferable to soap, I allow, but it would require the produce of nearly a dozen fowls to do him justice. If in good health and properly groomed, a Newfoundland Dog ought to smell as sweetly as a lady's muff."

Many and interesting are the anecdotes of the Newfoundland. Here are two or three:—

In a large poultry-yard in Kent there were three foreign chickens, which the others were constantly worrying and doing battle with. At last two died, and the survivor, a poor little thing, has to fight its battles by itself, and would soon perish but for the protecting power of a fine Newfoundland, chained to its kennel in the yard. Its enemies will sometimes sit on the wall, and suddenly swoop down upon the orphan, which immediately runs into the kennel and nestles beside its protector, and if closely pursued, the Dog will rush out the length of its chain to protect it. The little orphan has been seen perched on the Dog's back, with its enemies around, but the humane animal keeps a faithful watch over it.

Every one is acquainted with Landseer's picture, called "Dignity and Impudence," in which a great Newfoundland is looking calmly down upon a barking little Terrier in front of his kennel; well, here is a little story that might have given a hint to the painter. Dr. Abel, the lecturer on phrenology, had a fine large Newfoundland, which whenever he went out was assailed by all the little

curs of the neighbourhood. "Noble," generally passed them by without notice ; but one day a little Dog was really so impudent, barking and snapping at his heels, that the Newfoundland turned suddenly round, caught the offender by the skin of his neck, and, taking him to the river side, deliberately dropped him into the water. After watching till the noisy little cur had had a good ducking, he plunged in, and brought him shaking and shivering to the shore. A pretty good lesson of punishment and forbearance, especially for a Dog that could not swim. It would have been difficult for a wise man to have adopted a mode of punishment more fit to meet the merits of the case—at once severe, wise, and merciful.

A singular instance of this Dog's instinct is given of a person travelling in Holland, accompanied by a Newfoundland. Not taking proper heed to his steps in an evening walk along a high bank by the side of one of the deep canals common in that country, his foot slipped, letting him into the deep with a plunge, and, being unable to swim, was soon insensible. The sagacious animal no sooner discovered the danger to which his master was exposed, than he was in the water, and engaged in a struggle to rescue him from his peril. A party of men at a distance saw the faithful Dog at one moment pushing, and at another dragging the body towards a small creek, where at length he succeeded in landing his charge, and placing it as far from the water as possible. This being done, the Dog first shook himself, and then licked the hands and face of his apparently dead master. The body being conveyed to a neighbouring house, the efforts to

restore the lost senses were successful. From the marks of teeth, it appeared that the Dog had taken his first hold on the shoulder; but finding that this did not keep the head out of the water, the instinct or the intelligence of the animal prompted him to change his grasp from the shoulder to the neck, by which he was enabled to raise the head above the strangling water for more than a quarter of a mile. That this brute creature should have followed his master with such promptness into the canal is remarkable enough; but that he should have taken the precaution to keep his head above water, as if he knew that if he did not he would perish, is truly marvellous. What was the motor power in this case? Was it an impulse of instinct, to which the Dog rendered a blind obedience? Or was it an act purely of intelligence? Perhaps it was a mixed operation, and both instinct and intelligence had a share in the business. The Newfoundland Dog is not only always found ready to enter the water for such purposes, but even has a strong inclination for it, without either being commanded or directed, and without experience or a precedent. Certainly the intelligence of this Dog is more flexible and accommodating than that of any other species. Several years ago I had a Dog whom I named Dido, that not only showed the greatest affection for every member of my family, but appeared to be always very unhappy when she was not allowed to run by our sides, in our walks, or sit with us in the house. She—for it was a lady Dog—was a Newfoundland Retriever, the largest of the kind I ever saw, standing thirty-two inches high at the shoulder. Dido

came into my possession in an accidental way, having followed a printer's boy, who brought her to the office of the newspaper on which I was then engaged. Observing that the Dog was in good condition, I concluded that it had strayed from its owner. I therefore gave the boy a shilling to allow it to remain with me till I could find its master. The boy readily consented, and I took the animal home with me at night. Conceiving it to be a valuable Dog, I sought the newspaper for an advertisement of its loss, and even advertised it myself. No inquiry being made for it, and the Dog appearing perfectly contented with its new home, I decided to adopt it as my own, rather than turn it adrift in the streets. Dido remained with me for more than a year, and exhibited the greatest fondness and docility. She was a most excellent swimmer, and would fetch and carry anything she was told with the greatest alacrity and care. In fact, her front teeth were quite worn from the friction of the stones and sticks she was in the habit of fetching from the water and the fields, before she came into my possession. She appeared to understand everything that was said to her, and to obey the commands of her mistress, and the other members of my family, with as much willingness as if she had been used to us all her life. Sometimes I would take her out into the streets, and when about a mile from home would purchase something and tell her to carry it back. She would then take the article between her teeth, and start away with it rapidly, never lingering till she had delivered it at the door. Then she would return by the road we had traversed, and she seldom failed in dis-

covering me before I reached home. Sometimes I would place my glove under a stone in a field, or in a hedge, and, letting the Dog see what I was doing, go on without remark. Half an hour afterwards, when we were perhaps a mile or two from the place, I would turn round and say, "Dido, fetch my glove!" Away she would go, and I would wait her return. No matter how many streets and strange places we had passed through since the glove was hidden, she never failed to find it and bring it back. This and other tricks of the kind I was in the habit of playing with her so frequently that often she would run before me in the streets or fields, and look up in my face, as much as to say, "Are you not going to hide something?" One day, as I was walking by the side of the Regent's Canal, a little child fell into the water. The Dog, without a word or look from me, and indeed before I had perceived the accident, plunged into the stream, and presently brought the frightened child to land. You may be sure that Dido received a fair share of praise and food —the only reward we could offer—in return for her humanity. She used to run by my side in my walks, and glance up in my face every now and then with a short, quick bark; and nothing seemed to please her so much as rendering us good service by carrying a basket, a stick, an umbrella, a fishing-rod, or what not. She was of course much admired by all our acquaintance—for she had a fine silky black coat, without a white hair in it, and a splendid bushy tail curled proudly upwards. One day a dealer in Dogs asked if I would sell her. I said "No, I did not wish to part with her;" but the man persisted,

and said he would give ten pounds for her in addition to one of her puppies when she had any. I positively refused to sell her: in the first place, because I had no right to possess her; and, in the second, because I had a great partiality for her, and hoped one day to restore her to her proper master. I might as well have sold her though, for in less than a week from that time my garden was broken into and the Dog stolen. I am certain that the thief or thieves must have drugged the Dog, or it would never have allowed itself to be taken quietly away. I made several inquiries of the Dog-dealers (or rather Dog-stealers), but could hear nothing of poor Dido's whereabouts. About twelve months afterwards, however, I met her at the west end of London following a servant in livery. Dido knew me directly, and leapt up to my shoulder and barked with furious delight. I inquired of the footman who was his master, and where he had obtained the Dog. I then ascertained that Dido had a good home in the house of a nobleman. I had some idea of claiming her; but, as we had then at home a far more amusing companion than a Dog, in the shape of a crowing little baby, who was rapidly beginning to know us, and who had already more knowledge and affection than any Dog in the world, I was well content to let Dido remain in her good quarters.

Mrs. Lee tells a story which shows the Newfoundland in another aspect. He was, she says "a noble creature of the mixed breed, and of the usual colour—black and white—and his extreme good nature, and endeavours to guard everything belonging to the family, made him like

a confidential servant. The great defects in his disposition were heedlessness, and an under-estimate of his own power ; he did not stop to think before he acted, as many more cautious Dogs will do ; and he forgot that his weight was so great as to spoil and crush whatever he laid himself upon. As an instance of the former, he one day fancied he saw some one whom he knew in the street, and immediately dashed through the window, smashing not only the glass, but the framework. Directly he had done it he felt he had been wrong, and returning through the shattered window, which was opened for him, he hung his head and walked unbidden to a recess in the room covered with matting, to which place he was always banished when naughty, and seated himself. The bell was rung for the housemaid to come and clear away the broken glass, and as the woman smiled when she passed Lion, I turned my head towards him. There he sat, with a pair of my slippers, accidentally left in the room, in his mouth, as if he thought they would obtain his pardon. My gravity was disturbed, and Lion, seeing this, humbly came up to me and rested his chin on my knees. I then lectured him concerning the mischief he had committed ; and he so perfectly understood, that for a long time, when any one pointed to the window, he would hang his head and tail, and look ashamed. During my absence he constantly collected articles which belonged to me, and slept upon them. One day, on returning from church, he met me on the stairs, dragging along a new silk dress by the sleeve which he must have contrived, by himself, to have abstracted from a peg in a closet."

We do not often hear of Dogs displaying jealousy or revenge, but occasionally we notice in them traits of character that are almost human. The following curious story is related by Judge Halliburton ("Sam Slick") in his "Nature and Human Nature":—

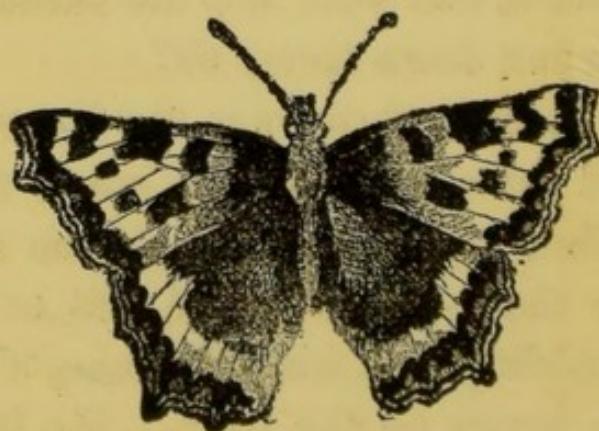
"One summer my duties sent me to George's Island. It is a small island situated in the centre of the harbour of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it, and barracks for the accommodation of troops. There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took a Newfoundland and a small Terrier called Tit in the boat with me. The latter, a very active fellow, was such an amusing creature that he soon became a universal favourite, and was suffered to come into the house, a privilege that was never granted to the other Dog, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat, which was often wet and dirty, and he was therefore excluded. The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him; and if Tit ever took any liberty, he turned upon him and punished him severely. This, however, he did not do in my presence; and therefore when they both accompanied me in my walks the big Dog contented himself by treating the little one with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion Thunder lay down in the boat and composed himself to sleep, while Tit, who was full of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was to lie down and close his eyes, sat up looking over the gunwale, and seemed to enjoy himself uncommonly. After having made my inspection I returned to the boat for the purpose of recrossing to the town, when I missed

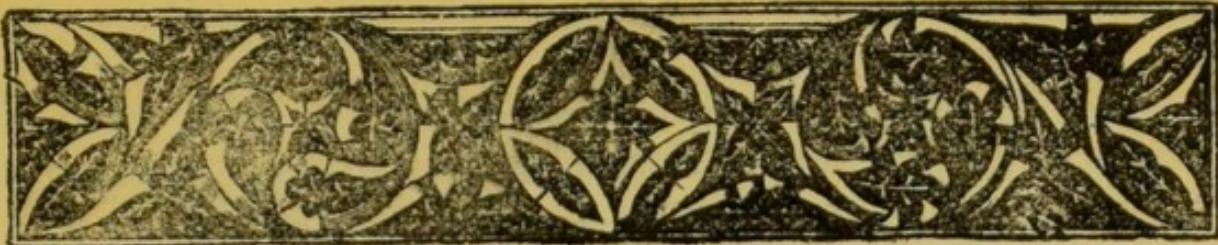
the Terrier. Thunder was close at my heels, and, when I whistled for Tit, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say, 'Never mind that foolish Dog ; I am here, and that is enough. Is there anything you want me to do ?' After calling in vain I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Tit, but no one appeared to have noticed his movements. After perambulating the little island in vain, I happened to ask the sentry if he knew where he was. 'Yes, sir ; he is buried in the beach.' 'Buried in the beach !' said I, with great anger. 'Who dared to kill him ?' 'The large Dog did it, sir. He enticed him down to the shore, pretending to crouch and then run after, and then retreating and coaxing him to chase after him ; and when he got him near the beach he throttled him in an instant, and then scratched a hole in shore and buried him, covering him up with gravel. After that he went into the harbour, and washed his head and face, shook himself, and went into the barracks. You will find the Terrier just down there, sir.'

"And sure enough there was the poor little fellow, quite dead and yet warm. In the mean time Thunder, who had watched our proceedings from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court-martial holding over himself, plunged into the harbour and swam across to the town. He hid himself for several days until he thought the affair had blown over, and then approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both my Dogs, I was obliged to overlook it and take him back to my confidence."

Near the village of Winterstein, in the Thuringian Forest, Central Germany, there is a stone erected to the memory of a faithful Dog, called Stuczel, that performed very good service to his master. The monument is adorned with a portrait of the Dog, and beneath it is an epitaph in verse, of which the following is a translation :—

“ In the sixteen hundred and fiftieth year
On March the tenth, was buried here
Stuczel, a Dog well known to all,
Gentle and simple, great and small.
This stone was set up by his lord,
His faithful service to record ;
Here he was laid that he might be
From beak of hungry raven free.”





CHAPTER XII.

The Water Spaniel and the Clumber.

A small old Spaniel which had been . . .

His father's, whom he loved . . .

Stood howling on the brink.—BYRON.



OT much have I to say of this Dog, because I have several Dogs yet on my list, all anxious to receive notice. There are two kinds of Water Spaniels,—one large and the other small ; but both are docile, attached to their masters, and excellent swimmers. Their hair is long and curly, and their whole aspect very pleasing. Docility, says Mr. Youatt, and affection are stamped on the countenance of the Water Spaniel, and he rivals every other breed of Dog in his attachment to his master. His work is double. He has first to find the game, and, when ordered to do so, walk behind his

master till it can be advantageously reached. In both respects a well-taught Spaniel is found perfect. A more important part of his duty, however, is to find the bird after it has been shot, and to bring it to the sportsman without injuring it with his teeth, and then to wait while his master's gun is being reloaded. In all these the Water Spaniel, which, like all the rest of his tribe, was, as is evident from his name, originally bred in Spain. Our English breeds are now considered the finest in the world. The pure breed has been lost, and the present type is probably descended from the large Water Dog and the English Setter.

The best Spaniel for sporting purposes is, perhaps, the **IRISH WATER SPANIEL**. There are two varieties—the Northern, with short ears and foxy tail; the Southern, with shorter ears and larger bodies. Both are now believed, by the best authorities, to have been derived from the same original stock; though Stonehenge, for no apparent reason, and without giving any sufficient proof of the correctness of his theory, states that there are two distinct breeds. I take leave to doubt the assertion.

For sagacity there are few Dogs, even in its own class, can rival the Water Spaniel, which is thus technically described:—head capacious, crowned with a well-defined top-knot; forehead prominent; face, from eyes downwards, perfectly smooth; and ears long, from twenty to twenty-six inches from point to point. The body should be entirely covered with short thick curls; the tail should be round, rather short, and without feather beneath, and stiff as a ramrod. The colour, which is by some con-

sidered important, should be brownish purple, or what is called puce-liver, without any white. The Dog should stand from about twenty to twenty-two and a half inches high.

Dr. William Hamilton cites a remarkable instance of sagacity of a Water Spaniel, trained as a Retriever:—

In fishing in Ireland his party had to ford a river; and as the fishermen were going to haul in their net, they stopped to see their success. As soon as the Dog perceived the men move, he ran of his own accord down the river, and took post in the middle of it, on some shallows, where he could occasionally run or swim. In this position he placed himself with all the eagerness and attention so strongly observable in a Pointer Dog which sets his game. The party were for some time at a loss to apprehend the Dog's scheme, but the event soon satisfied them, and amply justified the prudence of the animal; for the fish, when they feel the net, always endeavour to make directly out to sea.

Accordingly one of the salmon, escaping from the net, rushed down the stream, with great velocity, towards the ford, where the Dog stood to receive him at an advantage. A chase now commenced, in which, from the shallowness, of the water, the lookers-on could see the whole track of the fish, with all its rapid turnings and windings. After a smart pursuit, the Dog found himself considerably behind, in consequence of the water deepening, by which he had been reduced to the necessity of swimming. But instead of following his desperate game any longer, he readily gave it over, and ran with all his speed down the river, till

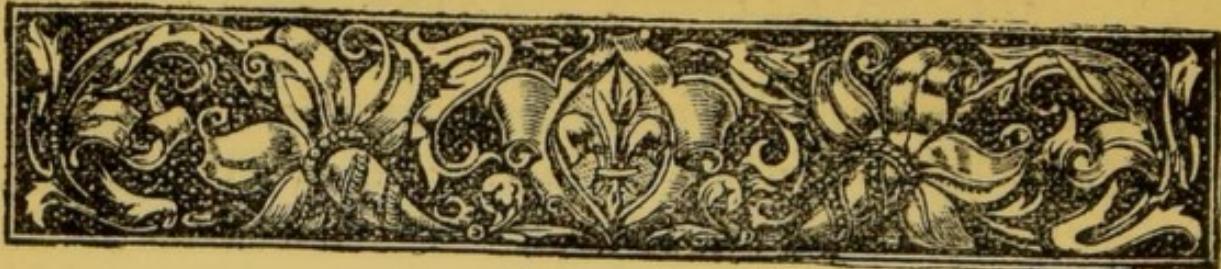
he was sure of being again seaward of the salmon, where he took post as before in his Pointer's attitude. Here the fish a second time met him, and a fresh pursuit ensued, in which, after various attempts, the salmon at last made his way out to the sea, notwithstanding all the ingenious and vigorous exertions of his pursuer. Though the Dog did not succeed at this time, Dr. Hamilton was informed that it was no unusual thing for him to run down his game, and the fishermen assured him he was of great advantage to them, by turning the salmon towards the net. During the whole of the chase, the sagacious animal seemed plainly to have two objects in view; one, to seize his game if possible, and the other, to drive it towards the net when the former failed; each of which he managed with a degree of address and ingenuity extremely interesting and amusing.

THE CLUMBER.—This Dog is generally used in connection with a Retriever in partridge shooting. He is not an elegant Dog, being very low on his legs. Indeed, his legs are so short as to give him the appearance, when in the pursuit of game, of having none. His great merit as a sporting Dog, consists in his silence. However excited, he is quite mute, even on the hottest scent. Of a slow plodding nature, he is particularly useful in rousing game that take alarm at the least noise. When crossed with other Dogs he loses his main characteristic—his mute tongue and his colour. As to the latter, authorities differ: some preferring the pale yellow and white, others the

orange and white; the white in each case prevailing. He has large bones and great length of body; large head; full expressive eye; exceedingly short thick coat; and well-feathered tail. In fact, he is just the Dog for beating close covers of gorse, ling, or fern, which his shape enables him to get under, and so disturb the game, which, but for him, would hide and escape unnoticed. The Clumber is most sagacious, though somewhat slow in habit. He is known and prized by all sportsmen, and no Dog-show is complete without several specimens of his breed, which was originally French, and first appeared in this country at Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, whence these Dogs take their name. Probably the Clumber is an improvement on the old English Springer or Cockflusher, so frequently painted by Wheatley and Reinagle.

Other breeds of large Spaniels divide the honour of good sporting qualities with the Clumber. There are, for instance, the Sussex, the Norfolk, and some other less prized varieties. It is not necessary to particularly describe these well-known Dogs, which are generally good on either land or water, with plenty of spirit, and no lack of affection for their master.





CHAPTER XIII.

Retrievers.

“It is a good Dog, that will fetch and carry at command, do all its master’s bidding, and be faithful and obedient under all circumstances. Of all Dogs I ever possessed, commend me to the Retriever.”
—HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

early all Dogs of the Spaniel kind may be trained to become Retrievers, or finders and bringers of wounded game. I had a little Dog of the Spaniel kind which would follow me in the fields and pick up any bird that was shot, without even attempting to injure it with his teeth. Sportsmen ought to be good-natured fellows, though I am sorry to say that they are not all so. A friend writes me: —“I have seen men with guns and whips in their hands do such ridiculous things that at times I have doubted whether or not sporting, with some people, did not induce temporary insanity. I have seen a man in the position of an huntsman, a very good servant too in some things, order his whippers-in to flog his hounds because, from the

heat of the day and the slack method they had been used to, of receiving their fox from their master when killed and brushed, they would not break him up. I have seen a Retriever, sent in to look for game that was supposed to be dead or wounded, kicked for coming out of the cover with nothing in his mouth, there being nothing there for him to pick up, and then sent in again. The more sensible creature of the two of course then thought to himself, 'I had better not go out again while master is in this humour, so I'll sit down in this thick place till he gets tired, and whistles me away.' The Dog is thus taught a very bad trick, and when afterwards sent to retrieve game, not being able to find it, and fearing a kick if he returns empty-mouthed, will hide and wait till it is safe to appear. I have been shocked to see a gunstock broken over a Setter's back, when his master has been a long way from home, and pleased to see the real offender so punished for the act by the loss thereafter of the whole day's sport. Still more miserable have I been made by seeing Dogs when in fault shot at. The poor things, if hit, are not aware that the wound was intentional or in punishment for a fault, but they deem it an accident; but if their lives escape, in their minds they are lenient to their master, because they do not run away from him in disgust. Give a Dog a good sharp tap if you catch him in the fault; but after the fault is committed, even for a moment or so, you had better forget it, bearing this in mind, that in the canine world a hundred faults may be flogged in when one is whipped out. Example, words, and looks, with the force of which Dogs are fully

impressed, with one blow at the right time, sharp or gentle according to the nervous constitution of the animal, are sufficient to render tractable any animal possessed of the qualities desired to be brought to perfection."

The Golden-livered Sussex and the Norfolk Springer are highly spoken of as Retrievers, both by land and water. "My own experience" writes a good sportsman, "has led me to prefer them to the ordinary Retriever for tracking and finding wounded birds, especially in hot weather, and in localities in which there has been little or no covert, such as turnips, swedes, or mangolds, and where, with the stubble shaved as close as a man's chin, there is no harbour for game elsewhere than in the hedgerows, for which they have to be thoroughly hunted out when once a covey gets broken and squats. To my mind a Spaniel's nose is far keener than that of a Retriever proper; he is more sure of finding his game; he is undoubtedly more persevering; and he has a more tender mouth; added to this he is of immense service in hunting hedgerows, pheasant coverts, and even turnips. I am sorry to perceive, that as far as field trials are concerned, these Dogs are often deemed beneath notice. They are, however, still valued by private individuals who know their worth. It may perhaps be objected, that if used as general Retrievers, Spaniels are not so well qualified to lift the heavier sorts of game; but the larger kinds, such as the Sussex, Norfolk, and Clumber, are fully equal to the task of carrying winged game and rabbits, even if a big doe hare of 6lb. weight has sometimes to be towed along the ground instead of carried in the mouth."

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, in his "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," gives proof of the sagacity of a Retriever. "I had a Dog," he says, "called Wolf, at Teffont Mane House, in Wiltshire; and when I fed my tame pheasants and partridges, I always took him with me. This Dog had seen the caution I adopted when I approached the birds, and always obeyed my signal to lie down by the gun till I had done feeding them. When the game began to get to an age to stray, a considerable number of them used to come upon the lawn, in front of the windows. One afternoon, the lawn being, to all appearance, clear of birds, I sent Wolf to hunt a rabbit out of a circular flower-bed for me to shoot. The Dog obeyed the sign; but no sooner had he entered the laurels than he made a sort of snap with his jaws, a thing he always did when he was not pleased, and returned to my heels with rather a sheepish look. The sign to hunt having been repeated, the same thing occurred, and on his returning to me with a peculiar expression in his face, I went to the laurels to ascertain what hindered his obedience. To my great pleasure I found about a dozen young pheasants, into whose presence he was fearful of intruding; so I lay down on the lawn close to the pheasants, and, letting him see how pleased I was, caressed him for five minutes, and then when I retired I did so in a most marked and stealthy manner—a manner he, close at my heels, immediately adopted. Now suppose some inconsiderate master, with such a Dog as this, had, upon his refusal to hunt, kicked him for disobedience, which would really have deserved the kicking the *sensible Dog or the silly man?* On taking up my

residence at Beacon Lodge, and for years after, Wolf was still, in and out of the house, my constant companion, closely observant of all I did or desired. When first the wild white rabbits began to appear at Beacon I never shot them, but very frequently killed the brown ones by their side. In hunting any outlying place, if by chance there was a white rabbit, I used to stop Wolf from hunting it up to my gun, and by observation the Dog convinced himself that a rabbit so coloured was on no account to be molested. When the white had become more common, one evening I went out to kill some rabbits for the table or to give away, and, seeing a very fine young white one, I shot it. The rabbit lay dead on the contrary side a fence, and Wolf had not seen it killed, but at the sign flew over to pick up whatever might be there. The rabbit lay kicking with its hinder legs, and Wolf, seeing the motion in the grass, dashed up, but instantly made the snap with his jaws, dropped his stern, and came back with a sheepish look, as if to tell me I had done wrong. I caressed him greatly, and, taking him with me up to the rabbit, encouraged him to pick it up and give it to me, and ever after he would pick up any coloured rabbit that might be killed. Wolf's hour of dinner was at my dessert; the last thing the retiring servants had to do was to place his plate upon the rug. Occasionally they had neglected to do this, and then he had seen me ring the bell to rectify the omission. For some years before his death, when his dinner was due and had not been brought in, after looking at me with a wistful expression of countenance, he would go up and kiss the bell-handle, and then come to me, look into my face,

and push my arm with his nose. Of course up came his dinner with a ring from the bell denoting double quick time."

The Retriever proper is a curly Dog, a cross between the Irish Water Spaniel and the Newfoundland. He should have a long head—says Mr. Cobbett, of Manchester—a large eye, a capacious mouth. His ears should be small, close to his head, set low, and with *short* hair on them. His nose should be large, his neck long, that he may stoop in his quest, his shoulders oblique and deep, and his chest broad and powerful. His loins, back, and hind quarters are all of great importance; for though a hare will be the maximum of weight he will have to carry, he may have to carry it a long distance, to get over a stone wall with it, or to make his way through a strong covert. His legs should be strong, straight, and muscular; his feet round and moderately large, with the toes well arched. If he be required for punt-shooting, his coat should be short and close; but for general purposes it should be flat, shining, and abundant. If black, he should be all black; if black and tabby, the tabby should not go far up the leg, and should be free from white. The tail should be well feathered, moderately short, and carried gaily. The feather should be decidedly heavy, but tapering to the point.

No Retriever deserves the least consideration from a judge at Dog shows unless his temper is good. Temper is the foundation of a good Retriever. He should be about 24 inches at the shoulders, moderately long in the body, and fairly short on his legs. He should be as clean

cut as a Setter under the angle of the jaw. The Setter cross is said to be the best, but it certainly diminishes the liking for the water, and, in some instances, the produce has a marked disinclination to quest in thick or tangled woodland.

An English Retriever, whether smooth or curly, should be black or black and tan, or black with tabby or brindled legs, which are indicative of its Labrador origin. Preference is given by many to the flat-coated or short-coated small St. John's breed. It has marvellous intelligence, a great aptitude for learning, a good carrier; with a soft mouth, great strength, and thorough liking for swimming.

The points for judging a thorough-bred Retriever are:—

Head and nose	20
Ears and neck	10
Shoulders and chest	10
Loins and back	10
Hind quarters	10
Feet and legs	12
Hock and stifles..	8
Colour and coat..	15
Stern	5=100

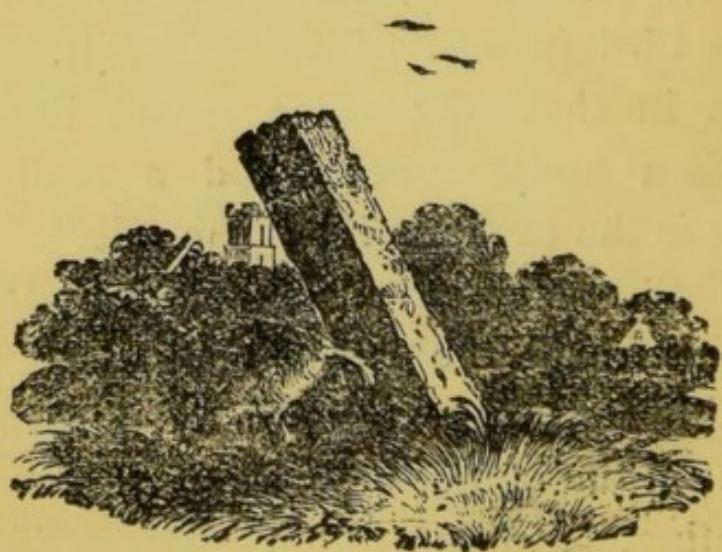
“ I beg to assert,” writes a correspondent, “ that it is quite possible to teach any breed of Dog to retrieve. I have tried all kinds, except Bulls, and have had a very good retrieving Mastiff. I exact the most perfect obedience from my Dogs, and never permit the slightest liberties. All Dogs for sporting purposes require to be daily exercised in their various duties. I am speaking from experience. I have crossed with the old-fashioned Scotch Terrier with

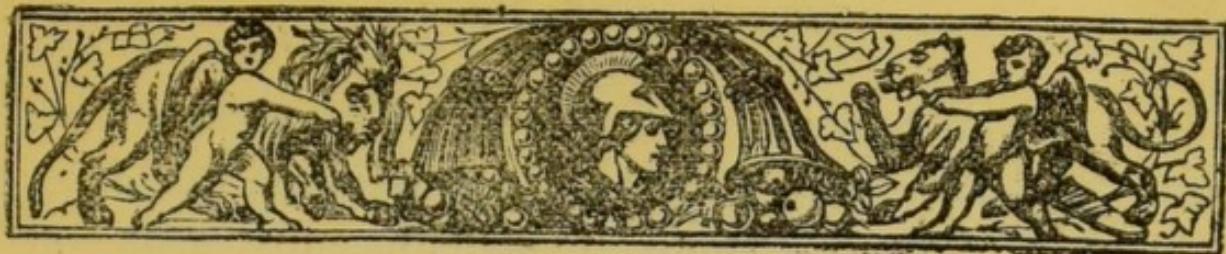
advantage. In speaking of breaking Terriers for sport, I distinctly state that they must not be allowed to kill cats, rats, &c. If you do so, they will tear every kind of game to pieces."

Another friend says:—"Almost any Dog of the Spaniel kind may be made to fetch and carry. The following is the best way to break a Retriever:—The first thing to teach a puppy is to lie down, the next to lie in the exact spot pointed out, and never to leave it till told to do so by voice or signal. When this is accomplished your Dog is more than half broken. After that never let him pick up anything he sees fall, but teach him to use his nose, and work by scent, not sight; and when he has learned that he is only to recover winged or wounded game he cannot see, he will soon give up attempting to run in or chase. Many a good Dog has been spoilt by a keeper sending his pupil to pick up a dead bird that every one could see. He will naturally watch everything his master fires at, and if, when sent to retrieve, he cannot see it, will by method *hunt* for the bird instead of *looking* for it. If all Dogs were taught in that way, there would be more good Retrievers than useless ones; and a really good and reliable Dog is the exception, not the rule."

Mr. Cobbett relates an anecdote of a Retriever, the property of his friend, the late Sir Charles Taylor. The sagacity of this Dog was extraordinary. Sir Charles would send him out in the morning to see if the weather would suit for shooting, saying, "Go out and see if it will do." The Dog would go out, walk round the house, putting his nose up in the air for a few moments, and then come back

to the house. If "it would do," he would jump up on his master's knees and spring about the room in the most lively manner. Sir Charles would then tell him to fetch Tom, the keeper. Off he would go, sometimes to the distance of about a mile, to fetch the keeper. He would scrape at the keeper's door, run towards the corner where the guns were kept, and by delighted barks tell Tom that he was wanted to go out shooting. And then they would both be soon ready for the day's sport. If, on the contrary, "it would not do," the Dog would come in slowly, looking down on the carpet in a dejected way, throw himself at length on the rug, and go to sleep.

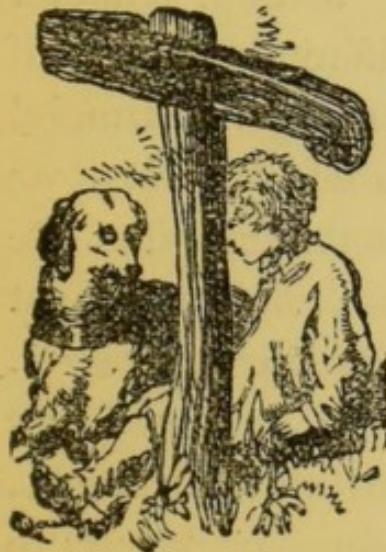




CHAPTER XIV.

Blenheim and King Charles' Spaniels.

"The little Dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me."—*Shakespeare.*



HE prettiest and most interesting of the Spaniels as a house Dog or pet is the King Charles' Spaniel. As a sporting Dog he is not much used, though he has a good scent, active habits, and is very obedient and easily taught. The several kinds of small Spaniels are the Cocker, so called from his being used in startling woodcocks and pheasants for the sportsmen; the King Charles; the Springer, a Dog formerly much used by sportsmen, which springs the game and fetches it after it falls before the gun; and the Blenheim, a variety formerly cultivated by one of the dukes of Marlborough.

These Dogs are all very much alike in personal appearance, and are oftener the ornaments of the drawing-room than the attendants of the field. They have all smooth

silky coats of various colours, long pendant ears, short noses, and large eyes. They are not, however, the most intelligent of the Dog family, though they are capable of feeling great attachment to those who treat them well. Of these, the kind called King Charles' Spaniel—from the fondness of the second king of that name for a Dog of this breed—is most usually kept as a pet or lap-dog.

THE BLENHEIM AND KING CHARLES.—These beautiful little creatures bear a close resemblance to each other. It has long been the habit to cross the breed, and endeavour, by means of the mixture of Blenheim blood, to obtain a smaller King Charles; but these two varieties were once distinct enough in shape and size, as proved by the different pictures of these Dogs preserved at Blenheim Palace and Arundel Castle. Long before the days of Charles II., the Dogs we now call by that monarch's name were bred in considerable numbers. Before that monarch's time, says a recent writer, it was called 'the Comforter' by its fair mistresses. The old name of Comforter was given to small pet Spaniels, even so lately as in the early part of this century, when they were not of sufficient breeding or beauty to claim that most aristocratic appellation which royalty has conferred upon them. Who does not remember "Jip's death," written by Dickens, in his autobiographical novel "David Copperfield."

The points of the King Charles are—Head round and short; ears long and pendant, well coated, or what is termed "feathered;" eyes large and prominent; nose short with a deep stop—that is, well indented just at the

setting in of the nose from the forehead; jaw undershot; neck short, well coated; shoulders wide; fore-legs short and well feathered; feet long, with good coat between each toe; back compact and short; loin strong; tail carried low, never higher than the level of the back, with plenty of feathers on it; hind legs well feathered also; coat abundant, silky, straight, and glossy; the black pure and very fine; where tanned, rich mahogany colour, free from white, a tan spot over each eye, lips tan, and all under parts, with legs and feet, deep rich tan.

The judging points of the King Charles' and the Blenheim are—

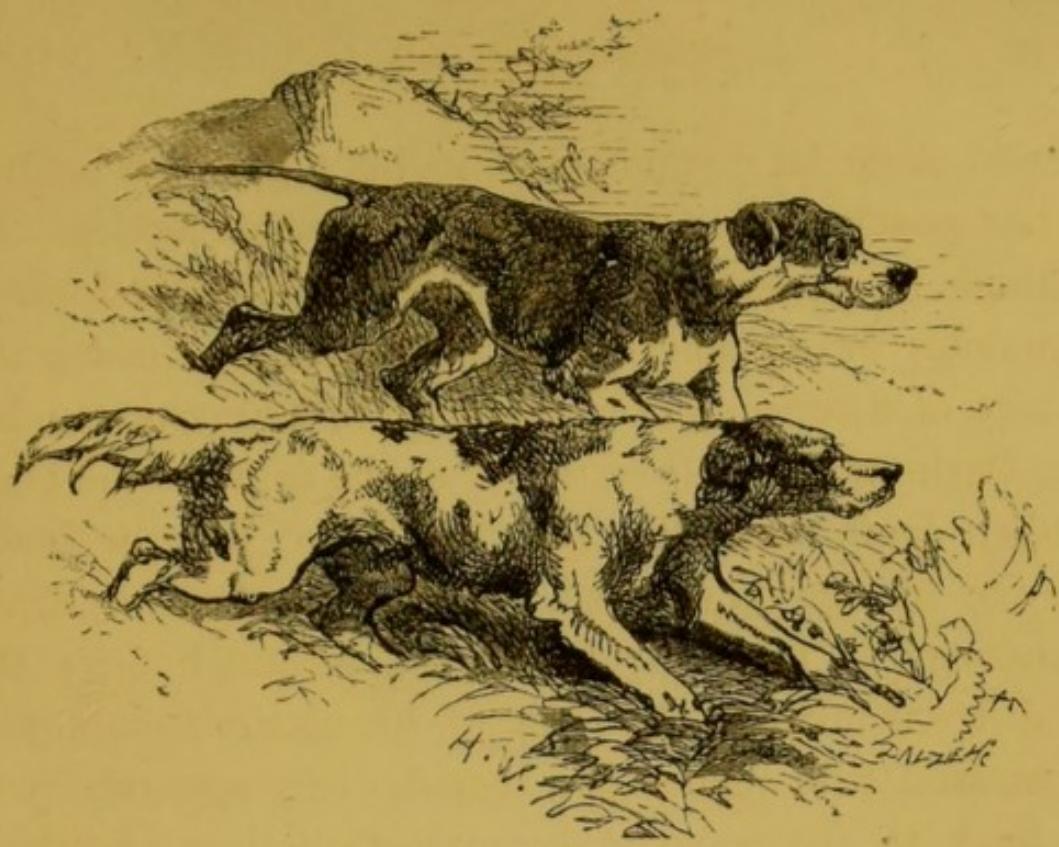
	King Charles.			Blenheim.	
Head	10	15
Eyes and Ears	5	10
Coat..	5	10
Symmetry	—	10
Colour	10	15
Feather	5	10
Weight	—	10
Tail	—	10
Nose and Jaw	5	—
Eyes	10	—
Ears	10	5
Texture of Coat	10	—
Compactness of Form	10	5
Size and Weight	10	—
Carriage of Tail	10	—100

The Blenheim is capable of great attachment. I recollect an affecting tale of a Dog of this kind, called Dash. It was reared by a gamekeeper, whom it constantly attended by night and day. Wherever its master appeared,

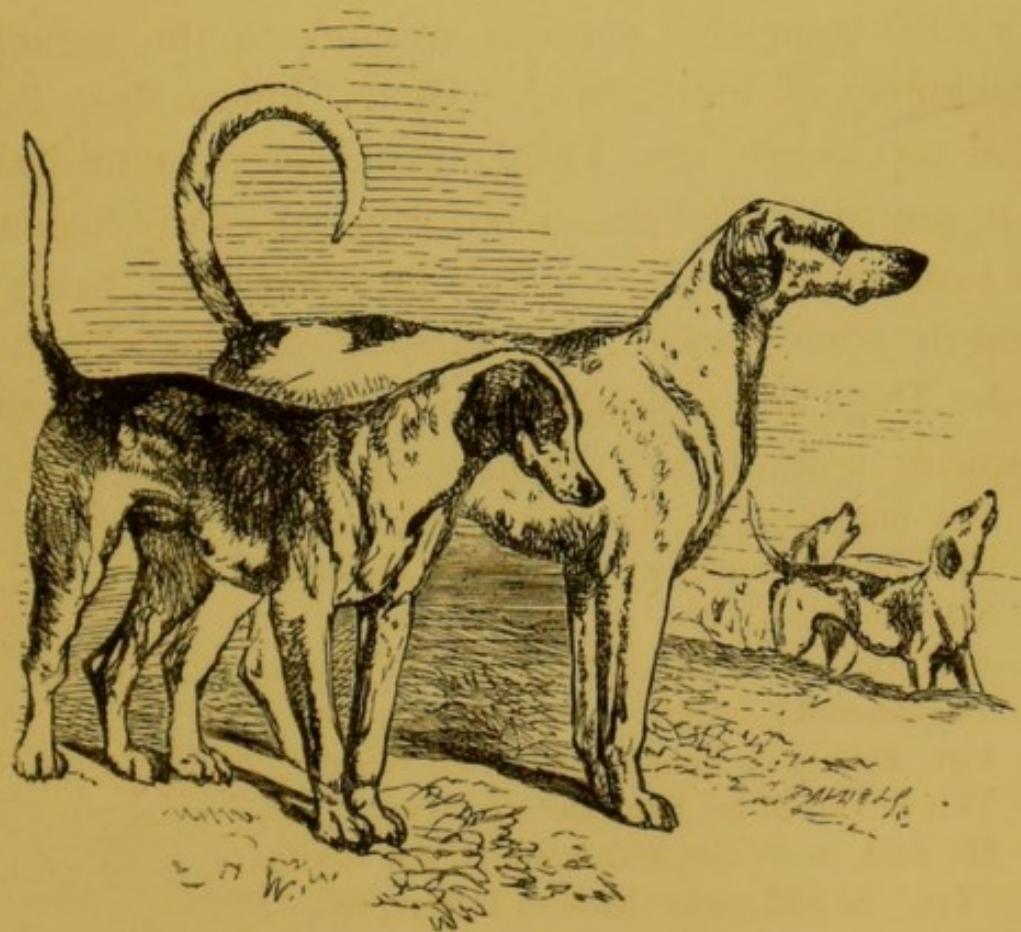
Dash was never far distant ; and in his nightly excursions to detect poachers, his Dog was of especial service. At such times, Dash entirely neglected the game, and many a depredator was caught through his sagacity. During the last stage of a consumption, that carried its master to his grave, Dash unweariedly watched at the foot of the bed ; and when death came, the Dog would not quit the body, but lay by its side on the bed. With great difficulty Dash was induced to take any food ; and although after the funeral it was taken to the room of his master's employer, and caressed with tenderness, it took every opportunity to steal back to the room in its master's cottage and there it would remain for hours. For fourteen days it visited the grave, and at the end of that time died.

Many have been the poetical tributes to the sagacity and attachment of the Spaniel. Henry James Pye, Poet Laureate to George the Third, wrote some enthusiastic verses in praise of the Spaniel of King James the Second, a great lover of those Dogs. It is said that once, being at sea, and in some danger, he shouted to the sailors—“Save the Dogs and Colonel Churchill !” Cowper wrote the following epitaph on a favourite Spaniel called Fop :—

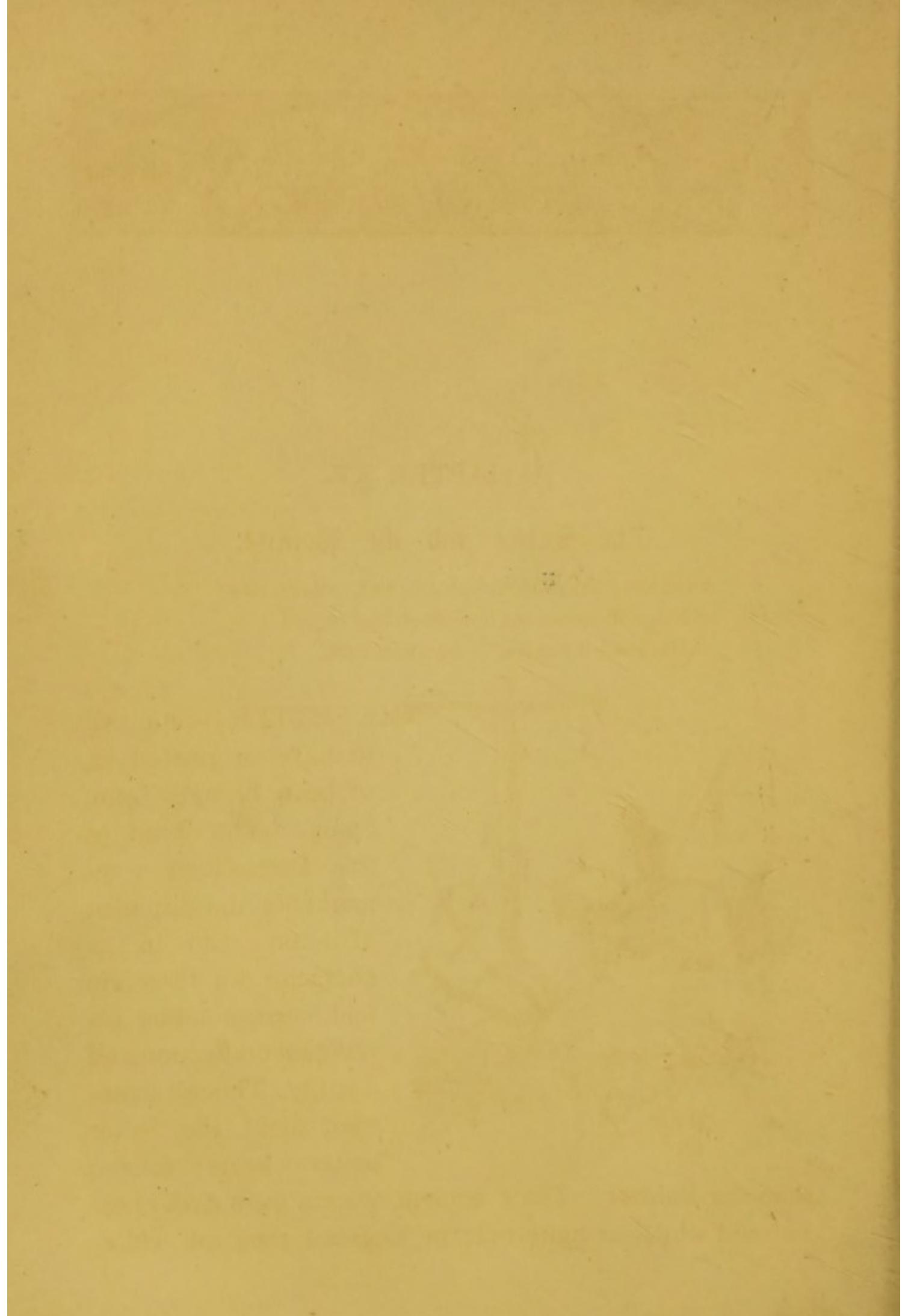
“ Tho’ once a puppy, and tho’ *Fop* by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim ;
No sycophant, altho’ of Spaniel race,
And, tho’ no hound, a martyr to the chase .
Ye pheasants—rabbits—leverets—rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He died, worn out, with vain pursuit of you.
‘Yes,’ the indignant shade of Fop replies,
‘And worn with *vain pursuits*, man also dies.’ ”



POINTER AND SETTER.



FOXHOUND AND STAGHOUND.

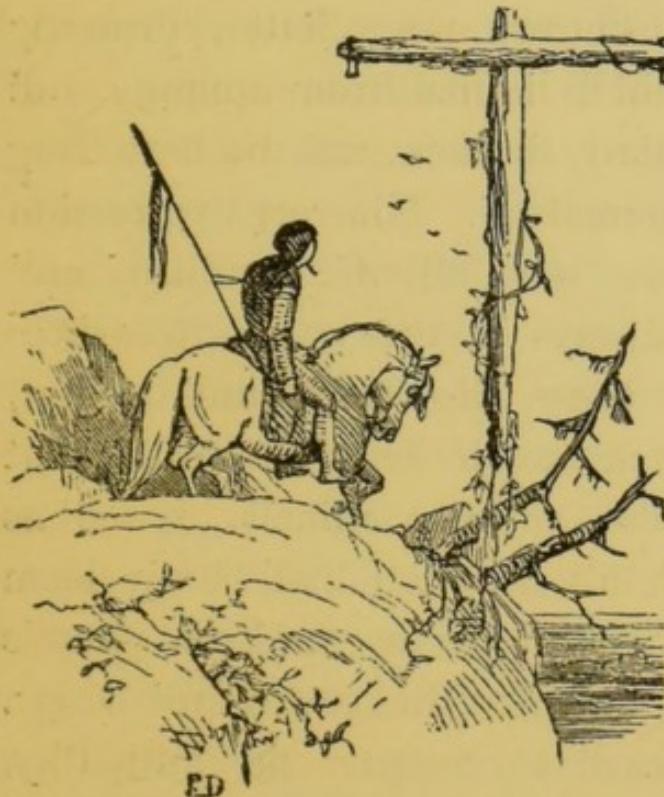




CHAPTER XV.

The Setter and the Pointer.

“Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size;
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits.”—SOMERVILLE.



THE SETTER is supposed to have originated in, or been brought from, Spain. The head of this Dog shows a remarkable development of brain; and in its character we therefore find corresponding intelligence, affection, and docility. Though somewhat timid, the Setter better bears fatigue

than the Pointer. Their ancient colours were dark chestnut and white, or quite red; in England they are white,

or white with black or brown marks ; but the least adulterated breeds are still found in Ireland, where high prices are paid for the best Dogs of this kind.

The Gordon, the English, and the Irish Setters all belong to the Spaniel class of Dogs. The Black-and-tan, or Gordon Setter, does not differ in any great degree from the English breed ; but he has not so fine a head, and is somewhat heavier in build. His colour should be quite black, or black with a tinge of brown or tan. The breed originated in the family of the Duke of Gordon, and the best blood of the present day is that which comes from Lord Bolingbroke's kennel.

Mr. Bell tells an anecdote of one of these Dogs—" By far the most interesting, and, if I may so employ the term amiable animal I have ever known, was a Setter, formerly belonging to my father, which he had from a puppy, and which, although never regularly broken, was the best Dog in the field that he ever perceived. The very expression of poor Juno's countenance was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her, and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful, that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals, as well as to her human friends. A kitten which had lately been taken from its mother, was sent to us, and on Juno's approach showed the usual horror of the cat towards Dogs. But Juno seemed determined to conquer the antipathy, and by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance—advancing or receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required—she

completely attached the kitten to her ; and as she had lately lost her puppies, and still had some milk left, I have often seen them lying before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner ; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a Spaniel bitch of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, Juno would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest, and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest tenderness. Poor Bessy, the mother, also a good-tempered creature, as soon as she discovered the theft, hastened, of course, to bring back her little one, which was again to be stolen on the first opportunity ; until at length the two bitches killed the poor puppy between them, as they were endeavouring each to pull it from the other ; and all this with the most perfect mutual good understanding. Juno lived to a good old age, an unspoiled pet, after her master had shot to her for fourteen seasons.”

THE POINTER with its stout limbs, blunted muzzle, stunted tail, and smooth hair, is taught to discover game, and it practises what it has learned with great attention and steadiness. Its scent being very acute, it gently approaches the spot where the game lies ; at length it stops, and fixes its eyes steadily upon it, with one foot commonly raised a little from the ground, and the tail extending in a

straight line. So firm is this habit of pointing in some, that the late Mr. Gilpin is said to have painted a brace of Pointers while in the act, and that they stood for an hour and a quarter without moving! These were Pluto and Juno, the property of Colonel Thornton. Dash, another Pointer, the property of the same sportsman, was sold for £160 worth of burgundy and champagne, one hogshead of claret, an excellent gun, and a Pointer, with the proviso, that if an accident should disable the Dog, he was to be returned to the colonel at the price of £50! When a bird runs, the Dog observes its motions, steals cautiously after it, preserving the same attitude, and when it stops the Pointer is again steady.

The education of the Pointer, and of the Setter also, has only (says a competent authority) to be carried up to the point at which it was compelled to stop, for want of the gun ; and that there are some few essentials in regard to which it requires finish. The "Down-charge" is dependent upon the rising of the birds, and can better be taught at pairing-time ; but, however well inculcated, is too apt to be forgotten, and to be lost sight of, in the anxiety to bag the game. The Pointer or Setter should not be used as a retriever ; another Dog should be specially set apart for that purpose. If this is not the case, the chances are ten to one that the young Dog is allowed to go to his bird, if a runner, without waiting for his master's order. If this is done once or twice, the habit soon increases, till at length both Dogs rush at their bird, in their anxiety to retrieve it. The "gillie" should have charge of the Dogs at this critical moment, and he as quietly as possible

should keep them steadily down. This is all he has to do at that moment, though he may well do that, and mark at the same time. He may also lead the retriever, till he is steady enough to walk at your heels. His grand use however, is to keep the Dogs down when the birds rise, and this he should do under all circumstances.

Dogs do not require to mouth their game as an encouragement; they are quite satisfied if they see it fall, and will continue the work as long as their strength will allow, without touching a feather. By adhering strictly to this plan, all danger of their acquiring this inexcusable fault is done away. If any Dog is wanting in self-confidence, be careful in following him up, pay great attention to his point, and take care to shoot his bird, if possible; or, at all events, to shoot at it. In this way, the Dog finds that you estimate him higher than he thought, and he learns to depend on his own powers, instead of following another Dog, and always looking out for "points." In grouse-shooting, there is not the annoyance of the constant hedges, which are so detrimental to the pointer in the pursuit of the partridge; but there is a much greater chance of the Dog pottering over a foot-scent, because the grouse runs so much more than the partridge, and being feathered down the leg, his foot-scent is so much more strong.

It is here that a good Setter shows his superiority, as he generally makes out a foot-scent better than a Pointer; though I have seen Pointers that would make out anything. The very highly-bred Pointer often has no notion of this; he points a stiff as a Chinese idol the moment he comes upon scent of any kind, and nothing will move him as long

as that scent continues. Such Dogs are useless on the moors. You not only want to know that there is game somewhere, but also where it is. The essential feature of a good Dog is, that he shall stop the moment he feels the scent, and satisfy himself that game is before him. As soon as he is quite sure of this, he should wait till you are within distance; on being assured of which, he should draw upon his birds, if they are running, taking care to stand quite steady, if he hears the faintest "Toho" from his master. This is sometimes necessary, if the grouse are strong runners, as the shooter must often head them before they will rise, though good sportsmen prefer walking rapidly up to them, and putting them up, as they will seldom, till they are become very wild, get far enough before you to rise out of shot. Some Dogs learn to leave their first point, and go round and circumvent their game; but this is only a rare accomplishment, and is scarcely to be desired; it is much better to send your man well on before them, ordering him to drop to the ground the moment they rise.

It is said to be the natural habit of the Pointer to steal cautiously up to his prey, in order to capture it with a spring, and that his stand in pointing is an educated modification of this instinct. If so, why then does not a young Pointer follow the original habit? This he never does, but points after the manner of the old ones, before he has had any training or experience. It is, moreover, a habit that is unnatural to any of the tribe. Stealth is a strong characteristic of the feline race, but it is remote from the nature of the Dog.

Mrs. Lee records the following instance of the force of habit in the Pointer :—“ Mr. Gilpin speaks of a brace of Pointers, who stood an hour and a quarter without moving. This, however, was exceeded by Clio, a Dog belonging to my father, who stood with her hind legs upon a gate for more than two hours, with a nest of partridges close to her nose. She must have seen them as she jumped over the gate, and had she moved an inch they would have been frightened away. My father went on, and, having other Dogs, did not miss Clio for a long time; at length he perceived she was not with the rest, and neither came to his call nor his whistle; he went back to seek her, and there she stood just as she had got over the gate. His coming up disturbed the birds, and he shot some of them, but Clio, when thus relieved, was so stiff that she could not move, and her master sat down on the grass and rubbed her legs till she could bend them again.”

Mr. Jesse, in his “Gleanings,” tells the following story of a Pointer :—“ An old friend of mine had a very sagacious Pointer, which was kept in a kennel with several other Dogs. His gamekeeper having gone one day into the kennel, dropped his watch by some accident. On leaving the place, he fastened the gate as usual, but had not gone far from it when he heard it rattled very much; and on looking round he saw his favourite Pointer standing with her forepaws against it and shaking it, evidently for the purpose of attracting his attention. On going up to her, he found her with his watch in her mouth, which she restored to him with much seeming delight.”

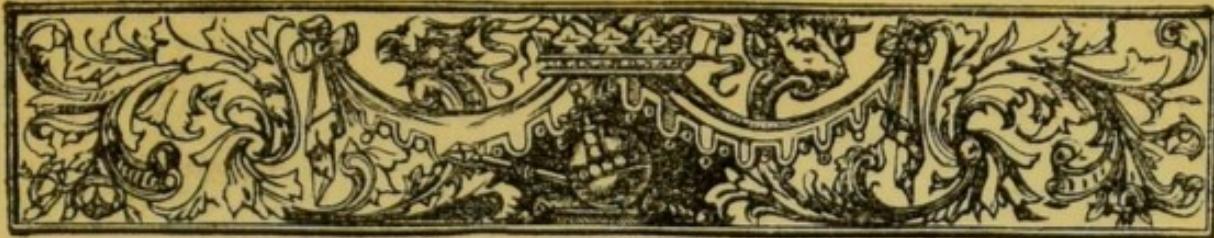
Another story is told of a Pointer who was very anxious

at all times to go out with his master, who happened to be a very bad shot. When he has missed his game several times together, and which the Dog has had the trouble of finding for him, the Pointer gets provoked, and has several times attacked his master in a manner not to be mistaken. "This," added Mr. Jesse, "is very much the case with my old terrier, Peter. He accompanies me when I am trolling, watches every throw with much anxiety, and shows great impatience, and some degree of anger, if I am a long time without taking a fish; when I do, he appears delighted."

The following are the *Judging Points* of Setters and Pointers:—

		Gordon Setter.	English Setter.	Irish Setter.	Pointer.
Head and Nose 20	20 ..	20 ..	20 ..
Ears and Neck.. 5	10 ..	10 ..	15 ..
Legs and Feet 12	12 ..	12 ..	10 ..
Elbows, Hocks, and Stifles	..	8 ..	8 ..	8 ..	10 ..
Shoulders and Chest	15 ..	15 ..	15 ..	12 ..
Back and Hind Quarters	..	18 ..	15 ..	15 ..	15 ..
Colour, Coat, and Symmetry	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	12 ..
Quality and Flay (or Stern)	.. 12	.. 10	.. 10	.. 10	.. 6
	—	—	—	—	—
	100	100	100	100	100

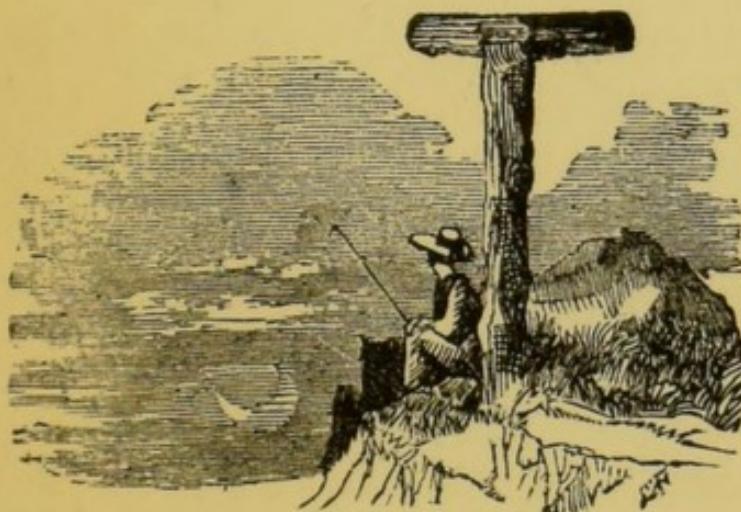
In the breaking of Dogs of the Setter and Pointer kind great care is necessary. The Dog should only have one teacher, who by good management will soon acquire complete control over it. When receiving its lessons no person but the Dog-breaker should be present, and no other Dog. After it has learned its lesson thoroughly it may be employed in the teaching of other Dogs.



CHAPTER XVI.

The Mastiff.

“ Faithful, inflexible, brave, and still,
My noble Mastiff, who shall be thy peer?”—GLOVER.



HE Mastiff is generally considered as the type or representation of the old English Dog: a race of Dogs indigenous and peculiar to the soil, and not (as many, indeed, have

suggested), a cross between the Bulldog and the foreign Boar-hound.

Among Dogs of the large breeds, the Mastiff is courageous, and *not* ferocious, docile and intelligent, grave, sometimes sullen, and thoroughly honest, fully conscious of the duties expected of him, and altogether trustworthy as a watch-dog and guardian.

The Mastiff is a large, grave, sullen-looking Dog, with a wide chest, noble head, long switch tail, bright eyes, and a loud deep voice. Of all Dogs this is the most vigilant watcher over the property of his master; so vigilant is he, indeed, that nothing can tempt him to betray the confidence reposed in him. Of this noble part of his character frequent proofs have been given. Notwithstanding his commanding appearance, and the strictness with which he guards the property of his master, the Mastiff is possessed of great mildness of character, and is as grateful for any favours bestowed on him as the most diminutive of the canine tribe. There is a remarkable and peculiar warmth of attachment shown by this Dog. He is aware of all that is required of him, and punctually discharges his proper functions. In the course of the night he several times examines everything with which he is entrusted, with the most scrupulous care, and, by repeated barkings warns the household or the depredator that he is at the post of duty.

With regard to the manner of judging of the points of a Mastiff, the following information will be useful:—It should have a large head, with a broad flat forehead, a short face, a square muzzle, not tapering to the nose, deep flews or chaps, and a level set of strong teeth. The ears of a thoroughbred Mastiff should be small, thin, and pendant, lying close to the cheek, though set farther back than in the Hound, Pointer, or Setter. Its eyes should be small, mild, and intelligent, and set well apart. When too close the Dog loses the expression of frankness and nobility for which the true Mastiff is so much admired.

Its neck should be short and muscular, with the head set well on, so as to show a slight prominence at the point of junction, and avoid the appearance of what judges call throatiness. The body of the Mastiff should be large and massive, with deep, wide chest, and powerful loins. Its legs should be straight and strong, and its feet round and close. In these latter points the Mastiff born and bred in England, and commonly allowed too little liberty, is usually more or less defective. The coat of a perfect Mastiff should be short and smooth; its tail fine, but not too tapering, and carried nearly straight out from the back, rather than drooping. A drooping tail is indicative of want of breeding and spirit. When excited, the tail, a little roughened beneath, stands out horizontally in a line with its back. The best colour for a Mastiff is a dark fawn, with a fine black muzzle—the blacker the better; or a red foxy coat, with black muzzle. The brindle, which is a coat spotted or striped with fawn or black, is much admired by some; but all judges of Mastiffs agree that white, either wholly or in parts, is the least desirable colour, though many fine Dogs of this breed have white or grey in patches. In height the Mastiff should be from twenty-nine to thirty-one inches at the shoulder; and in weight from 120 to 140 lbs.—the bitch of course, proportionally smaller and lighter.

As a breed, the Mastiff has been known from time immemorial. What he was in the old time he is now;—“Neither (as says Conrad Herebatch, writing nearly three hundred years ago) too gentle nor too curst, that he

neither faune upon a theefe nor flew 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 give warning to the enemie."

In 1871 there were sixty-three Mastiffs exhibited at the Crystal Palace Dog Show ; in 1875 the number largely increased, with hardly an indifferent specimen among them. Like all large Dogs, the Mastiff is apt to be indolent ; and it is only on the first day, when the judging takes place, and on the last, when their owners come to take them home, that they show to great advantage. Then instead of lying prone with their heads on their fore paws, as visitors generally see them, they leap and prance and bark right merrily ; though in confinement the Mastiff is by no means a noisy Dog. Perhaps the fact that he is generally kept chained to his kennel makes him now more morose than was intended by nature.

The judging points of the Mastiff are :

Head and Eyes	20
Muzzle	10
Flews and Ears	10
Neck and Shoulders	10
Back and Loins	8
Chest	7
Legs and Feet	10
Stern and Tail	5
Colour, Coat, and Symmetry	20—100

Numerous instances of the Mastiff's courage and fidelity might be given. Here is one :—Mr. Turner, a gentleman

residing in London, having occasion to leave his house for several days, let loose his large Mastiff Dog, first showing him where a sufficient quantity of food had been placed for his support during his absence. The gentleman was away for several days, and when he came back, he opened the door and called the Dog. No bark answered him; he went into the kitchen, where he discovered the poor animal lying dead, with a great wound in his throat. On going farther, he saw that some thieves had attempted to rob the house in his absence, and that in defending it the Dog had met his death. Everything was in confusion, and much blood being spattered about, showed that the struggle with the robbers must have been a very severe one. A few days afterwards, a man was found by the police in one of the hospitals with several severe wounds on his throat and body, as if from the bite of a Dog. This man, on being examined by a magistrate, confessed that he and three others had attempted to rob the house, but had been prevented by the attack of the Dog, on which they cruelly cut his throat with a sharp knife and fled. Notwithstanding their sufferings, the man and his companions were tried, convicted, and transported for their crime.

Nothing is more likely to excite the ferocity of a Mastiff than an exhibition of fear. I recollect going into the stable-yard of a friend in Suffolk, where there was a half-bred Mastiff chained to his kennel. I went up to the Dog, patted his head and spoke gently. Just at that moment out rushed the groom from the stable. "Come away, sir!" he exclaimed, "he's dangerous with strangers." But I did not remove my hand, nor show any fear at the

imprudent cry of the groom. The consequence was, that after a few more caresses the Dog fawned upon me, put out his paw, and presently allowed me to depart in peace.

Mr. Bingley tells a good story of a Mastiff. A lady who resided in a lonely house in Cheshire, permitted all her domestics, save one female, to go to a supper at an inn about three miles distant, which was kept by the uncle of the girl who remained at home with her mistress. As the servants were not expected to return till the morning, all the doors and windows were as usual secured, and the lady and her companion were about to retire to bed, when they were alarmed by a noise as of persons attempting to break into the house. A large Mastiff, which fortunately happened to be in the kitchen, set up a tremendous barking; but this had not the effect of intimidating the robbers. After listening attentively for some time, the maid-servant discovered that the robbers were attempting to enter the house by forcing their way through a hole under the sunk story in the back kitchen. Being a young woman of courage, she went towards the spot, accompanied by the Dog, and, patting him on the back, exclaimed, "At him, Cæsar!" The Dog leapt into the hole, made a furious attack upon the intruder, and gave something a violent shake. In a few minutes all became quiet, and the animal returned with his mouth full of blood. A slight bustle was now heard outside the house, but in a short time all again became still. The lady and servant, too much terrified to think of going to bed, sat up until morning without further molestation. When day dawned they discovered a quantity of blood

outside of the wall in the court-yard. When her fellow-servants came home, they brought word to the girl that her uncle, the inn-keeper, had died suddenly during the night, and that it was intended that the funeral should take place in the course of the day. Having obtained leave to go to the funeral, she was surprised to learn on her arrival, that the coffin was screwed down. She insisted, however, on taking a last look at the body. Her request was most unwillingly granted; when, to her surprise and horror, she discovered a large wound in his throat. The events of the preceding night rushed on her mind, and it soon became evident that she had been the innocent and unwilling cause of her uncle's death. It turned out that he and one of his servants had formed the design of robbing the house and murdering the lady during the absence of her servants, but that their wicked design had been frustrated by the courage and watchfulness of her faithful Mastiff.

Another story goes—"Early on Sunday morning some thieves attempted to enter the premises of Messrs. M'Leod and Pollock, jewellers, Argyll-street, by breaking through the skylight window. The building is one storey in height, and it is a comparatively easy matter to ascend the roof. About two o'clock Mr. M'Leod, who resides in the back premises, was awakened from his sleep by his watch-dog. The animal did not bark, but jumped upon the bed and continued to scrape on Mr. M'Leod's body till he rose up. The Dog then uttered a low growl, and looked towards the roof, as if anxious to draw his master's attention to that one particular direction. Immediately

afterwards a portion of a pane of glass fell on the floor; and on Mr. M'Leod looking towards the ceiling he observed a man on the roof. The police being acquainted with the circumstances, they caught on the roof a labourer named William M'Naught, before he was able to conceal himself."

As a watch-dog, the Mastiff is vigilant in the extreme, and no less cautious than watchful; in prosecuting his duty, he is silent as a sentry; and while there is no danger he appears as monotonous and indifferent to all around him, and under such circumstances it is difficult to decide which of the two is most like an automaton. But a suspicious footstep made with caution is instantly heard, and as instantly but silently watched and attended to. An ill-looking person is not molested, but is followed as far as the precincts of the guard extend; and so long as nothing is touched, the intruder is safe; but no longer. Even then he is seldom injured; sometimes he is merely led out, and, unless resistance is offered, few lacerations have been received from this formidable but generous beast.

"What would I not have given," says Mr. Blaine "to have seen the one which was found standing over a robber who had broken into a yard at Islington! The owner was called up by the watchman, who informed him that 'by the bustle he heard in his yard, something was going on wrong there.' It was the brave Mastiff who had seized the thief, had thrown him down, and had been standing over him, it appeared, two or three hours. As long as

the man remained quiet, the Dog did not even threaten; but the moment he stirred only, a tremendous growl informed him he had better remain still. Not many Newfoundland Dogs would have exhibited this forbearance, yet they are also brave and generous, but being more uncertain, are very inferior as direct guards for important trusts. The Mastiff seldom sleeps on his post; the Newfoundland Dog does slumber, for he is a lively, frolicsome creature, who is much in action, even when chained up, and therefore when night comes, he sleeps. The Mastiff has been for ages employed as a guard; and therefore, like the watchman, during the day he reposes as a part of his nature and duty; neither has he any pleasure to pursue, but, like the Shepherd's Dog, all his propensities merge within his business."

The Mastiff displays one peculiarity which seems inherent—his ferocity is always increased by the degree of restraint in which he is kept. If constantly wearing a chain, he is much more dangerous to approach than when in a state of liberty; from whence it evidently appears that what may be considered as a friendly kindness on one side, is always productive of confidence on the other.

The Mastiff sometimes shows a remarkable and peculiar warmth in his attachments, and, on the other hand, he is equally distinguished for his inveteracy in his dislike. If he is once severely corrected or insulted, it is almost impossible to eradicate the feeling from his memory, and it is no less difficult to obtain a reconciliation with him. He seems conscious of his own strength, power, and authority, and will seldom condescend to lower his dignity

by servile fawning, while he appears to consider his services as only befitting a trust of the highest importance. This Dog is naturally possessed of strong instinctive sensibility, speedily obtains a knowledge of all the duties required of him, and discharges them, too, with the most punctual assiduity. In the protection of gardens, houses, woodyards, and widely extended manufactories, his vigilance is very striking ; he makes regular rounds of the whole premises like a watchman, examines every part of them with a careful eye, his penetration reaching even the remotest corner, and not a spot is passed by until he is satisfied that all is in a state of perfect security. During the night he gives a signal of his presence by repeated and vociferous barkings, which are increased upon the least cause of alarm ; and, contrary to the spirit of the Bulldog, whose invariable practice it is to bite before he barks, the Mastiff always warns before he attacks. This breed is very difficult to be obtained in purity, from the various admixtures and experimental crosses which have taken place. The genuine old English Mastiff is now rarely to be seen, although we have Dogs of many sizes and colours which go under that name.

In the frequent discussions about Hydrophobia in the papers, the temper of the pure-bred English Mastiff has been much questioned. One writer declares that his temper "cannot be trusted or relied upon even by those with whom he is supposed to be more or less domesticated." To this libel Mr. Youatt, the great authority of Dogs, affords a satisfactory reply. He says :—"The English Mastiff is, in temper, the most to be depended on

of all the large and powerful Dogs, being extremely docile and companionable. The pure breed is of so noble and mild a nature that they will not, on any provocation, hurt a child, or even a small Dog, one of their most remarkable attributes being their fondness for affording protection." Most people who know what a Mastiff is will agree with this. That sad indomitable countenance, with the great breadth between the eyes, need not inspire anybody with a suspicion of treachery. But if a man thinks any big brown Dog he sees to be a Mastiff, he may well get a wrong idea of the character of this best animal friend of man ; for when crossed with the Newfoundland or Blood-hound the breed is often savage.

At a recent Dog show at Liverpool there was exhibited a Mastiff, which, in the opinion of the judges, possessed all the qualities of a first-rate and undeniable English breed. It took a first prize ; but, strange to say, the same Dog shown a few months later at the Alexandra Park Show, merely obtained from the judges the distinction of Honourable Mention. There would seem to be need of some special method of judging at shows, so variable are the opinions of those who profess to know all about Dogs, their whims and ways, characteristics, and breeds. I doubt whether, in some cases, the judges are really able to distinguish between the larger breeds of Dogs with sufficient certainty to offer authoritative opinions.



CHAPTER XVII.

The Bulldog and its kind.

“Savage and fierce the Mastiff howls,
Stubborn and bold the Bulldog growls.”



THE intelligence and sagacity of the Bulldog are not of the highest; but for savage ferocity it is pre-eminent. It is therefore invaluable as a watch-dog. On the other hand, many fanciers argue that the Bulldog is sagacious, faithful, and affectionate. Anecdotes exist of the Bulldog starving on his master's grave. Those who have read Dickens's “Cricket on the Hearth” will remember the portrait of the carrier's Dog, drawn by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, the very type and pattern of the breed.

In the judgment of fanciers, there are no Bulldogs to come up to the true British breed—a breed which, but for continual care would soon deteriorate. For it is an admitted fact—though in this I may perhaps differ from “Stonehenge,” whose knowledge of Dogs is not considered indisputable—that our modern Bulldog is an entirely artificial breed, and by no means to be confounded with the ancient British Dogs formerly used in Bull-baiting. Look at the creatures in our Dog-shows and ask whether there is anything in their countenances to suggest the noble, generous nature of “man’s most attached and faithful companion?”

Do not—asks Mr. Edward Mayhew—the habits of the animal prove it to be a pampered creature? It is not generally known that the disposition of the genuine Bulldog is too fond. This fact may perhaps account for his popularity with his owners. The Bulldog is a somewhat dangerous pet. It will fondle any stranger; and yet, contrary to the habit of Dogs generally, displays but slight preference for its master. It will lick the hand that caresses it, and seem almost bursting with affection; but upon the slightest provocation—nay, sometimes upon the merest noise or interruption, as the opening of a door or the entrance of a child, it will seize and mangle the hand that caresses it. Then, again, the hold taken by the Bulldog is more retentive than is strictly natural. It will fix itself upon its victim, and even suffer itself to be beaten or wounded—some say even dismembered—before it will let go. In the good (bad?) old bull-baiting days it was invaluable, for when once it had fixed on the nose of the

bull, nothing, not even the cutting off of its legs, could make it give up its invincible grasp! Do not these traits bespeak their being formed rather by man's practice than by Nature's goodness.

Other writers, however, are not so very severe upon the Bulldog. The creature undoubtedly possesses invincible courage; and it is certainly not often that we hear of it attacking its master. For the purpose of improving the breed of other Dogs it is extensively used. Thus, crossed with the Terrier we get the Bull Terrier, an animal with the courage of the one breed and comeliness of the other.

The points of the Bulldog, for which it is judged at shows and prized by fanciers, are as follows:—Its skull should be large, high, and broad, with the cheeks extending prominently beyond the eyes, and the forehead flat, wrinkled, and much creased. Its face should be very short from the forehead to the end of the nose, and deeply wrinkled. Its eyes should be small, black, and placed widely apart, with a “stop,” or deep indentation between them, and extending right up the face. The muzzle should turn up, with the chop, or fleshy part, broad and deep, so as to well cover the teeth; the nose large and black; the lower jaw projecting and turning upwards, and the ears folding back on the top of the head. Three kinds of ears are permitted by the Fancy—the Rose, the Button, and the Tulip. The Rose ears fold at the back, the tips lapping over outwards and exposing the inside; the Button ears fall in front and completely hide the interior; the Tulip ears are erect, and are hardly con-

sidered the best, or even the most thorough shape. A white, or flesh-coloured muzzle is not considered a defect, but the nose should be darker than the chops. The teeth should be even, white and strong, and should only show when the Dog attacks its victim. Two rows of uneven teeth, providing they be large and white, are not thought sufficient to disallow a Dog in his points. The canine, or Dog teeth, in the lower jaw, should alone be visible.

The neck should be fairly long—not too long, as that is a serious defect; well arched, and with a full but not too fleshy dewlap. A Bethnal-green fancier considers that the neck cannot be too strong, as upon the strength of that part of its body depends the animal's capacity for holding on when it takes its grip—a most important part of the Bulldog's education.

The chest of the Bulldog should be wide and deep; the back short, with great width across the shoulders. Our Bethnal-green authority says a Bulldog "cannot be too wide across the chest, but his loins should be gradually tapering; with the barrel or ribs quite round, a slight fall behind the shoulders, the spine well arched, and rising gently to the stern, which should be full and thick, joined well to the loins, and with a downward tendency to the tail."

The tail should be fairly long, but not too long; straight, fine, and slightly curved towards the tip. The curve known as a "ring tail," and that called a "screw tail" are both objectionable, and lessen the value of the Dog, as it is indicative of in-and-in breeding, than which nothing can be worse, as it has a tendency to decrease the

spirit and pluck of the animal. The tail should always be set low on the body, and be carried straight, and never hanging down, which latter point is considered a sign of poor blood; as also is the directly bony "rat tail." The legs—here again I quote our Bethnal-green authority—should be short and well bowed, as very straight legs, especially fore-legs, show a want of strength. The elbows should project, and the hind-legs should be rather longer in proportion than the fore, so as to raise the loins. The hocks, or hamstrings, should be straight, and the stifles, or joints of the hind legs, not turned out. The toes of all the four feet should be even and not allowed to turn out, as that gives the Dog an awkward carriage. All the toes should be small, and well split up, so that the Dog has a good firm footing without the toes turning either in or out.

The coat should be fine and smooth. Its colour is not of much consequence, but it should be unmixed, either red or red smut, fawn, or fawn smut, blue or blue smut, or white. A little black is no deterioration.

All these points should give the Dog a symmetrical appearance. If he lift his hind legs too high he has an awkward look, and his actions rather slovenly. In weight the Bulldog may vary from 10lb. to 70lb., but whatever his weight, he should be muscular without being fat; strong without being bulky; courageous without savage ferocity; sagacious, open-eyed, loud-tongued, and not too affectionate; for, as Mr. Mayhew says, the Bulldog most given to show its fondness is least to be depended on; in this respect, adds our Bethnal-green friend, "much resembling wimmen."

The judging points, taken at a hundred, are thus apportioned :

Head	25
Ears and Eyes	10
Face and Stop	10
Muzzle, Chop, Nose, and Jaw		10
Neck	5
Chest and Loins		10
Legs—all considered		15
Stern and Tail	5
Coat and Colour		10
					100

Commonly reckoned, the "Five points of a Bull bitch" are—Head, including eyes, ears, muzzle, and neck, 50; legs and feet, 20; chest and loins, 10; stern and tail, 10; colour and coat, 10—100. This plan of reckoning the points is, however, out of fashion. Nor till lately has the Bulldog been thought much of by fanciers in the highest class of Dog shows, though even ladies sometimes favour the smaller kinds, of which the Pug and the Bull Terrier are varieties—as pets! For general appearance our illustration conveys an admirable specimen of the best type of the breed.

The Bulldog belongs to the third division of canine classification—muzzle more or less shortened; frontal sinus, or hollow, enlarged; and cranium elevated and diminished in capacity, and stands—as Mr. Youatt kindly put it—"at the head of the inferior or brute class of Dogs," an opinion which our East-end authority directly, and somewhat strongly, opposes.

When all is said and written, however, the Bulldog can

hardly be considered as handsome or attractive as a Spaniel or an Italian Greyhound; but then we all know the old proverb about the uselessness of disputing about taste.

On the 6th of July, 1874, there appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* an account of a brutal fight between a man and a Dog. The account for awhile created a considerable sensation, and it soon came to be known that it was written by Mr. James Greenwood, a gentleman who some years before had won for himself some notoriety by describing his personal experiences of a night in the casual ward of a London workhouse.

The scene of the conflict was laid in a low public-house down a back street, in the manufacturing town of Hanley in Staffordshire; a room about sixteen feet square, with bare walls and a brick floor. At the four sides of the room a rope was extended, leaving a space of about a yard between it and the wall. Here, railed off from the centre, were the sightseers, among whom was Mr. James Greenwood himself.

The Special Correspondent then goes on to describe a disgusting fight between a hideous white Bulldog, called **Physic**, and a bandy-legged dwarf known as **Brummy**. “**Pit lads**,” he tells us, “most of them as black as when they came out of the coal pit, with a sprinkling of individuals of the ‘rough, or costermongering order,’ and some few others, formed the company. Among those latter were half-a-dozen ‘swells’ of the country ‘fancy,’ with snuff-coloured trousers and cutaway coats, and waistcoats and caps of sealskin. Altogether there must have been

at least fifty persons packed in the limited space, while the centre of the floor was neatly sawdusted. A paraffin lamp hung from the ceiling, and as the window was quite covered with a shutter, and the only means of ventilation was afforded by the chimney, while the 'swells' had their cigars alight and the commonalty their short pipes, no wonder that the place was evil-smelling, hot, and stifling."

The Special Correspondent then gives us a graphic description of the combatants. Brummy the Dwarf, is "a man of at least middle age, judging from his grizzled hair and the enormous size of his head and ears, certainly not more than four feet and a half in height, with tremendous hands and feet and bandy legs. He divested himself of his coat and his waistcoat, his blue-checked shirt, and his boots, leaving himself with nothing on but his trousers and a dirty under-flannel, cut off high at the shoulders. Stripped, he appeared an extraordinarily muscular fellow, and his arms, which were nearly covered with hair, were scarred, each of them from the wrists to the elbows, as though at some time or other he had been badly burnt. The creature likewise had a scar, ugly and jagged, within an inch of his collar-bone, and another—now one came to examine him for wounds—at the right side of his chin, which looked like a piece bitten out of a dirty apple and put back again. He now produced a strap to which was attached a bright iron ring, and this he proceeded to buckle round his waist, at the same time dispensing with his braces. Then he took from a pocket of his coat a phial filled with what looked like oil, which he handed to the sporting 'gent' with the watch, who took

out the cork and smelt at it. After which all the sporting 'gents' smelt at it in succession, and pronouncing it 'all right,' gave it back to Brummy, who, amidst almost breathless silence, commenced to anoint his arms and fists with it, rubbing it well in.

"'All ready?' asked the sporting swell with the watch. 'Ay, mun, bring him as sune as ye like,' grinned the dwarf; and there was heard the pattering of a four-footed animal, and an anxious whining, and, the kitchen-door opening, in came Physic, a hideous-jowled dirty white Bulldog. The instant Physic caught sight of 'Brummy' he gave a furious gasp, but Dan'l had him fast by the great leather collar, and, with both hands, hauled him to the wall, where another man hitched a stout chain to a holdfast, while one performed the same office for the Dwarf, except that in his case it was a substantial strap which was used. Like the Dog, however he had his measured length of tether, one end of which was attached to the ring at the back of his waist strap and the other in the wall opposite. There could no longer be any misunderstanding as to the horrible encounter which was about to happen. This dreadful Dwarf had backed himself, or had been backed by his friends, to engage in combat with Dan'l's Bulldog. 'It's their third go-in,' said a very friendly young pitman as he drank 'tord's you' out of the rum bottle; 'it's one and one with 'em as yet; this time it's—who shall!'

"As well as I could make out from the arrangements, and the wrangling and disagreements respecting them, the terms of the fight were that both Dog and man were to be allowed length of rope enough, as it was called, to get at

each other, but there was not so much of it that either could fail to get out of the other's reach should he deem it prudent to do so. The biped brute was to kneel down or go on all-fours, which he pleased, and was to use no other weapons than his clenched fists. He was by no means to take hold of the quadruped's collar, or to attempt to grapple with the Dog unless the Dog 'made fast' to him, when he would be at liberty to use his hands in order to extricate himself. In case the Bulldog should be lucky enough to 'pin' his enemy, the man had only cry out 'I'm done,' and means would be promptly taken to compel the victor to loosen his grip. On Brummy's part, to win the fight, he was to knock the Bulldog out of time—in other words, either to stun it, or so punish it, that, despite all its master's urging, it would refuse to face the Dwarf again after a full minute's notice.

"Dan'l set out a bowl with vinegar and water, and a sponge on his side, while the Dog's antagonist received from the hands of a kind patron a pint flask of brandy, at which he took a pull, and then stood it 'convenient' in a corner, together with a towel. Then he tucked down his flannel shirt at the neck, spat in his enormous hands, made them into fists each almost as big as a stone-mason's mallet, and knelt smiling. Meanwhile Dan'l was giving the finishing touches to Physic's fighting toilette, and man and Dog were ready at almost the same moment. There was no need to encourage the red-eyed Physic; he was too eager for the fray. He did not bark, but he was frenzied with passion to that degree that tears trickled down his blunt nose, and his gaspings became each

moment more shrill and hysterical. He needed no urging on for the first round, at all events. As soon as the umpire called 'Let go,' the dirty, glaring, furious brute sprang forward with an impetuosity that caused the last link of its chain to click with a ringing sound against the staple which held it.

"The Dwarf, however, was not to be stormed and defeated all in a moment. Once the ghastly fight began, there was a dire fascination in it; and I now closely noted the combat. The man was on all-fours when the words 'Let go' were uttered, and making accurate allowance for the length of the Dog's chain, he arched his back catwise, so as just to escape its fangs, and fetched it a blow on the crown of its head that brought it almost to its knees. The Dog's recovery, however, was instantaneous, and before the Dwarf could draw back, Physic made a second dart forward, and this time its teeth grazed the biped's arm, causing a slight red trickling. He grinned scornfully, and sucked the place; but there was tremendous excitement among the Bulldog's backers, who clapped their hands with delight, rejoicing in the honour of first blood.

"The hairy Dwarf was still smiling, however, and while Dan'l held his Dog, preparatory to letting it go for 'Round 2,' he was actually provoking it as much as he could, 'hissing' at it, and presenting towards it the bleeding arm. The animal, flushed possibly with his first success, made for its opponent in a sudden leap, but the Dwarf leapt forward too, and smote the Bulldog such a tremendous blow under the ear as to roll it completely

over, evidently bewildering it for a moment, and causing it to bleed freely, to the frantic joy of the friends of the man-beast. But they in turn were made to look serious, for with astonishing energy *Physic* turned about, and with a dash was again at the *Dwarf*, and this time contrived to fix its teeth in one of his hairy arms, a terrible gash appearing as the man snatched the limb out of his ravenous jaws. The *Bulldog* was licking his lips, and had fewer tears in his eyes as his master drew him back. As for the *Dwarf*, he retired to his corner for a whet of brandy and a moment's comforting with the towel.

“He was ready and smiling again, however for ‘Round 3,’ and this time it was a fight in earnest, the Dog worrying the man, and the man dealing it terrific blows on the ribs and on the head with those sledge-hammer fists, till in the end both the man’s arms were bleeding, and a horribly cheerful business was going on behind the ropes at 2 to 1 on *Physic*. But let me make short work of the ensuing seven rounds, which in some of their details were so shocking that more than once I would have left the place if I could. The company generally, however, were made of far less sensitive stuff. The more furious the ghastly fight, the keener was their relish for it, and in their excitement they leant over each other’s shoulders and over the rope, and mouthed and snarled and uttered guttural noises when a good hit or snap was made, just as the Dog and the *Dwarf* were doing.

“By the time Round 10 was concluded the *Bulldog*’s head was swelled much beyond its accustomed size; it had lost two teeth and one of its eyes was entirely shut up;

while as for the Dwarf, his fists, as well as his arms, were reeking, and his hideous face was ghastly pale with rage and despair of victory. Fate was kind to him, however. In Round 11 the Bulldog came on fresh and foaming with awful persistence of fury; but with desperate strength the Dwarf dealt him a tremendous blow under the chin, and with such effect that the Dog was dashed against the wall, where, despite all its master could do for it, for the space of one minute it lay still, and the wretch who had so disgraced what aspect of humanity was in him, was declared the victor.

"I shall have gone through that horrid spectacle to little purpose if any such tournaments are, in future, waged at Hanley."

This account was subsequently questioned, and inquiry seemed for a while completely at fault. The country papers immediately reprinted the article. Country gentlemen, clergymen, and leader writers boldly questioned its truth; but when, in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary was asked if it were true, he was compelled to admit that he believed it was, and that he had ordered inquiry to be made in order to prevent the recurrence of so disgraceful a scene, even in the Black Country. That such a conflict could have taken place in England was, he said, a serious and terrible comment on our boasted nineteenth-century civilisation and refinement. Further inquiry was made. Mr. Greenwood failed to establish his position, and the whole affair was, and is, generally believed to be a clever fabrication, with, if any, the merest basis of fact for foundation.

Since the above was written, Mr. James Greenwood has published a book in which he insists on the absolute truth and correctness of his Man-and-Dog-Fight story; though he confesses to have failed in finding the house in which the fight took place, when, he visited Hanley for the purpose of substantiating his assertions!

The manner in which the brutal sport of bull and bear-baiting was practised towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth is described in Hentzer's "Itinerary," published in Latin, in the year 1598:—

"There is a place built in the form of a theatre, which serves for baiting of bulls and bears; they are fastened behind, and then worried by great English Bulldogs; but not without risk to the Dogs from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens they are killed on the spot; fresh ones are immediately supplied in the places of those that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape because of his chain; he defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all that come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands, and breaking them."

In "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes" there is an account of a bear-baiting match that was performed before Good Queen Bess in 1575:—

"It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear, with his pink eyes leering after his enemies, approach; the

nimbleness and wai of the Dog to take his advantage ; and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid his assaults : if he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free ; that if he were taken once, then by what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing, and tumbling he would work and wind himself from them ; and, when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver hanging about his physiognomy.” Another writer, Laneham, tells us that thirteen bears were provided for this occasion, and they were baited with a great sort of Ban-dogs. In the foregoing relations, we find no mention of a ring put into the nose of the bear when he was baited ; which certainly was the more modern practice ; hence the expression by the Duke of Newcastle, in the “Humourous Lovers,” printed in 1617, “I fear the wedlock ring more than the bear does the ring in his nose.”

The native ferocity of the Bulldog well fitted him for the sport of bull-baiting. The following advertisement, published in the reign of Queen Anne, will show how our ancestors used to amuse themselves :—

“At the Bear Garden in Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell-green, this present Monday, there is a great match to be fought by two Dogs of Smithfield Bars against two Dogs of Hampstead, at the Reading Bull, for one guinea to be spent ; five lets goes out of hand ; which goes fairest and farthest in wins all. The famous Bull of fire-works, which pleased the gentry to admiration. Likewise there are two Bear-dogs to jump three jumps apiece at the Bear, which jumps highest for ten

shillings to be spent. Also variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; it being a day of general sport by all the old gamesters; and a Bulldog to be drawn up with fireworks. Beginning at three o'clock."

An instance of the unreasoning ferocity of a Bulldog is furnished by a correspondent. "Some time ago, in Cannon Street, London," he says, "I was witness to an extraordinary scene. Going along the street was an empty coal waggon, with a tall, stout waggoner, long whip in hand, walking by its side. A heavy, powerful Bulldog happening to pass, he made a cut at it with his whip, and struck it smartly. The Dog turned round instantly and rushed at the man, as everyone thought; but he never offered to lay hold of him, but kept jumping at the whip, which the man held high out of reach. The man then began to beat it with the whip till the animal snatched it from his hand and worried at it furiously. Having regained hold of the whip, the man swung the Dog round and round, bumping it heavily against the pavement, till the crowd cried 'Shame.' The Dog was then choked off, and the whip returned to its owner. The Dog, however, immediately returned to the charge, when the driver, evidently not desirous of continuing the contest, threw the offending weapon into the waggon. The Dog now tried two or three ineffectual jumps to follow it, but, finding himself baffled, trotted off crestfallen, amid the jeers of the crowd—'Done at last, old fellow.' The most wonderful thing was that the animal could only see the proximate cause and not the real offender."

THE BULL-TERRIER.

With sudden snaps and barks the Terrier starts,
And on his victim open-mouthed he darts."

THE BULL-TERRIER is a cross between the Bulldog and the Terrier, partaking of the courage of the one and the comeliness of the other. He is not a very sociable Dog, though he is brave, faithful, and strong. He is often used as a watch-dog, and sometimes by the vulgar as a fighting Dog too. The following account of an encounter between a Dog of this kind and a wild cat I extract from an old sporting magazine, to which it had been contributed by a correspondent north of the Tweed :—

" When in the south of Scotland, a short time ago, as I and another person, each having a double-barrelled gun, and accompanied by a Bull-Terrier, were crossing a large field, in the vicinity of the river Dee, on our way to a small lake, to which in the winter season wild ducks resort, our attention was directed to our Dog, which suddenly stopped and bristled himself in front of a large bunch of furze, in which there was an enormous wild cat. As civility to the enemies of rats and mice had formed one branch of our canine companion's education in his youth, he, before making an attack, had sagacity to wait for orders. We, not knowing the game, approached, and he, not only receiving encouragement, but perceiving that we were prepared to assist him, in a moment advanced in a hostile manner, showing to his opponent his reckless courage, by springing at once with a growl into the heart of the cover. The battle at that moment commenced,

and we soon got to know what the prey was, for the caterwauling, or rather tigerwauling, was both sudden and terrific ; the cover shook from one end to the other, and at the end of a few minutes the Dog was repulsed, with his face bleeding and one of his ears torn. He immediately renewed the attack, by re-entering the cover at another place, and during this round, which lasted about ten minutes, the furze gave way before the belligerents, and the spitting and screaming of tabby were continual, the latter so loud, that it might have been heard at the distance of half a mile. The Dog was again driven back, and again and again he renewed the battle, and was as often repulsed. As no trees were at hand for the cat to climb, and so escape, we resolved on testing the courage of the Dog on plain ground, as the cat, from its being in this place of security, was enabled to make attacks which were not only successful, but of a terrible description ; accordingly we set about beating and poking the cover, which we did for some time, but without effect. At last my companion took off the Dog, and held him while I extracted the shot from one of my barrels, and fired into the cover, which was no sooner done than grimalkin, in its greatest dimensions, and with a face almost as large as that of a man, appeared on the sward in battle array. To describe its arched back and ferocious appearance, by comparing them with those of that animal as represented by Warren on his blacking bottles, would convey but a poor idea. Its size was at least twice that of a domestic cat, and its strength equal to that of its antagonist, if not more. On its emerging from

the cover we let loose the Dog, which, by a most furious attack, succeeded in getting hold of it by one of the paws, but tabby, by a constant and vigorous application of its teeth and claws to its opponent's face, which was effectually curried, succeeded in extricating itself; but appeared to suffer from the bite, as it followed up the Dog, and got hold of him by the back of the neck, and clawed him again with astonishing energy, but was shaken off at last, and again, after a good defence, got hold of him by the cheek, and attacked him tooth and nail. After this kind of work had lasted about twenty minutes, a running fight was commenced, which was sustained with great courage on both sides across two fields, during which race the cat, from the self-confidence which it exhibited, appeared to despise its opponent, which was about its own size, and which, although it had bad teeth, was an excellent fighter. At the end of their run they had another long round; but, as we advanced, tabby, who had all along appeared more afraid of us than the Dog, began to make a retrograde movement, which gradually, and for the first time, increased into a flight of terror. When about seventy yards from us we, fearing it might escape, flanked it with bang! bang! which caused it to erect its tail and leap fairly over a high bank into an adjoining field. We ran forward, and, just as we mounted the bank, saw it about two yards in advance of the Dog, running for some cover at a violent pace. We followed, and, with the assistance of the Dog, which at this place got again much lacerated, by the dexterous manner in which tabby used its claws, forced it out into the open

field, where, after some more fighting, we shot it. Its length from the nose to the extremity of the tail was three feet ten inches. After all was over, the Dog appeared to be at a loss to know what to do with his face, for he kept continually feeling it with his paws, and shaking his head ; and his skin looked as if it had undergone a process in a carding machine."

Sir Walter Scott, who was very fond of all kinds of Dogs, furnishes us with an anecdote of the Bull-Terrier. "The wisest Dog I ever had," he says, "was what is called the Bulldog Terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence ; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'The baker was well paid,' or 'The baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant used to tell him 'his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor,' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side.

He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language."

The Bull-Terrier is a terrible enemy to cats. The breed differs much in size, some being mere toys and pets of six to nine pounds in weight, others weighing as much as from thirty to forty-five pounds. As a fighting Dog it is also much prized.

The generally accepted form of the Bull-Terrier is thus given by Mr. Webb:—The head should be long, the forehead flat; the eyes small, round, keen, and dark, any hazel being considered objectionable. The jaws should be quite level, strong and muscular; the muzzle fine and tapering from the eyes; the nose quite black; the neck well set into strong sloping shoulders; the chest wide and deep; the legs very straight, short and powerful; the feet small and round; the tail—which is, or should be, a great point—moderately fine at the root, gradually tapering to the point, set rather low and carried in a jaunty manner, neither high, low, hooped, nor with the slightest inclination to twist. The coat should be fine, close and smooth; the colour white, or white with brindle red or tan markings, red, red smut (that is, red with black muzzle), or altogether brindled.

Much care is necessary to keep a Bull-Terrier in good condition. He should be exercised daily, hand-rubbed and brushed. It is usual to crop his ears, which, however cruel the custom, certainly adds greatly to his general sharp aspect. The best time for the operation is from six or eight months old. A Dog-fancier is a proper person to trim his ears. It is done with a sharp pair of

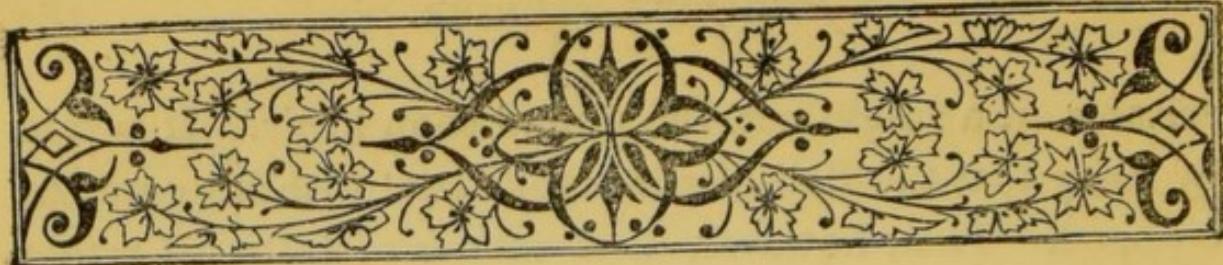
scissors, at a single cut, the wound soon heals. It is said by many that the Bull-Terrier looks best with his ears uncropped. That, however, is a matter of taste. I rather incline to the ordinary custom, as the cropped ears give to the Dog a brisk lively air, entirely characteristic of its true nature. *The tail of a Bull-Terrier should never be cropped or trimmed.* Naturally, it stands out nearly straight with the body, or slightly curved upward, so as to form a pleasing flowing line from nose to tailltip. Fond of the water and desperately averse to vermin of all kinds, the Bull-Terrier is useful in otter-hunting, badger-baiting and ratting. As a rat-catcher he is unsurpassed, and as a fighting Dog he is almost, if not quite equal, to Physic. These qualities render it a great favourite of the Fancy; as may be proved by any one who chooses to visit White-chapel, Spitalfields, or Bunhill-row.

The Black-and-tan or half-bred Bull-Terrier is not much esteemed, though I have known some fine Dogs of this colour.

The judging points of a Bull-Terrier are—

Head	20
Neck and Ears	15
Shoulders, Chest, Loins, each	10
Legs	5
Feet	5
Tail	5
Colour and Coat	10
Symmetry	10—100

Of all Dogs the Bull-Terrier seems best to understand the words, looks, and intentions of its master; in fact, he is a most intelligent, tractable, and sagacious fellow.

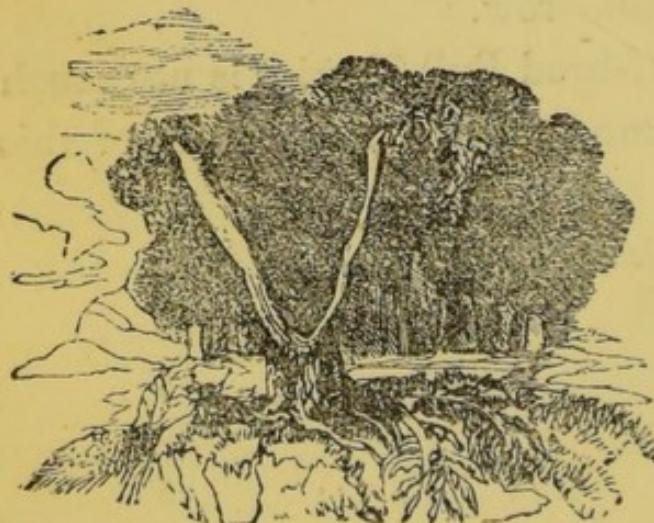


CHAPTER XVIII.

Terriers.

‘— Divisa Britannia mittit,
Veloces, nostrique orbis venatibus aptos.’

‘Great Britain sends swift hounds,
Fittest to hunt upon our grounds.



ARIOUS kinds of Dogs come under the designation of Terriers. Whether smooth or rough haired, they are all sharp, energetic, clever little fellows.

The general character of the tribe is well enough known; I may, therefore, briefly describe the several varieties.

The English Terrier is generally smooth or wire-haired; the Scotch or Skye, rough and long-haired. Both are used as pets, and both employed in rabbit-hunting and rat-catching.

The “Wiltshire Rector,” so well known as a writer on agricultural amusements, thus describes the

WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER.

“The Scotch Deerhound is rough and warmly clad ; the Irish Greyhound can face dank Hibernia’s climate with his rough warm coat. There is the Scotch Terrier with his warm hard coat, fencing well his hide. The Russian Greyhound is another example, who has actually bushy hair, while the Siberian Dog has long hair even on his head and paws, so well protected is he against that cold climate. If I look at the naturally swimming Dogs, I see again the adaptation of the Dog’s coat—as the Newfoundland, the Irish Water Spaniels ; I see in them a like merciful arrangement. And I imagine that all the Dogs originally in this chilly island of ours were rough-coated—*i.e.*, warmly clad for a coat-fitting climate. If it be true that the modern Otterhound is the true representative of the southern hound, my argument is much strengthened, for the Otterhound is warmly clad.

“But how about the English Terrier ? What was he in olden time ? Not, I verily believe, the smooth-skinned sleek creature of to-day’s civilisation. Was he, like the Scotch Terrier, very long-coated ? I also think not. Scotland is much colder than England. The Scotch Sheep-dog is much more warmly clad than the old-fashioned, bob-tailed, hard, wiry-coated English Sheep-dog. What, then, do I believe the English Terrier to have been as to coat ? I believe him to have been wire-haired. This is a particular kind of coat : but it is

admirably suited to the Dog's work and ways. Long hair would hinder him ; but he is exposed to climate in bad weather. Look at his coat : he has a thorough good loin-cloth as ever man wished for, or had on his favourite horse on a bitter December day, when the rain is falling in torrents. Then the mist may fall on his head, but it only hangs on his thick moustache, and can easily be shaken off ; and his chest has a like rough warm cover. In fact, taking the climate of England, he is as well and sufficiently covered as even the Scotch Terrier is for the climate of Scotland. The wire-haired Dog should have a coat somewhat like cocoa-nut fibre, in no case silky or approaching to silky. This wire-haired Terrier, called in books sometimes, and rightly, "the old-fashioned hard and wiry-coated Dog," is not now often seen, but he is, I believe, the genuine English Terrier, the best of all Terriers suited for work in a cold, damp, east-wind-pestered climate. If you look at the Terrier in Bewick's "Quadrupeds" you will find such a Dog ; and any old book represents a Terrier rather rough than smooth.

" In regard to the value of wire-haired Terriers, I give the following anecdote :—A relation of mine, who lives in the midst of a haunt famed all over England, was talking one day in the winter with a man who has the care of the Terriers (both kind are kept, the wire-haired and the smooth), and he asked him which he preferred for work. The reply was, " Well, sir, these smooth 'uns are good for anything ; capital Dogs, sir ; but then they shiver so on cold days. They are all right such days as this (it was a lovely sunny winter day), but the rough 'uns don't shiver, and

bear the cold and wet best." The smooth-haired Fox-terriers are charming Dogs ; they will face anything, will go into any damp drain, and some will swim well ; but, oh ! how they suffer in cold weather. The pluck is in them, the heart is all right, but man has robbed the poor Dog of that warm covering which was intended to keep him secure and safe in damp earth, or mud, or winter's water. Man alters for fancy and for eye ; but I doubt whether he ever improves, so far as usefulness is concerned. In olden days it was rather sport than fancy ; and although I cannot and will not uphold cruel sports, yet I must say there is some cruelty in making, so to speak, a Terrier work in the cold without his coat on—the coat his Creator gave him for protection and comfort too. I dub, therefore, the wire-haired Terrier, now seldom seen, as the genuine old English Dog of this breed. He is a Dog, like all Terriers, very companionable ; a cheerful Dog ; and if he follows one for miles in the wet and cold, one does not feel that he is suffering as the smooth Dog does, when, covered with mud and chilled to the bone, he looks up with a pitiful face, as much as to say, " Oh ! master, I wish I had a warm coat ; but your race, mankind, has robbed me of it." I have often felt very sorry to see a poor smooth-haired Terrier in thorough bad case from wet and cold.

" The wire-haired Terrier class has not as yet been a large one at shows. Their chief breeder, as far as I know, is Mr. Wootton, of Mapperley, whose Dog I have seen and admired at Birmingham. I regret much that the wire-headed Terrier is not among that admirable series of

photographs of prize Dogs painted by George Earl, the painter (to my mind) of Dogs, now Landseer is no more. His Fox Terriers, his English Terrier, his Bull-Terrier, are admirable and life-like ; but why has he omitted the wire-haired, the oldest of all ? If I am told that the wire-haired is a vermin Dog, I reply, of course he is, that was what he is intended for ? Are there no vermin in England still ? Have the rats gone back to Hanover ? Are stoats, weasels, polecats, no more ? Besides, he is more than a vermin Dog—he is that, and more too—what Dog better when rabbits are to be killed.

“ All Terriers are companionable, sprightly, cheerful Dogs. Years ago—I was but a boy then—I made, in company with my father, a driving journey of between thirty and forty miles into Norfolk. A wire-headed Terrier was with us, as merry, and active, and inquisitive—bolting into this hedge, through that gate—the last few miles as he was the first few. Weariness he did not seem to feel. Was not that warm coat of his a supporter of his strength ? Well, the last few miles the road ran across a rabbit warren, and oh ! the Dog’s delight then. Never had he seen so much game before—never did he enjoy such sport. “ Rabbits young, and rabbits old ; rabbits hot ” with running, “ and rabbits cold ” with fear, were round him. This place was alive with them, and he quite forgot his long journey. Imagine my boyish delight—I kept rabbits then—at seeing such a number of rabbits out feeding in the moonlight, the games they played, some out from their nests for the first time ; little rabbits, half-grown rabbits of all sizes, eating, playing, scamper-

ing, and racing off as the Dog approached. But turning my thoughts to old times, I must call up another scene connected with wire-haired Terriers. There was an old man I knew and loved to watch, who was a ratcatcher—a little old man, a bent old man, who looked more bent because on his back was always his box of ferrets. He had a hump on his back, and I never knew he wore a loose old coat where the hump ended and where the ferret-box began. He wore a cap, I fancy of cat-skin, and he smoked so short a pipe that my wonder was he did not burn his nose ; I looked upon that nose as a kind of salamander. On an autumn or winter's morning I used to see this old man tramp off from the town to the fen farms with his team of Dogs, everyone wire-haired, usually white with a touch of colour on eye and ear, one or two might be black and tan. Now this old man was worth nothing but his Dogs and his ferrets, his clothes, pipe included, counting for nothing ; but he would not sell one of those Dogs. He kept to one breed, and no one in that town could get one of him for fear the breed should make another rival in his trade. Poor old man ! a grim silent man, so different to the merry Dogs that were always with him. He was full of employment, and I connected him in my mind with the sound of the flail which I used to hear for weeks in the fen barns. I distinctly remember that the old man's Dogs were smaller and not as wide in the head as those usually seen of the wire-haired breed.

“ Why should not breeders take up this Dog and improve him ? Narrow his head by crossing with a good coarse-haired, but well-shaped Fox Terrier ; both Dogs have the

heart in them. Some Fox Terriers, the best of them, have hair of such a texture as shows clearly that they are related distinctly to the wire-haired. Cross these two; make a pretty Dog, not a large Dog; show such Dogs clean, and I venture that, the eye being pleased and humanity being pleased by a thick coat being put on the Terrier's back, such a breed would in time be a success—a prettier Dog, neater in shape, straighter legs, narrower head, with nice markings. The moustache gives a quaint look, and the pluck being there, as it would be, such a Dog would be popular, and the genuine old Terrier, for such I believe the wire-headed to be, would be worthily represented."

THE FOX TERRIER.

THIS is a smooth-haired Dog. He is thus technically described:—Head long; forehead flat; ears thin, fine, and pendant, carried flat to face, and almost V-shaped; eyes sharp, but not prominent or too large; cheeks lean, with a large, sharp, powerful jaw; nose black, with a good mouthful of sound teeth, not undershot; neck fine but muscular, not throaty, set into the shoulders lightly and elegantly, with a proportioned depth of chest, neither too thick nor too wide; fore-legs straight, but muscular arms, with a nice, round, strong lower leg, with a round, cat-like foot; back straight, not too long, with well-rounded ribs; short, well-developed loin; hips wide; stifles muscular; hock not too straight, or so as to give a stilty, Bulldog-like appearance, with a nice substance of bone and muscle on the lower leg; stern set on straight, not carried over

the back, although carried gaily. *Judging points* :—Shape of head, including eyes, 15; shape of head, including ears, 10; shape of head, including teeth, 10; shape of body, 15; legs and feet, 15; colour and markings, 15; condition, 15; stern, 5: total, 100.

THE LONG-HAIRED OR YORKSHIRE TERRIER (COMMONLY CALLED BROKEN-HAIRED SCOTCH).

HEAD long; jaw and nose sharp; eye bright and sharp; jaw not over short; body compact, not too high on the leg; stern carried gaily. There is so much coat you cannot see the general outline. It should be long, free from curl or crimping. There are three different shades on a good Dog—blue, silvery, and tan, the fluff of head and ears being well tanned with that rich tan which it can hardly be believed is natural, and which is carried equally rich on the legs and feet. Points in judging:—Head, 15; colour, 35; legs, 10; feet, 5; tail, 5; length of coat, 20; distribution of colour on coat, 10: total, 100.

THE SKYE TERRIER.

THIS favourite pet Dog is thus described by the Rev. Cumming Macdona, a good judge of the breed:—The coat of the Skye is so fully developed that it is often compared to a mat. The true Skye should have its ears, legs, and tail all merging in one mass, with the exception of the tip of the latter and of the feet. In a well-coated specimen the eyes are only to be guessed at, and even the

nose is often obscured ; but generally they are each more or less visible on a close inspection.

The eyes are keen, expressive, small, and generally of a dark colour, either black or brown, as are the nose and palate.

The ears are of good size, that is, about three inches long, clothed thickly with hair, which should mingle with that of the face and neck, and decidedly falling, but not quite close to the cheek, owing to the quantity of hair by which they are surrounded.

The shape of the head is not easily got at, but it is somewhat wide, while the neck is unusually long. The body also is too much coated to show its shape, and the form of the shoulders and back ribs can only be ascertained by handling, or by dipping the Dog in water, when the shape at once becomes apparent. The fore-legs are sometimes more or less bandy, but the less the better ; there are no dew claws, and the feet are not very strong, having a tendency to flatness and thinness of the soles. Tail long, and carried horizontally, but with a sweep, so that the tip is a little below the level of the back. Weight, from ten to eighteen pounds, the bitches being nearly as heavy as the dogs—perhaps about two pounds less. The colours most fancied are silver grey with black tips, fawn with dark brown tip to the ears and tail, dark slaty blue (slightly grizzled, but without any absolute admixture of white), black and pure fawn—the order we have named being in accordance with the value of each. The hair should be long, straight, and shining, like that of the tail of the horse ; any appearance of silkiness, woolliness, or

curl to be avoided, excepting on the top of the head, where it has a slight tendency to silkiness. By some fanciers the prick ear is preferred to the drop, the strains in which this point is shown being stronger in the body, and hardier in constitution and courage. The prick ear should stand up well, and terminate in a fine tuft of hair coming to a decided point.

POINTS.—Coat, 25; colour, 20; head, 10; ears, 10; length of body, 10; carriage of tail, 10; symmetry, 15.

There are few people who do not profess to be able to tell a Skye Terrier at a glance; and yet the fact is, good Skye Terriers are very scarce—any small Dog with a long coat passes as a Skye. There are two classes of these Terriers; the long, and the short wire-haired—the woolly mongrel that so often is passed off as a Skye is not worthy of mention. The old-fashioned Skye Terrier, and the one most common on the island, is a small, wire-haired Dog, with short ears rising above the head and falling over at the tips. He is a very hardy little fellow, and is often used for hunting the otter out of his caverns, diving down several feet into a salt-water pool to effect his purpose. His colour is mostly dark brown. Some few very handsome specimens occasionally met with at Dog shows resemble the colour of the porcupine, each hair in its coat having a variegated tinge from the skin to its tip. It is a pity these beautiful specimens of the real old Skye Terrier race are so seldom awarded prizes at our Dog shows. The Skye classes might be divided into the short and long-coated. The long-coated are, without doubt, the fashionable strain: so fashionable, indeed, have the

long-coated become of late years that it is a well-known fact the finest specimens are to be bought in London. A few years ago, such was the rage for them, a duchess would almost be ashamed to be seen in the park unaccompanied by her long-coated Skye.

THE SCOTCH TERRIER.

This and the Dandie Dinmont are much prized as pets. They are both sagacious, spirited, and faithful. The Queen has several of the Scotch breed, which were brought from Islay, in the Highlands. Like his English brother, he is a terrible enemy to rats and vermin. There are several varieties of this Dog, but they have all of them long hair straggling all over their bodies, bright eyes, elevated tails, pendant ears, and short noses. In intelligence, warmth of attachment, and spirit, the Scotch Terrier yields to no other Dog living.

The judging points of Terriers are variously given by those who profess to know all about these Dogs, but the following are the points generally accepted by the umpires at shows:—

	Smooth.	Rough.	Skye.	Dinmont.	Black & Tan
Head	25	15	10	15	25
Neck and Ears ..	10	10	10	10	—
Shoulders ..	10	—	—	—	5
Chest and Loins ..	—	20	—	—	5
Chest	10	—	—	—	5
Loins	10	—	—	—	—
Feet and Legs ..	10	10	—	10	—
Colour and Coat ..	10	30	45	40	40
Symmetry	10	10	25	10	—
Tail	5	5	10	10	5
Eye	—	—	—	—	5
Neck	—	—	—	—	5
Feet	—	—	—	—	5

Toy Terriers of whatever breed are always judged for coat, colour, and marking, especially those with tan marks over the eyes.

THE MALTESE DOG.

A pure Maltese, which is a breed of long-haired Terrier, is one mass of long silky hair. He is not completely coated till he is five years old. Full of vivacity, the Maltese makes a nice and agreeable pet Dog. His general appearance is as follows:—

Head round; ears small, lying close to the head; eyes black; nose black; jaw level; the coat on head long, straight, and silky, free from ringlets; body compact, on short legs; stern moderately long, well coated, and carried well over the back; the whole body heavily coated with long straight hair, and pure white; in fact, so heavily coated you cannot observe any symmetry or outline. If the hair is in ringlets, it shows a cross with the Poodle or the Truffle Dog, and is therefore objected to by fanciers.

Points in judging:—Head, 30; compact body, 10; coat, 30; nose, 10; eyes, 10; legs and feet, 5; tail, 5—100.

Terriers of all kinds, especially those of the long-haired varieties, were great favourites with Sir Walter Scott, who kept up the breed of Dandie Dinmonts, and made much of his pets. These Dogs are also often found pourtrayed in the pictures of Landseer, Ansdell, Earl, and other painters, and in the woodcuts of Harrison Weir.

One of the most striking proofs of the natural sagacity of the Dog is the notion of time, which, in many instances, unquestionably belongs to the animal. In the neighbourhood of some towns there are Dogs that regularly repair thither on the market days, when they know they can procure booty. A Terrier which was some time under the care of Mr. Blaine, was visited by him on Sunday only; and, though no change whatever was made in the treatment of the Dogs on that day, it discovered its knowledge of the time by taking its station at the door till Mr. Blaine came—a behaviour so marked and so regular as left no doubt as to the intelligence of the animal. Mr. Dibdin states that a friend of his made a journey from home for a short time once a month, which was always a cause of regret to a very affectionate Terrier he possessed. As the period of his master's absence was always the same, the Dog, which at its commencement showed much grief, recovered his spirits towards its close. When he was convinced his master would soon return, he took the first opportunity of leaving home, and generally met him about two miles' distance. The gentleman having died, the Dog, though then old and nearly blind, became disconsolate, and after being for a little cheered by mistaking for its master a person who wore similar stockings, on discovering its error, it retired into a corner and soon died.

A friend writes:—Allow me to give you a remarkable case of instinct in a half-bred English Terrier. This Dog was presented to a friend living at Charlton, by one of the sergeants at the barracks on Woolwich Common,

and was by him given to me. He sent it by his foreman with a chain by rail from Shooter's Hill Station. I had it about a week, and, strange to say, I could not keep the Dog from running away. At last he bolted, and I, feeling anxious about my pet, started in quest of the runaway to my friend, who much surprised me by stating that the Dog had returned to his old master at the barracks. The Dog had never before been to London. How can this be accounted for? The Dog could not follow scent, neither could he return by sight.

Another anecdote shows the wit of the Terrier:— Winks, for his part, after an hour or two of it, got bored with the levity of the conversation, and rustled about so that he was put out of the carriage to run for the benefit of his health. He went along for a mile, pleased enough, gathering dust in clouds about him. But when he intimated a desire to be taken in, the boys, hard-hearted beings! laughed in the face of Winks. “A run will do you good, old fellow,” said Dick, with cruel satisfaction. A short time afterwards, I am sorry to say, a dreadful accident, nature unknown, happened to Winks. He uttered a heart-rending shriek, and appeared, immediately after, making his way toward the carriage, holding up a feathery paw in demonstrative suffering. The anxious party stopped immediately, and Winks made his way toward them, laboriously limping, and uttering painful cries. But when, all a-dust as he was, this hypocrite was lifted into the carriage, holding up the injured member, and was laid upon the softest cushion to have it examined, words fail me to express the sardonic grin with which he showed his

milk-white teeth. There was no more the matter with the little villain's paw, my gentle reader, than with your hand or mine.

An extraordinary instance of sagacity on the part of a Terrier is reported as having occurred at Glasgow. The cage of a pet canary being found empty one morning, a search was instituted by all the inmates of the house for little Dicky, but without success. The excited appearance of the cat suggested the most painful explanation of his absence, but on watching her movements closely, it was observed that she was being kept at a respectful distance by a small Terrier, lying on all-fours under a chair. The lost treasure was then discovered, firmly, yet tenderly, grasped in the mouth of the intelligent Dog, who had thus protected it from the nefarious designs of the cat, and who now proudly gave it up to the owners. The bird was none the worse for the grasp in which he had been held by his preserver, no one knows how long. This is the strangest part of the story, for birds often die of fright in the gripe of a cat or Dog before they are really injured, and Spy's conduct in the emergency, however well meant and effectual, was hardly calculated to inspire confidence in the bosom of poor Dicky.

A lady friend writes:—Your request to furnish an anecdote or two for your book reminds me of a thorough-bred liver-and-tan-coloured Terrier bitch belonging to my servant's husband, who lived in a neighbouring cottage. The poor thing was over ten years old, and though she hadn't a tooth in her head, was handsome even still. I, however, couldn't bear her, as there was no keeping her

out of the house, and she seemed to me to come in for all the good things which I naturally thought were the perquisites of a Dog of my own. She knew I didn't like her, and, although I never laid hand on her, whatever spiced objurgations I may have hurled at her, used to cower and crouch whenever she saw me, and, eyeing me furtively, slunk swiftly and stealthily away. One day, however, a pretty little kitten, scarcely six weeks old, was brought home and put down with old Topsy, who had just slipped pups, and to it she took a great fancy; and not only was constantly mouthing and playing with it, but even allowed it to suck her. On my being told of this, and taking up and caressing the kitten when Topsy was by, she seemed instantly either to have formed a better opinion of me, or else to think that the kitten would form an excellent medium for scraping a better acquaintance, for she leapt upon the window-sill, and wagging her tail frantically, and wriggling her whole body with feverish delight, began first to lick me, and then the kitten, and so on, over and over again, uttering all the while little doggish sounds of rapture; then to leap down, and bark, and gambol, and then leap up again, and go over the whole performance *da capo* until I put down the kitten, when she divided her attention pretty equally between us, and became all but a nuisance to me ever after: for she would then follow me whenever and wherever I went, to the utter disregard of her owners or any one else, and would persist in leaping up and ensconcing herself on my lap, when, from the state of the roads and the weather, as well as from other canine jealousy, her doing so was far from being pleasant.

Whenever the kitten felt playful, the two would gambol together, and little pussy, when tired, used to cuddle-in to poor old Topsy for warmth, and go to sleep with its tiny paw round her neck, or occasionally in such a position as would seriously incommodate poor Topsy, who would yet lie still for fear of disturbing it, or else carefully adjust its position. Meanwhile the kitten kept growing, and in due course of time became a splendid cat, in size equalling old Topsy; with such a doggish way of mouthing, muzzling, and biting in its play, too, that it acquired the surname of Biteums. Mr. Biteums' gambols and pranks were now sometimes far more than Topsy could bear without compunction; and when he would pounce unexpectedly upon, and bowl her over, or bite, or stick his claws into her, a little more keenly than bearable, she naturally felt the liberty taken, and resented it with a snap or a snarl, which he, on the other hand, treated with the most sovereign contempt, till at length she'd turn round sharply, and bark out, "What the dickens are you about?" or tones to that effect—for Topsy did not speak English, though often she tried; she, however, understood the language most perfectly—when Biteums would cease his funning, and, going off to a little distance, sit down, coil his tail round his legs, and look at her so funnily, till after a gyration or two, when she'd coil herself down for a snooze, he would steal softly up, and, after licking her all over, lie down by her side. Topsy, by-and-bye, had a couple of pups, which she allowed Biteums to do just what he liked with, and he used to lick, fondle, and pull them about; muzzle, and toss them in the air, and play with them just as a cat would

with her kittens; while poor old Topsy would sit by snivelling, with tears of pleasure trickling from her poor old eyes, her fore-feet nervously moving, and, as she looked lovingly on, scrubbing the floor incessantly and spasmodically with her poor little stump of a tail.

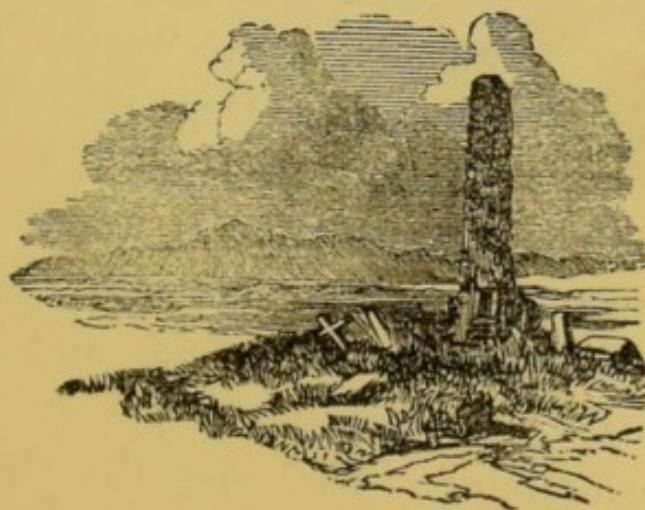
“ I scarcely know,” writes another correspondent, “ if the following is worthy of note. I especially allude to the unmistakable signs of grief shown by Dogs long associated with a family when serious illness or death occurs to any member of it. An instance of this has quite lately come under my own especial notice—a Dog, not a parlour Dog, but an ordinary Terrier, whose especial domain is the garden or shrubberies, and his favourite seat a mat on the steps of the drawing-room garden window, from which he could watch the proceedings of its inmates. He was appropriately named Bounce, being of a rather noisy disposition, barking with apparent anger when strangers approached, and exhibiting the utmost delight at baying a chance cat up one of the trees. A while ago a member of the family was taken dangerously ill. This circumstance threw a natural gloom over all the household, and the result, as it relates to the Dog, was that from the very day on which this took place until it terminated fatally some three or four weeks afterwards, this faithful and observant creature was not known to bark once, although doctors and strange messengers were continually coming and going. Even a cat up an adjacent tree was scarcely noticed by him, and I am sure no one who saw it could doubt for a moment that Bounce fully participated in the

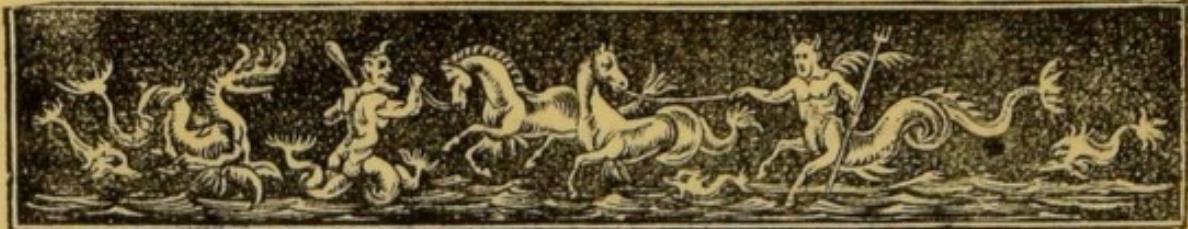
general anxiety and gloom of the family. Nor was this all: for, on any member of it walking out and taking a few turns in the garden, Bounce would immediately come up, not boisterously, as he was usually wont to do, but looking up earnestly into the person's face, as much as to say 'What's the matter? Do tell me!' If this had been a singular case, it is probable I should scarcely have noticed it, but I have seen the same sort of behaviour in some three or four not dissimilar cases with other Dogs. I have seen a great deal of Dogs under a great variety of circumstances, and I have always felt a pleasure in consequence in noticing their intelligent ways and peculiarities, which the word instinct by no means sufficiently expresses."

With one other anecdote I must close this chapter. Mr. Anthony Trollope in his "Hunting Sketches Abroad," has the following:—"At Clemency, on the borders of Switzerland, a wolf towards nightfall entered the village, and immediately gave chase to a small grey Terrier. Instead of taking shelter in the nearest cottage, the Dog rushed on to the end of the hamlet, and, entering a wheelwright's yard, leapt safe and sound into the kennel of a huge mastiff. The wolf had followed too closely to recede, and the mastiff darted out suddenly and seized the wolf by the skin of the back. The sequel was remarkable. The mastiff, impeded by his chain, began to yield to the struggles of the wolf, a full-grown, powerful beast, when, just at the right moment, another large Dog arrived at full speed, accompanied by the little Terrier, who had evidently seen his comrade's need of assistance, and gone off to procure it. This unexpected ally put an end to the

conflict, and the wolf was speedily mastered. Madame Bastide—the wheelwright's wife—her daughter, and servant—all three witnessed the scene, which they each described as related; and indeed there is nothing in the story incredible, many parallels have occurred to illustrate the intelligence of animals in comprehending a position of urgency, as well as the facilities they possess for making known to each other their wants and wishes."

It is the custom to crop the ears and tails of Terriers and some other kinds of Dogs. This I cannot but regard as cruel and useless. Nature surely never intended the Dogs' ears to be so clipped and deformed as we sometimes see them; and as for cutting the tail, it is monstrous, for the Dog really speaks more with his tail than with his tongue. With his tail he expresses hope, fear, frolic, love, gratitude, joy, anger, remorse, entreaty, obedience, defiance, and shame; so that when we clip his tail we really injure one of his organs of speech!

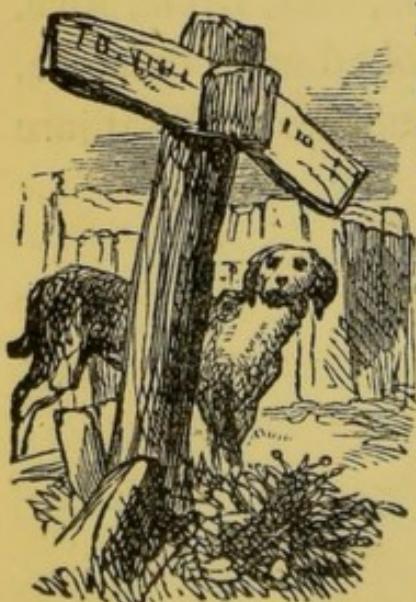




CHAPTER XIX.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Drover's Dog.

Honest and careful, looking for no praise,
The Sheep Dog guards the flock. Companion, friend,
Protector, all in one ; a kindly word,
Or smile is payment ample for his toils.

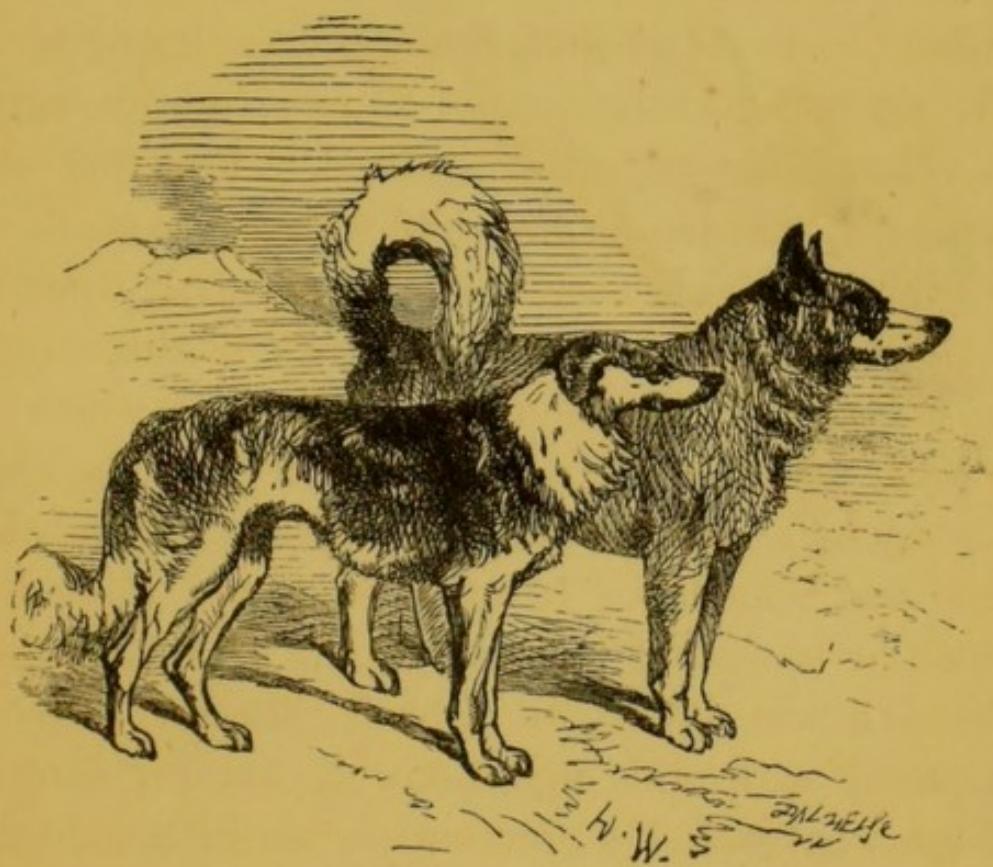


THESE two Dogs may be considered as one variety of the Spaniel. As keepers and guardians of the flock they are highly useful, and may be found in all parts of the civilised world. Education and care have rendered this Dog one of the most valuable in the world. Without the Shepherd's Dog the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence an acre. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to market, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then,

feel an interest in his Collie. It is the Collie, indeed, that earns the family bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side ; he will follow him through fire and water. Another very remarkable fact is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or sickly sheep. They will drive them a great deal more gently than they do others ; and sometimes a single sick one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions they perform their duties like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the Collie should be so much prized by the shepherd ; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part ; or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation, and form no small part of the converse by the cozy ingle on long winter nights ?

Every kind of Sheep Dog is remarkable for the intelligence, fidelity, and conscientious fulfilment of duty, which we have before described in different species ; and anecdotes of their fine qualities are innumerable. We will, however, satisfy ourselves with merely one out of many, and which we give from Youatt. A shepherd, in one of his excursions over the Grampians to collect his scattered flock, took with him one of his children, about four years old. After traversing his pastures for awhile, attended by his Dog, he was compelled to ascend a summit at some distance. As the ascent was too great for the child he left him at the bottom, with strict injunctions not

to move from the place. Scarcely, however, had he gained the height when a thick Scotch mist came on, and almost changed the day to night. He returned to seek the child, but was unable to find him, and concluded a long and fruitless search by coming home distracted to his cottage. The poor Dog was also missing in the general confusion. As soon as it was light the next morning, he again set out in search of the child, but again came back without him. He found, however, that during his absence his Dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of food, instantly departed. For four days the shepherd searched for his child with the same ill success ; and the Dog for the same time as regularly came back for his food, and then departed. Struck by this singular circumstance, he determined to follow the Dog, which departed as usual with his piece of oaten bread. The animal led the way to a waterfall, at some distance from where the child had been left. It was a steep and rugged descent which he took, and he disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed, but on entering the cavern what were his emotions, when he beheld the child eating the cake which the Dog had brought, while the faithful animal stood by looking on with great satisfaction. From the situation in which the child was found, it would seem that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down, the torrent preventing his return. The Dog, by means of his scent had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving him a part—or, perhaps, the



SHEPHERD DOG AND ESQUIMAUX.



whole—of his daily allowance. He appeared never to have quitted the child night or day, except for food, as he was seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

Equally trustworthy is the Drover's Dog, which greatly resembles the Sheep Dog in appearance, and however painful and difficult is the performance of his duty, he never shirks it. In illustration of this we will give an anecdote which has reference to a female Dog of this species, belonging to a shepherd named Dunning, in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched home under the care of his Dog alone, a distance of seventeen miles, through a populous country. The poor animal when but a few miles on the road dropped two whelps, but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther, then allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she then carried about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups here she returned for the sheep, and drove them on a few miles; and this she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion, was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. Although she brought every sheep of the flock safely home, yet it is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring home alive.

The amount of intelligence, skill, and obedience shown by every kind of well-trained Dog used for taking game

almost surpasses belief. Nor can we read of it without a sentiment akin to pain, from the thought that these creatures, which devote themselves with such earnest zeal to our service, are often ill-requited by man; and that while their merit is so great, their reward and enjoyment is but a life of servitude.

In Mr. St. John's "Highland Sports," I find the following characteristic anecdote of a Shepherd's Dog:—"A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his Dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, 'I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes.' Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, 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 potato field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the byre (farm-yard), where she was, and, finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the Dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, 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."

A similar story, probably having a similar origin, is told of a Cur, by Samuel Rogers, poet and banker.

No one can read accounts like these, and not feel that the Dog is superior to all other quadrupeds, and that his intelligence only falls short of that possessed by man, because the great and beneficent Creator has denied to him the faculty of speech. "This Dog," says the eloquent Buffon, "is superior in instinct to all others; and notwithstanding his melancholy look, he has a decided character, in which education has but a slight share. Other Dogs may be taught, but the Shepherd's Dog appears to take to his business with a sagacity that astonishes, while it gives ease and assistance to his master. If we reflect on these facts, we shall be confirmed in our opinion that this is the true Dog of nature, the stock and model of the whole species."

The notorious and surprising powers of the Shepherd's Dog, are displayed in only one department of service; and that is among sheep. Here he learns every lesson with astonishing aptness, and when once acquired, he performs his tasks with such a sagacious readiness, that it seems to come from the spur of the moment. He is faithful to a proverb, and is so eminently successful and useful in the pastures of plain, heath, and down, that no can doubt for a moment that such is the service for which he was designed. Hence his most extraordinary fitness for it; not from any particularly reasoning powers, but more from some peculiar intuitive and mysterious disposition or impulse in the animal itself. It is an endowment from nature.

Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, gives an instance of surprising sagacity of his Dog Sirrah. On one occasion

seven hundred lambs broke up in an evening, and, scampering off in three divisions, soon lost themselves among the neighbouring hills. Sirrah seemed to understand that this large flock of lambs ought not to be absent from their accustomed dwelling-place at night, and, without orders from his master, set off in search of them. The night was dark, and the shepherd and his companion spent the whole of its long hours in scouring the hills, but they could obtain no trace either of the seeking Dog, or of the recreant flock. "On our way home, however," says Mr. Hogg, "we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view, we concluded that it was one of the divisions which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight till the rising sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety." We do not question the truth of this exploit; for although it was of most wonderful execution, it is so naturally characteristic of the Shepherd's Dog, that we give full belief to all its particulars.

The successor of Sirrah was Sirrah's son; and though not so famous a Dog as was his father, he was yet a more

interesting one. Mr. Hogg relates an instance of Hector—for that was his name—manifesting a strong instinct, but a defective intelligence; indeed, this latter faculty always appeared more obtuse than that of his immediate and most notable predecessor. One evening, at dark, Hector and his master had safely enclosed a flock of lambs in a fold, and when the passage hurdle was shut, the Dog must have been shut inside, and it was supposed that he did not discern that the lambs were made secure; for although his master called him away when he left, Hector did not obey the summons, and in the morning he was found standing inside the fold, just at the middle of the fold door, with his eyes stedfastly fixed on the lambs, as if chained to the spot by some irresistible power. What was this but the instinctive impulse?

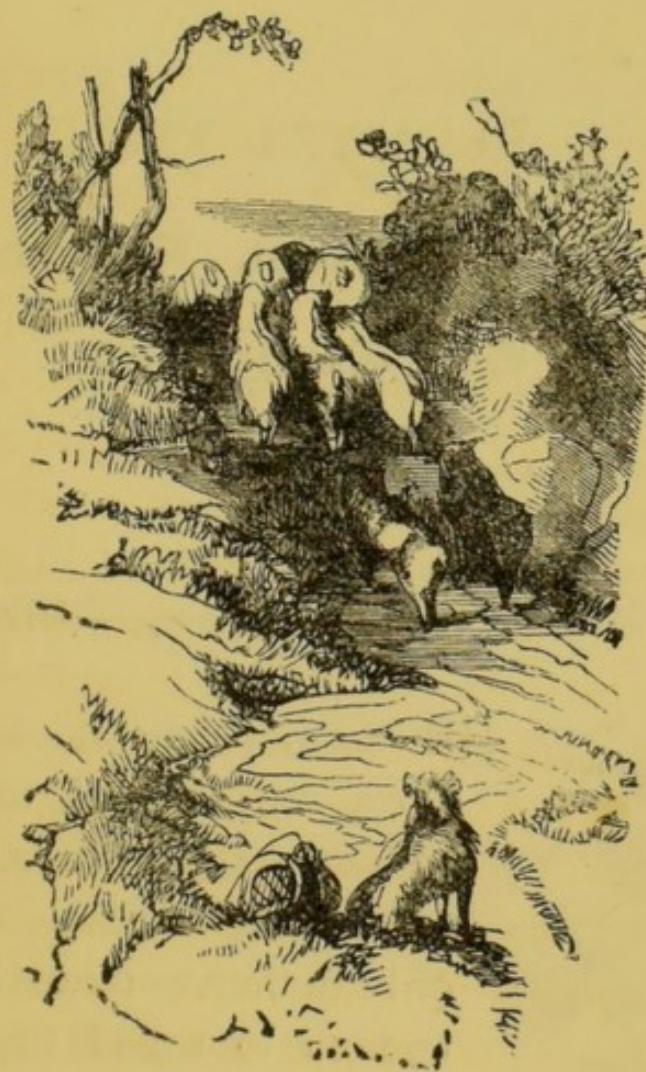
There had been a deluge of rain in the night, but Hector had never once been down, and in the fatiguing attitude of strict watchfulness did this patient and persevering representative of the shepherd spend the whole of that cold and dreary night. Hector's disposition to obey was strong, but the force of his peculiar instinct was yet stronger; for when called off, he yielded to his innate impulse, and refused to attend to the commands of his master, because his intelligence was at fault. The animal could not perceive that the lambs were already made safe enough in the fold, nor that his own watch was unnecessary.

Mr. Hogg also relates a story of a young man having lost his life, through the innate force of his Dog's instinct. This young man had resolved to make an adventure

in the crime of sheep-stealing, and avng selected some sheep from the flock of a former master, he and his Dog commenced driving them away; but before he got them off the farm, he, whether from the voice of conscience, or from the terror of possible consequences, countermanded the execution of the project, and let the sheep go back again. He called his Dog away, and, mounting his pony, rode off at a gallop. But, halting at a distance of three miles and turning round, he there saw the stolen sheep at his heels, with his Dog in their rear, driving them after him at a furious rate. The young man was in trouble, and, after punishing the thief for his disobedience, rode off a second time. The Dog, however, was quite incorrigible, gave his master the slip, and again fetched up the poor animals, already panting and smoking from the effects of the rate of their recent travel. This time the day was beginning to dawn, and the young man began to feel that it was impossible for him to make a defence against such overpowering evidence, and, seeing he could not wash his hands clean of the stolen property, disposed of the sheep; and the transaction cost him his life; for he was tried, found guilty and hanged.

For the last four or five miles the Dog had to scent his master's track, as well as drive the flock before him. It is very plain that this animal was under the influence of his proper instinct, which was so strong that no other power was competent to resist its impulse. His intelligence should have made him obedient to his master's commands; but his instinct led the other way, and the business of his instinct he would do. And this fact

confirms us in the opinion we have before broached, that when animals exhibit some apparently clear evidences of strong sagacity in one particular service only, it may be concluded that the motor power is more of an instinctive than of an intellectual faculty.





CHAPTER XX.

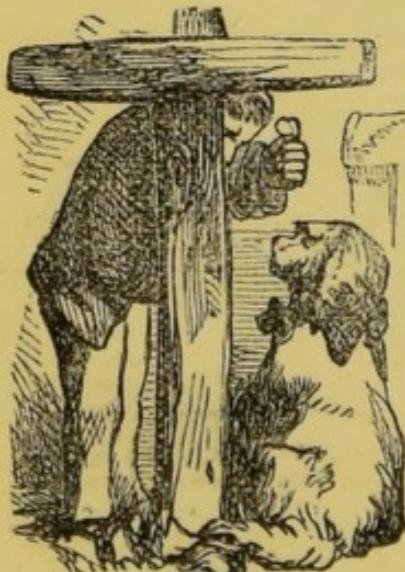
Pomeranian, Poodle, Barbet, Dalmatian, Siberian, Cur, Turnspit, &c.

Their quiet looks confiding,

Hence grateful instincts, sealed deep,

By whose strong bond, were ill betiding,

They'd lose their own, his life to keep.—HENRY HALLAM.



THE varieties into which the family of Dogs are divided are many and curious. Have they all sprung from one common stock—as many assert—or have they, as others have been bold enough to say of the great human family itself, come of different primitive breeds in different climes? Who shall declare, seeing that our knowledge of the origin of species, Mr. Darwin notwithstanding, is of the slightest and the most speculative?

We may very briefly dismiss the rest of the Dogs on our list, beginning with

THE POMERANIAN.

THE POMERANIAN and the Maltese Dogs are of allied character. The Pomeranian is a pretty and graceful Dog. Always well-known in Germany, it is of comparatively recent importation into our country. Its little sharp nose and prick ears give it a peculiarly knowing look; and although some writers affirm it is not of an affectionate disposition, we know several instances of its devotion to its mistress, which go far to upset such an assertion. The Pomeranian should be either pure white or cream colour; though the former is the most fashionable, yet the points are often more developed in the cream-coloured Dog. Eyes and nose should be black; ears erect and small; the face perfectly smooth and fine, giving the Dog a very fox-like appearance; his coat throughout should be long, but not curly, and the frill long and straight. His legs should be, like his face, clean and fine in coat, with hare feet. His tail should be well curled on to the hip, and well furnished with long hair; this and the frill are very necessary. The weight should be from 10 lbs. to 18 lbs., but the smaller are the more valuable.

Technically, the Pomeranian is thus described:—Head widish between the ears; ears pricked, head flat, going off sharp to the muzzle; eye bright, flashing and restless; the whole head foxy-looking, the nose being black; whole body square and short; legs straight; feet inclined to be

flat ; tail curled over and lying on to the hip ; coat a whole mass of pure white straight hair, very pily at the bottom. *Points in judging* :—Head, 20 ; eyes and nose, 5 ; coat, 25 ; colour, 20 ; frill, 10 ; tail, 10 ; symmetry, 5 ; legs and feet, 5.

THE PUG.

FORMERLY this Dog was a great toy or pet, for it is affectionate, sensible, and clean. In France it is known as the Roquet. It is a miniature Bulldog. Indeed, the smaller it is the more highly it is prized. The breed was originally introduced, we are told, from China ; and in the days of Hogarth no fine lady was considered altogether fashionable without one. The Pug Dog and the Black Boy are seen again and again in the pictures of the great caricaturist, who, indeed, introduces a portrait of his own Pug into the painting which he has left us of his own face and figure. The true English Pug should be small, of a fawn colour, with black muzzle and curled tail, compact in form, and beautiful in its ugliness. For a show Dog, the Pug should have a round head ; skull high ; ears small, fine in quality, and dark, carried close to the head ; eyes very prominent, almost as if they would leave the sockets, dark and lustrous ; nostrils and nose well set back, with an indent or stop, but not so much as the Bulldog ; jaws level, with a dark muzzle and a black mole on each cheek, with three hairs in each mole ; shoulders broad ; chest wide ; back strong, well loined ; tail curled over on one side about half a turn more than one curl ; legs straight ;

feet flat; colour fawn, with all points black, but devoid of smut in body-colour; coat of fine quality, with a trace of dark down the centre of back.

Points in judging :—Head, 25; shoulders, 10; back, 10; loins, 10; tail, 10; colour, 15; distinct marks, 10; legs, 5; feet, 5—100.

THE POODLE.

THE POODLE is a sort of Spaniel, with long curly white hair, which it is much the fashion to cut off, except about the head, the feet, and the tip of the tail, giving it somewhat the appearance of those funny-looking figures we see in the Nineveh sculptures. This Dog is remarkably docile, and has been taught a number of curious tricks, such as finding particular cards from a pack, standing on its hind legs, or its fore-feet head downwards; to ring a bell, open a door, go through the semblance of dying, and so on. Perhaps you recollect the story of Sancho, a Poodle, that was with difficulty forced from the grave of its master after the battle of Salamanca. Enticed from his post he could not be, nor was he at length taken away till much weakened by grief and starvation. He by degrees attached himself to his new master, the Marquis of Worcester, but not with the natural ardour of a Poodle. He was attentive to every command, and could perform many little domestic offices. Sometimes he would exhibit considerable buoyancy of spirit; but there oftener seemed to be about him the recollection of older and closer friendship.

The Poodle, in domestic life, is always companionable

and amusing. My father had one that used to perform all manner of curious and diverting tricks, such as feigning to be dead, standing on its head or its fore-feet, with its tail in the air, jumping through a hoop, and so on. This Dog was stolen several times, but it never failed to escape and find its way home again, generally in very bad condition. My father used to trim the white curls about its head and shoulders into the resemblance of a mane, and cut the hair quite close from its back and legs, leaving only a little tuft at the end of its tail and round its feet. In this state it presented rather a comical appearance; but I can recollect how much more odd it looked when it used to come home after one of its periodical absences, with its coat half-grown and dirty, its body lean, and its eyes bloodshot. I remember when a child playing with this Dog as I should hardly venture to play with a Dog now, holding it up by the tail, and even taking the food from its mouth. This Poodle, who was called Ponto, met with a shocking end; for one day when it barked at a strange man, the brutal fellow seized a brickbat, flung it at the poor little creature, and dashed out its brains. I feel glad, even at this distance of time, to think that the man was severely punished for his cruelty.

The teachableness of the Poodle is very remarkable. There were two Dogs exhibited in Paris that were able to perform a number of very curious tricks; the elder Dog was called Fido, and the younger Bianco. The former was a serious, steady Dog, who walked about with much solemnity; but Bianco was giddy and frolicsome. A word was given to Fido from the Greek, Latin, Italian,

French, or English languages, and selected from a book, where fifty words in each tongue were inscribed, which, altogether, made three hundred combinations. He selected from the letters of the alphabet those which composed the given word, and laid them in order at the feet of his master. On one occasion the word *heaven* was told to him, and he quickly placed the letters till he came to the second *e*, when, after vainly searching for the letter in his alphabet, he took it from the first syllable and inserted it in the second. He went through the first four rules of arithmetic in the same way, with extraordinary celerity, and arranged the double cyphers in the same way as the double vowel in *heaven*. Bianco, however, although so heedless, was quicker than Fido, and when the latter made a mistake was called on to rectify it, but as quickly dismissed, as he was wont to pull his companion's ears to come and play with him.

One day Fido spelt the word *Jupiter* with a *b*, but the younger *savant* being summoned to correct the error, he carefully contemplated the word, and, pushing out the *b*, replaced it with a *p*. A lady held her repeating-watch to the ear of Fido, and made it strike eight and three-quarters. Fido immediately selected an 8 and then a 6 for the three-quarters ; the company present and the master insisted upon his error, and he again looked among his cyphers, but, being unable to rectify it, coolly sat himself down in the middle and looked at those around him. The watch was again sounded, and it was ascertained that it struck two for every quarter, which quite exonerated Fido. Both Dogs would sit down to play

écarté, asking each other for or refusing cards with the most important and significant looks, cutting at proper times, and never mistaking one card for another. Bianco occasionally won and marked his points. They would occasionally play with strangers with the greatest gravity ; and all this was done without any visible prompting from their master.

Mr. Jesse in his "Gleanings," gives the following anecdote of a Poodle. A friend of his, who had occasion, when in Paris, to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a Poodle Dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a shoe-black stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the Dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. The owner of the Dog, being taxed with the artifice, confessed, after a little hesitation, that he had taught his Dog the trick in order to procure customers. Struck with the Dog's sagacity, the gentleman purchased him and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The Dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge in Paris !

THE BARBET.

THE BARBET is a small Poodle, obtained from a cross-breed with the Poodle and some other kind of Spaniel. It has all the sagacity of the Poodle, and will perform even more than his tricks. It is always in action ; always fidgetty ; generally incapable of much affection, but inheriting much self-love and occasional ill temper ; unmanageable by any one but its owner ; frequently suffering from red mange, and a nuisance to its master and a torment to every one else.

In a convent in France it was the custom to give a dinner to twenty poor people daily. The portions were served to each individual on his ringing a bell in a Tour, or turning machine, which did not show the person who moved it. A Barbet was in the habit of following the paupers to their dinner, but he only received scraps, and sometimes nothing at all. The Dog, however, had observed the mode by which they obtained their food, and one day, after they had all retired, he took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell ; a portion appeared as usual ; and, as he found the scheme succeed, he repeated the manœuvre the next day. The cook, finding one applicant more than the number allowed, lay in wait and discovered the trick of the Dog. The matter was represented to the committee, and those gentlemen were so pleased with the sagacity of the animal, that he was afterwards allowed to receive his dinner every day on ringing the bell for it.

THE DALMATIAN OR SPOTTED COACH DOG.

THOUGH occasionally seen following a carriage, or running between the hind wheels, the Dalmatian is now a somewhat rare Dog. It resembles the Pointer in shape, and is, except in colour and markings, probably a Pointer in breed and habits. As its name shows, it is Italian in origin. The whole of its body should be a mass of black or liver-coloured spots on a white ground. The spots should be round, each spot about as large as a shilling, and quite distinct and well defined. Any running of one spot into another is considered by fanciers as a defect. Ears and tail should also be spotted ; but a Dalmatian so perfect is uncommonly rare. Black ears and tail are much more common, and do not, in my opinion, injure its character, except as a show Dog. Its judging points are :—Markings, 50 ; colour, 30 ; head, 10 ; symmetry, 10—100. The Dalmatian takes as naturally to the stable and the carriage as a groom to the horses ; and as a coach Dog it is much valued.

The Brighton Coach Dog was a Dalmatian. For a long period he ran with the only stage coach which, in 1851, ran between London and the South Coast watering-place. He belonged to an ostler, and, being always among horses, he never seemed happy unless with them at home or travelling about. His chief delight was to travel up and down with the Brighton coach. He has been known to run for eight successive days to and from Brighton, Sunday intervening. The distance from Brighton to London, by way of Henfield, Horsham, Dorking, and

Leatherhead, the road which the Age coach traversed, is 64 miles. It was with great difficulty that he could be kept on the coach, always choosing to run by the side of it. On one occasion the guard placed him inside the coach, when there was no passenger, but in a few minutes he was surprised to see him running beside the coach, having jumped through the glass window. During the early part of the summer he went with a strange coach to Tunbridge Wells; not liking his berth he did not return to London by the same conveyance, but found his way across the country from Tunbridge Wells to Brighton, and went up to London with his favourite coach and horses. He was well known by many on the road from London to Brighton, and in some places on the journey met with hospitable friends. He was about five years old. Mr. Clarke informs us that he would kill a goose in his travels by the roadside, throw it over his back like a fox, and run for miles; and Mr. Clarke had offered a wager that he would accompany the Brighton coach between Brighton and London daily for a month, Sundays excepted, and kill a goose by the roadside each day of his travels, provided birds were put within his reach. One day in the summer—the 24th of June, 1852, in fact—he was placed on the back of the coach to prevent his barking at the horses, when he jumped off at Horsham and fell between the wheels, one of which passed over his neck and killed him. His skin was preserved and stuffed. The “Brighton Coach Dog” is still, I believe, to be seen, in the attitude of life, in the bar of a tavern in the Edgware Road.

THE CUR AND THE LURCHER.

THE CUR is a sort of Sheep Dog, that has obtained for himself a bad name by his continual barking and snapping; but he is a faithful fellow nevertheless, and will watch his master's property very carefully. He has, however, a bad habit of snapping at the legs of horses and strange Dogs, and is indeed an enemy to the tenants of the farmyard. He is often used to guard sheep, and is by no means an unfaithful servant. I recollect an anecdote of one of these Dogs that was often told by the late Mr. Samuel Rogers. "Sitting round a fire in a farmhouse one evening," said the narrator, "my friends and myself noticed the ease with which a Cur laid himself on the rug in front of it half asleep. 'You shall see,' said the farmer, 'how soon I will wake him. Dash! the cow is in the corn!' Up jumped the Dog, and in another instant he was out of the room and into the field. Presently he returned and laid himself down again. 'The cow is in the corn!' repeated his master, and again the Dog started up and ran out, but soon came back and settled himself for another nap. A third time the experiment was tried, but this time the Dog, as if he knew he was only being played with, raised his head, lazily winked his eyes, and turned over on his back, as if determined to be no longer deceived."

The name "Cur" is given to all kinds of Dogs of poor breed, or no breed at all; and but for the sake of the anecdote, I need not have introduced him.

There is one other Dog of this kind called the LURCHER,

that is used by poachers to catch game. He does credit to his bad education. He is, however, a very faithful animal. I once had an old Lurcher who went with me half over England. He was but a ragged specimen of a Dog, but he would do what he was told, which, after all, is no small virtue, even in the best of Dogs.

Mrs. Lee, in her "Anecdotes of Animals," tells a story of a Lurcher of the Terrier breed. "He appeared," she informs us, "to understand any conversation that was going forward, provided it related to cats, rats, or himself; and often, when we spoke of him casually, without even knowing he was in the room, or calling him by his name, he has laid his head on our knees and wagged his tail, as much as to say, 'I understand.' He was a most inveterate enemy to all rats, mice, and cats, nipping them in the back of the neck, and throwing them over his head at the rate of one in a minute. Before he came into our family, he won a wager that he would kill twelve rats in twelve minutes. The second rat fastened on his lip, and hung there while he despatched the other ten, and then, within the given time, he finished that also. The inhumanity of such wagers did not rest with him. He was stolen more than once, and brought back when a reward was advertised; and, for the first time, the signs of suffering about him were very manifest. The beard under the chin, the tufts of the ears, the fringes of the legs, had all been cut off, and he had been rubbed with red ochre to disguise him for sale. He was placed with many others in a cellar, ready for shipping, and the Dog-dealer, or rather Dog-stealer, who brought him to us, said he thought he would

have died of grief in a day or two, for he refused to eat, and seemed to be insensible either to kindness or anger. For three weeks he hung his head and shrank into corners, as if he felt himself degraded ; but at last our caresses and encouragement brought back his usual bold and lively bearing."

THE SHOCK DOG.

THE SHOCK DOG is a mixture of the Danish Dog and the Pug. He has long curly hair, large eyes, and short nose. He is used on the continent in much the same way as we use our Terrier at home, either as a sporting or a house Dog, as it suits the taste of his owner.

THE TURNSPIT.

THE TURNSPIT is little known in England now, though the time was when his services were highly esteemed in the kitchens of the great. In France he is still used as an attendant upon the roasting meat ; and the steadiness with which he attends to the wheel, and keeps the roasting joint continually moving is a lesson to idle boys and girls. The Turnspit was probably a kind of Pug or Poodle. Any Dog indeed, that could perform the necessary duty in attending to the roast at the fire, was called a Turnspit.

Captain Brown, in his "Popular Natural History," gives the following anecdote of the despised Turnspit. "I have had in my kitchen," said the Duke de Liancourt to M. Descartes, "two Turnspits, which took their turns regularly every other day in the wheel ; one of them, not liking his employment, hid himself on the day he should

have worked, when his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead ; but crying and wagging his tail, he intimated that those in attendance should first follow him. He immediately conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle Dog and punished him severely."

ESQUIMAUX OR SIBERIAN DOGS.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION of 1875 has directed attention to the Dogs of Siberia, which are much used in drawing sledges across the ice and frozen snow.

Winter travelling in Kamtschatka is performed entirely upon Dog-sledges, and in no other pursuit of their lives do the natives spend more time, and exhibit their native skill and ingenuity to better advantage. They may even be said to have made Dogs for themselves ; for the present Siberian animal is nothing more than a half-domesticated Arctic wolf, and still retains all his wolfish instincts and peculiarities. There is, probably, no more hardy, enduring animal in the world. You may compel him to sleep out on the snow in a temperature of seventy degrees below zero, drive him with heavy loads until his feet crack open and print the snow with blood, or starve him until he eats his harness ; but his strength and his spirit seem alike unconquerable. "I have driven," says a Russian traveller, "a team of nine dogs more than a hundred miles in a day and a night, and have frequently worked them hard for forty-eight hours, without being able to give them a particle of food. In general, they feed once a day, their allowance being a single dried fish, weighing, perhaps, a

pound and a half or two pounds. This is given to them at night, so that they begin another day's work with empty stomachs."

The sledge to which they are harnessed is about ten feet in length, and two feet in width, made with seasoned birch timber, and combines, to a surprising degree, the two most desirable qualities of strength and lightness. It is simply a skeleton framework, fastened together with ashings of dried seal skin, and mounted on broad, curved runners. No iron whatever is used in its construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds, and endures the severest shocks of rough mountain travel. The number of Dogs harnessed to this sledge varies from seven to fifteen, according to the nature of the country to be traversed, and the weight of the load. Under favourable circumstances, eleven Dogs will make from forty to fifty miles a day, with a man and a load of 400 lbs. They are harnessed to the sledge in successive couples, by a long central thong of sealskin, to which each individual Dog is attached by a collar and a short trace. They are guided and controlled entirely by the voice, and by a lead-dog, who is especially trained for the purpose. The driver carries no whip, but has, instead, a thick stick, about four feet in length, and two inches in diameter, called an Oerstel. This is armed at one end with a long iron spike, and is used to check the speed of the sledge in descending hills, and to stop the Dogs when they leave the road, as they frequently do, in pursuit of reindeer and foxes. The spiked end is then thrust down in front of one of the knees or uprights of the runners, and drags in that position.

through the snow, the upper end being firmly held by the driver. It is a powerful lever, and, when skilfully used, brakes up a sledge very promptly and effectively.

The Esquimaux is a Dog of burden and draught, used exclusively by the Indians in the Arctic regions. There are many varieties, as the Greenland, the Siberian, the Kamtschatdala, the Lapland, &c., generally of a wolf-like appearance, with a bushy tail curled upward. A good Esquimaux will draw a weight of about 100 lb. over the snow at the rate of about seven or eight miles an hour. Specimens of these Dogs are sometimes seen in England, but as they are not particularly docile, nor exceptionally cleanly in their habits, they attract little attention, except as curiosities.

HAIRLESS DOGS.

BEYOND the wretched specimens occasionally met with, whose hairless condition can only be attributed to constitutional weakness, produced by breeding in-and-in, very few, if any, members of the canine race are ever seen in this country void of their natural clothing. In China and certain districts of Africa a breed of Dogs, whose distinguishing characteristic is a hairless skin, it is well known, is found in considerable numbers, and is used in both countries as an article of food, being considered a great luxury in the former. Naked Dogs do not, however, seem to be peculiar to the two above countries, as Mr. T. Belt, F.G.S., met with some in his recent explorations in Nicaragua. At Colon, he saw several of a shining dark colour, and quite hairless, except a little on the face and

on the top of the tail. Humboldt makes mention of the hairless Dogs which he found in large numbers in Peru ; and in that country and in Mexico hairless Dogs were found by the Spanish invaders. It is well known that hairless Dogs have been common in China since very early times, and Mr. Belt thinks it would be extremely interesting to compare the Nicaraguan hairless Dog with those of the latter country, as it might probably add another link to the broken chain of evidence that connects the two peoples. Clavigero describes a large hairless Dog as being indigenous to Mexico, and his description agrees with that of those found by Mr. Belt, except as to size ; it was, however, totally naked, except a few stiff hairs on the snout. Of the two races of indigenous Dogs spoken of by Tschudi in tropical America, the *Canis Caraibicus*, a hairless dumb Dog, was one. The Mexicans used to breed a small edible Dog, which they called *Techichi*, a term which Humboldt holds means "a dumb Dog." If the term be correct, in all probability this animal (of which the Spaniards found that excellent and delicate dishes were made by the natives) is identical with the *Techichi* above-mentioned, as the hairless varieties, wherever they have existed, appear to have been almost invariably selected by the Dog-flesh lovers. One circumstance in connection with the hairless varieties—at least with those of Central America—is the fact that, although no attention is paid to their breeding, they have not mixed with the haired varieties, but have survived to the present time without losing any of their distinctive characteristics.

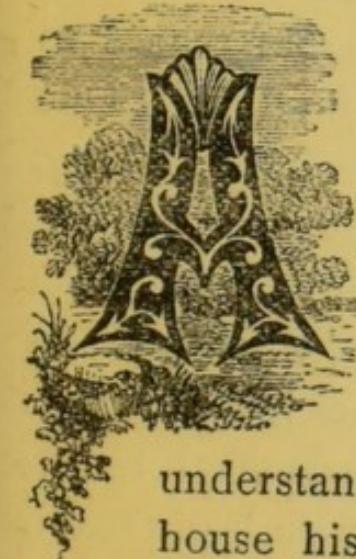


CHAPTER XXI.

House Dogs.

“It was a comfort, too, to see
Those Dogs that from him ne’er would rove,
And always eyed him reverently,
With glances of depending love.”

HENRY HALLAM.



GOOD House Dog may be of any breed, so long as he is a good one. The “Wiltshire Rector” discourses so practically and so pleasantly on the subject, that we may well follow him in his gossip. “A mark,” he says, “of a thorough good protective Dog, who understands well his office, is that whatever house his master and he are in, he protects that house because his master is there. Protective Dogs are, as to varieties, very different, some very large, others very small; for the little pet of the house, whose barking cannot be stilled by the thief who seeks an entrance, is not to be despised. Nay, such Dogs, if not allowed to get

near an outer door or a window, where they may be either stupefied or poisoned, are more hated by burglars than large Dogs, if the latter are simply chained outside a house where they are easily quieted.

“The sharp little Toy Terrier, the little Spaniel, the Maltese, the Toy Skye, the Pug, &c.—all these have a higher than fancy value if they are made Dogs of protection, Dogs of office. But let all owners of pet Dogs remember, that their Dogs cannot be expected to be alert and useful at night, if they are fed after the middle of the day. The wheezy, plethoric, dainty-crammed pet, who will just condescend to eat rich food, and that late in the day, is sure to be snoring in his apoplectic sleep, and not be awake and barking when wanted, and the thief may walk over his very nose. Oh! why will ladies overfeed their pet Dogs? for in so doing they destroy both their beauty and utility. Tastes, of course, differ in regard to Dogs, and right and well it is that they do differ. One man, himself being small, perhaps, prefers a large Dog, while a six-feet burly man is devoted to Dogs he can put into his pocket. My own taste runs for concentrated strength, as seen in a Bull-Terrier, at least, when wanting a protective Dog; although, perhaps, the lone farm is better guarded by two Dogs, a Bull-Terrier—much bull—and a cross-bred Mastiff. These, if with a dash of Scotch Deerhound in them, are preferred by Australian settlers.

“Occasionally, a few times in one’s life, the real use of a protective Dog is brought strongly before us. Three years ago I was driving late in the evening across Salisbury Plain, from Salisbury to Devizes. Excepting

the Fen country, this perhaps is the dreariest ride in all England. The Druids—if they were Druids—rightly chose that situation for their hateful and bloody worship: the scene was suitable to the deed. I shudder now when I think of that supremely dreary ride. The land being poor, pasture farms are few—here one and there one, with vast barns and offices rising on the horizon, as ugly as the Plain itself, like ill-shaped warts on deformed horny knuckles. And as I approached each farm, oh! the barking of the Dogs! that barking which is combined with tearing at the chain—mad, furious barking,—that of Dogs savage by long confinement. These were Dogs protective indeed, and no chance had the pilferer or the burglar. I seemed to be in some half-civilized country, and if a group of blacks with spears in hand had crossed my path, I should scarcely have been surprised. The value of such dogs as Dogs of Office in such a lonely place can hardly be over-estimated.

“As a hint, I would observe that brindle is the best colour of all for night Dogs, the colour for the game-keeper’s protector, and for the farmer who goes his rounds at night. Brindle of some shades is also a rich handsome colour, and I regret that it is objected to on the show bench. This certainly is a mistake. If that colour be not encouraged it will die out. All Dogs of protection ought, I think, to be allowed to be prize Dogs, and brindle be rather considered a qualification by a judge than otherwise. Further, all large and fierce Dogs, and all, in fact, able to attack a thief or a poacher, ought to be thoroughly obedient: lacking that, they lack a controlling power in

their master, without which their courage may become mere blind fury. This obedience may not of necessity be brought about by cruelty, or even severity, for the Dog regards his master as a kind of Homeric god: he is cured by him, he reverences him, he is flattered by his praise, and miserable by his frown. Let the master only use discreetly his power over his Dog, and he need not be cruel in order to be obeyed.

“The Dog in office—good useful brute—serving his master for a bone, and, for what he cares more, an approving pat; yet, though he holds office and fulfils its duties ably, I had almost written conscientiously, yet how pleased he is to be freed from office at times! Look at my vulgar-looking useful friend, the Carrier’s Dog. His master comes to his inn at night—(who does not remember the carrier in ‘David Copperfield,’ that laconic lover with his ‘Barkis is willing?’)—the horse, that old bony animal, with a bit of blood in him nevertheless, is put in with a jerk and general rattle of all the contents of the cart. They begin to move: the curate’s books tilt the slender side of the maid-servant’s bandbox, making the flowers on her bonnet shake like a peal of bells, and the village grocer’s hamper settles itself after many a creak. Then, by a sign from his master, old Pincher is allowed to be off duty, and he readily jumps off the cart. At once he is all life and good nature, scampering, jumping up at the horse’s nose; now looking up at his master, now dashing rapidly on the road home, then returning, then saying a sweet word to a lady friend, and apparently assuring her she will see him again next market day. Why, the Dog’s quite

changed because he is off duty. He resembles the soldier—a grim silent man when posted as sentinel; but see him walking in the park, he is another man quite.

“ Well, we all need to lay by office and its duties sometimes, Dogs and men—men as well as Dogs.”

The return of a master after absence is, says Miss Power Cobbe, “the crucial occasion” in which a Dog’s love is displayed. It is impossible for us, who so rarely embark our whole heart’s longings in a single affection, and who receive news by every mail from absent dear ones, to conceive the feelings of an animal whose entire being is swallowed up in attachment to his master, and to whom that master’s absence is a severance complete as death, and who then, when inevitably wholly unprepared, hears the dear voice and beholds again the form he adores, suddenly restored. If the absence have been long, and the Dog’s affection of the more concentrated kind, he sometimes dies of the shock, and always he is powerfully affected. A young and lively Dog will leap a score of times to kiss his master’s face, but an older one will generally cling to him in silent ecstasy, and perhaps suffer serious physical derangement, like a human being who has passed through an over-exciting scene.”

As a House-dog the Terrier is perhaps the best and the Greyhound the worst. For a yard or warehouse I give the preference to Dogs of Bull-Terrier breed, with plenty of spirit and a loud voice; a Dog not too fond of being caressed, faithful to its master and suspicious of strangers.



CHAPTER XXII.

Instinct in Dogs.

“ 'Tis instinct that directs the subtle Dog
To choose his proper prey.”—SOMERVILLE.

IROM all that has been said, written, and observed, it seems an absolute fact that Dogs possess some power of reasoning, some mode of calculating, that is really beyond mere instinct. Now, although the intelligence displayed by the Dog is undoubtedly superior to that of any other animal, it must be confessed that even the most highly accomplished of his species exercises a blind obedience to certain mysterious laws rather than any independent action arising from a consideration of consequences.

What is Instinct? This question has puzzled philosophers in all ages of the world. Various theories have been advanced in order to account for the faculty with which all animals are endowed. What is it that enables the bird to build its nest with such unerring accuracy, the beaver to form its dam on such mathematically correct principles, the bees to make the cells of their hive with such extreme nicety, and various other animals to seek their prey by

cunning and artifice, and to provide against the accidents by which their safety may be endangered? what but the intelligence God has given them in just sufficient measure to suit their several wants? To answer the question, What is Instinct? in a sentence, I may say that it is a faculty given to the lower animals that serves them instead of Reason—a faculty that teaches them all that they require to know—a governing principle that impels them to do all that is necessary for the preservation of their lives, the providing themselves with food and shelter, and the continuance of their species. More than this we cannot with any certainty affirm. We may enlarge and dilate on this topic; we may illustrate it with facts tending more or less to show that animals, in various new and peculiar situations, have appeared to act from sudden impulses and with a view to consequences; we may adduce numerous instances to show that many animals—Dogs, for instance—are actuated by some kind of motive that appears to evidence the possession of reasoning powers—as when the Dog that had had its injured leg bound up by a surgeon led another Dog similarly injured to the same person, in order to undergo a similar course of treatment—still, after all, we are thrown back to the conclusion that the faculty is merely known to exist just as we know of the existence of the wind, the electric fluid, or magnetism, without being able to explain the exact cause of either.

Let me endeavour to show briefly in what respect Instinct is distinguishable from Reason. In the first place, it is admitted that all animals are possessed of some mysterious faculty that we call Instinct; this faculty, however, is

distinguished from human reason by the uniformity of its action and the unerring methods it employs to accomplish purposes that do not extend beyond what is necessary for the preservation of the individual or the propagation of its kind. And all this is accomplished without the aid of instruction or experience, just as the newly-born infant turns to its mother's breast. In this latter case we have an admirable instance of the unvarying action of the principle we call instinct. The infant cannot know or reason upon its knowledge, but it seeks the source of its food as naturally and as certainly as the lowest animal. This is Instinct; but Reason, on the other hand, is a comparing, examining, and improvable faculty, and to the advancement of which experience is of infinite service.

Reason always implies a state of obscurity, and we experiment with it in order to rescue what we were in search of from a condition of mysteriousness. It is liable to err in this pursuit from many causes, and it frequently does so.

But this is not the case with Instinct. It possesses at once all the light it is capable of enjoying; it goes to work with a matured power, and all its actions are perfect in their kind; it never mistakes its aim; it never errs in the means taken for its accomplishment. The reason of this is, because every beast, bird, fish, reptile, and insect, has been created with its own peculiar and distinctive natural love, and this love constitutes their living principle. In this love, from their first creation, they have continued to be born; for nearly as soon as they come into the world, they see, hear, walk, know their food, and follow

their affections only, and every species of animals is by those affections carried straightforward to the particular uses which they are designed to promote in the economy of creation. The habitation of this love is the brain. Their corporeal senses at once determine their actions and preserve their uniformity of action. This is why some animals have bodily senses so much more exquisite than those of men. It is this influx, received by an organism which has no structural forms for the exercise of thought, which constitutes Instinct.

If the actions of beasts partook in any degree of what is properly understood by reason, we might fairly expect to see some alteration take place in their habits and pursuits. Reason does not allow its possessor to remain in a stationary condition of knowledge: if it be active he improves, if it be dormant he degenerates. These are not the characteristics of the animal kingdom. Beasts make no improvement in the choice of their pursuits. They continue in the order in which they were created. Their habits and instinct are the same to-day as they were six thousand years ago. The same species maintain inviolate what is common to their being: no intercourse between them improves their condition, no separation diminishes the powers which belong to their nature. Numbers do not enlighten by their association, and individuals lose nothing by isolation. The beaver erects his hut with the same intelligence, the bee collects her honey with the like industry, and the birds build their nests with the same attention, as did their ancestors when they first began to work at the creation of the world.

How different is the case with man! How changeful has been his condition, and how diversified his existence! He improves by association with his fellows, but degenerates by separation. It is only the capacities of brutes that have their limits; these can be gauged and measured; we can mark their boundaries and see their end.

Man is born into the world the most helpless and destitute of all animated nature; a mere organization, with but a faint perception of life from the external senses, and having no cognate ideas.

The case is entirely different with the lower animals; they are born with everything proper to their natural life, and in a very short time their faculties break forth into all the perfection of which they are capable. They know, without instruction, what is nutritious and proper for their food, and avoid with remarkable sagacity what is offensive and unwholesome. With equal acuteness do they distinguish their friends from their foes; and some possess a delicacy of sense which man has never attained. Indeed, it is evident that beasts are born at once into their respective states, and that their perfection is developed in a very short period after their existence.

But then animals are possessed of memory, and this faculty seems to lead them to adopt certain expedients, that really make one doubt for a moment whether Instinct or Reason be the impelling power. The intelligence of animals seems sometimes to lead to very remarkable results, and occasionally to the formation of plans that the reason of man would probably have failed to adopt under circumstances of a similar nature. I remember

hearing of a cow which, having strayed into an open granary and fed from the corn, went again when the door was shut. Having observed how the people about withdrew the bolt that fastened the door, the cow seemed to consider for a while, and then pushed the bolt back with its horn, and so often did this take place that it was at last found necessary to change the fastening. Does not this seem to argue the possession of a faculty superior to instinct?

Jesse, in his "Gleanings," recounts the circumstance of some rats destroying the bladder fastened over the nose of an oil bottle, and making free with the oil by dipping their tails in it and licking it off. Dr. Pelican saw some rats engaged in the same manner round the bung-hole of a cask of wine. The same principle of adopting a means to arrive at an end was carried a degree further, because of a foreign agency being employed, by the Dog that threw stones into a well, and the fox that dropped them into the neck of a pitcher, in order to get at the water. Thus, also, with the monkey which Degrandpré put to the proof, by leaving on the table an open bottle of aniseed brandy, from which the monkey extracted with its fingers and tongue as much as it could manage to reach, and then poured sand into the bottle till the liquor ran over.

These anecdotes are all evidence of a faculty superior to mere instinct as ordinarily displayed, but which cannot be said to be the result of a course of reasoning such as is employed by man. These instances of brute sagacity might be multiplied indefinitely.

It has been observed that animals are prompt at using

experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. A Dog, which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, always fled away whenever it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion. Another Dog, which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer-match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned. There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is almost impossible to deny that animals, and especially Dogs, have a knowledge of cause and effect.

Some years ago a London street Dog took a great fancy to following the fire-engines. Whenever there was a fire there would the Dog be seen, running in and out among the throng, apparently making himself as busy as possible. This strange conduct of the animal of course attracted the attention of the firemen, and after a time they used to feed and take notice of him, occasionally giving him a ride on the engine. At last so well was this Dog known that he came to be called the Fireman's Dog. He owned no master, but stopped a day or two with any of the men he took a fancy to. He was always on the alert directly the alarm of fire was made, and used frequently to run by the side of the horses for miles together. At last the Dog was run over and killed, when the firemen caused him to be stuffed and placed in the principal office of the Fire Brigade in Watling Street, City. There it still remains in its glass case for anyone to see.

Animals often shape their conduct according to the experience they have learned from the acts of other animals. Le Vaillant's monkey, when tired, used to jump on the backs of the Dogs for a ride ; but one of them, objecting to this mode of horsemanship, stood still as soon as the monkey had taken his seat, knowing apparently, that from the fear of being left behind and of losing the caravan, the monkey would immediately run off to overtake it, when the Dog itself followed behind to prevent any fresh attempt.

The Bulldog is remarkable for the fierceness of his attack, and the tenacity of his hold. Some barbarous and cruel experiments have been made upon this animal while in the act of seizing his antagonist, with the view of ascertaining if it were possible to make him desist ; but all have been in vain. When once he has got his bite, nothing will oblige him to relinquish it, even though every foot he has be cut clean from his legs. And this manner of fighting is nearly all this prodigy of brute ferocity ever does, or can be made to do. It is his only instinct, and a very remarkable and mysterious one it is.

The Newfoundland Dog has a sagacity that is remarkably strong and humane in its character. This animal appears as if designed to be a companion to man, but more particularly when he is exposed to the perils of the water. With semi-webbed feet, which make him a good swimmer, and an inclination to enter the water, this element seems half natural to his nature. It is when persons are in the act of drowning that the sagacity of this Dog displays itself most strongly, and innumerable lives has it saved from a watery grave.

There is another Dog that presents to all observers of nature's operations some truly wonderful phenomena, which greatly and equally excite the curiosity of the intelligent and the admiration of the devout; for this creature, which is the Pointer, unites to the quality of a good nose the singular and remarkable habit of coming in a very curious manner to a dead stand upon the scent, and is satisfied with merely indicating the position of the sportsman's game. The sense of the Pointer's smell is not so acute and extraordinary as that of the Bloodhound; but his power of scent, which is nevertheless very strong, and accompanied and blended with the habit of pointing out the presence of game before it can be seen, makes him, perhaps, a more wonderful and interesting subject of study. His mode of pointing is alike striking and characteristic. The moment he falls upon the scent, he not only makes a sudden halt, but assumes at once an attitude of very great peculiarity, and such as must be seen before it can be fully appreciated or understood. In an instant he may be seen standing upon three legs, one of the fore feet being raised; and, what is unexampled, his face, like his back, and his tail, are all in a line. This is his invariable position when the scent is taken naturally; but when it is interfered with, such as running with the wind, or barred by an impenetrable fence or any other circumstance, and the Dog tumbles in consequence suddenly upon the game, he then pulls himself up so instantaneously, that not one of his limbs is suffered to move after the instant the scent is discovered; and however great the singularity in the conformation of his body at that moment, or however

painful to him, that attitude, which is sometimes most peculiar, and sometimes quite grotesque in appearance, he will maintain, with remarkable steadiness, until the sportsman arrives to put an end to his marvellous suspense. In such cases the Dog appears as if conscious of having got too close upon the birds, and as if he recognised the danger of disturbing them before any shot could be given. Sometimes it has happened that when the Pointer has been in the act of springing over a strong fence, such as a stone wall, he has hit upon the scent of birds lying close to it on the other side, and he has then been seen to halt suddenly upon the top of it, with his four feet all collected together, and his body almost doubled up, thus fixing himself like a statue. An old experienced and feeble Dog, however, will sometimes have recourse to the expedient of sitting down upon his haunches while pointing, with his face directly towards the game, yet ever and anon turning his head to observe whether his master is giving him attention, and wistfully wishing the approach of the gun.

Is it instinct or sagacity which assembles wild Dogs together for the purpose of hunting their prey? How should they know that a union of their forces is necessary to bring down and conquer the object of their chase? If by knowledge, is that knowledge obtained by experience or instruction, or by both in part? We believe it is done independent of experience, and that their intelligence is insufficient to account for it. The balance of evidence points us to instinct, as being the captain of these chasing companies.

Mr. J. H. Taylor relates the following as a curious instance of sagacity:—"I have in my possession a Dog, which, although it refused the food offered to it, some way contrived to get wonderfully fat. Thinking this very strange, I resolved to watch the animal. I did so, and discovered the means by which it fed itself. About an hour before milking time, the Dog left the house and proceeded to the meadow where the cows are kept, and going to one favourite cow, got upon its hind legs and sucked the teats of the cow, extracted the milk, and fed itself. The cow getting used to the Dog's visits waits for it to come and be fed."

All animals furnished with weapons of attack or defence invariably use them as if they understood the most effectual way of doing it. The Dog has no sooner seized hold of his foe than he begins to shake him with might and main. The object of this is, whether the Dog knows it or not, to take all the advantage of his bite, to tear the flesh as much as possible, and by these means to worry his antagonist to the utmost. This remorseless manner of carrying on the conflict is peculiar to the Dog, and all the different species do it in the same way, only some more or less fiercely than others. The fact that the young of all animals apply their weapons in the right and best mode is, remarks Mr Garrett, a very decided proof of its being the result of pure instinct and not of intelligence.

Few people possessing Dogs have failed to notice the habit those animals have of turning round uneasily several times, in an undecided sort of way, before lying down to rest. The habit is the more remarkable, because it is

common to every Dog—from the rough stable guardian in the coarse straw to the silky-haired Poodle in his mistress' lap. It is accounted for as being an instinct inherited from their wild ancestors, who, in common with other animals, being accustomed to lie in long grass, intuitively turned round so as to arrange it in a comfortable form beneath them. Dogs, and cats also, have inherited the instinct, too, of curing themselves of divers little complaints by eating grass and different kinds of plants.

It must not be forgotten that instinct is a quality capable of being much improved by education. We see proof of this in the Pointer, the Setter, the Greyhound, and other Dogs used in sport. We note how the Spaniel comes to know and remember all the peculiarities of the family in which it is made a pet; and we see how the Poodle and the Terrier can be taught tricks utterly foreign to their nature.

It has been a question—as stated in Chapter II.—whether the Dog remembers his master after a long period of separation. The voice of antiquity is in favour of the Dog. Homer makes the Dog of Ulysses to recognise him after many years' absence, and describes Eumenes, the swine-herd, as being thus led to apprehend in the person before him, the hero, of seeing whom he had long despaired. Byron, on the other hand, was sceptical on the subject. Writing to a friend, who had requested the results of his experience on the subject, he states, that seeing a large Dog, which belonged to him, and had formerly been a favourite, chained at Newstead, the animal sprung towards him, as he conceived, in joy—but he was glad to make his escape from it, with the

comparatively trivial injury of the loss of the skirts of his coat. Perhaps this circumstance may have suggested the following verses in "Childe Harold":—

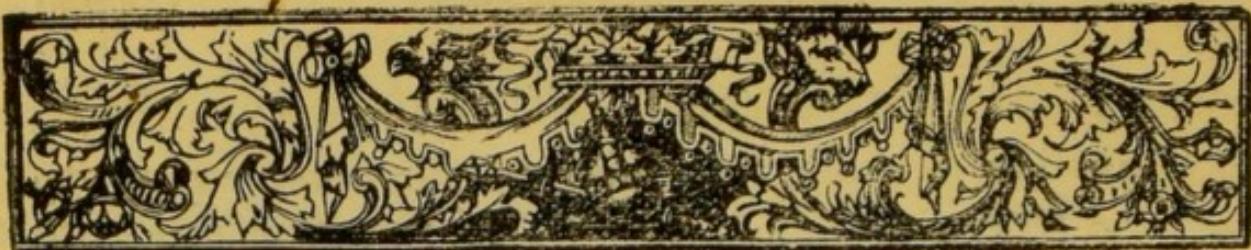
"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide wide sea ;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me ?
Perchance my Dog will whine in vain
Till fed by stranger hands,
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands."

All animals furnished with weapons of attack or defence invariably use them as if they understood the most effectual way of doing it. The Dog has no sooner seized hold of his foe than he begins to shake him with might and main. The object of this is, whether the Dog knows it or not, to take all the advantage of his bite, to tear the flesh as much as possible, and by these means to worry his antagonist to the utmost. This remorseless manner of carrying on the conflict is peculiar to the Dog, and all the different species do it in the same way, only some more or less fiercely than others. The fact that the young of all animals apply their weapons in the right and best mode, is, says Mr. Garrett, a very decided proof of its being the result of pure instinct and not of intelligence.

From the foregoing we may deduce one or two facts. First, that man is the only creature possessing, and capable of exercising, the divine gift of Reason; that instinct, intelligence, and sagacity, though shared by man with the lower animals, are qualities that must not be

confounded with that higher attribute which enables him to think, invent, and rule ; that while Instinct is given to man, no less to the animal world, we find it defective in those particular qualities, such as affection for offspring, reverence, and tendency to improve, which peculiarly distinguish all races of men : that the merely partial development of the brain in animals will account for their universal deficiency in reasoning powers ; and that man, from his superior intellectual organization, is the natural protector and ruler over the brutes.

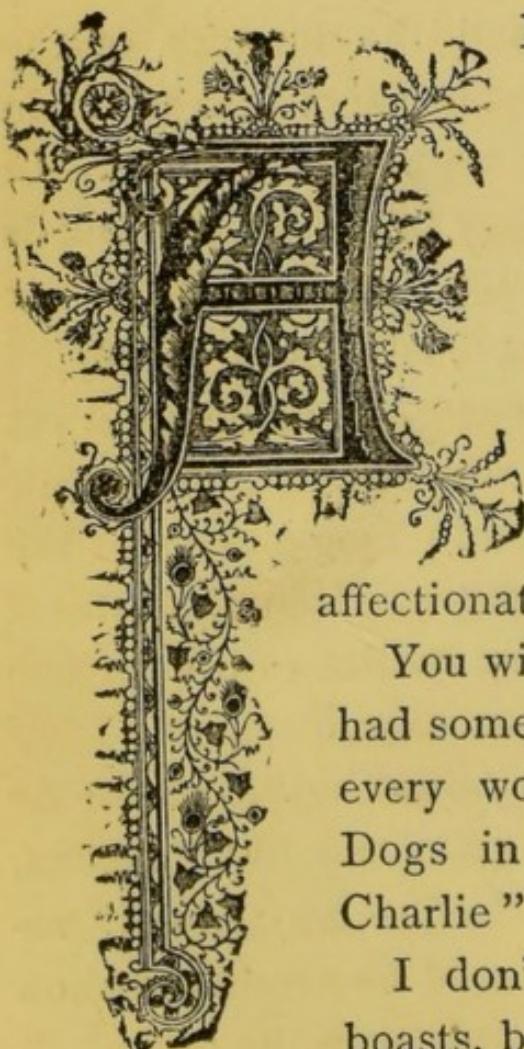
As the Dog rises in capacity, says an essayist in the "New Quarterly," and does useful service in field or on hill-side, he begins to understand the hunter's or the shepherd's intentions. But to the last there is a world in the man's nature hidden from the sight of the brute. In all this, is there not singular analogy between the animal's knowledge of us and our knowledge of our great Master? —a knowledge *true, so far as it goes*; and even it may be to the faithful soul, in a certain sense, intimate; but yet so limited that the insect, whose universe is an oak-leaf, knows as much of the tree. That the Dog possesses the noblest impulses is beyond a doubt. Even the loftiest achievements of human virtue, the sacrifice of life for the welfare of another, has probably been more often attained by a Dog than by a man; and a canine Curtius might be found in every street. But a Dog has many low impulses, as well as many high ones ; and before we properly recognise him as a moral agent, it would be needful to show that he can exercise discrimination between the two.



CHAPTER XXIII.

My Dog Charlie.

What joy to watch in lower creature,
Such dawning of a moral nature.—HALLAM.



BOOK might be written about him. He is such a beauty—so noble, so brave, and withal so gentle and good! He goes about with me everywhere—walks with me, and sits with me. At this moment he lies at my feet on a mat in a little room I call my study, and looks affectionately up into my face as I write!

You will remember that I have already had something to say about Dogs. Well, every word of praise I bestowed upon Dogs in general, is due to “My Dog Charlie” in particular.

I don’t know exactly what breed he boasts, but this I know—he is a thoroughly good fellow, without a spark of vice in him. He is a

really noble Dog ! Would you wish to have a better Dog ? If you did, you couldn't. Impossible ! He has been all over the world with me—at any rate, all over those parts in which I have travelled, and he is always the same intelligent, faithful, loving champion.

Did you ever read a book called the "Adventures of a Griffin ?" No ! then read it, for in it you will find something relating to " My Dog Charlie."

He was with his master in Australia, at the time when Norfolk Island was a convict settlement. I was not his master then. Once—at a spot called Eagle Hawk Nest, a narrow isthmus connecting Forester's and Tasman's peninsular—it was proposed to form a guard of savage mastiffs, to protect the travellers from the convicts. The idea was dogmatically carried out. For, chained to a post which supported an oil lamp, and close to which was placed a sort of Diogenesian tub, was a—what ? A Cerberus such as was never seen at any Dog show. A Dog it was—but such a brute ! a rampant, savage, hideous monster ! There were about twenty Dogs, all fearfully ferocious and fell specimens of the canine race ; and their yelpings, barkings, and howlings were frightful. Those out-of-the-way pretenders to Dogship were actually rationed and borne on the Government books. The scoundrelly lot rejoiced in such soubriquets as Cæsar, Pompey, Ajax, Achilles, Ugly Mug, Jowler, Tear'em, Muzzle'em, with many other graceful and classic cognomens, to which the bandy-legged, strong-jawed monstrosities answered. There were the black, the white, the brindle, the grey, and the grisly, the rough and the

smooth, the crop-eared and lop-eared, the gaunt and the grim. Every four-footed, black-fanged individual among them would have taken the first prize in his own class for ugliness and ferocity at any show. The redoubtable champion, old "King Dick," is a gentleman compared to those thrice-convicted, ruffianly-looking Eagle Hawk Nesters. The line of dog-sentinels was stretched from the inner bay to the outer ocean, a distance of perhaps two or three hundred yards across the isthmus, and the guard was complete. The animals could rub noses affectionately, if they felt so inclined, but could not get sufficient hold of each other to have a fair mouthful, so, unless a collar or chain perchance gave way, fighting was out of the question. A fugitive would have to make a smart leap to clear danger, and even then of course the frantic baying and howling of the whole Mastiff kennel would excite alarm, as there was a little hill in the rear of the Dogs, upon which a sentry was stationed. It is possible that the brindled brute in Ansdell's picture of the "Fugitive Slave," was the descendant from one of them?

My Charlie did not approve of his precious companions; but he bore with them calmly and philosophically, as became a Dog of good breeding; bore with them with an air of gentle melancholy and self-possessed superiority; and it was only when he got away from the neighbourhood of the convicts that he resumed his native gracefulness and equanimity of temper. "My Dog Charlie" is a famous Dog. I wish I could give every lover of Dogs a pup of the same breed.

“My Dog Charlie” is a wonderful fetcher and carrier. If he goes out with me into the country, I sometimes, for the mere fun of the thing, lay my stick on the ground and point it out to him. Or, perhaps, put it under a stone or in a hedge, or in some place where it is not likely to be seen by passers. Then we go on for, say a couple of miles—Charlie running, barking and leaping at my side, and coming back and looking up at my face, and wagging that intelligent tail of his, as though he said, “I enjoyed that run immensely.” There is a good deal of real and unmistakable meaning in a Dog’s tail. Did you never notice that? And my Charlie has a tail—such a tail!—a regular plume of soft silken hair. I pause an instant. Charlie pauses too. I catch his eye. He answers me by as near an approach to a wink as his Dog nature is capable of accomplishing. I raise my head. He raises his tail. I say “Charlie!” He looks up inquisitively, all attention, guessing what is coming probably: “Charlie, go and fetch my stick,” at the same time pointing backwards. Another wag of his tail, and then Charlie bounds away, and is presently out of sight. I walk leisurely on, and sure enough, in about half an hour’s time, back comes Charlie panting, with my stick in his mouth! Is’nt that an instance of something more than canine sagacity?

I remember once I was out fishing. It was a hot, sultry day, and the fish did not rise very readily; so I spiked my rod, and lay down lazily on the green bank of the stream with Charlie by my side. Charlie dearly loves a snooze in the middle of the day, for he is quite an aristocrat in his way, seldom or never taking notice of

strange Dogs, and not often making friends with strange people till he is "regularly introduced."

When the evening set in and my day's sport was over, I rose, packed up my traps, and went home. Charlie walked a little way by my side, and started back. I stopped, whistled, called, and Charlie came up. Presently back he went.

"What's the matter with the Dog?" I thought. "Here, Charlie!" I called, "Come on, boy—come home!" But no Charlie answered my call; and I, being tired, went on. "The Dog will come on presently," I thought. "He is looking after a bird, or rat, or something."

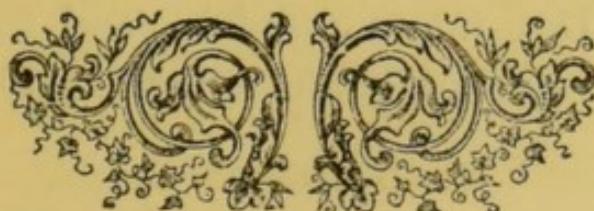
I went on, and in the course of time reached home almost expecting to find that Charlie had arrived before me. But no; he hadn't. "Ah well, he's all right," I said as I sat down to rest before dressing for dinner.

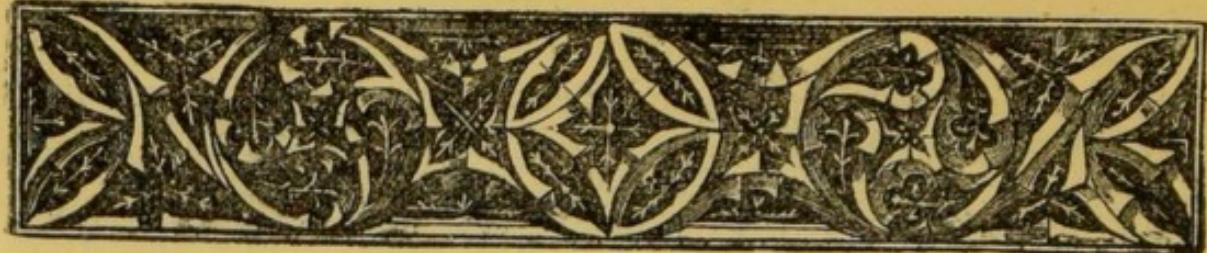
I dressed; I dined; I smoked a cigar; and, taking up a book, began to read; and, from reading, fell asleep. It was nearly midnight before I awoke. When I did wake, I looked round for Charlie. He wasn't there. I called and whistled: no answer. "Mary," I said to the maid, "Where's Charlie?" "I haven't seen him sir, since the morning, when he went out with you." "Strange," thought. "I wonder what has become of the Dog? Here, Mary, tell James to go round the paddock and look for that precious Charlie; and, here, give him a shilling." I put my hand into my pocket for my purse, but no purse was there. Then it suddenly struck me that Charlie's absence had something to do with my missing purse; so I put on my hat and coat and made my way straight back

to the stream where I had been fishing—a walk of more than three miles. I was right. There sat Charlie, with his fore-paws over the edge of the bank. The Dog rose quietly, and waited for me to come up. I went towards the bank, and patted the poor fellow, and called him by his name. He wagged his tail, and looked up pleasantly, and then I discovered that he had been sitting on a dirty little heap of money and papers. When lying down to rest, my purse—one of those flat, folding ones, with a spring—had slipped out of my pocket. My Dog Charlie knew it, though I did not. He went back for it, and in trying to get it into his mouth, had opened the spring, and let all the money and memorandums fall loose upon the grass.

Poor old fellow! he was really very clever,—but he could not gather up the coins and replace them into the purse, nor could he carry so many little pieces in his mouth. So he did what was the best to do under the circumstances; he lay there and kept watch over them till I went and found him and the money.

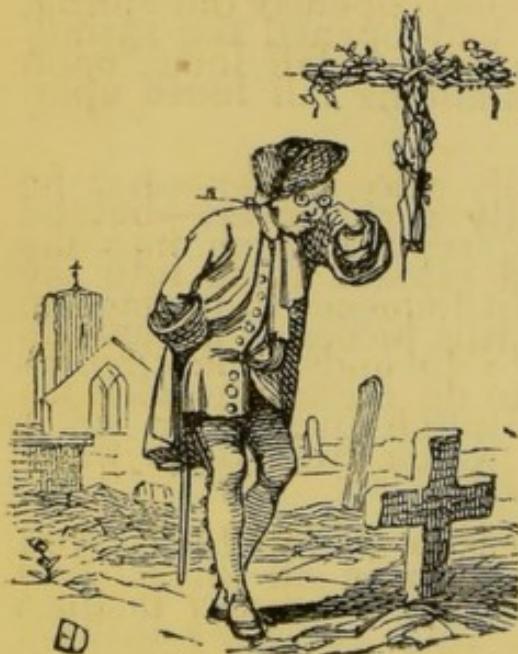
Is there not something like reason in all this? And yet clever people tell us that a Dog possesses instinct only. I, for one, won't accept the theory.





CHAPTER XXIV.

The Best Mode of Training Dogs.



THE best sort of Dogs to train are Spaniels or Terriers. Everybody knows these Dogs; they are easy to train, and very obedient. You cannot begin too early to teach any kind of Dog obedience, the most important part of his education. Be sure not to let him eat anything when you begin, unless

he does something for it, so that he may know that in order to eat he must work. To begin with, take a stake tied to a piece of cord, which is fastened to the collar, and lead the Dog into a meadow, and fasten the stake into the ground. Then begin to teach him to

HOLD THE STICK.

Take a bit of stick and shake it over his head, and let

him take it in his mouth ; then throw it from you a little way, saying, " Go fetch." Take the stick gently from his mouth and say, " Good boy." After you have exercised him for some time in this, so that he will pick the stick from the ground, throw it farther away, and if he bring it to you reward him with biscuits, &c. ; but let him have no food but that which he gains by his lessons. If at any time he offers to run away or tear the stick, not bringing it properly, then call him. If he does not come, order him, and if that be not sufficient give him a few raps ; but if he will come to you and bring the stick, although other people call him to them, reward him. Afterwards teach him to carry dead or live birds, &c., by means of a tame pigeon or a dead rabbit, without hurting them. Next teach him

TO RETRIEVE.

When you are out for a walk with him drop a glove unknown to him, and, after going a little way, say, " I 've lost." If he does not understand, wave the hand in the direction of the place, until by seeking about he finds the glove. Gradually increase the distance to half a mile or more ; but if he bring the wrong thing, take it from him and reward him, but wave him back again till he bring the right thing, but if he does not bring anything, chastise him.

TO DROP TO HAND.

Press on his hind-quarters and make him sit down, saying to him, " Drop." Then, holding up the hand, retire with your face towards him, saying, " Drop, drop." If he does not move forward reward him ; but if he moves

lead him back and drop him again. If he does it well take him out with a gun, and, dropping him behind you, throw up a glove, fire off a cap alone, and say, "Go seek," and make him bring the glove; and if the Dog be not afraid, gradually increase the charge until he likes it; then turn over a few rabbits, and do not let him move until you have shot them, then send him for them. The rest can only be learnt by exercising in this way constantly. They are very useful in catching ducks and water-fowl which are moulted and cannot fly. In conclusion, let me advise beginners to use whips as little as possible, and let no one touch the Dog but yourself.

BREAKING DOGS TO THE GUN.

In order to more readily teach our pupil to back another Dog's point, when he is taken into the field and hunted on game, he should know that "Toho" is the command stop or halt, which we teach him after he has become prompt in charging, using the check cord as in the first lessons. Provide yourself with some morsels of food when the Dog is hungry, and having fastened the cord to his collar, as before, take him into an apartment or yard, where no one can attract his attention, and throw a piece of the food where he can see it fall. He will naturally run for it. Let him do so, but when he comes near to it pull the cord sharply and cry out "Toho" in a loud tone. He will probably drop or charge, remembering the lesson you first taught him. This is what we desire so long as he stops. Continue this until the use of the cord is not required, and he will halt to the verbal

command, and at the same time keep him perfectly familiar with the down charge by signal, and to dropping to shot if you have determined to teach it, and have begun it.

In order to encourage our young Dog to quick movement, and to cultivate in him a free and speedy gait, we should take him with us in our rambles to the suburbs of the city, where there are open fields and plenty of room. For a time keep the cord attached to his collar, and let it trail after him as he moves about; it will not impede him as much as might be expected, especially if you select a strong one, about as thick as an ordinary lead pencil, and "point" the end with thread to keep it from fraying. You will find that it will greatly add to the control you have to exercise over him, and will have the effect of impressing him while he is at liberty, that you are still master. On these walks, accustom your Dog to the sound of the whistle you intend using for him, summoning him from time to time that he may become perfectly familiar with it. Practise him, while you are out, in the same lessons that you began at home, until every lesson is obeyed promptly; and when he charges walk, away with him, each time extending the distance, insisting upon his remaining so until ordered to hold up.

No doubt he will notice, and perhaps show an eagerness to hunt sparrows and other small birds you may come across in your walks, and probably point when he scents them, from natural instinct. This we do not check, but rather encourage for a short time, as it will give a greater desire for the chase, and when ready to be put on game,

and once shown to him, he will soon choose between the two, and readily distinguish the difference.

Your walks should be more frequent the nearer you approach the shooting season, when you shall want to go into the field, and confirm and put to use the lessons you have imparted to your Dog.

As to breaking Setters and Pointers to retrieve, enough has already been said in a previous chapter. "I have shot over both," says a writer in "Forest and Stream," "and greatly prefer the Retriever, feeling confident in our individual case, that the lifting of dead game by our Dogs, in no wise detracted from their live birds, nor lessened their staunchness in pointing them, which was equal to that of most Setters, albeit we did not insist upon pointing dead before the order fetch was given, but gave the command directly the Dog had charged.

"I believe all Dogs are the better for a wash in salt water. My black-and-tan Colley, who was brought up by the seaside for the first two years of his life, is, in my opinion, very much improved in appearance by his bath. I attribute it to his daily runs along the shore, for he never quits the beach until he has been in the water some half-a-dozen times."

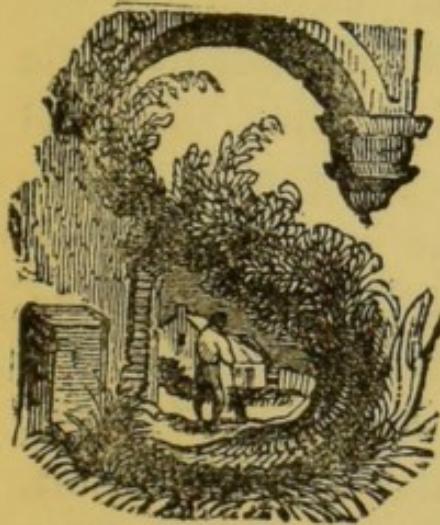
To train any Dog, it is imperative that you should begin early, and insist on the creature's absolute obedience to your commands, whether conveyed by voice or action. There is no need for great severity, much less cruelty; but the Dog *must* be made to know and feel that the man is master. When that part of its education is complete, the rest is a mere matter of patience and detail.



CHAPTER XXV.

The Dog and the Wolf.

Alike, yet different. The one a beast,
The other a sentient creature.—FIELD.



OME naturalists insist that the Dog and the Wolf were originally one species—or rather that the Dog is but a domesticated Wolf. As a rule, the Dog is a domesticated, and not a wild animal. To be sure, Dogs are found wild in various countries, but still we can discover no trace of any original

race of these creatures; and Wild Dogs are generally believed to be, not an untamed species, but the descendants of Dogs that were once domesticated, and by some accident of fortune allowed to go wild. The nearest approach to our original stock is supposed to be the Shepherd's Dog, from whence Buffon, the naturalist, has, in an ingenious genealogical table, traced all the varieties. But as the Shepherd Dog of our

country is of a different breed from that of another country—and almost any Dog can be taught to take care of sheep, just as almost any Dog can be educated as a Retriever, a Pointer, or a Setter—this theory has been given up by the most learned naturalists, as untenable.

The Wolf has the same physical structure as the Dog, but there is an utter absence of proof that the Wolf is the original parent. Both the Shepherd Dog and the Wolf theories stand upon a very doubtful foundation. Writers, in copying from Buffon, have invariably traced the Domestic Dog from the Matin, or Shepherd Dog of the Llandes of France; but they have forgotten the differences that exist between the nationality of Shepherds' Dogs. Truly (says Mr. H. D. Richardson), there exists but little similitude between the tailless, woolly-looking animal of the French provinces and the Sheep Dog of England; the fox-like Colley of Scotland; the gaunt and short-haired Cur of Ireland; the Matin of Buffon; the noble, stately, and powerful Sheep Dog of the Pyrenees, the guardian of the flocks of the Abruzzi; the gigantic Mastiffs, the Herd Dogs of the Himalaya mountains; and, in short, between various other sorts of Sheep Dog used for tending flocks in various portions of the known world. Shall we assume the original type to have been the Sheep Dog or Matin of France, or the more graceful Colley of Scotland? Are we to believe that a brace of either of these Dogs were the progenitors of the entire canine race? Did the gigantic Boar Dog, the noble Newfoundland, the courageous and powerful Mastiff, the slender and rapid Greyhound, the stunted, yet formidable Bulldog, the

diminutive and sensible Blenheim Spaniel, and the still more diminutive, and now almost extinct, Lap Dog of Malta—all arise from a brace of curs? If they did, to what are we to attribute the varieties now existing? We are told to climate and breeding. As to breeding, how could it operate when there was but a single pair to breed from? How, if the varieties of the Dog proceeded but from one original type, the Wolf, could development thus be produced extending beyond the limits of the faculties and powers proper to that type? Will change of climate ever convert a Greyhound into a Bulldog? Will it truncate the muzzle, raise the frontal bones, enlarge the frontal bones, or effect a positive alteration of the posterior branches of the lower maxillary bones? Or will change of climate, on the other hand, operate to convert a Bulldog into a Greyhound, produce a high and slender form, diminish the frontal bones, deprive the animal of the sense of smell, at least comparatively, together with courage, and other moral qualities depending on organization? I say nothing. I only ask my intelligent readers, do they believe this possible?

The Wolf has been rarely tamed; the Dog is very easily tamed; the one lives in packs; the other—except in some rare instances—in pairs. The Wolf is savage and fierce, the Dog gentle and intelligent; though it is said as an argument in favour of the hypothesis, that the education of the Dog has always been carefully attended to, and transmitted from generation to generation, each breed being kept distinct, which may account for the difference of the tame Dog and the savage Wolf. Be this true or

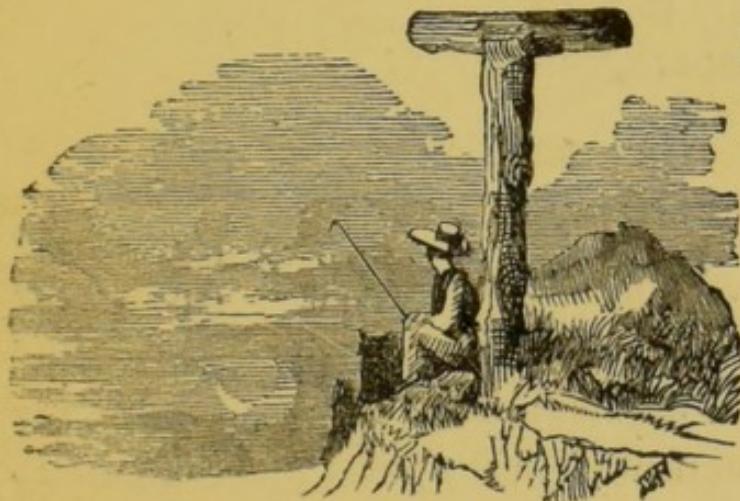
false, no authentic accounts of the taming and domestication of the Wolf have come down to our time.

Cuvier the naturalist seems to have favoured this theory of the common origin of the Wolf and the Dog. He gives an anecdote of a Wolf which followed its master and exhibited all the submission and affection of a Dog; remembering him after a long absence, licking his hands, and lavishing on him all the marks of canine friendship, and becoming gloomy and savage when out of his sight. Mr. Youatt also cites a case of a Wolf which was remarkably tractable; and in the Zoological Gardens there is at this time, I believe, a Wolf that will come at the call of its keepers and show all the signs of animal love. Professor Bell, too, gives instances of the tameableness of the Wolf; and attributes the forward direction of the eyes in the Dog to its "constant habit of looking through generations towards its master and obeying his voice;" but he does not attempt to show that there has ever been any instance of the oblique eyes of the Wolf changing to the round pupils of the Dog; much less does he account for the upward curl of the Dog's tail and the downward carriage of the tail of the Wolf; nor does he attempt to prove how the howl of the savage beast became the honest bark of the domesticated creature. In fact, and in conclusion, these stories go no way at all in proving the common origin of the Dog and the Wolf; and naturalists have come now-a-days to acknowledge that they are distinct and separate animals, with nothing in common between them but similarity of form and anatomical construction.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Management in Health and Disease.



HE DOG, in domestic life, is subject to but few ailments or diseases. Most young Dogs have what is called the Distemper, and many old ones the Mange ; but both

are manageable and curable. Nearly all the diseases of Dogs are the result of mismanagement—too much food and too little exercise ; exposure to cold and damp ; absence of attention to the natural wants and needs of the animal at certain seasons ; and too much liberty and communication with mongrel or street Dogs.

MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH.

First of all, then, we must attend to the necessity of allowing our Dogs a sufficient quantity of

EXERCISE.

This has an important bearing on the Dog's health. There are few more naturally active animals than the Dog, and it is unpardonable barbarity to chain or shut him up in a kennel for weeks together. Never chain a puppy if you wish him to grow into symmetrical form ; he will pull himself out of all true shape. Mr. Dalziel says that he has known people chain young Dogs to make them savage ; but they have been either foolish people or those of the Bill Sykes type. We need make no further observation on the brutal practice.

The next point is proper

FEEDING.

Full-grown Dogs are never so well as when fed once a day at a regular hour. Their food should be principally vegetable. "I prefer," says a competent authority, "as the staple food well-boiled oatmeal, and with it thoroughly cleansed paunches, sound horseflesh, good pressed buffalo beef (not the salt jerked beef), or other wholesome meat. This should be also well-boiled, the best plan of cooking being to boil the meat first and add the meal to the boiling broth. Meat should be given in the proportion of one part to four of meal, but Dogs required to do hard work need more meat, and that of the most nourishing kind, say one part by weight to two parts meal. Where expense is considered equal parts of Indian meal (ground maize) and oatmeal may be given, and there is a meal made from an Egyptian grain called Dari, which makes a good and remarkably cheap food for Dogs, the price being about

12s. per cwt. Whatever the staple food, a little boiled green vegetables, such as cabbage, should occasionally be added, and changes of diet are sometimes desirable. All Dogs require bones, but very large hard bones should not be given to young Dogs, as they are apt to break the teeth; fish bones are also objectionable, as liable to produce choking. Where no more Dogs are kept than can be fed with the scraps from the table there is nothing so good, provided the supply does not exceed the demand, and the Dog does not make his diet too rich by picking out the meat and leaving the vegetables. Dogs should always have clean fresh water within their reach; this is most important. It is a common custom to put a roll of sulphur in the water, which, like the proverbial chip in the porridge, does neither good nor harm. If sulphur be required the better plan is to give a little of the sublimed or flowers of sulphur in the food; in fact, nearly all the Dog cakes or Dog meals manufactured contain a trifle of it, and are improved by it.

Various are the kinds of food which may be given to Dogs; but to keep them thoroughly healthy several conditions are necessary. They must have air, exercise, fresh meat, and abundance of water. A diet exclusively of flesh will, however, render them offensive: while on one exclusively vegetable they will well nigh starve. *Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes*, however, meet the case entirely. These cakes or biscuits are composed of meat, meal, dates, &c., and are equally good for all kinds of Dogs, whether used for sporting or domestic purposes. At a recent Dog Show at the Crystal Palace, and at other Dog shows held

in various parts of the country, the animals were fed for the time being entirely upon Spratt's Meat Biscuits, and were never in better condition. I may conscientiously advise all Fanciers to try these cakes, for I am credibly informed that their use has so improved the animals that many of them have won prizes, which, before, were considered by no means up to the mark. A similar preparation of animal and vegetable food is also sold by the patentees for the fattening of fowls, poultry, and game.

The third, and by no means the least important point, is

HOUSING.

After feeding, the most important element in securing sound health in the Dog is good lodgings. A cold, damp, or draughty kennel is almost sure to produce rheumatism, kennel-lameness, chest-founder, liver complaint, or some other dangerous ailment. A kennel should be warm, dry, airy, thoroughly ventilated, and free from draught, and not only should a dry spot, but, where possible, a more cheerful aspect be chosen than is generally the case. It seems almost superfluous to add that the most scrupulous cleanliness is an absolute necessity of a healthy kennel, and that the frequent use of lime wash, containing some disinfectant, is a great preventive of disease.

FLEAS.

All Dogs, especially those of the Toy and Pet kind, are tormented by fleas. To remedy this annoyance cleanliness is the only sure and certain means. Every Dog should be washed at least once a week—particularly Lap Dogs, which

will not take readily to the water. After being washed they should be rubbed dry with a hard towel, combed, hand-rubbed, and brushed. For delicate Dogs tepid or warm water is necessary in winter. *Naldire's Soap* is sure and certain death to fleas without in the least affecting the health of the Dog.

No Dog can be kept in health unless he is regularly fed, allowed an unlimited quantity of water, permitted to take exercise regularly, and kept perfectly clean.

DISEASES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

Medicine may be administered to Dogs in an easy and expeditious manner. If the drug be solid it may be mixed in, or covered, with the animal's favourite food, when it will generally be taken without suspicion or hesitation. When however it is necessary to administer liquids, the matter becomes a little more difficult. However, you may do it in this way:—Place the Dog in an erect position between your knees, with the back inwards. Secure the fore feet with a towel or handkerchief brought from behind. Press the upper lip with the thumb and fingers of one hand, which will compel the Dog to open his mouth, and then with the other hand pass the medicine beyond the tongue into the gullet: withdraw your hand quickly, and shut his mouth, keeping his head in the same erect position till the medicine is swallowed. A Dog cannot swallow with his mouth open.

THE DISTEMPER.

This disease, to which all Dogs are liable, generally

attacks them from their third to sixth month. It is inflammatory at its commencement, and is succeeded by costiveness and great debility.

SYMPTOMS.—Sudden loss of spirit, activity, and appetite ; drowsiness, dullness of eyes, and lying at length with the nose to the ground ; coldness of the extremities, and heat of the head and body ; emaciation, and excessive weakness, particularly in the hinder quarters, which begin to sink and drag after the animal ; an apparent tendency to evacuate a little at a time ; sometimes vomiting ; eyes and nose often, but not always, affected with a discharge. In an advanced stage of the disease, spasmodic and convulsive twitchings occur, the nervous and muscular system being materially affected ; giddiness and turning round, foaming at the mouth, and fits. In this stage the distemper is often taken for incipient madness.

REMEDY.—Give daily mild doses of from two to three grains of calomel alone, in milk, and let the animal lap it up ; continue this for four or five days, with intermissions when necessary ; and if taken in time, this will carry the Dog safely through. If the disease does not readily yield to the calomel, bleed the Dog, and give it a table-spoonful of syrup of buckthorn. If, after a few days, the animal does not appear perfectly recovered, repeat the bleeding and the medicine. *The operation of bleeding* is thus performed :—Place a cord round the animal's neck, and draw it sufficiently tight so as to throw up or elevate the jugular vein ; puncture it *longitudinally* (not cross-wise) with a common lancet, and for the purpose of causing the blood to flow the finger should be pressed on the vein a

little below the orifice. When sufficient blood has been drawn, the puncture need not be pinned, nor any way closed, as the Dog by holding down his head draws the lips of the wound together, and the blood forms a crust upon it immediately; hence the reason of puncturing the vein longitudinally, since if cut cross-wise the Dog will pull the wound open every time he holds down his head, particularly in feeding.

If the Distemper be allowed to proceed beyond the first stage, there is danger of losing the Dog altogether. In such case, if the Dog be valuable, you had best call in the aid of a veterinary surgeon.

Most Dogs, if they have not been too highly fed, survive the Distemper. Sometimes, indeed, they cure themselves by eating grass, &c., which acts as an emetic and cathartic.

Where there are several young Dogs, and one happens to contract the Distemper, Mr. Johnson recommends immediate inoculation, and a dose of the syrup. The disease is thus taken in a much milder form. A little mucus taken from the nose, and placed on the nostrils of the others, will effectually answer the purpose. Distemper is very contagious, and, if not checked, will generally end in fits, and, perhaps, even in the madness improperly called hydrophobia.

Distemper is often followed by *Chorea*, or partial paralysis. The following pills are recommended:—Sulphate of zinc, 24 grains; extract of gentian, 18 grains, powdered gum arabic, 18 grains—made into 12 pills. Dose for a Dog 14 lb. to 20 lb., one pill twice a day. After

giving for ten days, alternate with pills containing one-eighth grain of nitrate of silver. Attend to the bowels, and feed on easily-digested food. Severe cases are rarely cured.

COLD AND COUGH.—These will generally yield to a mild purgative, and proper attention to the warmth and cleanliness of the Dogs' bed.

TICKS.—Vermin may be got rid of by a mixture of corrosive sublimate; a dram and a-half, dissolved in an ounce of spirits of wine, and diluted with a quart of water. Rub well into the skin night and morning.

DIARRHŒA, generally the consequence of improper feeding, may be cured by a day or two of semi-starvation, followed by a dose of Epsom salts. If the griping be severe, add from fifteen to twenty drops of tincture of opium.

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—The eyes of Dogs are subject to inflammatory attacks, induced in most cases by violent exertion, by exposure to wind, or by eating too much animal food. If from the latter, the cure is sometimes difficult.

Remedy.—Keep your Dog on a spare diet of bread and milk, and give him an occasional purgative of jalap and calomel. Make a wash of a weak solution of sugar of lead or sulphate of zinc, and apply it to the eyes.

BLEAR EYES.—Old Dogs are liable to this disagreeable ailng.

Remedy.—A little vinous tincture of opium, or weak brandy and water; either is a good wash for eyes so affected. Or you may use, as a very good wash, one dram

of white vitriol, dissolved in ten or twelve ounces of water, that is, between half a pint and three quarters, the pint of water weighing sixteen ounces.

ASTHMA.—In Dogs this ailment is very similar to that which attacks its master, and is usually the consequence of over-feeding, or by a frequent distension of the stomach by food, so that its capacity increases, and a morbid or depraved appetite is the result.

Symptoms.—Difficulty of breathing, exhibited in a shortness of breath, and short husky cough; the stomach unduly distended and a bulkiness of body thereby engendered, distressing to the free movements of the animal.

Remedy.—As this disease originates from repletion, so abstinence, judiciously regulated, is the best and indeed the only cure. Its food should be lessened in quantity, and be more pure and easily digested; as well-boiled horse-flesh, or other animal food that has hung a sufficient time to become tender; oatmeal gruel made with milk, is also excellent in Asthma. Occasionally give the following opening pill:—Ginger, twelve grains; jalap, rhubarb, and soap, half a dram each. Form these into three pills, with a little water, for three doses.

INJURIES TO THE MOUTH FROM BONES.—When a bone sticks in a Dog's mouth, it often produces an apparent effort to vomit, and the Dog will be seen making ineffectual attempts with his paw to release it. Remove the bone with the fingers, or a pair of forceps. If the jaw-bone is injured, apply a little tincture of myrrh or a solution of alum by means of lint wrapped round a skewer.

FITS.—Many Dogs are much subject to fits of various

kinds, which are sometimes mistaken for madness, though they are quite distinct, and usually yield to the proper remedies.

Causes.—Fits often accompany an attack of the Distemper; in which case they are considered as an unfavourable symptom, particularly if accompanied by a wasting of the body. Worms in the intestines, by the irritation they occasion, often induce fits. Costiveness is another means of producing fits; they also arise from the irritation which accompanies teething. When they arise from rearing too many puppies from one mother, they often prove fatal.

Symptoms.—The Dog suddenly stands, as if frightened, and in a few moments springs up two or three feet high, falling again as if shot; his tail, limbs, or some parts of the body, are convulsed; he froths at the mouth and grinds his teeth; and sometimes his eyes are turned up, and his face distorted: his breathing is hurried, and he pants excessively.

Some Dogs, when attacked, have a violent heaving of the chest, and appear almost suffocated; they then suddenly dart forward, and fall prostrate on the ground, exhibiting convulsive motions of the limbs, and frothing at the mouth, the poor animal being quite insensible.

Remedy.—While the fits are on, sprinkle the face with cold water; and as soon as they have abated, administer the following:—Calomel, four or six grains (according to the size of the Dog); jalap, in powder, two scruples. Form these into a ball with syrup or conserve of hips, and give it, covered with thin paper, to the Dog. If the fits return, after the ball has operated, give the following

once or twice in the course of the day, and repeat it the next day, if necessary:—Assafoetida, fifteen grains; valerian, one scruple. To be formed into a ball, and given as before.

MANGE.

This loathsome disease is cutaneous, and in some respects resembles the itch in the men. It commonly arises from lack of cleanliness, too close confinement, poor or improper food, or contact with mongrels.

Symptoms.—The Dog is always scratching himself. The skin appears moist, and sometimes scabby; on the parts affected are pimples or fissures, which are ruptured by the rubbing, and exude a serous humour, and thicken and form scabs: this very soon spreads over the shoulders, back, and hinder parts.

The disease called the SURFEIT, is somewhat similar, but less virulent. It, however, yields to the same medical treatment.

Remedy.—Scrub the Dog with soft soap and water, or tobacco water, dry him well with a dry towel directly afterwards, and when dry, rub the following mixture well on every part:—Oil of turpentine, one ounce; sublimed sulphur, one ounce; train oil, four ounces. Mix well together, when ready for use, it should be well stirred up.

If the disease becomes obstinate, or the skin appears of a bright red colour, the following may be given, morning and evening, for a few days, which will expedite the cure: the quantity for one dose is,—Æthiop's mineral, twenty grains; levigated antimony, twenty grains.

If the Dog be but slightly affected, the following mild

ointment (also very useful in the Surfeit) will be found efficacious:—Oil of vitriol, half an ounce; hog's lard, half a pound.

RABIES CANINA.

(*Madness in Dogs, erroneously termed Hydrophobia.*)

For this terrible affection there is no cure; the Dog attacked must be destroyed.

Popular apprehension about Rabies is always excited in “the Dog days.” Whether the notion that hot weather and hydrophobia in Dogs have the connexion of cause and effect, we need not stay to consider—the public connects them.

The poison, whatever it be, is contained in the saliva. That appears to be true beyond all question, and our first efforts, therefore, will naturally be directed to prevent the absorption of this poisonous saliva from the wound into the general system. This should be done with the least possible delay. Absorption takes place very rapidly; and in the course of a few hours it may be considered useless to direct any local treatment to the wound itself, with the idea of thus preventing the passage of the poison from the spot in which it was first deposited. The first thing to be done, if a bystander be at hand, is to get him to suck the wound, which he may do with perfect safety, if no cut or sore exist upon his lips or mouth. Of course, what is sucked from the wound will be at once spat out, and the sucker's mouth may be rinsed with vinegar, or spirit and water. The wound also should be squeezed till it bleeds, and be washed abundantly with water that may be acidulated with vinegar or any other acid that may happen to

be at hand; or if it can be done without delay, a cupping glass may be applied to the wound, so as to thoroughly "draw" it.

After this, the best thing to do is to apply a powerful caustic so as to burn up and destroy, if possible, every remnant of the poison. Of all caustics, the "actual cautery," as direct heat is called, is the most efficacious. A skewer, or any other pointed iron instrument, may be heated to whiteness, and the wound be cauterised with it, to its very bottom. The pain of this will not be so great as we might suppose it would be. The surface is immediately charred; the nerves are destroyed; and after the first moment, little or no pain is felt. If no hot iron can be readily procured, a lucifer match, or a fusee, may be used; or the wound may be filled with gunpowder, and then be blown up. Any amount of pain should be encountered, rather than incur the risk of death from this distressing and frightful disease.

It is not always necessary to have recourse to the fire-cautery. Mr. Youatt, who has a good deal of experience, has great confidence in the nitrate of silver, common lunar caustic; and he states that he has hardly ever known hydrophobia attack a person whose wounds had been cauterised with this caustic. It should, of course, be used freely, care being taken that the utmost depths of the wound are reached. The caustic alkali, potash, has also been used with success, and the muriate of antimony. These are liquefiant, and eat into the wound, giving much more pain than any of the caustics that at once destroy the tissues they touch.

Again, cutting-out the injured part is likely to be effectual. None of the remedies we have mentioned may chance to be at hand when a person is bitten; but most people carry a knife. One very good plan is to pass a skewer to the bottom of the wound, and then cut it clean out, with a margin of flesh around and beneath it.

It must be remembered, for our comfort, that not every one who is bitten by a Dog, undoubtedly mad, is attacked by rabies afterwards. So there is always hope. The Dog should never be killed, until it is quite certain that it is suffering from rabies.

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS ON RABIES.

In view of the alarm in the public mind on the subject of rabies, or madness in Dogs, the Society for the Protection of Domestic Animals issued, in 1874, a series of questions, to which replies were requested from fanciers and owners of Dogs. The apparent increase of this disease in various parts of Great Britain since the Act of Parliament passed in 1871 for tieing up the mouths of the canine race, and otherwise subjecting them to unnatural restraint, may prove so serious to human life and property, that setting cruelty entirely aside, there is ample cause for practical enquiry, *whether the muzzling and confining of Dogs is not only powerless to prevent rabies, but eminently calculated to derange their health and temper, and thereby increase the malady?*

Feeling very much concerned in setting this matter fully before the public, I, as editor of the "Young Fancier's

Guide," asked readers to kindly furnish replies to the following queries:—

"1. Does the Dog, (unlike Man or the Horse,) perspire by means of his tongue only?

"2. Does the Dog drink little at a time, but frequently?

"3. Does the Dog, when at liberty, very often have recourse to his natural medicine, the Dog-grass, (*Cynosurus cristatus*,) both as an emetic and purgative, and to free his stomach from irritation produced by the improper food which is too often his share, from viscid matter, bile, and indigestible substances?

"4. Does the Dog frequently lick various parts of his body; his tongue being a surgeon to his wounds?

"5. Does muzzling have a tendency to cause fits, and other evils?

"6. Does muzzling tend in various ways to irritate the Dog, and render him more likely to bite people and other Dogs when he regains his freedom? When muzzled for the first time does he, in some cases, become excited, and even furious?

"7. The Dog, being an intellectual, sensitive, and most affectionate animal, whose nervous system is highly developed, is not muzzling or chaining likely to make him unhappy, and create a sense of wrong, injustice, and unkindness,—especially in those instances where the creature lives in close friendship with his master?

"8. Does not keeping a Dog chained always render him more or less savage,—at least to strangers?

"9. When a Dog has never been chained up or muzzled, does the act of so confining him sometimes irritate

exceedingly, even to fury, or make him dull, dejected, and miserable;—and does not such treatment, in some instances, cause him to refuse to perform the offices of Nature?

“ 10. Confining Dogs, and thereby preventing them from having sexual intercourse, is it not likely to seriously injure their health. And when the odour of bitches in heat is conveyed to their olfactory nerves by the atmosphere, or otherwise, does not the obstruction to obeying Nature’s most imperious dictate excite them intensely and injure their health? Moreover, is not sexual excitement often an early symptom of Rabies?

“ 11. Is not the muzzling and confining of healthy Dogs, because other Dogs are deranged, contrary to common sense? Ought Dogs, any more than men, to be constantly treated as creatures likely to go mad?

“ 12. Are not unwholesome food, uncleanliness, misery, and ill-treatment,—also, all that tends to pervert the animal from his natural state, annoy, irritate, and unduly excite the Dog, likely to derange his health and increase the capability of originating Rabies?

“ 13. Are not those Dogs who are bred, trained to ferocity, and used for the combats of the pit,—badger-baiting, and worrying other animals, the breeds most subject to Rabies;—and by far the most dangerous when mad?

“ 14. Do not fits, distemper, and costiveness cause symptoms often mistaken for Rabies?

“ 15. Has Rabies been, hitherto, one of the rarest

diseases in England? And are there not many parts of the world, as the Arctic Regions and Africa, where it is unknown?

“ 16. Is it the opinion of the medical profession of all branches that the season of the year has nothing to do with the creation of Rabies?

“ 17. Are there not many erroneous ideas current amongst all classes of society on the subject of Rabies?

“ 18. Does not a mad Dog suffer from a frightful and unquenchable thirst? Does he not seek water with extreme eagerness, drink it to excess so long as he can swallow, and sometimes swim in it?

“ 19. Has not incalculable mischief been done by popular and general want of knowledge as to Rabies? Thousands of Dogs sacrificed, and thousands of people rendered needlessly anxious and wretched by believing Dogs rabid which were not?

“ 20. Is not death itself in human beings caused in some instances by panic fear alone? The malady of hydrophobia being created in these cases by a disordered and excited imagination? [See Delabere Blaine’s “Canine Pathology.”]

“ 21. Is not the rabid Dog, where he has been kindly treated, generally quite inoffensive to the friends around him in his home, and to other persons if unmolested?

“ 22. Does not a mad Dog seek solitude and avoid light? When he is on the march, does he usually never turn out of his way to attack human beings unless first annoyed, hooted, and chased?

“ 23. Is not the application to a wound from the bite

of a mad Dog of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) a sure and certain, ready, and simple preventive of Rabies ?

“ 24. Is Rabies spontaneous, as well as contagious, in the Dog ?

“ 25. Is not due attention to the laws of nature, the diffusion of knowledge, and the education of the humane feelings of the nation, more likely to prevent the disease of Rabies than any measures of coercion put in force against the Dog ? In fact, it is not strictly true that to muzzle, chain, incarcerate, and kill Dogs in the hope of preventing Rabies is just as vain, unreasonable, and unphilosophical as it would be to endeavour to do away with fever or cholera by sending the afflicted human patients to gaol or the gallows.

“ 26. Are not the muzzling and confining of Dogs, and any treatment perverting the animal from his natural state, more likely to increase Rabies than diminish the same ?— the Dog being subject to the laws of nature equally with man himself, and as much dependent for health on good air, good food, liberty, exercise, cleanliness, comfort, and tranquillity of mind ?

REPLIES.

To these questions hundreds of subscribers replied. Among the rest Mr. J. Shakespeare, the eminent veterinary surgeon, furnished the following satisfactory answers. I print his letter in its entirety, as it contains not only intelligent replies to the queries, but several important arguments calculated to allay unreasoning alarm in the public mind on the subject of danger from Dog madness.

“To the Editor of the *Young Fanciers' Guide*.

“SIR,—Having my time very much occupied I have not before been able to answer your questions respecting Rabies in the Dog. I beg now to give you my practical experience in the matter. I have been a breeder of black and tan Terriers over thirty-seven years; consequently have had great experience in the ailments of the canine race, besides the experience of a very clever V.S. for years past, and I am convinced that Rabies in the Dog is as little understood as that dreadful destroyer of Dogs intussusception, or reception of one part within another, as the abnormal falling of one part of the intestine into another—which kills 50 per cent. more Dogs than any other complaint, both in pet and sporting Dogs. In that complaint I claim to be the first that ever told the symptoms, and the first that ever had a Dog operated on, and successfully. Vide ‘Youatt on the Dog,’ page 240, in which he states, ‘I will say nothing of medical treatment in this case, for I do not know the symptoms of intussusception, &c.’ For my case, which took place November 12, 1872, I beg to refer to ‘Guy's Hospital Gazette,’ in which it is fully recorded, witnessed by a great number of medical gentlemen. Now, *Rabies is a complaint that very rarely happens in the Dog. I do not believe that one in a hundred of the Dogs they call mad are so*, as very few know the symptoms of that disease. To do so you must understand Canine Pathology. Take, for instance, the Mastiff killed in Fleet Street some time ago, which had not the slightest symptom of Rabies in him. It was a disgraceful piece of business, and proves how ignorant

they must have been of the symptoms of Rabies. *I am quite sure this disease is not on the increase, as very few cases of true madness ever occur.* And if owners would treat Dogs with more kindness the disease would be stamped out. With this addition, that the Cur or Mongrel Dog (which is the cause of the disease to a very great extent) should be annihilated by the police whenever seen at large. And *although I have had Dogs so many years I never had a case of madness in my own Dogs.* How is it I can keep them so many years if it is so prevalent? Because I know that true bred Dogs rarely, if ever, go mad. But in these days, if a Dog has the misfortune to bark in the street he is knocked down immediately as mad.

“There is one thing I never resort to, that is that disgusting treatment ‘the muzzle.’ Continual teasing, with the idea of making them sharp, unnatural restraint, and other ways of brutality. It is the above practice that is calculated to derange the health, and cause Dogs to be in a very bad temper; then, with a little excitement, let them run the street and their fate is sealed. Let a Dog be properly fed, and liberty to roam without that appendage, the muzzle, or anything to irritate him, you will then find that madness will be the most scarce disease a Dog will be troubled with; in fact, *good bred Dogs are very rarely troubled with that complaint unless bitten by a Cur.*

“I may state I have been bitten a great many times by Dogs when attending them, but have never resorted to nitrate of silver. As I am not so sanguine as to that remedy, I have managed so far without it. And I am sure fear kills more than does the bite of a Dog.

"I propose to answer your questions as you have stated them, adding the answer to each number. I have dispensed with technical terms, thinking it best under the circumstances.

" 1st. Yes.

" 2nd. He drinks little at each time, not very frequently.

" 3rd. Yes.

" 4th. If he has a wound he will lick it, but it keeps the wound open.

" 5th. It is a sure cause of fits, making them snappish and very bad tempered.

" 6th. Yes. Second part, decidedly yes.

" 7th. Most decidedly.

" 8th. Most positively it does, and more so to strangers. I am acquainted with a gentleman who had a very fine Newfoundland Dog that was very quiet when out and loose, but as soon as he chained the Dog up he had to get away as soon as possible, or he would bite him directly.

" 9th. Yes, and cause constipation.

" 10th. First part, some of them. Second part, it has a bad effect on them, causing them to refuse food to a great extent so long as the odour lasts. Third part, No, the symptoms are very different.

" 11th. Yes. Second part, Certainly not.

" 12th. Yes, and makes him an unnatural animal.

" 13th. Certainly not, those Dogs, generally speaking, know their duty, and are cool and collected, and when in combat make for points, not bite at random.

" 14th. Yes.

" 15th. Yes, and is so still. Second part, No, there

being no particular time of year for Rabies, it being as likely to appear in cold as hot weather.

“ 16th. Rabies being so little known that I pay no attention to opinions, but am sure the season of the year has no influence on true Rabies.

“ 17th. Yes, simply because they do not understand it.

“ 18th. Decidedly yes to both questions.

“ 19th. Certainly yes; second part, yes; and sorry to say it is so.

“ 20th. Yes to both questions.

“ 21st. Yes, and will not bite any one if not disturbed.

“ 22nd. Yes, as the light affects his fevered brain; second part, will never turn to bite unless disturbed in some way.

“ 23rd. I am not so sanguine about nitrate of silver; although been bitten by Dogs, have never used it, and never would.

“ 24th. No. It has a cause, and can be communicated by a bite, but not to all.

“ 25th. Yes, that is the grand secret for stamping it out; second part, decidedly so.

“ 26th. Yes, I am positive of that fact; same with the second part.

“ P.S. It may be interesting to your readers to give them the appearance of a rabid Dog and his manners:—First, he is dull, refuses food, seeks the darkest places, drinks excessively, so long as he can swallow, that is, until the throat is so inflamed and swollen, that the passage is stopped so far as drinking is concerned, will eat filth, gnaw bricks, &c. When out, goes with a sort of

trot—neither walk nor run—head down, tongue out, quite dry and no foam; tail down; goes straight if no noise is made to disturb him; and if you step out of his way, he will not take the trouble to turn his head to bite you; he only snaps when disturbed, or you cross his path. And when quite mad, generally has paralysis, and his jaw drops, and sometimes his hind quarters.

“Hoping the above will prove satisfactory to your readers, I am, sir, yours faithfully,

“J. SHAKESPEARE,

“*Veterinary Surgeon.*”

15, Hastings Street, Burton Crescent.

Another correspondent, in reply to the general question as to Madness in Dogs, furnished the following, which, though somewhat similar to the remarks on pp. 278-80, will be found of value by many:—

“True *Rabies*, or canine madness, about which so much matter crops up whenever we have a few warm days, and is prevalent at the present time in the daily press, is comparatively a rare disease in this country; yet every poor animal who may unhappily fall in the way of a parcel of ignorant brutes, to be kicked, otherwise tormented, and hounded from place to place, till with extended tongue, panting loins, and eyes starting with terror, he tears along the road to avoid his pursuers, is at once set down as dangerous, and the cry of ‘Mad Dog’ raised; whereas, in all probability the poor animal is perfectly harmless, and would readily show his gratitude for protection from his brutal enemies.

"No more erroneous impression prevails than that a mad Dog will not drink, and is afraid of even the sight of water; on the contrary, in the first stage of the disease he will drink greedily, and will even to the last lap abortively at the liquid which he cannot swallow, owing to the inflamed state of the throat from intense fever.

"Those who feel any alarm for their own favourites, can easily calm their fears by taking due notice of the following symptoms.

"A Dog suffering from Rabies becomes somewhat morose and disinclined for company, hiding himself in corners free from observation, has a great desire to satisfy his appetite by feeding on any filth or garbage that may fall in his way, even enjoying a feed on his own droppings, washed down by a draught from his own wine, in preference to more wholesome food. The two latter signs may be accepted as undoubted proof of Rabies, and the animal should be at once destroyed. Prussic acid is a merciful and effective means of destruction, and his owner need fear no personal injury in its administration, as an animal suffering under this fearful malady retains his fondness for his master or mistress to the last, even endeavouring to display that affection in a more marked manner than before, licking the hands and face, which of course must be carefully avoided, the more so if there be any abrasion of the skin, however slight.

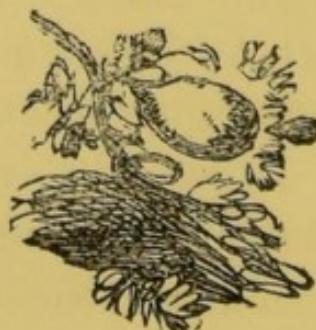
"We would add a word or two for the information of those who may unfortunately be bitten by a suspected animal. By no means trust to any of the reputed cures for hydrophobia, but at once resort to cauterisation, an

effectual means for which is at hand in all large towns in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. We mean the common *Vesuvian* cigar lighter, which is sure to be in the pockets of some of the bystanders. One of these lit and at once plunged into the wounds made by the animal's teeth is an effectual cautery, saves the delay sometimes incurred in proceeding to the nearest doctor, and is less painful than excision of the parts and subsequent cauterisation by hot iron.

" Further, we may add, that a Dog really under the influence of Rabies always runs *straight*, and will not deviate from his course even for a single yard, crossing streams readily if in his course; thus satisfactorily disposing of the false idea that he is afraid of water. On the other hand, an enraged or terrified Dog, though perfectly healthy, will run hither and thither in his erratic course, snapping on this side and that at all who come in his way."

Many of the superstitions about Dog madness die very hard; and perhaps of all the number of these "bogies" of a past age, none has now so general and strong a hold on the mind of the masses as the belief, illustrated in the case of a young man who lately applied to the sitting magistrate, at Woolwich, to have a neighbour's Dog that had bitten him, destroyed, giving as a reason that several persons had told him he would never be well while the Dog lived. The magistrate gave this sapient young man most excellent advice; but, of course, to no effect, as he left the court, shaking his head incredulously at the plain

sound sense his worship had uttered. We might have supposed that the "several people" referred to were playing a very stupid joke on a very stupid fellow, did we not know that this absurd and most illogical belief—that a person bitten by a Dog in sound health, will, should that Dog at any date thereafter become rabid, be seized with hydrophobia—holds a firm footing throughout the country; and probably many instances have occurred where the constant dread of an awful death, generated by this stupid superstition, has produced painful and fatal results. Ignorance is the foe of life, and we think much might be done to spread true knowledge on this subject, were Government to adopt the suggestions made some few years ago. The writer proposed that on the back of every Dog license there should be printed plain rules whereby Dog madness could be easily distinguished, especially in its earlier stages. Such rules could be easily drawn up, and, I believe, would be of great use in checking the spread of this frightful malady, because, the incipient symptoms being recognized, the animal would be secured, instead, as is now too often the case, of being allowed to wander from home, to spread the disease through unknown mediums.



RULES FOR DOG SHOWS.

The National Kennel Association having asked for some intelligible rules for exhibitors, a writer in the *Fanciers' Gazette* suggests the following:—

1. Every exhibitor of a Dog must state the name and age, and the sire and dam, if known. If not, he must make the entry as "pedigree unknown," or "age unknown." If the name has been changed after the Dog has been publicly exhibited, the old as well as new name must be given. The only exception to this rule shall be, if any Dog has been properly entered in the stud-book or calendar published or authorised by the society, in which case the name and number of the Dog will be sufficient.

2. The statements above required as to each Dog, will be open to public challenge in writing, at any show, by any one except a member of the committee, judge of the show, or any person employed by the show committee, provided a deposit of one guinea be lodged with such written protest. If the pedigree or other particulars be proved to be fictitious, the Dog shall be disqualified; any prize won by it shall be withheld; and if such misrepresentation, after inquiry, be in the opinion of the committee wilfully made, the exhibitor shall be excluded from competing at any future show held in connection with this society, except as hereafter provided; and if a member of the society, shall be thenceforth excluded from such membership.

3. Any Dog may during the show be protested against in writing on the ground of clipping, painting, or any other fraudulent practice. A similar deposit of one

guinea shall be made with every such charge ; after which it shall be investigated, and if substantiated, dealt with as by Rule 2.

4. In all cases where charges of fraud or misrepresentation are substantiated, or, if not actually proved, where fair cause for *bonâ fide* suspicion has been shown, the caution-money of one guinea shall be returned to the objector. But if such grounds be not shown, the money shall be forfeited, and applied as may be determined by the committee.

5. When any person has been proved to the satisfaction of the committee to have been guilty of fraud or misrepresentation, and been thereupon excluded from membership of the society, or from exhibiting at shows held in connection with it, the committee may, if they shall see fit, by a unanimous vote reinstate him in such privileges, but in no case shall they do so until a written apology for such conduct has been tendered, or until the offender has been excluded for the term of [six] full calendar months.

6. No judge, or any person employed by any show shall be allowed to exhibit at such show, or allow Dogs, his property, to be exhibited by any other person for competition.

7. Wherever the entries exceed 200 at any show, a veterinary inspector shall be appointed by the committee. The inspector so appointed shall inspect all Dogs before or during the show, and no Dog pronounced by him to be suffering from mange, or other infectious disease, shall receive a prize. But no such opinion of the inspector shall be received otherwise than in writing under his hand. Any Dog so condemned by the inspector shall be returned to its owner immediately, and the entry money forfeited.

8. In all cases where charges are made of fraudulent practice involving cutting or other surgical operation, the judges, or stewards, as the case may be, shall refer the matter to a competent veterinary surgeon, whose decision shall be final.

9. A Dog that has been exhibited, or has won a prize in a class exclusively for puppies under twelve months old, is not thereby excluded from being exhibited in a class where previous prize winners are not allowed to compete.

10. In estimating the number of prizes a Dog has won, with reference to whether it should compete in a champion class or not, the number of prizes won shall be calculated up to the morning of the show, and not merely up to the date of entry for the same.

11. No distinguishing marks or ornaments will be allowed, nor will any owner be allowed to lead his or her Dog into the presence of the judges. The judges shall however, see every Dog off its bench.

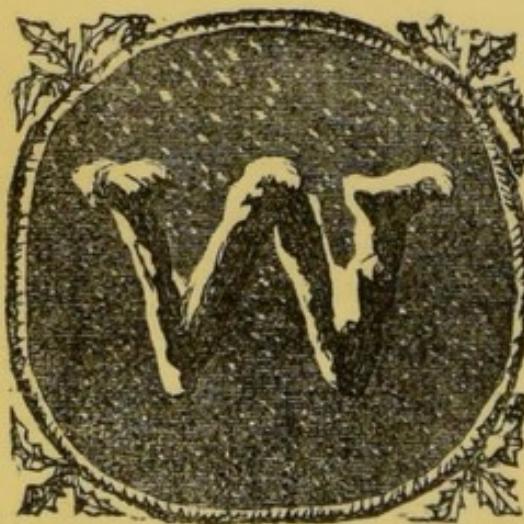
I had thought of giving a list of the Prize Dogs during the years 1874-5-6, but I find that it would occupy too much space, without being of any great practical utility. As Dog shows are now held every year in London and the principal provincial towns, sufficient information will be found in the newspapers of the day. Moreover, as the Prize Dogs of one year or one show are often overlooked by the judges of another year and another show, there is no particular reason why such a list should be given, seeing that it cannot be made perfect, and that it must necessarily be temporary.



CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Dog and his Master.

Who shall say what a Dog thinks
Of his master?—LORD LYTTON.



E have hitherto considered the Dog in his relation to man as a companion and servant. The sportsman uses him as he can use no other animal; the shepherd employs him as he can employ no other creature in the world; and by all and everyone the Dog is looked upon in a light distinct from that of any other brute creature in creation. Who is there that does not know and love some one or other Dog? When, however, we consider the real nature of the animal, we are apt, perhaps, to think too little of the characters of the people by whom he is bred, fed, and fashioned. In one house he is a pet, in another a friend,

and in a third a mere slave ; and by just the measure of our conduct towards him, must we reckon his behaviour towards us. "Busy people," says a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "spare only a moment now and then to bestow a hasty pat on the poor brute who is hungering for affection. Philanthropists mostly treat him with a distant and condescending benevolence to the last degree offensive to his feelings ; and both gushing and misanthropic folks make a fool of him, to his ill-concealed disgust, by lavishing more endearments than he cares to receive. In some houses an absolute despotism is the established form of government ; the Dog is allowed no *motu proprio* whatever, and discipline is enforced by terrible penalties, of which it is dreadful to speak. Other people live with their Dogs in a republican manner, and the Dog does that which is pleasant in his own eyes, and generally unpleasant in those of unfortunate visitors. In such cases, the owner of the animal is merely an officer of state, appointed to attend to the Dog's comfort and well-being. If he fulfil his duty, well and good ; the Dog will be pleased graciously to accept the attentions offered. If he neglect it, then the ill-used quadruped will 'know the reason why.' Both these extremes are undoubtedly bad, and no constitution less beautifully balanced than that of the British Empire can adjust the nice relationships of Dogs and men, reserving the rights of all, and securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Worst of all are those oligarchies where several of the upper class (as I suppose we must call the men) divide the government. No Dog can serve two masters, much less three or four masters

and mistresses; and his proper feelings of allegiance and devotion are all destroyed by placing him in so unnatural a position, analogous only to the polyandry practised in Thibet. And, on the other hand, for one human being to keep several Dogs at once (real pet house-dogs, not poor slaves of the kennel-harem), is a violation to what the Germans would call the root idea of the relation. When one Dog is dead, after a reasonable interval the widowed owner may, without violation of decency, take to himself another canine companion. But polydoggery is a thing against which all proper feeling revolts, and the Mormon establishments in which it is permitted are necessarily scenes of permanent rivalry and discord. Every Dog would, if it could, compel its master to adopt the old knightly motto, with slight variation, 'Ung Roy, ung Loy, ung Chien.'"

"But," continues the same essayist, "of all the current mistakes about Dogs, the most exasperating is the vulgar delusion that they have no faults, and that all their virtues are a matter of course, and that we may expect every Dog to be magnanimous and courageous, just as we expect a table to be firm, or a drawer to open and shut. The grand Isaac Watts aphorism, 'it is their nature to' exhausts the popular philosophy on the subject, and the meanest cad will pat a Dog condescendingly on the head for an act of heroism which he could not himself perform to save a drowning universe. To understand how good are Dogs it is absolutely necessary (as Hegel would tell us) to recognise also their badness. We must see that the 'best of Dogs has his faults,' if we would appreciate the merits

which redeem from absolute contempt even the most pusillanimous cur. I have used the word 'faults,' but I am not sure that we might not equally properly speak of the crimes of Dogs, for the turpitude of some of their actions certainly surpasses mere failure in justice or benevolence. There are traitor Dogs, who have basely accepted bribes of raw meat and remained silent when it was their imperative duty as sentinels to challenge the intruder with the loudest of barks. Moroseness, and even malignity of temper, have betrayed many an animal, otherwise deserving of moral approval, into deeds of violence and murderous attacks on rivals; and the lawless brigandage of others in the matter of their neighbours' bones is almost too common a transgression to be noticed. Even real estate (in kennel property) is disregarded by some marauders, who will hold adverse possession against the rightful owner, upon

The good old plan
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can."

Every owner of Dogs will have occasionally possessed savage, disagreeable, barking, biting, traitorous brutes, whom no sort of kindness could pacify, and nothing but absolute force control. These Dogs, I take it, have been badly brought up. Naturally, the Dog is the most tractable of creatures, and it is not wonderful if a badly taught puppy grows up into a disreputable Dog.

To properly understand a Dog's nature we ought to consider that he thinks and feels, and that possessing self-

consciousness, "our poor relation" must be treated with kindness and consideration.

That the Dog and other animals have from the very beginning of the world been thought to possess some sort of inner consciousness is proved by the universality of the fables which give to them something like human thought and feeling.

Among all people this notion has prevailed to a greater or less degree. Fabulists and poets have always been in the habit of presenting the Dog as a creature who thinks. Painters have been, in like manner, fond of giving to the Dog a sort of human nature. In art, as well as in fable, the Dog has been made a king, a philosopher, or a courtier—in short, a man! Who does not recognise the human nature in Landseer's pictures—"Alexander and Diogenes," "Jack in Office," "Laying down the Law," "The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and the rest? "Now," says a writer in the *New Quarterly*, "it must be admitted that Dogs do, by their inconceivable sympathy, come in a certain shadowy way to resemble their masters. They grow like that which they worship, and become brave and trustful, or sneaking and suspicious, affectionate and demonstrative, or morose and reserved, according to the character of their human associates. There is, then, a point up to which the painter is authorised to put human nature into the Dog, because human nature has actually, by force of sympathy, got into him already. It is obvious, however, that Landseer's delicious pictures have far, far transcended the narrow margin wherein such blending of the human or the animal

nature can take place, and thus, what he has given us in the particular class of pictures in question (of course, nine-tenths of his works are of quite another order), are not Dogs which reflect human qualities, but Dogs employed arbitrarily to caricature humanity. The former would be a true study, offering deep revelations of canine nature; the latter is radically false, and its tendency altogether misleading."

In the literature of fable and poetry the Dog plays a most important part. Everybody is familiar with the Cerberus who guarded the gates of Hades—a cruel satire upon our old friend; the Dog Argus who met Ulysses after his return from Troy; the Dog Orthoros with two heads; the half boy, half Dog, said to have frightened the children of Epirus; and the story told by Pliny of the faithful Dog who could not be driven away from the body of his dead master, the slave:—"Above all instances of the fidelity of Dogs was one which occurred in our time, and which is attested in the Acts of the Roman people, Appius Junius and P. Silius being consuls (A.C. 781). Titius Sabinus and his slaves were put to death on account of Nero, the son of Germanicus. A Dog belonging to one of these slaves could neither be driven away from the prison nor made to leave the corpse of his master, which had been thrown down the Gemonian steps. Standing over it, he uttered such sad cries that a crowd of Roman citizens collected round, and some one offered him food. The Dog took the meat, but laid it down beside his dead master's mouth. Even when the body was thrown into the Tiber, he swam out after it, and was seen endeavouring to support it as it was carried away by the stream."

All these anecdotes and examples go to prove that the Dog, in a superior degree to any other animal, possesses passions and feelings like ourselves. Inferior to his master in many important respects; incapable of conveying his feelings by language; possessed of four feet and no hands; small in size, and lacking the qualities which give nobleness to the lion, strength to the bear, swiftness to the horse, cunning to the fox, endurance to the camel, courage to the tiger, resolution to the buffalo, and power to the elephant, the Dog yet comes nearer and closer to mankind than any other creature.

Like his master, the Dog is angry when provoked; manageable when treated kindly; implacable and often vindictive when cruelly handled. Like his master, he is jealous, envious, and glutinous; but like him, he is also grateful for favours, regretful for wrongs done and received, forgiving, heroic, chivalrous, proud and brave. Like his master, too, he is sometimes covetous and unjust; but his anger is soon appeased, and his better nature roused into activity. Faithful unto death, he is—unlike his master—incapable of deceit, and altogether above meanness. The base and paltry passions that degrade the lower classes of humanity touch not his noble nature, which is full of pity, sympathy and unselfish love.

By aid of the faculties of memory, association of ideas, fancy, and judgment, a Dog can make plans and deliberately arrange how to compass his ends. His *memory*, for example, supplies him with a picture of a delightful chase: his *imagination* suggests the surreptitious enjoyment of another. Thereupon he contrives to steal away unperceived on a

poaching expedition, whereto he probably invites a serviceable companion, and the two truants do the work of finding and catching game quite as cleverly as if under the guidance of their master. When the stolen sweets have been tasted, fear of punishment spurs the Dog's imagination to the trick of getting back into his kennel, perhaps over a high wall, or (as has several times happened) of wriggling his head back into his collar.

Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, tells a story which goes far to prove that the Dog possesses a power of drawing conclusions from premises, that is, in fact, to reason :—

“ There is a clever old man living at Kendal, who possesses a Dog called Charlie, and who has frequently been my companion in my geological researches in the north of England. On our return to Kendal from one excursion, the old man came to my hotel to help to arrange the fossils we had collected, and Charlie came with him. During the whole process of arranging the stones, Charlie sat by, gravely watching us, sitting on his hind quarters, with a most sober and demure face ; nor did he move till the collection was stowed into a bag and put under my bed. He then went home with his master ; but just as I was preparing to go to bed, I heard a scratching at the door, and there was Charlie, who darted in, ran under the bed, and remained there all night. For the next few days nothing particular happened ; and each night Charlie slept under my bed, till we arranged to start for another expedition, when Charlie was not to be found, and we set off without him. We made a tour of sixteen

days, and arrived at Bowness on a Saturday. On Monday morning, when my old friend met me after a visit to his own house, he said, 'Well, I have a strange history to tell you of Charlie. When I got home, I said to my wife, "Where's Charlie?" "Charlie!" she replied, "why hasn't Charlie been with you?"' Upon this the old man went up to the inn, and inquired if anything had been seen of Charlie. But he had scarcely begun to speak when Charlie himself came bounding towards him, and the strange mystery of the Dog's disappearance was explained. No one thought or knew anything about Charlie till the evening of his master's departure, when a traveller arriving at the inn, was shown to the room which I had occupied. The moment the traveller and his conductor entered Charlie rushed from under the bed and flew at them, so that they were in danger of being seriously hurt, and he could only be mastered by the ostler bringing a horse-cloth and throwing it completely over the Dog, thus holding him down while they dragged from under the bed the precious bag of stones and placed it in the passage. As soon as this was done the Dog was set free, and instantly quietly took his place upon the bag, from which nothing could entice him. Occasionally, when he heard wheels in the yard below, or any great movement, he would rush down, smell the carriages, and survey the horses; but speedily satisfied that nothing was there with which he had anything to do, he returned to his post, which he never forsook till his master's voice gave him assurance that his long watch might end."

"That every Dog"—observes that acute observer, Miss

Frances Power Cobbe—"has his idiosyncrasy no less than his master has his own ; that his capacities, tempers, gifts, graces, and propensities, vary through the whole gamut of intellect, will, and emotion ; and that it would be quite as easy to find two human as two canine Sosias, are facts which the vulgar and Dog-ignorant mind has never grasped. He who has once loved a Dog, if he find courage after its loss to seek a second friend, nearly always endeavours to procure one of the same breed, and if possible of the same family, for his heart is drawn to such an animal by its likeness to the dead ; nor can he by any means transfer his affections from the bold and brave Mastiff to the tender little King Charles, nor from the fawn-like, coquettish Pomeranian to the sturdy matter-of-fact Scotch Terrier. But when the nearest approach possible to the favourite has been found and installed in his place, the second Dog's individuality is never for a moment obliterated, but on the contrary, comes out every day in more vivid contrast to that of his predecessor.

"There is always this difference," continues the same writer, "between a Dog and a human being. We see the Dog's character pure and simple, such as nature made it, whilst we see the man's or woman's through a black crust of conventionality. Perhaps not once in a year we get a glimpse of the real John or Jane behind the veil. When we *do* catch a full sight of a human heart in its anguish or joy, temptation or triumph, of course we love it beyond anything we can feel for a lesser nature. Even when it is a wicked heart, the revelation stirs us to the depth of our being with pity, terror, perchance with a reflection of a

lurid light into depths of our own souls. Nothing human is alien to us. But then it must be the real human passion, not the dreary fiction of a sentiment—pretence of care for what the speaker cares nothing, of pleasure in what he does not enjoy, of hopes, loves, fears, interests, admirations, all second-hand and half-affected if not absolutely unreal, which make up the staple of social intercourse. Now, with our humble Dog, there is nothing of all this. Everything in him is genuine to the heart's core, and, so far as his nature goes, we reach him at once, and love him."

"The Dog," says a writer in the "Arcana of Science" (1829), "is the only animal that dreams; he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels *ennui*; the Dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Professor Leibnitz bears witness to a hound, in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words." I am inclined to doubt the speaking faculty of the Dog, though I have seen some animals that could do almost everything *but* speak. More docile than man, says Buffon, more obedient than any other animal, the Dog is not only instructed in a short time, but he also conforms to the dispositions and the manners of those who command him. He takes his tone from the house he inhabits; like the rest of the domestics, he is disdainful among the great, and churlish among clowns. Always assiduous in serving his master, and only a friend to his friends he is indifferent to all the rest, and declares himself openly against such as seem to be dependent like himself. He

knows a beggar by his clothes, by his voice, or his gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night the guard of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful sentinel, he goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty. If they attempt to break in upon his territories, he becomes more fierce, flies at them, threatens, fights, and either conquers alone, or alarms those who have most interest in coming to his assistance; however, when he has conquered, he quietly reposes upon the spoil, and abstains from what he has deterred others from abusing; giving thus at once a lesson of courage, temperance, and fidelity.

“The Dog’s sense of smell differs from our own not only in superior acuteness, but also in another way, which is not equally a subject of congratulation. The pleasures and pains he derives from odours seem to be nearly exactly the reverse of our own, and he loves what we hate, and hates what we love. The explanation of this sad dereliction from the human standard of taste is not,” says Miss Cobbe, “difficult to find. As the retired tallow-chandler desired to return to his work on melting days, and the homeward-turning citizen of Edinburgh exclaimed with ecstasy, ‘Ah! I smell ye again, dear auld Reekie!’ so the Dog has all his cherished associations of business and sport with animal odours to us more or less disagreeable. He is entirely of the opinion of the huntsman who swore at ‘those stinking violets’ for spoiling the scene of the fox. In his various professions as sentinel, sheep-guard, hunter and scavenger, he and his forbears have

cultivated a taste very similar to that which we find among Esquimaux, Earthmen, and other humble human races, who never turn up their noses, except in ecstasy, at blubber or decomposed flesh. The intelligent Zulus, as their celebrated Bishop told us some years ago, in a letter to the *Times* are endowed with such a *penchant* for Ubomi (namely, as one of them defined it, 'carrion, with worms in it, but not too many of them'), that no other word excites in them such stirring emotions. The phrase 'to eat Ubomi' has thus become the synonym in Zulu for the loftiest imaginable felicity; and, in translating the Bible into that language, it was found unavoidable to employ it as alone suited to convey an adequate idea of the happiness of the Blessed in heaven. Very much the same ingenious notion of where true joys are to be found pervaded the mind of poor 'Flush,' whose fond owner promised as a special favour:

'Stoppered bottle keep from thee,
Cologne distillations.'

Had Mrs. Browning taken him out walking, Flush would probably have endeavoured to render himself delightful to her, by rolling over and over in the unspeakable noisome relics of a long-departed field-mouse. As no prospect yet appears of converting Dogs to our views in these matters, it is to be feared that the love of objectionable odours must long cause a breach in the continuity of sympathy between us and our humble companions; just, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the passion for eating onions, unfortunately distinguishing the working classes, debars them cruelly from closer relationship with ladies and gentlemen.

The subject is a painful one, and we must be excused for dropping it with a sigh. To confess the bad taste of a friend is perhaps more humiliating than to confess his crimes.

“Whether we ought to consider the marvellous faculty possessed by Dogs, cats, and many other animals, of finding their way for long distances by unknown roads, as an exhibition of their immense acuteness of olfactory perception, or rather as evidence of the possession of a specific sense different from any which we have yet recognized, is a question of great interest to which it would be impossible here to do justice. In all collections of anecdotes of Dogs instances of the display of this faculty are put forward as evidences of the sagacity of the animal : but it is certain that no sagacity, in the ordinary meaning of the term, without the aid of a sense different from any known to us, would enable the creature to perform some of the feats so recorded. As cases guaranteed by living witnesses are more satisfactory than those of older date, we shall here cite two such illustrations. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, some years ago, took her Skye-terrier with her in a close barouche from Grosvenor Crescent to London Bridge, At London Bridge Lady Stanley embarked in a steamer for Gravesend, where she left Smeroch with her children, and returned to town. Next day the governess wrote to say the Dog had escaped from her charge at Gravesend ; and the same night the animal appeared in Grosvenor Crescent, alone, footsore, and covered with mud. An equally remarkable case was that of a hound, which was sent by Mr. Cobbe, from Newbridge, near Swords, county Dublin, to Moynalty,

county Meath, and thence, long afterwards, was conveyed to Dublin. The hound broke loose in Dublin, and the same morning made his way back to his old kennel at Newbridge; thus completing the third side of a triangle by a road he had never travelled in his life. Mr. George Jesse give a series of similar stories: a butcher's Dog, slipping his chain and running home 120 miles, which he had been taken by railway; an officer's Dog returning 180 miles, also originally traversed by rail, etc. Strangest of all is the account given by Sir John Harrington, in a letter to Prince Henry, dated 1608, of his Dog Bungey, who, he affirms, often carried letters for him from his house in Bath (Somersetshire) to the Court at Greenwich!"

Dogs have played important parts in the superstitions of ages now happily passed away. When the Dog howled at the gate it was certain that one of the family was to die; the old woman, who was suspected of being a witch because she was infirm and stricken with poverty, had always a Dog or a cat, said to be her familiar, and through whom she was enabled to commune with the spirit of darkness. To meet a black Dog on a stormy night was deemed a very unlucky sign; Dogs were possessed and haunted the wicked; and in more than one story the Evil One himself has taken the form of the faithful friend and companion of man. Mr. Morley, in his "Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Doctor, Knight, and Magician," who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gives the following account of the scholar's Dog;—"The people were instructed with a very minute description of the magician's death. It was an unlucky circumstance,

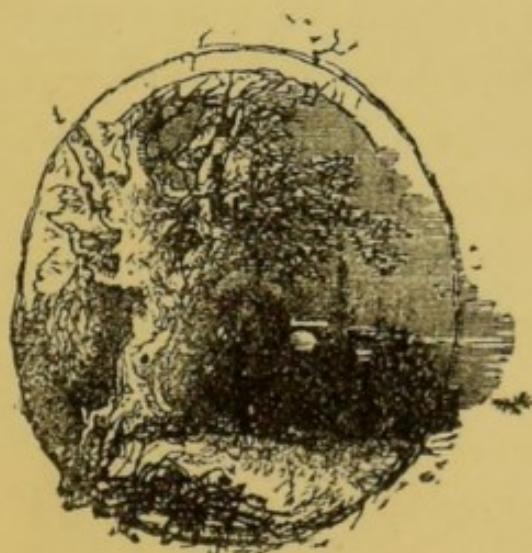
perhaps, that Agrippa possessed among his pets a little black Dog called Monsieur. Simon the Magician, Sylvester, Dr. Faustus, Braganden of Venice, all had Dogs. Cornelius Agrippa had one. He would remain for a whole week together working in his study, having for companion the pet Dog, which he suffered to sit on his table or run loose among his papers. 'Wilrus, Delrio says, 'denies its having been a devil, as others more truly affirm.' We have accepted one statement of the manner of Agrippa's death; let us now hear what is more truly affirmed by the grave priest and learned traveller, M. Thevet:—'At last, having betaken himself to Lyons, very wretched and deprived of his faculties, he tried all the means that he could to live, waving, as dexterously as he could, the end of his stick, and yet gained so little, that he died in a miserable inn, disgraced and abhorred before all the world, which detested him as an accursed and execrable magician, because he always carried about with him as companion, a devil in the figure of a Dog, from whose neck, when he felt death approaching, he removed the collar, figured all over with magic characters, and afterwards, being in a half-mad state, he drove it from him with these words—"Go, vile beast, by whom I have been brought utterly to perdition!" And afterwards this Dog, which had been so familiar with him, and had been his assiduous companion in his travels, was no more seen; because after the command Agrippa gave him he began to run towards the Saone, where he leaped in, and never came out thence, for which reason it is judged that he was drowned there.'"

In the south-east window of St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, there is the full-length figure of a pedlar with his pack, his staff, and Dog. This is the portrait of the unknown man who gave Pedlar's Acre to the parish of Lambeth. The story of the gift is worth telling. In the year 1504 a poor pedlar, passing over a piece of waste ground near the river, sat down on a tree to rest. While seated here he noticed that his Dog acted very strangely, busying himself in scratching the earth with his feet, and smelling and barking about; every now and then running up to his master and looking him earnestly in the face, and trying to drag him from his seat. The pedlar did not at first pay much attention to the Dog, but its repeated barking and running to and fro, compelled him at last to see what the animal wanted. Going to where the Dog had been scratching, he was surprised to find something shining below. Digging on the spot he found a large sum of money, with part of which he purchased the land known as Pedlar's Acre, but which is now called the Belvedere Road, in Lambeth. Maitland, the historian of London (edition of 1739, page 791), tells the story as I give it, with the addition that the pedlar left the piece of ground to the parish, on condition that his portrait and that of his Dog should be perpetually preserved in painted glass on one of the windows of the church. I cannot say whether this be true or not, but such is the legend, and there is the painted window, with the portrait of the man and his Dog as evidence still remaining.

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes of the Dog's fidelity, instinct, and sagacity; but I fear I might weary

the reader, I therefore conclude my little book with the following excellent advice, as given by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley.

“Before you chastise a Dog be not only sure that he is in fault, but also ascertain that he himself understands in what he has done wrong. Take care not to punish him so severely that terror and pain combined obliterate the why and the wherefore from the sufferer’s recollection ; if you do, you ‘cow’ the Dog without amending his manners. To teach tricks to Dogs, either with cards, numbers, or letters, is infinitely beneath a sportsman, as well as insulting to the useful and thinking capabilities of the canine race. There was a time when in prejudice or ignorance I might have said, ‘Leave such frivolities to the Frenchman and the Poodle ;’ but experience has taught me that if Frenchman and Poodles have done funny things there is as much manly woodcraft in the character of the one as there is in the sporting utility of the other.”



LINES TO A FAVOURITE DOG.

How old thou art become, poor Gip !

How grey those spots of brown ;

How wiry are the silky ears

That hung so graceful down !

How dull and sunken are those eyes

Once full, and dark, and bright,

That always look'd on me with joy,

And sparkled with delight !

How stiff have grown those little legs

That gamboll'd round my feet,

And ever jumped so lightly up,

A coming friend to greet !

But ah ! that wagging tail of thine

Prevails old Time above,

And utters from thy little heart

The words of canine love.

They talk of drowning thee, poor Gip !

I hope they will not yet ;

A link art thou with other days—

Old times I 'd ne 'er forget.

We will not kill thee yet, old Dog !

But life shall hold its reign

Till death may prove a welcome aid

To ease thee of life's pain.



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