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THEIR POINTS, PECULIARITIES,
INSTINCTS & WHIMS.



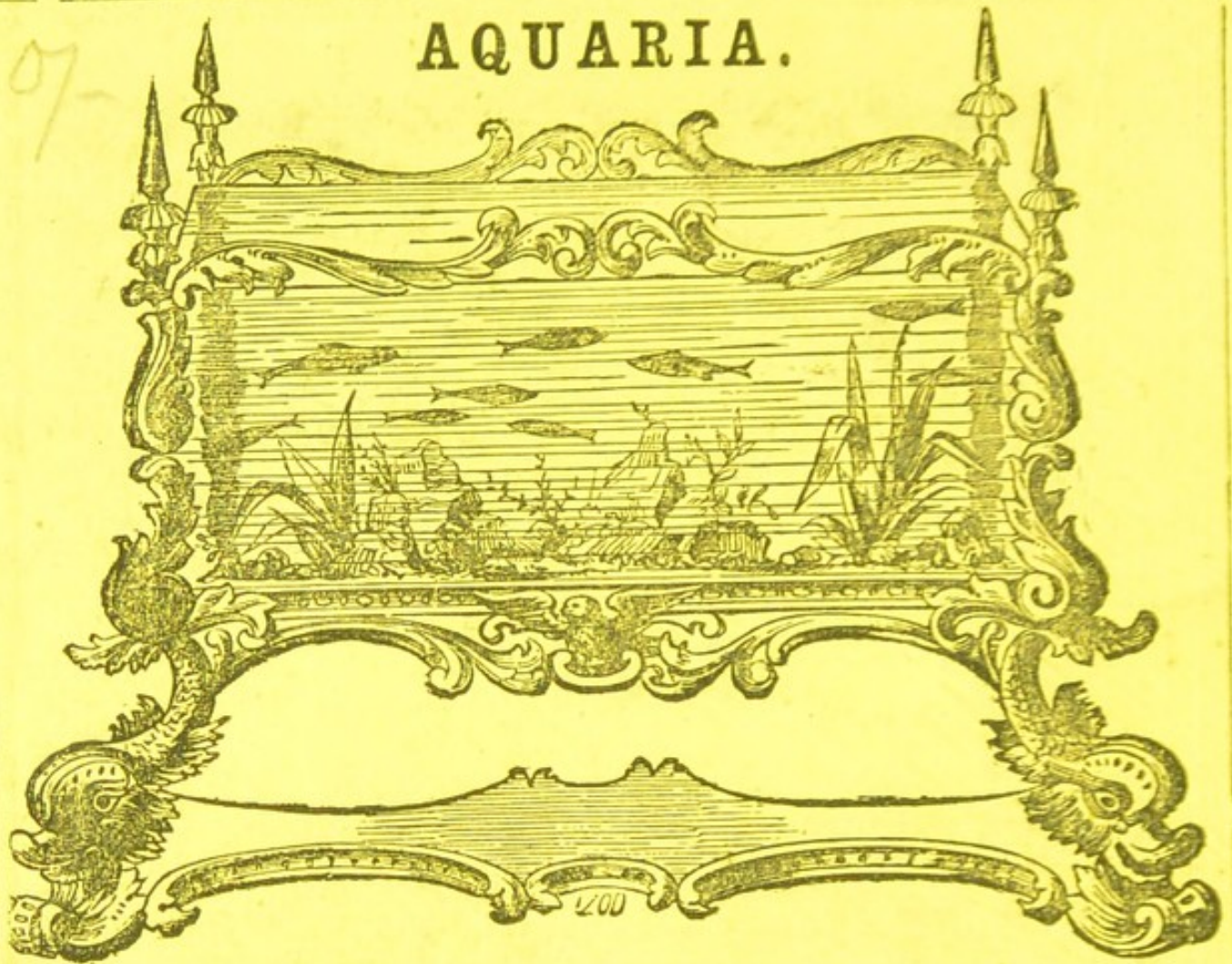
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E. L. W.

Nov: 1872

E. L. W.

1872

DOGS:

THEIR POINTS, WHIMS, INSTINCTS, AND
PECULIARITIES.

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DOGS :

THEIR POINTS, WHIMS, INSTINCTS, AND PECULIARITIES.

WITH A

RETROSPECTION OF DOG SHOWS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER SIXTY PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHAMPION AND OTHER
PRIZE DOGS.

EDITED BY HENRY WEBB,

Assisted by the following Prize Winners and Experienced Judges of

BLOODHOUNDS.—C. E. HOLFORD,
Esq., High Oak House, near Ware,
Herts.

FOX TERRIERS.—W. CROPPER,
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IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—NATHANIEL MORTON, Esq., Brookville,
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MASTIFFS.—H. D. KINGDON, Esq.,
Willhayne, Colyton, Devon.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND WATCH
DOGS.—Dr. STABLES, R.N.

ST. BERNARDS, SKYE TERRIERS,
AND DANDIE DINMONTS.
—The Rev. J. CUMMING MACDONA,
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BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—S. TAPRELL HOLLAND, Esq., 18,
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B. COBBETT, Esq., RETRIEVERS; with other Contributors of Anecdotes,
etc.

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INTRODUCTION.

“A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more they are beaten, the better they be:”

So runs the old couplet; but as far as the woman and the dog are concerned, it is in our opinion a complete fallacy. There is no more faithful animal in existence than “Doggie;”—beat him, he will obey, but in how different a manner to that when taught with kindness and persuasion! In the former case, he performs his duty in a listless and frightened way,—he seems to say, “I must do it, but I don’t care a rap how.” In the latter, the required work is performed with a pleasure that is clearly shown by the expression of the eye, the wag of the tail, and a certain sprightliness of manner. Kindness to our faithful friend, the dog, is in our opinion, in all cases and at all times, more efficacious than harshness or cruelty.

We are aware that many sportsmen advocate and carry out chastisement in the education of their pointers, setters, etc.; but we venture to differ from them entirely, and believe that they would, like the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, find kindness and persuasion, with firmness, answer far better in the end.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," wrote, "Doggies do alwaies bark at those they know not, and that it is their nature to." Of course good Dr. Watts would never plagiarize; still his well-known hymn is strongly suggestive of an intimate knowledge of Sir Walter Raleigh's work.

Dogs "will bark at those they know not;" but they have such wonderful instinct, that to their master's true friends their bark is but the note of welcome. They are often better judges of character than human beings, and their sagacity is most strongly marked in their quick perception of the *intention* of persons. We know a remarkable instance of this in a spaniel. A gentleman had been a constant visitor at a friend's house for many months. With a fund of instructive and amusing anecdotes, collected during many years of travel, and on intimate terms with the family, he was considered, at whatever time he might arrive, a welcome guest—welcome to every one but the dog. Floss became restless directly he came; she lay close to him, uttering low growls, watched him surreptitiously, and if he approached her master rather closer than doggie liked, she flew at him, and all the coaxing in the world would not quiet her; she displayed a disposition to him never shown to another person. Floss, with her quick instinct, knew a "wolf in sheep's clothing;" and after-

circumstances warned her master in future to take heed of and warning by her behaviour to his guests.

It is said by many people that the dog is without "thought,"—that it possesses simply instinct. The anecdotes related by numerous writers in our pages conclusively prove, we think, that instinct is not the only attribute of a dog. To the larger class of these animals we often hear the expression applied, "noble creature." Noble, indeed, was Barry (of which the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona speaks), the glorious Mount St. Bernard, the preserver of seventy-five lives!

Our intention is to present to our readers a work interesting, amusing, and instructive to possessors and purchasers of dogs; but we do not for an instant profess to give in our pages the practical knowledge or mature experience of such well-known and able writers of our day as "Stonehenge" and "Idstone" on the diseases of dogs. Our object has been from the first (as we announced) to collect various authenticated anecdotes worthy of record, connected with different breeds of dogs exhibited at our dog shows at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and such information on their points that they may know a well-bred dog.

At the suggestion of many gentlemen, who rendered us their advice and assistance, it was decided to ask various well-known breeders to write on their

respective kinds; and by their co-operation the value of our work has been materially increased.

We are therefore greatly indebted to the following, who have most kindly contributed articles and photographs to our pages, viz. Mr. J. P. Arthur, the Rev. S. Atkinson, Messrs. F. C. Bradley, Bowman, W. Cropper (on fox terriers), J. H. Dawes, Rev. F. W. De Castro (anecdote of a Scotch terrier), Miss Hales (anecdote of Mount St. Bernard), Messrs. G. Hall, E. Harris, C. E. Holford (on bloodhounds), W. Taprell Holland (Bedlington terriers), C. E. Homfray, J. D. Hull, H. D. Kingdon (mastiffs), J. Lamphier (bull dog), P. J. Lindoe, T. H. V. Lukey, Lord Lurgan, the Rev. J. C. Macdona (Mount St. Bernards, Skye terriers, and dandie dinmons), Messrs. H. Marshall, (anecdote of greyhound), N. Morton (Irish water spaniels), R. Pascoe, J. Pratt (anecdotes of Skye terriers), Frank Robinson (anecdotes of mastiff), Fred Sale, Edward Sandell, Jun. (anecdote of vixen and bull terrier), S. E. Shirley, M.P. (on bull terriers), J. Shorthose (account of first Dog Show), J. Spinks, Dr. Stables on Newfoundlands and watch-dogs), Messrs. J. Thrupp, H. Stokes (anecdote of greyhound), J. H. Whitehouse, and the Revs. M. B. Wynne (anecdote of mastiff), and R. O. Yearsley, with others.

We were also requested to render as much information as possible to persons desirous of purchasing dogs. In our opinion, nothing could be written

more to the purpose than the little books of points, published by the National Dog Club, as instructions to the judges at the various dog shows. By the kind permission of Mr. Bevan, the Secretary, we have extracted much valuable information; but for the purposes of breeding there is more in these *brochures* worthy of attention, and we can also recommend them to our readers as excellent guides to the purchase of sporting or non-sporting dogs.

We are also indebted to the editor of the *Animal World* for permission kindly granted to re-publish several authenticated and interesting anecdotes.

We now come to "Recollections of Dog Shows," and on this point we received the following account of the first Sporting Dog Show in England, from its originator, Mr. Shorthose, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He says, "The first Sporting Dog Show was held in the Corn-Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 29th and 30th June, 1859. It was for pointers and setters only. We received about 60 entries, consisting of about 30 pointers and 30 setters; all classes of pointers and setters were shown together, and consisted of dogs and bitches in each variety. We gave as the first prize a double-barrel gun for the best setter, and another for the best pointer; these were manufactured by Pape. Mr. Jobling, of Morpeth, won the setter; I forget who won the pointer. The Editor of *The Field* was one of the judges, the others being Mr.

Brailsford, of Knowsley, and Mr. Foulger, the then keeper for the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. Pape and I were the secretaries, and responsible for everything. This show was held in connection with a Poultry Show, in the race week. I remember it quite well, for poor Brailsford went to the races after the judging was concluded, and got his pocket picked, and I had to lend him money to take him home. We kept the show open for three days; but after all, it was a failure financially, as we were, on winding up the accounts, about £10 each out of pocket. From this show, Brailsford (senior) took his ideas, and started a show at Birmingham, I believe in the November or December following; and from this I have no doubt sprung the future Dog Shows."

The above account will be interesting to our readers when compared with the number of classes and dogs entered at subsequent shows, and the value of the prizes awarded.

By way of comparison, we will take the Dog Shows held at the Holborn Horse Repository (now the Holborn Amphitheatre), on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of October, 1861, and the show at the Crystal Palace in 1871—just ten years after. In 1861, in 48 classes, 240 dogs were entered; and £116 given in prizes for sporting dogs, £75 for non-sporting, making a total of £191. In 1871,

in 110 classes, the entries were 834, and the amount awarded in prizes as follows:—

By the Committee, to Sporting Dogs	£391	0	0		
Extra gifts	100	0	0	491	0 0
				—	
By the Committee to Non-sporting	£236	0	0		
Extras	38	5	0	274	5 0
				—	
				£765	5 0
Prizes offered but withheld				57	0 0
				—	
				£822	5 0

For comparing the entries in the various classes, showing the increase and decrease thereof, we give the following tables to our readers:—

SPORTING DOGS.

	1861	1871.	INCREASE.	DECREASE.
Bloodhounds	10	15	5	—
Deerhounds	4	17	13	—
Greyhounds	10	26	16	—
Otter hounds	No entries	2	2	—
Foxhounds	No entries	No class	—	—
Harriers	4	2	—	2
Beagles	9	9	—	—
Fox Terriers	No class	110	110	—
Pointers	16	59	43	—
Setters	8	68	60	—
Retrievers	21	63	42	—
Spaniels	6	70	64	—
Extra for any known breed of sporting dog	5	6	1	—
Puppies	No class	8	8	—
	—	—	—	—
Total sporting	93	455	364	2

NON-SPORTING DOGS.

	1861.	1871	INCREASE.	DECREASE.
Mastiffs	10	64	54	—
Mount St. Bernards	No class	25	25	—
Newfoundlands	10	9	—	1
Sheep Dogs	1	21	20	—
Dalmatians	1	4	3	—
Bull Dogs	5	33	28	—
Bull Terriers	14	29	15	—
Smooth-haired Terriers (not black-and-tan)	6	13	7	—
Black-and-tan	7	18	11	—
Scotch of all kinds	20	42	22	—
Bedlington	No class	9	9	—
Pomeranian	No class	3	3	—
Pugs	5	21	16	—
Maltese	12	6	—	6
Blenheim Spaniels	2	6	4	—
King Charles Spaniels	14	9	—	5
Italian Greyhounds	5	10	5	—
Toy Terriers	15	28	13	—
Foreign-bred dogs	20	7	—	13
Puppies.	No class	16	16	—
Yard or keeper's Night dogs	No class	6	6	—
Non-sporting	147	379	257	25
Sporting	93	455	364	2
Total	240	834	621	27

The great increase will be observed in the sporting classes, the increase in the non-sporting being only 257 compared with 364 in the former division. It

will be seen that there is a decrease in five classes only, viz. the harriers, Newfoundlands, Blenheim spaniels, King Charles ditto, and foreign-bred dogs. Two most noticeable features in the comparison are the following:—In 1861, not a single fox terrier was exhibited, whilst in 1871 the number of these animals was 110, being the largest number of dogs exhibited in any one class. There were not any Mount St. Bernards exhibited in the former year, whereas in the year 1871, at the Palace, 25 of these noble creatures formed one of the greatest attractions. We have now stated how, in the year 1859, a show of 60 sporting dogs was got up by two gentlemen at Newcastle-on-Tyne, who were losers in a pecuniary sense; how the number of dogs increased in 1861 to 240, and in 1871 to 834; nearly fourteen times as many as in 1859, and nearly four times the number exhibited in 1861.

The prizes in 1859 were two guns, valued at £15 15s. each. In 1861, £191 was the amount distributed; and in 1871, £822 5s., being nearly 27 times as much as in 1859, and more than four times the value of the awards in 1861.

It may be interesting here to show the value of prizes and number of dogs exhibited at some of the provincial shows in 1869 and 1870.

TOWN.	VALUE OF PRIZES.			NO. OF ENTRIES.
	£	s.	d.	
Birmingham . . .	746	0	0	757
Middleton . . .	115	0	0	289
Bradford . . .	201	0	0	285
Manchester . . .	255	10	0	400
Bideford . . .	26	2	6	169
Plymouth . . .	96	0	0	295
Wigan . . .	158	0	0	107
Barnstaple . . .	37	11	0	169

Whether or not Dog Shows conduce to the improvement of the breed, is a problem which has not yet been solved. They are among the most attractive of the many animal shows, including horses, cattle, cats,* etc. We think that, all things

* The first Cat Show, held last year, provoked disputes among certain gentlemen, each claiming the priority of proposing such an exhibition; Mr. Holland, of North Woolwich Gardens, stating that he had his bills out the previous year, 1870, but it was *deemed too late* in the season to hold it. In the early part of the year we were in communication with Lady Cust (authoress of a work entitled "The Cat") on such a subject, and we have before us a letter dated April 2nd, 1870, from Sir Edward Cust, in which he wrote, "With regard to your proposition to have a Cat Show, I cannot think that she (Lady Cust) will favour it any more than I do. In my opinion the feline race are peculiarly unsuited to such an exhibition;" and he gives reasons for such a belief.

[Since writing the above note, Mr. Colam, Secretary to the "Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," has conclusively proved to us that Mr. Harrison Weir was really the originator of Cat Shows.—Ed.]

considered, they are more beneficial than otherwise.

The Crystal Palace is certainly one of the finest places in the world for an exhibition of this or any other kind. Space for any number of dogs can always be obtained, and were 5,000 entered, we believe Mr. Grove and Mr. Wilkinson could accommodate them comfortably; furthermore, the facilities for bringing and sending away the dogs to and from all parts of the country are such, that a resident in the very North of Scotland need not be afraid of parting with his favourite for long. The Alexandra Palace at Wood Green, about to be opened under most favourable auspices, bids fair to become a formidable rival to the Palace at Sydenham; Dog-Shows will in all probability be an important feature in the programme.

It is curious to observe the difference of conduct at the shows in the various breeds of dogs. The larger animals, such as the bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernard's, and Newfoundlands, seem to take it as a matter of course, surveying the visitors with quite as much curiosity but not so much admiration as shown towards them. The Newfoundlands particularly make themselves at home. One noble fellow we remember seeing each time we passed, holding a perfect levée, sitting up and shaking hands in quite a regal style with all comers.

As the animals decrease in size, so they increase in irritability, until we find the very smallest dogs living in a perpetual state of snappishness and wrath. Very few of the larger dogs are dangerous, and the fox-terriers, spaniels, bull-dogs, and bull-terriers, as a rule, are very inoffensive and affectionate.

The process of judging is most interesting, and occasionally amusing scenes occur. For instance, we will take one class of dogs, the mastiffs.

Nine splendid specimens (having been winners of first prizes at previous shows) appeared before the two judges at the last show, at the Crystal Palace, and with their owners or keepers stood in a ring. The dogs themselves appeared to feel the importance of the occasion, and to be determined to look their best. Hardly a muscle moved, as each was scanned by the practised eyes of the judges; the owners and keepers for the most part had a look of anxiety which they strove, ineffectually, to conceal. At last the order was given to walk the dogs. One of the animals, however, evidently did not see the force of obeying; he was led by his mistress, who began to move forward, but Lion rebelled and lay down on his side, as if to say, "I have shown myself enough, I'm all right; I'm perfectly aware I am the champion; and I decline to move for any one." After a great deal of persuasion and assistance, his

owner got him up, and he took his walk round at the head of the others, the judges in the meantime carefully scanning each dog. At last the order "Stop" was given; the judges consulted a second or two, and Miss Hales was asked to go to the tent for her ticket. So Lion was right after all; he was the champion, and he might have known it.

We now come to matters which have caused more controversy and bad feeling among exhibitors than any others. We allude to the judging and to the appointment of the judges. Of course it is only to be expected that some disappointed exhibitors would cavil at the decisions, however the prizes might be awarded; but they should remember that all cannot win, and that by entering their dogs for competition they tacitly approve the appointment of the judges; if they approve not, they should not enter, they are not bound so to do; but having once entered their dogs and submitted them to competition, we think they are in duty bound to be satisfied with the decisions, unless any flagrant act of injustice could be proved.

There is another point upon which we desire to touch, and which also gives dissatisfaction. We allude to the committee exhibiting their own animals. Now it is naturally open to remark, when we find that with a total amount of prizes offered,

in 1871 at the Palace, of £822 5s., no less than £167 10s. was awarded to members of the committee, or at least among all except three (and these did not exhibit).

We certainly consider from all we have seen and know of the members of the committee, and the judges, that not one would knowingly or willingly be a party in the slightest degree to any partiality in the judging; still, many of the exhibitors and others will not and do not believe this, and the complaints are loud of the committee being privileged to exhibit. One answer is, Do away with such a privilege, and you would do away with dog shows. The committee comprise gentlemen of standing, who are well known as breeders of the finest dogs in the world. They give up time and money to promote the show. If they were debarred from exhibiting, is it at all probable they would do this? Naturally, they look forward to obtaining their chance of some reward; and if their dogs are superior to those of other owners, and so gain the prizes, it is surely no cause for blame. Many of the exhibitors put the matter in a very reasonable way. They argue thus, "The judges are appointed by the committee, are paid by them, in fact, are virtually their servants, they are supposed not to know to whom the animals they judge belong; but this is like a legal fiction, where a man in

defending an action for debt, pleads "never indebted." They know the dogs well, and the reasonable inference is this,—of course the judges will favour the animals belonging to those who remunerate them for their services, in preference to others who do not." But the judges are too honourable to be parties in any way to such proceedings. However, it should be put out of the power of the exhibitors or the public to be able to cavil in any way at the appointments.

We venture to suggest a remedy for this state of things, and it is our belief that if carried out, satisfaction would be given to all. Our plan is as follows :—

In the preliminary circular of a dog show, let a list of names of well-known judges be given, say about fifty in number. The committee, in issuing this list, will of course be careful to nominate those on whom they can rely for knowledge and impartiality. We will suppose that six judges be required. Each person on entering his dog or dogs should return the list with his initials placed opposite the names of those gentlemen he desires to nominate. An exhibitor, whether entering one or twenty dogs, to have power to vote for only six names.

The committee, after the last day named for entrance, to add up the votes recorded, the six gentlemen having the highest number of votes to

be elected. If either of these cannot accept the appointment, the choice to fall on the gentleman who has the next highest number of votes, and so on.

By adopting this plan, the committee avoid all responsibility (after the first issue of the list of names) in the election of the judges; and the fact of an exhibitor accepting such list, and voting for part thereof, with the knowledge that the six names having the majority will be chosen, prevents him from cavilling against the appointments hereafter. Such appointments therefore rest entirely with the exhibitors themselves, and the committee cannot be open to the remarks and innuendoes now so widely circulated.

It may be said that each exhibitor should have the power of nominating six judges, the committee not even having a voice, and the six gentlemen having the largest number of votes to be elected; but we think this would be giving in too much to the exhibitor.

These suggestions we offer in all kindness, and in the hope that such a plan might promote a better feeling than at present exists between committee, judges, and exhibitors.



DIVISION I.—SPORTING DOGS.

—o—

CHAPTER I.

THE BLOODHOUND, OR SLEUTH-HOUND.

FROM NOTES BY C. E. HOLFORD, ESQ., AND OTHERS.

THIS ancient breed of dogs stands pre-eminent for majesty of appearance and beauty of colour, on which account it has been especially selected by Sir Edwin Landseer and other eminent animal painters for portrayal; and certainly, as a study for an artist, no dog is better suited than this. Very erroneous ideas are commonly held about these magnificent dogs, many people believing them to be of a ferocious disposition, an idea probably derived from their name, which has been given them, not on account of any natural strong desire for the *taste* of blood, but by reason of their power of *tracking* wounded animals; and in reality no dog is of a more kindly and affectionate disposition than this. On account of their extraordinary scenting powers, bloodhounds have often been successfully used for the capture of thieves and poachers, and for this purpose they are infinitely better calculated than the ferocious mongrels more

generally used by keepers as night dogs. To train a bloodhound you can hardly begin too soon, the scenting powers being developed at a remarkably early period of its existence ; and if you commence operations when your pupil is quite young it is much easier to teach him 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, cheese, or anything eatable, and as soon as this man is out of sight, take your pupil on to his line, confined by a light cord about five yards in length, at the same time giving a "view holloa," or any other signal you like. A puppy will generally take up the scent at once, and all you will have to do is to keep him from going at a faster pace than required, by jerking the cord when he strains unduly upon it. When he comes up to the man he should be rewarded with a piece of meat, which will make him more keen on the next occasion. After this lesson has been repeated two or three times, you can gradually leave off rubbing the man's boots with meat, when your pupil will soon learn to hunt the human scent pure and simple. It is important that you should never omit the signal to hunt when you lay him on the scent, and that you never allow him to start till such signal is given. Nothing can be more simple and easy of accomplishment

than the whole process ; and when you have finished the education of your pupil, you will have an animal who will lead you surely on the track of any marauder, without the slightest fear of his doing the person tracked the slightest injury when he comes up to him. This, in our opinion, is the very *beau ideal* of what a night dog should be, though exactly the opposite to the scentless ferocious brute commonly known by that appellation. The points of the bloodhound are as follows :—The head should be long and narrow, and “peaked” on the top of the skull. There should be much loose skin about the head, and the eye sunken, showing the red skin beneath it. The ears should be set on very low down, curling and hanging gracefully, and the longer they are, the more they are admired by breeders. The face and upper jaw should be narrow ; the nose broad, the flews long and pendulous ; the dewlap as deep and voluminous as possible. The “stern” or tail should be well set on, thick at the root, and gradually tapering to the end, its carriage something between that of the pointer and the foxhound, and without curl or twist in it. The bone of the bloodhound should be large, the coat fine and short. The height, from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches for bitches, and from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches for dogs. The shoulders and hind quarters should be thoroughly well developed, back

straight, good loins, the ribs and chest deep, the body with the brisket well let down, the legs straight and powerful, the feet round. The colour a beautiful rich rufus tan, the deeper in shade the better, the back and sides being black, though often there is a considerable mixture of tan on the back, which rather adds to the beauty of the dog than detracts from it. The white fleck or tick is considered greatly to enhance the beauty of its appearance. There is almost invariably more or less white on the chest, so much so that many breeders, including ourselves, consider this marking one of the characteristics of the breed. The less white there is on the feet the better, and there should be no white on any other part of the body, though few breeders would reject a dog solely on the score of colour if all the other points were good. Occasionally, but rarely, all red whelps with lighter points make their appearance, and very handsome they look. In a large litter there are generally some with white on the head and tip of the stern. The former is objectionable if it remains, but pups often lose these white marks at the first moult, and should therefore not be too hastily destroyed. It is, however, very rare to see any white on the head and stern unless there is a considerable quantity of white on the legs and feet; and we believe that no breeder in the present day would endorse

the statement made by Stonehenge, that the bloodhound should have no white except on the tip of his stern.

We give likenesses, from drawings by Mr. Basebe, of Mr. C. E. Holford's celebrated bloodhounds, Regent and Matchless, Nos. 1 and 2; No. 3 being Raglan, a beautiful specimen of this breed, the property of Mr. J. H. Dawes.

Mr. Holford's superb dogs have invariably carried off the palm of victory at all the great shows since they were first exhibited at Birmingham in 1869, and their owner is now in possession of one of their offspring, named Marvellous, who promises to fully equal her magnificent parents. Regent and Matchless are descended from Mr. Cowen's famous Druid, a dog who was almost invariably, and justly, first at all shows, until he was defeated by his son, Regent. Regent and Matchless made their last appearance in public at Birmingham, 1871, where they were cruelly injured, and the most absurdly untrue description in the reports of them were published in certain provincial and London papers. Since this was written we are sorry to say some miscreant has obtained access to Mr. Holford's dogs and still further injured them.

CHAPTER II.

DEERHOUNDS.

FROM NOTES FURNISHED TO EDITOR BY J. H. DAWES, ESQ.,
AND OTHERS.

“ His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise.

* * * * *

Oh, had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,

Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong ;

Him, no fell savage in the plain withstood,

None 'scaped him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood ;

His eye how piercing !”

POPE.

A STRIKING and important difference between this breed and that mentioned in the first chapter, lies in the fact that the bloodhound hunts by the nose alone, and the deerhound partly by the nose, but chiefly by the eye.

The deerhound is said to be a breed of almost equal antiquity with the bloodhound. As their name implies, they are used for hunting the red deer in Scotland. Whether the deer be “stalked” or “driven,” the dog, or generally a pair, are used to bay the wounded captive.

That the Irish wolf-dog and the Scotch deerhound are one and the same, several authorities unite in declaring, and probably with some degree of truth. Scotland was originally peopled from Ireland, and was called by the early writers Scotia

Minor, whilst Ireland was designated Scotia Major. The Irish wolf-dog carried into Scotland changed his name with his country. At that time wolves infested both countries, but were first exterminated in Scotland, when the dogs were employed in deer-hunting; subsequently the wolves were destroyed in Ireland, but as the dogs were not required for deer-hunting there, the race became extinct. The true breed of Scotch deerhound is rapidly dying out, a substitute being found in a cross between the rough Scotch greyhound and the colley or the foxhound. The cross between the deerhound and colley is considered the most desirable. It is stated that Her Majesty the Queen possesses the only pure bred deerhound in the country. The most celebrated dog of this species of the present century, Capt. McNeill's Buskar, was, as represented by Landseer, of the shape of the present greyhound—wiry-coated, shaggy, with the characteristic black ears, black eyes, and black nose; the head of the greyhound type, but with apparently a larger diameter in front of the ears than we meet with in the dog that hunts by sight; the mouth level, but the nose pointed; the eye very full, the neck long, the back and loins immense, the chest deep, the elbow well let down, the fore-arm long, the shoulders long and sloped backward, the loins arched, the quarters drooping, the tail long and set

low, the ears pricked forward, and there is a decided moustache on the lips. This dog was twenty-eight inches in height.

The deerhound is generally of a yellowish grey colour, and of undaunted courage and unrivalled speed, varying in height, but should not be less than twenty-eight inches, and in girth about thirty-two inches. The most esteemed are dark iron-grey with white breast.

The points of the deerhound should be as follows:—

Head	25
Neck	10
Shoulders	15
Legs	15
Feet*	10
Loin	15
Temperament	5
Coat	5

Torrum is a magnificent dog, the property of Mr. Henry Chaworth Musters, of Biggin House, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, and was bred by Mr. Donald Cameron. He gained the first prize at the Crystal Palace Show in 1870. His dimensions are as follows:—

* Looking carefully for a strong, sound, thick sole.

	inches.
From nose to setting of tail .	53
Tail	23
Height	31
Length of head	$12\frac{1}{2}$
Circumference	18
Round arm at elbow	$10\frac{1}{2}$
Girth at chest	$35\frac{1}{2}$
Girth at loin	$26\frac{1}{2}$
Round thigh	$18\frac{1}{2}$
Round lower thigh hock	11
Round knee	$6\frac{1}{2}$

The measurements of Mr. Field's celebrated dog Bran, amounted to 229 inches.

We give a portrait of Warrior (4), winner of the first prize at the Crystal Palace Show in 1871, a splendid dog, the property of Mr. J. H. Dawes, of Moseley Hall, near Birmingham.

In this class we also give a portrait of Mr. Charles Homfray's Russian boarhound, Bear (18), aged 4 years. He was bred by Mr. Frank Smith, of Stockport, by the Royal Zoological Society's Warrior—his Lily. Warrior, by Colonel Palmer's Sam. He gained the first prize at the Crystal Palace in the extra class for any known breed of sporting dogs, in 1870, and extra first prize in 1871. He is very handsome, intelligent, and much admired.

The following anecdote of a wolf-dog is worthy of record, and should find a place in this chapter.

We give it (as far as we can remember) in the words of the gentleman who related it to us. "When I was at Brasenose College, many years ago, I had a wolf-dog possessing many good qualities. He was, however, very savage, and I could never take him out without a muzzle on. One day he managed to slip it, and rushed at some children, who, with their nursemaid, were passing at the time; in vain I called him, and before I could succeed in getting him again, he had inflicted a severe bite on one of the children. When I returned to my rooms I found a message from the Mayor of Oxford, who desired to see me. Obeying the summons, I discovered it was his worship's child my dog had assaulted. He gave me the option of sending the dog out of the town or of having it destroyed. I chose the former, and as there was a travelling menagerie in the place, I soon arranged terms of purchase with the proprietor. He agreed to give me a sum of money and a "parquet," which was to be sent to me on the following morning, when the dog was to be handed over to his new master. The bird certainly arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. My servant, who imagined I had received the cash, and acting on the man's assurance that it was "*all right*" (sure enough as far as *he* was concerned), delivered up the dog. On making inquiries, I found

the whole establishment had moved from the city early that morning. Years passed; I had been ordained, and settled at a country curacy in H——shire. One day, during my visit to a neighbouring town, I found in the market-place a wild-beast show. Being fond of animals I went in, and lying not far from the door of the establishment I saw a wolf-dog; very old he appeared, but evidently well cared for; he was asleep. He struck me as greatly resembling my dog Bran, I had not seen for so many years. I called him by name. He raised himself, and with a sharp inquiring look gazed at me, until a glance of recollection beamed from his eyes. I held out my hand; in an instant his fore-paws were on my shoulders, my face was licked all over, and with short glad barks my poor old Bran clearly testified that, although years had severed us, I was not forgotten. I made inquiries from the proprietor, who informed me that Bran formed part of the live stock he had purchased from the former owner, of whom I had a clear recollection in a pecuniary point of view. I tried to make a bargain, and once more become possessor of Bran; but doggie had so far wheedled himself into the showman's affections, that all bribes on my part proved useless. My sacred calling would not allow me to turn dog-stealer, but I was sorely tempted. Much to

Bran's joy I visited him every day the menagerie remained in the town. Our last parting was almost affecting, and as this occurred more than thirty years ago, it may be considered certain that Bran is numbered with his fathers."

The ever-welcome anecdote of poor Gelert should always find a place in a work of this description. The romantic village of Beddgelert, at the foot of Snowdon, derives its name from this incident, the literal translation of this word signifying "The Grave of Gelert." This dog preserved the infant child of his master Prince Llewellyn, of Wales, from the attack of a wolf. The father of the child was absent at the time; and on his return, seeing his bed sprinkled with blood, and the dog lying beside it, he instantly conceived the idea that Gelert had killed the infant, and in his anguish instantly thrust his sword through the poor animal's body. Immediately afterwards he found his child alive and well, and the mangled body of the ferocious animal which his faithful servant had killed in the defence of his young master. Llewellyn, on discovering his mistake, was affected in the extreme, and caused his dog to be buried with peculiar honours in the middle of the valley; the stone is still shown which covers the grave of Gelert. The Hon. Robert Spencer has embodied this tradition in verse, and the remainder of the story is thus told:—

“ His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pressed heavy on his heart.

“ Aroused by Gelert's dying yell
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh !
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry ?

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

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



CHAPTER III.

GREYHOUNDS.

CONTRIBUTED BY H. MARSHALL, ESQ., OF THE BRITISH
MUSEUM, AND OTHERS.

“Headed lyke a snake,
Neckyed like a drake,
Fotyed like a cat,
Tayled like a ratte,
Syded like a teme,
And cheyned like a bream.”

Wynklyn de Werde, 1496.

As the bloodhound hunts by scent alone, the deerhound by scent and sight, so the greyhound hunts by the latter only. The chief use of this dog is to course the hare, for which purpose, by reason of his extraordinary speed and quickness of sight, he is peculiarly suitable. Previous to the year 1831, coursing was restricted, in consequence of the provisions of the existing game laws that no person should be allowed to course who did not possess landed property to the extent of £100 per annum. However, in the above year this law was repealed, and coursing thrown open to all, and it is now one of the favourite sports of the land; thousands of greyhounds being kept for the purposes of either public or private coursing.

The description of this dog is very important.

The head 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 the 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 sinuses.

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, should be like a drake; but certainly not so long. Many good hillers 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, have plenty of bone, be straight, and well-set on the feet, and the toes neither turned out nor in.

The fore arm, 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 and legs	30
Tail	5
Colour and coat	5

The portrait (No. 5) is that of the well-known and justly celebrated greyhound,—Master McGrath,—the property of Lord Lurgan. This dog won the Waterloo Cup (the blue ribbon of the coursing world) no less than three times. Subsequently to his third success, he was interviewed by Her Majesty the Queen, and the members of the royal family, at Windsor Castle. He was also fêted and petted by large numbers of the aristocracy. He died a short time since.

It has been said by some writers that the greyhound possesses very little intelligence. This is a decided mistake. In addition to their beauty and elegance, they are of a very affectionate disposition,

and their sagacity is shown by the following, related by Edward Jesse. "Two young gentlemen went to skate, their greyhound with them. In the evening the dog arrived home at full speed, and laying hold of the clothes of some of the inmates, and by his significant gestures, convinced them something was wrong. On following the dog to the pond, they found a hole in the ice with a hat by the side. The bodies of the young gentlemen were soon found, but life was extinct."

G. R. Jesse relates the following touching instance of motherly affection and care exhibited by a greyhound bitch. "At Airth, in Stirlingshire, a greyhound having a numerous litter of whelps, and deeming herself unable to rear them all, went to the village and *hired* a colley. The colley came regularly to assist, and as regularly received meat and bones which the conscientious mother had saved for her."

We are indebted to Mr. Stokes, a reader at the British Museum, for the following anecdote of a greyhound well known to him. This animal was taken in a dog-cart, so firmly secured that he could not see any portion of the road, from one part of Leicestershire — touching Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire — into Gloucestershire — a distance of over sixty miles. On reaching his journey's end, he appeared contented enough; but after a

couple of days' sojourn at his new abode, he broke through a window during the night, and in two days' time was found on the doorstep of his old home in Leicestershire.

Mr. Marshall, of the British Museum, says, "When I lived in —, I was one morning in the kitchen cleaning my gun. It was half-past twelve, and getting time for the servants' dinner. Over the large fire, a boiler hung, capable of containing two or three pails of water, and in this the Norfolk dumplings were bubbling up and down. Snow, one of my favourite hounds, a dog who was never beaten in sport, but, I may add, was a notorious thief, sneaked in. In spite of great heat and the boiling water, she raised herself on her hind-legs, popped her head into the boiler, snatched at a dumpling, and ran off with it into the yard. When I gave chase, just stopping to roll the dumpling over and over in a little running stream to cool it, Snow again bolted with her prize; so I deemed it more expedient to take things quietly, and left her to enjoy her stolen meal."

One more anecdote of a dog, hardly a greyhound, but more of a lurcher, is, we think, worthy of record. His master kept an inn in the editor's immediate neighbourhood. This animal was a general favourite. When the celebrated *Mayne* Law came into force in the summer of 1868 (the reader will

remember that by a decree or mandate of Sir Richard Mayne, then Chief Commissioner of Police, all dogs found in the street without a muzzle were immediately arrested), Snowball rebelled: he would *not* wear a muzzle; and still further did he transgress the law,—he would not allow a policeman to catch him. Directly he saw one approaching him, he was off like a flash of lightning; and if one of the force called at the inn, Snowball bolted upstairs and hid himself under a bed.

“Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth;
Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.”

Taming the Shrew, Induction, 2nd Scene.



CHAPTER IV.

THE FOXHOUND, HARRIER, OTTER HOUND, AND BEAGLE.

COMPILED FROM THE NATIONAL DOG CLUB BOOK OF
POINTS.

“I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that
hunts, but one that fills up the cry.”

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

“She’s a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.”

Twelfth Night, Act ii., Scene 3.

THE foxhound for the fox, the harrier for the hare, the otter hound for the otter, and the beagle for the rabbit. All these dogs are used to hunt the animals above-mentioned, in packs, not singly or in couples. It seems to us, therefore, that it is most convenient to describe them together in one chapter. Taking them in the above order, the foxhound should be first described.

The head should be light, airy, sensible, and at the same time full of dignity. It should have a certain amount of chop, and the forehead should be a little wrinkled.

The neck should be long and clean; the least looseness, or approach to dewlap or cravat, is fatal to appearance. Where it joins the head it should

be fine, and gradually widening to the shoulders. A long neck is of the utmost importance to the foxhound, as he stoops for the scent; and a short neck will not only impede action, but pace as well.

The ears should be set low down, and lie close to the head.

The shoulders long, and sloping well back; the chest deep and not too narrow.

The elbows must be well let down in a straight line with the body.

The forelegs viewed in any direction, must be as straight as a dart, large in bone from elbow to foot, and clothed well with muscle.

The pasterns or ankles must by no means turn in or out, nor must they stand back; and they must be large and strong. From the front there should be little appearance of ankle. The leg, when standing on it, should appear to be formed of one solid unbroken piece of marble.

If the foot shows any deviation from the straight line, it should turn in. The least tendency to turn outward is absolutely destructive to pace or endurance. In shape it should be round, not fat, fleshy, nor flat; at the same time highly arched toes are apt to "go down," rendering the dog useless. The foot should be rather flat, as it is more lasting. The division between each toe should be

just apparent; the sole hard, firm, and indurated by use. A high-couraged dashing foxhound requires a sole to his foot like adamant.

The back must be straight, wide, and muscular. Some hounds are wheel-backed, but although this form disfigures, it seldom interferes with their going. The loin must be strong, wide, and square, and the back ribs must be deep and not flat. The deep body and the round form are equally good, and both models have their advocates.

The hind quarters must be as strong as possible, and wide through them when viewed from behind: the thighs showing great development of muscle, and being long as well as large. The bone from hock to heel should be short and strong, and the hocks themselves should be straight, and rather out than in.

The stern should be carried gaily, but not hooped. It should end in a sting point, and it should not be feathered; but at the same time it must not be exactly smooth. It should be large at the root and tapering to the end.

The black-white-and-tan is, perhaps, the very best hound colour. When the black is very intense, or "pronounced," and the tan is scanty, the hound is said to be black-and-white. When the colours blend or amalgamate, the hounds are said to be "pied." Hare, badger, red, tan and yellow pies

are the best, and we have placed them in order of merit.

The coat should be dense, although smooth and glossy. Occasionally a hound of very choice family shows a rough coat.

The symmetrical foxhound appears, owing to his exact proportions, much smaller than he really is. It is only when we closely examine his limbs and feel his muscle that we appreciate his strength and speed; contemplating his expressive head, his large nose, his expanded nostril, and intelligent eye, we can easily understand his cast forward and his true hunting, the ease with which he recovers a lost scent, and the speed and endurance with which he drives his fox until he rolls him over.

POINTS.

Head	15
Neck	5
Legs	10
Feet	10
Shoulders	20
Back and loin	20
Hind quarters	10
Stern and coat	5
Symmetry and colour	5

The harrier's head is heavier in proportion than the foxhound's. The ears are of a thinner texture, and until lately were left untouched; but in the

present day most masters very slightly round them. Harriers are to be found of the foxhound colours; and we may add to these the old blue mottle (now discouraged in foxhounds), and a variety of beautifully blended "pies;" but the black-and-tan-and-white is the most desirable combination of colour.

The general formation of the foxhound is the model for the harrier. The long neck, the deep sloping shoulders, the ample but not heavy chest, the straight legs, the compact feet of that character insisted upon as the best foxhound foot by Lord Poltimore and other practical judges of high standing, the deep back ribs, the strong loin, the straight hock, the clean strong ankles, the neat stern,—all these will be found in the true harrier, and in the kennels of such masters as Mr. Charles Dundas Everett, Mr. Flower, and other eminent breeders.

We may add that the late Mr. Yeatman introduced the system of hunting the hare with dwarf foxhound bitches so speedy that they drove the hare from her natural defence. He has been a good deal followed in his plan of operations. We think the long runs of such would-be harriers are due to their overrunning the scent, casting forward and finding a fresh hare, and that a dwarf foxhound is not an animal calculated to answer as a hare-hunting hound.

POINTS.	
Head	15
Neck	5
Legs	10
Feet	10
Shoulders	20
Back and loin	20
Hind quarters	10
Stern and coat	5
Symmetry and colour	5

The head of the otter hound in shape should be something between that of the bloodhound and foxhound. It should show nearly as much dignity and gravity as the former, but withal should be a flatter, harder kind of head; forehead long and narrow, but not so much as in the bloodhound; the eyes should be large, dark, and rather deeply set, and the "haw" should be seen.

Nose large and black, with a wiry-haired muzzle; nostrils large and open; lips ample and pendant.

Ears large, thin, very pendulous, and coated with strong wiry hair, but not feathered at the edges like those of the spaniel or setter.

Neck long and muscular, with some considerable degree of throatiness, amounting almost to dewlap.

Chest deep, but not wide; back-ribs deep, long, strong, and straight, but somewhat loose.

Shoulders powerful and sloping, elbows well let down; arms and thighs large and strong, and the feet large and somewhat open, with webbed toes.

The stern should be coated moderately, but not increasing to the tip.

Coat hard, wiry, and abundantly close at the roots of the hair, not short.

The colours may be black, white, and pale tan or black-and-tan, or black-and-white, or grey pie, or buff, or brown, but this indicates a cross with a terrier.

POINTS.

Head and ears	25
Neck	5
Legs	5
Feet	10
Shoulders	15
Back and loin	20
Hind quarters	10
Stern and coat	5
Symmetry and colour	5

The Beagle varies so greatly in size that he must be described as of two different types.

The larger sort is full of symmetry, but he is apt to be "throaty;" and in other respects he resembles the old southern hound reduced in size. Like him, he has an extraordinary power of scenting; even a cold scent appears evident to him.

As with the harriers so with the beagles, the bitches being the most symmetrical; and there are some specimens very closely approaching the comeliness of a Broughey or Corbet harrier.

The smaller beagle, known as the rabbit beagle, is the most elegant of the whole family; and occasionally a diminutive pet example has been exhibited at our dog shows. In some packs the standard has been thirteen and a half inches.

Captain Hall, of Osmington Lodge, near Weymouth, is said to hunt a pack of twelve inches, or over. Mr. Henry Pickard Cambridge, of Bloxworth, kept a pack for driving his heath and furze country, about thirteen inches high; and he had amongst his hounds two or more couples of the rough beagles, closely resembling the otter hound in miniature. One of these, a bitch called Mischief, a black-tan-and-white hound, came from the kennel of a Mr. Hetty, near Cranbourne. These rough beagles have the full ear and a thorough hound character about them, but they have not the tongue. Their cry is sharp and ringing, and they have not enough of it. Good judges believe them to have been produced, or to have been bred, by crossing with rough terriers of some description, and that there is not, and never has been, a rough true beagle. Yet for work they answered. They will face furze or brambles without flinching, and they are remarkably free from running hares.

The smaller beagle is hardly ever used for or with the gun. It is kept entirely to rabbit-hunting;

and a pack of six couples, not more than nine inches in height, will run down a rabbit in a few minutes. Hounds of this size must be very powerfully made to get through the thick furze-brakes, and to keep up their work from 11 to 4 o'clock. They must be little working models of the foxhound, and they should be very powerful in their hind quarters. Indeed, the thighs and muscles in the best hounds appear out of proportion.

The beagle's foot is not required to be so round and catlike as that of the foxhound and harrier, on account of his reduced weight and the lower speed on which he works. His cry is the most musical of all the hounds.

POINTS.

Head	15
Neck	5
Legs	10
Feet	10
Shoulders	20
Back and loin	20
Hind quarters	10
Stern and coat	5
Symmetry and colour	5

By kind permission of the editor of the "Animal World," the following affecting account of the death of an old hound is taken from the pages of that most interesting paper. The writer says:—

"Some ten years past, when in India, and re-

siding in the Punjaub, I kept a small pack of hounds, for my own amusement and also for the advantage of the healthful exercise during the cold season. The pack consisted mostly of young dogs, but there was one old hound named Hector, who was always the trusted dog in the field, and although the pack, when out hunting, might pick up the scent here and there, no dependence was ever placed on its being the true one, until old Hector gave note and took up his line of country, in general going steadily by himself, but always sure to bring the pack after him. And however long the run might be, Hector, though left behind in the chase, would always be seen coming along at his steady pace, and never for a moment losing the scent.

“As time went on and the old dog grew too infirm for the field, he was left at home to do what he pleased, and by degrees became worse and worse, but was nursed with every care, being so great a favourite. Hector’s absence from the hunting field in time caused his fine deep-toned note to be forgotten by me, and one afternoon, when writing in my room, I suddenly heard the splendid note (as I thought at the moment) of a strange hound, and listened to hear it again; when, instead of its being repeated, the whole pack (in the kennel near my house) gave one burst as if in full cry, and as

the sounds died away, and all was again hushed in stillness, my huntsman rushed into the room, saying in an agitated voice, 'Hector is dead, sir!' In an instant I recalled the voice of the fine old hound. Hector's farewell note to the pack, thus touchingly taken up by the whole kennel, so overpowered me, that I confess to some little weakness on the occasion."



CHAPTER V.

FOX TERRIERS.

AT the Agricultural Hall in 1869, the number of dogs exhibited of this breed was 62; at the Crystal Palace in 1870, there were 103; at Birmingham in this same year the number was 115; and at the Crystal Palace in the past year, 1871, 107. To Mr. Cropper, of Minting House, Horncastle, we are indebted for the following remarks on this breed.

“There is such a diversity of opinion respecting this breed of dogs, that it is a difficult subject to enter upon; however, I will endeavour feebly to give you a few remarks. I have owned the very best yet produced, such as Jock, Venture, Trimmer, Old Trap, Fox, Ruby, Grove, Nettle, Nectar, &c. Few varieties of dogs show greater intelligence than the fox terrier. Captain Williams, Mr. Merry, and Jack Morgan, were the breeders of the earliest and best, and few, if any, have come up to the standard of Old Jock, bred by the former gentleman: he was as near perfection and what a fox terrier ought to be as possible, and it is a great question if ever his like (take him altogether) is seen again. Venture, Trimmer, Fox, Old Trap, Rival, and others, though very good specimens, not

being equal to him. He was, however, very fond of Venture, and sold him after winning a great many prizes, for a long figure, to Mr. Gibson, who, unfortunately, soon lost him.

“Old Jock, who is still living, has had several masters, viz., Jack Morgan, Mr. Wootten, Captain Kindersley, the Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Murchison, and myself. He was in my possession longer than in that of any other person, and won for me fourteen champion and first prizes, and two seconds, besides several extra cups.

“He commenced his winning career in 1862, and I ceased to exhibit him 1869. During that period he won for his various owners no less than thirty-five prizes and cups, and was only defeated for first position upon two occasions, when he was placed second to Taskar. In 1870, he became the property of Mr. Murchison, in whose possession he still remains. Fox terriers like the above are difficult to find, and it is only now and then that one approaching to perfection is bred, and when that is the case they command a long price. Great numbers of them are exhibited at the various shows, where they are most attractive, and are generally a puzzle to the various judges who have to decide on their merits or demerits.”

The dogs of this breed illustrating our work are,—Hornet (6), Tartar (7), Crafty (57), Wasp (58),

Myrtle (59), and Nectar (60), the property of Mr. Fred Sale, of Derby. Venture (8), Trap (9), Gadfly (57), the property of Mr. W. Cropper.

The fox-terrier should not exceed sixteen pounds in weight, his principal requirement being to enter any earth or drain to bolt a fox. It is of great consequence he should be of good constitution, being continually exposed to wet and cold. Courage and determination are essentially requisite, enabling him to endure punishment. He is not wanted, however, to draw the badger, but to go to ground and bay at—not murder—a fox in his earth, consequently he must not be too sharp. He is a distinct family, and ought to destroy vermin without the bull-dog cross.

The forehead must be lower than that of the pointer, the head lengthy, nose pointed, long and tipped, black ears rather short and thin, dropping close to the cheek, and well-formed jaws, strong teeth, level neck, rather light back, lengthy loin showing ribs, round back, ribs deep, legs straight, feet catlike, stern fine, and must not curl; coat smooth and thick-set, not wiry; as to colour, there is a great difference of opinion, that however, most preferred is white, with markings of black-and-tan, or black. Brindled is certainly objectionable.

POINTS.

Head and ears	10
Nose	10
Jaw	5
Eye	5
Chest and back	10
Shoulders and neck	15
Hind quarters	10
Legs and feet	20
Symmetry and colour	15



CHAPTER VI.

THE POINTER.

THIS breed of dog, so deservedly a favourite with the true sportsman, is noted for his sagacity. His fondness for his duties in the field is proverbial; and when out with boys, or with men who are bad shots, he will turn sulky and trot off home after several shots have been fired unsuccessfully. Mr. Cobbett, of Manchester, tells us of a pointer belonging to Mr. Forster, a barrister of that town, who was in the habit of showing this kind of impatience. When he (Mr. F.) missed a bird, the dog would go up to him, seize hold of his gaiter and give it a shake, as if in anger at his master's unskilfulness with the gun.

The likenesses we give of this breed are of Rap (10), and Hamlet (11), belonging to Mr. J. H. Whitehouse.

The head of a pointer should be of full size, moderately wide across the ears, and with a well-developed forehead. Nose long, broad, and square in its front outline; that is to say, even-jawed, not pig-snouted, and with open nostril. The lips should be well developed, with no absolute flews.

The ears should be soft, long, and thin, set in

low down, and carried quite close to the cheeks. Eye of medium size, soft and intelligent, varying in colour with that of the skin. The neck should be set on with a convex line upwards, springing from the head with a full development of the occipital bone, and coming out from between the shoulder-blades with a gentle sweep. There should be no throatiness or ruff.

The dog is dependent upon the conformation of his legs and feet for his powers of travelling; for, though the muscles may be strong enough, unless the feet and legs are well formed they will soon give way under work. The feet should be round, resembling the cat's foot, and close; but they are seldom seen in the pointer so perfect as in the foxhound. The hard horny covering of the sole should be especially attended to; for, if this is naturally thin, no amount of road work will make it equally serviceable with a horny pad. The pasterns should be short, large in the bone and tendons, and nearly or quite upright, with strong bony knees, long forearms well-clothed with muscles, a low elbow, neither standing in nor out, and a long muscular upper arm, which is the accompaniment of a properly developed shoulder. In the hind legs, the feet are chiefly to be looked at with reference to their pads, which, as in the fore-feet, should be clothed with hard cuticle. A moderately well bent hock, and sufficiently de-

veloped stifles, should also be considered as essentials.

The frame and general symmetry come next in importance to the head and nose; inasmuch as, without good propellers, the scenting and intellectual organs cannot be carried where alone they can be useful. The most important sub-points in this division are the loin, hind quarters, shoulders, and chest. The loin, upon which the dog depends, in conjunction with his hind quarters for propulsion, must be broad and deep; the latter shape being quite as important as, or even more so than, the former. To obtain width of muscle, the back ribs and hips to which they are attached must also be wide, and these parts should be carefully examined. Next to them come the shoulders, upon which the elasticity in the action of the animal is founded; for unless they are not only sloped, but the blades long and well clothed with muscle, the action will be confined and short. In the shape of the chest there must be a medium between the hatchet form of the greyhound and the barrel form of the old-fashioned Spanish pointer, which forbids any display of pace; but the back ribs should be well let down and well ribbed up,—a point often not sufficiently attended to, and marking plenty of space for the digestive organs, and consequently, strength of constitution. Of the general symmetry, it must

be carefully regarded, but it cannot be exactly defined.

The general quality and stern are entirely to be regarded as marks of high breeding; the former being almost indescribable, but admitted by all good judges. As to the stern, it may easily be described as of necessity shaped like a needle or a bee's sting—that is, with a very fine point, a small body, and a strong root.

The stern to be straight, and not carried above the level of the back; and, when excited, lashing against the ribs in a way indicative of the true pointer.

The colour and coat may be regarded as inseparable, and as a good deal depending on fancy. Most people, however, prefer a dog with more or less white, so as to be readily seen when standing among heather or high swedes. Liver-and-white or lemon-and-white are the two prevailing colours; black-and-white being not so much fancied, and if mixed with tan, indicating a cross with the foxhound, which is apt to interfere with steadiness of point. In texture the coat should be short and soft, but not too fine, or delicacy of constitution will be sure to attend it.

POINTS.

Head and nose	20
Ears and neck	10
Legs and feet	12
Elbows, hocks, and stifles	8
Shoulders and chest	15
Back and hind-quarters	15
Symmetry, colour, and coat	10
Quality and stern	10



CHAPTER VII.

SETTERS.

“’Tis our setter, I know his voice.”

1 *Henry IV.*, Act ii., Scene 3.

LIKE the pointer, the setter is used to assist the sportsman with his gun. There are three descriptions of setters—the English, the Gordon (or black and tan), and the Irish. “The Animal World,” in some capital articles on “Instinct and Reason in Different Animals,” gives the following instances:—“A setter dog of mine (Sancho), and a pointer dog (Tom), belonging to Mr. S. B. Hardy, now gamekeeper at Middlesborough, were ranging over a fallow field in Cumberland, when a covey of partridges ‘rose wild,’ and afterwards alighted in a large field of clover. We had not proceeded far into the field before Sancho made a staunch point, and instead of Tom backing at sight, which was his proper duty, drew close up to Sancho; then went ahead and sprung the game out of sight. For a moment Sancho remained at his point, but not hearing the expected report of our gun, he at once seized the offender by the shoulder, and inflicted upon poor Tom a severe, and as it would seem, according to canine law, a well-deserved

punishment. Perhaps in this case the use of reason may be considered as being clearly indicated, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the extraordinary powers exhibited by this dog in discriminating between the performance and neglect of a duty, followed up by a prompt decision and execution.

“Sancho did not believe in ‘dog breaking.’ If spoken to in harsh or unfriendly tone of voice, he was highly offended; and if punished with the whip or by a kick, he would strike at once, and would leave the field. Nothing would ever induce him to accompany the same person again.”

Another writer in the same paper speaks of a setter who had struck up a friendship with a pony belonging to its mentor: “One day the dog carried into the paddock where the pony was, an apple, with which he was having a game. The apple rolled under the pony’s nose, who of course ate it with great relish. The dog watched him as he devoured it: evidently thought it was a treat, took to his heels, ran to the orchard some little distance away, fetched another apple, brought it straight to the pony, dropped it under his nose, and waited for him to eat it.

We give two prize setters (12) taken by Mr. *h 146* Thrupp, of Birmingham.

The head of the English setter should not be so

heavy as the pointer's, nor so wide across the ears. There should be at least four inches from the inner corner of the eye to the point of the nose. In many first class dogs there is half an inch more. The nasal bone should be rather depressed in the centre, and slightly raised at the nostrils. The nose and nostrils large; the nose dark liver-coloured or black, and moist and shining. The jaws should be level, and the teeth exactly level in front, as nothing detracts more from appearance than the snipe-nose. There should not be that fulness of lip allowable in the pointer, but at the angles of the mouth the lips should be rather pendulous. The ears, which are usually about six inches in length, should be set low in the head, larger where they are attached than at the tips, which should be round—not vine-leaved, nor pointed. They should never be pricked or carried forward, even when the dog points. The eye should be sparkling, large, not protruding like the King Charles, but well set, and full of intelligence. The neck long, thin, slightly arched at the crest, and clean-cut where it joins the head—this last a most important point.

The shoulders should be set well back, the blades long, the muscles well developed throughout. Ribs not so widely sprung as the pointer's; the back ribs deep and fairly near to the hip-bone. The chest deep and moderately wide. The loin

broad and arched slightly, and the hips wide at the risk of being ragged. The hind quarters square, strongly made, and the stifles well bent.

Cat-like feet are preferable to the spoon or hare foot. The round foot, with toes well arched, distributes the power of the toes more equally, and is best suited for every description of shooting ground—in fact, the foxhound foot, and leg with it. The feet should be straight, neither turned in nor out. The toes should be well furnished with hair, which, in the best breeds, forms a tuft between the toes, and protects the sole, being replenished as fast as it wears away. The pasterns should be nearly upright and large; the knees large; the fore-legs upright, and in a standing position the legs should be like good fore-legs in a horse, the feet slightly in the advance of straight; the hocks strong, set a little in, if there is any deviation at all from a straight line.

The stern of a setter, like that of a spaniel, should be carried as nearly as possible in a line with the backbone. The undulating sweep upwards, if exaggerated, would become a serious fault. A setter's stern cannot well be too straight, and it should never be too long, or it cannot be carried handsomely. The stern looks better when the feather commences tolerably near the root of the tail and goes off gradually to nothing at the

tip. A tail blunt or clubbed is very objectionable. The coat should be of the finest silky texture, moderately waved, but devoid of curl; there may be an inclination in the coat to part down the back. Colours in order of merit:—(1) Blue mottles or Belton greys, which stand work better than, and are equally handsome with, (2) Orange-and-white and lemon-and-white; (3) Black-and-white; (4) Pure white; (5) Pure black; (6) Fawn or yellow; (7) Liver colour, or liver-and-white, which last too frequently indicates a cross with the pointer or water-spaniel.

The points of excellence in the Gordon closely resemble those of the English setter; but we may observe that the great features of true Gordon blood are—they can go much longer without water than the generality of setters, and that they show more variety in their attitude on “the point.” The length of their shoulders, their large bone, and their development of muscle, enable them to race, and to keep it up.

The colour of the Gordon is a great point. The black should be *raven* black, with a blue or *plum bloom* on the bright lights. The *tan* a *rich* red, or *burnt sienna* colour. It should by no means be *yellow* or *tabby*, or mixed with black or fawn, but *rich, deep*—a sort of bright *new mahogany* colour. The cheeks, lips, throat, feet, back of the fore-legs

to the elbow, front of the hind-legs up to the hips, belly, inside of thighs, vent, underside of flag, inside of ears, should all be brilliant *red*; and there should be a large brilliant spot of tan over each eye. There is no *objection* to a "*white shirt frill*," although the absence of all white is a good thing. White toes behind are less objectionable than white toes in front, and several of the very best Gordons have even a white foot or feet, but this is not to be desired if it can be avoided. The origin of the breed is not well known. The late Duke of Gordon, at any rate, brought it up to its present excellence. There is a suspicion it came originally from Ireland; and the fact that all the best Gordon bitches have in every litter one or more deep red or orange whelps, leads one to believe there has been an Irish cross.

The Gordon's stern is shorter than that of the English setter, but "*sting-like*." Failing this, breeders find they have that greatest trouble to the Gordon breeder, the "*teapot*" tail, or a long stern with a curl at the end, badly carried in action.

He is a long, low setter, his gallop noiseless, and he is remarkably quick in his turn, from the power of his shoulders and loin, and length of his neck, and general muscular development.

A trifle heavier in his head, a trifle shorter in his stern, rather deeper in his "*brisket*," more bony

and muscular than the English setter, with a remarkably gay carriage and temperament, "always busy"—he is quite the *beau idéal* of a sportsman's favourite; but he has his failings. He is more frequently gun-shy, more often the victim of distemper than the English thoroughbred, and occasionally is so headstrong as to be totally irreclaimable. These may be the faults of education, and generally are so; but undeniably they are more often the results of inbreeding or injudicious crossing.

The head of the Irish setter should be long, narrow, yet wide in the forehead; arched or peaked cranium behind. A short bullet head, a wide flat one, or one running to a point at the snout, is very common and very bad. The lips deep, or moderately so.

The ears should be long, reaching at the end of the hair to the nose, pendulous, and as if lying in a fold set well back and low on the head; they should never be set high, short in length, or half diamond shaped; their feather should be moderate. The eye is of a rich hazel or bright brown, well set, full, kind, sensible, and loving; the iris mahogany colour; it should never be gooseberry, black, or prominent and staring, like the King Charles. The nose is mahogany, dark flesh, or blackish mahogany; never black or pink. Even dark flesh is not

so much admired, though it may be if with a good clear hazel eye ; but with a gooseberry eye it will not do. The whiskers red.

The fore-legs straight, moderately feathered, and the feet close and small—not round, like a hound's, or splayed. The ham straight, flat, and muscular, and feathered well with buff-coloured hair ; and the hind quarters, altogether, square and active made.

The chest should be wide when the dog is sitting on his haunches, and the head held back and full ; too wide a chest is apt to give a dog a waddle and a slow gait. The chest ribs cannot be too deep. The loins, for speed, should be long, moderately wide, and the belly well tucked up.

The tail should be well covered with coarse hair, curling along the top, and hanging moderately, though bushy, from beneath ; but neither in silky streamers nor in a great bushy flag like the Newfoundland. It should be carried on a horizontal line with the back, or slightly above it ; not cocked or curled. In the field, or in excitement, it is carried low, stiff, and beating the hind-legs.

The coat should be rather coarse, for you want him for hard work and hardship ; smooth or wavy, not curly ; hair of moderate length ; on the upper parts of the body the root half tawny, the tip half deep sienna, appearing as if stained with port wine (“ blood red ”), but never showing black on the

ears, back, head, or tail; the legs and under parts deep or pale tawny. White should not appear anywhere except in the centre of the forehead and the centre of the breast.

P O I N T S .

	ENGLISH SETTER.	GORDON SETTER.	IRISH SETTER.
Head and Nose . . .	20	20	20
Ears and Neck . . .	10	5	10
Legs and Feet . . .	12	12	12
Elbows, Hocks, and Stifles	8	8	8
Shoulders and Chest . .	15	15	15
Back and Hind Quarters	15	15	15
Symmetry, Colour, & Coat	10	15	10
Quality and Flag . . .	10	10	10



CHAPTER VIII.

RETRIEVERS.

WITH A CONTRIBUTION FROM B. COBBETT, ESQ.

ELEGY ON A RETRIEVER DOG,

Which, after accompanying its master through the Affghan Campaign with Sir W. Knott, in 1842, died in Guzerat the following year.

REST here in peace, my Carlos, where flickering branches
wave,

And dews their daily tribute shed upon thy grassy grave.
Far may thy master wander, and many a region view,
Or e'er he find a friend than thee more gentle and more
true.

Fond memory shall recall thee; affection shall retrace
Thy sparkling eye, thy winning way, thy form of matchless
grace,

Thy beauteous limbs, thy bounding step, that flew o'er hill
and lea :

Where, where shall I behold again another dog like thee ?

Thou wert no home-bred idler, in pampered luxury nursed ;
Thy course was noble as thy form, and marked thee with
the first.

Full many a travelled sage would joy to be where thou hast
been,

And many a warrior's heart would leap to see what thou
hast seen.

Realms rich in classic story, far distant, hast thou trod,
Where Philip's son his conquests won, and Grecian cohorts
strode ;

Where Bactrian kings their sceptres swayed, and from
whose peaks of snow
Duranee chiefs like whirlwinds lashed and swept the plains
below.

All those broad lands and fertile fields thy foot hath
wandered o'er,
Through which the five great rivers their circling eddies
pour,
And where those rivers join in one, and Indus, broad and
free,
His mighty tribute rolls along to swell the Arabian sea.

Full oft I've smiled to see thee in that mimic ocean's
wave,
With joyous cry leap from on high, thy wavy locks to
lave,—
And bravely o'er the foaming flood thy face of joy upbore,
While shouted all admiring praise and welcomed thee to
shore.

Not all thy course was playful: nine times in stricken
field
War's thunders hast thou heard, and seen the Moslem
Crescent yield;
In Kandahar and Ghuznee seen, on Cabul's turrets high,
The waving flag of Britain's hosts that told of victory!

Now all these scenes are ended; thy joys and pains are
o'er;—
My guard by night, my friend by day, I greet thee now
no more.
Ere twice ten moons had o'er thee passed, and scarcely yet
in bloom,
Disease had struck with withering blast, and swept thee to
the tomb.

Then rest thee here, my Carlos. Heaven grant thy master
prove

No less than thee in gratitude, fidelity, and love!

When thy example I recall, superior though I be,

The man may by the brute be taught, and I may learn
from thee.

J. N. A.

A GLORIOUS breed of dog is the retriever, useful alike for sporting and for domestic purposes; his sagacity, good temper, and intelligence endear him to all lovers of the canine race. Mr. Cobbett, of Manchester, tells us of a dog of this breed, belonging to his friend, the late Sir Charles Taylor, of Hollycombe, near Liphook. 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. The words used were, "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 minutes, then come into the house again. If "it would do," he would jump up on his master's knees, springing up and down the room like a mad thing. Sir Charles would then tell him to fetch so-and-so,—the keeper who usually shot with him. Off he would go a distance of about a mile, scrape at the door until opened, run towards the corner where the guns were kept, and by delighted barks tell Tom, the keeper, that his master wished to go out shoot-

ing. The man understood him well, and of course was soon ready for the day's sport. If, on the other hand, the day would *not* do, the dog would come in slowly, looking down on the carpet in a miserable, dejected way, then throw himself lengthwise on the rug, and sleep the day out.

We give two instances of the wonderful sagacity and sense of duty of the retriever. In May, 1867, the inmates of a house in High Street, C—, were awoke by the loud barking of a dog on the premises. He was a favourite black retriever, greatly attached to his master and his family. The cause of the barking was at once seen to be a fire raging furiously next door, the smoke from which had aroused the faithful animal. In a few minutes the house was empty; all the inmates had escaped before it caught fire, which it was seen must soon be the case. Jack had been accustomed to be left in charge of the house when his master and family were absent for a time; and on this occasion, although not tied up, no persuasion or even threats would compel him to leave the premises. It was not until four hours after the first alarm of fire, and when the whole building was a perfect wreck, that a daughter of his master, to whom he was much attached, succeeded in inducing him to leave. He had contrived somehow to escape burning, but he had inhaled so much smoke, that

severe inflammation of the lungs and general prostration of the system took place. He lay all day on a mat, panting and coughing,—occasionally drinking a little water, but refusing all food; and in about twenty-four hours after the breaking out of the fire, he died—a martyr to duty.

The other instance of sagacity occurred at Bristol. A nursemaid wheeling a baby in a perambulator down Spring Hill, was seized with a fit, and loosened her hold. In an instant the perambulator, with its living occupant, was hurrying down towards a flight of steps in the hill. Another instant, the child might have been killed. Just before arriving at the steps, the leathern apron of the vehicle was seized by a retriever dog, who had observed the danger. The vehicle was stopped, and the child saved.

We give the photographs of Bruce (13), the owner being Mr. Chas. T. Harris, and of Young Bounce (14), the property of Mr. J. D. Hull.

The retriever should have a long head, a large eye, a capacious mouth; the ears small, close to his head, set low, and with *short* hair on them; his nose large, his neck long, that he may stoop in his quest; shoulders oblique and deep, and the chest broad and powerful. His loins and 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 be compelled to carry it a long distance, to get over a stone wall with it, or to make his way through strong covert. His legs should be strong, straight, and muscular; his feet round, and moderately large, but compact, and the toes should be well arched. If he is required for punt-shooting, his coat should be short and close; but for general purposes the texture should be flat, shining, 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 stern should be well feathered, moderately short, and gaily carried. The feather should be decidedly heavy, but tapering to the point.

We have given no points for temperament. No dog deserves the least consideration from a judge unless his temperament is evidently good at the first glance, as this is the foundation of a good retriever. He should be about twenty-four inches at the shoulder, moderately long in the body, moderately 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 water, and in some instances the produce has a marked disinclination to quest in thick or tangled woodland.

The remarks we have made as to the frame and temperament of the wavy-coated retriever apply to

the curly-coated dog. The distinction between the two is simply one of texture.

The origin of the curly dog is not well known, but is supposed to be the result of a cross between the Irish water-spaniel and the Newfoundland. The face of a curly retriever should be clean; his hind legs, from the hock downwards, free from feather; the remainder of his body covered with short crisp curls, even to the end of the tail.

An English retriever, whether smooth or curly coated, should be black or black-and-tan, or black with tabby or brindled legs, the brindled legs being indicative of the Labrador origin. We give the preference to the flat-coated or short-coated small St. John's or Labrador breed. These breeds we believe to be identical. The small St. John's has marvelous intelligence, a great aptitude for learning to carry, a soft mouth, great strength, and is a good swimmer. If there is any cross at all in this breed it should be the setter cross.

POINTS.

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

CHAPTER IX.

IRISH WATER, CLUMBER, AND OTHER SPANIELS.

BY N. MORTON, ESQ., AND OTHERS.

WE now come to a breed of dog more popular with all classes of society than any other. There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, either possessed a spaniel themselves, of which they could relate many a pleasant anecdote, or have known friends who were the fortunate owners. In this chapter we propose to describe simply those used for sporting purposes, leaving the Blenheim and King Charles to take their proper position in Division II. with non-sporting dogs. We are indebted for the following valuable paper on

THE IRISH WATER SPANIEL,

TO N. MORTON, ESQ., BROOKVILLE, BALLYMENA, IRELAND.

Perhaps of all the different species of the dog there is none more worthy than this of being made the companion and friend of man. Other varieties may be better suited for certain special purposes. The setter, for example, for the sporting pursuits of the moors, and the pug for the blandishments

of a lady's lap; but for the general purposes for which most people desire a dog-friend, there is none superior to the Irish water spaniel. In the house or out of the house, he is attractive, sociable, and obedient; whilst he possesses the great additional qualification of being as much at home in the water as on the land.

To the sportsman whose rambles lie "by flood and field" he is invaluable; to the young Nimrod, immured by stern necessity and paternal want of sympathy within the city walls, he is most welcome, both on account of his vivacity of disposition and his tractableness within the narrow bounds to which "lodgings for single gentlemen" confine him; whilst to the staid and sober parson, who, to a love for dogs, adds also a wholesome dread of being thought "*doggy*" by his parishioners, he is the *ne plus ultra* of dog perfection.

Let it be understood, however, I speak of a real good Irish water spaniel, and not of one of those short-eared, draggle-tailed greyhound-muzzled dogs, which their fortunate—or rather, perhaps, I should say, unfortunate—owners delight to call by this name simply because of their curled coats, and a *fancied* predilection for taking the water.

To get one, though, of the real stamp is no easy matter, the breed having of late, owing to a

variety of causes, become very much deteriorated both as regards appearance and make, and the still more desirable qualities of temper and intelligence. I say "*the breed,*" and I say so advisedly, for I cannot agree with several high authorities—Stonehenge among others—that there are *two* distinct breeds, the one peculiar to the north and the other to the south. No doubt there are two varieties—the one common to the north, and the other to the south; but both, I have every reason to believe, are but the, in some respects, degenerated descendants of the *same* original stock, though produced under entirely different circumstances in the two localities. The northern variety, with his short ears and foxy tail, is just the farmer's cross of the original stock with his colley or mongrel. The southern variety, with his shorter legs and longer body, is just such as would result from a system of careless in-and-in breeding likely to prevail in the kennels of those gentlemen who own such a class of dogs, yet do not pay any particular attention to their purity or appearance.

Be this as it may however, and I simply throw it out as the result of my own personal observations, a few good specimens of the "rale ould Irish blood" are yet here and there to be found, somewhat taller than their southern relatives, and

altogether of a better and more pleasing make of body, and as markedly superior to their northern kinsfolk as they, in their turn, are to the dingo and the dhole.

A dog answering to this description is exceedingly handsome; and yet these qualifications necessary as they are, are but secondary when compared with the higher properties he ought to possess of intelligence, courage, etc.

These must be specially attended to. A dog may please the eye by the richness of his coat and a certain squareness of head (hard to describe, and usually called *capacious*), and yet be completely valueless as a companion, if he is not tractable, good tempered, and of a quick and lively disposition. There is this much, however, to be said in favour of a dog possessing the looked-for points as to make and colour; in nine cases out of ten he will prove, if carefully handled, to possess the other requisite qualities. Still, it is quite possible to be deceived in judging in this way, though I have seldom known it to fail, and, therefore, is necessary to look well for "the other requisite qualities."

To be thoroughly good he must be so intelligent as almost from a puppy to anticipate his teacher's wishes, and, at the same time, he must be naturally generous and courageous,—generous, that he may

not remember a mistaken correction too long, or sulk too much after a right one; courageous, that he may not be deterred from doing what he is wanted to do either by the sharpness of the thorns or furze into which he is sent to hunt, or by the coldness or depth of the water into which he is asked to dive.

Given a dog of this description, you can do almost everything you please with him, always provided you have an extra stock of patience, and never resort to punishment, except as a corrective, and even then as seldom as possible, and after you have taught him to understand what it is you wish him to do. Treated in this way, he will learn to do almost everything but speak; indeed, the tales that might be related of the sagacity, and feats of skill and deeds of daring, of dogs of this class are almost as incredible as they are various and multitudinous.

Out of many we select a few.

Not many years ago the writer of this had a friend, in the neighbourhood of whose home—about half a mile from it—there was a dog of this class in the possession of a man who followed poaching and bird-fancying in addition to his occupation as farmer. This dog had a fancy to the friend referred to, and took up his abode with him—partly, I suppose on account of his shooting propensities, and

partly on account of his fondness for dogs generally—a fondness, by the way, which dogs invariably discover and appreciate. By-and-by my friend went to college, and the dog returned to his former master; but strange to say, always appeared without fail at my friend's bedroom door the morning after his return home for his vacations, and there waited to give him a *caed mille failte*.

Nor was this the only way in which he showed his sagacity and intelligence. His real owner was, as I have said, a poacher, and on his expeditions Grouse was his only and his trusted companion, and on these occasions he would not only retrieve the birds, but he would also give warning to his master of the approach of the keepers, by a low growl only intelligible to the person warned, and on such occasions he would retire with his master to a place of safety, and when opportunity offered quietly return for the game that had been killed, bringing the birds one by one, either direct to his master or laying them carefully in some spot previously indicated to him.

Another friend living in the country had a bitch of this breed, which although entirely untaught, used regularly to seize the beggars who came about the place, and *lead* them gently but firmly outside the gate, and there dismiss them with a cautionary growl.

A son of this bitch belonged to the writer, and was no unworthy son of such a worthy dam. He was a dog of most extraordinary intelligence. Nothing came amiss to him. He was perfect in all those minor tricks usually taught to dogs of this class. He could leap through hoops with any showman's best performer, knew most articles by name and could fetch them, would hold a horse as long as you liked, and would fetch or retrieve almost any distance, walk on a barrel rolling, carry an egg or the most fragile article without damage, go up and down ladders with narrow rounds placed almost perpendicularly, walk on his hind legs, smoke a pipe, pretend to fall dead when shot at but start up at the shout of "Police," refuse to touch meat if told it was not paid for, and a host of such like tricks too numerous to mention.

One remarkable instance of his natural sagacity is worth recording. His master was once competing at leaping with several others, and whilst doing so took off his watch, lest it should be injured, and laid it on the ground close by. When the contest was over he went off hurriedly and forgot entirely he had left his watch behind him. By-and-by the dog in passing noticed it, and evidently knowing whose it was, picked it up gently and set off to look for his master, and after a patient but fruitless search in the most likely places, he walked quietly

home with it, and delivered it up carefully to the first servant he met. Volumes could be filled with anecdotes of his sagacity and affection. He met his death by poison, picked up when following a gig. Alas ! poor Nep, assuredly thy master may well say he shall ne'er look on thy like again.

Duck, the property of a collegiate friend in Belfast, performed some clever feats.

Once her owner when out for a "constitutional" was amusing himself and some companions by laying down on the road his walking stick, and leaving it there until it had been nearly reached by a band of young ladies' who, two and two, in the conventional style of ladies' schools, were following at some distance, and then sending Duck back for it just before they could reach it. This had been done several times successfully, to the great amusement of all concerned, but at last the distance was miscalculated, and the stick was taken up by one of the foremost young ladies and passed among them until Duck was quite puzzled. The young ladies just then entered the Botanic Gardens, and the students not being subscribers could not follow, but Duck did not drop the matter thus easily. She darted into the Gardens, and frisked round the ladies so affectionately that they began to imagine they had secured both dog and stick. The stick happening, however, to peep from the folds of the

dress in which it was concealed, Duck forgot her newly formed friendship, seized it in most unmannerly style, escaped from the Gardens, and carried it safely home.

The man who reared this bitch was a night watchman in one of the Belfast mills, and while in his possession he had her trained to *steal* most successfully. Some of her exploits in this way were wonderfully clever; but perhaps had better not be told. I may mention that with her assistance he secured more than one valuable meerschäum pipe in an unceremonious and highly illegal manner. When a gentleman passed smoking, he would show her his own pipe, and point after him, and when he had gone a safe distance Duck was sent after him for the pipe, and she rarely failed to snatch it from his mouth or hand, as opportunity offered, and return at full speed to her master, who quickly admitted her through the small door provided for his own accommodation. I have heard of her continuing the pursuit of a pipe for over an hour, following the owner of it as if she belonged to him, even entering shops, etc., with him, until she attempted to snatch it, and invariably decamped as if for life, whether she succeeded or not.

Nor is the courage of dogs of this class less remarkable than their intelligence. They will leap

from any height into water, or from the paddle-box of a steamer going at full speed into the roughest sea, without hesitation, and even in mid-winter when the water is close upon the freezing point. One belonging to the writer once evinced his courage in rather a novel way. He was told to fetch a live and healthy badger which was close at hand in a walled-in enclosure. He laid hold of it and received in return for his want of civility a snap which caused him to drop it with even more alacrity than he seized it, and to return somewhat astonished and crestfallen to his master's heels. Again he was quietly told that he *must* go and fetch it; and although BLEEDING from his first experience of it, he darted back without hesitation, laid firm hold of it by the back of the neck as if it had been nothing more than a dead grouse or stuffed leather pad, and returned to his master to receive a most enthusiastic "*Well done, good dog; hold steady.*" It was taken from his mouth by the tail, and returned to its place.

The writer at present owns a bitch that has performed the same feat. Not a show dog, on account of feathering on the tail and a deficient top-knot, but a genuine Irish water spaniel, nevertheless.

We give a photograph of Mr. Morton's Doctor (16).

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From Mr. P. J. D. Lindoe, R.E., we have received the following interesting anecdotes of Rake (15), and of Blarney (16a). He writes: "Rake is a very clever dog, and can be taught almost any trick. He is very tender mouthed, and can dive and bring up an egg unbroken from a depth of twelve feet of water or more. It is very amusing also to see him take a sixpence out of a bucket of water, as he sometimes keeps his head under nearly two minutes before picking it up. I taught him a very clever trick, which used to cause great amusement at the shows. Whenever he was disturbed by any one poking at him with a stick to make him get up and show himself, he would rise gently, place his paws in a winning manner on the shoulders of his visitor, and before the latter could guess what was going to happen, take off his hat and deposit it in his trough of water, or on the straw.

Blarney is also wonderfully clever, and a splendid dog for sport on land or water. After a game of croquet is finished she invariably brings in the balls, hoops, and mallets, and places them in the box in the hall. Once when engaged in trying to separate four large mastiffs who were fighting, she came to my rescue, and discerning the manner in which she could offer most assistance, seized hold of the most stubborn antagonist by the tail, and

tried to pull him off; she did not let go until the fight was stopped. She will retrieve very long distances, and she has often surprised people by rushing up to them and seizing a stick or other article which had been put down for her to fetch, and which they had unwittingly picked up. I have sometimes seen these dogs jump from a height of nearly thirty feet into the water.

The Editor apologizes for introducing himself in the singular number in the following account of a very trusty friend and faithful servant.

I cannot refrain from relating a few instances of the sagacity, affection, etc. of a dog I owned a few years since. He was a splendid specimen of a spaniel; very handsome and well bred. I brought him to London from Devonshire. The third or fourth day after his arrival, my brother took him across Kensington Gardens, through South Kensington, to Brompton, a distance of four miles from where I resided. Having occasion to call on a friend at Brompton, and thinking the dog would wait outside the door for a few minutes, he left him there. On leaving the house Shot was not to be seen. Knowing that I prized the dog highly, my brother got a cab, and hurried home as fast as possible. What was his astonishment on driving up to the door, to find Master Shot sitting on the steps, waiting to be let in. This was the only time he

had ever been out for a walk since his arrival from his quiet country quarters ; and yet, when left to his own judgment, he had remembered his way through the crowded streets of London, and arrived safely home. Shot was wonderfully clever in many ways. He always had a chair put for him at dinner. He would sit up erect thereon, and look most solemnly at all ; he would wait his turn, and generally came very well off. But a great trial of patience to him was, to put a biscuit under his nose on the table ; although passionately fond of them, if I or my wife simply held up one finger and said "No," he would sit for an hour without touching it. He would move about uneasily, lick his lips, look appealingly at us and the biscuit ; but until he received a gentle pat on the head—without a word being said—he would not attempt to eat it ; then, however, with a snap the biscuit was gone.

One more instance I will give. Shot could read my countenance as well as possible. I used [to return home from business each evening at six o'clock. About a quarter to that hour, as regularly as the clock went round, he would lay himself down just inside the front door to wait for me ; or if in a sitting-room with my wife, he would lie down at that door, with his nose close to it. On my arrival he would be the first to greet me ; looking up

into my face he would read my thoughts and feelings as correctly as possible. Sometimes, after a good day's business, I would seem in lighter spirits than on other days, when affairs were not perhaps so flourishing. In the former case, Shot would prance about the room, with a short, quick, happy bark; he would jump up in my lap and try to lick my face all over: but in the latter, after one earnest, searching look, he would lie down on the hearth-rug and sigh and sob like a human being. I have often seen the tears in his eyes. My poor dog Shot;—I lost him; the tears were in both my own and wife's eyes on that day.

The two following anecdotes are related in the *Animal World*.

An Indian officer thus writes:—“I have always been a lover of the canine species, and from time to time have possessed very many pets of all classes, from the great Newfoundland to the tiny little Blenheim; the latter (the true breed) are, I believe, now extinct. But of all my favourites, no dog could be compared to my dear old Jim, or Jimmy,—such was his name. ‘Sagacious’ is no word for his great cleverness, and I had no difficulty in teaching him anything, or making him a most useful companion, in every sense of the words. In my room he was as good

as a servant, ready to do my bidding and to fetch me this or that as required. And in the field he was excellent as a sporting dog, and up to every kind of game, though only a small spaniel. But then he came of such a stock, famed from the sporting celebrity of the owner of the breed—viz. General Markham, many years Colonel of the 32nd Regiment, and well known as a first-rate sportsman in North America, and also in Upper India. Jimmy was equally good at fishing; and very often when I have played a trout, and the fish has contrived to get off the hook, before it could recover itself sufficiently to dart away, Jim, who was always watchful, and as eager as his master to secure the sport, would dash into the river and bring the fish to land. When the weather confined one indoors, Jimmy was often a great amusement to myself and others, trying tricks with the dog to puzzle him in finding anything hidden. And, in general, he was much too “cute” for us all. I have his picture taken on one of these occasions, sitting on a barrack chair, admirably drawn by a very talented brother officer, who, I regret to say, was killed in the Punjaub campaign. Jim was likewise a very clever diver, and on one occasion he was so long under water as to make me fear he had become entangled in something, when up he came with a huge rush

which he had rooted out. There are several who could bear witness that I could send the dog the distance of the High-street, Portsmouth, to buy me a bun, at the pastry cook's facing the Parade, only telling them beforehand what to give the dog when he came with his money.

“Poor Jim once had a narrow escape of his life at Portsmouth. I took him out unmuzzled during the dog days, to give him a swim, and a policeman was lying in wait to seize him as he passed. But the glazed top of the policeman's hat so attracted the rays of the sun as to discover his hiding place (behind a gun sunk as a post) just in time for me to run to the beach at Southsea, jump into a boat, and Jimmy swimming after me escaped his pursuer. When on duty in Ireland, I was out shooting, and trying to get some wild duck—never dreaming that any one was watching me. I crept on, mutely signing to Jim with my hand, what to do—to go on, lie down, or come back to me. After firing, up jumped a man on the other side of the hedge quite close to me, and, saluting me, said, ‘Begorrah, yer honour, sure the dog speaks.’ I asked him what he meant, and he replied again thus: ‘Sure, yer honour, the dog does speak. Haven't I been looking at you all the time, and sure, when you did this, and did that, with yer hand (imitating my motions), didn't the

dog know what you meant as well as any human being, and what's that, yer honour, but speaking?' And indeed Pat was delighted with the dog, and whenever we chanced to meet him, his first question was, 'How is Jimmy?' I could relate innumerable traits of the dog's cleverness; and it was with deep regret that Jimmy and his master were obliged to part for ever. My regiment was ordered out to India, and I knew the dog would not be able to stand the heat. Moreover, he was growing old in years. So I left him at home in very good quarters, with my brother and his wife, and there he showed his amiable and versatile talents, by becoming the constant companion of their infant son. The little boy being only able to crawl about, Jim would sit on the floor with him, and submit to caresses or pinches just as the child chose to amuse himself. Nurse and playmate by turns, he never forsook his charge.

"Alas! poor Jim. He died in his thirteenth year, but I had the satisfaction of hearing that he had been buried by kind hands in a shady corner of a nice garden."

The other anecdote, headed, "Twopence, of the Light Company," runs thus:—

"Regiments generally have a recognised barrack dog, owning no particular master, and fed by one

and all of the men. But in the present instance I am going to tell of *one* in particular, which, as a young dog, belonged to an officer of the regiment; but, from constantly following the servant to and fro from the barrack room, became more attached to the men than to his master, who, seeing his bent, finally made him over to the men, and so Twopence, for that was his name, became the light company dog; and most faithfully did he stick to his own, for although he was a great favourite with all, yet Twopence was never to be seen with a soldier of another company; he never could be swerved from his allegiance to the "light bobs." And having many willing and patient masters, with plenty of idle time to devote to teaching, Twopence, in a very short period, being a very well-bred and docile spaniel, became a most accomplished dog. For instance, he would stand up with his paws resting on the door, to receive punishment, if in fault, and he always knew to a nicety the number of strokes to be given, and down he would drop when the last was received. Again, frequently he was sentenced to "pack drill," and had a knapsack made to strap on his back, which he carried for so many hours, to mark his being in disgrace. He was an invaluable servant to the company in many ways, and if a man on the barrack guard chanced to

want anything from the barrack room, Twopence was always a ready and capable messenger, able to understand what was wanted, and fetch it without mistake. Most singular to relate, however, Twopence, though a thorough soldier's dog, was the greatest coward imaginable at the smell of powder, and when on parade, if perchance the men began firing with blank cartridge, Twopence would crouch in between the ranks of the company, trembling for his very life, and there remain until the firing ceased.

“When the regiment was ordered to India, and marched down for embarkation at Cork, Twopence was very near being sent ashore unless the usual sum (£5) was paid to the captain for his passage. But no sooner did he exhibit his performances, than the captain was only too pleased to have him mustered with the company, and so he made the voyage to India. The Indian climate seldom agrees with an English-bred dog (as I have already said), and Twopence suffered very much from the heat in the plains; and when the regiment was ordered to march from Agra to Ferozpoore, to form part of the army of the Punjaub, the poor dog was little fitted for the campaign before him. Upon the first advance to Ramnuggur, where the Sikhs were in position awaiting our attack, the old dog was too ill to tramp the distance; but such was

the affection of the men for poor Twopence, that each one in turn carried him daily. He died, however, two marches from Ramnuggur, at the company guard of Norwoallah, and was buried with all military ceremony by his comrades. On one or two occasions during his lifetime he strayed away, but owing to the quaint lines on his collar, he was brought safely back to the regiment:—

‘ Stop me not while on I jog,
I’m “Twopence,” the light company dog.’ ”

* * * *

The head of the Irish water spaniel is rather capacious ; forehead prominent ; face, from eyes down, perfectly smooth ; ears from twenty-four inches to twenty-six inches from point to point. The head should be crowned with a well-defined top-knot, not straggling across like the common rough water-dog, but coming down in a peak on the forehead. The body should be covered with small crisp curls, which often become draggled in the moulting season ; the tail should be round, without feather underneath, of the two rather short, and as stiff as a ramrod ; the colour of a pure puce liver, without any white. The dog should be from twenty-one inches to twenty-two and a half inches high (seldom higher when pure bred).

It is almost impossible to give a description of

the English water spaniel, as it is a query if a distinct breed of the old English spaniel exists.

The photograph of Duke (17), the property of Mr. F. C. Bradley, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, is a beautiful specimen of a Clumber spaniel.

The Clumber spaniel is invariably long, low, and heavy. His weight varies, but he averages about forty or forty-five pounds. He must be white-and-orange, the white colour prevailing. Any approach to liver colour is objectionable; and the pale lemon-colour once insisted on is now also objected to by the best breeders of the day. In height he should not exceed eighteen or twenty inches, and he should have very short strong legs. He should be so short in the leg, and so well coated on the lower profile of his body, as to show no daylight under him, or but little.

His head should be large, long, coloured to a line beneath the eyes, with a blaze up the face. The eyes rather small and sunken, thoughtful and pensive; the nose dark flesh or liver colour (occasionally the best breeds are cherry nosed); the ears large, but not lobe-shaped like the Sussex, nor so heavy as his; they should not be feathered much below "the leather."

The neck should be strong, sinewy, and long; the back long and straight.

The chest should be wide; the shoulders wide, and thick through them; the fore-arm immense; the hocks and hind legs very large, bony, and well clothed with muscle; the loin should be straight, not arched; the back ribs very deep indeed; the ribs round and distinct.

The stern should be set low; generally docked, but sometimes not; always left long — about eleven inches — and tufted or flag-shaped at the extremity.

The coat should be soft, silky, shining, straight, sufficient, but not over-abundant.

OTHER LARGE SPANIELS.

The Sussex is a distinct and a very old-established breed. He divides the honours of old family with the Clumber, and he always has been and always will be in demand. He should be of a deep golden liver-colour, and should weigh about thirty-five pounds.

His head should be long and heavy; his eye large and languishing; his forehead projecting over the eye; the muzzle, square; the lips, rather pendulous; his mouth, large; and his under-jaw must rather recede from the upper-jaw.

His ears (for show) should be large and well furnished with silky hair; they should be small

or narrow where they spring from the head, and large or lobe-shaped at the base; they should be set low down and hang close to the cheeks.

The nostrils should be large; the nose large and liver-coloured.

The neck should be strong and muscular, with the crest a little arched. The chest should be wide; the shoulders well thrown back; the body, long and round.

The legs should be short and strong, well flewed to the foot before and behind; the feet (which are nearly always good in a spaniel) should be round, well arched, and abundantly furnished with feather.

The loin should be very strong; the back ribs very deep and round; the tail (docked to about nine inches and well feathered) should be [set low, and have a low downward action. The proper carriage of the tail marks the spaniel's purity as much as anything.

The coat should be waved (not curled), thick, silky, shining, and abundant, and, as we have already said, of a golden liver-colour.

The Norfolk spaniel is found of a liver-and-white and black-and-white colour, the white being nearly always thickly freckled. He is a long thick-set dog, powerful and compact, but not so low on the leg as the Clumber, or so large in

bone as the Sussex; nor is his head so heavy as either the Clumber or the Sussex; but his nostrils are large and open. His ears are large and lobe-shaped, and well coated with silky hair, moderately curled. Legs and toes feathered to the ground. Various other strains are known locally throughout England, but their peculiarities are not sufficiently distinct to warrant a definition.

The head of small spaniels should resemble that of a small setter, and have no tuft upon it. The ears should be moderately long, and lie well to the cheek. Very short ears indicate a cross,—often with the terrier.

The legs should be strong, well feathered, and short; the feet round; and each toe should be protected with hair, a plentiful distribution of which on and between the toes is important.

The chest should be tolerably broad. The shoulders need not be so oblique as the setter's.

The body should be long, and somewhat round and barrel-like, with less depth of the fore-ribs than is necessary in the setter.

The stern should come out in a line with the backbone.

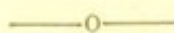
The colour may be almost anything,—black, black-and-white, liver, liver-and-white, lemon, lemon-and-white, or grey mottled.

POINTS.

	IRISH OR OTHER WATER SPANIEL.	CLUMBER.	OTHER LARGE SPANIELS.	SMALL SPANIELS.
Head and Nose . . .	20	—	—	—
Topknot and Bareness of Face	10	—	—	—
Ears	10	—	—	—
Feet and Legs	10	10	10	10
Back and Quarters	10	—	—	—
General Symmetry	10	5	5	10
Coat and Colour	20	10	10	5
Tail	10	—	—	—
Head and Ears	—	25	30	30
Length	—	20	—	—
Back and Hind Quar- ters	—	25	—	—
Stern	—	5	—	—
Neck	—	—	5	5
Chest and Shoulders	—	—	10	10
Back and Ribs	—	—	10	10
Low Carriage of Tail	—	—	10	10



DIVISION II.—NON-SPORTING DOGS.



CHAPTER X.

THE OLD ENGLISH MASTIFF.

BY H. D. KINGDON, ESQ., BUT CONDENSED BY THE EDITOR.

“GREAT BRITAIN was so celebrated for its mastiffs that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island with the title of ‘Procurator Cynegii,’ whose sole business was to breed and transmit from hence to the Roman amphitheatre such as would prove equal to the combats of that place :

‘Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.’

This noble dog is seldom met with now in its pure state, having been crossed with other dogs.”

With this quotation, we enter on the topic of our grand national dog—most interesting to all patriots—with the assertion, for the honour of Old England and the genuine Old English dog, that the mastiff proper is, in my opinion, a specific race, indigenous to Britain as much as the elm-tree ; that he was here in the days of Caractacus and Boadicea ; and that, therefore, the modern theory that he is a cross

between the bull-dog and the talbot is merely a specious hypothesis (founded on personal appearances artificially produced) in the very teeth of fact, arising from the necessities of breeders and dealers, who have promulgated this idea,—or fallacy, as I opine,—to account for the vast variety of conflicting types manifested by dogs of the same litters exhibited at shows by competitors holding these breeds, whose pedigree of their dogs proves them to be *members of the same litter*, despite their individual *differences of type*.

Idstone, a constant contributor to *The Field*,—considered an authority on dogs,—in his work, states the Lyme Hall dogs claim to be the *most* ancient race of mastiffs; he also alleges, it is his opinion “that but for the bull-dog the mastiff would never have been *recovered*.” He adds: “It is my belief the breed was resuscitated BY CROSSING THE BULL-DOG WITH THE FOREIGN BOARHOUND, and I think there are mastiff-breeders alive who could enlighten us if they would. The rapid increase of our mastiffs is one of the wonders of the dog world, recollecting the meagre materials which were at hand.” He then states: “Four years ago the breed was so well ‘*established*,’ [clearly meaning the modern cross as limited to four years] that Miss Aglionby bred five celebrated dogs—Wolf, Turk, Knight, Templar, and Emperor—from one litter.” But he does not add,—what one

gentleman called my attention to at Birmingham, where these dogs, or some of them, were first shown,—that they were each of a different and opposing type; indicating they were indeed not pure mastiffs, but the cross-bred dogs which Idstone calls the “modern mastiff.” Had they been pure, *or of pure parentage*, could this antagonistic difference have occurred in one litter? But they were descended from Lord Darnley’s Nell, alleged to me, on the high authority of one who knew her, to be a bull terrier bitch; and that solves the problem. The above, from so famous a writer, will spare me much labour, as it is an admission of my position; but, while it proves this of the *modern* dog, it does not prove that the *ancient* mastiff was not a specific indigenous race, or that it does not now continue to exist in its integrity. Indeed, his statement that the Lyme Hall race claims to be the *oldest* line extant, points to the conclusion that this ancient race is still preserved. All tradition and history admit that the mastiff was the indigenous dog of Britain; therefore it is incumbent on the modern holders of the opposite opinion to *prove* the contrary—the *onus probandi* lies with them. Why, for modern purposes, complicate difficulties, and deny the testimony of national tradition and history, and at this late period assert the mastiff is not indigenous, *without*

giving ample proof of this modern theory? My observations on this point are therefore founded on, or in reply to, the position Idstone has assigned to the mastiff, or the particular strain to which he gives *prominence* or *preference*; my remarks being intended as *such*, and *not* as an attack on any particular dogs, but only as the ventilation of a fallacy and the vindication of purity of pedigree. His phraseology,—“It is my belief that the breed was resuscitated by the crossing the bull-dog with the foreign boarhound,” indeed, naturally is the result of some MODERN experiment or combinations. Hence I support my views of THE mastiff being *sui generis* by the quotation at the head of this chapter, and by the further authority I now cite in corroboration of that extract, showing from these sources the mastiff proper is a specific breed known in this country from its earliest records, and that therefore the opposite hypothesis has arisen from MODERN necessity, to apologise for a cross such as Idstone suggests, a cross exemplified in the descendants of Lord Darnley’s Nell, and admitted to be such by modern breeders, who allege a cross with the bull-dog had become necessary, to GIVE COURAGE to the mastiff: a monstrous error, the *true* mastiff being more likely to impart than to receive courage by the union, and to insist on these latter being as pure as the original race, whose very name as well as status they adopt.

Manwood states the word 'mastiff' is derived from 'masse thefesse,' because it is supposed to terrify thieves by its voice, which is fearfully deep and loud. This is the *Mastivus* of Ray, the *Canis Molessus* of Linnæus, and the *Vellaticus* of Dr. Caius. A true-built mastiff is of considerable size, and STOUTLY built; the whole aspect noble. It appears from Claudian and Gratius that the British mastiffs were highly prized at Rome; and Camden notices the employment of a special officer [*vide* above], 'Procurator Cynegii,' appointed in Britain for superintending the breed of these dogs, and their transmission to that city, where they appeared in the combats of animals in the amphitheatre, and sometimes on occasions more cruel. Pennant quotes Strabo for the fact that the Gauls trained *British* mastiffs for war, and used them *in their battles*. According to Dr. Caius, three were a match for a bear, and four for a lion; but Stowe mentions a lion-fight with three of these dogs, in which, though two were disabled and died, the lion retreated, and refused to resume the battle with the survivor. The mastiff is capable of great attachment; and, as a guard, is of unflinching vigilance.

As I write to uphold the ancient and not the modern mastiff, I quote these authorities to refute the fallacy of his originating in the talbot and bull-

dog : a doctrine indeed convenient to breeders who insist no mastiff has a pedigree of forty years' standing, and who have "manufactured" for our shows a big cross-bred dog that, manifesting the elements of this combination, has been exhibited *under the name of mastiff*, and has been the recipient of prizes awarded incorrectly, in my opinion, by the judges. How can the descendants of Lord Darnley's Nell be *true Old English mastiffs*? and what stock do they produce? Do not some of their progeny resolve themselves into the discordant elements of which their ancestors were compounds? And this accounts for antagonism and diversity of type in the same litters.

"Get one drop of foul blood into your kennel, and when will you breed it out again?" inquires both Mr. Cautley (*par excellence* an authority on the mastiff), and also Mr. Laverack, equally eminent in setters. How many "casts back" do Nell's posterity give in a litter? What bone or bulk have they? Are not their limbs small, at any rate relatively so? Has not the rage for height incorporated staghound, or some tall breed, and resulted in the tall leggy dog with *little bone*, light limbs, houndy in barrel, weak loin, flat flank, and cat hocks? "Mastiff," in his letter to *The Field*, says, "The rage for height is destroying purity in the mastiff." As pedigree is everything

for true breeding, well may breeders contend for the talbot and bull-dog origin to establish their own breeds *as mastiffs*. Yes; modern mastiffs, but not the ancient. —, a gentleman goes to a show, —an outsider; sees a prize card over a dog, thinks *therefore* he *must* be good; hires him for stud; and, being cross-bred, sows impurity broadcast! The mastiff proper has been nearly destroyed by injudicious crossing, and it is now in few hands indeed! Only aristocracy of the olden time could afford to preserve him in his purity, and transmit him through long ages in his integrity. In my belief it is therefore necessary to breed back from the few that now exist to the indigenious type through their *confrères*, dogs of the highest antiquity of pedigree, to restore the well-nigh lost mastiff to his original purity.

And where must we look for these means? There appear to be recorded only four ancient seats of the mastiff in its purity, and there these four most celebrated strains have been preserved, each in its integrity. The oldest of these,—pre-eminent for its antiquity and purity,—has been thus preserved by the ancient family of Legh, at Lyme Hall, in Cheshire, where it seems to have been even previous to 1415, and has been handed down by them in its integrity and purity. Another at Chatsworth, by the Duke of Devonshire; a third at

Elvaston Castle, by Lord Harrington ; and a fourth at Hadzor Hall, by the Galtons. A recent contributor to *The Field*, "Mastiff," writes therein, and shows that the Chatsworth breed is now extinct ; and I am assured by a friend who claims personal knowledge, that the Hadzor dogs were all destroyed by poison, and that that type, therefore, is likewise lost. There remain then only the Lyme Hall and Elvaston breeds in their legitimacy, and of these the Lyme dogs stand pre-eminent. Fortunately this, the elder race (which, by taking us back to the remotest ascertained record, carries us nearest to the original indigenous type, and is therefore the *best* evidence of purity), is still jealously preserved at Lyme intact, where the breed, it is alleged, has been kept distinct, and has been handed down as an heirloom with the magnificent estates from 1415, or earlier. In the grand drawing-room window, amid the blazon of heraldry, showing the quarterings of the arms of the illustrious families with whom the Leghs have intermarried, may still be seen the portrait of Sir Percy Legh, Knight Banneret, who fought at Agincourt, and also the likeness of the mastiff bitch, who is alleged to have defended him from the assaults of camp marauders, who would have murdered and robbed him as he lay bleeding on the field after the battle. The legend is, that while the wedding festivities (which

in the feudal ages were protracted to an extent commensurate with the importance of the parties) of Sir Percy Legh were being celebrated at Lyme, a herald from his personal friend, Henry V., summoned him to attend his majesty to the French wars. He at once departed, leaving his bride (of some few weeks) in great grief and affliction:—

“‘To horse, to horse,’ Sir Percy cried,
Yet sought to soothe his weeping bride:—
‘My trusty sword—nay, never fear—
My greaves, my corslet, helm, and spear.’”

He is said to have been accompanied by a magnificent mastiff bitch, a race for which the family were even then celebrated (in days of yore noble dogs being considered necessary adjuncts to a knightly *cortége*, and in many cases were trained to fight in battle). The sword (which, with Sir Percy’s spurs, is still in the entrance hall at Lyme) is a huge two-handed weapon; which he used at Agincourt, where it is asserted he saved the king’s life at the expense of his own, receiving so many flesh wounds that he ultimately bled to death at Paris. Meanwhile, as he lay exhausted on the field after the fight, he was defended from his assailants so vigorously by his mastiff bitch, that she kept them at bay, and attracted the attention of some English soldiers, who bore the wounded knight off the field, and conveyed him, with his

faithful mastiff, to Paris, where she whelped, and Sir Percy died of hæmorrhage. He was taken home to Lyme for interment, and the bitch and her whelps were brought also in the funeral train. From these the present Lyme dogs are direct descendants. On the procession reaching Macclesfield, a horseman was despatched to announce to Lady Agnes Legh the approach of her husband's body and funeral *cortége*. This messenger met her in the park, on the high point now marked by a belvidere called Lyme Cage. Not having previously heard of her husband's death, the sudden shock was too great. Her reason fled, never to return; she became a wandering maniac, and was ultimately found dead on her husband's grave. The spot is still pointed out, and is called in the family legends "The Knight's Lowe, and the White Lady's Grave," by which name the place is still popularly known.

"They buried her where she was found;
They buried her near the river's wave;
And ever since the land around
Is known but as the Lady's Grave."

The family have retained the race of dogs to this day, and guard the breed with jealous care, not liking them in any hands but their own. The breed however has come into my possession (Mr. Kingdon, of Willhayne, near Colyton, Devon), and

I now breed from the original kennels with the consent of Mr. Legh; and I have at this time a stud quite equal to, if not surpassing, the Lyme kennel. I preserve the breed in its purity, though I have also crossed some members of it with the strains of Mr. Hanbury's Prince, Mr. Lukey's Governor, and Bill George's Tiger; and have, in some instances, incorporated all these strains into one channel on the basis of my Lyme Hall bitches. As Mr. Legh will not condescend to exhibit, to me the public are indebted for a sight of this pure Lyme Hall race at our national shows. My Lyme dog, Lord, which I refused to show at Birmingham, was said by the general inhabitants who saw him in the streets, to be the finest mastiff ever brought into their town. And at the Birmingham show of 1870, I again refused to exhibit unless the judging was in public, though I had with me my celebrated Lyme Hall mastiff, Barry, the champion prize winner. This dog Mr. Earl, the celebrated animal painter, no sooner saw than he begged leave to paint him as a study of mastiff purity, saying Barry so completely brought out, by comparison, the evidence of the impurity of many of the show dogs he had been painting, and, by contrast, so showed the bull and bloodhound crosses in most of them, and made their ancestry so probable, that he felt Barry was the purest mastiff,

and that he should expunge from his series of crack dogs a dog he had painted to embody in it, and put Barry in his place, and also have him engraved from the picture. He accordingly painted him, in fact, has done so three times on his own responsibility, without any charge to me; and has put this dog in the place of honour, the very centre of his group of crack dogs. The opinion of this eminent artist in favour of the purity of the Lyme Hall breed is also shared in by Mr. Ansdell and Mr. Keyl, artists of high order and reputation, both of whom recommended even Mr. Hanbury to keep to the Lyme race in preference to any other strain, and whose letters to this effect I have seen. These opinions are further confirmed by the fact that Idstone, when acting as judge at the Plymouth Show, 1870, gave Barry first prize; and Bill George, jun., gave him first prize at Exeter, where he weighed 162 lbs. He has also won first prize from Colchester and Westward Ho; and 300 guineas were offered for him in the Pavilion Gardens, at Brighton, but I refused to part with him, and still have him. He is so gentle and clean, he always sleeps in my room wherever he may be, and is so fond of going to a show, that whenever he sees the portmanteau and packages in the hall, he is impatient to be off, and pulls me by the coat, as if to admonish

me not to miss the train. At a station he voluntarily jumps into the guard's van when the train pulls up, and thoroughly knows where to travel. He would not quarrel with a small dog for the world, but would play with or protect him, yet with a dog of his own size he is ready enough to do battle. So great a favourite is he, that he was taken through the Royal Mews at Windsor, contrary to precedent. So inaccessible is this, the only pure breed extant, to the general public, and to professional breeders especially, and so jealous are they of it, that a letter appeared in *The Field*, two years ago or more, alleging that the writer, who signed himself "Observer," knew the Lyme dogs had been crossed, and were not pure, nor good enough for him to breed from, and that the fashionable cross-bred dogs were better. To show the value of this opinion, the grapes being sour, I immediately wrote to Mr. Legh, who emphatically denied such cross as "Observer" alleged—a denial in which his keeper, of 30 years' service, confirmed him subsequently, on my next visit to Lyme. Mr. Legh fairly accounted for a second type of mastiff at Lyme, whose temporary presence there may have misled "Observer," saying he had for some years had Lord Stamford's breed for night dogs for his keepers, but had never allowed them to be crossed

with his own, nor used for breeding. Family honour precluded this. Perhaps the finest mastiff dog of this breed in the kingdom is now at Lyme, a magnificent fellow called Wamba, comprising mastiff qualities in their essential purity, an example not to be matched. The temper of this breed is perfect, uniting the highest courage and vigilance with the greatest gentleness and forbearance. They take water as freely as Newfoundland dogs, and bound over gates as lightly as greyhounds; but their docility, fidelity, and intelligence are perfectly wonderful.

I give anecdotes of my original bitch Alp (to breed from which Mr. Hanbury sent down his champion Prince), which prove intelligence and love to a surprising degree. I was walking over a lonely road for several miles on a dark November night, when the bitch walked round me in wide circles, the whole time and distance, keeping guard in the rear, as well as in advance, and never going beyond springing distance of me, so determined was she to protect me. Soon after the London and South-Western Railway was opened to Exeter, a party of "cracksmen" came down from London and commenced operations in Devon, sending out spies in divers disguises and under various pretexts to notice plans of houses, etc. From suspicious conduct, there is reason to believe men who came

to Willhayne under pretence of selling cloth were couriers of this party, when, contrary to custom, they were had in and dealt with. In appearance they were respectable, but asked questions which excited suspicion. It appears, too, the bitch had *her* suspicions, despite their respectable exterior, for it was afterwards ascertained that when they came to the yard gates, she quietly walked up to the foremost of the party, neither barked, nor growled, nor attempted to injure him, but silently took him firmly but gently by the arm, and led him *without harm* to the kitchen door, released him there, and mounted guard over him, and detained him till she saw how he was received! If the thieves had otherwise intended a visit, probably this altered their designs.

Alp was once attacked by a bull-dog. She seized him by the back, shook him as he would have shaken a cat, and threw him away with an admonitory growl, but without injury. On another occasion, being similarly attacked by a staghound, she at once turned him up on his back by a stroke of her paw, stood across him as he lay quivering in impotent rage, and growled an indignant admonition; but conscious of her power, was too dignified to abuse it. As another instance of the benevolent temper of the breed, a beautiful bitch, Dagmar, —a pet—might often have been seen of a winter

night on the dining-room rug, before the fire, cuddling the cat between her paws, as she would a whelp of her own. At one period, while several kittens were being reared in the house, they lay about with the dogs, and often slept on their backs, when not cuddled in their paws. Indeed, still more extraordinary to relate, my first litter of puppies out of Alp was reared among a flock of lambs, and played and romped with them!

On another occasion Alp was lying in the dining-room on the rug at the back of my chair. Her mistress was going out for the afternoon, and on leaving the room I offered the usual matrimonial leave-taking; but no sooner had I put my arm round my wife for the privileged kiss, than the poor bitch, with all the love of a jealous girl, rose from the rug, put both paws round my neck, tore me gently from my wife, and licked my head with her large tongue, with the fondest endearment but most evident jealousy, to the great amusement of her mistress.

Alp's death was a most touching incident: her evident intelligence at the last moment, her silent leave-taking of her loved master and mistress, are worthy a place in natural history; but the details involve particulars that could not be compressed into the narrow limits of this notice of the mastiff proper. It behoves every Englishman to endeavour

to restore this dog to its pristine purity by judicious breeding from the best ascertained pedigrees. To do this I would say—without intending any personal attack—if purity is to be recovered, we must breed from something less equivocal than many of the late prize winners, the cross-bred specimens to which Idstone refers, or we shall not get mastiff, but a compound of bull-dog and wolf hound, or the cases he speaks of as cross-bred, several of which latter are admitted to be descended from Lord Darnley's Nell; if so, his posterity for generations to come may "cast back," in fancy phraseology, to bull attributes in their progeny. I therefore argue, we must, as the Chatsworth and Hadzor breeds are said to be extinct, go to Lyme Hall or Elvaston Castle for purity and antiquity of pedigree, and Lyme has the preference; it dates the farthest back, and gives the *greatest* assurance therefore of purity. Whatever may be the modern notions (of professional breeders) of coat or colour,* which are but arbitrary attributes artificially obtained and insisted upon, we believe the original colour was brindle, and the *coat wiry* to meet the

* A moderate and graceful supply of "leather" about the throat, to modify nakedness, is to be seen in Vandyke's picture of the mastiff in the family of Charles I. This dog has moreover some white on his muzzle, an award of nature the men of the present day condemn.

climate (in the days of Caractacus) prevailing in a country of forest and morass. Vandyke's picture of the mastiff, in the family of Charles I., shows even some white on the muzzle (in contradiction of modern opinion), and the body massive. The fancy breed now in vogue, is too much cut up in flank, is *not massive enough*, and is deficient in bone,—the *pure* mastiff is more thick-set, with a barrel nearly straight underneath, and with *shorter* and *larger* legs, bone being of consequence in the mastiff proper. We do not believe in the purity of mastiffs over thirty inches; nor with small cat-like paws—they savour of a cross with deerhound, giving height and small bone. Though fashion and profit have introduced this and the bull-dog crosses under the mistaken idea that the mastiff needed courage (!!), it by no means follows that though fashion has done this, the bull cross *is* true mastiff or to be accepted* as such. Indeed it *cannot* be if the points laid down by Stonehenge, "Dogs of the British Isles," and

* There should be *no* projection of the lower jaw. The neck should *not* be so very naked and bare as this modern arbitrary whim indicates; it is merely a condition insisted on to meet the requirements of the bull-cross; so also is the tail. In "Dogs of the British Isles," the "tail *is* to be carried high whenever excited, and be slightly rough."

the Islington Committee, be correct, as the bull cross presents evidences in itself fatal to mastiff purity; and, equally or more impure, is even more unpleasant than a St. Bernard cross. We agree with "Mastiff," in the *Field*, and protest against *all* crosses, insisting on PURITY.

The *latent* courage of the magnanimous mastiff, may be hidden under the interesting surface of his intelligence, serenity, self-repose, and conscious power; but though thus allied with gentleness and serenity of temper, is ready and certain if evoked. *True* courage is the companion of gentleness, but ferocity is the twin fiend of cowardice, the bully being a coward at bottom; though courage and ferocity are too often confounded by the unthinking. The brute ferocity of the bull-dog is the more prominent from his stupidity, having but one idea—that of fighting. Why should we go to the ignoble to obtain courage for the noble? *True* courage is the attribute of true nobility, and is ever allied with gentleness and forbearance. Hence the mastiff is *not* ferocious, but teems with true courage which, some observers may not perceive, is so buried beneath docility and self-respect that it may be supposed not to exist in him, because the faithful magnanimous animal is so conscious of his power that he is not prone to abuse it, being a genuine

conservative and patrician of his order. Thus in writing on *the* mastiff proper, it was important to show what is mastiff and what is *not*, and that certain breeds put before the public for mastiff, are not mastiff, but cross. We protest against deteriorating the grand national dog by foul crosses for any purpose, and especially sale or profit.



CHAPTER XI.

MASTIFFS.

DESIROUS of being impartial, we have inserted the foregoing, the contribution of a gentleman, who argues in defence of the mastiff in his unmixed purity, but we must state that many well-known breeders hold different opinions, and advocate crossing the mastiff with the bull-dog, to give him greater courage and strength.

The following anecdotes of mastiffs have been kindly furnished to us by their owners:—Ten years since the Rev. M. B. Wynne had a mastiff puppy of 8 months old presented to him. After being in his possession for some time he returned it to the donor, who gave it to a butcher at Winchester to keep. Previously to this, however, and during the time Mr. Wynne had it, he took the puppy with him one day to Winchester, a distance of twelve miles, and he drove at a rapid rate through by-lanes and over downs. One Sunday morning Mr. Wynne was surprised to see Alp, evidently half-starved, lying under his breakfast-table. He had found his way back to his old home. The Rev. F. W. de Castro speaks thus of his mastiff, Monarch (23). “Monarch, who takes his title from His Majesty the King (this refers to his sire, Field’s King),

was born in the royal parish of Kensington, on Dec. 9th, 1867. He came to me when he was about ten weeks' old, and a more funny ball of animated flesh I never saw; his weight was more than his hind legs could carry; he in a manner pulled himself along by his fore-legs; in this way he used to get round the yard several times in the day, for his constitutionals. As he got older, and his legs bore his corpus, he would often, especially when there was a shower, push himself into my retriever's kennel, and there squat, sometimes turning the old dog out. At last he used to bully the old dog so, that I had to 'collar and chain' him. It was his first experience of the yoke; his countenance showed his disgust of such treatment."

Mr. Frank Robinson's Turk (19) is remarkable for his docility and good temper. His present owner purchased him for the large sum of £450. He was one of a celebrated litter bred by Miss Aglionby, of Esthwaite, Hawkshead, North Lancashire, and has won innumerable prizes. In the summer of 1869 a cat kitted in his kennel, and remained there several weeks. Turk took the greatest interest in her progeny, and used to amuse himself by taking the kittens out, in his mouth, for an airing. His companions in the summer of 1870 were a little pug-puppy and a Persian kitten of two months' old. His great delight is to ride in a

Hansom or four-wheeled cab, and this often leads to amusing adventures ; for should he happen to see a cab, or indeed any kind of vehicle, with the door open, he is certain to jump inside, no matter who or what is already within."

Mr. Robinson, in a letter dated July 14th, 1870, says, "A few weeks ago Turk and I went down our steps to assist some friends, who had been dining with me, into their carriage. Immediately on my opening the brougham door, Turk jumped in and sat down, and seemed quite determined to enjoy himself. However, after some little difficulty, I got him out; but directly my friends were in, and the door was closed, he *jumped in through the window*. His dislike to butchers and to butchers' shops is so great that you cannot possibly induce him to pass one in the street. He is certain to run to the other side of the road." Turk, the good-tempered and affectionate dog as he is, seems fully aware of his position in the animal world, and appears delighted with admiration ; for says his owner, "he is very fond of going to a dog-show, and directly he sees the hamper in which he travels, he jumps inside and lies down ;" very possibly remembering his earned laurels, and desiring for more. Lion (21), the champion of the 1871 show at the Crystal Palace, has also been the winner of various prizes. We are sorry we have not an anecdote connected

with him, as from his extreme sagacity and docility we have no doubt there are many worthy of record. Miss Hales, of Hales Place, Canterbury, is the fortunate possessor of this noble creature. We also give photographs of Mr. Robinson's Juno (20) which took first prize at the Crystal Palace show, 1870; Rev. M. B. Wynne's King (22), and Rev. R. O. Yearsley's Hero (24), Mr. Field, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. Lukey possess magnificent specimens.

We hoped for some valuable information from Mr. Hanbury, who, however, wrote as follows:—
“I must, on consideration, forego my promise relative to the information on mastiffs. The fact of my being a breeder makes it extremely difficult to express my opinion on the subject without criticising other strains.”

The head of a mastiff should be massive, with a broad and flat forehead; flews deep; face short, with a square muzzle, not tapering towards the point of the nose; teeth level, but sometimes there is a slight projection of the lower. Ears small, thin, and totally pendent, lying close to the cheek, though set on farther back than in the hound, pointer, and setter; eyes small, but mild and intelligent in expression; they should be set wide apart. Neck muscular, with the head well set into it, showing a light prominence at the upper point of junction; it should

be short and free from "throatiness." Body very large, with deep and wide chest, well ribbed up, and a powerful loin; legs straight, with great bone (this point is not generally well displayed, owing to confinement, as is also the case with the next); feet round and close; coat short, and tail fine, but not too much tapered, and with a very slight indication of roughness: it should be carried low except when the dog is excited. Colour most to be desired is fallow (fawn), with black muzzle, and the richer the black the better; next to this comes the brindle, then red with black muzzle, or black; sometimes there is a considerable admixture of white, but this is not desirable. Height, from twenty-nine to thirty-one inches in the dog, and even more, if a fine symmetry can be obtained; bitches are two or three inches lower. A dog standing twenty-nine inches high ought to weigh, in good condition (not fat), from 120lbs. to 130lbs.

POINTS.

Head and Eyes	20
Muzzle	10
Flews and Ears	10
Neck and Shoulders	10
Back and Loin	8
Chest	7
Feet and Legs	10
Stern	5
Colour and Coat	10
Symmetry	10

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOUNT ST. BERNARD DOG.

No breed of dogs attracts so much general attention and admiration as the pure bred St. Bernard. This is easily accounted for. The romantic history attached to him; his well-known benevolence of character; his daring courage in emergency; his nobility of appearance and dignity of comportment; all subservient to one end, the salvation of human life, place the St. Bernard so prominently above his canine compeers as to make comparison invidious.

The mission of every other dog almost is to destroy life:—The bloodhound, as his name indicates, to track and to shed blood. The stag-hound, the foxhound, the harrier, the otter-hound, the bull-dog; all mean death to stag, the fox, the hare, the otter, and the bull, respectively. Pointers, setters, spaniels and retrievers, are all consenting parties, aiders and abettors in the sacrifice of life for which they are bred and educated, and as if the work of destruction of life above ground were not sufficient to satisfy canine craving, we have an endless variety of “terriers,” as their very

name implies, whose mission it is to "go to earth" with the same deadly end in view.

In marked contrast to every other breed of dog then, stands the St. Bernard, whose sole mission is to save life. The heroic self-denial with which he devotes his life to such a noble purpose, has by universal consent, hallowed by antiquity, entitled him to a prefix given to no other animal, that of "Saint." This breed of dogs was originally established by Saint Bernard de Meuthon, who, in the year A.D. 962, founded the well-known monastery on the Alps, between Switzerland and Italy, as a half-way house for wearied travellers between the two countries. In the Hospice Chapel, there is still to be seen a painting of the pious monk with his dog by his side.

Since then the monks have never been known to be without their dogs. Accidents involving great fatalities amongst their dogs have, from time to time, amid awful avalanches occurred; but these casualties were immediately replaced by dogs from the valleys round about, that had been sent out from the Hospice as puppies presented to the neighbouring nobility and gentry. In this way the breed has been kept distinct since the tenth century. The St. Bernard dogs are of two kinds, rough and smooth coated, both having the same general characteristics except in the length of coat.

The colour is various, tawny and brindle mostly prevailing; a clearly marked line up the face meeting a collar round the neck is considered a great point of excellence by the monks. Nothing would induce them to part with a dog of this marking, it being by them supposed to resemble the distinctive badge of their order, the piece of white lace they carry round their neck and down their back to round the waist. Dew claws too are esteemed an advantage, though in judging a St. Bernard undue stress should not be laid upon this point. The average height is about twenty-nine inches. The body should be massive and strong, the legs straight and full of bone and muscle, the head large and with benevolent aspect, the lips and eye-lids rather pendulous and full of character, the eye indicating quickness and intelligence; the ears should be larger than the mastiff, and the head gradually rise from between the ears to a bump on the top in a like position to the bump of benevolence on the human cranium; the feet should be large and flat; there is a slouching pace when walking, peculiar to the breed; unlike the horse, the near fore and hind legs move simultaneously in the same direction; so also is it with the off fore and hind legs. A St. Bernard, to be perfect, should be twice as long as he is in girth of chest, his chest be twice the girth of head, and girth of head twice his girth of fore-arm. It is

a very remarkable circumstance that the largest and best collection of these noble dogs in the world, is in England.

The Rev. Cumming Macdona, of West Kirby, Cheshire, who has of late years done so much to make this breed so fashionable, has a much larger kennel and of better quality than the monks themselves; in fact, they have written to Mr. Macdona, stating they rely upon him to replenish their present stock, should any mishap occur to it. His well-known champion dog, Tell, the winner of a quarter of a hundred first prizes, was never beaten, his length was 72 inches, and girth of chest 36. Tell retired upon his well earned laurels when he took the champion prize at the Crystal Palace 1870. He died in January, 1871. He has been engraved in Germany, France, England, and America, as the finest type of his class. His place is well followed up by the same gentleman's Meuthon, 80 inches in length and 40 in girth. The following are amongst the best known of Mr. Macdona's St. Bernards, Tell, Meuthon, Hedwig, Gessler, Altorf, Hospice, Alp, Bertha, Matterhorn, Thunder, Jura, Hero, Hermit, and Moltke amongst the rough-coated; and Monarque, Victor, Sultan, Bernard, Friar, Jungfrau, Swiss, Dranse, Nun, Dido, and Juno, amongst the smooth coated.

Mr. Macdona had the honour of presenting a very fine son of Tell and Hospice, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the year 1870, which is a great favourite with the royal children at Sandringham.

The number of dogs kept at the Hospice rarely ever exceeds six, in winter only four are used each day, two on the Italian side, and two on the Swiss side. Two monks, accompanied by two servants and two dogs, start at eight o'clock every morning down each side of the mountain, on the look-out for lost travellers.

In the winter of 1870, no less than six unfortunate "voyageurs" succumbed to the fearful cold before the dogs reached them, such a loss of life as this rarely ever occurs.

It would be hard to estimate the number of lives saved every year by these unselfish friends of humanity. Thousands of travellers cross the St. Bernard Pass every winter, out of whom hundreds owe their safety and lives to the guidance and unerring instinct, in tracking the paths, of these dogs.

Barry, the noblest of them all, died in the year 1815, having in his time saved over seventy-five lives—what a retrospect at the close of an eventful life! If "the sparrows fall not to the ground without our Father's care," need we despair of meeting dear old Barry in "the happy hunting

grounds," reserved for all that is noble, exalted and good in creation?

The following anecdote of Thunder (31) is related by his owner, Miss Hales, of Canterbury. He was imported from the Hospice at the age of three months. She says, "He is so exceedingly good-natured, and has so much of the real Mount St. Bernard disposition, that he has been frequently seen saving little chickens, which had fallen into his pan of water (which is very deep), and instead of taking them in his mouth to lift them out, as one would naturally expect, he puts his nose under them and lifts them out most quietly. I have often seen him doing this, and so have others; and sometimes, when I have passed his kennel, and stopped to notice him, I have observed him looking at me and then at something on the ground, to attract my attention to it; and I have found it to be a poor little chicken half-drowned, which he had just saved from his pan, and that he was anxious that I should take up and dry. He always allows the chickens to help themselves to his food before he takes it himself, but when he thinks it is time he also should have some, instead of frightening the chickens away, he quietly takes the can by its handle and walks inside his kennel with it."

The head of a Mount St. Bernard is remarkably

fine, majestic, and full of character ; the ears small, and set low ; the eyes deeply set, a crease between them, giving a mastiff character to the whole animal ; the lips are pendulous ; the white above the nose is continued in a blaze or streak up the forehead, and extends in a narrow line down the poll, meeting the white collar round the neck.

The coat, which appears to the casual observer hard and smooth, when closely examined, proves to be very thick and fleecy, and is well suited to repel cold by retaining the animal heat. If rough, the length and gloss should be considered ; if smooth, thickness and gloss. The tail is bushy, carried generally down between the hocks, but occasionally gaily ; and the gait or carriage of the dog much resembles the march of the lion.

The character of the dog is majestic and important. He has that true nobility possessed by the highest type of Newfoundland. The same thoughtful, observant eye, the wide brow, the muscular neck, the enormous loin, and sinewy arms and thighs, and the large round arched feet and toes ("*pattes enormes*" the monks called them), and that general intimation of power and sense and benevolence which no other domesticated animal possesses in the same degree.



29—Hilda.
30—Hermit.

38—Dick.
31—Thunder.

27—A group of Rev. C. Macdona's
Mount St. Bernards.

28—Monarque.
32—Hope.

4—Warrior.
40—Kit.

39—Jenny.

POINTS.

Head	20
Line of White on Neck	10
Frame	10
Symmetry	10
Legs and Feet	10
Size	20
Dew Claws	10
Coat	10



CHAPTER XIII.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY DR. STABLES, M.D., R.N.

THE following interesting and amusing article on the noble breed of Newfoundlands contributed by Dr. Stables of H.M.S. *Pembroke* we give *in extenso*.

“God bless me, Jack,” said I, “who would have dreamt of seeing you here?”

“Do you question my right?” answered Jack, smiling, as he held out his brown hand to return my greeting. Jack was first mate of an American vessel hailing from the northern coasts of that country. We had been together at college in the far north, but Jack’s unusual facetiousness, love of fun, and abnormal sense of the ridiculous, had gained for him, instead of a degree, rustication. I had been sitting in the snugery of an hotel in one of the fair cities of the sister isle, famed more for its poteen than its patriotism, enjoying what an Irishman called his three p’s (p’s),—the pipe, the pot, and the paper,—when my friend entered in his usual slap-dash style. I was really glad to see him, and it was some time before we could think

of aught but ourselves. After the first rattling fire of questions and answers had in some measure subsided, says Jack to me—

“Well, I’ve brought him old fellow, and won’t he be a beauty!”

“Brought him,” said I; “brought whom?”

“Why, man, your dog; wasn’t it your last words to me before I sailed?”

“By George,” cried I, “have you? Where is he?”

“Here,” said Jack, and turning towards the door with melodramatic action. “Theodore Nero, jump!” he cried. There was a loud impatient bark outside, then a bound against the top of the door, which opened with a dash, and the present brown-eyed subject of these memoirs stood before me for the first time, looking anxiously up into Jack’s face as if for further orders. It was fully a minute before either of us spoke or the dog moved, by which time I was convinced Jack had made me a noble present.

Jack marked with pleasure my beaming face, then shook my hand.

“He’s yours,” he said; “develop him, as I know you can. He’s but a puppy of seven months; but when he grows”—

“Grows!” interrupted I, pointing to the marks of his paws on the door, like the imprint of a pair of

muddy boxing gloves, at least five and a half feet from the ground.

Nero submitted to my caresses with a very bad grace, for a divided heart is no part of a real Newfoundland's nature; and he never shows a spark of affection where he does not feel it. Smaller dogs on the other hand often pretend friendship—this is mere policy, and generally instigated by fear. Observe a little wiry terrier or street-bred cur come suddenly on a large Newfoundland on the street; observe with what abject servility of motion and action he crawls up to him, his belly in the dust, and his wagging tail between his legs, while with raised eyes he seems to say, "Oh what a noble dog you are! What arms! what legs! and what a head! and how I love you all at once; but you wouldn't eat a poor little cur like me, would you?"

But the Newfoundland, strong in the sense of his own might, despises subterfuge, and never stoops to falsehood.

Thinking the nearest road to Nero's confidence was through his stomach, I ordered a plate of chicken bones, and a large hunk of bread for him. This I gave him with my own hand and he seemed to think he had completely repaid me with a wag of his monstrous tail; a tail by-the-bye which would do excellently well as a punka, and with

which he is constantly making raids on the crockery and sweeping glasses and tumblers from the table.

On my friend's departure, having procured a cord, which I was quietly allowed to place about Nero's neck, we made our exit, and commenced our journey to my lodgings; the dog taking charge, and dragging his newly made master after him at a most undignified trot. I was too well pleased, however, at his taking the right road, to grumble. My pleasure was short-lived. On coming to the end of the street, after a glance or two up and down, he commenced to drag again, and, as the aeronauts say, we now "took a westerly direction"—my road being to the east. This, of course I opposed. Hitherto, it would seem he had ignored my presence, evidently considering me as so much dead weight which, somehow, had got attached to him; he now turned round and deliberately surveyed me in a manner which made me feel anything but comfortable. By exerting all my strength and powers of persuasion, I just succeeded so far: Master Nero sat down, but "Home with me? No; he could not think of such a thing."

As a crowd soon collected, and as several little boys unhesitatingly put me down as a professional dog-stealer, I had to try to look as unconcerned as possible, though feeling very ill at ease, while

Nero sat on his haunches, with his red tongue over lapping his ivory teeth, and surveyed the mob with the air of a prince.

Happily a car came to the rescue and the driver fairly lifted him on board.

“By my sowl thin, and its the divil’s own weight he is,” said the fellow, as we drove off amid the cheers of the ragged crowd.

At the door I was met by my landlady herself. Now this tidy little woman had but one fault—her excessive and tiresome cleanliness. She never appeared without her eternal dust-rag, with which she kept flick-flicking everything, always and everywhere. Born she must have been with a broom in her mouth. Dust dared not float, far less lie in her rooms. Flies, as a rule, avoided the house, or if one unwarily intruded, it was followed, stalked, and dodged, and finally killed, and triumphantly marched off with on a japanned shovel. I brushed past her as quickly as possible with Nero.

“Thonomon diaoul!” I heard her exclaim, as I made my way to the back-door. “I’m spacheless, Och! and ain’t I clane claning after ye for evermore, and haven’t ye a cat and a canary, a rat and a rabbit, and an unholy baste in a bottle av whiskey, besides a box full av butterflies, and now you’ve brought me a calf. Och, wurra, wurra, it’ll be the death of me entirely.”

“Hush! hush!” cried I. “Didn’t your father keep a pig in his parlour?”

“Is it the pig?” was her answer: “the creature! And sure, wasn’t it dacint and human then?”

This was the first and last scene about Nero with the “widder of poor Paddy McKoy,” as she pathetically styled herself, and (I merely mention the fact to show the extreme cleanliness of this breed of dog when properly tended) before a fortnight was over he had the run of the house, and slept nightly at my bedroom door.

Owing to the thickness of his coat, I doubt if there is any dog that 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 should 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; and I rather suspect the gallant commander of our ship might object to see these feathered gentry strutting up and down his snow-white quarterdeck. If in good health and properly groomed, a Newfoundland dog ought to smell as sweetly as a lady's muff.

The first grooming that Nero had was a very laborious business. The puppy hair, burned red in his transatlantic voyage, stuck on end all over his back. Every bit of it came away with the first combing, as much as would stuff a decent-sized arm-chair for one's grandmother. Then he had a tub and a scrub, and when dry I thought more of my present than ever.

For days after he came into my possession, Nero mourned for his old master, refusing all food, and not replying to my caresses. However, I liked him all the better for this, and by degrees he came round; and now, like a true Newfoundland, he obeys no one but myself.

But the evil time was drawing nigh for him, and a trying time, although it was the means of displaying many of the best of his qualities. About six weeks after his landing he began to get less frisky, ate less and less every day, till at last he refused all food. At the same time his coat lost its silky gloss and stood on end, his bright eyes

grew dull, and I knew from experience that he was to all intents and purposes plague-stricken. Distemper was in his blood. What lover of dogs does not know that dreadful disease—the scourge of the canine race? Who has not marked with sorrow the gradually wasting form of his poor favourite, who no longer bounds to greet his coming; his blood-shot, mattery eyes, his quick and heated breathing passing on to all the symptoms of dysentery and inflammation of lungs combined!

For two months nothing entered poor Nero's mouth except what was put there by the spoon. If any reader has a dog in distemper whose life he would save, let him send for a veterinary surgeon of *skill*,—for few among them know much of dog diseases,—let him treat the poor animal rationally, and he will probably recover. Distemper is to be treated much the same as typhus fever in the human being,—every symptom attended to, and every complication watched and combated on appearing. To attempt to cure distemper by any of the so-often-advertised and never-to-be-too-much-condemned nostrums of the quack, would meet with as much success, and merit as little, as a band of schoolboys with pop-guns attempting to stem the charge of a body of Prussian Uhlans.

Nero's patience, under his terrible sufferings, was quite affecting to behold. The crisis came at last, and he lived. Then the genial days of spring, and long walks into the country, soon set him on his legs again, and banished even the dregs of the disease; and he never has had a day's sickness since, unless I may say once, when, for a whole week, he turned up his nose at his dinner, being in fact very deeply in love; and what made the thing more ridiculous was, that the object of his affections was a black-and-tan toy terrier, under five pounds weight. This small lady was travelling with her mistress, and sojourned for a fortnight at an hotel. Whenever I went out Nero started from my side, and sure lover never yet hied him to the presence of lady-love with the swiftness he sped to his. He galloped off at such a rate as to be scarcely visible, leaving me to follow at my leisure, certain of finding him at the hotel.

Nor was this reckless race of his unattended with danger to the lieges. One morning, a peaceful baker crossed his track, and in a moment he lay prone, his loaves were scattered to the four winds of heaven, while the basket continued the journey on its own account. Another day, an unfortunate mechanic with bag of tools turned a corner at an unlucky moment, and Nero ran through him, as it appeared to me, and the man bit the dust. How-

ever, this liaison of Nero's bore good fruits in the long run; had it not been for this, probably he would not now be lying at my feet. Going so often to the hotel as I had to, I thought myself in duty bound to call for something for the good of the house. The landlord was a very amusing old fellow, had been all through the Indian Mutiny, and could spin a very good yarn; so that it soon got to be a habit with me to drop in of an evening and smoke a cigar. One dark winter's evening, in one of the principal thoroughfares, I suddenly found I had lost my dog. It was in vain I halloed and whistled; and although I waited fully half an hour, I saw him no more that night. It was all the more provoking, in that it was my own fault; I had gone into a shop while he was behind; he had missed me, and rushing past, disappeared in the darkness. Next morning early I was making the rounds of all the police stations; in fact, before evening I had driven over half the city to look at dogs which had been found during the night, and fully answered to the description of mine. In every case I was disappointed; and after advertising and ordering bills, I returned, tired and sad, to my now lonely rooms. The weather had changed during the day to snow, and in the quiet street where I lived it lay soft and clean at least five inches deep. This was lucky for me; for no sooner had I opened my

door, than who should I meet but Nero himself. There was a fond cry, and rather much of a bound, for I immediately found myself on my back almost suffocated with the snow and the dog's caresses. To each of the tradesman's shops at which I dealt I afterwards found he had galloped in succession, and, muddy and breathless, he had arrived at my friend's, the hotel-keeper, at eleven o'clock, where he was kept for the night and sent home in the morning. Had I not changed my lodgings the very day I lost him, in all probability he would have found his way home.

Most Newfoundlands are easily taught to keep well in to heel. Nero is no exception; although, being young, the inclination to run and have a game of romps with another dog is sometimes irresistible, and brings its own punishment in the shape of *moderate* flagellation, for I think a dog can always be better ruled by words than blows.

During the last summer, which was very hot, there was one particularly crowded part of a street in Margate where I resided. Every day for several days, as I passed this spot, I missed the dog from my side; and just as I had given him up for lost, he appeared, looking peculiarly satisfied about something. On the fourth or fifth occasion I watched him, and, at the same spot, he stole quietly from my side, and rather to my surprise,

I saw him slink into a gin palace at the corner, where, on entering, I found him enjoying, not a pint of beer, but a tumbler of water, and actually the man had put a lump of ice in it.

“Does he often come here?” said I.

“A regular customer,” replied the man, “for a week back.”

And so he continued.

With few exceptions, dogs, I believe, care little for music. I play the violin indifferently well, and my last dog, a fine Labrador, never heard the strains of the instrument without throwing himself at my feet, where he remained entranced till I had finished, when he would rise, solemnly shake himself, and walk away. Nero, while evincing no regard for, is still tolerant of my performances, so far only as melody is concerned. Harmony he cannot bear; that is, it frightens him. For example, if I play chords along with the piece, he jumps up, snuffs at and closely examines the fiddle and my face with a most superstitious countenance, and finally barks me down, and gets turned outside the door. Street bands are his particular abomination. Pity the German band that blow up as he is passing. They are instantly and angrily dispersed, and more than once have I seen him single out one poor wretch, generally the trombone, give chase, and having pulled him to the ground by the coat-tails, return

to me, shaking his tail, and looking very much ashamed apparently at having given vent to his wrath.

By the kind permission of our commander, Nero is allowed on board (H.M.S. *Pembroke*, Sheerness), where he leads a very happy life, going on shore daily for his run and his swim. He prefers the latter mode of going on shore to boating. He has been taught to make a bow, and never comes on board without duly saluting the quarter-deck in man-o'-war fashion. This making a bow is also handy in many ways. If you ask him if he is hungry or thirsty, as the case may be, a low bow is an answer in the affirmative. If very hungry a loud accompanying bark makes the answer more emphatic.

In the water the strength of this dog is prodigious. He swims fast and well, and high out of the water, and can support a man for any distance. Although Nero has not yet had the pleasure of garotting a thief, or saving a mamma's darling from the treacherous waves, he is a faithful watchdog, brave even to a fault, and moreover seems to have the natural instinct to save life and property from the water. Without being told to, he swam out, through the breakers, and brought in a flag which he had seen blown into the sea. One day a retriever fell from an open port. Nero saw the

accident from a boat, and at once leaped overboard, and swam towards him; he attempted to seize the dog by the neck, but all the thanks he got was a snarl and a bite, for his kind intention was misconstrued, and Sambo was as much at home in the water as he himself. Equally little thanks did he receive for one day paddling up to me, enjoying a pleasant swim, and in a quiet business-like manner attempting to pull me in by the shoulder.

Nero is a very gentlemanly dog. He never provokes a fight, nor plays the bully; yet, though good-tempered, terrible is the punishment of the dog who has incurred his displeasure.

Once, when a bull-dog that had fastened on his neck, could not be got rid of by any amount of shaking, Nero fell on him so heavily that the creature could barely crawl away, and his savage master, who had set him on, wanted damages from me because his "poor doggie had been spitting blood ever since, your honour."

The other day a brown retriever, who had dared to seize Nero's stick in the water, after being well thrashed on the beach, was dragged into the water and lain upon. He must have swallowed pints of salt water, for he was nearly dead before I succeeded, at the expense of a thorough wetting, in dragging Nero off. Nero (35) has only as yet been

once exhibited, viz., at Crystal Palace in 1870, where he gained the second prize.

In conclusion, Theodore Nero begs me to say that he is come of a very ancient and noble Newfoundland stock; but as registration is unknown in his otherwise favoured island, his pedigree is not come-at-able, which however he does not regret, as it gives him the glorious opportunity of becoming chief of his clan and founder of his family; and so he makes his bow to the British public—*his bow with a bark.*

Of Cato (33) (the property of the Rev. S. Atkinson), winner of twelve first prizes, a second, and a third, the following interesting anecdote is given:—"Scarcely two months after this noble creature gained the first prize at the Crystal Palace Dog-show, in June, 1870, he gallantly rescued his master and a lady from a watery grave. On Monday, the 15th of August, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Atkinson was sitting with some friends on the sands at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea. There was a strong north-east wind blowing and heavy sea on, so much so, that the herring-boats rode at anchor in the bay. Four ladies went in to bathe; of these, two returned to the machine to dress, leaving two in the water; just then Mrs. Atkinson took her husband's walking stick to throw



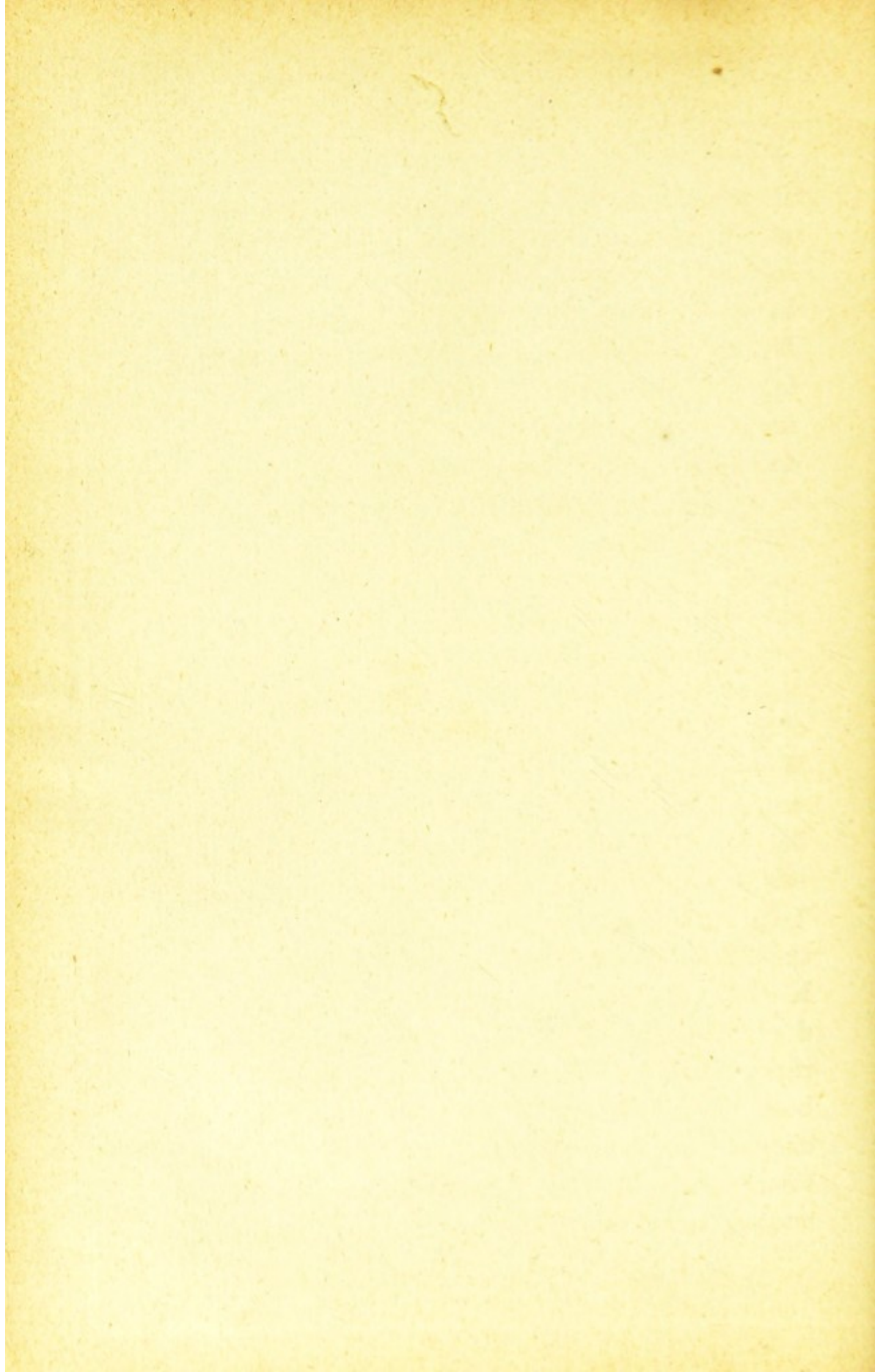
12—Setters,
13—Bruce,

34—Norah,
35—Theodore Nero.

17—Duke,
20—Juno.

50—Blenny,
36—Shep.

14—Young Bounce,
33—Cato.



into the waves for Cato to bring out, and about a minute after a cry of distress arose. The two ladies, Mrs. W—— and Miss G. F——, appeared to be struggling in the water, and crying for help. Mr. Atkinson, although unable to swim, and looking vainly for aid from other quarters, accordingly made his way to Mrs. W——, sometimes on his feet, and sometimes off them, as he got into the rough, or was lifted by the waves. After reaching Mrs. W——, he saw a boat approaching, which he afterwards learned was propelled by a long pole, as oars were not at hand at the moment. The boat was also helped on by a fair stern wind, and as it neared Miss G. F——, a man held out the “tiller” of the boat to her, which she seized, leaving Mrs. W—— and Mr. Atkinson still struggling in the water. Mr. Atkinson then tried for the shore, but Mrs. W—— was exhausted, and he found himself unable to make way owing to the “sweep,” “under current” or “suck” seawards. It was then that he saw Cato for the first time, just at his left side, and throwing his left arm over the dog’s shoulder, whilst he held Mrs. W—— with his right, Cato set himself to work and swam them both out of danger. During this scene the excitement on shore had been intense, and the spectators observed that Cato, before going to his master, seized Mrs. W——’s bathing-dress twice,

but the garment gave way each time. When the cry was first raised, the faithful dog was higher up on the shore with his mistress; no one called on him, no one sent him to the rescue; but Cato saw how matters stood, and with the brave instinct of a faithful Newfoundland, he became the preserver of two human lives."

We also give a photograph of "Norah" (34) also the property of the Rev. T. Atkinson.

We have also another interesting anecdote here of the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog—"A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came upon the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The dog at once understood his meaning, and sprung into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own bit of wood, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and

determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board was saved."

In *The Animal World* of March, 1870, is contained a very affecting story of a Newfoundland, called Leo. This dog had taken a great fancy to an old farmer's wife, whom his master used to visit at times. She was equally fond of the animal. Leo one day delighted her much by taking a rabbit he had caught, placing it on her knee, and, with sundry knowing barks, begged her acceptance of it. At last the poor old lady, who was suffering from an incurable cancer, got worse—her time was at hand. Leo's master went one day and found there was much blood on the bed, a fresh artery in the wound having just burst. Leo was instantly shut out, as it was thought he would be much in the way. After a few words of condolence had been spoken, the old lady asked for Leo, at the same time groping about at the bedside for him. She was told he was outside, and that it was thought best not to have within. "Oh, let him come—let him come in just this once more."

His master opened the door thinking to have time to school Leo as to his conduct; but he slipped in at once, and instead of his usual demonstrations of delight at seeing his old friend, he solemnly

walked to the bedside, and after a moment of seeming consideration, raised himself on it by his two forepaws, and stretching over to the fullest extent of his reach, most gently licked the poor face, which, half buried as it was, was very difficult to get to.

“Ah!” exclaimed Peggy, “there’s likely none o’ my own kind, or, for that matter, o’ my own nearest kin, as would have been willing to kiss me as I am now.”

There was a singular delicacy and tenderness in the manner of the dog as he performed this act, and then dropped quietly down by the side of the bed, there sitting motionless, his head hanging down, solemn and sad. On leaving the house, Leo, instead of his usual manner after a call, barking or jumping about, made no noise, crept quietly along after his master, head down, solemn and earnest. His favourite pond, where he was always wont to beg for his master’s stick to be thrown in, was passed by without a thought. On reaching home he went straight to his kennel without a bark or sound. It was the last time he ever saw his poor old friend Peggy. Death claimed her as his own within a day or two from Leo’s visit.

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 close-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

CHAPTER XIV.

SHEEP-DOGS.

MANY a weary mile travel these faithful creatures to guard and protect their masters' flocks, and to guide them into their right path. Their masters are for the most part in a humble station in life, and with these dogs brave the most inclement weather. A strong attachment generally exists between them; and if the sheep-dog has not the beauty of form we admire in other classes, it has a beauty of character others more favoured of its race might envy. The following anecdotes taken from *The Animal World*, show their attributes of fidelity and sagacity. "In passing over one of the Welsh mountains I observed a gentleman unmercifully beating with a cord a large dog who was crouching at his feet. On my approaching the place he desisted, and the poor brute, who had, it appears, been chastised for chasing a flock of sheep, looked wretchedly humbled, as might be expected under such circumstances. Master and dog now resumed their journey. The latter, who was following, soon slackened his speed; he had espied some sheep. His natural tendency was again aroused—the temptation could not be resisted; away he scampered in

the direction of the sheep, and was in full pursuit of them before his owner had discovered his truancy. By dint of shouting and whistling he was made to understand his master's eye was upon him, and he sneaked back like a guilty dog as he was; but scarcely had he reached his master, when a stout, thick-set fellow (who happened to be the shepherd), made his appearance, and in an insolent manner demanded to know of the latter if the dog belonged to him, and on being answered in the affirmative, angrily exclaimed, 'take that then,' at the same time dealing him a heavy blow with his fist: 'I'll pay you for keeping dogs to worry my sheep.' Almost simultaneously the animal fastened upon the throat of the assailant, dragging him to the earth, where he held him until the interposition of the authority of his owner. In this incident the faithful creature not only proved his attachment to his master, but afforded a fine illustration of requiting good for evil."—*Robert Bond*.

A correspondent states a remarkable instance of canine sagacity which occurred lately at Worksop. Mr. Scott, farm bailiff to Mr. Wainman, who has left the Castle Farm, at Worksop, removed to Whitley Manor, near Newport, Shropshire, with his master, taking a favourite shepherd dog with him. Mr. Scott, a few days afterwards, had to return to Worksop to attend at the valuation of the

farm, leaving his faithful animal at home. One night the dog was missing from home. A letter was sent to a daughter at Worksop, who at once went to the Castle Farm, and there she found the faithful animal. It had actually walked a distance of eighty-one miles in search of its master, having to pass through Newport, Stone, Derby, and Mansfield, to Worksop, an entire stranger to the road. The dog was sent back by rail. Mr. Scott had returned to Newport before the dog arrived at the Castle Farm.

James Hogg, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," declares that dogs know what is said on subjects in which they feel interested. A farmer had a dog, that for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of his life, met him at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same—she met him at that spot; and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. She could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family.

The same writer speaks of another sheep-dog, named Hector, which had a similar tact in picking up what was said. One day he observed to his mother, "I am going to-morrow to Bowerhope for a fortnight; but I will not take Hector with me, for he

is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs." Hector, who was present and overheard the conversation, was missing next morning, and when Hogg reached Bowerhope, there was Hector sitting on a knoll, waiting his arrival. He had swum across a flooded river to reach the spot.

The late Dr. J. Maculloch has related of his own knowledge that a shepherd dog always eluded the intentions of the household regarding him, if aught was whispered in his presence that did not coincide with his wishes.

The portrait we give is of Mr. Pascoe's Shepherd (36) the winner of the first prize at the Plymouth Dog Show, in 1870. He is a very faithful animal, and will hunt either rabbit, woodcock, hare, or partridge, better than many a spaniel. The owner says, "I very often see him when a stranger passes my house (which is close by the highway) with a flock of sheep, keep them up the lane, without being asked, and when he thinks he has gone far enough, he will return home."

The English sheep-dog, both rough and smooth, is to be found of various colours. It is a common thing to see them grizzle, black, red, brindled, or for the most part, white; and the smooth dog we have observed also of a dull rust colour patched with black. This variety has frequently what are called "china" or "walled eyes." As the shep-

herd's dog under the old excise laws was only exempt from tax when the tail was cut off, it was formerly always removed, and in process of time many mothers produced litters, or parts of a litter, wholly without tails.

The English rough dog has nearly always a wiry muzzle, and a good useful hard coat of hair over his whole body. The best specimens are said not to be so long in leg as the generality of dogs, and when they had tails they carried them lower than the Scotch dog. They have good feet and legs, and are possessed of iron constitutions. In those districts where large numbers of sheep are kept, great attention is paid to their education, and a good sheep-dog is considered as indispensable to the well doing of a flock as a good shepherd.

The Scotch colley, or Highland sheep-dog is, in our opinion, a far more graceful animal, and his sense and intelligence are equal to any breed of dogs in the world. Two races are to be found in Scotland, the rough and the smooth. The rough or shaggy-coated colley is the most choice description; for his impenetrable warm thick coat is a good protection to him when duty calls him to face the storms and mists and snows of the wild mountains, especially when the stragglers of his flock have been covered by the snowdrifts, and he goes in search of them with his master. He has a fine

foxlike muzzle; full, expressive, but rather crafty eyes; small ears, dropping forward, and the mask of his face is smooth. From the base of the skull the whole of the neck and the entire body are protected by a deep, warm, long coat of various colours, sometimes black, with tan points; sometimes sandy, or of various mixed greys, some of which are singularly beautiful and picturesque. There is generally a very fine white line down the forehead, not amounting to a blaze, as in the spaniels. His legs (especially the hind legs, from the hocks) are bare, that is, not feathered; and for many years, authorities on the dog have described the colley as having one, or even two, dew claws on each hind leg, which is indeed generally the case. His neck is long, and rather arched; his shoulders are set well back, and very powerful; the elbow is well let down; the forearm is short; the ankles or pasterns are long, and rather small for his size; and the feet are round, arched, and have excellent thick hard soles, the chest is deep, but rather narrow; he is broad over his back; his loins are well arched; his hips are wide; his thighs are muscular, and he is inclined to go rather wide behind; the tail is very bushy and large, and carried up when he is in motion, and when he is controlling his excitement it is turned over his back.

The smooth Scotch dog is of a sandy colour,

although occasionally he may be met with of the black tan or mixed tints.

POINTS.

Head	25
Ears and Eyes	10
Legs and Feet	15
Shoulders	10
Chest	10
Back and Loins	10
Colour and Coat	10
Symmetry	10



CHAPTER XV.

DALMATIAN, OR CARRIAGE DOG.

THIS class of dog appears to be more usefully employed in other countries than in our own. Although some writers affirm that it rarely develops sufficient sense or sagacity to be instructed in any of the ordinary offices of the dog, we also hear, on the other hand, of its being the common harrier in Italy, and that it can also be used as a pointer. Dalmatia is its native land, and for upwards of two centuries it has been domesticated in Italy. In our own country it is used but as an attendant upon a carriage; the symmetry of its form and its soft, shiny, speckled coat are greatly admired by some connoisseurs of the canine race. It shows the greatest affection for its companion, the horse; and if kept in a stable with several, it has been known to select one for its special marks of favour. To give an instance of this, we relate the following anecdote from Jesse:—

“The late Mr. Thomas Walker, of Manchester, had a small Dalmatian, accustomed to be in the stable with two of the horses, and to lie in the stall with one, to which he was particularly attached. The servant who took care of the horses was

ordered to Stockport, distant about seven miles, upon one of them, and he took the one above-mentioned, the favourite of the dog. He left the other with the dog in the stable, being afraid the dog might be lost on the road. After the man and the horse had been gone about an hour, some one going into the stable let the dog out, and he set off at once after his companion. The man finished the business and was just leaving Stockport, when he was surprised to meet the dog coming at great speed down the hill into the town; he seemed greatly rejoiced to see the horse—his companion.”

But we can also relate another instance of its fondness for one horse in particular. Some years since a gentleman residing in Devonshire possessed a very handsome specimen of a Dalmatian, which he named Lyn. She had been presented to him when she was quite a puppy, and as she grew older she was assigned to the stable in which were three horses: two of these were driven together in a barouche. When Lyn accompanied them she never would follow anywhere else but close by the side of Nemo. She strictly avoided any companionship with the other horse, either at home or abroad. Nemo was ill, and for some time the third horse had to be substituted for him in the carriage. Nothing would tempt Lyn out, with all her fondness for a run. She lay close to

Nemo for many days, and until the horse was well enough for exercise Lyn never left him even for a run in the yard close by.

Dibden, in his "Tour through England," relates rather an amusing story. One summer he took with him in his wanderings through Cumberland and Scotland, a Dalmatian, whose great delight was to chase the sheep even to the summits of the most rugged steeps. In one of his gambols a black lamb took a fancy to her spotted playfellow. The dog never attempted to injure it, but seemed rather astonished at the lamb's growing familiarity, for it commenced to paw and play with him. At length the shepherd's boy appeared, and a long chase ensued; the boy wishing to reclaim the lamb to its fold, and the creature being as fully determined not to be parted from the dog. Towards close of day the lamb however was firmly secured, but never again did the Dalmatian follow sheep; for, as Dibden says, "the unexpected offer of amity to the Dalmatian seemed ever after to operate as a friendly admonition."

In choosing a Dalmatian, the following description should be a guide—

The principal points are, that the whole of the body should be one mass of black or liver-coloured spots, on a white ground, about the size of a shilling. Any running of the colour into the white is

very objectionable ; in fact, a very lightly spotted dog, if distinctly marked, is preferred to one whose spots run into the white, and give it a grisly appearance. The ears and tail should be spotted clearly also ; but this is a very rare occurrence. The shape and make of the dog should be as much like the large-sized bull-terrier as possible. As regards fancy, the black-spotted is preferred to the liver-spotted variety, the latter being more delicate, and not so effective in appearance.

POINTS.

Marking	50
Colour	30
Symmetry	20



CHAPTER XVI.

BULL-DOG.

THIS breed of dog is not so popular or so well known at the present time as in years gone by, when it was used for the purpose of bull-baiting, a pastime now happily extinct in England. These animals are now principally bred by professional dog-fanciers, and for no special purpose. In appearance, as we all know, the dog is far from prepossessing. In fact (strange anomaly) the uglier it is, the greater beauty it is deemed. The peculiar formation of the mouth leads some innocent persons to imagine that the dog has been tampered with in its early days, and to exemplify this we record the following remark which we overheard at the show of 1871 at the Crystal Palace. A lady was intently watching one of this breed, and with a very pitying expression,—“Poor thing, poor thing,” she said; and turning to the keeper she continued, “How dreadfully cruel it is! You break their noses don’t you, when they are young.” The keeper assured her such was not the case, but she apparently imagined the good man was indulging in a falsehood for the sake of pacifying her. It has often been said the bull-dog is of ferocious and bad disposition, but this is quite untrue, and the follow-

ing anecdotes prove its generosity and faithfulness. A writer in *The Animal World*, signing himself J. B., says:—"Many years since, I was walking through Chapel Street, Edgware Road, when I was attracted by the conduct of two dogs, the one a bull-dog, the other a sort of mastiff, much larger and evidently longing for a battle; he attacked the other and tried to make him fight, but the bull-dog, whose very countenance expressed good temper, after defending himself at first, walked quietly away. Determined to quarrel with some body, the mastiff seized on a small terrier, who was passing, and laid him shrieking and yelping on his back; in an instant the generous bull-dog flew back to the rescue, drove off the savage, and having rescued the little sufferer, refused to fight any more and again walked away. The mastiff watched his retreating hero, and when he thought he was far enough off not to interfere, he attacked his poor little victim a second time, but his champion heard the cry, and again rushed to his aid. When once more freed from his persecutor, the bull-dog, this time, did not leave him; the terrier rubbed his nose against his friend's, wagged his tail, and in some way whispered in his ear that he still needed his protection. They then walked away together, the bull-dog evidently to see him safe home, as it was in a contrary direction to that which he had at first taken. The discomfited tyrant did not

venture to attack him again, but stood looking subdued and sulky. Several persons with myself were spectators of this scene of canine generosity and ill-temper."

In our collection of portraits, this class of dog is represented by one of the finest specimens ever known. We allude to Old King Dick, and we give the following touching narrative of his death.

Among the numerous visitors to the various Dog Shows in London and the provinces, between the years 1861 and 1865, Old King Dick (37) was a universal favorite. An equal favorite was his majesty with the judges, for in those five years, he won no less than sixteen prizes. The manner of his death clearly exemplifies the affectionate disposition, the fidelity and attachment, of a breed of dog too often considered to possess only a ferocious and unfeeling nature. His master, Mr. Jacob Lamphier, a well-known breeder of this species, was afflicted with consumption, and at intervals, during the last twelve months of his life, was confined to his room. Old King Dick being a great favorite, was his constant companion. In April, 1866, Mr. L. died. Dick was at the time confined to the yard, and continued to be so till after the funeral. The first day he was let loose, he instantly rushed upstairs into his master's room, made straight for the easy-chair in which his master used to

sit, but it was vacant ; he put his paws on the bed, looked under it, rushed backwards and forwards crying piteously, ran to a back room which he searched thoroughly, coming back he went to the chair and bed again. Miss Lamphier, who was in the room, tried to comfort him, but without success ; he lay himself down on the rug before the fire, and never seemed to lift his head up again. No caress, no endearments, could rouse him. He refused all food that was offered him, and it was with great difficulty he was drenched with some beef-tea. Stimulants were also given him ; but all was of no avail : he gradually fell away from the fat heavy dog that he had been to a complete skeleton, and on the fourth day after he had missed his old master, King Dick himself was dead.

The skull of the bull-dog should be large, high, and broad, the cheeks extending prominently beyond the eyes, and the forehead should be well creased or wrinkled, and flat. The eyes should be black and round, not very large, situated in front of the head, wide apart, neither prominent nor deeply set, the corners at right angles with a line drawn down the centre of the face. The " stop " (which is an indentation between the eyes) should extend up the face a considerable length. The face as short as possible from the front of the cheek bone to the end of the nose—deeply wrinkled. The muzzle should turn

up. The chop—that is the fleshy part of the muzzle—should be broad and deep, and should perfectly cover the teeth. The nose should be large and black. The lower jaw should project, and the nose should be set well back, and the lower jaw should turn upwards. The neck moderately long, well arched, with a good dewlap. The ears should be small, and on the top of the head. Three descriptions of ear are permitted, called “rose,” “button,” and “tulip.” The rose ear folds at the back, the tip laps over outwards, exposing part of the inside; the button ear falls in front, hiding the interior completely; the tulip ear is quite erect, and is allowed to be an undesirable form.

The chest should be wide and deep, the back short, wide across the shoulders, and not so wide across the loins; ribs round. There should be a slight fall behind the shoulders, and the spine should rise at the loins, falling rapidly to the stern, and well arched. The stern should be moderately thick where it joins the body, and be fine to the point. It should have a decided downward carriage. The tail should be of moderate length; a long tail having a curve at the end, commonly called the “ring-tail,” being objectionable. So also is the “screw-tail,” so often met with in this breed, as being indicative of excessive in-breeding. The tail should be low in its setting on also. The

fore-legs should be strong, muscular, and straight, though some authorities say they should be slightly *bowed*, others consider this a malformation in any dog; they should be short, the elbow well let down. The hind-legs should be rather longer in proportion than the fore-legs, so as to raise the loins; the hocks straight, and the stifles should not turn out, which must be the case if the hocks approach each other. The fore-feet should be well arched, and moderately round, and the toes well split up. The feet should turn neither in nor out; they should be small, and the hind-feet of the same character. The coat should be fine and smooth; the colour whole or unmixed, and may be red, red-smut, fawn, fawn-smut, fallow, fallow-smut, or blue-fawn, or white, which we prefer. With all these points and properties he must be symmetrical. His action is rather slovenly, his hind-legs not being lifted high as he runs. He varies in weight from 15lbs. to 60lbs.

POINTS.

Head	25
Ears and Eyes	10
Stop and Shortness of Face	10
Chop, Nose, and Jaw	10
Neck	5
Chest and Loins	10
Legs and feet	15
Stern	5
Colour and Coat	10

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BULL-TERRIER.

THE bull-terrier is one of our best known and most popular breeds of dogs, and deservedly so; for in whatever station you find him, from the easy luxurious life of the crack show-dog of the day, tired of repeated honours, down to the sturdy shortfaced cheney nosed half-bred, you will still find him the same,—always faithful, always ready; a perfect mitrailleuse among rats, the terror of cats. Bull-terriers have for many years been recognised as a distinct breed, and have always found a place at dog shows. The best specimens are generally found in the Midland counties, in fact, you seldom find a really good bull-terrier in the North of England; the natives in those parts preferring the Bedlington or the more aristocratic Dandie Dinmont. As a thoroughly game determined dog, the bull-terrier has probably no equal, but he is generally deficient in nose; in fact the more of the bull cross there is in the dog the more apparent this deficiency becomes. Bull-terriers differ very much in size, more so perhaps than any other breed of dogs. Many of the best prize dogs in the large class, weigh as much as thirty-five pounds and even more, while you will find many, particularly in

the London districts, weighing only eight or nine pounds; but these are mostly of the shortfaced, "apple skulled" type, and are quite a different class from the modern show dog, with his flat forehead, long face, small keen eye, etc.

It is, we think, a fact to be regretted, that exhibitors nowadays are breeding the dogs so large; surely a dog weighing thirty or thirty-five pounds cannot be of much use; if he is as game as it is possible to be, it is not much credit to him,—strength, weight, power, and length of jaw being all so much in his favour.

The head should be long, the forehead flat, the eyes small, round, keen, and as dark as possible, any approach to a light, or hazel-coloured eye, being considered very objectionable; the jaws should be quite level, strong and muscular; the muzzle fine and tapering from the eyes; the nose quite black; the neck long and well set into strong sloping shoulders; the chest wide and deep; the legs very straight, short, and powerful; the feet small and round; the back strong and short; the tail, which is, or should be, a great point in the bull-terrier, should be moderately fine at the root, gradually tapering to the point, it should be set on rather low, and should be carried in a gay jaunty manner, neither high nor low, not "hooped," or with the slightest inclination to twist or "screw."

The coat should be as fine as possible, and should be quite smooth and close.

White is the universally approved colour, no marked dog having taken a prize at any of our principal shows for several years. The best colour after pure white, is white with brindle, red, or dark-colored markings about the head; and after this we prefer red, red smut (that is red with black muzzle), or brindle.

A good deal of care is required to keep bull-terriers in first-class condition, particularly for exhibition, as owing to their mostly being white, and also on account of the fineness and delicacy of their coats, the slightest redness or imperfection in the skin is clearly discernible. The dog should be exercised every day, as without this it is impossible to attain that degree of muscular development which is requisite for successful competition. Hand-rubbing too, for ten or fifteen minutes each day, will be found of the greatest use; it materially improves the coat, helps to keep the dog clean, and tends to make him vigorous and lively. Arsenic in minute doses is used by some exhibitors to brighten and improve the coats of their dogs; it is, however, a dangerous experiment: in the first place, but few really understand its use; and in the second, the wished-for result can be always attained by natural and therefore better methods. It is usually cus-

tomary to crop the ears of the bull-terriers ; and whatever arguments may be used against this custom, it certainly adds immensely to the general appearance ; the best time for the operation is from six to eight months old, as by this time the muscles at the back of the head are sufficiently strong to be able to support the ears in their future erect position ; the ears should be cut of moderate length, not too short, and before the dog is sent to a show the straggling hairs which generally grow in or about the inside of the ears should be neatly cut off with a pair of scissors ; this is the only kind of "trimming" that should be allowed, and we could wish that judges would more cordially endorse this opinion than they at present do.

At the late show of dogs at the Crystal Palace, the bull-terrier classes, both large and small size, were admirably represented ; Mr. George Smith, jun., of Timperley Lodge, and Mr. S. E. Shirley, M. P., exhibiting some beautiful specimens. Mr. Shirley's Dick, whose portrait we give, won, in his day, more prizes than any other small bull-terrier. He was three times first at Birmingham, and also won the first prize and champion cup at the Crystal Palace Show in 1870. It was always a hard fight for the premiership between Dick and his kennel companion Nelson, and their relative positions frequently changed according to the fancies of dif-

ferent judges. Dick (38) died, oddly enough, in the very week of the Birmingham Show of 1871, where he had been so often successful. He was about 15 lbs. in weight, and a beautifully proportioned dog: he was bred in London, and was by Old Dazzler, a dog well known for his great gameness.

The great fault of many of the bull-terriers of the present day, particularly in the small breed, is that they have been crossed with the modern white English terrier, and oftentimes, through this cross, have inherited some Italian greyhound blood. Dogs obtained from this source have invariably a dancing action, quite unmistakable to a practical judge.

We also give a likeness of a bull-terrier bitch, Vixen (42), the property of Mr. Edward Sandall, jun., who relates the following amusing anecdote:—

He says, "Until within the past twelve months, I was in the habit of calling daily on a friend who has furnished apartments at a stationer's in this village (Norwood), my little bitch generally going with me, and being a great favorite she was always welcome, but on one occasion, for some reason or another, she was left outside and the private front-door closed. Shortly afterwards a single knock was heard, but on the occupier of the shop opening the door not a soul was to be seen; in two minutes' time the knock was repeated, and the door again

opened to find no one there. Now the old gentleman was none of the sweetest tempers, and cursed 'those (imaginary) d——d boys,' in no measured terms, and declared that if he caught them he'd give them a good trouncing. Out of curiosity my friend and I peeped out of the window into the street, and shortly discovered that the culprit was none other than Vixen, who in the most deliberate manner took a spring, and running up against the door pushed her nose under the knocker and raised it. Out rushed the shopkeeper and belaboured two little urchins that happened (unfortunately for them) to be passing at the time. The dog, however, on hearing the footsteps of the man who went to the door, retired round the corner, but came in during the fracas between the old man and the boys. She knew his footsteps well, and not being on good terms with him must have been the cause of her going away each time the door was opened. This bitch is seven years old, twelve pounds in weight, and pure white, by Captain Saulls' Spring out of Mr. Smith's Rose (of Richmond,) bred by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

The following anecdote from one of our greatest writers is worthy insertion:—

"The wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog 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 would 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."

In weight the bull-terrier varies from nine pounds up to thirty-five pounds or more.

The black-and-tanned "half-bred" dog is not held in much estimation by connoisseurs, although black-and-tan is a good old English terrier colour.

POINTS.

Head	25
Neck and Ears	10
Shoulders	10
Chest	10
Loin	10
Feet and Legs	10
Colour and Coat	10
Symmetry	10
Tail	5



CHAPTER XVIII.

TERRIERS.

BY THE REV. F. W. DE CASTRO, B. COBBETT, ESQ., AND
OTHERS.

UNDER this heading we include various species of this tribe, for there are so many varieties, and so many celebrated breeds, that it would be a very difficult task to give a separate account of each. The terriers (with the exception of the black and tan toys) are a hardy race, courageous, and with strong attachments.

They are energetic little animals, sensitive and jealous for the most part of any preference shown towards another dog or person. As an account of the race of bull-terriers is contained in the foregoing chapter, we now propose to glance at our smooth-haired terrier, rough or broken-haired, and the black-and-tan. Of our English terrier we could not have a prettier anecdote than the following.

From *The Standard* newspaper of Dec. 21st, 1870, under the head of "The War: The North of France. From our Special Correspondent, Cambrai, Dec. 19th." [The correspondent is here writing of some of the French troops of Douai.]

“I met two or three wounded, but in a fair state of convalescence, limping about slowly. One of these men had a little dog, an iron-grey terrier, unmistakably English—following at his heels, but only on three legs. If the story the man told me is to be believed—and for my own part I had not the slightest hesitation in the matter, his manner of telling it was so simple and earnest—the dog had been the means, under Providence, of saving his master’s life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest, near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours when the fighting was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was gradually getting weaker and weaker. There were none but the dead near him, and his only living companion was the *English terrier*, who prowled restlessly about him with his master’s *kepi* in his mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier made sure his only friend had deserted him. The night grew dark, the cold was intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. At length his limbs grew cold, and feeling a sickly faintness steal upon him, he gave up all hope of life and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, and when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world, felt something lick

his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he arrived at a roadside cabaret. The people had heard the cannonading all day, and seeing the *kepi* in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, decided to follow him. He took them straight to the spot—too straight for a little cart they had brought with them to cross fields and hedges—but just in time. When the friendly help arrived the man fainted, but he was saved. There were honest tears in the man's eyes, when he was telling me, and I fully believed him. The dog too had been slightly touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He got him when a puppy from an English sailor at Dunkirk, and called him 'Beel;' very probably the French for Bill."

Our English rough terrier differs from the Scotch principally in the greater length of legs and shortness of back. For rabbit hunting and destroying of vermin, he is preferable we think to the Scotch; the latter is not so active a dog generally speaking, for his thicker coat renders his movements more tardy. We imagine Jesse's favourite Peter to have been an English rough terrier; a clever little animal, who would feign lameness to be excused from following his master in a ride, and would dip his paw into hot milk and water, to test the heat thereof, and to avoid scalding his tongue, as he once

lapped some when it was too hot for him,—a thing not to be forgotten by Peter.

We must now give the Rev. F. W. De Castro's, account of Laddie, a favourite Scotch terrier; the likeness of which is (48a) in our collection. He says:—

“Laddie's parentage is unknown to me; he came to me from Stockport, when he was ten months old: his age now is about four years (written in 1870.—Ed.) His colour is silver-blue black, with rich tan head and legs, ears richer still with a beautiful black tint, and his tail quite black. He has never been shown because he is too long in the legs: in other points he is equal to many of the other show dogs; for his hair, while most silky and long, is not so long as to make him like a door-mat.

“He is a most agreeable companion in the house, but when out, very independent, and goes off on his own round by hedgerow and brook-side, now starting rabbit, now splashing in after a rat. He is of a most determined nature, nothing stops him; no matter what the obstacle, over it somehow he gets.

“In the house he is most useful. In the evening, when tired, I throw myself in the arm-chair and say ‘Laddie, get my slippers,’ he soon brings them to me: when dinner is ready and his mistress says, ‘Go and tell master dinner is ready,’

he will trot out of the dining-room into the drawing-room, softly seize my fingers, and gently drag me off. When friends staying have been some little time with us, he will fetch them in the same way. If you say '*Hare*,' he will pretend to be dead and permit you to hold him up by his hind legs, while his head and shoulders rest on the ground perfectly motionless, like dead hares are sometimes painted; and directly you say 'the police are coming,' he is up in a minute and ready to cut it. He is exceedingly fond of his mistress; wherever she is, he must be, upstairs or downstairs, there he will be, except at such times as he takes his constitutional. When we take our holidays, a week or so before our departure from home he becomes quite depressed in spirit, often goes up to his 'missus' while putting things away or packing up, as if to say 'I am sorry you're going away, but I'll take good care of the house.' And curiously he does so; for when we are at home he takes *long* and *distant* constitucionals, but when we are out he *never* leaves the premises. The servants have a difficulty to get him to take an airing last thing at night, ere the house is locked up and he chained to his box in the kitchen.

"Again, he will, when told, jump on the chair, place his fore-legs on the table and fetch his collar at bed-time: he will speak when asked 'Do you

want to go out;’ in dirty weather he will remain on the front-door mat, for his feet to be wiped. Among the other dogs he considers himself ‘quite an aristocrat;’ for when any of them, even the mastiff, Monarch, comes up to say ‘How do you do,’ he stands quite proudly with cocked tail and head erect noticing them only by an under growl, as if he said, ‘Keep your proper distance. You are in the yard and in cages; I am a gentleman at large, and my abode is in the house.’”

Mr. Spink’s Scotch terriers are well known, and we have great pleasure in being able to give photographs of some of his most celebrated dogs, Old Sandy (commonly called Huddersfield Sandy) was unfortunately stolen on his way home from Brighton in 1866, after winning the first prize at the dog show. His weight was seven pounds, a very rich tan, golden head, deep blue and very straight rather strong hair, but very bright. Silk (47) also a prize dog; of Doctor, (46) and of Punch, (48) who has won a large number of prizes. Mr. Spinks says that the Scotch terrier should be bred as follows,—

The head rather long, with hair falling down considerably below the jaw, golden color at the sides and on ears, also on the muzzle and moustachios; hair on the back long and perfectly straight, good rich blue, and very bright; legs and

feet well tanned and not too much feathered; tail perfectly straight and well carried; shape, firm and compact, not too long on the legs, broad chest and tanned; there must be no white on any part of the body, not even the slightest suspicion of curl or wave on the coat, and the hair fine and bright in quality. The blue and tan should contrast so well as to please the eye, rich and decided in colour, and not a sickly silver colour all over.

Of the Scotch terrier we have still more to add, for Greyfriars' Bobby, the Edinburgh favourite, must not be forgotten, and we cannot do better than give the following extract from the *Animal World* of May 2nd, 1870.

“It is reported that Bobby is a small rough Scotch terrier, grizzled black, with tan feet and nose; and his story runs thus:—More than eleven years ago, a poor man named Gray died, and was buried in the old Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh. His grave is now levelled by time, and nothing marks it. But the spot had not been forgotten by his faithful dog. James Brown, the old curator, remembers the funeral well, and that Bobby was one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. James found the dog lying on the grave the next morning; and as dogs are not admitted he turned him out. The second morning the same; the third morning, though cold and wet, there he was, shiver-

ing. The old man took pity on him and fed him. This convinced the dog that he had a right there. Sergeant Scott, R.E., allowed him his board for a length of time, but for more than nine years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Trail, who keeps a restaurant close by. Bobby is regular in his calls, being guided by the mid-day gun. On the occasion of the new dog-tax being raised, many persons, the writer amongst the number, wrote to be allowed to pay for Bobby, but the Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him, and to mark his admiration of fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar, with brass nails, and an inscription:—‘Greyfriars’ Bobby, presented to him by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867.’ He has long been an object of curiosity, and his constant appearance in the graveyard has led to numberless inquiries about him. Many efforts have been made to entice him away, but unsuccessfully, and he still clings to the consecrated spot, and from 1861 to the present time he has kept watch thereon. Upon his melancholy couch Bobby hears the bells toll the approach of new inmates to the sepulchres around and about him; and as the procession solemnly passes, who shall say that the ceremony enacted over his dead master does not reappear before him? He sees the sobs and tears of the bereaved, and do not these remind him of the day when he stood with other mourners

over the coffin which contained everything he loved on earth? In that clerical voice he re-hears those slow and impressive tones which consigned his master's body to ashes and dust. All these reminiscences are surely felt more or less; and yet Bobby, trustful, patient, enduring, continues to wait on the spot sacred to the memory of poor Gray. Poor Gray, did we say? Why, hundreds of the wealthiest amongst us would give a fortune to have placed upon their tombs a living monument of honour like this!—testifying through long years and the bitterest winters (with a blessed moral for mankind) that death cannot dissolve that love which love alone can evoke. When our eye runs over the gravestone records of departed goodness, we are sometimes sceptical whether there is not much mockery in many of the inscriptions; though the friends of the deceased have charitably erected an outward mark of their esteem. But here we have a monument that knows neither hypocrisy nor conventional respect, which appeals to us not in marble (the work of men's hands) but in the flesh and blood of a living creature which cannot be tempted to desert his trust—in the devotion of a friend whose short wanderings to and fro prove how truly he gravitates to one yard of earth only—in the determination of a sentinel who means to die at his post.

"I hear they say 'tis very lang
 That years hae come and gane,
 Sin' first they put my maister here,
 An' grat an' left him lane.
 I could na, an' I did na gang,
 For a' they vexed me sair,
 An' said sae bauld that they nor I
 Should ever see him mair.

 I ken he's near me a' the while,
 An' I will see him yet;
 For a' my life he tended me,
 An' noo he'll not forget.
 Some blithsome day I'll hear his step;
 There'll be nae kindred near;
 For a' they grat, they gaed awa',—
 But he shall find *me* here.

 Is time sae lang?—I dinna mind;
 Is't cauld?—I canna feel;
 He's near me, and he'll come to me,
 And sae 'tis very weel.
 I thank ye a' that are sae kind,
 As feed an' mak me braw;
 Ye're unco gude, but ye're no *him*—
 Ye'll no wile me awa.

 I'll bide an' hope!—Do ye the same;
 For ance I heard that ye
 Had aye a Master that ye loo'd,
 An' yet ye might na' see;
 A Master, too, that car'd for ye,
 (O, sure ye winna flee!)
 That's wearying to see ye noo—
 Ye'll no be waur than me?"

[Since the foregoing was written, the faithful
 watcher by his master's grave has died.—ED.]

The following is an interesting anecdote of a black-and-tan terrier:—

“Fan, or Black Fan, as she is more commonly called, is one of the prettiest and most intelligent of black-and-tan terriers. Of her earlier history but little is known to us. Her birthplace and pedigree are alike unknown, but she bears about her unmistakable signs of coming of gentle blood. Look at her well-shaped head, her full clear eye, her back and loins, her fine tail, her legs and feet, and last, not least, her markings—the two spots over the eye well-defined, and the kissing spots on the cheek clear and distinct—and who shall say that she is not all over thoroughbred? Look at her all over, and there she stands a perfect picture of an English black-and-tan terrier, none of your wretched little toys—half Italian greyhound and the other half anything else—but a genuine black-and-tan, such as used to be tolerably common five-and-twenty years ago, but are not so now. Her good fortune led her some years ago into the possession of a kind master and mistress whose temporary home was in the gorgeous East, gorgeous in so far as the brightness of the sun is concerned, but in little else. In due course of time Fan, with a fellow-companion, a field spaniel rejoicing in the name of Lout, but in spite of his name an accomplished dog, equally at home

in a covert or on a drawing-room carpet, arrived in the City of Palaces. Shortly after their arrival she found herself comfortably settled with her companion in the Southwark of Calcutta, commonly called Howrah. Here Fan passed some of her happiest days; but the time came for her master to leave Howrah, and she accompanied him to his new place of residence, some 200 miles by rail. After a while this home was also broken up, and her new quarters again entailed a journey of similar distance to the eastward, whence, after a short time, the climate necessitated another removal, ending in her kind master and mistress being obliged to return to England. The arrangements of the P. & O. Company do not allow of the comfortable or economical journeyings of dogs, and the only alternative was to find some one who would give Fan, and her companion, Lout, a good home. Fortunately for them this was found in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and when their master and mistress left India, Fan and Lout took up their abode in that Eden of the canine world, the Hermitage. Here they had all they could wish for, kind protectors, plenty of companions, and perfect liberty within certain bounds. Lout, like most of the masculine gender, after a little turning up of the nose at some of his new companions, whom he thought not quite so aris-

tocratic as himself—at last made himself at home, solacing himself with the thought that Fan, Black Fan was still to be his playmate. But poor Fan was not so easily reconciled to her new home. It is true that Lout was there, and, besides, there were those happy young dogs Pumpkin and Potatoes, thoroughbreds in their line, though not of the canine aristocracy. There was the sturdy old Goinda, whose father was a bulldog, but whose mother was unknown—a rusty-tempered old dog, but a staunch friend as well as an ugly foe. There was Red Fan, who aspired to be a bull-terrier, and could not bear to be reminded that her mother was a spaniel. There were Red Fan's two daughters, setting themselves up for *puckha* black-and-tan terriers, but terribly jealous of Black Fan. There was old Mamikins, a cross old female relation of Pumpkin, and his mother, and, last of all, was the great Pug; all these were ready to greet Fan, each in their own way, with a welcome—but still there was a want in her. The new master and mistress were very kind—did not the one allow her to sleep on his couch, did not the other take her out daily for a drive with Pug? The old master and mistress were not there, and Fan grieved. She sat at the door watching every carriage that arrived, in the hope of seeing them, and her intense look of expectation was only sur-

passed by her extreme depression when she found that they did not come. Grief such as hers was not to be endured without making some effort to reunion. If such effort should prove unsuccessful, there would be nothing for it but to accommodate herself to circumstances. So thought Fan; and, after much deliberation, she made up her mind to find out for herself whether her old master and mistress could be found or not. She had four legs, a good nose, keen sight—why should she not try to find them? If any one tried to stop her she could bite, but that would be only a last resource to defend herself. So one day off she went. Great was the lamentation at the Hermitage when Fan was missing. Says Pumpkin to Potatoes, ‘Here’s a lark, that new one has bolted.’ Says Goinda, ‘She did not go out by the gate, or I would have stopped her.’ ‘Yes,’ said old Mami-kins, ‘I always thought she was a bad one.’ Red Fan and her daughters said, ‘Handsome is as handsome does,’ and Black Fan had not behaved handsomely; what was the use of her good looks? Pug simply said, ‘Ugh’—turned his tail over his back, and thought there were more fools in the world than he had dreamt of. And poor old Lout was sad, very sad, but his grief was too great for any demonstration of feeling.

“Every search was made for Fan, but for some

time all efforts to discover her were unavailing. At last, however, there appeared a ray of hope—a black-and-tan terrier had been at Howrah, at the old residence of her former master, and on sending to inquire, great was the joy of all at the Hermitage, at the stranger proving to be none other than Fan.

“Here comes the wonderful part of her history: More than two years had elapsed since she had left Howrah. She had gone by rail to Bhagulpore, and thence she returned to Calcutta. Had been railed to Korrhtia, thence by boat to Fureedpore, back by rail to Calcutta, and, after a few days in a lodging house in Calcutta, had taken up her abode at the Hermitage—and yet the first place she went to, was her first home in this country, which she had never been to from the time she first left it. Who can say after this that a dog has not something more than instinct,—has not, even if imperfectly developed, a considerable share of the gift of memory, both of persons and places? Let us see what her trip to Howrah would be. In all probability her first place of call was the lodging-house; here, probably, finding none but strangers, she at once turned her back on the place. The next thing was a trip to the railway ferry, where she would have to encounter the risk of kicks and ill-treatment from the miscellaneous

crowd which daily passes to and fro on the steam-boat; then the landing in the crowd, and the finding her way across the rails, past the engine houses, till finally she was, as she doubtless thought herself, at home again. But no, what had been once her home was now no longer so. There were strangers there who did not care to keep her. She was advertised, re-claimed, and returned to her companions at the Hermitage. Here it is needless to say she is now as happy as she can be. Even Pug seemed pleased at her return—Pumpkin and Potatoes were in raptures—Old Goinda said, ‘Guess you won’t want to be off again.’ As for Red Fan and her daughters, they thought it best to say nothing in Goinda’s presence. Old Mamikins had ill-natured remarks as usual; but as for Lout, his joy knew no bounds. Fan has had but one grief since: Lout has gone home to England and left her behind, but time has healed this grief also. She may have been seen daily inspecting *Scimitar Lennidus*’ style of going, and at present she is carefully watching The Wolf, each morning as he strides along. Then she has her couch in her master’s room, and her evening drive. ‘Every dog has its day,’ and she is enjoying her day as much as it is possible for a dog to do. Long may she do so; and when her time shall come, we hope that her spirit will

go to the happy hunting-grounds, where probably she may fall in with the spirit of the White Beaver."

Colonel G. J. Haly contributed the following to the columns of a monthly paper:—

"A friend and brother officer, who had lately joined us from England, brought out a beautiful pair of black-and-tan terriers, and shortly after his arrival, a litter of some six or seven little puppies made their appearance, amongst which was the usual wee, delicate one. This one, in my presence, as they were being exhibited to an admiring group of youngsters, the owner gave orders to have destroyed, saying that there were not only too many for the mother, but that these little wretches never lived, therefore was any attempt to rear it useless; and certainly this little one was simply skin and bones. However, I volunteered to try what I could do to bring it up, and it was then and there handed over to me. On taking it home to my quarters, I handed it over to one of my servants, whose wife had previously reared a hare, the mother of which I had shot whilst out shooting, and who, from her success on that occasion, I thought it likely would be able to bring up this little stray; and which by great care, attention, etc., she managed to do, though for the first few days it could not be called more than keeping it alive.

After a little, however, Chinny (the name given it by its foster-mother) commenced to thrive, and turned out to be a most hardy, active little animal, and in due time I took full charge of the little thing, and it became my constant companion. Strange to say, from almost the first day, she took to me, showing the greatest attachment; with, I am sorry to have to relate, great aversion to all natives, including even her *own nurse*,—a kind, in fact, of John Bull contempt for niggers of all kinds. This peculiarity in Chinny is not, however, confined to her, as I have seldom or ever seen an English-bred dog take kindly to natives. Chinny, however, had many other peculiarities, for instance, would never sleep except on my bed,—beside me in the cold weather, and on top of my pillow during the hot; and not a soul, white or black, would she allow to approach me when thus on duty, as it were; evidently considering herself my special protector whilst lying down asleep, or pretending to be so. It was truly ridiculous to see this dot of a thing fly at, and fasten on, man or beast that attempted to approach my bed or couch, within what she considered the range of the safety of her charge. When out riding, her favorite place was on the pommel of my saddle, and if I had a shooting-jacket on, in the pocket of the same—in which I frequently found her ensconced

when taking it up to put on—from either of which, when coursing, she would give tongue as lustily as her little mouth would permit her. And many is the fox she has unearthed in those happy days when coursing was the rule and not the exception with the Indian subaltern. Chinny, however, had her weak points; the advent of a musk rat in the room would send her yelling out of it, as would likewise a blue-bottle fly, and a mosquito buzzing near her drove her almost mad—thus showing the sensitive nature of her olfactory nerves as well as that of her cuticle. I could relate a good deal more regarding the habits of this curious little canine specimen, but am fearful of trespassing too much on your valuable columns, and will therefore at once proceed to relate her melancholy death. After she and I had lived on terms of the greatest intimacy, affection, etc., for about three years, I was ordered to take the field with my company in the midst of the monsoon, with the country one sheet of water, so out of consideration to my poor little pet, I handed her over to the care of my chum, who lived in the same house as I, and with whom Chinny appeared to be on the best, indeed, most affectionate, terms. However, though he did his best after my departure to console her, offering her all the tit-bits he could think of from the breakfast table, yet not a bit

would she taste, nor even take a lap at her favorite beverage — well-sweetened and milked tea; and though he even forced food down her throat when he saw she was sinking from want of it, yet she actually died of grief within the week. I may here add that she frequently before fasted for a couple of days when unavoidably absent from me, and that never from the first year of her existence would she receive her regular meals excepting at my hands.”

The black-and-tan toy terriers are capable of great affection, but their temper is generally changeable, and their snappish disposition renders them far from pleasant companions to strangers. We give a likeness of Lady (52) the property of Miss Hales. This dog has taken a large number of prizes at different shows.

The muzzle of the Smooth Terrier (not black-and-tan, must be fine, tapering, sharp, and foxlike; but the jaw must be muscular, the skull flat and narrow. The eye must be sparkling, bright, but not large or protruding.

The ears round, flat to the head in repose, but raised, although falling over, when the dog is roused. A tulip or prick ear is a great deformity, and betokens mongrel family. It has been the fashion to crop the ears of terriers for many years,

and the eye has become so accustomed to it that many good judges will scarcely look at a terrier unless he has been scientifically cropped. In large towns it is not the fashion to shorten the tail at all when the ears are cut, whilst country sportsmen leave the ears but shorten the tail.

The neck should be long, tapering, and muscular, and clean where it joins the lower jaw. The ribs must be round, the shoulders deep and well set back, and as powerful as possible, enabling the dog to grapple with his foe or to dig him. The loins must be strong and the back ribs deep. In the conformation of his body he must be neither high nor wide, but well knit together, *multum in parvo*.

The fore-legs should be straight as arrows; the feet strong, the toes moderately arched and well split, and the form of the foot should be round and foxlike. The thighs should be large and muscular, the hocks in a straight line, and the hind-legs should be moderately straight also.

The tail must be very fine, with a low carriage, but *not bare*; and when the dog is excited it is carried gaily.

The mouth must *never* be underhung. It is better that the upper jaw should be slightly in excess, if there is the least deviation from a level mouth.

A smooth-haired dog may weigh from 6lbs. to 10lbs., or even 20lbs.; but, provided he is large enough for his calling, he cannot be too small. It is an advantage to keep down the size of certain dogs as much as possible, and to consider that two small terriers will do more than double the work of one large dog, whilst they consume no more.

The colour of this variety of the smooth-haired terrier may be red, fawn, or white, or a mixture of these colours, or even white-and-black. If white, there should be no mixture of colour.

There is a great difference of opinion as regards the points of a broken-haired terrier; we will therefore describe the points of the two varieties in most esteem, beginning with those chiefly bred in Lancashire and Yorkshire, as these, up to the present time, have distanced the Scotch terrier at our great shows on account of their taking appearance to the eyes of the general public. The Scotch terrier proper is however deemed superior in point of usefulness at home and abroad, and when the two are shown together it should be preferred, shape, make, and colour being equal.

The points of the Yorkshire dog are the same, as regards shape and make, as the smooth English terrier; but the coat differs in being long, and of three different shades, that on the back being a blue-slate, the face head and legs a silky silvery

fawn, the whole undermined by short tanned hair. The older the dog the more silvery he gets.

The Scotch dog is also the same in shape. His colour may be pepper, or mustard, or pepper-and-mustard, in each case more or less mixed with salt.

The toy dog of these strains is the same in all but weight, which should not exceed 7 lbs.; the smaller the better.

The black-and-tan English terrier should have a long fine muzzle, not underhung, but, if anything, the upper jaw projecting over the lower. The skull should be flat and narrow between the ears; the eye must be small and black; the nose black; the ears, if not left on, must be well cropped, erect, and long; if entire they should be small, not tuliped, and free from any tan behind.

The neck tapering, muscular, and well cut under the lower jaw.

The shoulders deep, and well set back.

The loins strong, ribs round, and the back ribs deep, the body well knit together.

The legs straight, the feet round and small.

The tail must be fine, carried straight, and not curled.

The colour, which is a principal point, must be raven black, with rich mahogany tan, well pencilled on each toe: the tan should be clear, and free from

any admixture of black. Above the eyes there should be a distinct spot of tan. The body should be black, with a rich tan on the fore-legs half-way up them. The breast should have two distinct marks of tan. The jaw should also be well tanned up the gullet, and the cheek divided, having a small tan spot a little less than that over the eyes. The upper jaw should also be nicely tanned, and run in conformity with the tanning on the lower jaw. The hind-legs should be perfectly free from tan on the outside, but on the inside there should be some tan. The vent should have a small tan spot, and there should also be tan half-way up the tail.

The weight varies from 10lbs. to 25lbs.

The points of the smaller black-and-tan terrier are the same as for the larger kind, but they are more difficult to meet with so perfectly defined. There is also another breed of small black-and-tanned terrier in vogue in London, termed the apple-headed terrier. The points as regards tan are the same as the terrier-headed, the only difference being the shape of the head, which should be round and short, and the eyes large and prominent. Weight should not exceed 7lbs.

POINTS.

	SMOOTH TERRIER.	ROUGH OR BROKEN-HAIRED.	BLACK- AND-TAN.	TOY.
Head	25	15	25	15
Neck and Ears	10	10	—	—
Shoulders	10	—	5	—
Chest and Loin	—	20	—	—
Chest	10	—	5	—
Ditto and Shoulders	—	—	—	5
Loins	10	—	5	5
Feet and Legs	10	10	—	—
Colour and Coat	10	30	—	—
Symmetry	10	10	—	—
Tail	5	5	5	5
Colour, Coat, and Cor- rect Marking }	—	—	40	40
Eye	—	—	5	5
Neck	—	—	5	5
Feet	—	—	5	5
Weight	—	—	—	15



CHAPTER XIX.

SKYE TERRIER.

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 a prize 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 since such was the rage for them, a duchess would almost be ashamed to be seen in the park unaccompanied by her long-coated Skye.

A long controversy was held between the breeders and owners of Skye terriers about two years ago, as to whether its ears should drop or stand erect. The best judges inclined to the former opinion; but perhaps the most true form of the ears lies between the two extremes. The ear should rise slightly from the head then fall evenly down. The longer the feather and the more wiry the texture, the better the quality. The Skye terrier should be three times as long as he is high; his hair should touch the ground from his tail to his moustache; the lines of his body should be symmetrical,—this can easily be found out by putting him into water, and the hair lying close to the dog's frame will indicate very faithfully his true shape. The true Skye terrier will face any vermin. The tail should not bend over or curl on the back (this is a very common disqualification). The head should be very well feathered, the eyes almost obscured. There is an extraordinary handsome strain of Skye terrier, now very rare: the small white terrier with light-yellow tipped ears. The late Lady Macdonald of Armadale Castle,

in Skye, was famed for this strain; it was descended from a cross of some Spanish white dogs that were wrecked on the island at the time when the Spanish Armada lost so many ships on the western coast. Lady Macdonald, the Duke of Argyle, and the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona have, we believe, specimens of this beautiful kind. The finest specimen of the long-coated Skye terrier that has ever been exhibited, is Mr. Macdona's Rook, he has taken the first prize at Birmingham, in 1869 and 1870, first prize in London, Maidstone and Carlisle, 1870, and many other places. He is a dog of beautiful symmetry, long black wiry hair, and as game a rat-killer as any one could wish.

The following anecdotes are related of a Skye belonging to Mr. James Pratt, a butler in a mansion at the West-End: "This dog generally takes letters to the post. A word from his master, and Baddach knows what is required, the letters are thrown on the floor, doggie looks out for the stamps; if they bear the impression of Her Majesty's head, he runs off with them to the pillar in the square; if not stamped, all the caresses imaginable will not tempt him to touch them. When he reaches the pillar he appeals, in his canine fashion, to a passer-by to put them in the box. He has been known to wait twenty minutes for some one to help him, but never yet has Baddach returned with the letters in his

mouth, posted they must be, and shall be; so doggie waits very patiently, and discharges his duties faithfully. Every morning he is on the watch for the paper-boy, and as soon as he hears the area bell, and 'Paper' called out, he runs up the area steps, takes the *Times* from the boy and conveys it upstairs. When the messenger comes for it, the dog fetches it and delivers it up to him; he does this daily without a word being said to him.

“But these are not his only duties. Anything he is able to hold in his mouth he is expected to take upstairs or downstairs, if required; even the thinnest wine glass is safe in his keeping; and with a shilling in his mouth he has been known to trot off to a milk shop in the neighbourhood, and bring back with him a little bag full of new-laid eggs, without one of them being broken, unless a cat should chance to cross his path; in this case his equanimity is done with, and the eggs dropped unceremoniously. When the cry, 'Groundsel,' is heard, Baddach is off with a penny, after the seller thereof, even if he should be a hundred yards away. He brings the groundsel home, takes it up to the top of the house, where the birds are kept, and drops it by their cages. His honesty is undoubted. Only once did he forget himself: he had a jug of milk to carry into the

kitchen, and the sight of it under his eyes was too much for his sense of right, so he dropped it, licked up the milk, and then walked into the kitchen with the empty jug, minus its contents. Donald, also belonging to Mr. Pratt, and Baddach have lent their services (and with great success) to a Bazaar held in Willis's Rooms, in aid of the funds of the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. Their master placed them on a table, desiring them to remain there until he fetched them. A large card was placed over their heads, with the following words printed on it:—

“ ‘Skye Terriers. Donald and Baddach are perfectly quiet, and will gladly receive donations on behalf of their needy friends, the starving dogs of London. Lent by J. Pratt.’ A box was placed by their side, and this when opened at the close of the Bazaar, in 1870, was found to contain no less than £7. These little creatures remained faithful to their post all the day, and were fetched at eight o'clock in the evening by their master.”

At the show at Romford, in 1871, Donald, Dunvegan, and Armadale, all Mr. Pratt's property, gained respectively first, second, and third prizes. Illustrations are given: Mr. Pratt's Donald (45), and Baddach (44), and Mr. Bowman's Dandy

(43), winner of fourteen prizes, all admirable specimens of this favorite class.

The following amusing account of a Skye terrier is taken from *The Animal World*.

“Little Frisky was a Skye terrier with short legs, long body, and long white silky hair. She has been dead for several years, but her intelligence and devotion cause her now to be constantly remembered and talked about. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago my business called me every Thursday to a neighbouring town about ten miles distant. I usually went in a dog-cart, accompanied by my wife, with Frisky, scampering and barking nearly all the way in an ecstatic state of delight. Thursday morning was perfectly well known to Frisky; in fact she knew herself to be an important personage on those days, and she got so accustomed to the ten-mile run at last, that I have very little doubt she considered that it was simply to accompany her that we took the journey. One Thursday morning, in the summer, it was so hot that we decided that Frisky should stay at home, and by the aid of some bits of mutton she was accordingly enticed into the kitchen, and the door closed to prevent her following us. This was useless, as in the evening, when we were about to return, we found her in the dog-cart keeping guard, having taken the trip by herself. On the following

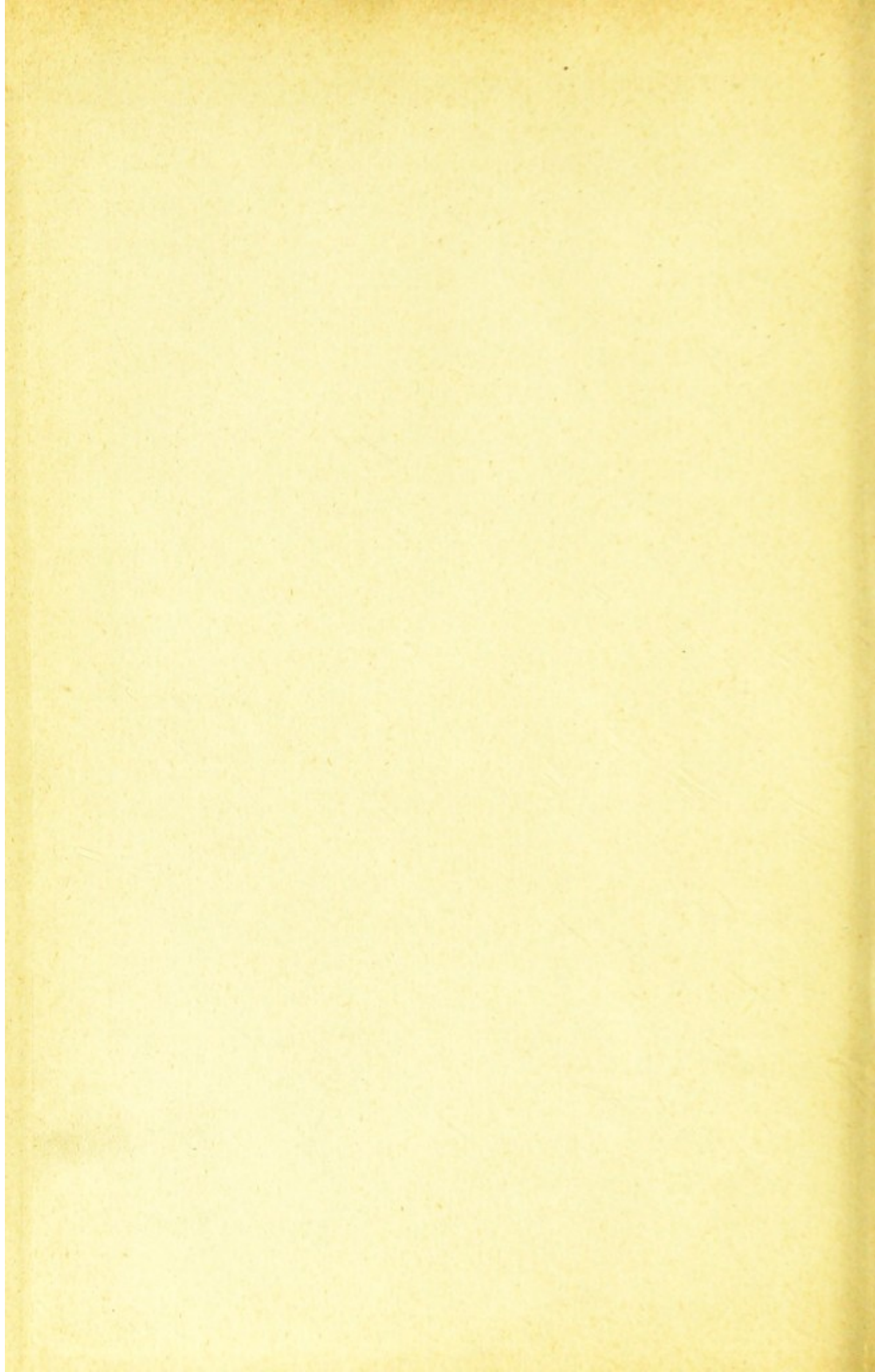
Thursday it was also hot, and Frisky was again to stay at home, but she could not be found, and we started with a suspicion of roguery; and, sure enough, we had not gone more than a few hundred yards before I espied a pair of anxious eyes peeping round a corner, and presently out bounced Frisky, screaming with laughter (dogs can laugh as plainly as human beings). I took her back much to her disgust. On the next Thursday she could nowhere be found, and we started, fully expecting to see that anxious pair of eyes peeping round some corner; but she did not make an appearance, and we congratulated ourselves that it was all right. Frisky, however, was not to be 'done,' for when about half the journey had been accomplished, we overtook her trotting along in a most business-like manner. I could relate many anecdotes of this little animal, but will only give the event which has chiefly been the cause of her being so well remembered. Frisky was always greatly concerned when boxes were being packed. She knew from experience that the absence of her master and mistress for a considerable period always followed. She would look utterly miserable, and gaze into her mistress's face with an expression that plainly said, 'Don't leave me behind.' On one occasion, Frisky had seen to all the packing, and had made frequent appeals to be allowed to go with us,

but the word, 'No,' told her it was hopeless. The time to start came, but Frisky was lost. We walked to the station, and had the luggage carried by a porter. We took the tickets, walked up and down the station, got into the carriage, and steamed off. About six miles from home we had to change carriages, and while walking about the platform, waiting for the train, I noticed several people smiling and staring at my wife. What could it be? I began to feel uncomfortable, and told my wife so. She, too, noticed the broad grins, but could not make it out. I whispered to her to go on a little, and as she did so I observed a very odd-looking white thing sticking out from beneath her dress. I put my hand to it, and pulled out "Frisky" by her tail, to our utter amazement. The intelligent little creature had concealed herself under an ample crinoline, before our leaving the house, and had actually followed my wife, under her dress, without being discovered, up to this time. She looked very bashful and crestfallen on being discovered, expecting no doubt to be taken back, but a few words quickly allayed her fears.—C. F."

The coat of the Skye terrier is so developed, that its shape is really very like the door-mat to which it is often compared—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



45—Donald. 42—Vixen. 43—Dandy. 44—Baddock. 37—Old King Dick. 49—Nelly. 53—Snatchbury.
 54—Chin Chin. 46—Doctor. 47—Silk. 48A—Laddie. 48—Punch. 51—Blenheims. 55—Dr. Staple's Yard Dog.



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 tips 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 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



CHAPTER XX.

DANDIE DINMONT.

THE national and historical interest connected with the name, Dandie Dinmont, will always give the dogs that are known by that appellation a prominent place; but the dogs themselves depend more upon their well-known pluck and intrinsic worth, than the mere adventitious circumstance, that "The Great Unknown" immortalised them in "Guy Mannering;" though of course, their present notoriety is mainly due to the fact that Sir Walter Scott first brought them into public notice, when he described "Auld Pepper and Auld Mustard, and Young Pepper and Young Mustard, and Little Pepper and Little Mustard, a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens, then wi' stots or weasels, and then wi' the tods or brocks, and now they fear naething that ever cam' wi' a hairy skin on't." Sir Walter Scott kept the breed up to the day of his death; even now, in Abbotsford, a very fine picture of one of his favourite Dandies, painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, adorns its hall. Stonehenge, in his invaluable work, "British Rural Sports" (quarto edition) p. 730, gives an interesting account of the origin of Dandie Dinmonts.

The Dandie Dinmont terrier can only be traced back about three-quarters of a century. Mr. Macdona (of St. Bernard fame) has obtained access to a curious document, in Mr. James Davidson's handwriting, which was sent to the Hon. George H. Bailie, of Millerstown, as follows:—

“Tuggin, from A. Armstrong, ‘1800,’ reddish and wiry; Tarr, reddish and wire-haired, a bitch; Pepper, shaggy and light, from Dr. Brown, of Bongedward. The face of Dandies are red from the two last. J. D.”

Mr. Macdona, in a letter to the *Field*, dated November 2, 1869, concludes from this, that Dr. Brown, of Bongedward, gave Mr. Davidson, in the year 1800, Pepper and Tarr, and that this couple were, without doubt, the first parents of all true-bred Dandie Dinmonts; being the original stock from whence all Mr. Davidson's generations of Mustards and Peppers sprang. “And in this conclusion I think him perfectly right.” The above extract, when it was first published in the *Field*, at once settled the long-waged controversy as to what was the true history of the Dandie Dinmont. The weight varies from sixteen to twenty-two pounds; about eighteen pounds is the average, and for general use, is the best. The dog should be four times as long as he is high, the legs very small; the body very muscular and thick; jaws of great strength; ears

pendant, of medium size; large eyes, as dark brown in colour as possible, without being black; the coat should be all wire, with the exception of a tuft of silky hair on the forehead; the fore-legs are often bow-legged, but the straighter they are the better; the tail should be carried gaily aloft, something in the shape of a *rake* at an obtuse angle with the spine; the teeth should be very large. The most enthusiastic breeder of Dandie Dinmonts in the world, is Mr. E. Bradshaw Smith, of Blackwood House, Ecclefechan, N. B., he owns a very large kennel of these charming dogs. Mr. Nicol Milne, of Faldenside; the Duke of Buccleuch; Mr. Aitkin, of Edinburgh; Dr. John Brown (author of "Rab and his Friends"); the Rev. Tennison Mosse, Mr. Murchison, and the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona, of West Kirkby, are all well-known breeders of Dandie Dinmonts of the purest strain, lineally descended from Mr. Davidson's (Dandie Dinmont) best dogs. The first and second prizes at the National Dog Show, at Birmingham, in 1870, were awarded to Mr. Macdona's Scott and Guy.

The following description is from the National Dog Club Book of Points.

Head, large and long, with immensely strong jaws and teeth, which are quite level, and the nose cut short like a pointer's. The head of the bitch is

generally much smaller than that of the dog, so that they may be distinguished at a glance.

Ears, pendant, from three to four inches long, and hanging close to the cheek, as the hound's or beagle's, but not so broad or round at the point—more in the shape of an almond or filbert.

Eyes, full, bright, and very intelligent.

Neck, well developed, and rather short.

Body, long, but not quite so long as that of a good Skye, with low shoulders, and the back slightly curved down behind them, with a corresponding arch of the loin.

Legs, short, particularly in front, with extraordinary bone and muscle in proportion to the size.

Tail, slightly curved, and carried over the back in a hound-like manner, with little or no feather on it.

Height, from ten to twelve inches to top of shoulder; it may be less, but it should not be more.

Coat, a mixture of hardish and soft (but not silky) short hair,—what old John Stoddart used to term a “pily coat”—with the head more or less covered with soft and silky hair (which is generally of a lighter colour than that on the body); and the legs and feet partake to a slight extent of the same soft silky hair.

Colour, either "mustard" (reddish brown) or "pepper" (bluish grey), or a combination of both, in which case the back is of the latter colour, while the legs, inside of ears, chest, and under side of tail are "mustard," verging on a pale tan or fawn colour.

POINTS.

Head	15
Ears	10
Eyes	5
Colour	20
Coat	20
Symmetry	10
Feet and Legs	10
Carriage and Tail	10



CHAPTER XXI.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.

BY S. TAPRELL HOLLAND, ESQ.

THIS breed of terriers, for the last thirty years the admiration of the miners and masons in the northernmost counties of England, although kept as kennel terriers by several huntsmen in those districts, has only within the past year or two attracted a more extensive notice, and been accorded, as it well deserves, a place in our dog shows. Its first appearance was at Darlington, in 1866, since which time it has sent representatives to many of our leading exhibitions, and was recognised by the National Dog Club at the show last year (1871) held at the Crystal Palace.

Several contradictory accounts have been given concerning the antecedents of the breed. That published in the *Field*, March 27th, 1869, contributed by a correspondent signing himself "A.," seems, however, supported as it is by the testimony of several living witnesses, relatives and friends of old breeders, and also by that of Mr. Joseph Ainsley (an acknowledged authority) himself, to be the most trustworthy. Rather than give this account

in a mutilated form, "A.'s" letter is reproduced in its entirety :—

"SIR,—Owing to the interest lately evinced in the Bedlington terrier in the pages of *The Field*, I am encouraged to contribute my quota of information. But, as I find myself in opposition to most of your previous correspondents, I had better first give you, sir, and through you the public, the guarantee of one who has made the acquaintance of the breed in its native district. I am also supported by the high authority of Mr. Joseph Ainsley, the first owner and breeder of the Bedlington terrier proper. Mr. Thomas Sanderson too, a breeder of forty years' standing, has given me the benefit of his extensive experience ; and I could name others who have bred and owned this dog for twenty and thirty years respectively.

"To make myself understood, I find it necessary to premise that during the first quarter of the present century Mr. Edward Donkin, of Flotterton, hunted a pack of foxhounds well known in the Rothbury district. At that time he possessed two very celebrated kennel terriers, Peachem and Pincher, which are alluded to in the pedigree below. A colony of sporting nailers then flourished at Bedlington, who were noted for their plucky breed of terriers. But a reform was at hand, and the old favourites were obliged to make way for new blood.

To Joseph Ainsley, a mason by trade, belongs this honour. He purchased a dog named Peachem of a Mr. William Cowen, of Rothbury; and the result of a union of this dog with Mr. Christopher Dixon's Phœbe, of Longhorsley, was Piper, belonging to James Anderson, of Rothbury Forest. Piper was a dog of slender build, about 15in. high, and 15lbs. in weight; he was of a liver colour, the hair being a sort of hard woolly lint; his ear was large, hung close to the cheek, and was slightly feathered at the tip.

“In the year 1820, Mr. J. Howe, of Alnwick, visited a friend at Bedlington, and brought with him a terrier bitch named Phœbe, which he left with Mr. Edward Coates, of the Vicarage. Phœbe belonged to Mr. Andrew Riddell, of Framlington, who subsequently made a present of her to Ainsley; but, from the fact of her home being at the Vicarage, she was generally known as ‘Coates’s Phœbe.’ Her colour was a black or black-blue, and she had the invariable light-coloured silky tuft of hair on her head. She was about 13in. high, and weighed 14 lbs. In 1825 she was mated with Anderson’s Piper, and the fruit of this union was the Bedlington terrier in question. Of the sagacity and courage of Ainsley’s Piper, one of their offspring, a volume might be written, and to submit a list of the best-known specimens would be tedious. There

were Ainsley's Crowner, Jin, Meg, and Young Phœbe, the Bow Alley dog, Rinside Moor House dog, Angerton Moor House dog, Ainsley's Ranter (of Redheugh, Gateshead), Coates's Peachem, Weatherburn's Phœbe, Hoy's Rocky, Fish's Crib, and, in short, a host of good and tried ones.

“The old and true breed is now scarce, and there are few indeed, even in Northumberland, able to furnish a reliable pedigree of the original doughty specimen. In some instances the cross with the otter hound has been indulged in, but the result was disappointment. The bull strain has been introduced, it is supposed, for fighting purposes; and for rabbit coursing the “leggy” beast has been bred; but one and all diverge from the original, either in size, shape, or some other important particular.

The model Bedlington should be rather long and small in the jaw, but withal muscular; the head high and narrow, and crowned with the tuft of silky hair of lighter colour than the body; the eyes must be small, round and rather sunk, and dull until excited, and then they are “piercers;” the ears are filbert-shaped, long, and hang close to the cheek, free of long hair, but slightly feathered at the tips; the neck is long, slender, but muscular, and the body well-proportioned, slender, and deep-chested; the toes must be well-arched, legs straight,

and rather long in proportion to the height, but not to any marked extent; the tail varies from 8in. to 12in. in length, is small and tapering, and free of feather. The best, and indeed only true, colours are—first, liver or sandy, and in either case the nose must be of a dark brown flesh-colour; or, secondly, a black-blue, when the nose is black.

“The Bedlington terrier is fast, and whether on land or in water is equally at home. In appetite these dogs are dainty, and they seldom fatten; but experience has shown them to be wiry, enduring, and in courage equal to the bull-dog. They will face almost anything, and I know of a dog which will extinguish a lighted candle or burning paper at his master’s bidding. To their other good qualities may be added their marked intelligence, and hostility to vermin of all forms and names. They will encounter the otter, fox, or badger, with the greatest determination. Hitherto they have been regarded as a pure, though distinct, breed of terrier, and it was with some surprise that I found one of your correspondents write them down as a ‘cross-breed.’

“The ‘lenty-haired,’ ‘flaxen-coloured’ terrier is common enough, but then he was never promoted to the dignity of a ‘Bedlington terrier,’ except through courtesy. The breeding in-and-in alluded to is condemned as injurious beyond one strain.

“Should you think this letter worthy of a place

in your columns, and kindly grant me a similar favour at some future time, I probably may send you a drawing of what a Bedlington terrier ought to be, and supply a few additional particulars necessarily omitted now.

“The pedigree of Ainsley’s Piper may be desirable as proving the facts contained in this letter.

“Ainsley’s Piper, by James Anderson’s Piper, of Rothbury Forest, out of Ainsley’s Phœbe, alias Coates’s Phœbe; Anderson’s Piper, by Ainsley’s Peachem, out of Christopher Dixon’s Phœbe, of Longhorsley; Peachem, by Cowen’s Burdett out of David Moffitt’s bitch, of Howick; Dixon’s Phœbe, by Sheawick’s Matchem, of Longhorsley, out of John Dodds’s Phœbe, of the same place; Matchem, by Mr. Edward Donkins’s Pincher, of Flotterton, out of William Wardle’s bitch, of Framlington; Dodds’s Phœbe, by Donkin’s Old Peachem out of Andrew Evans’s Vixen, of Thropton; Vixen, by the Miller’s dog of Felton out of Carr’s bitch, of Felton Hall.

“Ainsley’s Old Phœbe was by the Rennington dog out of Andrew Riddell’s Wasp, of Framlington; Wasp, by William Turnbull’s Pincher, of Holystone, out of William Wardle’s bitch; Pincher, by Donkin’s Old Peachem out of Turnbull’s Fan; Fan, by Myles’s Matchem, of Netherwitten, by Squire Trevelyan’s Flint.

“Donkin’s Pincher, by Donkin’s Old Peachem (continued from Ainsley’s Piper), Ainsley’s Crowner, by owner’s Piper out of owner’s Meg; Meg, out of Jin (own sister to Piper), by Robert Bell’s Tugg, of Wingates; Tugg, by Robert Dixon’s Dusty, of Longhorsley, out of a bitch of the Makepeace breed, presented to J. Ainsley by John Thompson.

“Hoping, sir, that I have shown, to some extent at least, the origin and breeding of ‘Bedlington terriers,’ I have now much pleasure in leaving the question in your and your readers’ hands, to draw your own conclusion as to *what they are not*.

“ A.”

This account, reaching back to 1820, while affording us the early history, leaves us still in doubt as to the origin of the Bedlington. About that date Anderson’s Piper and Ainsley’s Phœbe existed, and were subsequently mated together. Both were descended from Mr. Donkin’s strain; but how he obtained the breed we can only conjecture. There is a tradition that about a hundred years ago a weaver settled in Rothbury, bringing with him a brace of terriers of this description, the first known in England; but it is not rumoured whence he or they came. In Rothbury, however, the breed originated, and therefore we

must not look upon Bedlington as having produced the terrier bearing its name, although subsequently the breed was extensively patronized there.

It is held by many that the race descends from Dandie Dinmont's longer-legged dogs ; but beyond a certain cousinly resemblance between the Dandie and the Bedlington, and the fact that the Coquet Water at Rothbury was the birthplace of the former (Stonehenge "On the Dog," p. 76), and Rothbury also that of the latter, there is no positive data upon which to found such a supposition, however probable the hypothesis may appear.

In 1840 "Ainsley's Piper" died at the age of fifteen years, and his master closed the written record of the race which he had kept during his favourite's life, and which he still preserves. After that date the Bedlington tasted the proverbial fickleness of fortune, and upon the death of the Messrs. Coates (see "A.'s" letter), which occurred very shortly, with a few exceptions, fell into the hands of poachers, pitmen, masons, and other sporting characters of that class, who seldom committed the pedigrees of their dogs to paper. Much difficulty, therefore, has to be encountered, and many obstacles have to be overcome, by the inquirer who would trace the breed through the last thirty years, the most unfavourable period of its existence. Many of the men who owned it were of a migratory class,

and for this and other reasons are not easily met with. There, however, existed between them a rivalry, which partly was the cause of the race being saved from extinction, it having been preserved with some of them by a system of inbreeding, foreign blood being sparingly introduced, and when absolutely required, procured from an acquaintance who was known to possess it pure. While (and I am glad to chronicle so redeeming a point in a class almost universally condemned as inhuman) such was the affection with which this dog was regarded by his master, that in numberless instances men wanting the most ordinary necessities of life for themselves, have refused a good price for their canine companions.

With others of course the case was different, and many were the crosses indulged in, varying according to the taste of the owners or the purpose to which the dog was to be applied—fighting, badger baiting, or rabbit coursing, the special sports of the pitmen. The descendants of these mongrels, often trading under the name of the Bedlington terrier, are now plentiful in Northumberland, and frequently bought as pure specimens, to the great subsequent discomfiture of the purchaser and prejudice to the breed.

It must not be concluded from the above remarks that we are entirely indebted even to the most

trustworthy of the men mentioned, for the present existence of this terrier. There are several instances in which individuals of a different standing have the breed, procured by themselves or their relatives in the first instance direct from Ainsley or one of the early breeders, and conscientiously preserved in its former purity. Several families might be mentioned in which it has existed from twenty to forty years.

For a description of the appearance of this terrier we may again refer to "A.'s" letter; mentioning, however, in addition to his remarks, that the coat should be coarse and with little feather. A finer coat is said to have been produced in some specimens by excessive inbreeding; but in most cases it shows the existence of a cross. The colour may be liver, sandy, or blue, and to these may naturally be added liver-and-sandy, and blue-and-fawn. The frequent results of a union between parents of these colours is liver or sandy dogs. The nose should always be of a dark flesh-colour, while in the blue or blue-and-fawn examples it should be black. The following table of points, which has not hitherto been published, might be taken as a guide in judging by those on whom such a duty may devolve at future dog-shows:—

Head—Shape	10
„ Ears	10
„ Nose	5
„ Jaw	5
„ Eye	5
	— 35
Body—Chest	10
„ Neck	10
„ Shoulders	5
„ Back	5
„ Quarters	5
	— 35
Legs and feet10
Tail 5
Colour 5
Coat10
	—
Total	100

The Bedlington is essentially a vermin terrier, on land or in water, as many who have owned him will testify. He will do, and has done, what it is possible for a dog of his description to perform. The Reedwater foxhounds (Northumberland) are attended by some four or five of the breed, descended from Donkin's strain, as good as are to be procured, and the subscribers to the Carlisle otter hounds can tell many a tale of his usefulness. Instances of his courage could be supplied without number, and many remember the doings of the celebrated Bow Alley dog and Tom Thompson, his owner.

A laughable anecdote of the adventures of one

of these dogs might not be out of place in this chapter.

Captain A——, of the ——th Lancers, who owned one of these terriers, was some years ago marching with his troop from Glasgow to Edinburgh: the bitch—a great favourite with the men—as usual preceding them. Just as the troop were entering Edinburgh, a cat, which turned out to belong to an elderly maiden lady residing on the outskirts of the town, unfortunately for itself was incautious enough to cross the road within reach of the terrier. A short chase and a hot encounter immediately took place; the bitch being instantly assailed on all sides by the people congregated to see the soldiers pass. The temptation was too strong, and discipline too weak for order to be maintained under the circumstances; and a ring of the military quickly formed round the combatants, the intrusive civilians being forced to keep at a respectful distance. The encounter was short and decisive; the cat experiencing during the last few minutes of its existence what our neighbours pithily describe as “*un mauvais quart d’heure.*”

The soldiers, satisfied with the results, re-formed, and the march into barracks was effected without further incident.

Whether the anecdote ever reached Whitehall, and what the authorities thought of it, if it did, are matters for a speculative inquirer.

Our illustration represents Mr. S. Taprell-Holland's dog Proctor, the winner of the first prize in his class at the Crystal Palace Show, 1870, and of the Champion Cup at the late Darlington Show. He is by Mr. Gibb's Rock, out of Dodd's Bloss, of a dark liver-colour, standing 15in. at the shoulder, and weighing 20lbs.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE POMERANIAN, MALTESE, AND POODLE.

WITH A CONTRIBUTION FROM B. COBBETT, ESQ.

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. A lady, residing in a garrison town not a hundred miles from London, possesses two very beautiful specimens. They know all the shops she frequents and the families she visits, and if they miss her from home for any length of time, and they have an opportunity of escaping, they are off together, and go into all the shops, or bark at the doors of various houses, until they find her, when their delight is unbounded. One, the favorite, generally accompanied his mistress on her visits to distant friends. He was once left behind, and fretted to such a degree that he refused all food, and to save his life he was obliged to be sent off to her. We give the photograph of Mr. Hall's Nelly (49).

The likeness we give of Snatchbury (53) is a *species* of Pomeranian, not thoroughbred (notice the ears), except in his good qualities. A peculiar interest is attached to him, as he was with his master, an engine driver, in his last fatal journey from London on November 26th, 1870, in the fearful accident which occurred on that day at Harrow Station.

Snatchbury had travelled daily with his master for ten years. No matter how rough the weather, he was always to be seen standing on the tool box, which was placed on the tender of the engine. He had the greatest horror of fog-signals, and on one exploding he became almost frantic. Poor Snatchbury might have had a presentiment of the fearful accident. When this occurred the dog was injured but slightly; but his master lay dead, and Snatchbury was found crying, not for his slight injury, but for his master's death; he was licking his face and whining piteously, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could remove him. This dog can do several little tricks, such as sneezing when told, and turning over three times quickly, wiping his feet on the door-mat, etc.

We now come to the Maltese. We doubt whether any older variety of a lady's pet dog exists. Strabo says that "there is a town in Sicily called Melita, whence are exported many beautiful dogs, called Canes Melitæ. They were

the peculiar favorites of the women; but now (A.D. 25) there is less account made of these animals, which are not bigger than common ferrets or weasels, yet they are not small in understanding nor unstable in their love."

A pure Maltese is one mass of long, soft, silky hair. Great pains should be taken with his coat, as he is not thoroughly furnished with it until he is four or five years old. This dog is full of life and spirits, and possesses, with his vivacity, a genial disposition. The following authenticated story is of a dog of which there is some doubt whether of the Maltese or poodle breed, but we insert it here. We are indebted to Mr. Cobbett, of Manchester, for the same.

"Mr. W—— H——, a well known Member of Parliament about thirty-five years ago, was with his wife at Bath. They had with them their only child, a son, then a baby perhaps scarcely more than a year old. Mr. and Mrs. H—— were one night at the Bath Assembly Rooms, having left their little boy asleep in a bedroom, the servants being in the kitchen. While at the Assembly Rooms the attention of Mr. H—— was suddenly attracted by a little dog, which he had left at his house, rushing up to him, pulling at his coat, and barking and whining, as if in a state of frenzy. His master, following the movements of the animal,

went to the door, and thence home, the dog leading the way, jumping up and barking as they went along. It was found that a candle had been left burning by the side of the bed in which the baby lay, and that a curtain had taken fire. The dog had first alarmed the servants, who were below at their supper, and then went off to his master, probably knowing where to hunt for him from having been at the Bath Rooms before. Mr. H——, to make the occurrence more eccentric, wrapped the child up, and carried it to the Assembly Rooms, and placed it in his wife's lap. The little dog's performance created quite a sensation."

The Poodle has never been a great favorite in this country, and never used for any special purpose; although in France it is often taught to point and to retrieve, his scent is so acute. Meyrick says:—"The great objection is doubtless his fantastic appearance when his body is shaved, and his clumsy look when the hair is left on."

We give an anecdote taken from the *Cork Examiner* of 1870, thanking the writer for the hint given at the end of the article.

"SUICIDE BY A DOG.—Early on Friday morning, at Queenstown, one of the most singular acts in the annals of self-destruction was perpetrated by a large dog of Russian breed, but who since his arrival in this country has been attached to the

Cunard tender *Jackal*. Poor Naa was a dog of amiable but eccentric habits, misanthropical at times, and given to solitary rambles in the country, on which he sometimes absented himself for days at a time. He was a great favourite with the crew, and never, so long as he was within hearing of the signal whistle, deserted his post on board the tender, in which he from time to time visited every vessel of the line. He was acquainted with every cook in the Cunard service, and made it his first duty on boarding to pay his respects to his culinary patrons, who regaled him with eleemosynary paunch, of which he conveyed to land such portions as he could not eat, to finish at his leisure. The animal was particularly inoffensive and gentle, and had many friends, especially among juvenile Queenstown, whose confidence he secured by his great docility and intelligence, and by whom his premature and self-induced demise will no doubt be sincerely regretted. What prompted Naa to the dreadful deed must remain a matter of conjecture, as it is now impossible to say whether it ensued from that 'mind diseased,' which may afflict dogs as well as men, or whether it was simply a question of fleas, and hide and patience outraged beyond canine endurance. This much only is certain, that Naa had formed an attachment to a female poodle in the household

of a gentleman residing on the beach, and that on the previous evening he had been observed returning from the neighbourhood of the dwelling, with tail depressed, and what may be described as a general hang-dog expression of gait and countenance. It is surmised that the poor fellow had had a love quarrel with the object of his affection and had received his *congé* in a fashion which had driven him to distraction. To aggravate his misery, he was encountered on his way home by some lounging curs, who, after the custom of their kind, mocked his forlorn aspect in a most insulting manner. The afflicted creature unwisely retaliated, a scuffle ensued, in which, however, numbers and brute force prevailed, and Naa came off with a severe drubbing. Driven to madness by this fresh humiliation, which he probably feared would come to the ears of Poodleina, he fled to the beach, and howling a farewell to all his friends, threw himself into the sea. Several spectators, among them a principal officer of the *Jackal*—who has addressed us a note corroborating the chief circumstances—struck with the extraordinary behaviour of the dog, rushed into the water and attempted to drag him out, but the animal, deliberately evading every grasp, plunged again and again beneath the water through which he was observed clutching the bottom, with his paws, as if in desperate endeavour

to hurry his death, while more than once on coming, despite his struggles, to the surface, he snapped savagely at the hands outstretched to save him. The men, thinking the dog mad, at length retired to land and left him to his fate, which he soon achieved, and sank to rise no more, leaving behind him many regrets, and a reputation for suicidal resolve eclipsing that fabled to the scorpion. This extraordinary affair is quite authentic, and was witnessed by several. It would form a valuable addition to the next edition of 'Anecdotes of Animals.' "

We received a letter some time after the insertion of the above in the Cork paper, which informed us Naa was an Italian, and in appearance like a very large white curly poodle.

The following descriptions we give concerning the Pomeranian and Maltese breed.

The former 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 10lbs. to 18lbs., but the smaller are the more valuable.

The Maltese should be pure white, although some judges don't object to a light tinge of lemon on the ear. Nose and eyes black ; coat long, silky, and straight ; if in ringlets it is strongly objected to, as showing a cross with the poodle or truffle dog. The tail well coated, moderately long, and well laid over the back. The general shape of the dog should be low on the legs, short in face and back, and cobby in general appearance. Weight from 6lbs. to 9lbs. The smaller the better.

POINTS.

	POMERANIAN.	MALTESE.
Head	20	—
Eyes and nose	5	20
Coat	25	30
Colour	25	30
Frill	10	—
Tail	10	—
Symmetry	5	5
Tail and carriage	—	15



CHAPTER XXIII.

PUGS.

“There is an air of *bon-ton* about him, which renders him a fashionable appendage to a fine lady.”—*Parisian Gossip*.

A PUG is a dog almost to be envied. He is fashionable; he enjoys his carriage airings in the park; he is petted and caressed by some of the loveliest of women; he always looks fat and prosperous, seemingly on very good terms with the world, and the world with him. He is a faithful admirer of his mistress, and withal a bit of a flirt. He has many pretty coquettish ways of showing his devotion.

The pug has been known by the name of “doguin,” small bull-dog, and “roquet;” the latter cognomen is still retained in some parts of France.

This dog is an importation from China and Japan, but the English breed is now far superior to any species found in either of those countries. Pugs came into fashion here about the reign of William III. They were at that time royal favorites. This was probably owing to the sagacity of one of the species; for the Prince of Orange, father of the monarch, believed he owed his life

to it. One night a murderous attempt was made to attack him during his sleep, and the dog roused him and thus saved him from death. The prince ever after kept one of the race. In the days of Hogarth we read "No lady of fashion went abroad without her pug-dog and her black page." The artist himself had his favorite, it was not a well-bred pug, but a mischief-loving creature, extremely ugly, and of grotesque appearance. Hogarth showed his love for his companion, for he transferred his face to canvas, and doggie and master were painted together. Pugs are expensive animals, if really first-rate. The owner of Punch, which took first prize at the Birmingham show for two years successively, indignantly refused 80 guineas for him—indeed a faultless specimen would be decidedly a bargain at £150. A millionaire (but then, poor man, he was in love) is said to have given £300 for a pug to nestle in his lady's lap, and it proved to be only half-bred. The Chinese pug is of a reddish colour, and deficient in the black points; the Japanese dog on the other hand is too much provided with "smut," and even the body inclines to a smoke-tinted drab. The old English breed had a small patch of black upon the poll, called the "black velvet;" this is not to be seen in the best specimens of the present day.

The true English pug should be of a fawn colour, devoid of any smut approaching *blackness*. Clearness and purity of colour are essential, so as to render the various markings (which we shall proceed to describe) as clear and sharp in outline as possible. The dog should stand on short legs, as straight and well made as a foxhound, but with long "hare feet," the toes well split up. His head should be round, and the forehead high; nose short, teeth level, jaw square. The eye full and black; the ears are small, silky, black, and close to the head. A black mole should be clearly marked on each cheek, with three hairs in each. The mask should be black and positively marked; the neck strong and thick, devoid of all loose or puckered skin. The chest should be broad, the back and loins wide and strong, and a black line or "trace" should run down the back to the end of the tail. The tail should be tightly curled over the side or hip, having a second curl. The ribs should be round—this is a great point, as a ragged or narrow dog of this description is considered deformed.

It will be seen that compact form, pure colour, and distinct marking form the principal points in these dogs; but perhaps hardly any toy dog requires a more experienced eye. As all "toys" are beautiful by comparison, no one can form a

correct estimate of a dog's relative value unless he is pretty well informed upon the subject, and the rivalry of breeders leads to one excellent example giving place to another.

A narrow or pointed nose is a very great disfigurement; so is a woolly or dead coat. The coat should be sleek and shining, short, and soft to the touch. Round feet are also bad, so are white toes, or indeed white anywhere. If the black of the mask melts gradually into a grey, and is softened until it mingles with the fawn, the dog loses much of his value.

POINTS.

Head	10
Ears	10
Pure Colour	15
Distinct Mask	10
Black Trace	10
Cheek Moles	5
Quality of Coat	10
Curl of Tail	10
Compactness	10
Hare Feet	10



CHAPTER XXIV.

BLENHEIM AND KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

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. Of the Blenheim tribe we cannot give prettier pictures than of Blenny (50), and two others (51), the property of Mr. J. H. Dawes.

Long before the days of King Charles II., the dogs we now call by that monarch's name, were bred in considerable numbers, and "Idstone" gives the following:—"Before that monarch's time 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 more aristocratic appellation which royalty has conferred upon them." We are sorry to say that not a single original anecdote has been received by us concerning either the Blenheim

or King Charles. Who does not remember "Jip's death," written by one of England's greatest novelists,—one whose pen is laid aside for ever. The description of this King Charles' last hours is so beautifully written that we insert it here:—

"He (Jip) is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be, that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him, and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed,—she sitting at the bedside—and mildly licks her hand.

* * * *

"Agnes is down-stairs when I go into the parlour, and I give her the message, she disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

"His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out in the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily, heavily. I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance is the image of the dear child as I

knew her first, graced, by my young love and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart reply!

“How the time wears on, I know not, until I am recalled by my child-wife’s old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go upstairs.

“‘Not to-night, Jip; not-to night.’

“He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

“‘O Jip; it may be never again!’

“He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry is dead!

“‘O Agnes! Look, look here!’

“That face, so full of pity and of grief; that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards heaven!

“‘Agnes!’

“It is over; darkness comes before mine eyes; and for a time all things are blotted out from my remembrance.”

The points of the Blenheim do not differ much from those of the King Charles. The main difference consists in the colour and markings, and in the texture of the hair, which may be more waved

in the Blenheim than in the other breed. He should have the same round skull, the same prominent, large, round eyes, weeping and wet at the corners, and leaving a wet trace down the cheek. He must also have the deep stop, the projecting lower jaw, and the short black nose. He should have large, well-coated ears; but we must not expect to find them so dense or so deep and large as in the King Charles. He must be compact, well-coated, and the feather of his legs and thighs must be profuse. His tail should be bushy, "well-flagged," and carried low. He should not exceed 5lb. in weight; and if he weighs 8lb. or 9lb. he is of very little value.

His head should be well marked; a white streak should run down his skull, and his lips and chin should be white, freckled with red. In the centre of this white blaze, or rather in the centre of his forehead, he should have "the spot" about the size of and as round as a sixpence. His chest must be exceedingly well coated; and to this point of beauty great attention should be directed by any judge, as the "mane" has always been a great point in Blenheims.

The markings of the body are not of very great importance, provided there is no preponderance of either colour, and that both are distinct or clear. Freckled legs are not in favour; and although a few

spots would not prejudice a judge, the fewer of these spots the better.

The "red" should be brilliant, and of a yellow or golden hue, by no means approaching the deep sienna stain of the black-tan spaniel or Gordon setter; and many admirable specimens of breeding are of a positively sandy tone. This colour is not, however, *Blenheim colour*, which ought to be rich, pure, and defined.

The King Charles Spaniel should have a round skull and large round prominent eyes, with a deep indentation or "stop" between them. The lower jaw should project beyond the upper, and turn up. Long ears "touching the ground" are highly esteemed, but this is a figurative expression. They must droop close to the head and be thickly coated. The back of all the legs must be densely feathered, and the feet must be almost lost in the feather, which ought to project beyond the nails.

The tail should be carried low, the dog should stand on short legs and appear compact. Any protrusion of the tongue is most objectionable.

His coat should be silky, straight, very abundant, and of the richest colour, the black being a raven black, and the tan a rich mahogany. Where there is white mixed it is a demerit. The black should be intense, the tan vivid and rich. The dog should be altogether free from white. He should have tan of

this rich red quality on his cheeks and the inner margin of the ear. His lips should be tan, and he should have a spot of the same colour over each eye; the larger this spot is the better. His cheeks should be well tanned, also his chest or "mane," all his legs, his belly, the feather of his haunches, his vent, and the under plumage of his tail.

Weight, from 6lbs. to 12lbs.

POINTS.

	KING	
	BLENHEIM.	CHARLES.
Head	15	10
Eyes and Ears	15	—
Coat	10	—
Symmetry	10	—
Colour	20	40
Feather	10	10
Weight	10	—
Tail	10	—
Nose and Jaw	—	10
Eyes	—	10
Ears	—	10
Texture of Coat	—	10
Compactness of Form	—	10
Size and weight	—	10
Carriage of Tail	—	10



CHAPTER XXV.

ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

WE may designate this class of dog as essentially a *lady's* pet. It has a highly sensitive nature, and is of delicate constitution. It shrinks from the rougher treatment of the male sex, and only leads a life of happiness when basking in the sunlight on a soft warm cushion and under the gentle caresses of its mistress. Scarcely any class of dog requires luxury so much as this; but it is also capable of devotion and gratitude for kindness shown to it. A lady whom we met in our publisher's office some time since, related the following instance. Some years ago she was walking by the water side in Venice, when a bright, lively little greyhound, apparently a young dog, ran by accident against a man, who gave it a brutal kick, and the poor little animal, partly stunned, rolled into the water. Passionately fond of dogs, she was naturally enraged and grieved at seeing it treated so cruelly, and without hesitation she rushed to the water's edge, endeavouring to reach it; but the eddies of the stream were taking it further and further from the side. She jumped into the water, which she was told afterwards was twelve feet deep. She was

unable to swim, but having thrown herself towards the dog, she managed with her right hand to catch him by the back. They both went under water together, and spectators seeing her danger, a boat went off to the rescue. When doggie and its gallant preserver were picked up, the latter was quite insensible. On consciousness being restored, she discovered the bystanders, imagining the dog was hers, had brought him to the house whither she had been taken. When she had sufficiently recovered, and was preparing to take her departure, the poor little waif gave her a piteous look of misery, and seemed to say, "Do take me with you;" so she picked it up in her arms and took it home. Fido was her constant companion in many a journey by sea and land, and was always most affectionate. Some years elapsed, and Fido and its mistress were in Lisbon; the hour was midnight, and after a long and tedious voyage occupying nearly twenty-four hours, they were both very sound asleep, Fido lying as usual, on the floor by his mistress' bedside. She was suddenly roused by finding him on the bed, scratching the sheets, and crying piteously. "Be quiet, Fido; be quiet sir;" but it was of no avail; he made more noise than ever. Now thoroughly awakened, his mistress sat up in bed and heard, to her horror, loud cries of Fire; her room was getting full of smoke, and she sprang from her bed to open

the door. At this instant her window was dashed in, a man seized her by the waist, but she rushed backwards, snatched up Fido, and then both were conveyed safely to ground by means of the fire escape. She little imagined when she rescued the dog from a watery grave, that he would in after years be her preserver from that most fearful and devouring element, Fire.

The shape of the Italian Greyhound should exactly resemble that of the English greyhound, the only point of difference being the size, which in the Italian dog, should be as small as possible. The weight should be under 10lbs. The colours most fashionable at the present time are fawn (especially with a tinge of pink), fawn with blue points, blue, red, and black. In any case the dog should be whole-coloured.

POINTS.

Size	20
Colour	25
Ears	5
Head	10
Neck	5
Legs and Feet	10
Shoulders	5
Back and Hind Quarters	5
Symmetry	10
Tail	5

CHAPTER XXVI.

WATCH-DOGS.

BY W. STABLES, ESQ., M.D., R.N.

THESE dogs, as every fancier knows, are a very heterogeneous breed. In fact, one has only got to breed from two good dogs of different kind—of course large animals—and the result, if the selection has been judicious, will be good watch-pups. He may be as ugly as sin, or lovely as a canine angel; what you look for is a sturdy defender and a faithful friend, and on the selection of the parents will depend your success; be they half-cross, quadroon or octoroon. One glance at Tyro's portrait (55) must suffice to convince any one of the amount of intelligence and sagacity the original must have possessed. He was bred from a pure Scottish colley, the father a powerful retriever (Irish). "Bah!" some one may here say "only a mongrel," a class of dogs whose praises few care to sing, and whose virtues are written in water. A watch-dog of the right sort was Tyro; and from the day when his brown eyes first rested on me, for twelve long years, by sea and land, I never had a more loving companion or trusty friend. He

was a large and very strong dog, feathered like a Newfoundland, but with hair so soft and long and glossy, as to gain for him in his native village the epithet of "silken dog." In colour he was black-and-tan, with snow-white gauntlets and shirt-front. His face was very remarkable, his eyes bright and tender, giving him, with his long silky ears, almost the expression of a beautiful girl. Being well-mannered, kind, and always properly groomed, he was universally admired, and respected by high and low. He was, indeed, patted by peers and petted by peasants, never objected to in first-class railway cars or steamer saloons, and the most fastidious of hotel-waiters did not hesitate to admit him, while he lounged daintily on sofa or ottoman, with the *sang froid* of one who had a right. Tyro came into my possession a round-pawed fun-and-mischief-loving puppy. His first playmate was a barndoor fowl, of the male persuasion, who had gained free access to the kitchen on the plea of being a young female in delicate health; which little piece of deceit, on being discovered by his one day having forgot himself so far as to crow, cost Maggie, the name he impudently went by, his head. Very dull indeed was poor Tyro on the following day, but when the same evening he found Maggie's head and neck heartlessly exposed on the dunghill, his grief knew no bounds. Slowly he brought it

to the kitchen, and with a heavy sigh deposited it on the hearthstone-corner, and all the night and part of next day it was "waked," the pup refusing all food, and flashing his teeth meaningly at whosoever attempted to remove it, until sleep at last soothed his sorrow. I took to the dog after that, and never repented it, for he saved my life, of which anon. Shortly after his "childish sorrow" Tyro had a difference of opinion with a cat, and got rather severely handled, and this I think it was that led him, when a grown dog, to a confusion of ideas regarding these animals, plus hares and rabbits; "when taken to be well shaken," was his motto, adding "wherever seen," so he slew them indiscriminately. This cat-killing propensity was exceedingly reprehensible, but the habit once formed never could be cured; although I, stimulated by the loss of guinea after guinea, whipped him for it, and many an old crone—deprived of her pet—has cursed him in English, Irish, and Scotch, all with the same effect.

Talking of cats, however, there was *one* to whom Tyro condescendingly forgave the sin of existing. It so fell out that, in a fight with a stag-hound, he was wounded in the femoral artery, and was fast bleeding to death, because no one dared to go near him, until a certain sturdy eccentric woman, very fond of our family, came upon the scene. She

quickly enveloped her arms with towels, to save herself from bites, and thus armed, thumbed the artery for two hours; then dressing it with cobwebs, saved the dog's life. Tyro became, when well, a constant visitor at the woman's cottage; he actually came to love her, often brought her the hares he killed, and, best favour of all to the old maid, considerately permitted her cat to live during his royal pleasure; but, if he met the cat abroad, he changed his direction, and inside, he never let his eyes rest upon her.

When Tyro came of age, 21 (months), he thought it was high time to select a profession, for hitherto he had led a rather roving life. One thing determined him: my father's shepherd's toothless old colley died, and having duly mourned for her loss, he—the shepherd—one day brought home another to fill up the death-vacancy. She was black, and very curly, had youth and beauty on her side, pearly teeth, hair that shone like burnished silver, and in short was quite a charming shepherdess—so at least, thought Tyro; and what more natural than that he should fall in love with her. So he did. In her idle hours they gambolled together on the gowny braes, brushed the bells from the purple heather and the dew-drops from the grass, chased the hares, bullied the cat, barked and larked, and in short, behaved entirely like a pair of engaged lovers

of the canine class ; and then said Tyro to himself, "My mother was a shepherdess, *I* will be a shepherd, and thus enjoy the company of my beloved Phillis for ever and perhaps a day or two longer." And no young gentleman ever gave himself with more energy to a chosen profession than did Tyro. He was up with the lark—the bird that picks up the worm—and away to the hill and the moor. To his faults the shepherd was most indulgent for a few days ; but when Tyro, in his over zeal, attempted to play the wolf, he was, very properly, punished. "What an indignity ! Before one's Phillis too !" Tyro turned tail and trotted sulkily home. "Confound the sheep," he must have thought ; at any rate he took a dire revenge—not on the shepherd, *his* acquaintance he merely cut, and he even continued to share his crib with his little ensnarer—but on the sheep-fold.

A neighbouring farmer's dog, of no particular breed, was in the habit of meeting Tyro at summer gloaming, in a wood equi-distant from their respective homes. They then shook tails, and trotted off side by side. Being a very early riser I used often to see Tyro coming home in the mornings, jaded, worn, and muddy, avoiding the roads, and creeping along by ditches and hedgerows. When I went to meet him, he threw himself at my feet, as much as to say—"Thrash away and be quick about it." This

went on for weeks, though I did not know then what mischief "the twa dogs" had been brewing, although ugly rumours began to be heard in all the country side about murdered sheep and bleeding lambs; but my eyes were opened, and opened with a vengeance, when nineteen of the sheep on my father's hill-side were made bleeding lumps of clay in one short "simmer nicht"; and had Tyro been tried for his life, he could scarcely have proved an *alibi*, and moreover, his pretty breast was like- unto a robin's, and his gauntlets steeped in gore. Dire was the punishment that fell on Tyro's back, for thus forsaking the path of virtue for a sheep-walk; and for two or three years, until, like the "Rose o' Anandale," he

"Left his Highland home
And wandered forth with me,"

he was condemned to the chain.

He now became really a watch-dog, and a right good one he proved.

The chain was of course slipped at night when his real duties were supposed to commence. Gipsies, tinklers we call them, were just then an epidemic in our part of the country; and our henroosts were in an especial manner laid under black mail. One or two of those same long-legged gentry got a lesson from Tyro they did not speedily forget. I have seldom seen a dog that could down his man with less

unnecessary violence. So surely as any one laid a hand on his master, even in mimic assault, he was laid prone on his back, and that, too, in a thoroughly business-like fashion ; and violence was only offered, if the lowly-laid made an attempt to get up till out of arrest. Again, the bane of Tyro's watch-keeping was the holding at bay those nocturnal prowlers, whom English housemaids call their followers, and Scotch lassies, their "lads." Their plan, too, was highly strategic ; they used to work in pairs, the lover and a friend : the friend kept the dog's attention attracted, by beating on a tree at a safe distance, while the lover quietly outflanked poor Tyro, and boots in hand gained admission by door or by the "wee winnick." Some dogs, however, can smell a rat (nothing new I believe), and Tyro one night caught a country-joskin struggling, half-in half-out—the "winnick" for once was too "wee"—and at once went for him, and the way that poor fellow, one end at least, kicked and sprawled, and the way that dog tore the seat of his trowsers and underlying habiliments, were two sights to see.

I never had a dog of a more affectionate disposition than my dead-and-gone friend Tyro. By sea and land, of course *I* was his especial charge ; but that did not prevent him from joyously recognising "friends he had not seen for years." Like his

human shipmates, he too used to look out for land, and he was generally the first to make known the welcome news, by jumping on the bulwarks, snuffing the air, and giving one long loud bark, which was slightly hysterical, as if there were a big lump in his throat somewhere.

If this were not a book of reference as well as amusement, I should go on the principle of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but being so, I am bound to speak of Tyro's faults as well as his virtues. Reader, he had a temper,—never once shown to woman or child, but often, when he fancied his *causa belli* just, to man, and once or twice to his master. Why, one night in my absence, he turned my servant out, and took forcible possession of my bed. It *was* hard, although I *had* stayed out rather late; but only by killing him could I have dislodged him, so for several reasons I preferred a night on the sofa, and next morning I gave him *medicine* for his liver.

Tyro and I had one stand-up fight, after which, everlasting peace. I might here call attention to the exceeding rarity of the dreadful disease, hydrophobia, after dog-bites. It is consoling to know that scarcely a case in ten thousand develops the complaint. I myself have been cut or scratched some fifty times. I never have been free from

the risk of hydrophobia, and yet, like the famous Jack Robinson, "I was never dead at all."

During our country life Tyro took good care I should move as little as possible without him, and consequently dubbed himself knight-companion of my rambles over green field and heathy mountain, and these were not few. We often extended our excursions until the stars shone over us, then we made our lodging on the cold ground; Tyro's duties being those of watch and pillow. Often though, on awakening in the morning, I found my head among the heather, and my pillow sitting comfortably by my side panting, generally with a fine hare between its paws, for it had been "up in the morning airly" and "o'er the hills and far awa'," long before I knew myself from a stone.

By the bye, he never brought home rabbits when self-hunting, and of the many unfortunate cats he killed, he never retrieved one;—I forgot, just one, which he had run down and killed in the centre of London, of all places in the world.

"Whose dog is that?" said a stern policeman. No one spoke, and he attempted to take the cat from Tyro's feet. "Oh! h! h!" growled the dog, and, picking up his prize, quickly trotted after me, as much as to say, "If any gentleman makes pies of this puss, it's I, or my master."

Horrible suspicion! It only even now flashed

across my mind: Tyro and I *had* lately taken a fancy to mutton (?) pies. Ugh!

Tyro's country life ended when his master went to study medicine. One day I was surprised to find him sitting on the seat beside me. The attendant was about to remove him.

"Let alone the poor dog," said Professor L. "I'll be bound he will listen more quietly than any one here." Then after the lecture, "Thank you, doggy, you have taught my students a lesson." That naughty chain prevented a repetition of the offence; but how exuberant he was to meet me at evening, any one may guess. Till next morning he was my second shadow. More than once, too, he has been a rather too faithful ally in the many silly escapades into which youth and spirits (No! sir, not *ardent*) lead the medical student. His use was to cover a retreat, and only once did he floor a too obtrusive Bobby; and once he *saved me from an ugly death*.

It was Hogmané—the last night of the year,—and we had been merry. We, a jolly party of students, had elected to drink in the New Year, we did so, and had been very happy, while, as Burns hath it, Tyro

"For vera joy had barkit wi' us."

Ringling out from every corner of the city, like cocks with troubled minds, came the musical voices

of night-watchmen, bawling "half-past-one," as we left the streets, and proceeded towards our home in the suburbs. It was a goodly night, moon and stars and all that sort of thing, which tempted me to set out on a journey of ten miles into the country, in order to be "first foot" to some relations that lived there. The road was crisp with frost, and walking pleasant enough, so that we were in one hour nearly half-way. About here was a bridge crossing a little rocky ravine, with a babbling stream some sixty feet below. On the low stone parapet of this bridge, like the reckless fool I was, I stretched myself at full length, and, unintentionally, fell fast asleep. How nearly that sleep had been my last! Two hours afterwards I awoke, and naturally my eyes sought the last thing they had dwelt upon—the moon; she had declined westward, and in turning round I was just toppling over when I was sharply pulled backwards towards the road: here was Tyro with his two paws pressed firmly against the parapet, and part of my coat in his mouth, while with flashing teeth he growled as I never before had heard him. His anger, however, was changed into the most exuberant joy, when I alighted safely on the road, shuddering at the narrow escape I had just made. At the suggestion of Tyro, we danced round each other, for five minutes at least, in mutual joy, by which time we were warm enough to finish

our journey, and be first foot to our friends in the morning.

When Tyro left home to begin a seafaring life, he put his whole heart and soul in the business. There was more than one dog in the ship, but his drawing-room habits and knowledge of "sentry-go" made him saloon dog *par excellence*. His first voyage was to the North Pole, and his duty the protection by night of the cabin stores, including the spirit room. This duty he zealously performed, in fact Master Tyro would have cheerfully undertaken to take charge of the ship itself, and done his best to repel boarders, from the gangway at least. A sailor's life was now the lot of Tyro. I can't, however, say he was perfectly happy; no dog is on board ship. He missed the wide moors and the heathy hills, and he acquired a taste for rum, though to his credit be it said he used, but never abused.

* * * *

Every dog has his day, and Tyro got old; and the day came round when I had to go to sea alone. Then the dog attached himself to my dear mother; when I returned home again, she was gone. . . . And, strange to say, Tyro, who, during my poor mother's brief illness had refused to leave her bedside, on her death would take no food for ten days at least. He got thin, and shortly after took dropsy in its worst form, ascites. In this state

he lived nearly a year, nothing being spared that tended to cure him or prolong his life.

With my own hand, I tapped him no less than fifteen times, removing never less than one gallon and three quarters of water. The first operation was a terrible undertaking, owing to the dog making such fierce resistance; but afterwards, when he began to understand the immense relief it afforded him, he used to submit without even a sigh, allowing himself to be strapped down without a murmur, and when the operation (excepting the stab of the trocar, there is little or no pain) was over, he would give himself a shake, then lick the hands of all the assistants—generally four—and present a grateful paw to each; then he had his dinner, and next day was actually fit to run down a rabbit or hare.

Thinner and weaker, weaker and thinner, month by month, and still I could not, as some advised, “put him out of pain;” he had saved my life, and I did not feel up to the mark in Red Indianism. And so the end drew nigh.

The saddest thing about it was this; the dog had the idea (knowing nothing of the mystery of death) that I could make him well; and at last, when he could no longer walk, he used to crawl to meet me on my morning visit, and gaze in my face with his poor imploring eyes, and my answer (*well*

he knew what I said), was always "Tyro doggie, you'll be better the morn (to-morrow) boy." And when one day I could stand it no longer, and fairly broke down, and rained tears on my old friend's head, he crept back to his bed, and that same forenoon he was dead.

There are people who will say I loved my dog too well. All things considered, I don't think I could, and I know that thousands will agree with me when I say, that no one ought to be ashamed of the honest affection of a faithful friend, whose only misfortune (?) is that he is in possession of four legs and independent of his tailor.

On a "dewy simmer's gloaming" poor Tyro's coffin was laid beneath the sod, within the walls of a noble old Highland ruin. There is no stone to mark where he lies, but I know the spot, and I always think the *gowan* *blinks* bonniest, and the grass grows greenest, there.

"Tiger"—well named by the bye,—was a dog I knew in my boyhood, a dog that belonged to my father, who was supposed to know something about his breed. He was a large-sized, pure white, patch-eyed bull and terrier, weighing nearly, if not fully, forty pounds; and had, I think, more of the bull in him than was for his advantage. He was kept constantly on chain as a watch-dog, which I suppose

accounted for his unusual ferocity. It must have been bred in him however; and I merely mention Tiger, as an example of a certain class of watch-dogs (favorites with many), that in my humble opinion possess more fierceness than utility. I have known them get so excited, that the life of people, even whom they had seen from day to day, was put in danger. This same Mr. Tiger was in the habit of breaking his chain, almost weekly. He used to choose the earliest hour of a summer morning, and having effected his purpose, he would seat himself on an eminence overlooking the grounds, and it would have gone hard with any stranger he found trespassing.

One morning he caught, and made prisoner of a young lady, with whom he was well acquainted, but who happened, in his idea, to be suspiciously early abroad; knowing who she was he did not attempt to injure her, but kept her for hours in a most disagreeable position.

He was revengeful too:—a game cock during Tiger's puppyhood used to strut majestically into the stable, where he was chained, and prick him rather cruelly with his spurs. About one year after, on a quiet Scottish Sunday evening, he broke loose, and spying the poor cock made for him at once. The brave biped after making a short stand, turned tail and stuck in a hedge; before he could get

through, he had no longer any tail to turn and scarcely a feather on his back.

One of the best watch-dogs you can have is, I think, the large white-and-black Newfoundland ; but he must on no account be kept always on chain. I believe, however, the best watch for yard or hall is a small well-trained terrier, with a large black Newfoundland, the former gives the alarm, and the latter does the fighting, or as a friend of mine says, the one rings the bell, and the other attends the door.



CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BULL-DOG.

FROM NOTES CONTRIBUTED BY FRANK ADCOCK, ESQ.

“*Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.*”

THERE is perhaps no dog who boasts a longer pedigree, or the breed of which has been preserved as pure, as the dog now under consideration. He was well known and appreciated for his unparalleled courage by the ancient Romans, and he is aptly described by Joanes Ulizious, and the distinction of pulling down a bull is given him by Claudian. There can be but little doubt that only one race of “broad mouthed dogs” existed during the Roman era, and that the dog so designated, was the progenitor of the bull-dog of the present day. The dogs used by the Romans, which were procured by an officer specially appointed for that purpose, were of a somewhat different type to the dog of the present century, being of great size, and probably broader in the lower jaw, and longer in the upper, and invariably underhung, with a larger although semi-erect ear, deeper hanging flews, or, in other words, lips more pendant, larger nostrils, and longer tails. There are paintings to be found of these dogs, as they appeared in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, and a capital description is given by Dr.

Caius, in 1576, under the name of mastyne or bandogge, which was the name of this breed until bull-baiting became a fashionable amusement, and they derived a new one from it. In the 16th century the bull-dog was from 80 to 100 lbs. in weight, and was, with one or two exceptions, and amongst others, size, identical with the dog of the present day. The most important exception amongst those referred to being the length of nose, or, in technical language, "shortness of face," that property having been greatly exaggerated during the last hundred and fifty years. By the end of the last century the breed had been very much reduced in size, the average weight being from 40 to 50 lbs. The dogs at this period and up to within about fifteen years since, were principally in the hands of labouring men, to whom a 90 or 100 lb. dog would have been a very white elephant; and it is to convenience that may be ascribed the reduction in the size of this breed, a circumstance to be regretted for many reasons, and especially on account of the crossing with other breeds of short-faced dogs, in no way akin to the bull-dog, and the close in-breeding which has been resorted to, to gain the end desired, viz., smallness. Fortunately for the credit of the dog and the preservation of this most ancient and indigenous race, some few gentlemen have rescued him from the hands of unthinking ruffians, have

after diligent research satisfied themselves of the distinctive characteristics of the original type, and have set to work to reproduce it in all its massive grandness, the embodiment of wondrous strength and undaunted courage. The bull-dog has always been a comparatively rare dog, and it is only charitable to ascribe to many of the authors who have so unsparingly belied him, a profound ignorance of the subject upon which they wrote; and the absurd stories so often told are quite laughable when contrasted with the experience of those who have bred and reared these dogs. It is usual with the stereotyped author to inform those who are desirous of obtaining reliable information upon the subject, that the bull-dog is incapable of instruction or affection, sullen and bloodthirsty to a degree, and with a preference, if he be less stupid than ordinary, to his master's throat. "Idstone" has added his testimony to the stupidity of this dog by instancing how one, whenever let loose, ran up against the wall opposite his kennel. This one instance is of course very conclusive evidence of the want of intelligence of the whole breed! But it is just possible although not discovered by the learned author, that this seeming stupidity was nothing of the kind. The fact probably was that the unfortunate dog was but seldom unchained, and that in his desire for freedom, he strained at his

collar, and having that contempt for pain which is so characteristic of the bull-dog, did not when loosed take the same trouble to avoid the wall as a timid cur would have done. This dog is so seldom made a companion of by the few persons who keep him, that it is not surprising so many groundless charges should be laid at his door, or that persons fail to discover his intelligence, and other good qualities. He is generally doomed to a life-long imprisonment, and only relieved from his chain when he is taken from his kennel to engage in mortal combat with one of his own species, or some other animal. All this to any reasoning mind will be sufficient to account for the many *true* stories which have been related of this dog. If any man of ordinary intelligence would undertake the rearing of a pup of this breed, he would find that the bull-dog is capable of great attachment, and becomes an accomplished animal, a faithful companion, and a protector willing at any time to suffer death in defence of his master.

For the last fifteen years, Mr. Adcock has been labouring to bring back the bull-dog to its original size, and by careful selection, and crossing with the remnants of the old type, which had, with the exception of Bill George and one or two others, been discarded by fanciers, has succeeded in producing a bitch by his Abbot, Anathema by name,

who at eighteen months, in hard condition, weighed 62 lbs. ; and who is unquestionably the purest bred and largest bitch extant. The restoration of the old breed has, in consequence of the paucity of specimens, been a somewhat difficult matter ; and the success which has been already achieved would not have been met with, had it not been for the tendency on the part of this breed to assert itself by producing offspring larger than their immediate progenitors. From what we are told by Mr. Adcock it seems that dogs of this breed, but of much greater weight, are to be found in Spain and the old Spanish colonies, having been imported from this to the former country by Philip II., about the year 1556, and that the race is said to be preserved in great purity in the island of Majorca, where he assumes they are used for pinning wild cattle to facilitate their capture. It is to a cross with one of these dogs that the regeneration of the race may be looked forward to, and if the search for one which is now being carried on in Spain on Mr. Adcock's behalf be successful, as it promises to be, a cross with his Anathema should bring about the desired result, and is the more likely to succeed on account of the animals being unrelated, the great drawback in bull-dog breeding being the consanguinity which exists among all specimens of well-known strains, and the impossibility of obtaining

in this country a clean out-cross, which is wonderfully exemplified in glancing through our informant's carefully kept stud-book, wherein is to be found the pedigree of any dog of note which can be authenticated. Having furnished our readers with a slight sketch of the history of our national dog, let us proceed to disabuse their minds of the many unauthenticated stories which have been told to his detriment. In nearly every book, with the exception of Stonehenge's, the bull-dog is alleged to be the incarnation of all that is unpleasant, and utterly incapable of anything but ferocity and combat; and year after year this calumny has been reprinted by every one who has undertaken the production of a book on dogs. They have found it much easier to accept the statements in existence, and have done, as the originator of them must have done, taken them on trust; for it is impossible for any man of ordinary mental capacity to possess these dogs without becoming aware of the undoubted fact that they are as capable of being taught anything that their size or physical peculiarities does not render impossible as any other breed, although it may in some instances be that they cannot do it as well. In support of this we may mention that out of eight pure bred bull-dogs now in our informant's possession, six will retrieve land or water. Ample and Anathema will hunt a

field or hedgerow, keep to heel, stand to ferrets, dive, fetch money out of a pail of water, and do many other tricks. All these, with the exception of Ajax, are perfectly good tempered, always go about loose, and are capital followers, either with a pedestrian or carriage, and nothing has been done to make them so, except to treat them as one would high-spirited children, correcting them firmly when showing any temper as pups, and letting them run about and become acquainted with those things which, as the companion of a gentleman, they would be likely to meet; in short, treating them as a dog should be treated, instead of chaining them up from year's end to year's end, except when brought out to attack something, until the natural excitability, which generally exists in these dogs, has become chronic, instead of having been brought under control, and the dog has become a terror and a nuisance, instead of being a pleasant companion and a friend, whose very life is at his master's service, and whose boldness no weapon will abridge. It was our informant's misfortune a year or two since, when on a dark night he was attacked by three ruffians, to put to the test the courage of his bull-bitch Ample; nor was he disappointed, for although she was thrice struck down with a heavy stick, when rising at one of the fellows' throat, the fourth spring landed her upon

his chest, and brought him to the ground, where he remained until she was told to release him, which she immediately did, and followed her master as quietly as if nothing had happened to the police station, where one of the men was disposed of until the magistrates decreed his removal to the county "jug." There are hundreds of authenticated stories substantiating the high mental capacities of the bull-dog which could be related, had we but space for them. The following are the old-fashioned points and properties of a bull-dog.

1. Head. This includes colour, shape, and size of nose, chops, projection and formation of lower jaw, teeth, stop, skin and wrinkles, height, size, and breadth of skull, and "shortness of face," and "finish."

2. Ear. This includes size, position, carriage, and substance.

3. Eye. This includes position, size, colour.

4. Shape and make. This includes width of chest, neck, shoulders, ribs, loins, elbows, hocks, feet, and length of back.

5. Leg and foot. This includes length, thickness, calf, wrist.

6. Stern. This includes length, thickness, position, carriage.

7. Colour. This includes coat, skin, and dewlap.

In going through the properties of a bull-dog it

will be as well to begin at the end of his nose and get as near the finish as the subject will admit of at the end of his tail. The nose should be black in colour, rough, broad, and with wide spreading nostrils, and the black should extend to the lower lip, producing what is termed a black "front"; the upper jaw should be short, and cannot be too broad at point of fangs, and should be deeply wrinkled; the lower jaw should turn up, and project as much as possible beyond the upper, but not so much as to show the lower fangs; the teeth should be large, and the canine teeth in the lower jaw very far apart, and from its upward turn should be thrown back towards the eyes. The distance from the nose to the under jaw should be the same as the length of face; the "chop" or lips should be thick, deep, and pendulous, and hang below the lower jaw; the eyes should be round, well set in front, very far apart, tolerably full, and as black as possible. The indentation between the eyes, termed the "stop," should be very deep and broad, and extend some distance up the centre of the skull, with wrinkles running up it. The head should be large, broad, and well furnished with muscle, the cheeks stand well out, and an indentation should commence where the stop ends, and run up the centre to the apex of the skull; the head should be well wrinkled, and the skin very loose and thick; the ears should be small

and tolerably thin, and placed at the side of the head, with an inward fold and semi-erect, and such are called "rose ears;" those perfectly erect are called "tulip ears." The neck should be short and muscular, with a slight arch commencing at the juncture with the skull; and the skin should be loose and thick, and forming underneath a heavy double dew-lap; the chest should be immensely broad; the shoulders should be flat on the top, and play loosely from the chest; the elbows should turn out and stand well away from the chest, so that the dog seems to be *between* instead of *on* his legs; the legs should be very slightly bowed, immense forearm muscles, well up at wrist; feet, not too long or narrow; ribs round, loin rather small and arched; back rather long; "stifles" turning out so as to bring the hocks near together and turn the feet out, hind feet more round than fore feet, "stern" set on and carried low. Coat short, hard, and smooth; colours white, brindle (red, grey, and black), fallow, and fallow smut (as a fallow coloured dog with a black muzzle is termed), red, and red smut, and with these colours variously mixed, the preference being given to "whole" colours. General appearance, long and low, standing over a great deal of ground, and with immense power; enormous head and fore quarters, small hind quarters; head carried low; carriage, a rolling "slouching" gait. Size, from 40 to as near

100 lbs. as can be obtained without crossing. In breeding these dogs according to points, general appearance should never be lost sight of, for it is possible to carry the breeding of dogs for points to such an extent, that the animal becomes too "neat," and the general character is lost. We are aware we shall upset some notions which have unfortunately been long existant, but having stated nothing for which proof is not forthcoming, we feel it our duty to put aside all tenderness for popular fallacies, no matter how well received. To begin with, we dispute the fact that a bull-dog cannot be too "short in the face." It can; and one of the grandest properties, viz., "chop," has to be sacrificed to obtain that which, when in excess, is an unsightly deformity, and renders the possessor apparently smaller in head and less formidable than he would otherwise be. Excessive shortness of face is not natural, and this can be proved in half a dozen different ways, and is amply shown by the fact that such excessive shortness occurs amongst the best bred dogs *naturally* but seldom, although nature has been assisted in more than one instance, and dogs so assisted have taken many prizes. In fact to buy a dog from a certain town famous for *sharp* things, is to any one not an "expert" a very hazardous proceeding. We need hardly say the process is one of the most horrid species of torture,

and we venture to suggest there is still open to the Royal Humane Society "fresh fields and pastures new."

The chops or lips we allege should be deep and pendulous, and this we do upon the authority of one of the historians referred to in the beginning of this article. It is also said by many fanciers that the ears cannot be too small and thin, but this is a mistake; for if too small, the head does not appear so large; and if too thin there is generally an absence of gristle, and the ear is apt to lop over, *à la* fox terrier, and assume the form that Idstone excuses under the term of "button" ear. The "tulip" ear, once very much fancied, is now entirely out of fashion, and we agree that the "rose" ear is preferable, although the tulip ear was unquestionably to be found in about two out of three dogs sixty years ago. Some twelve years ago some person assisted by a Birmingham fancier concocted a list of points and properties, and it was therein stated that the ears should be on the top of the head, but it is obvious that if this were allowed, a great property, viz., breadth of skull, would have to be sacrificed without one single advantage being gained. A short back we were also wished to believe a good property, whereas the reverse is the fact. A dog with a rather long back being much more capable of doing the work for

which nature ordained him. The reason why the elbows and stifles should stand out is, that a dog so formed is much more difficult to throw when holding an animal, standing as he does over so much more ground.

It is not generally known that the bull-dog of the Roman era was underhung like the dog of the present day ; and until our informant made us aware of the fact, we had no idea that this was a wise provision of nature instead of the result of careful selection by breeders. On examining the skull of Mr. Adcock's The Abbot, which is in the museum of the College of Surgeons, it will be seen that this breed from the formation of the lower jaw could, when once their fangs had penetrated the soft parts about the nose of a beast, have hung suspended in mid air with hardly any muscular exertion, and from the receding of the nose the dog would be able to breathe without hindrance when retaining his hold, and hence the necessity for a wide open nostril instead of the pinched up apologies which are found in every but the large strain.

We have said nothing about courage, but this of course is the very first thing necessary ; and the dog that would shrink from any punishment, no matter how severe, *when his blood is up*, is not worthy of his name. But we must add that many of the gamest of these dogs rest under a stigma that

they have never deserved, because a foolish owner has tried their courage when they were too young, and being disgusted with the result has jumped at the conclusion that they were "soft."

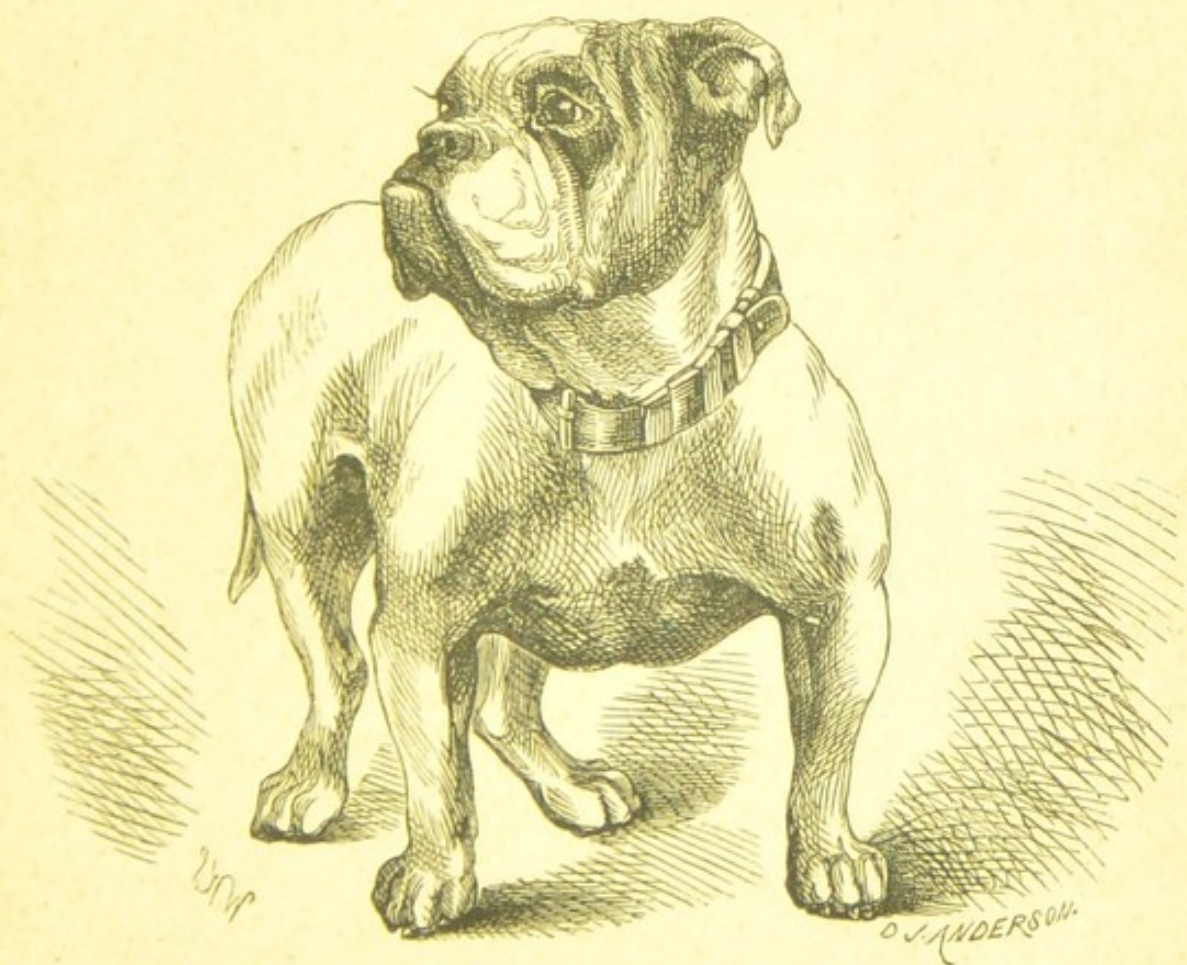
A very common but mistaken notion is, that a dog who screams and tears to get at everything is the gamest; nothing of the kind is the case. Those who are "slow to anger," and require a great deal of rousing, being generally the ones who will take their death, showing nothing but a quiet and indomitable determination to the bitter end.

Our illustration of Mr. Adcock's bull-dog Ajax, which is a sketch by Mr. W. K. Shenton from a photograph by Downer, of Watford, is not as good as could be wished; the photograph having been taken when the dog was nearly dead with distemper, caught at the Crystal Palace Dog Show of 1872, where he took the first prize, the first time he was ever shown, although over six years old. He is by Mr. Adcock's Wallace, out of Bill George's Old Lola Montes, who was by Bowler (the own brother to Ringer) out of Patch; and Lola was therefore own sister in blood to Bill George's Old Dan. Wallace, who was own brother to Bailey's Dan, known as "the Penny Dog," was by George's Old Dan out of Mullin's Old Bess, who was a low legged, heavily made, brindle pied bitch, of the old Irish breed, and brought over to this country in

about 1860. We have not space for the whole of the pedigree, but the above will suffice. The weight of Ajax when sent to the Crystal Palace Show was 64 pounds, although he was by no means fat.

Ajax is a white dog with bright red brindle patches on each side of head, and deepening to black towards the eyes, and a patch of the same colour at root of tail. He has an enormous head, very high temples, round black eyes, very far apart, big chops, very broad jaws, deep flews, very deep stop, short face or nose, very much underhung, and consequently "up in the face," large black nose and open nostrils, and very black "front," both upper and lower canines very far apart, the upper nearly three inches. Rose ears, beautifully carried, head covered with loose skin, nose very deeply wrinkled, two creases running up "stop," and wrinkles from forehead to ears when the latter are raised or the dog lowers his head. Double dewlap very deep and full. Chest as broad across as a man's, shoulders standing out from ribs, and very muscular; his legs have the appearance of being slightly bowed, which is caused by the muscle on outside of forearm; forefeet very far apart, and neither turned in or out; shoulders very flat on the top; feet tolerably round; neck short, thick, and muscular, and the skin on it very loose and thick. Ribs

round, back rather long, and loins very small and not much raised, thighs very muscular and turned out, stern slightly crooked at the root, coat short, smooth, and hard. The general appearance of Ajax is that he is all head and fore quarters, with small hind ones. Ajax has been pronounced by such authorities as M. T. Collins, Esq., Bill George, the old breeder, Hinks of Birmingham, and others, as the most perfect bull-dog of his day.



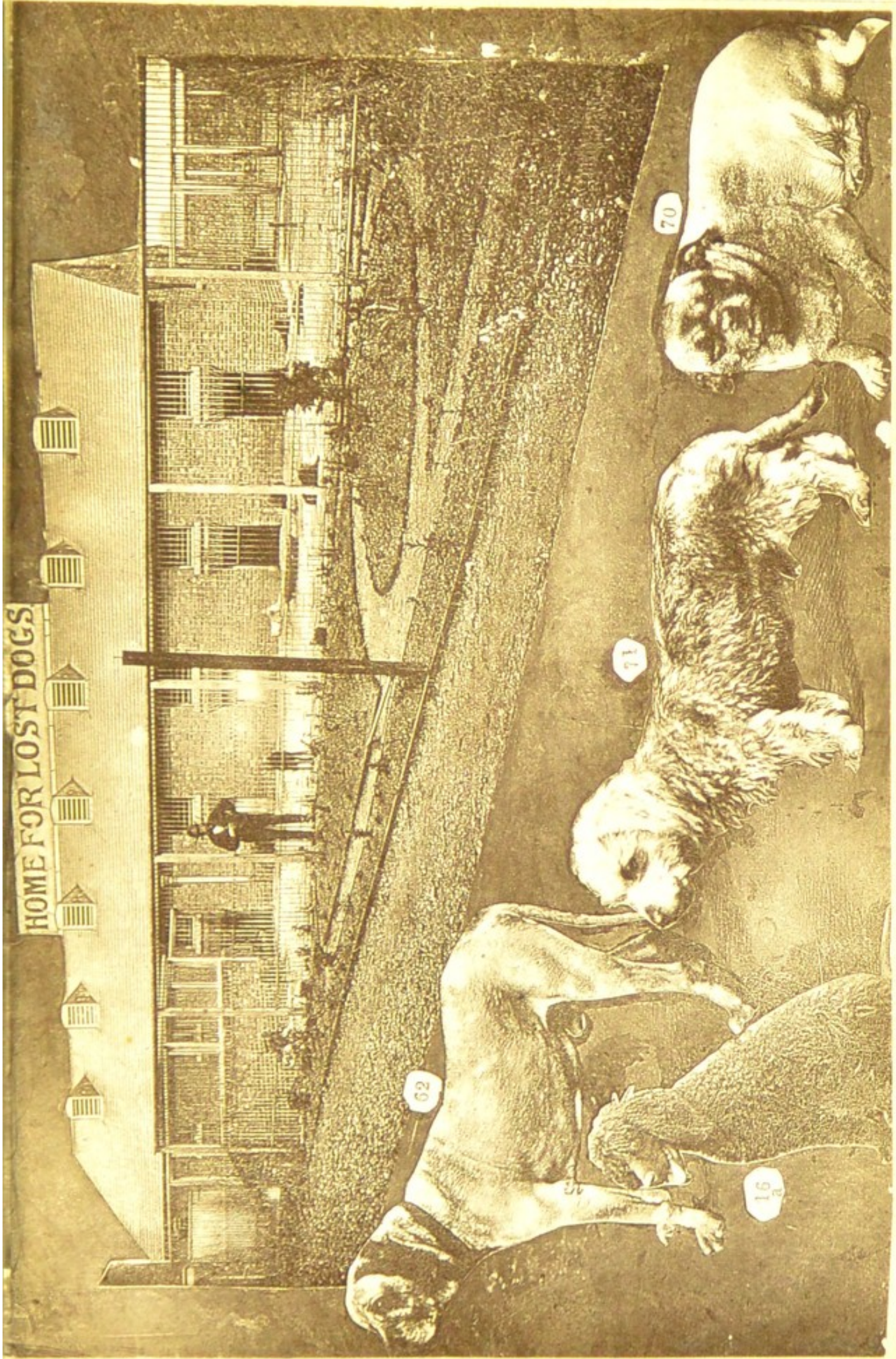
THE HOME FOR LOST AND STARVING DOGS.

THE photograph we give of this deserving Institution, presenting as it does only one side of the building, scarcely conveys to our readers the extent of accommodation afforded to the stray and starving dogs found in the metropolis. The home was first established at Holloway, but its removal becoming a matter of necessity, a site was purchased for the sum of £1500, at the foot of the York Road Station on the line between Ludgate Hill and Victoria, and on this the present buildings were erected at a cost of about £2500; the frontage being in the Lower Wandsworth Road, Battersea.

The great object of this charity, as its name implies, is to provide a temporary home for lost and starving dogs, and it is hardly possible to calculate its usefulness in the prevention of cruelty alone. In one year (1871) no less than 6250 dogs were brought in by the police: of these 665 were restored to their owners; and 658 provided with new homes.

According to an Act of Parliament, all the dogs are obliged to be kept three days, this time is allowed to give an owner opportunity of applying for a lost favourite, at the expiration of which, if the

HOME FOR LOST DOGS



62—Barry.

16A—Doctor.

71—Shanrock.

70—Mab.

dog be not claimed, it becomes the property of the Committee, and is disposed of for a small sum, provided the purchaser can guarantee a good home. Many beautiful specimens can occasionally be bought here for a few shillings. If an animal has been so starved and ill-treated before brought to the Home, as to make life burdensome to it, it is destroyed, and this indeed is obliged to be done in numerous cases; but on the other hand if its ailments are but of a temporary nature it has the best veterinary skill afforded. The dogs are most carefully tended, and appear perfectly happy in the Home; after, of course, a show of *tristesse* on the part of the more sensitive of the tribe, consequent on the change of scene and the loss of their former owners. The food given to them consists chiefly of Spratt's biscuits with meat.

This is an Institution well worthy support, and in consequence of the outlay required for the new Home, the funds are not at present so flourishing as one could wish. Any contributions would be most gratefully received by Mr. Colam, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, S.W., or by Mr. James Johnson (the Manager), 2, Paulton Square, Chelsea, S.W.

Class.	Name.	No. of Photograph.	Owner.	Prizes Won.	Pedi
Bloodhound	Regent.	1	Mr. C. E. Holford	Champion Dog, Crystal Palace, 1870-71; and Champion, Birmingham, 1870; and winner of silver cups and other prizes	Cowen's Druid—Griffin's Empress
Bloodhound	Matchless.	2*	Mr. C. E. Holford	Champion Bitch, Crystal Palace, 1870-71; and at Birmingham, 1870; and winner of silver cups and other prizes	Cowen's Druid—Becker's Brenda.
Bloodhound	Raglan.	3	Mr. J. H. Dawes	Various	Barr's Baron—Barr's Mona.
Deerhound	Lufra	4	Mr. J. H. Dawes	Various.	Field's Bran—Maida.
Greyhound	Master McGrath (dead)	5	Lord Lurgan.	Winner of the Waterloo Cup, 1870-71.	Old Trap—Grove Nettle.
Fox Terrier	Hornet.	6	Mr. Fred. Sale	Weaver's Viper—Donville Poole's Touch.
Fox Terrier	Tartar	7	Mr. Fred. Sale	24 prizes—1st and 2nd	Not given.
Fox Terrier	Venture	8	Mr. W. Cropper.	Winner of 15 Prizes	Not given.
Fox Terrier	Trap	9	Mr. W. Cropper.	Winner of 6 Prizes	Not given.
Fox Terrier	Gadfly	56	Mr. Fred. Sale	Prize Dog.	Not given.
Fox Terrier	Crafty	57	Mr. Fred. Sale	Prize Dog.	Not given.
Fox Terrier	Wasp	58	Mr. Fred. Sale	Dog of Squire Mus-ter's—Topsy.
Fox Terrier	Myrtle	59	Mr. W. Cropper.	Various prizes	Not given.
Fox Terrier	Nectar	60	Mr. Fred. Sale	Various prizes	Jock—Grove Nettle.

* Copied by permission from a painting by Mr. C. E. Basebe.

Class.	Name.	No. of Photograph.	Owner.	Prizes Won.	Pedigree.
Pointer . . .	Rap	10	Mr. J. H. Whitehouse	1st prize, Birmingham, 1865, and champion, 1866. 1st, Darlington, 1868, and extra prize for the best pointer in the show. 1st at Hull, and champion at Birmingham, 1868; 1st, Liverpool, 1868; 1st, Hanley, 1869; and extra prize for the best pointer in the Show. Champion, Islington, 1869. Champion, Birmingham, 1869; and extra prize for the best pointer in the Show. 1st, Hanley, 1870; and extra prize. Champion, and extra prize for best in Classes 25 and 26, Crystal Palace, 1870; and extra for the best pointer in the Show. Champion, Crystal Palace, 1871; and extra for best in Classes 25 and 26. Champion at Birmingham, 1872; and extra prize for the best pointer in the Show . . .	Owner's Hamlet— Mr. Lort's Sal.
Pointer . . .	Hamlet	11	Mr. J. H. Whitehouse	2nd prize, Birmingham, 1862; 4th, Worcester, 1863; champion, Birmingham, 1863; champion, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1864; champion, Islington, coupled with the field trials at Southhill, 1865, and the Rhiwlas Bala Sweepstakes (for pointers and setters) of upwards of 100 sovereigns, tried Sept. 10th and 11th, 1867 . . .	Mr. Bird's Bob— by Mr. Whitehouse's Juno.
Setters . . .	Two in a group	12	Name unknown (kindly given by Mr. Thrupp, Photographer, Birmingham)	1st and other prizes, Birmingham, Liverpool, Maidstone, Manchester, etc.	Jet 1st.—Jet, prize bitch, Birmingham & London
Retriever . . .	Bruce	13	Mr. C. T. Harris . . .	1st, 2nd, and extra prizes, Hanley, Crystal Palace, and Birmingham, 1869-70; 1st prize, Birmingham, 1871 . . .	Chattock's Cato.— J. D. Hull's Old Bounce.
Retriever . . .	Young Bounce . . .	14	Mr. J. D. Hull . . .		

Class	Name	No. of Photograph	Owner.	Prizes Won.	Pedigree.
Irish Water Spaniel	Rake	15	Mr. P. J. D. Lindoe	2nd prize, Birmingham, 1865; 1st, Manchester and Birmingham, 1866; 2nd, Birmingham, 1867; 2nd, Hull and Liverpool, 1868; 2nd, Islington; 1st, Chester and Birmingham, and extra cup at Birmingham for best Spaniel of all classes, 1869; 1st, and gold whistle, Bolton, 1870; 1st, Maidstone and Crystal Palace, and 2nd, Birmingham, 1870; 1st and cup, Glasgow; 2nd, Crystal Palace; and 1st, Romford, 1871	Robson's Jock— Duck. Duck by Tufnell's Jack, by McCarthy's Boatswain.
Irish Water Spanie	Doctor	16	Mr. N. Morton	1st prize, Birmingham, 1866 and 1867, winning the silver cup both times for best spaniels of all classes; 1st, Liverpool, 1868; 1st, Islington, 1869; 2nd, Crystal Palace, 1st, Birmingham, 1870; 1st, Crystal Palace and Birmingham, 1871; 1st, Dublin, Glasgow, Crystal Palace, 1872; etc.	Same pedigree as Rake.
Irish Water Spaniel	Norah	16A	Mr. N. Morton.		
C l u m b e r Spaniel	Duke	17	Mr. F. C. Bradley	1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes, Bingley, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Bradford, Carlisle, Chester, Dewsbury, Manchester, Crystal Palace (and silver medal), 1869-71	Foljambe's Tag— Lord Foley's Fan
Russian Boarhound	Bear. . . .	18	Mr. C. Homfray	1st, Birmingham, 1869; 2nd, ditto, 1870; 1st, at Wollington and Sandbach, 1870; 1st, Crystal Palace, 1870, for any known breed of Sporting Dogs; extra class and extra prize, Crystal Palace, 1871; and other prizes	Royal Zoological Society's Warrior — Frank Smith's Lily.

Class	Name	No. of Photograph	Owner	Prizes Won.	Pedigree.
Mastiff . . .	Turk	19	Mr. Frank Robinson .	2nd prize, Birmingham, 1868 (first time shown); 1st prize, Birmingham, Boston, Bradford, Darlington, Hanley, King's Lynn, Liverpool, Maidstone, Manchester, Rochdale, Whitehaven, etc., etc.; champion, 1872, at Crystal Palace Show	By King—Hilda, by Quaker—Venus.
Mastiff . . .	Juno.	20	Mr. Frank Robinson .	1st and 2nd prizes, Crystal Palace, Darlington, Maidstone, etc.	
Mastiff . . .	Lion.	21	Miss Hales.	Champion prize, Crystal Palace and Darlington, 1871; silver cup and medals, Wakefield, Market Drayton, and Boston; 1st prize, Manchester, Liverpool, Rochdale, Halifax, Keighley, Bingley, Wakefield, Farnworth, Lancaster, Ormskirk, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Warrington, Penistone, Disley, Bedford, Leigh, Todmorden, Driffeld, and other prizes	Nichol's Quaker— his Venus.
Mastiff . . .	King, 2nd.	22	Rev. M. B. Wynne. .	Commended at Birmingham, 1869, at Crystal Palace, 1870, and highly commended at Birmingham, 1870 . . .	Field's King—No- rah, Cox's Lion —Nell.
Mastiff . . .	Monarch	23	Rev. M. B. Wynne. .	Commended at Birmingham, 1869; 3rd, Crystal Palace, 1870	Field's King—No- rah.
Mastiff . . .	Hero	24	Rev. R. O. Yearsley .	1st prize, Hanley, 1870; H. C., Crewe, 1870; H. C., Driffeld, 1871	Robinson's Turk— Nichol's Duchess Field's King— Brenda.
Mastiff . . .	Monarch	25	Rev. F. W. de Castro .	2nd, Wolverhampton, 1871-72; and H. C., Islington . . .	Lyme Hall Breed.
Mastiff . . .	Alp (dead)	26	Mr. H. D. Kingdon .	Never exhibited	

Class.	Name.	No. of Photograph.	Owner.	Prizes Won.	Pedigree.
Mastiff . . .	Barry	62	Mr. H. D. Kingdon	1st, Colchester, Exeter, Westward Ho! Birmingham, and Plymouth, 1869-70; Honorary, Birmingham, Islington; and other prizes	Owner's Duke—Owner's Lady.
Mastiff . . .	—	61	A Mastiff belonging to Mr. Lukey; winner of several prizes.	
St. Bernards .	A group	27	Rev. J. Cumming-Macдона	All prize winners and <i>champions</i> , celebrated dogs.	
St. Bernard	Monarque	28	Rev. J. Cumming-Macдона	Various prizes; and champion, Crystal Palace, 1871 (rough and smooth-coated); Champion, Birmingham, 1870; Champion smooth-coated, Crystal Palace, 1872.	Souldan—Diane. Macдона's Gessler—Hedwig.
St. Bernard	Hilda	29	Miss Hales.	2nd prize, Crystal Palace, 1871	
St. Bernard	Hermit.	30	Miss Hales.	1st prize, Manchester, 1871; 2nd, Crystal Palace, 1870; 2nd, Darlington and Ipswich, 1870; 3rd, Crystal Palace, 1872; H. C. Edinburgh and Glasgow	By late Champion Tell—Hospice.
St. Bernard	Thunder	31	Miss Hales(late owner)		Macдона's Victor—Juno.
St. Bernard	Hopo	32	Miss Hales(late owner)	2nd prize, Crystal Palace, 1870	
Newf'ndland	Cato.	33	Rev. S. Atkinson	1st prize, Birmingham, 1867-68-69-71; 1st, Manchester, 1868; 1st, N. D. C., Islington, 1869; 1st, Crystal Palace, 1870-72; 1st, and Extra Cup, at Darlington, 1869, and Champion, 1870-71; 1st, Bishop Auckland, 1869; 1st, Penrith, 1870-71; 1st, Whitehaven, 1869; 1st, Carlisle, 1870-71; 1st, Glasgow, 1871-72; 1st, Edinburgh, Blaydon, York, and Liverpool, 1871, etc.	Milvain's First Heenan, out of owner's Nellie (late Bella, bred by Mr. Emmer-son), Nellie, by Nero—Old Gipsy. Heenan, by Derby—Milvain's Gyp.

Class.	Name.	No. of Photograph.	Owner.	Prizes Won.	Pedigree.
Newfndland.	Norah	34	Rev. S. Atkinson	1st, Manchester, N. D. C., Islington, York; and Champion at Darlington; and 2nd at Birmingham	Same as Cato's.
Newfndland.	Theodore Nero	35	Dr. W. Stables, R.N.	2nd, Crystal Palace, 1870 (only time exhibited)	Directly imported
Sheep-dog.	Shep	36	Mr. R. Pascoe	1st prize, Plymouth, 1870	Bred by Mr. Mudge Tremear, Farm, from stock, of Mr. T. Mudge, of Bodmin, sent down from South Devon, and is thorough bred.
Bull-dog	Old King Dick (dead)	37	The late Mr. J. Lamphier	13 1st prizes; 12 2nd, Gold Medal, Paris, 1865; and Champion, Birmingham, 1865	Colling's Tommy—Ward's Wasp.
Bull Terrier	Dick (dead)	38	Mr. S. E. Shirley, M.P.	Winner of 19 prizes	Old Dazzler—Lady.
Bull-Terrier	Jenny	39	Mr. S. E. Shirley, M.P.	Winner of many prizes; and Champion Prize Bitch, Crystal Palace, 1870-71	Not given.
Bull-Terrier	Kit	40	Mr. S. E. Shirley, M.P.	2nd prize, Crystal Palace, 1870; and other prizes	Owner's Nelson—Dinah, own sister to Dick.
Bull-Terrier	Dick	41	Mr. J. P. Arthur	H. C., Plymouth, 1870	Not given.
Bull-Terrier	Vixen	42	Mr. E. Sandell, Jun.	Owner's Spring—Smith's Rose.
Dandie Dinmont	Shamrock	71	Rev. S. Tenison-Mosse	1st prize and cup, Maidstone, 1870; 1st prize, and Cup, Glasgow, 1872; Champion Challenge Cup at Crystal Palace, 1872; and other prizes	Milne's Mustard—Aitken's Vic.

Class.	Name.	No. of Photograph.	Owner.	Prizes Won.]	Pedigree.
Skye-Terrier.	Dandy	43	Mr. John Bowman.	1st and 2nd prizes, and silver cups, Birmingham, Bishop Auckland, Darlington, Islington, Carlisle, Crook, Liverpool, Penrith, Whitehaven, Crystal Palace, etc., 1867-68-69-70-71; and 1st, Crystal Palace, 1872, 30 prizes in all	McAdam's Toddie—Bowman's Sinfie.
Skye-Terrier.	Boddach	44	Mr. J. Pratt	Once exhibited	Pratt's Garroch—Lockey.
Skye-Terrier.	Donald.	45	Mr. J. Pratt	H. C., Islington, 1869; 1st prize, Romford, 1871	Pratt's Garroch—Lockey.
Scotch-Terr.	Doctor	46	Mr. J. Spinks.	Various	Not given.
Scotch-Terr.	Silk	47	Mr. J. Spinks.	1st and 2nd, Islington and Leeds	Delhi.
Scotch-Terr.	Punch	48	Now in Mr. Norman D'Arcy's possession, of Brisbane, Queensland, formerly belonging to Mr. Spinks		
Scotch-Terr.	Laddie	48A	Rev. F. W. do Castro.	Never exhibited	By a Grandson of Old Sandy, out of a Halifax Bitch. Not given.
Pomeranian.	Nelly	49	Mr. G. Hall	1st, Birmingham, 1870	Bred by Mr. Barrell, Liverpool.
Blenheim.	Blenny (dead)	50	Mr. J. H. Dawes		Bred by Mr. Monsey.
Blenheim.	Charlie & Fanny	51	Mr. J. H. Dawes		

Class.	Name.	No. of Photograph.	Owner.	Prizes Won.	Pedigree.
Black and Tan Terrier . . .	Lady	52	Miss Hales (late owner)	1st, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Boston, Darlington, Disley, Leigh, Ormskirk, Penistone, Wakefield (special 1st); 2nd, Halifax, Todmorden; 3rd, Driffield, Warrington; H. C., Crystal Palace, 1871	Not given. Breeder, Rev. W. Holland. Lady Willoughby D'Eresby's breed on both sides.
Pug	Mab.	70	Mrs. Bellew	3rd prize, Crystal Palace, 1870	Not given.
Yard-Dog	Tyro	55	Dr. W. Stables	Never exhibited	Not given.
Various	Snatchbury	53		Never exhibited	Not given.
Mandarin Pug	Chin-Chin	54	Mr. P. Gordon	Brought home from Peking, being one of the fine Mandarin Pugs taken as loot at the Summer Palace, Yuen-Min-Yuen.	Breeder, the Emperor of China.

DISEASES OF THE DOG.

ALTHOUGH we do not decry the allopathic treatment for dogs, yet we know of their being treated successfully at home by Homœopathic Medicines, and we therefore give the following receipts.

Tinctures and Pilules for veterinary purposes are sold at 1s. and 2s. per box or bottle. One pilule or drop of tincture, for a small dog; but an animal of a large coarse breed requires two or three. The medicine can be given every one, two, or three hours, according to the virulence of the disease.

Asthma.—Symptoms, wheezing, difficult breathing, panting, distress from the least exertion. Give Ipecacuanha. A pilule, one every four hours. When relieved, change to Arsenicum, and afterwards to Sulphur.

Bronchitis.—When the animal breathes with difficulty, and has a cough attended with phlegm in the lungs, give Aconite and Bryonia alternately. Should these fail try Bryonia and Hepar Sulph.

Canker in the Ear.—The animal shakes his head and scratches his ear, from which whitish matter flows. Give Mercurius V. or Arsenicum. Ten drops of Carbolic Acid to two tablespoonfuls of water is a good lotion to apply,

Cataract.—Give Arsenicum; also a drop of fresh buttermilk dropped into the eye three times a day will be found efficacious.

Cold.—Aconite alternately with Mercurius. If chronic, Arsenicum.

Costiveness.—A few doses of Nux Vomica night and morn, or Nux at night and Sulphur in the morning.

Cough.—When a sequel to cold or bronchitis: Pulsatilla, Nux Vom., or Mercurius. With vomiting: Ipecacuanha. From getting wet: Dulcamara. Chronic, with difficulty of breathing: Bryonia alternately with Phosphorus.

Diarrhœa.—Without pain, China; with pain, Veratrum Alb. Rice water evacuations and prostration, Arsenicum. Cramps and coldness of extremities, Cuprum alternately with Veratrum. If with blood and mucus, Merc. Cor. One pilule every one, two, or three hours, until relieved, then night and morn.

Fits.—Belladonna. One pilule every two hours for three doses. During the fit put a drop of tincture in a tablespoonful of warm water, and pour a teaspoonful every ten minutes over the nose and mouth.

Indigestion.—Nux Vom. three times a day; if after rich food, Pulsatilla.

Inflammation of the Lungs.—When shivering fits, quick pulse, appetite bad, breathing quick, give Aconite and Bryonia alternately, increasing the time between each dose from one hour to every four or six. Phosphorus is also a good remedy.

Mange.—Sulphur and Arsenicum alternately every four hours. If very bad use Arsenical Lotion night and morn.

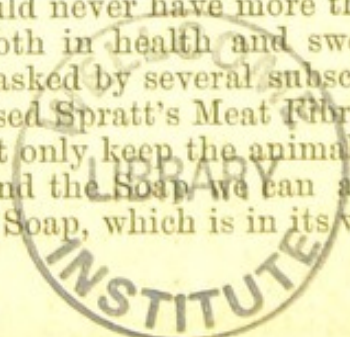
Piles.—Nux Vom. and Sulphur, night and morn.

Rheumatism and kennel lameness can be treated alike. Give Bryonia and Rhus Tox., or Aconite and Nux Vom., alternately every two to six hours.

Worms.—For thread worms, Santonin. White and Tape-worm, Santonin and Sulphur. Slender worm of about four inches long give Ferri Sulph.; or two grains of powdered Areca Nut every morning in its food.

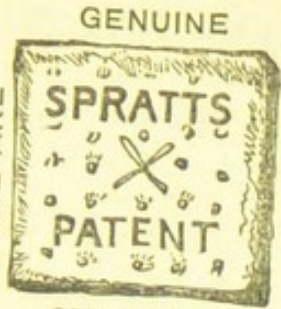
Yellows or Jaundice.—A dose three times a day of Mercurius V.

Many complaints to which the dog is subject arise from wrong diet. Small fancy dogs should never have more than one ounce of animal food a day, and are better both in health and sweetness if kept on biscuits and milk. We have been asked by several subscribers to recommend Dog Food and Soap. We have used Spratt's Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes with the greatest satisfaction. They not only keep the animal in good condition, but tend to improve his health; and the Soap we can also recommend is McDougall's Patent Carbolic Insect Soap, which is in its way equally efficacious.



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SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

From the reputation these Meat Biscuits have now gained, they require scarcely any explanation to recommend them to the use of every one who keeps a Dog; suffice it to say that they are the cheapest food, require no cooking, will keep the Dog in condition without meat or other feed, make the hair glossy, the skin pure, the Dog regular, and are a sound diet, obviating WORMS and distemper, giving all the elements for endurance, bone, muscle, and vigorous health. 22s. per cwt., carriage paid. Quantities of 5 cwt. and over, 20s. per cwt.

SPRATT'S PATENT GREAT CHALLENGE POULTRY FOOD,

Of ground Fibrine Cakes, Lupin and Sunflower Meal, spiced with "Sinapis Nigra," wild mustard; a rich and nitrogenous feed. It is the greatest egg-producing food and fattener of ducks and poultry known, unequalled for raising young pheasants, chickens, and ducklings. 22s. per cwt., carriage paid.

The above Biscuits and Poultry Food MUST be kept in a DRY PLACE—(this is most important)—and no more soaked at a time than necessary for each feed.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE CAKES.—Give from one to four cakes a day, according to the size of the dog, soaked or dry, as the dog may prefer. We consider the Cakes are more nutritious given dry than soaked, if the dog will eat them so. Six hours in cold water will soak the Cakes.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MEAL.—Three parts Meal, one part Water; mix up crumbly moist, not sloppy.

ADDRESS, SPRATT'S PATENT, HENRY STREET, TOOLEY STREET, SOUTHWARK, S.E.
Extract from an Editorial Notice of the Cakes in "THE FIELD," 3rd June, page 458.

SPRATT'S FIBRINE BISCUITS.

At the request of several of our correspondents, we have recently carefully tried these Biscuits on five different breeds of dogs, with the following results.

Mr. Spratt has furnished us with samples of Biscuits containing meat in the proportions of 7, 10, 20, and 40 per cent., which will be called Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. We find that every variety of dog can be kept in good health on the first of the above proportions, which may shortly be increased to the second; but that none can take 20, and still less 40 per cent. of meat, without at first showing by their heated noses the over-stimulating nature of their food. The most delicate lady's pet may soon be induced to eat No. 1, and will require nothing else except a little green vegetable occasionally; and either this or No. 2 is what we should recommend for all dogs that are not required to display an extraordinary amount of endurance, such as foxhounds and greyhounds. No 1 suits the most delicate-nosed setter or pointer, and is quite sufficiently furnished with meat for any dog used with the gun, in which nose is the *sine qua non*.

No one can dispute the exceeding convenience which is afforded by Spratt's Biscuits, and it is therefore with great pleasure that we can recommend them to all owners of dogs, with the above precautions. Where No. 1 or No. 2 cannot be readily obtained, nothing is more easy than to give a quantity of Ship Biscuits or ordinary Dog Biscuits mixed with those of Mr. Spratt, so as to reduce the latter in a proper degree. With this precaution, and with the addition of boiled green vegetables two or three times a week, we have not the slightest doubt that dogs of all kinds may be kept in good health by means of Spratt's Cakes.

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