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THE
Sportsman's
REPOSITORY,
OR A
Corrected delineation
of the
Horse & Dog.



Sherwood, Neely, & Jones
Printed for
SHERWOOD, NEELY, & JONES,
Paternoster Row.
1820.

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THE
SPORTSMAN'S REPOSITORY;

COMPRISING

A SERIES OF HIGHLY-FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

REPRESENTING THE

Horse and the Dog,

IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES;

EXECUTED IN THE LINE MANNER,

By JOHN SCOTT,

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY

MARSHALL, REINAGLE, GILPIN, STUBBS, AND COOPER:

Accompanied with

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORICAL AND SYSTEMATIC DESCRIPTION

OF THE

DIFFERENT SPECIES OF EACH,

THEIR APPROPRIATE USES, MANAGEMENT, AND IMPROVEMENT;

INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES OF THE MOST CELEBRATED HORSES AND DOGS, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS;

ALSO,

A VARIETY OF PRACTICAL INFORMATION ON TRAINING AND THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE FIELD.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "BRITISH FIELD SPORTS."

London:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1820.

W. WILSON, Printer, 4, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden, London.

TO
SIR THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY, BART.

AN INDEPENDENT REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS NATIVE COUNTY,

DURING NEARLY FIFTY YEARS,

THE CONSTANT, UNWEARIED FRIEND OF THE POOR,

AND

THE DISTINGUISHED BENEFACTOR OF THE BRUTE CREATION,

This Work is most respectfully Dedicated

BY HIS SINCERELY ATTACHED,

AND FAITHFULLY DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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Introduction.

WE lay before the public a new work on the *exhaustless* subject of SPORTING, and on the nature and management of those domestic animals, for the value and high qualities of which, this country stands pre-eminent. We have summoned to our assistance some of the most finished models of the *graphic* art, appealing to both the eye and to the mind of the reader ; and we have little doubt the validity of our appeal will be recognised.

A very small portion of introductory observation will suffice, on a subject so universally known. Its foundation is that indissoluble chain of connexion between man and the inferior animals, ordained by a beneficent Providence, for human use and benefit, by which those animals have been formed with various and suitable qualities for every possible purpose, and endowed with a sufficient degree of intelligence, but no more, which might adapt them to our use and convenience. Providence says plainly to man, *hæ tibi erunt artes*---be it your duty and your interest, to subdue the beasts of the field, to discover their innate properties, to domesticate them, to cultivate and improve them, but above all things, not to forget that these inferior beings, partaking in degree, of your own nature, and in great measure, of your intellectual powers, were given for your *use*, but not *abuse* ; and that JUSTICE and MERCY are due even to the beast.

Hence the proper understanding and management of animals, have formed branches of human science, which are reducible to the following

scientific divisions. **ZOOLOGY** and **NATURAL HISTORY**, which develop the history, orders, classes, and properties of animals. **ZOOTOMY**, or *brute anatomy*. The **VETERINARY ART**, which teaches the management of the larger beasts, whether in health, or in a state of disease. The *Manège*, or method of training the horse for parade or war. The art of **TRAINING** for the **RACE COURSE**, a system peculiarly English, and derived from Classical Antiquity---and finally, to coin a new compound term for the occasion, **ZOO-ETHIOLOGY**, or that part of *ethics* or morality, which defines and teaches the moral treatment of beasts.

Out of the above divisions, we have selected, as our province, the **SPORTING, VETERINARY, and MORAL**, uniting, we flatter ourselves, the *utile* with the *dulce* ; and, by calling in the occasional assistance of *anecdote* and *character*, giving relief to the gravity of solid instruction. Having exerted ourselves faithfully, we come not without confidence before the grand Inquest of the public, solicitously expecting that first and greatest reward of our labours, the verdict of **PUBLIC APPROBATION**.

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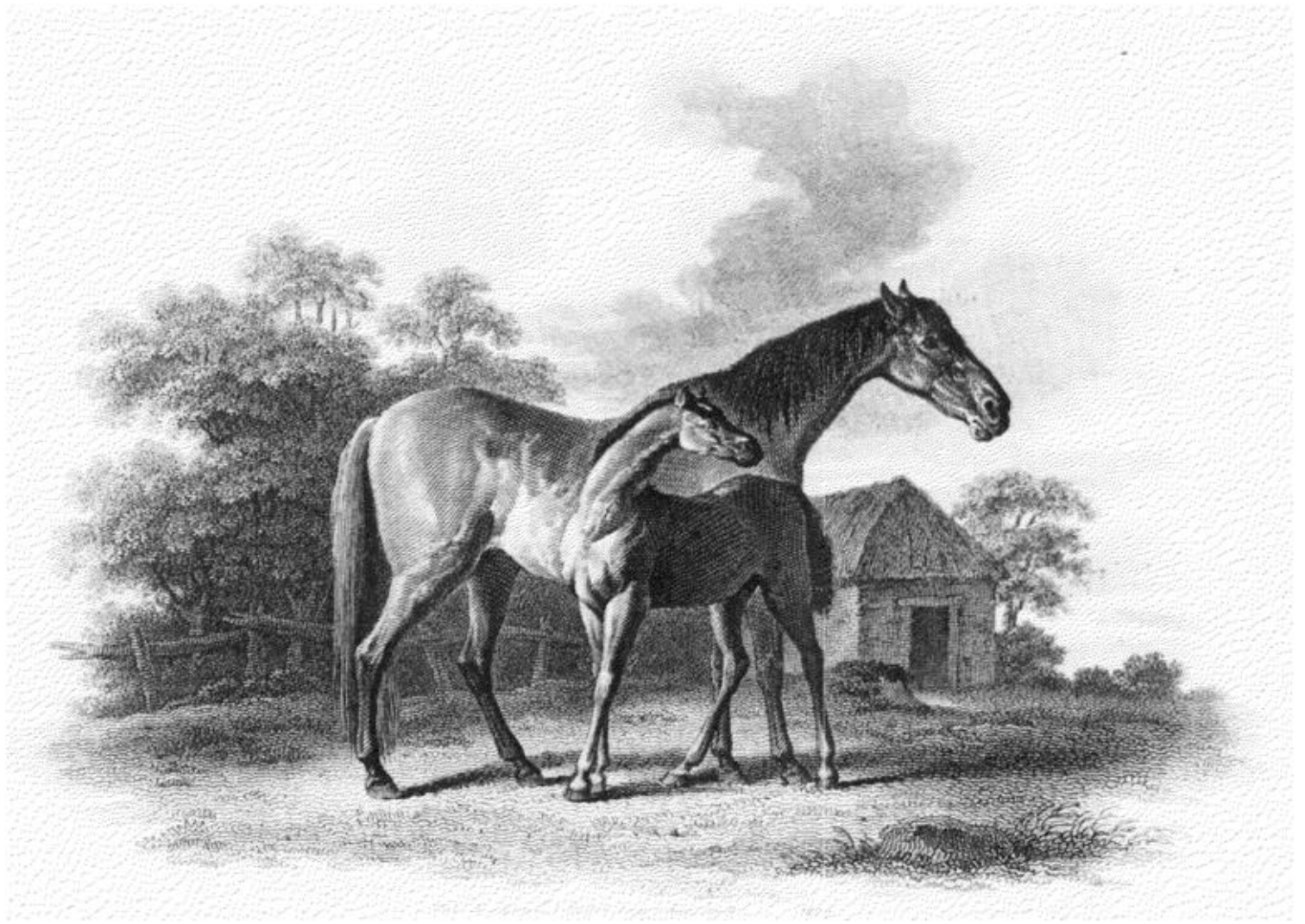
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The Horse.

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'THE HORSE.

OF all brute animals in a state of association with the human race, the **HORSE** occupies the first and most important rank. He forms an indispensable link in the chain of Creation: without him, nature's system and human enjoyments had been incomplete. He contributes equally to the services, luxuries, and pleasures of Man. Whether it be laboriously to till the soil, as an associate with the patient ox, to carry the heaviest burdens, or to perform the longest and most painful journies, the Horse is the ready and obedient slave of his master. Nature has endowed this her favourite animal with a degree of intelligence and a generous inclination to obedience, which render him highly susceptible of education. His form and qualities are admirably adapted by the Eternal and Unerring Artist, to the particular rank he is intended to fill in the scale of being. He is either fashioned to sustain

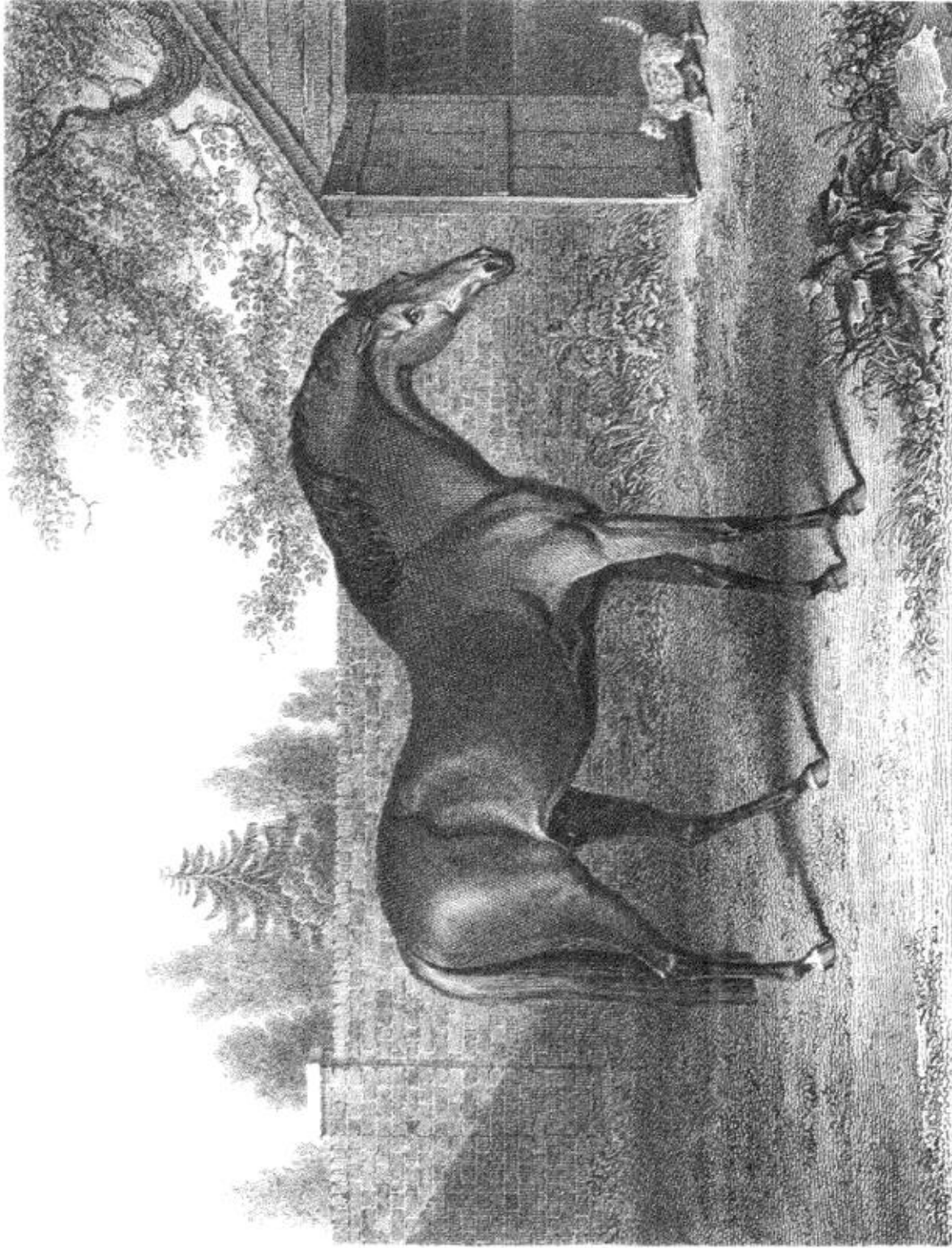
heavy burdens, and to endure the coarsest drudgery, or endued with that just and beautiful symmetry of form and delicacy of skin, which convey to the critical and scientific view, ideas of perfection, and which are harbingers of the highest degree of quadrupedal activity and speed. His full eye beams with mildness and generosity, or sparkles with the fire of courage, energy, and action. In war, he offers a dauntless front to the greatest dangers, engaging in the mortal strife and clangor of battle, unappalled, and as actuated by an undivided and equal interest with his rider. In the field and on the course, he exhibits a speed, and power of continuance, a firmness of nerve, a strength of muscle and elasticity of sinew, of which no other animal of the creation is capable; bearing his rider along, over plains, hills, and vallies, as if impelled by supernatural energy: but all descriptions of the horse must give place to that inspired one of Job, which has elevated and delighted the minds of men of all ages and all nations:---

“Hast thou given the Horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: neither turneth he his back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He sayeth among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.”

Job was a native of those deserts, to which is indigenous that fine and delicate model of the horse genus, from his superior speed, styled the COURSER. These beautiful animals are supposed to have originated in the deserts of Arabia, of Barbary, and of some other parts of Africa, and from those to have migrated to the circumjacent countries. Granting this to be supposition, it is confirmed by an unbroken evidence of facts during thousands of years, recourse being invariably had to those deserts for supplies of this matchless race: but there exists no record of sufficient antiquity to reach the first example of taming the horse, since the most ancient histories represent him as already inured to the service of man.

In order to have a clear understanding of the nature of this interesting animal, it may be convenient to divide the genus (*equus caballus*) into two original species, the most opposite indeed to each other, both in form and qualities, namely, the Southern and the Northern, the fine courser of the Eastern deserts, and the gross, coarse, and bulky horse of the lowlands of Europe. The former appears as he came perfect from the hand of nature, independent of the art of man; and his activity and high spirit plainly destine him to the saddle, although in his native regions, where the camel and the dromedary submit to the heavy burdens, he has also been immemorially harnessed to the war chariot. The latter, a European species, some of which are almost of elephantine size and weight, calculated chiefly

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Engraved by Mr. Wallis.

Approved by Mrs. Lane.

GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD FRANK'S GODOLPHIN OBSERVATORY, HIS MAJESTY IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE PROPRIETORS.

Pub^d by Sturmond, Newby & Sons, Richmond Row, Jan^y 21 1820.

for slow draught, are covered with coarse hair and hide, have large, round, and porous bones, and rugged inductile sinews. These, although large and stately animals, are seldom found of regular proportions, until improved by human art. These species in contrast are cited as an appeal to the consideration of those, who conjecture with Buffon, that all horses have proceeded originally from one single pair, and that the specific differences and varieties which we witness, are the mere result of difference in soil and climate. It seems scarcely possible that two species so opposite and distinct, as well in external form and size, as internal quality, should mutually and interchangeably assimilate, through any other medium than that of intercopulation. The wild horses of South America, even upon the most arid and desert tracks, give thus far, no countenance to the hypothesis of Buffon, retaining their original specific distinctions of form, after the lapse of several centuries. These arguments however, do not militate against the Count's position, that the light and elegant courser is the natural production of dry soils and warm climates, provident nature having originally furnished the various soils and climates of the earth with animals, in size, form, and constitution, suitable thereto. The horse, under the fostering care of man, will succeed and prosper under all, but the extreme degrees of climate; the species of the genus are numerous, and the varieties almost infinite.

From the deserts, then, the nations of antiquity were supplied with a breeding stock of the most valuable species of the horse; and Egypt, Persia, Numidia, Macedonia, and Greece, are chronicled as famous for the number and excellence of their cavalry; the latter country, in the Olympic Games, being the first to use the horse as a *courser*, and to train him to the race. The vast regions of Tartary have always possessed a light, sinewy, and blood-like description of this animal; and those parts of Europe bordering upon the Eastern countries, have been constantly receiving improvements in their indigenous breed, from that source. The various communications also, ancient or modern, between the Eastern countries and Europe, whether of war or commerce, have served to stock our northern part of the world with the horses of the East, by which our native breeds have been so changed and improved; but in Britain and Ireland alone, has the southern species been preserved in a separate state and purity of blood. The Crusades, no doubt, were the occasion of importing a great number of horses from the Levant into Europe.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN

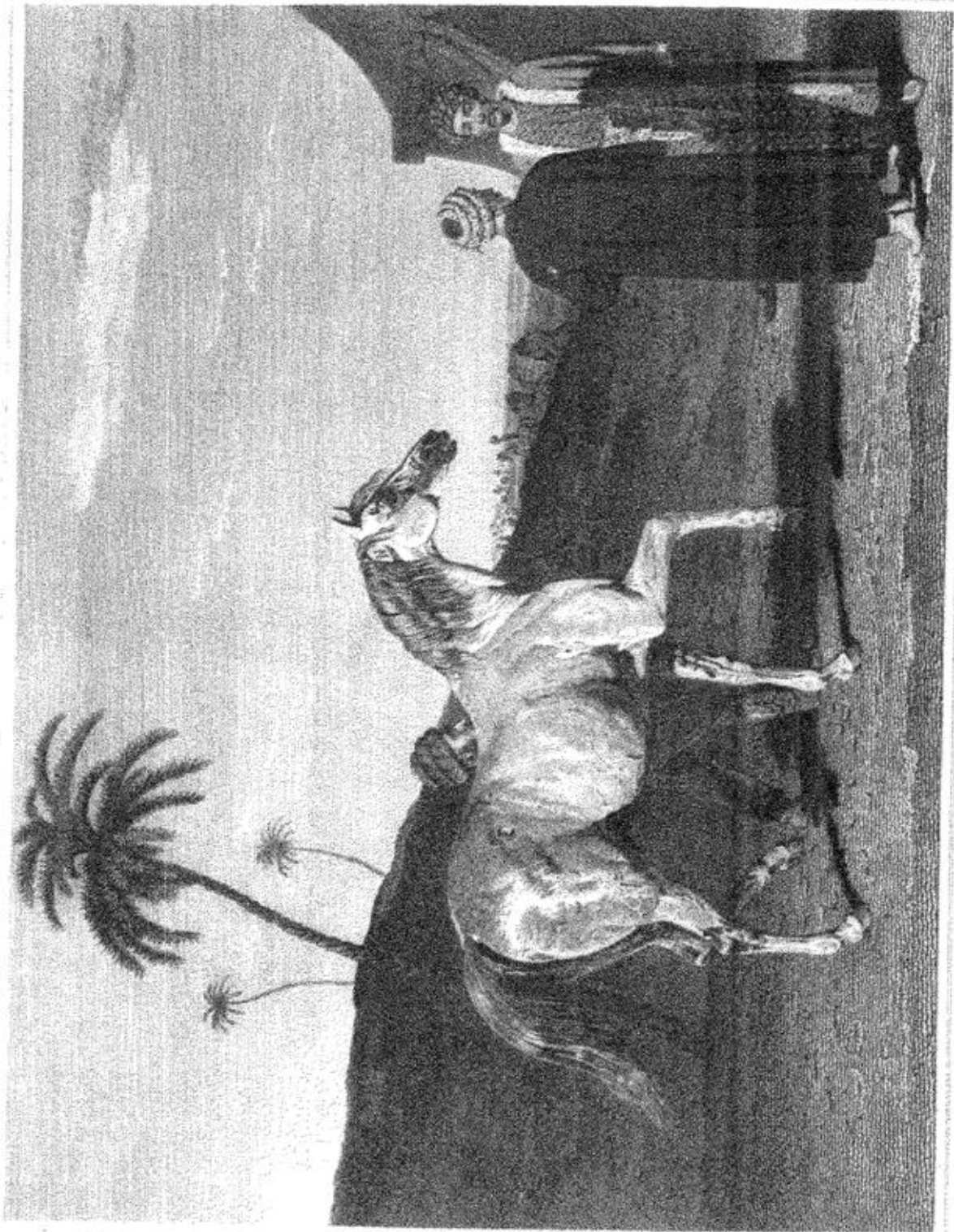
Was imported into this country, about five and twenty years after the DARLEY ARABIAN. They were the most celebrated and valuable for their blood and high form, as stallions, which have yet appeared, and are the source of our present best racing blood. There are sufficient reasons, however, for the supposition, that

Lord Godolphin's horse was in reality a *Barb*. The public has been in constant possession of the true *portraiture* of this famous horse, so remarkable and striking in his form; which is not the case, to the regret of all true Sportsmen, with respect to the Darley Arabian, of which there now exists, if it yet do exist, but the solitary original picture, at the old mansion of Mr. Darley; the present possessor having, it is reported, returned no answer to an application some years since, for leave to take an engraving of it for the public satisfaction.

The Portrait which accompanies the present description was taken by the late celebrated Stubbs, from an original by a French artist, now in the possession of Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, at his seat at Gogmagog Hills. Another, and probably an earlier Drawing, was made from the life, by Seymour, the most reputed horse painter of his time. Stubbs's picture gave rise to some unfavourable criticisms by his brother artists, in respect that the elevation of the horse's crest was excessive, indeed, totally out of nature; and it was boldly asserted at Stubbs's sale, that the painter must have drawn upon his imagination, in order to deck out a horse with such a lofty and swelling forehead. A well-known writer on these subjects, however, has since made an effectual, because practical defence for Stubbs and the original draughtsman. This writer states, that he pointed out to the late Mr. Tattersall and several other gentlemen, a horse, the property of the Duke of Portland, with a crest acknowledged by them, to be full as lofty and extensive as that appears in the portrait of the Godolphin Arabian. The late Rev. Mr. Chafin also, who saw the Arabian frequently in 1751-2, vouches for the correctness of Stubbs's picture.

This Arabian was fifteen hands in height, of great substance, of the truest conformation for strength and action, bearing every indication of a real courser,---a horse of the desert. His colour was entire brown bay, with mottles on the buttocks and crest, excepting a small streak of white upon the hinder heels. He was imported into France from some capital or royal stud in Barbary, whence it was suspected he was stolen, and said to have been foaled in 1724. So little was he valued in France, that he was actually employed in the drudgery of drawing a cart in the streets of Paris. Mr. Coke brought him over from France, and gave him to Williams, master of the St. James's Coffee House, who presented him to the Earl of Godolphin. During the years 1730 and 1731, the Arabian served in that noble Sportsman's stud as teaser to his stallion Hobgoblin, which horse refusing to cover Roxana, she was in consequence put to the Arabian, and produced a colt foal, the famous LATH, the most elegant and beautiful, as well as the best racer of his time. The mutual attachment between the Godolphin Arabian and a stable cat, is well known. He died in 1753, the most successful as a stallion of any foreign horse, before or since imported.

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Engraved by J. H. Johnson.

ARABIAN.

The property of the RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WILLESLEY, of PHOENIX HILL, is here depicted, as described by the PROPRIETORS.

Printed by Thomas and Son, Stationers' Hall, London, E.C. 4.

THE WELLESLEY ARABIAN.

THE present writer having seen this fine horse, can vouch for the truth of Mr. Marshall's drawing. This horse, in figure, bearing considerable resemblance to the larger war-horse of Europe, although possessing the delicate skin and various other attributes of the South Eastern courser, it may be conjectured, was the produce of some country bordering upon Arabia, where, as in England, the Arabian or Barbary horse in process of time, acquires an increase of size and fullness of form, together with a considerable expansion of the hoofs. This is no doubt the effect of lower and more moist grounds, and more succulent food than can be found in the deserts, where the dryness and purity of the air and soil compress the animal body, impart a superior firmness and elasticity to the tendinous and fibrous system, allowing greater powers in a smaller compass of substance, and exalting the tone and vigour of the animal spirits. Thence horses are chosen from the deserts for their fleetness and courage, and those from the mountainous regions are preferred as coursers. A few of the produce of the Wellesley Arabian were trained, but not with sufficient success to raise his reputation as a racing stallion.

It is a curious physico-zoological fact that, the horse was a genus formerly unknown to that vast portion of the globe, the American Continent and the Islands; and that the horse found no path through which to migrate thither, until he was imported by the Spaniards after the subduction of those countries. The breed soon multiplied far beyond human need, on the rich and productive soils of those almost unlimited regions, as well as that of horned cattle, which had been simultaneously imported. In consequence, the animals ran wild, and in the course of several centuries, have had such a multitudinous increase, as to have lost all vestiges of private property. The accounts of travellers in South America are almost incredible, as to the innumerable herds which they saw, and the frequent danger of being trodden under foot by them. Herds of wild horses are also found in the vast Tartarian regions, from the East to the borders of Russia. The native horse of East India, is said to be small, and unendowed with the generous qualities of the courser, supplies of which latter, however, are constantly passing into that country.

Importations of the Southern horse have taken place upon the Continent of Europe, during many centuries, for the purpose of improving the native breed, as war, carriage, and road horses. In England, such imports had not so early a commencement, at least from the Levant, most of the breeding stock for the purpose of improvement, being purchased on the opposite continent: but about

the period of the reign of Elizabeth, when horse-racing had already attracted considerable attention, both in England and Scotland, horses began to be imported from the East, for that peculiar purpose, as well as for the general one of an improvement of the native breeds. At first it is probable that, pedigree and purity of blood were not objects of such high consideration as they have since been; but that any well-shaped and blood-like nag, with good action, served the purpose either of the breeding stud or the course. Turks, Barbs, Spaniards, Arabians, Egyptians, and Persians, were imported, without any particular preference, nor had the Arabian horses, in those days, acquired that high distinction which they have enjoyed since the commencement of the last century. The first James, our first sporting monarch also, purchased of a Mr. Markham, a merchant, an Arabian horse, at the very considerable price of five hundred pounds. This horse obtained no reputation, being, it seems, quite unable to race, and the horse coursers of that day being probably aware that such might be no reasonable objection. The ill success of this horse brought Arabians into such disrepute, that we read of few in the scanty annals of the Turf, until the reign of Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts, and of our horse-racing sovereigns.

Early in the reign of Anne, and which forms an epoch in Turf history, the famous **DARLEY ARABIAN** was imported. He was sent from Aleppo by Mr. Darley, a merchant there settled, who procured him through his connections, from the Arabian deserts; and he is one of those few horses, on the purity of the blood of which we can have a certain reliance. Hence the consequence to a turf breeder, of attention to the portrait of this horse, which, however imperfect in a refined or scientific view, doubtless represents a likeness of the animal, and a sufficiently correct view of his proportions. That he was the sire of that racer of deathless fame, **FLYING CHILDERS**, and that his blood has since invariably proved the most valuable for the stud, form the best evidence of its purity, and that the land in which he was bred, is the native soil of the genuine courser. The **Leedes Arabian** was cotemporary with the Darley, and it is sufficient for his fame as a stallion to say, that he was the sire of **OLD LEEDES**.

The great success of Mr. Darley with his Arabian, turned the current of fashionable opinion among our English Sportsmen, so much in favour of the horses of that country, that it became a common inducement to style all horses imported from the Levant, *Arabians*, whether or not they might have been really such, or *Persians, Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, or Barbs*. This has occasioned notable confusion and uncertainty, but it has been experienced, that the horses of all those countries are endowed with the properties of the race-horse in certain degrees, and the blood of our English thorough-bred horse is derived from a mixture of all those, although doubtless the blood of the Arabian and Barb predominates. The importation of these southern horses into Europe has proceeded as formerly, to the present time; and great numbers have been brought to this country during the

present reign. The late Emperor greatly promoted their introduction into France, and the German Princes continue to breed from them ; but of late years a decided preference has been manifested upon the continent, in favour of the English thorough-bred horse. It is related, on the authority of a certain Prussian Count, that a German Prince having, with the utmost care and expence, raised a most valuable breed of horses from a son of that well-known English Racer, MORWICK BALL, it was one of the first *imperial* acts of *Napoleon*, to honour the proprietor with a military order to have the whole of them marched to France, for his imperial majesty's use, which was promptly executed. On the same authority it is stated, that about thirty years since, an Arabian horse was obtained in Germany, probably by the way of Turkey and Hungary, which proved superior, for the beauty, strength, and worth of the stock he produced, to any which had been before known in that country. The name of this famous stallion was TURKMAINATTI, a name in equal estimation in Germany, with that of the Godolphin Arabian in England. The valuable stock of this horse has spread over the country ; and young TURKMAINATTI at present ably supports the honours of his family.

The Arabians of the desert have always been breeders of horses for sale, but can scarcely be induced to part with their mares at any price. They have three breeds, or varieties, the inferior of which are those brought to market at a low price, and which have been most extensively distributed in foreign countries. There is no reason to suspect any specific difference in these breeds, the whole consisting probably in accidental superiority or inferiority of form, of which the Arabians, from the skill and practice of so many ages, derived from father to son, may be presumed consummate judges. No people on earth can come in competition with them, for their solicitude and care in respect to the pedigrees of their horses, which *essentially* exceed even that, in the same case, bestowed upon monarchs and royal families. The performance of the marriage ceremony of consummation between an Arabian horse and mare of the superior or noble blood, must be first of all publicly announced, that the necessary witnesses, men of the first rank in the country, may be present to attest the act. The same ceremony is repeated at the birth of the foal ; and there are numbers of undoubtedly authentic pedigrees, upwards of five hundred years old. That of the Darley Arabian was said to be one of the most ancient.

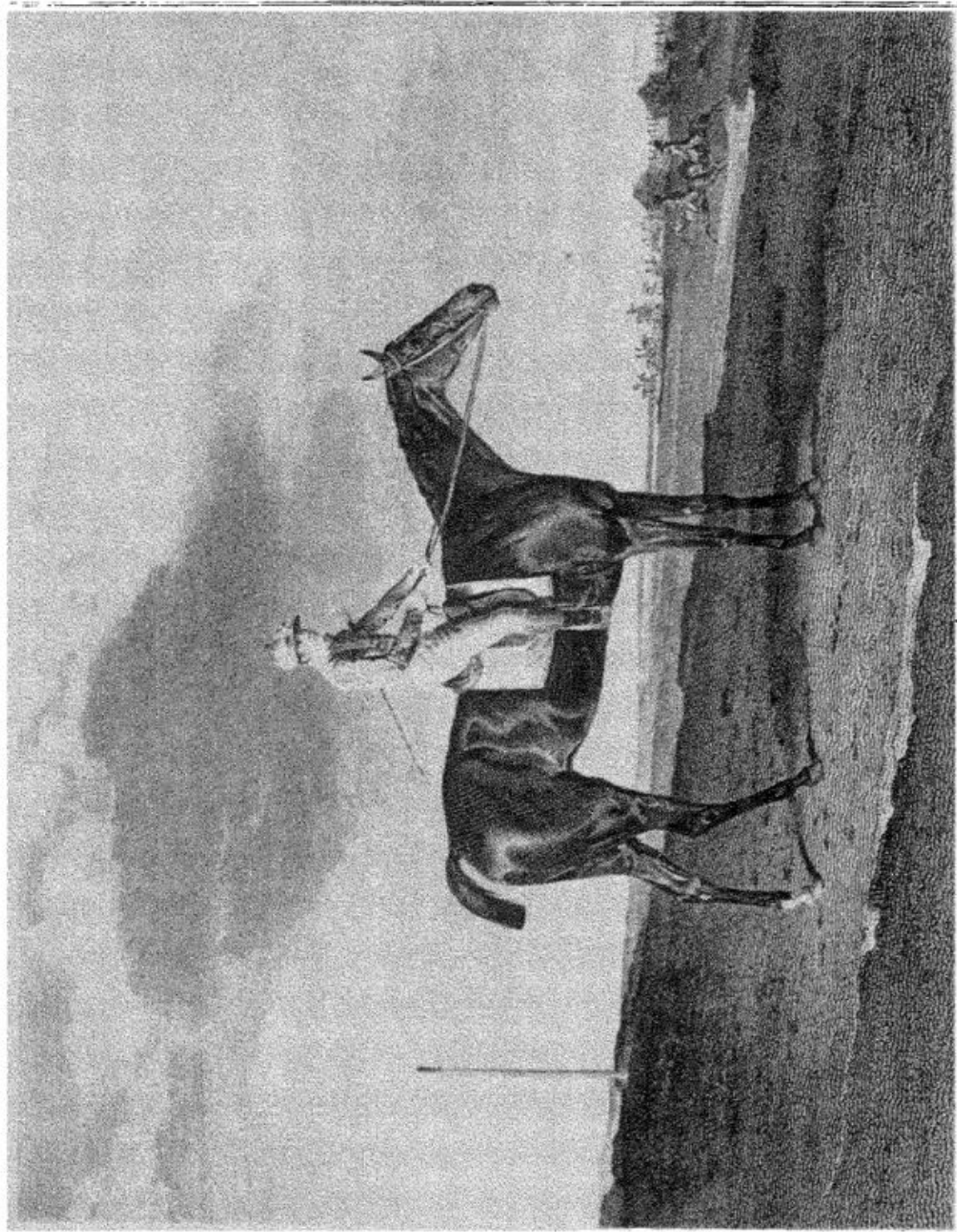
Horses are the chief stock and property of the *Bedouin*, or wandering Arab tribes, who use them in their plundering expeditions, and in the chase, in which most extraordinary relations have been made of the vast speed and continuance of these horses, and of the little sustenance which they have required during the performance. As oats with us, barley is the horse-corn of the Arabians, with a little annual soiling of spring grass. No where on earth is the horse treated with so great consideration, or, as it might be expressed, fellow-feeling, as in Arabia ; and as a consequence, no horse equals the Arabian in kindness and affection to

human nature, and in the approach to rationality. The Arab, his wife and children, his mare and foal, repose together under the same roof, and upon the same bed. The social and affectionate interchange often happens, that the foal is resting upon the bosom of the wife, and the young children sleeping upon the neck and body of the mare! nor is there the least apprehension that the gentle and docile animal should overlay or injure her charge. The Arabs do not beat and abuse their horses like the two-legged brutes of polished Europe, but discourse and reason with them, allowing them an equal share with themselves of all the necessaries of life; and the event demonstrates their plan, as more just and rational, far more successful than ours.

Nevertheless the Arab, so kind and considerate to his horse generally, and even transported with a boundless affection for him, exhibits that anomaly of conduct, which is a common and prominent infirmity in human nature. The training and trial of the horse, and indeed the system of horsemanship of the Arabs, are most severe, and even irrational and cruel, perfectly fitted for the approbation of such sophists as *Chateaubriant*: as an example, their mode of trial for a maiden horse of the highest form, is to ride him during the heat of their African sun, ninety miles over the burning sands and stones of the desert, without resting, or drawing drop or bit! and at the end of that moderate stage, to plunge him up to the chest in water! if he will then immediately eat his corn, his blood is genuine! The Arabian horse is not accustomed to trot, but to walk, canter, and gallop. He is ridden with a sharp bit, which in checking him with a sudden or heavy hand, fills his mouth with blood, until it becomes thoroughly callous and insensible; and the eastern custom of suddenly stopping him in his full career, throws such a weight upon his haunches, as either to break him down at once, or at a very early age.



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Engraved by G. S. Cox

RACE HORSE.

By SIR CHARLES HENRY B. FRANKLIN, Bart. (President of the Agricultural Society of Great Britain) and the PROPRIETORS.

Pub. by Sherwood, Neely & Sons, Stationers Row, Jan. 2, 1860.

London: W. & A. G. & Co., 1860.

THE RACE HORSE.

THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE, or RACER, like the GAME COCK, the BULL DOG, and the PUGILIST, are the peculiar productions of BRITAIN and IRELAND, unequalled for high courage, stoutness of heart, and patience under suffering. The term *thorough-bred*, in Britain and Ireland, indicates the horse to be either a remote or immediate pure, unmixed descendant of the *South Eastern* courser, *Arabian*, *Barb*, *Turk*, *Persian*, *Syrian*, *Egyptian*, or of the conterminous countries; the preference for antiquity and purity of racing blood being always due to the produce of the Arabian and African deserts. The modern English race horse resembles most the Arabian, in the general outline of his figure, his limbs, the form of his head, and in his countenance; but from the great care and high keep which he has enjoyed in this country through so many descents, he is of far greater height and bulk and equally superior powers. Art is the handmaid and improver of nature; and notwithstanding the boasted speed of animals in the natural state, there is no doubt of the superiority of the trained courser. Thus the British race horse, even at an equality of size and power to carry weight, is far more swift and more *stout*, in the turf phrase, more lasting, than the natural courser of the desert of the oldest pedigree. Such is the universal experience from trials in this country, and such would in all probability be the result, were the rival horses taken young, and trained and tried upon an equidistant and neutral soil. This opinion may not altogether coincide with the sentiments of those, who have been accustomed to read and swallow without investigation, those proper supplements to the Arabian Nights, relations of the speed and extent of the journies performed in a given time by Arabian horses: a little aid may be given to the judgment of these gentlemen, by the suggestion that, in the desert, are no mile posts, no clocks or watches, wherewith to measure time, no clerks of the course to start the horses, nor judges to drop the flag at the ending post; but that the jockey himself is often the only spectator and detailer of his horse's performance; and that in all the Eastern writings, ancient or modern, exaggeration is the predominant figure.

In the early periods of the turf, recourse must have been had for racers to foreign horses, and to the bastard breeds, as they were then styled, or mixtures between foreigners and the lightest native breed of the country. Spanish jennets, the descendants of Barbs, were trained: in short, any well-shaped nag with good action in the gallop, was deemed a racer. The idea of *thorough-breed* and its peculiar qualities, had not then taken place, but was afterwards gradually and experimentally developed. The mild climate and gramineous soil of this country,

always congenial with the nature of the horse, were found highly to improve in size and powers, the progeny of the horses of the South; and thence, aided by the systematic care of our turf breeders, has arisen the British race horse, in the state of beauty, symmetry, and perfection, which we now witness; and the superiority of which, all the world acknowledges and admires. This species had probably arrived at perfection, a hundred years since, in the instance of *FLYING CHILDERS*, since the speed of that wonderful animal has never been exceeded, nor does it seem within the experienced powers of nature that it ever should. From that period, the greatest attention has been paid to pedigree, and to preserving the racing breed pure and unmixed. Accidental mixtures there certainly have been, for such are upon record; but they have been comparatively few, mere drops of common, in the grand stream of pure and high racing blood. Such crosses have been occasionally apparent in the form and qualities of the produce, perhaps for several generations; but they have been obliterated by time, and are not discoverable in the remote descents. Within the above period, but not very lately, the phenomenon has now and then appeared of a horse not thorough-bred, proving a winning, even a capital racer. But such exceptions will not induce experienced Sportsmen to infringe the general rule, by breeding from, or training horses for the course, which are not thorough-bred. The same rule holds, however anomalous it may seem, with respect to foreign horses of the purest blood, from which our thorough-breed is derived. None of them, and the experiment has often been repeated, whatever be their age, size, or condition, are able to contend upon the course, from a race of one hundred yards to one hundred miles, with their relatives and brethren in blood, the race-horses of this country.

The latest intelligence respecting the horses usually imported from the *Levant* is to be found in the Travels of Count *Forbin*, who inspected in Syria, not probably with the eye of a jockey, several beautiful Arabian horses. He has given the modern names of the different varieties of the courser in that country, which do not agree with those formerly published by travellers. The highest formed and most valuable breed he terms *OËL-NAGDY*: they are brought from *Bassora*, whence it is probable they are of the same blood as the famous Darley Arabian. The present price of such of the best size and form, is about eighteen hundred pounds sterling each; and two or three years since, a mare of this race was sold at *St. Jean d' Acre*, for nearly double that sum. It is well known, that scarcely even extreme distress will induce the Arab breeder to part with a mare of this ancient race, nor have we any authentic account of such a one reaching this country. Soon after the campaigns in Egypt, a British officer of high rank being at *Aleppo*, was informed of the distress of a breeder and dealer from the desert, said to possess the finest shaped mare and of the oldest pedigree in *Arabia deserta*. Application for purchase, at almost any price, was instantly made through an interpreter. The answer, partly in the form of another question, was as follows---“ Wouldst

thou, under the goadings of evil fortune, sell thy mother?---Neither will I sell my mare." The second race of *Guelfé*, formerly pronounced *Jilfi*, comes from *Yémen* in *Arabia Fælix*, price about eight or nine hundred pounds sterling. The race of *Seclüony*, from the eastern part of the desert, is of somewhat less price. That of *Oæl-Mefhi* is more slight, figury, and higher upon the leg, generally purchased by the Turks, and in all probability, the same variety, in former days, imported by our breeders under that name; for example, the *Helmsley*, *Lister*, and *Byerley* Turks: their price about six or seven hundred pounds. The *Oæl-Sabi*, of inferior form, but the same variety, may be bought at about three hundred pounds; and the *Oæl-Trëidi*, a race the lowest in the estimation of the Arabian dealers, and said to have a taint of restiveness in them, at about two hundred pounds each.

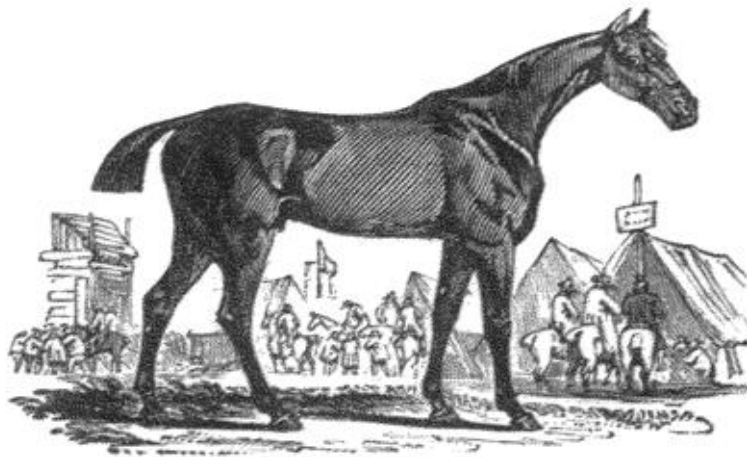
The glorious uncertainties of turf-breeding and horse-coursing are these--- Racing depends upon blood and a just conformation in all the parts contributory to action. Yet the best bred and finest formed horse may fail to prove a racer, even to the common standard; and the most successful racer of his year may utterly fail as a stallion; of these facts the examples are numerous. These however are exceptions to the general rule, which must ever be the guide of the breeder and trainer. There is scarcely, perhaps no instance of full brothers or sisters being both capital runners. One shall be of the highest form, the other barely able to win a *leather-plate*. Perhaps blood, that is to say, favourite or fashionable blood, has been too much depended upon by our breeders, to the neglect of form, both in the horse and mare.

Our English thorough breed, although it has acquired so great additional size and bulk, has, in no respect, degenerated; yet it has received very small supplies of original blood from the East, within the last seventy or eighty years. Perhaps no such renovation may be ever again needed. Since the Godolphin Arabian, we have scarcely imported one horse from the Levant, which may be deemed a capital stallion; and the *new blood*, as it used to be called, is at so low an ebb of repute, that few breeders will send a mare to a foreign horse. The immediate produce of those, from our best mares, can seldom race; in which case, and if we must wait for the third or fourth generation, we might perhaps, with equal or greater hope of success, breed from our own three part bred stock. The test of superiority and worth in a foreign stallion is, that his immediate get have proved racers. The Arabians were perhaps among the most successful of the new blood, each getting two or three middling racers; and even *Chillaby* got a winner, although some of his stock, colts and fillies, yearlings and two-year olds, sold from five crowns to seven pounds ten shillings a-head. This *Chillaby*, the property and favourite of Mr. Jennings, was called the Mad Arabian, afterwards purchased for the Circus, at the opening of that theatre, and there tamed by Hughes, the well-known Riding Master. We saw him at Clay Hall, in Essex, chained like a wild beast. When he first arrived there, in order to make proof of his ferocity, they placed a

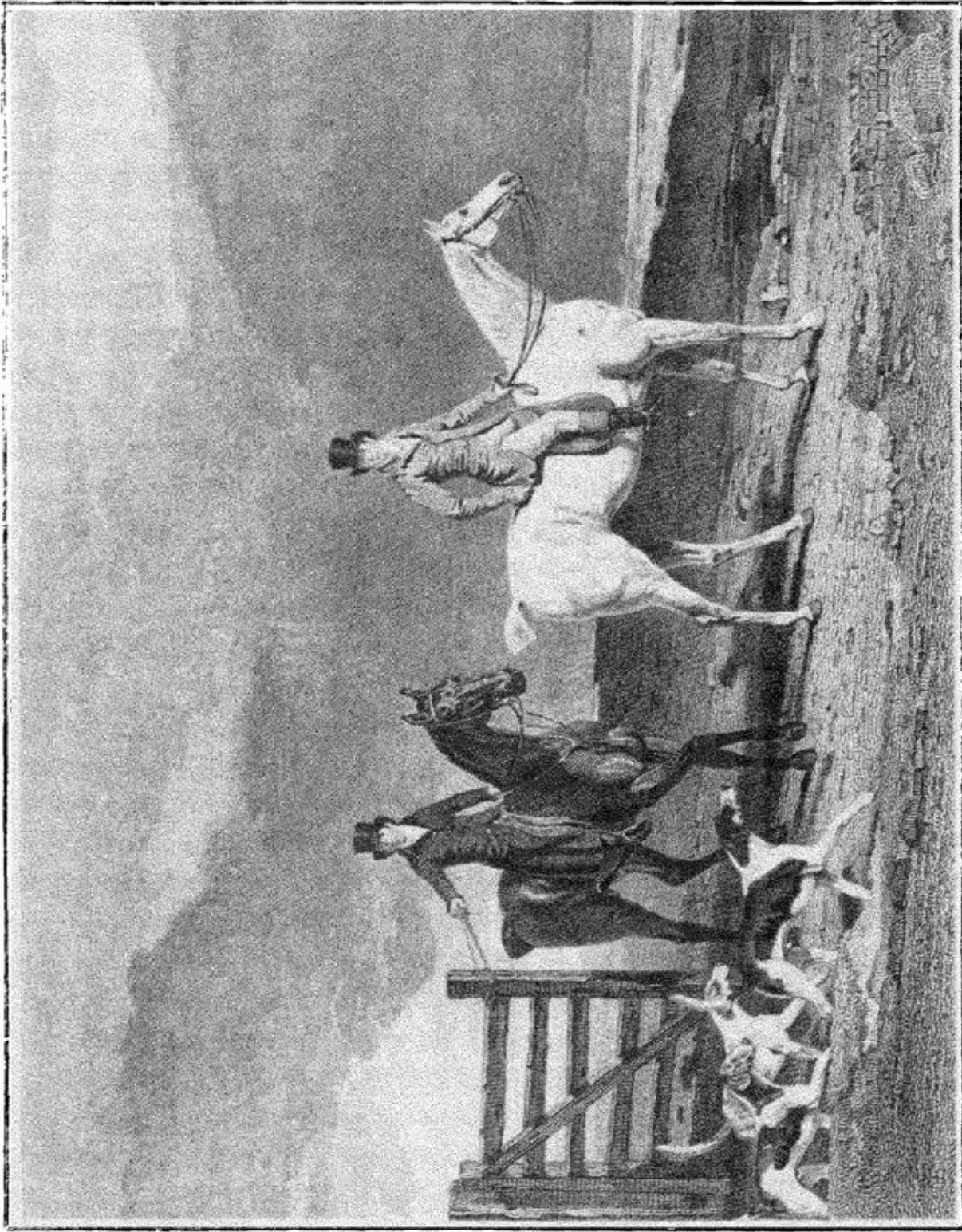
malken in his paddock, dressed in mans' apparel, which the horse instantly ran at, kicked, and tore to pieces with his teeth. He was yet, like the *Godolphin Arabian* to his cat, and O'Kelly's *Dungannon* to his lamb, strongly attached and extremely kind to a lamb, which we saw in a very hot day watching and butting the flies from off the horse's shoulder.

ELEANOR is one of the highest-bred mares of this country, and was a true runner. In the year 1801, she won, in a high form, the DERBY STAKES at Epsom, and the OAKS, or Filly Stakes, the following day; being the first racer that has won the *two*, in all the years since the commencement of those Stakes.

With respect to TRAINING the Race Horse, and considering the too recent accidents, even at present, of *breaking down* from excess of *work*, *Clifney's* remarks are by no means out of season, but in truth may be extended to farther circumstances of the case. When a horse is first taken into work, after having had a long rest, his carcase is large and heavy, and the practice is to put a great weight of clothes upon him, and to order him to take long sweats. But the horse, in this early stage of his training, is the least able to bear weight of clothes, or to run a long sweat: for being yet full of flesh, and his body heavy; this, added to the weight of clothes, occasions great stress upon his sinews, inflaming them and making them full and weak to the degree, that they are liable to be forced out of their place, by his gallops being a little too fast or continued too long.



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Painted by Mr. Jones.

HUNTERS.

IN WYCOMBE, the Property of GEORGE TRENCHER ESQ. to whom this Plate is Respectfully Inscribed by the PROPRIETORS.

Pub^d by Edmund Hoyle & Sons, Printers, Row, Jan 22 1780.

THE HUNTER.

THE antiquity of the CHASE, and the history of that "mighty hunter before the Lord," Nimrod, are so well known, that any reference or quotation would be superfluous. Modern English Hunting, like Horse-coursing, is a peculiar system; indeed, they seem to have taken rise together, at some period almost immediately subsequent to our national dissensions, or Wars of the White and Red Rose; previously to which, our hunting, like that still prevailing upon the continent, was of a military complexion, and often consisted of the pursuit of dangerous wild animals, then to be found in this country, the *wolf* and the *boar*. Hunting is no longer a military parade with offensive weapons, but a jovial assembly in the field, of Nobles, Gentry, and Yeomanry of property; the former attended by their servants; all in neat, close, and elegant riding dresses; the huntsmen with their horns, and the whippers-in upon their game and seasoned hunters. The object of the present hunting system is simply a *pursuit*, or *race* between the hunting horse and hounds and the beast of chace, under certain fair and equal laws and regulations.

The ENGLISH HUNTER is generally a horse between fifteen and sixteen hands in height, from the half-bred to the thorough-bred species; and ought to be of a lofty forehead, and shoulder well formed for action, with wide and substantial loins, moderately short legs and pasterns, and sound feet. The fashion of riding full-bred and speedy horses, so prevalent of late years, was equally prevalent in the beginning, indeed original in the system. But this chiefly takes place in light land counties. Upon strong and heavy soils, a powerful well-shaped half-bred horse may perform satisfactorily, and make a good figure; but upon light lands and downs, the speed and rate of the high-bred courser are too much above his powers, and he cannot long hold way in such superior company. On a general consideration, the three part or seven-eighth bred horse is best adapted to the purpose of hunting, since, at the same time, acknowledging the superiority of the thorough-bred horse, it is so extremely difficult to obtain him of a sufficiently fixed and substantial form.

DUNCOMBE, the subject of the opposite plate, is a good model of the hunter nearly thorough-bred; whilst the servant is mounted upon a shewy figure of the three-part bred hunter. In Duncombe we discover a broad and substantial loin, with the muscular swell in the shoulder and quarter, and solid substance of the thigh and fore arm, which indicate a well-bred horse in good hunting condition.

HUNTING is obviously one of the most severe labours of the horse, yet one that is so generally attractive to him, that there are well authenticated anecdotes of old hunters inspired by the music of their fellow-sportsmen the hounds, breaking posture over the most dangerous fences, following the chase, and coming first in at the death! The present writer had a mare which performed this, taking a most desperate leap over a lofty-pointed paling, on the other side of which was a well, which it is almost a miracle that she cleared. The joints of a horse cannot be sufficiently fixed until six years old, to go through with safety a season's hunting; although at five he should be cautiously and moderately used in the field. His education consists chiefly in being taught to leap the bar, standing, since generally, all horses will take a flying leap, in some form or other. The practice of the LEAPING BAR furzed around, is well known; but some grooms are too harsh and hasty with the young horse, whence many of irritable tempers can never be afterwards made staunch leapers.

The *Irish* horses are renowned as leapers, both standing and flying, to be attributed in some measure to their form, sharp and frigate-built, but more to the indefatigable training bestowed upon them, and to the desperation of Hibernian riders, which has often ended in the ruin of the horse, and not seldom to the breaking of the rider's bones, or of the master-bone---his neck. Two Irish grooms were drinking at a public-house door, one upon his master's hunter, then in exercise: the bet of a cup of whiskey was made, that the horse could not clear a neighbouring wall. The height of it, viewed from a horse's back, was tremendous: nevertheless, full to the brim, both of right Irish mettle and of whiskey, Patrick offered the leap standing to his nag; the horse was as truly Irish as his rider, but had drank no whiskey; therefore, after a little hesitation, he reluctantly refused the offer; on which the half-mad groom, turning the horse about, and cantering him to a considerable distance, turned him again, and with his riding switch up about the horse's ears, ran him at the wall. The generous horse, ashamed to refuse a second time, made a desperate leap; but being incapable of o'ertopping such an altitude, his forefeet struck against the summit; yet the violence of his exertion carrying him over, he grounded on the other side on his head and fore-quarters, both his fore legs being broken in the fall. Most unfortunately, for the example sake, the fellow escaped with only a few contusions. The wretched horse, from the absence of his proprietor, was kept several days in torture, before he was shot. Who would have wondered, had the master proved equally mad with his servant, and shot him also! As a memento and caution to young men, the following unfortunate fact, within the writer's personal knowledge, merits a place here. Mr. S. an Essex Yeoman of considerable property, about one and twenty years of age, jolly and good-natured, and on the point of matrimony, was riding his hunter over the farm. In stooping to unfasten a five-barred

gate, his heel touched the horse's side; the obedient hunter, mistaking it for a signal to take the gate, made his leap whilst it was swinging, and his hinder legs being entangled, he came down upon his unfortunate master's body, and crushed him instantly to death! It was full an hour before any witness arrived; and the noble and generous horse was standing close by his dead master, as if sensible of and lamenting his fate!

We must indulge in yet one more example, which appertains to the gallant subject of leaping. Some gentlemen, in the present season, being shooting in Cambridgeshire, on the estate of *Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne*, the noble and liberal successor of the proprietor of the famous Godolphin Arabian, they accidentally put up a herd of cows, which in great fright took full speed, the course which led to a five-barred gate, when, to the astonishment of the sportsmen, the foremost cow of the hunt leaped and cleared the gate as neatly as the staunchest hunter. An old and experienced writer describes the cow as the best, if not the highest of standing leapers, and advises grooms to teach their horses at the bar, *to clear their hinder quarters in the leap, like a cow.*

TRAINING the hunter is a simple process, all that is required being to bring him into good wind, without, at the same time, reducing him too low in flesh, or injuring his sinews; since, on a long chace, more especially over a heavy country, a horse needs the aid of his full bodily strength, and of his unimpaired tendinous and muscular powers. It is extremely dangerous to ride a horse over the country, which is weak in his joints, or has the common hurt in his back sinews; but the danger is tenfold, in taking a flying leap upon such a horse, where the opposite descent is considerable, and the stress upon his lower limbs in his landing, with a heavy weight upon his back, must be excessive. Training must commence with two or three doses of physic, should the horse be gross, and not have been previously trained. A young horse, in his first training, will require most work; but it is an error of the surest side, rather to under-do this business, than exceed, because, if a horse come into the field rather under-worked, being full of good meat and heart, the easy remedy is to favour and ride him carefully the first week or two; but should your training groom set you upon a horse harrassed and weakened by too much exercise, he will get worse as the season advances, and perhaps be totally ruined by the end; exclusive of the probable disgrace of failing you in a long and important day. Old hunters from spring grass, which they ever ought to enjoy, can scarcely be trained too lightly: the true test is, that their wind in its course be free and unembarrassed; to that point, however, their exercise must at any rate extend. The lighter the horse's clothing the better, in view of the heats and colds he must necessarily undergo in the chace. An early morning's gallop, at a good steady stride, but not speedy, of a mile or two, with a canter after water in the afternoon, is sufficient for

the hunter, and two months ought to bring him into good condition. A young horse may have, once a week, a tolerably sharp rally for one or two miles, a method which should never be practised with a seasoned hunter, to which, indeed, walking exercise may be often substituted for the gallop.

The Steeple-Hunt is well known to be a match or sweepstakes across the country, over hedge, ditch, and gate, between two or more Sportsmen upon their hunters. This very hazardous adventure, not very common in modern times, has been once repeated, since the instance related in the *British Field Sports*, on which the following remarks were made. Some hold these heroes in high estimation, and aver that, their example is a great excitement to courage and gallantry, and the contempt of 'whatever may befall;' others insist that, foolhardiness never shews a salutary example; that, *nought is never in danger*, and that it is of the smallest possible consequence to the world, whether a man of this kidney break his neck, or return with it whole. Leaving the decision of this knotty point to casuists, clerical and lay, I simply state the facts. We have had occasional, but few revivals of this old practice, the chief misery of which is, the risk of crippling and condemning to a painful existence, the noblest and best animals in the country.



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Engraved by J. H. Wallcut.

HACKNEY.

ROADY BILLY, the Property of a GENTLEMAN, in whom this Horse is Respectfully Incribed by the PROPRIETORS.

Engraved by J. H. Wallcut.

Printed by George & James Robinson, No. 11, St. Paul's Church-yard.

THE HACK OR HACKNEY.

A HACK, in our modern stable phrase, signifies a ROAD HORSE, and not merely a horse let out to hire, as some of the uninitiated suppose. The *British* and *Irish* Hackney, with respect to his proper average height, is from fourteen hands one half to fifteen hands one half: beyond the latter, unless the rider be also a *topper*, he had need carry a pocket ladder for mounting convenience. With respect to DENOMINATIONS, the term of *poney* is applied to all horses beneath thirteen hands in height; from thirteen to fourteen hands, a *galloway*; at fourteen hands, a *horse*: a *cob* is a short, cloddy hackney: a *Merlin* is a Welsh poney or galloway, from a certain part of the principality, where *Old Merlin*, many years after his racing services had been completed, covered a great number of the small country mares, and left a peculiar and valuable race to posterity.

The Hackney, like the Hunter of the present day, is always a horse with some portion of racing blood, the whole English race, even to the cart horse, being more or less imbued, and equally improved by it. Thus our road horses are *half, three parts, seven eighths, or thorough-bred*. The two latter degrees are, in several respects, less fitted for the purpose of travelling the roads than the former; chiefly on account of the tenderness of their legs and feet, their longer stride, and straight-kneed action, not so well adapted to the *English* road pace---the *trot*. Nevertheless, bred hacknies are elegant and fashionable, and, when good canterers, pleasant to ride; insomuch that, a certain colonel of the Guards of former days insisted, there was the same difference to be felt in riding a bred hack and one without blood, as between riding in a coach and in a cart. One good property in the thorough-bred road horse is, that he seldom shies, many of them never.

The Road Horse should have a considerably lofty, yet light forehead or crest, a deep and extensive shoulder, well raised at the withers, straight back with substantial loins and wide fillets, the croup not suddenly drooping, nor the tail set on low. The head should not be thick and fleshy, nor joined abruptly to the neck, but in a gradual or tapering form; the eye full, clear, and diaphanous. The fore arms and thighs, with plenty of muscular substance, should be of reasonable length, but the legs should, at no rate, be long. Much solid flat bone beneath the knee, is a great perfection in a hackney; and the feet, standing straight, turning neither in nor outwards, should be of tough, dark, shining horn, the heels wide and open. The saddle-horse's fore-feet should closely approach each other, the wide chest being rather adapted to the collar. Nor need any apprehension be entertained from this near approximation of the fore feet, of the horse's cutting in

the speed, or *knocking* his pastern joints, since those defects arise almost invariably from the irregular pointing of the toe, inwards or outwards, and for which, neither a wide chest nor the most skilful farriery, has ever yet provided a sufficient remedy. A saddle horse of any description can scarcely go too close before, or too wide behind.

Perhaps the best pedigree for a road horse is, that he is bred from hackney stock on both sides, more particularly for a trotter. The **BREAKING** and education of our road horses are too generally incomplete. A good mouth should be secured, neither hard and insensible, nor too exquisitely sensible; which latter extreme causes the horse to ride loose necked, and his head, in the language of a practical author, to vibrate like a pendulum. The nag should be set moderately upon his haunches, as in the Riding School, which will enable him to carry his fore-quarters lightly and pleasantly to the rider, and also to descend a hill with more ease and safety; the doing which in perfection, is one of the highest qualities in a hackney. The horse being low or ill-formed in the shoulders, that the saddle will ride forward; or, in the horseman's phrase, *cock-thropled*, which is to say, having the crest reversed, that a martengale be required to keep his head in its proper place, are great, and being irremediable defects, should be guarded against in breeding, by attention to the well-known principle---like produces like. In these confirmed cases of mal-conformation, there are no remedies worth regard, but the martengale and the crupper; and however unfashionable the latter, it is still preferable to the insecurity of riding upon a saddle gradually shifting towards the horse's neck, there being no eminence or form of withers adapted to its support in its place. The *natural* paces of the horse are **WALK**, **TROT**, **CANTER**, and **GALLOP**; and in this country, the artificial paces of **PADDING** and **RACKING** have long since been out of use; yet cantering is with us almost an artificial pace, our road horses being so universally accustomed to the trot, that few will canter handsomely and steadily. The reverse of this is actually the case in other countries, where horses, from disuse of the trot in work, almost forget that natural pace. In breaking the colt, it should not be neglected, as it usually is, to teach him a handsome, safe, and steady canter, more especially if he naturally incline to that pace, so useful and pleasant in a variety of respects: for example, as a lady's pad, or summer hackney; and in case of the horse having much blood and delicacy, an occasional canter of a few miles, being a great relief from the shaking of the hard road in a trot. Nor is there any ground for the common apprehension that, being taught to canter, will render a horse less steady in his trot; that depends upon good riding; and the present writer has known capital trotters also handsome and good canterers.

STABLE CARE AND ARRAY OF THE HORSE, in this country, has suffered very little variation on essentials within the last half century, which is to speak highly in favour of their rationality and excellence. Certainly these animals are generally

too long kept as *fixtures* in their stalls, tied up by the head without space or power to exercise their limbs, but many considerate Sportsmen adopt the use of the LOOSE STABLE, which, in the cases of inflamed and debilitated sinews and battered hoofs, is the only in-door resource and remedy. The English horse, especially in all sporting stables, still rests his wearied limbs, and tender, shaken feet upon a deep and comfortable cool bed of fresh straw, throughout the day, in spite of certain new-fangled recommendations of the superior comfort and use of hard and cold stones. Constant good *corn*-feeding, high condition, burnished coats, and the perfection of animal powers, still hold their ground against left-handed and scalt-miserable economy, *faint* sweats, rough staring coats, knocking together of the legs, and---knocking up. The horse should always have green meat in the season, and whenever convenience will admit, be permitted to cut his own meat abroad, and enjoy the pure air of spring, and the refreshing dews of heaven, for at least a few weeks.

In TRIMMING the Horse, the old odious and torturing custom of *singeing his ears* with a lighted candle, has long since been discarded by Sportsmen, scissars being the proper substitute, and the ear should not be left too bare, more especially in the cold season. The *curb* and *snaffle* BRIDLES are the same essentially, as have been long since in use; but perhaps the curb has been too much *improved* in severity, and with too little real benefit. The SADDLE has suffered no change of importance, although various trivial alterations, and is secured upon the horse's back, as it was fifty years ago, by two girths placed exactly one over the other. CRUPPERS have been within that period, exploded, and saddle cloths have only been in occasional use. The SASH or broad white collar down the shoulders of the saddle horse, fastened to the peak of the saddle, and connected beneath the chest, with the girths, was a prevailing fashion forty years ago, and supposed to exhibit to advantage, a deep and slanting shoulder: if it had any real use, it was to prevent the light-carcassed horse from slipping or running out of his girths, an accident sometimes seen upon the turf.

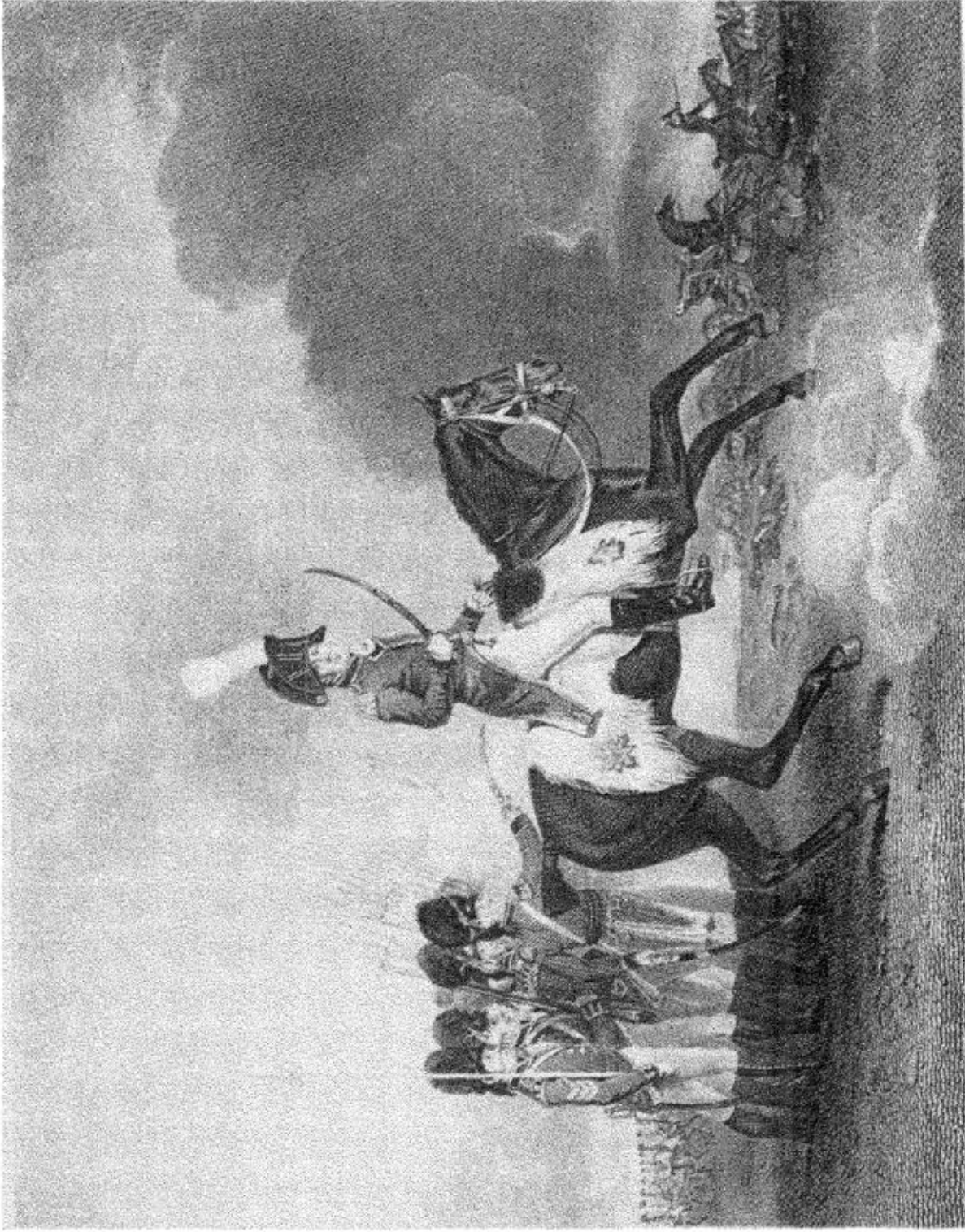
The cruel and useless custom of NICKING is by no means so prevalent as formerly for saddle horses, which at present, almost universally wear somewhat short, cut tails, nearly in the style of those of the racer. The heels are close trimmed. In the management of the FEET and SHOEING the horse, the toes should be kept short, both for security in action, and to promote the growth and spread of the heels. As little as possible, perhaps nothing excepting rotten material, should be pared from the frog and quarters, and the soal itself should be pared with caution, and only in case of exuberance, since travel will wear the substance, particularly of a thin foot, full fast. The too common practice of farriers *opening the heels*, is the readiest mode with most feet, to prevent their remaining open, by depriving them of that substance which should intervene to keep them so, and which in weak feet is not able to keep pace in growth, with the destruction of the paring knife. The

best shoes are made of hard, well-hammered iron, and the shoe for a road, or draught horse particularly, should always be of substance sufficient to support his weight. Its external surface should be flat, and by no means inclinable as formerly to the convex. The length of the shoe should agree with that of the foot, but at no rate exceed or protrude beyond the horse's heel. It would be well, for security's sake, and apparently according to nature's destination, could our road horses bear the exposure of their heels and frogs to the ground; but as so extremely few are capable of it, every attempt has failed to introduce the famous short shoe of the French farrier *La Fosse*. The object is to place the horse upon a level and even bearing of shoe, neither too thick of iron nor too light; carefully fastened with moderately small nails, and by a workman with the experience and the *feeling* to discover, whether or not the shoe may have been placed, or a nail may have been driven, so as to outrage the extreme sensibility of the animal in those parts. Shoes should be removed in three weeks, and horses sent to grass, more particularly with respect to thin and tender feet, should have narrow webbed and light shoes, to preserve the walls of the hoof.

In the PURCHASE and SALE of a horse, the warranty of *sound* purports that the animal is neither blind, lame, broken-winded, nor *rotten*, nor at the instant, subject to any impending cause of such maladies. At *Repositories* and sales by auction the conditions of sale are always that, such warranty should terminate in three days, indeed, that is the usual time allowed in private bargains; but in litigations the juries have of late years assumed a discretionary power in the case, and it is held in consequence that, no period of time will bar the return of a warranted horse, proved to have been unsound at the time of warranty. A horse warranted *quiet* must be neither restiff, kicker or biter, or a run-away.



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Printed by the ...

CHARGE.

The Charge of Major-General Blyden, at the Battle of Rappahannock, described by the PROPRIETORS.

Pub. by Sherman, New York, and Son, Publishers, New York, 1862.

THE CHARGER.

The beautiful Engraving here presented to the reader, is of a favourite Charger of MAJOR GENERAL WARDE, which had carried the General boldly and safely over many a bloody field.

The HORSE has been recorded from the highest antiquity, as the disciplined and faithful ally of man in the field, and as a sharer with him in all the toils and perils of military enterprise. His services in ancient times, were not confined to carrying his master; he was also yoked to the War-Chariot; and in the late wars, that machine has been in some sort revived in the *Flying Artillery*. As a proof of the attention of the Ancients to the military manège, we are informed by *Xenophon*, a professional and practical writer, they so bitted their horses, that their necks might be pliable and obedient to the reins, teaching them also to move by such measured steps, that the whole equipage, when two, four or six were yoked together, might move as one body, without confusion. They were trained and accustomed to run with the utmost velocity in harness, and inured to fearlessness and hardiness; either for making an attack with an impetuous shock, or receiving in turn, such a shock with firmness. These horses were taught to execute the various evolutions of wheeling with docility, activity, and speed; to run over all kinds of ground; to stretch up the steepest ascents, and to rush down the sharpest declivities; in fine, they were prepared for all the probable and trying occasions of actual service.

In the wars of classical antiquity, we read of the same races of the horse applied to military purposes, as now uphold the honours of the British Turf; and from the favourable account given by the ancient Roman historians of the war horses, some of which were driven in chariots, opposed to them by the Britons, it has been conjectured that, a mixed South-Eastern breed of the horse, even in those early times, existed in this country; and that the Southern breeding stock had been imported through the commercial intercourse subsisting between the Western coasts of Britain, and those of certain countries of the Mediterranean. Granting this hypothesis, subsequent importations from the Continent of Europe must greatly have enlarged the size of the English breed, as we find in succeeding ages the military fashion of this country exactly agreeing with that of the other northern parts of Europe, in adopting the GREAT HORSE, as he was emphatically styled, and literally proved, for the service of war. Thus originated the phrase, "to ride the Great Horse," which signified the managed or military horse; and it appears, that in those early days, the chargers of the officers, as well as the common troop horses, were of a large and heavy breed.

This custom, it should seem, subsisted during the civil wars between the royal Houses of York and Lancaster, and in all probability, suffered considerable change on the introduction of Horse Coursing, and of a lighter breed of horses into the country. The change, however, was gradual; and in Elizabeth's reign, "great trotting horses" were much in request, as the only species adapted to war. The trot had then perhaps but lately come into fashionable use, since, in the earlier period, the great horses imported, of the modern dray size, though it may be presumed of stately form, were taught and accustomed to amble. The common breed of England was small, and much legislative care was used in the reigns of Henry the Seventh and Eighth, conformably to the politico-economical notions of those times, to enforce the breeding of larger horses. Thus, in the latter reign, a law was enacted, that every man's brood mare should be at least fourteen hands high, and the magistrates were empowered by this law, to scour the wastes and commons at Michaelmas tide, and to put to death all mares and all stallions, which in size were below the Act of Parliament standard! Further curious regulations were made, to compel horse-breeding upon a graduated scale of rank and property. Each Archbishop or Duke was obliged, under certain penalties, to keep *seven* trotting stone horses for the saddle, each to be fourteen hands high, at the age of three years. Each person having benefices to the amount of one hundred pounds yearly, or a layman, whose wife should wear any French hood, or velvet bonnet, were required, under the penalty of twenty pounds, to keep *one* "trottyng stone horse" of the stated size for the saddle.

The Continental *Manège* for the War Horse, was introduced into this country by Henry the Eighth, through the medium of the most famous riding masters, invited over and patronized by that Monarch, who was honoured with the name of *Castor* by an elegant writer, for his affection towards the horse, and his consummate skill in horsemanship. This continued in English use, for Officers' Chargers, until perhaps within the last half century, under the style of the *Grand Manège*, and the horses were frequently foreign, it being experienced that English-bred horses were insusceptible of being so *highly dressed* or managed as the German. It was at length perceived, however, that the *Grand Manège*, consisting, in a great measure, of antiquated forms and actions, was rather calculated for vain and ostentatious parade, than for real use on the field; and that which was of still more serious concern, was the considerable portion of a horse's useful life which was required to perfect him, namely, three years, the great abatement of his speed which it occasioned, and the injury to his hinder quarters which too often necessarily ensued.

The *Petit Manège*, restricted to real use, succeeded to the *Grand* and antiquated; and probably, this real improvement may in great measure be attributed to the good sense and influence of the late celebrated *Earl of Pembroke*, whose book on horses received, and deservedly, great public attention. This is the common and expeditious Riding School system of drilling or training horses for military service in

the ranks, and equally sufficient for the Charger, as the Troop horse. Its chief objects are, to set the horse sufficiently upon his haunches, to make him rein well, to give him a cadenced pace, to teach him to rein back or retreat, to move sideways, to stand fire, and leap. When *Napoleon*, ambitious of the royal diadem, was recalling the emigrant Noblesse and Clergy, aristocracies which he perceived to be absolutely necessary to the foundation of his meditated system; on a certain occasion of raising new regiments, an old officer complained to him, that there was not a single highly-dressed Charger to be procured; to this the would-be Monarch replied---“ Colonel, the military glory of France lies materially in dispatch; and your Charger will earn many victories or death, long within the time required by the ancient regime to dress him *grandly*.”

Some years subsequent to the appearance of Lord Pembroke's Treatise, a book was published, entitled, *Rules and Regulations for the Cavalry, by Order*; indeed, the example of France, during the Revolutionary wars, had great effect upon our military tactics in this particular. The following observations also, published in 1796, (*Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*), are here particularly applicable.---“ With respect to Troop Horses, our heavy Cavalry are much improved in lightness and activity within the last half century; but a further improvement in the same line will most probably take place. I have consulted many gentlemen who have seen service, both in the present and former wars, who, after making due allowance for the formidable weight of those heavy horses in the charge, seem to incline, on the whole, to acknowledge the superior utility of more active and speedy cattle. For my part, utterly inexperienced as I am, and as I hope I ever shall be in this bloody business, I cannot see how superior activity can possibly be less formidable in any respect than mere bulk. But it may be safely averred, that good well-shaped half-bred horses would beat the present race of heavy troop horses, at twenty and twenty-five stone, by miles in an hour. They would also get through deep and difficult countries, with much more expedition and ease to themselves, than heavy cart-bred cattle, whose own weight and laborious method of progression, must be impediments increasing in proportion to the badness of the roads. It would not be possible at present, I well know, to find a sufficient number of that species of horses to which I allude, for the public service; but the case may be altered hereafter, when the heavy black locusts shall have been superseded by a lighter, more active, and more useful race.”

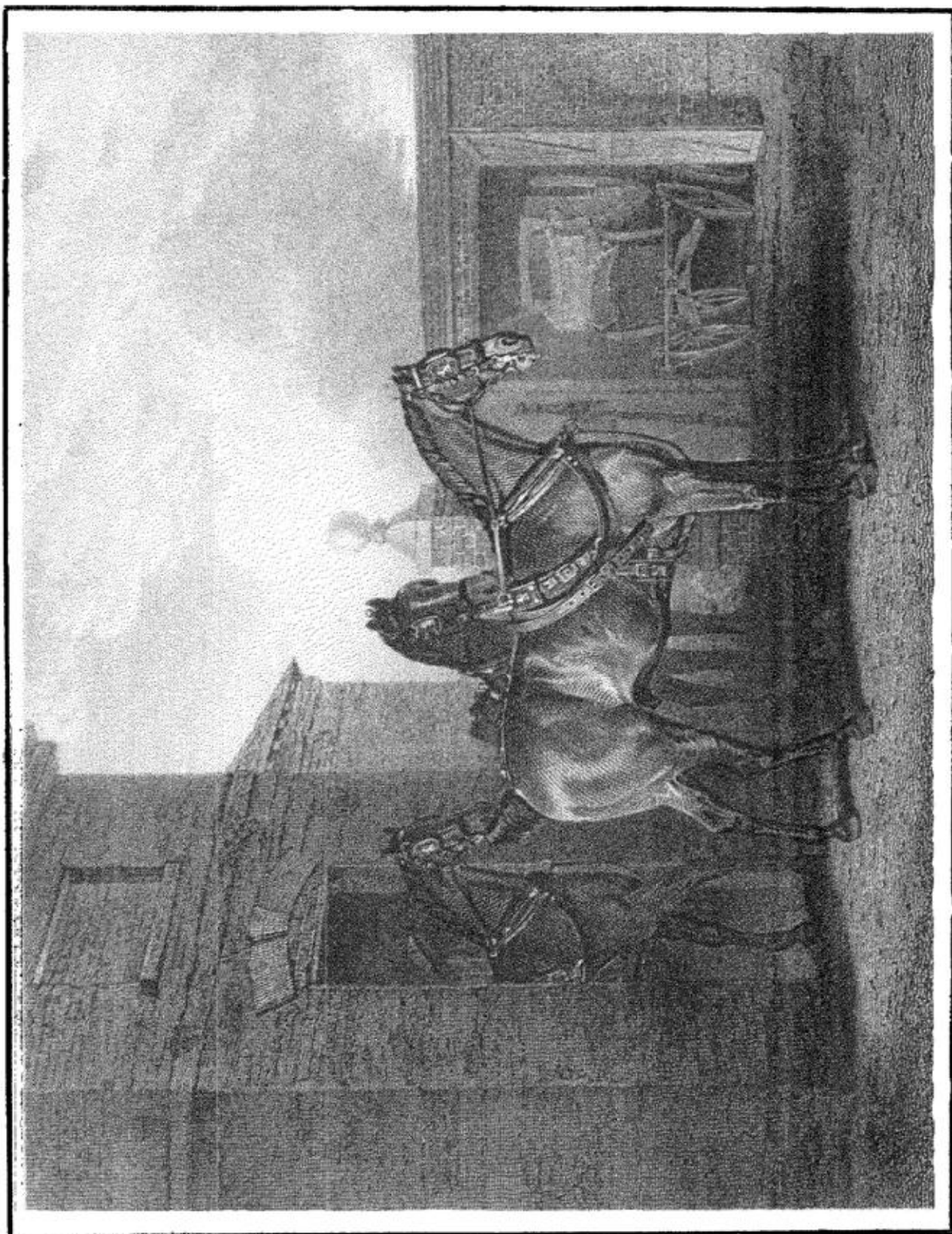
Since the above period, those views have been further pursued, and, in all probability, very nearly to the point of attainable perfection. In the late war, the British Cavalry not only fully maintained its pristine reputation for weight and effect in the charge, but had acquired equal superiority in active evolution and speed in the pursuit. The few horses which we import from Germany for military use, are likewise of a far more light and active breed than those formerly in use upon the Continent. The Germans have, almost immemorially, mixed their

native large races with Arabians, Barbs, and other Eastern horses; and their Chargers and Parade Horses, at the present period, shew a considerable portion of Southern blood, and consequent symmetry and elegance. We perhaps find the majority of our officers' capital Chargers, with their full tails, of an appearance congenial with this breed; and the hunting-like figure of that which we exhibit, is one, among yet a considerable number of exceptions to the general rule of the present military style.

The British are a nation of Horsemen, however unskilful a part of them may be; and the science of Equitation in this country has been long since known and practised under two grand divisions, as exhibited in the *Military* and the *Turf Seat on Horseback*. The latter style of riding had been prevalent for several centuries, upon the Road and Field, until the late continued wars introduced somewhat of the form of the military school, which shewed itself chiefly in placing the ball of the foot upon the stirrup, and the inward direction of the toe, instead of *riding home*, as the jockeys phrase it, and turning the toe outward and somewhat upward. There has moreover been a kind of tacit but obvious reciprocity of approach between the two systems; the one has borrowed a small portion of the martial air and gentility, the other very discreetly puts off a considerable share of antique stiffness, formality, and parade. We have no doubt that horsemanship will ever remain a distinguished characteristic of *English Gentlemen*, and that the equal disgrace implied by the old Roman proverb recorded by *Suetonius*, will not be forgotten, *neque equitare, nec literas scire*---neither to be able to ride, nor to read the alphabet.



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Engraved by John Smith.

COACH HORSE.

A Pair of *BAY* the Property of HENRY VILLEROIS N 504 To whom this Plate is Respectfully Dedicated by the PROPRIETORS.

Printed by J. G. Smith.

THE COACH HORSE.

The opposite ENGRAVING represents one of our highest and most fashionable forms of the COACH HORSE, trimmed, with respect to tail and mane, and harnessed in the prevailing style of the gay and splendid Metropolis.

Modern refinement has tasked itself, and most successfully, in all things, to supersede inert and cumbrous substance by lightness, symmetry, and elegance, sagaciously discovering a recompense for the loss of bulk and weight, in just and adequate proportion. Thus has been the march of improvement in architectural design, and thus in rearing the form of our domestic animals. It has been already noticed, that our horses, used for the various purposes of quick draught, have received their full share of the beneficial improvement of racing blood. With the most sporting-like elegance of figure, we have acquired a vast addition of speed, at the same time retaining even a superior to the former effective power. The Coach Horses of former days were comparatively Dray Horses; those of the present wear rather the semblance of Hunters and Racers. Indeed our Race Horses, by some ignorantly stigmatized as *a spider-legged race*, are bred up to such size and strength, as many of them to be fully equal to the duties of the collar, and in fact many are annually applied to such purpose, as well as to hunting and the road, blood-like horses running in our public Coaches, Post Chaises, and Gentlemen's Curricles; and as fashion no longer demands a strict match of colour in these travelling or airing carriages, a good opportunity is afforded of introducing a valuable horse of whatever colour.

CHARIOT HORSES are below the full coach size, about the height of the Curricule Horse, with more substance and weight; these last, with the GIG HORSE, are of hunting size and figure, nor does this lighter part of quick draught at all injure them as saddle-horses. The breeding Counties for Coach Horses, as well for all kinds of saddle-horses, are chiefly *Yorkshire*, the *Bishopric of Durham*, and perhaps *Northumberland*. The former horses are the produce of large mares, generally with some shew of blood, and half or three part bred stallions, and frequently racing stallions of great size and bone. This coaching stock, when bred with judgment and well shaped, has, for a number of years, produced very high prices, and brought great returns to the studs of the above counties, a pair of clever, well-shaped coach horses of the first size, being often sold for upwards of four hundred guineas. It appears to the present writer, that considerable improvement has been made in the form of these horses, within the last thirty years, although certainly much yet remains to be done by the judicious breeder, since even at

this time, it is not a matter of common occurrence, to find a thorough-shaped Coach Horse, any more than one of that invaluable description of any other species. We may boast, however, that our coach stables are not lumbered with so many of those miserable splay-footed, leggy, loose-loined, and cat-hammed animals, as in former days; a sort of cattle which could scarcely travel half a score miles, without the risk of hewing their legs to pieces. It ought to be a material consideration with breeders of coach horses, to raise them from such stock as stand even upon the ground, and go perfectly clear with their legs; and, in short, such as are not burdened with too much leg. There can scarcely indeed be a greater defect in a horse for quick draught, than *knocking* or *cutting*, that is to say, the lower or the speedy cut.

We would wish, with the sincere views of caution and of general utility, to introduce in this place, some observations on the public STAGE COACH management of this country, and those numerous and perpetually recurring accidents, always distressing, and so often fatal, which disgrace our public roads, and render stage travelling in England scarcely a fair or prudent risk. Our first example is most truly a distressing one, the late misfortune of that very eminent and diligent artist, Mr. Marshall, so many elegant proofs of whose genius adorn the present work. From his late letter to a friend, and we rejoice that he was sufficiently recovered to be able to write, we learn that he was overturned in the Leeds Mail, in his way from Newmarket to Rockingham Castle, on the 3d of September 1819, by which accident both his legs were broken, his head terribly cut, and his back greatly injured by contusion!

There is no country in the civilized world where so many fatal accidents have occurred, in travelling upon the public roads, within the last thirty years, as in England; and our speed in travelling, and the concomitant risks, are equally the admiration of foreigners. It was the remark of a late German Traveller, who had the courage to be humorous upon the subject, that previously to taking place in an English stage-coach, a man ought to make his will, and take solemn leave of his family and friends. But too well does this apply to the lamentable case of a gentleman, and father of a family, at Kentish Town, who lately, in his return from London, was, in less than one short half hour, killed outright by the coach being overturned! Now really, it is a preposterous thing, scarcely consistent with the idea of intellectual sanity, for mens' limbs and lives to be risked in so wanton and contemptible a way. An unavoidable accident of this kind, however fatal, would certainly excite no other feelings than sorrow and a due submission to the necessary evils of human life; but of what nature ought our reflections to be, under the invariable and undeniable proof that the far greater, nay, almost the entire number of such accidents, are the pure result of carelessness, worthlessness, and folly, in the stage coach drivers, and unprincipled cupidity in the proprietors? With what kind of feeling would a reflecting man read over the items in detail,

of a bead-roll of these travelling mishaps, during the period just mentioned? They would form a volume of considerable bulk, independently of any commentary!

Previously to saying a few words on the obvious particular defects of our travelling system, and after having dealt so unreservedly with the coachmen and proprietors, impartiality demands that we name another party, and that of the highest consideration, which must unavoidably come in for a share, if not the greatest share of blame in the premises---we mean the PUBLIC. The superiority in the modern form of our public vehicles, and the celerity with which they whirl along the roads, are no doubt highly contributory to general convenience, and to the furtherance of commercial views; but we seem to be all *ultras* in the affair of travelling, and to set no limits to our desires, as if unconscious that, there must necessarily be a point beyond which we cannot with safety proceed. Do we travel one hundred miles in twelve hours? well---but not sufficiently well---an opposition coach starts up---a new candidate in the break-neck line, who offers to run the same distance in ten hours! All the passengers who can find places, now crowd to the new *diligence*; for what's the object of broken bones, or a broken neck, to the pleasure of arriving at one's journey's end, or dinner, a full hour and half sooner than usual? Besides, every Englishman is a true *Mussulman* in this case, and well convinced, before starting, that if it shall have been recorded in the book of fate, that he is to escape all accidents upon the road, the journey must needs be performed in safety; but, if otherwise, there is no remedy but patiently to await and submit to his fortune, whatever that may be. Sentiments of this kind have actually appeared in print, and much surprise has been expressed, that timid and fastidious people should make such fuss on a matter so trivial, and that they should be so irrational as to expect fewer accidents, the immense number of our stage coaches considered. These accidents are made a subject of mirth, even of doubt; and overthrows and breaking of axletrees succeed each other with a rapidity, which quite overpowers the public apprehension of them, as too great a glare of light serves to obscure all distinct vision.

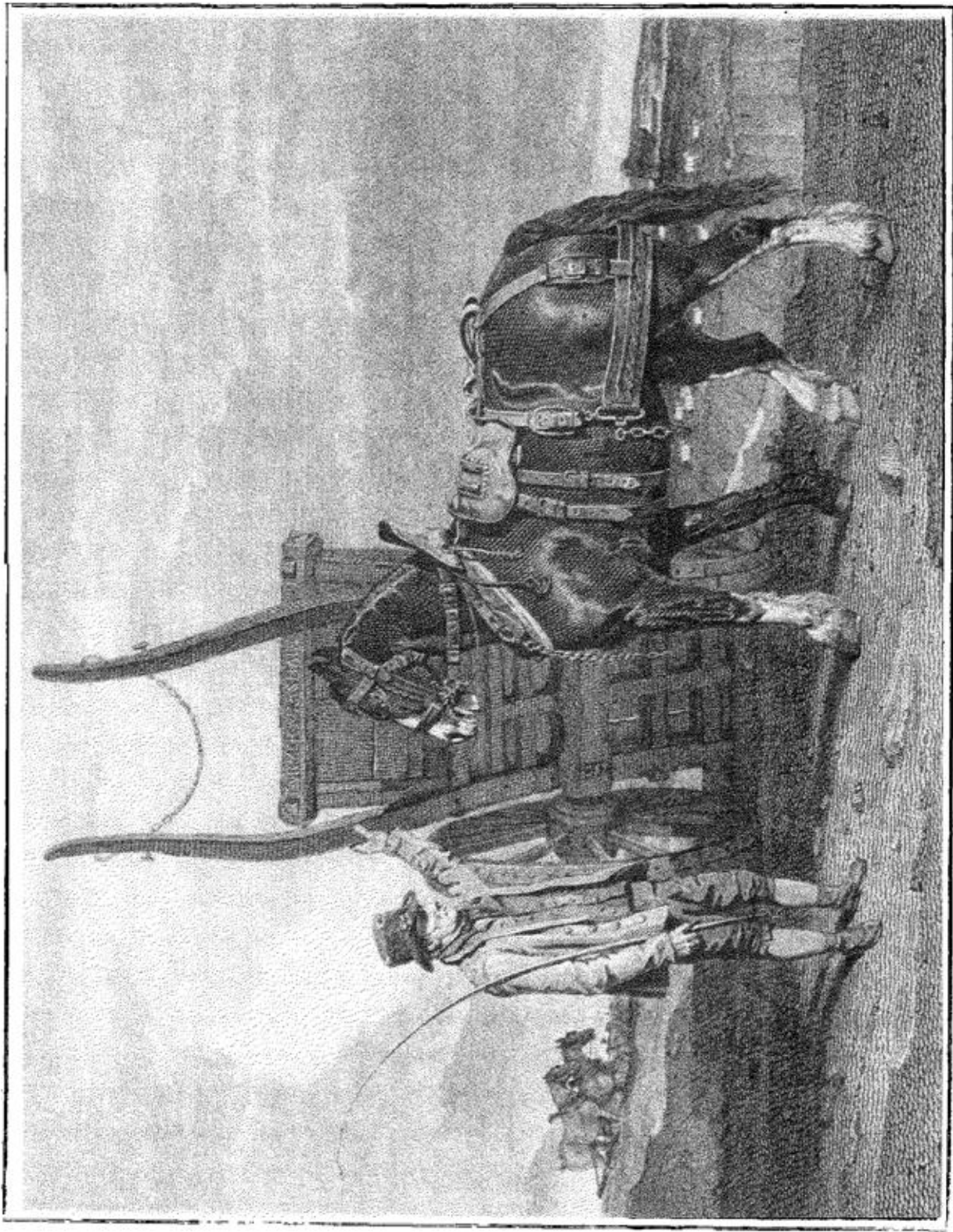
Various meritorious attempts have been made by the legislature to remedy these defects, with a view to public safety; but what can be efficiently done for a public absolutely striving to counteract every measure which can possibly be devised in its favour? No coachman can be more eager than the passengers themselves, to increase the number beyond its lawful rate! The keenest Whip has not more delight in a race along the road, than the major part of those whom he drives! What jolly and unconcerned parties do we daily behold upon the roads, both within-side and without of a light and tottering vehicle, so heavily and highly laden, and so nicely balanced, that the slightest eminence in the way is sufficient for an upset! We feel too well aware, in this case, of climbing up labour-in-vain hill, and of the thankless nature of the task we undertake, that of giving gratuitous and unasked advice. Indeed, why should a free-born Englishman be denied the liberty and pleasure, of breaking his own neck, in his own way? We must nevertheless satisfy our conscience.

A strict attention of POLICE, suppose an unexpensive Board established on purpose, to the following regulations, might be attended with salutary effects, and at least be preventive of a part of those accidents which, at present, are of so frequent occurrence.

In case of the overthrow or breaking down of a public stage-coach, the conductor of it, namely, the coachman, should be liable to a criminal prosecution, the responsibility of the proprietors, with respect to pecuniary damages, remaining in *statu quo*. The punishment of the coachman, legally convicted of breach of duty, to consist of imprisonment and incapacity to drive during a certain term, or for ever, according to the merits of the case. Actions also to lie against proprietors for incapable or vicious horses, or for carriages out of repair and not road-worthy, or for loads too high or too heavy to be conveyed to the journey's end with safety. Criminal prosecutions also in certain cases to be against proprietors.



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Printed by J. M. Smith

CART HORSE.

Vertical Harness in the Back-ground

Illustration of the harness of Messrs. HERRIN and HARTY, to whom this title is respectively awarded by the OFFICIAL JUDGES

Published by the American Horse Shows Association, New York, Jan. 24, 1880.

THE CART HORSE.

THE following general description of the CART HORSE, or horse adapted to slow draught, may be deemed perhaps sufficiently correct. A capital Cart Horse should not be more than sixteen hands in height, with a brisk, sparkling eye, a light, well-shaped head, and short prickled ears, full chest and shoulder, but somewhat fore-low, that is to say, having his rump higher than his forehead; he should have sufficient general length, but be by no means *leggy*; large and swelling fillets and flat bones; he should stand wide all-fours, but widest behind; bend his knee well, and have a brisk and active walk.

On one or two points, however, the above description does not exactly accord with the opinion and practice of late years. Our Cart Horses of highest figure and price, are more frequently bred to the height of seventeen hands than sixteen, and they are generally seen with lofty forehands, many of them with the deep and *counter*, or flat shoulder of the Coach Horse. The Suffolk breeders shewed a decided deference to this opinion, by changing, as it were unanimously, the form of their horses, increasing their height and elevating their forehands. After all, *fashion and taste*, and filling the eye, that never-failing grand and paramount consideration, rather than simple and modest utility, may have had their influence in this, as in all other human concerns; and not improbably, as much strength and activity and power to remove weight, or draw, may be centered in the compass of sixteen as in that of seventeen hands, or of any greater height. It has been moreover urged, that the oversized horses are neither able to do, nor do they, more work than those of moderate size and true proportion; for, in growing them up to this vast bulk, you gain only in *beef and weight to be carried*, but nothing in the size and substance of the sinews and muscles, the cords, levers, and pulleys, which are destined to move their own, as well as any extraneous weight. By this reasoning it would seem, that the out-sized are unable to perform even so much work as the middling; and another argument against them equally just is, that they must in general, consume a proportionally larger quantity of every necessary. It used also to be urged, that the low shoulder lies most in the line of traction, and thence the weight to be drawn, is acted upon in a level, horizontal direction. But amongst these arguments it must not be concealed, that, according to appearance, the largest sized horses are not an overmatch for the vast weights drawn in the coal waggons, brewers' drays, and overwhelming slop carts of the metropolis.

The chief breeds of slow-draught horses of the present day are, the large *blacks*,

the second and third size of the *Midland Counties*, and the *Suffolks*. Of the *Cleveland Bays*, and the *Clydesdale* or *Lanark* horses, we have not heard much of late years, and it is probable they have never been much used out of their own districts. The *Cleveland Bays* are a sort of strong Coach Horses, a very useful breed for country labour, more particularly upon the road. According to the information of a foreign Noble, a great amateur of the horse, who was at Petworth last year (1818) the Earl of Egremont, one of our greatest breeders, has six *Cleveland Bay* mares in his stud. The above foreign amateur judges by their appearance, that they are of a pure indigenous English breed, without any mixture of foreign blood; an opinion which will not be implicitly received. The *Lanark* are the capital draught horses of the south of Scotland, some of them reaching the size of sixteen hands one half in height; strong, hardy, honest, and true to the collar, but coarse headed, and inclined to be flat on the sides and hinder quarters; in colour, generally grey or brown, and the breed supposed to be upwards of a century and a quarter old, the production, it is supposed, of common Scots mares and the *Flanders* horse. The common mongrel cart and plough horse needs no description.

The great **CART HORSE** of the *Midland Counties*, to be found chiefly in *Derbyshire*, *Warwickshire*, *Nottinghamshire*, *Leicestershire*, and *Lincolnshire*, has been bred chiefly from *Flemish* and *Dutch* stock, reared to a vast bulk in the lowland pastures of those countries. In distant times, scarcely any but *Belgic* stallions were imported, and the English breed of cart horses was increased in size, and improved in strength, by a cross between the country mares and the foreign horse. In process of time, however, and materially through the systematic activity of the famous **BAKEWELL**, mares of the first size also were imported from *Flanders*, and a breed raised of *thorough-bred Cart Horses*, that is to say, from thorough *Belgic* blood on both sides; in strict analogy with the system of breeding the **ENGLISH GALLOPER** from unmixed South Eastern blood. From this pure stock, the capital cart horses have since been bred; and so bewitched was Bakewell with its presumed superlative and universal merits, that, some thirty years since, he sent to Tattersall's, for the inspection of his Majesty the King, a black Cart Stallion of the largest size, recommending him for the purpose of getting strong hacks, hunters, and cavalry horses. We examined this horse attentively, and justice demands our acknowledgment, that he was the lightest and cleanest-formed animal of his kind and bulk, that it seemed possible for nature to produce---light head well set on, lofty forehead, deep shoulder, clean flat-boned legs, with comparatively, the activity of a poney. He was not, however, honoured with the royal approbation, the King perhaps entertaining the opinion of *Dr. Bracken*, and not much admiring "Flanders mettle" in a saddle horse.

Formerly, the large, and, as we should say in *Essex* or *Suffolk*, *Shire-bred* Horses, were, in colour, miscellaneous, black, bay, brown, grey---but of late years,

and perhaps from the *Bakewellian* era, black has been almost universally adopted as the crack and prevailing colour. The chief purpose of the first size of these horses, upwards of seventeen hands in height, and of proportional bulk and weight, forming an animal cousin-german to the Elephant, is, as already stated, for the heavy draught of the metropolis, and of town work generally. In certain Counties however, particularly *Berks* and *Hants*, it has long been the custom for the farmers to keep teams of the heavy blacks; a matter of ostentation and parade, rather than of real necessity and use, with both them and their servants. Some farmers of those counties imagine that they realize a profit by purchasing these heavy cattle, yearlings, at *Lambourne* fair, putting them to work the following year, and selling them to the London dealers at five years old. We are not aware that the market price of a horse of the first class of this kind, in his prime, has been much less than fifty pounds, during the last forty years, and at some late periods it has reached and probably exceeded seventy. The midland County Horses of the **INFERIOR SIZES** are used as heavy Troop Horses, and for *black* or funeral work; and probably many of those light and elegant black chargers with full tail and main, distinguished by their foreign appearance, are bred in those counties.

The **SUFFOLK PUNCH** is scarcely an appropriate denomination for the modern *Suffolk* Cart Horse. The present writer is among the few now living, who recollect particularly, the form of the original Suffolk Punch, of which, probably, not a single specimen now exists. Seventeen or eighteen years since, the most extensive enquiries set on foot, in contemplation of publishing a National Cattle and Horse Plate Work, under the patronage of Lord *Somerville*, could not ascertain the existence of more than two Suffolks, of the original breed; the one, a mare nearly thirty years of age, at *Glensford*, in *Suffolk*; the other, an old stallion, which worked on the road between *Romford* and *London*. It was yet supposed that, a few remained among the farmers in the *Sandlands*, near *Woodbridge*.

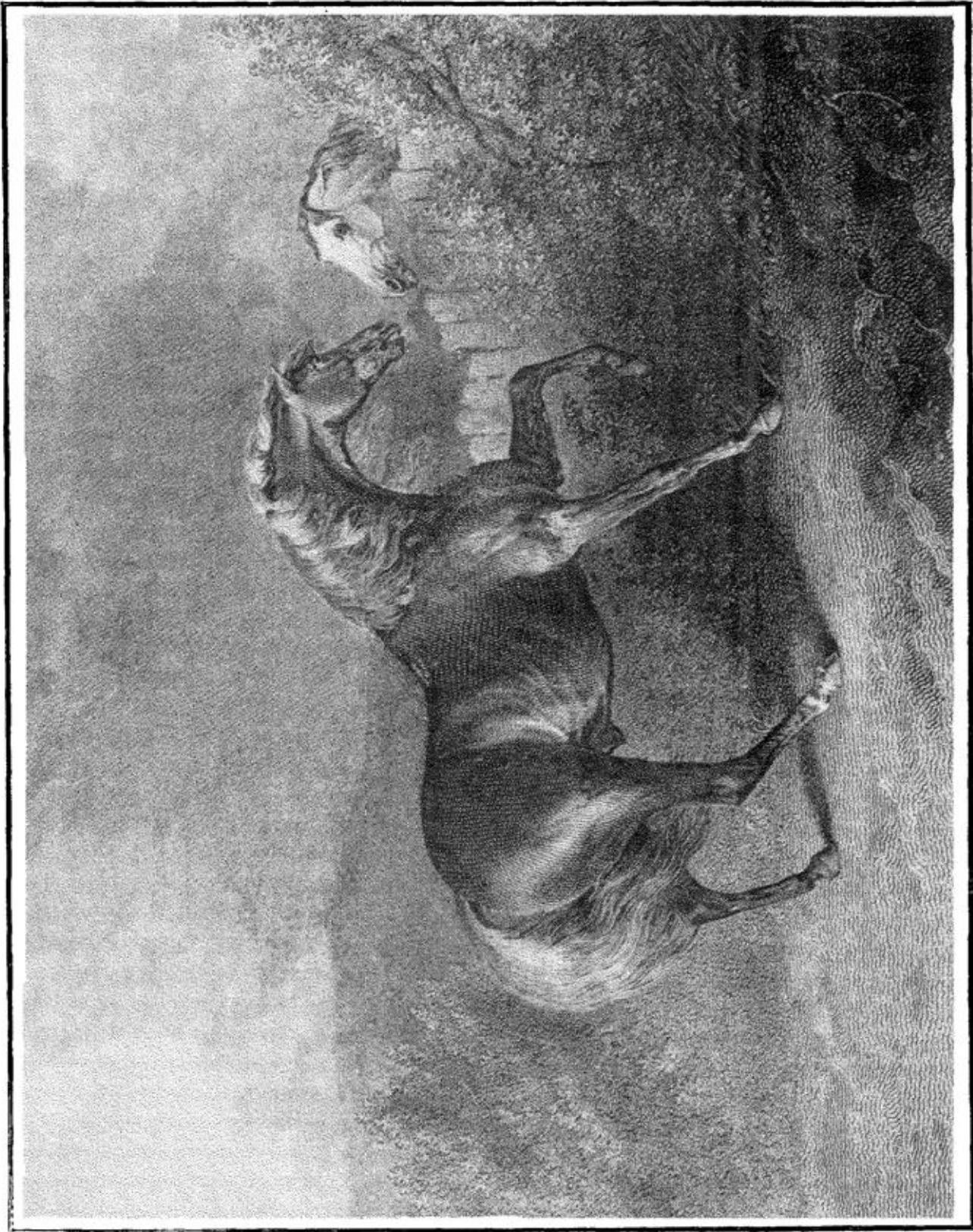
The old *Suffolk* Cart Horse was, according to tradition, and the strongest probability, the produce of a Continental Stallion and an indigenous *Suffolk* cart mare. The *Prussian* Count *Veltheim* of *Brunswick*, one of the most zealous of *Amateurs*, and a most extensive observer of the various breeds in use throughout Europe, is of opinion, that the *Norman* horse was introduced into *Suffolk*, and in him the *Punches* originated. This opinion seems strongly countenanced by the figure and colour of a **FRENCH** Stallion, exhibited at the last Cattle Show in London, by *C. C. Western*, Esq. M. P. for the County of *Essex*. The *Punches* seldom reached, scarcely ever exceeded, sixteen hands in height. Their colour almost universally chesnut, provincially *sorrel*. Coarse headed, the ears often long, thick, distantly placed or lopped; in some individuals, short, pricked, and handsome. The shoulders wide and low, the rump looking considerable above them. Carcasses deep and large, general length considerable, and sometimes the legs full long. Many of them were round boned, and inclined to grease, on which account they were kept

abroad in the farm yards, with sheds, throughout the winter, a practice still subsisting in *Suffolk*. They were speedy walkers and trotters; and, beyond all question, whether from form or constant training, the truest and most powerful drawers in the world. They were the only race of horses which would, collectively, draw repeated *dead pulls*; namely, draw pull after pull, and down upon their knees, against a tree, or any body which they *felt* could *not* be moved, to the tune of *JUP JI!!* and the crack of the whip, (once familiar but abominable sounds, which even now vibrate upon our auditory nerves), as long as nature supplied the power, and would renew the same exertions to the end of the chapter. Many of the most valuable teams of horses, were torn to pieces and ruined, in former days, by the rage which prevailed among both masters and servants, for making drawing matches, and betting upon this kind of exertion. Every proprietor of cart horses should be aware of the following important points, and caution their servants thereon;---very few horses either can, or will draw dead pulls, although they may be otherwise the most useful and the truest collared horses, at any weight or exertion which they find within their power; beyond that point, and a good horse knows it well, whipping and abuse only serve to make the horse *gib*, to daunt his courage, and, most probably, to induce secret strains in the loins.

The old *Suffolks* fetched high prices; and we recollect a Stallion of that breed, about fifteen hands three inches high, valued at one hundred guineas. The new or present breed, inheriting the fame of the old, and being of larger size and more slightly figure, have been more generally sought. At a sale in *Suffolk*, in 1813, attended by all the rank and property in the neighbourhood, a mare with a foal at her foot, sold for 124*l.* 4*s.*; a three-year old filly for 85*l.* 1*s.*; a one-eyed mare for 98*l.* 14*s.*; and the whole fifty mares, geldings, and foals, produced a total amount of 2263*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* The rage for great performances in drawing with their cart horses, in *Suffolk*, was in the wane half a century ago; and the desire succeeded simultaneously, of changing the form of their horses. This was gradually, at length, universally effected, by crossing with *Yorkshire* half and three-part bred stallions, such as are used to get *Coach Horses*. Hence the high forehead of the present *Suffolk* horse, his larger size and superior figure above the old.



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Engraved by John Bull

STALLION.

JUPITER, the Property of LIEUTENANT THOMAS THORNTON, to whom this Plate is Respectfully Dedicated by the PROPRIETORS.

Painted by George Stubbs, R.S.A.

RACE HORSES.---JUPITER.

THE portrait of JUPITER is esteemed by *Connoisseurs*, a *chef d'œuvre* of *Gilpin*, justly celebrated, as one of the greatest horse-painters which this country has produced. He was the master of the present *Mr. Garrard*, who has attained considerable eminence as a painter and modeller. *Gilpin's* horses were said to exhibit all the accuracy and truth of drawing which distinguish those of *Stubbs*, together with a greater share of spirit, and of the semblance of real life. The likenesses, both of the stallion, and the countenance of the mare, were held to be admirable by those who knew both animals; and it is impossible to view them through the eye of taste, or with the soul of feeling, and not acknowledge, with its warmest glow, the magical and creative powers of the artist's pencil.

The chesnut horse *Jupiter*, dead some years since, was bred by the late famous professional Horse-courser, *Dennis O'Kelly, Esq.* of *Clay Hall, Epsom, Surrey*, and afterwards of *Cannons, Middlesex*, in possession of which he died about the year 1799, leaving a considerable fortune acquired upon the Turf to his nephew, the present *Colonel O'Kelly*, with the condition, as it has been generally understood, that he never engaged in Horse-racing; which condition, as our convenient laws both make and cut off entails, and as a memento to testators, was afterwards avoided.

Jupiter was a son of *Eclipse* out of the *Tartar* mare, which, by the same horse, also bred *Venus, Adonis*, and some other runners of inferior note. *Jupiter* was fifteen hands one inch high, and like most of the sons of *Eclipse*, of great bone and substance. He had also a considerable, if not a capital share of that speed which characterized the *Eclipse* blood. Speed was his best, to make use of the old Turf phrase, and he had enough of it to enable him to win at *Lewes*, at three years old, the eight hundred guineas, a mile race, against six others; and the same year, at *Newmarket*, a mile race also, one thousand guineas, beating seven others; and three hundred guineas, at *Newmarket*, from the Ditch-in (upwards of a mile and half) beating eight others. He never won a four mile race, or, as it is called, *over the course*, and broke down in 1779, being five years old, at *Newmarket*, in the October Meeting, running for the *Weights and Scales Plate* of eighty guineas, over the *B. C. or Beacon Course* of four miles.

No longer able to serve his proprietor upon the course, but the date of his services, in all probability, curtailed by that injudicious severity of training to which our grooms are so infatuated, *Jupiter* was consequently withdrawn in the following season to the *Breeding Stud*. *Eclipse*, his sire, was then in the meridian

of his reputation as a stallion, of which *Pt8os*, the noble pun for *Potatoes*, of the noble *Lord Abingdon*, *King Fergus* and *Mercury*, were the main props. It had, however, been discovered, that the produce of *Eclipse* ran too generally and exclusively, to speed; and that, in toughness and continuance, they were greatly surpassed by their competitors on the course, the stock of *King Herod* and *Goldfinder*; aware of this, and of *Jupiter's* full share of the family defect, besides having no want of numbers in his Stud, O'Kelly had no very sanguine expectation from him as a stallion, and advertised him at the very moderate price of two or three guineas. *Boudrow* and *Young Eclipse*, the former name we shall not venture to translate from the *Irish*, referring that point to *Anacreon Moore*, or to my *Lord Castlereagh*, if he be a joker as well as an Irishman, were O'Kelly's chief favourites---so he has repeatedly professed to us. More especially *Young Eclipse*, as may be gathered by his baptism. But that cholicky and loose horse never merited the splendid name bestowed upon him, any otherwise than by illustrating his proprietors' want of judgment. *Jupiter*, making no figure in the *Epsom* Stud, was soon disposed of, and marched northwards, to that part of the country where bred stallions of size and bone, are in request for the purpose of breeding strong Hunters and Coach Horses. At what period he became the property of the celebrated *Colonel Thornton*, then of *Thornville Royal*, now naturalized in France, and *Marquis of Chambord*, we are unacquainted. The colonel however sold him, and he died in the hands of the succeeding proprietor.

A few notes on the successful, and the sequel will determine whether we may presume, as we really feel inclined, to say, meritorious and useful life of *Dennis O'Kelly*, will enable us to give a slight general sketch of the business of the Turf in this country, to which and its connections and dependencies that business almost exclusively confined. With respect to games of chance, they have ever had, and certainly ever will have, the strongest hold, as a diversion and a pastime, upon the human mind; and none but gloomy fanatics, who pretend to a greater experience in a future than the present state of existence, and grave precisians, ever dreamed of such a hopeless project, as an arbitrary restraint upon the free agency of men of wealth, in their mode of its enjoyment, whilst that implicated neither positive crime nor aggression. As to abuses, they must necessarily be out of question, since the best, and simply considered, most salutary things, have been left by nature in the same predicament.

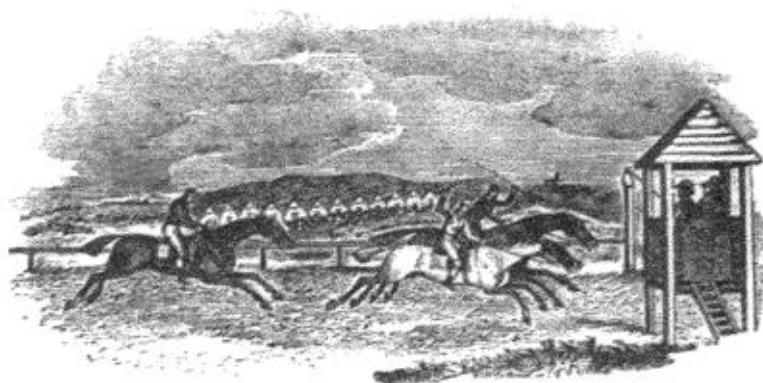
The diversion of *Horse Coursing* besides, including its necessarily concomitant betting system, has a plea of merit beyond all mere games of chance. It has in view, and has always promoted, great objects of national utility. To it we owe essentially the improvement of our various breeds of horses, and their acknowledged superiority over all others upon the face of the earth. A very considerable capital in this country is thus put in activity, and a commerce driven, both internal and external, to a respectable extent. A corresponding benefit is derived

from the employment of a number of people in the various branches, as jockies, grooms, stable attendants, and manufacturers of the indispensable articles of use and convenience, appertaining to the concern. An attachment to this sport forms a prominent and interesting, shall we say, classical feature in the English mind? This Sport of the princely and the noble, originally fostered by Royalty, has a universal popular attraction among us, filling every place, at its periodical return, with the bustle and activity of pleasure, *starting the mare of circulation, making her to go*, and infusing commercial life and health throughout its course. It also affords a gainful, although it must be acknowledged, hazardous profession for those who have need to acquire wealth, as well as an enchanting medium of dissipation for others, whose object it is to rid themselves of the surplus of that already in possession. Can it be questioned, that glorious HORSE RACING sharpens the wits of the most obtuse, brightening up and pointing even clodhopping and *Bæotian* dullness? All grooming must give place to that of the RUNNING STABLES, where the care and management of the horse is comprehended and practised, in all the refinements of both delicacy and utility. On the *morality* of the Turf, and its effect on the mind and conduct of those engaged thereon, did we mean to flatter, *num* would be the order of our page---but that may be reformed, which cannot, and ought not, to be abolished. There is a wide interval between the exercise of talent in legitimate and allowable stratagem, and that of barbarous and swindling fraud.

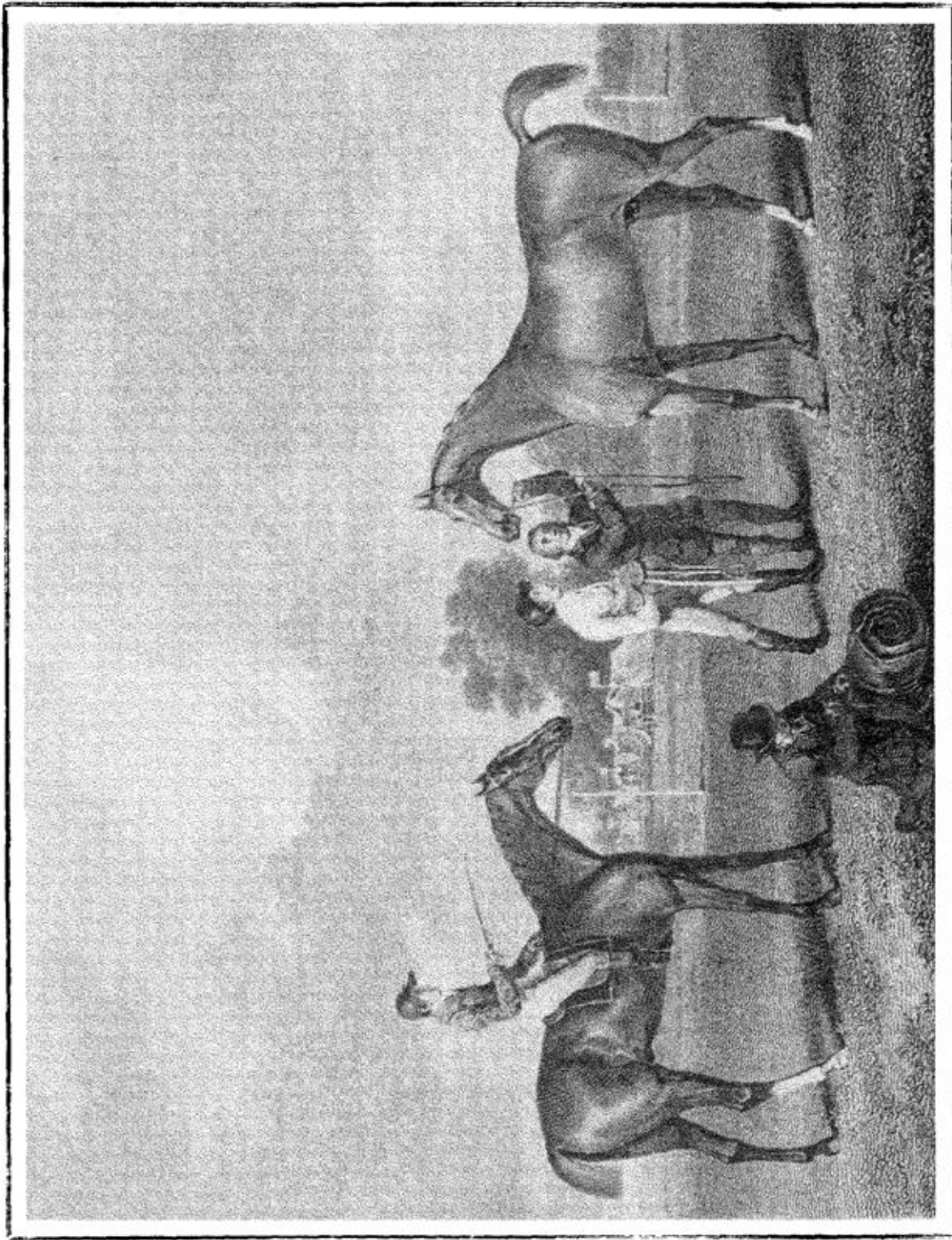
Dennis O'Kelly, Esq. on this occasion, the hero of our little tale, died either a captain, or colonel, of the *Surrey Militia*. He was a true *Milesian*, and of that naturally-privileged class, born for *jontlemen*, although not gentlemen-born. He possessed that kind of talent, industry, patience, and assurance, which are generally sure to promote a man's views of rising in life---*it was Whittington and his Cat, O'Kelly and his Horse*. Of his genealogy we profess to know nothing, or the precise period at which he left Ireland, and found his way to this country *upon the seek*. Nor is it important to determine, in what character he made his *debut sur la pavé de Londres*, and whether as a *chairman* or a *waiter*; but we knew the man personally in his prosperity; and, in our mind's eye, we now behold him as he stood, the oracle of the betting ring, on *Epsom Downs*, in the year 1779---a short, thickset, dark, harsh-visaged, and ruffian-looking fellow, wearing an old round hat and short, striped *Orleans* coat. Through this unfavourable exterior shone the ease, the *agrémens*, the manners of a gentleman, and the attractive quaintness of a humourist. We saw him converse with the *gentle* and the noble of this and other countries, with the *tournure* and decorous confidence of gentility, and could not help admiring the man, who, from the lowest beginnings, had, by mere dint of talent and diligence, elevated himself to such a height of fortune, in the meanwhile, having qualified himself to enjoy his property with so good a grace. He was a good and kind master to both men and horses; a hearty and

social friend, keeping a plentiful table at *Clayhill*, and giving the choicest wines. His usual summons for the desert was---“ John, bring us the apples,” (pines). His servants used to retail with much relish his *Iricisms* and quaint sayings. One of them, afterwards in the service of the present writer, was ordered on a sudden preparation for dinner, to go down to *Epsom* for some fish. Returning, he informed his master that none could be procured: O'Kelly, being in great haste, called out---“ Go back, sirrah! go back; and by *Jasus*, if you can't get fish, bring herrings.” It has been said that he was a liberal and punctual paymaster; but in all probability, there may be something to detract from this account, and such is the uncertainty of the human character, from the favourable part of our statement likewise. We have heard that the *Count*, as well as his *bettors*, who mortified him with a persevering refusal of admission into their clubs, was occasionally long and largely in arrear with his jockies; and poor old *Tom Cammell* has said to us---“ D----n his fat, pampered guts; I have kept mine thin, and rode many a hard race to stuff his, and now can't get my money, without a still harder run over the course at *Westminster Hall*.” This might happen in consequence of runs of ill luck, and having very large outgoings in so extensive a concern. O'Kelly, almost by himself, filled a middle rank between our Sportsmen of the *Aristocracy* and the professional *bettors*; and although it may be presumed, he was not a man overladen and depressed in his career by scruples, his character, as a man of the Turf, in all probability, would not suffer in comparison with the highest of that class. We have not, nor is it likely we shall again soon, see his like.

For the first spoke which O'Kelly put in the wheel of fortune, he is said to have been indebted to his connection with *Mrs. Charlotte Hayes*, to whom he was afterwards married; a lady of high note in her day, and of the highest consideration in her line. His nail in fortune's wheel was finally clenched by the purchase, first of the half, afterwards of the whole of the *Race Horse, ECLIPSE*. The most painful diurnal and nocturnal attention to the *business of play*, and the devotion to that end, of a genius and temperament singularly calculated for it, enabled him to make this purchase, and likewise the more heavy one of the estate at *Epsom*, where, upon the *Downs*, and on the verge of the course, he built a suit of stabling, replete with every convenience, for the purpose of breeding and training the RACE HORSE.



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Approved by the State.

ECLIPSE.

IS QUARTERED ON THE TIME OF CELEBRATED METERS, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

SHAKESPEAR.

Pub. by Howard, 157, & James Plummer Row, Jan. 2, 1860.

ECLIPSE AND SHAKESPEAR.

IT is necessary to apprise the reader, that the two celebrated Racers exhibited in the present Plate, were contrasted on account of the dispute respecting the pedigree of the former, and to afford an opportunity of determining, whether or not, any parental likeness really existed between *Eclipse* and one of his reputed sires, *Shakespear*. The particulars of the case we shall by and by detail.

The name of *Sartorius*, as a horse painter of distinguished merit, has been long known in this country, and the son has diligently and ably followed his father's steps. The portraits are both copies; that of *Eclipse* by the younger *Sartorius*, from a drawing from the life by his father, for the truth, both in form and character of which, we can vouch; that of *Shakespear* by the same, from an original, we believe, by *Seymour*. The jockey upon *Eclipse* was *John Oakley*, celebrated as a rider, both in England and France. The head, ears, and roguish countenance of *Eclipse* are vividly and admirably delineated. Although in high training, and stripped of his flesh, it may be observed that the croup of *Eclipse* is higher than his withers, and the latter remarkably wide at the summit, in which respect, his shoulder resembled that of a hare. When in full flesh as a stallion, this in course appeared still more prominent, and in viewing him, it seemed to us that he had ample space for a load upon his shoulders, had fortune condemned him to so ignominious a fate. The ascendancy of his croup above his forehead, and the ample capacity of his buttocks, in that condition, also made the fullest exhibition; and adding a certain roughness of coat to his chesnut or sorrel colour, he might, so far, very well have passed for a cousin german at least, of his cotemporaries, the old breed of Suffolk cart horses. Never, however, to the eye of a Sportsman, was there a truer-formed gallopper in every part; and his countenance and figure as he stood in his box, notwithstanding his great size, excited the idea of a wild horse of the desert. His resolute and choleric temper was well known; and although he held a very familiar and dumb converse with us over the bar, we did not deem it prudent to trust ourselves alone with him in his apartment; he was nevertheless very kind and friendly with his groom.

Eclipse, fully master of sixteen stone, was bred by the *Duke of Cumberland*, of *Culloden* memory, and foaled during the great eclipse in 1764, whence the name given him by the Royal Duke. He was got by *Marsk*, (a grandson, through *Squirt*, of *Bartlet's Childers*) out of *Spilletta*; she was got by *Regulus*, son of the *Godolphin Arabian*, out of *Mother Western*, which mare was got by a son of *Snake*, full brother to *Williams's Squirrel*, her dam by *Old Montague*, grandam by *Hautboy*, out of a daughter of *Brimmer*, her pedigree not preserved. *Eclipse* had several

full brothers and sisters; *Hyperion*, afterwards *Garrick*, *Proserpine*, *Briseis*, and others, but none of them racers of any high form.

This famous racer, together with *Flying Childers*, whose names are familiar to every ear, stand proudly aloof, to this hour, from all possibility of competition. *Eclipse*, in his form, constitution, and action, seemed to comprehend every excellence for the course---a vast stride, with equal agility, no horse ever threw in his haunches with more vigour and effect, and they were so spread in his gallop, that a wheel-barrow might have been driven between his hinder legs. Of his speed too much cannot be said, but we have no rule by which to judge of his stoutness or game, since no cotemporary racer was able to run for a moment by his side, far less able to try his power of continuance; and if it be said that he contended with middling horses only, the two or three capital ones which met him having passed their prime, it must be remembered that those horses he distanced, and probably could have double distanced. We believe, *Oakley*, a powerful man on horseback, generally, or always rode *Eclipse*; but the jockey never held him, the horse always running according to his own will, yet never swerving from his course, and always pulling up easily enough at the ending post. *O'Kelly* was yet apprehensive that he might at some time break away; and when the horse ran over the course at York, with twelve stone, which he was judged to have performed in eight minutes, a number of men were placed at the ending post, with the view of stopping him, in case the jockey should be unable to pull him up; a precaution which proved entirely useless. He never felt the spur or whip on any occasion. The only contemporary which was supposed to have any pretensions to contend with *Eclipse* was *Mr. Shaftoe's* famous horse *Goldfinder*, by *Snap*, a beautiful and long-reached brown horse, which we also knew. He was never beaten, and would have met *Eclipse*, to run for the King's Plates in the following year, but that he broke down in the October Meeting at *Newmarket*. The speed of *Eclipse* was never timed by the watch, unless in running over the course at York, a fact never clearly ascertained.

Immediately previous to *Eclipse* running for the King's Plate at Winchester, 1769, *Mr. O'Kelly* purchased the half share of him, for six hundred and fifty guineas, of *Mr. Wildman*, the sporting sheep salesman of *Smithfield*, who had a stud, and trained Race Horses, at *Mickleham*, near *Epsom*, *Surrey*. Afterwards, *O'Kelly* purchased the remainder for eleven hundred guineas. About the year 1779, a noble Duke, or some sporting member of his family, demanding of *O'Kelly* how much he would take for *Eclipse*, the reply was---“By the Mass, my Lord, and it is not all *Bedford level* that would purchase him.” *Old Jack Medley*, of the Sporting Coffee House, declared to us about the same time, that he heard the *Count* ask, with singular gravity, the price for his stallion of *twenty-five thousand pounds down, an annuity of five hundred pounds on his own life, and the annual privilege of sending six mares to the horse*. *O'Kelly* affirmed, and his calculation was doubtless sufficiently moderate, that he had acquired upwards of *twenty-five*

thousand pounds by Eclipse. Mr. Fenwick, of Yorkshire, acknowledged that at the foot of the account of his horse *Matchem*, he found a profit of more than *seventeen thousand pounds* from his services as a stallion, exclusive of his acquisitions as a Racer: whilst Mr. Martindale, of the Subscription House, St. James's Street, profited barely to the amount of *one thousand pounds*, by *Old Regulus*, one of the highest names upon the *British Turf*, both as a Racer never beaten, and a Stallion.

The *Eclipse* Colt, when a yearling, was purchased by Mr. Wildman for *seventy-five guineas*, on the decease of the Duke of Cumberland, at the sale by auction of his Royal Highness's Stud. *Marsk*, the reputed sire of *Eclipse*, subsequently on the New Forest, covered Country and Forest mares at half a guinea each; and the present writer has seen several galloways of that description of his get. The same *Marsk*, which afterwards, being Lord Abingdon's property, covered at one hundred guineas each mare, and was advertised, in succeeding seasons, by the noble Breeder, at two or three hundred guineas a mare. *Wildman* had a friend in the old Duke's Stud, from whom he obtained a hint of the superior form of the *Eclipse* colt; but making the journey in haste, he did not arrive until the sale had commenced, and his object had been already knocked down at *seventy guineas*. Appealing instantly to his watch, which he knew to be a correct time-piece, he found the hour had not arrived by several minutes at which the commencement of the sale had been publicly advertised, and thence firmly insisted there had been no lawful sale, and that the lots knocked down should be put up again. The Knight of the Hammer, well aware of the resolution and pecuniary weight of the *little man*, very prudently offered him the chance of any lot he should chuse. *Eclipse* was put up again, and *Wildman* purchased him at an advance of *five guineas*.

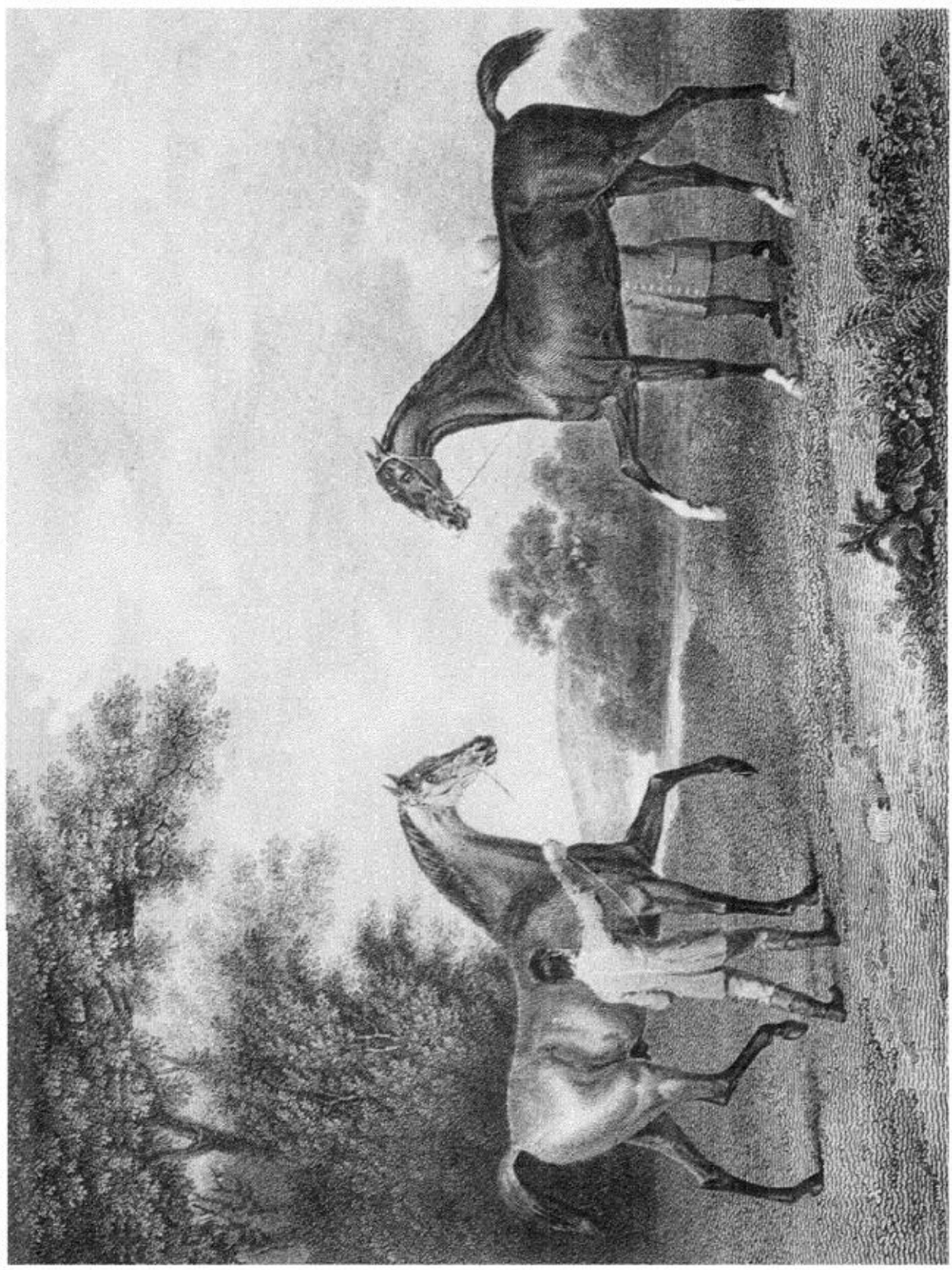
ECLIPSE, for what reason has never been published, did not appear upon the *Turf*, until he was full five years old, when he was entered at *Epsom* for the Maiden Plate of fifty pounds; and, according to an anecdote first given in the *Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*, his recent trial at *Epsom* having been watched, the odds at starting were four to one in his favour. O'Kelly was doubtless well aware of the goodness of this maiden horse, by the large sums he then betted at such considerable odds. In running the second and winning heat, the whole five horses were close together at the three-mile post, when some of the jockies used their whips; *Eclipse* was quietly jogging on at his moderate rate; when alarmed by the crack of the whips, he bounded away, and notwithstanding *Oakley* held him back with all the force of his powerful arms, not one of his competitors could save his distance. In running over the course at *York*, in the following year, 1770, for the Subscription Purse, against *Tortoise* and *Bellarion*, two racers of the highest reputation, but aged, *Eclipse* took the lead; and the jockey being unable to hold him, he was more than a distance before the other horses at the end of two miles, and won the race with the utmost ease. At starting, twenty, and in running,

one hundred pounds to a guinea, were offered on *Eclipse*. On a certain race, *O'Kelly* betted five and six to four, that he *posted* the horses; that is to say, named, before starting, the order in which they would run in. When called on to declare, he named---“*Eclipse* first, the rest in *no* place,” and won his money, *Eclipse* *distancing* all the rest; being distanced, they were consequently, in a sporting sense, in no place.

Eleven King's Plates, the weight carried for all of them being twelve stone, one excepted, ten stone, were won by *Eclipse*. In twenty-three years, *three hundred and forty-four* winners, the progeny of this transcendant Courser, produced to their owners the sum of 158,071*l.* 12*s.* various prizes not included. As we have before remarked, the characteristics of the *Eclipse* Racers were speed and size, and many of them bent their knees, and took up their feet in the gallop, with extraordinary activity. If few of them were stout, still fewer of them wanted honesty, a restiff or swerving horse being seldom found of that blood. The eye of *Turf* science is directed to the portrait of *Eclipse*, to the curve in the setting on of his head, to his short fore-quarter, to the *slant*, extent and substance of his shoulder, the length of his waist, and breadth of his loins; to the extent of his quarters, and the length and substance of his thighs and fore-arms. Although a strong, he was a thick-winded horse; and, in a sweat or hard exercise, was heard to *blow* at a considerable distance. *Eclipse* first covered at *fifty guineas*: afterwards, at *twenty guineas*, being stinted to *fifty* mares, exclusive of those of his owner; ultimately, at *thirty guineas*. In 1788, his feet having been neglected, he was removed from *Epsom* to *Cannons*, in a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two horses, his groom being an inside passenger with him, the old Racer and his attendant taking the necessary refreshments on the road together. *Eclipse* died at *Cannons* in the following year, on February 28th, aged twenty-five years; and, according to the precedent of the *Godolphin Arabian*, cakes and ale were given at his funeral. His heart weighed *thirteen* pounds. The uncertainty in *Eclipse's* pedigree arises from the circumstance that his dam, barren in the previous year, was in the next covered by both *Shakespear* and *Marsk*, but came to *Marsk's* time; there was a strong resemblance, however, in *Eclipse*, to the progeny of *Shakespear*, in colour, temper, and certain peculiarities of form.



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Engraved by John Day

FLYING CHILDIERS.

To His GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, this Plate is with the utmost Respect Inscribed by the ENGRAVERS

KING HEROD.

Engraved from the life by Sir Peter Paul Rubens and others from the original Plate by J. G. Kneller

CHILDERS---KING HEROD.

IN a late number of the *Sporting Magazine*, it is regretted by an *Amateur*, that so little attention has been paid to the preservation of the portraits of those famous Racers of former times, the progenitors of those which figure upon the Turf at the present day. And not only on the score of that sensibility and interest of recollection merely, which it might be supposed would be excited in the minds of men, to all appearance so warmly attached to the horse, and to the delights of the Turf, but also for the superior views of improvement in the science of breeding, which cannot be better directed than by a reference to the figure and conformation of those originals, as they may be styled, which were of the highest form and repute, whether as *Racers*, *Stallions*, or *Brood Mares*. The circumstance is curious, that whilst we are thus utterly neglecting the *portraiture* of our old national favourites, and suffering them to rot in dust and damps of the attics and cellars of the residences of our highest-bred Sportsmen, and even in those of *Newmarket itself*, the *German Breeders* are collecting, with the utmost solicitude, all the portraits they can find in their visits to this country; and among them are to be found the most ample collections of old English Racers. They have expressed great surprise and disappointment at the impossibility of obtaining any of a date anterior to *Bay*, *Bolton*, and the *Devonshire Childers*, that of *Place's White Turk* excepted; and we must acknowledge our surprise is no less, and that we would be content either to ride or walk over a long course, in order to enjoy the hobby-horsical delight of viewing a series of Turf Portraits, from the reign of James the First to that of Anne. We should gloat over the resemblance upon canvas, of the *Helmshley Turk*, the *Old Morocco Barb*, *Dodsworth*, *Spanker*, *Commoner* by the *White Turk*, the *Byerley Turk*, the *Darley and Alcock Arabians*, *Old Merlin*, *Dragon*, and numerous others of our "terrible, terrible" high-bred Racers of past times, whose likenesses even are defunct, and gone for ever as well as the originals.

As a poor apology for this tasteless negligence, the miserable execution of the old portraits is urged, doubtless, with truth enough, as far as the delicacies of science are concerned, which however extended sufficiently far to produce a correct likeness, the main object. Of this, the various portraits of the *Devonshire Childers* form ample proof. There is a drawing of him in his gallop, particularly well executed; and this which we exhibit, a copy by Sartorius of Seymour's original, was remarked many years ago, by the Yorkshire Sportsmen who knew the horse, to be a most perfect copy of the life, in form, action, and countenance. He was a

short-backed, compact, close-ribbed horse, which depended chiefly on his lower limbs, for his necessary length as a racer; a form directly opposite to that of Eclipse, his great rival or partner in posthumous celebrity.

KING HEROD, descended by his dam from Flying Childers, was of the highest reputation both as a Racer and a Stallion; indeed stands among the first, if he be not really the very first of the latter class, in modern times. He ranks decidedly before Eclipse, some of Herod's stock being not only among the most speedy, but the generality of them, the stoutest and best constituted horses the Turf, at any period, has produced. We do not recollect to have seen King Herod, but many brethren of the bridle now living, will answer for the correctness of Sartorius's portrait.

The **DEVONSHIRE** or **FLYING CHILDERS**, a bay horse, somewhat upwards of fifteen hands in height, was foaled in 1715, the property of Leonard Childers, Esq. of Carr House, near Doncaster, and sold, when young, to the Duke of Devonshire. His pedigree was as follows:---he was got by the Darley Arabian, his dam, Betty Leedes, by Old Careless; his grandam, own sister to Leedes, by Leedes' Arabian; his great grandam by Spanker, out of the Old Morocco mare, Spanker's own dam. The Sporting reader will notice the near affinities in this pedigree. The history of this celebrated Racer is so well known, and has been so often repeated, that a few items of it will suffice. Mr. Parkinson, who was likely to be well informed, has said that Childers was first used as a hunter, and that in the field, both his high qualities and his headstrong, if not vicious disposition, were first discovered. He was, however, void of any taint of restiveness. It is probable, that, like Eclipse, he did not start on the course, until five, perhaps not until six years old, when he beat all the horses of his time, at whatever distance. He was never tried in running a single mile, but the measured and attested performances since, of far inferior horses, leave not the shadow of a doubt of the ability of Flying Childers, *to run a mile within one minute of time!* Carrying nine stone two pounds, he ran over the Round Course at Newmarket, three miles, six furlongs, ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds, when he was judged to move eighty-two feet and half in one second of time. He likewise ran over the Beacon Course, four miles, one furlong, one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes, thirty seconds, covering at every bound, a space of twenty-five feet. He made a spring or leap of ten yards, upon level ground, with his rider on his back. As we remember, about 1778, O'Kelly caused the stride of his grey horse Horizon, one of the speediest sons of Eclipse, to be measured, and the extent was reported to be twenty-seven feet. Childers, as a Stallion, ranks far higher than his great competitor Eclipse. In that capacity, perhaps, no English bred horse can compare with him, as to essentials-through length of descent; as a Racer, certainly but one. He died in the Duke of Devonshire's Stud in 1741, aged twenty-six years.

BLEEDING CHILDERS, so called from his frequent bleedings at the nose, after-

wards called **YOUNG CHILDERS**, and finally **BARTLET'S CHILDERS**, was full brother to **FLYING CHILDERS**. He was never trained, but proved a superior stallion even to his brother; and the high character in that respect which we have awarded to the elder brother, we intend as divisible between the two. The **HAMPTON COURT CHILDERS**, sire of *Blacklegs*, was son of the *Devonshire Childers*. There were in all, six nearly contemporary racers and stallions of the name of *Childers*.

KING HEROD, a bay horse about fifteen hands three inches high, of great substance, length and power, and fine figure, was bred by old *Duke William*, and foaled in 1758. He was got by *Tartar* out of *Cypron*. There was another *Tartar* got by *Blaze*, but *Tartar* the sire of *King Herod*, was got by *Croft's Partner*, one of our most famous Racers and Stallions, out of *Meliora* by Fox, and she was bred from a line of stout and true runners. *Partner*, grandsire of *King Herod*, was foaled in 1718; he was a chesnut horse, of great power, exquisite symmetry and beauty, and immediately succeeded *Flying Childers*, as the best horse at *Newmarket*, giving weight to, and beating those of the highest repute, over the course. He was got by *Jig*, son of the famous *Byerley Turk*, his pedigree through a list of highly reputed progenitors, concluding with the well know *Old Vintner Mare*. *Partner* died in 1747, aged twenty-nine. *Cypron*, *King Herod's* dam, was got by that powerful and capital Racer and Stallion *Blaze*, a son of *Flying Childers*, and sire of *Sampson*, *Scrub* and others; that *Blaze*, of which the *Yorkshiremen* affirmed, that even half-bred mares would breed racers by him---out of *Sir William St. Quintin's Selima*, a black mare and true runner, got by the *Bethell Arabian*, and boasting in her lineage, *Champion*, the *Darley Arabian*, and *Old Merlin*. *King Herod's* pedigree consists of the oldest and purest blood, and in order to obtain a capital racer, a *real KILL-DEVIL*, *rara avis* upon our modern *sod*, chuse mares with the greatest possible portion of *Herod* blood, *deep in the girth*, *long and full in the fore arm and thigh*, *short in the leg*, *standing clear and even upon the feet*, *wide and spreading in the hinder quarters*---send such mares to **SORCERER**, **THUNDERBOLT** or **SMOLENSKO**---and if we are not much out in our judgment, some of such Breeders, will have to say *prob. est.*
NOTA BENE---If any *Prince*, *Noble* or *Gentleman* should successfully make the experiment aforesaid, and should in consequence, send to the author, a *Hogshead* of prime *Oriental Mudeira*, the author's acceptance of the said *Madeira*, will be found the least part of the difficulty.

HEROD, like *Childers* and *Eclipse*, did not start upon the Course, until five years old, whence probably, a certain argument takes something. He never ran any where but at *Newmarket*, *Ascot Heath*, and *York*, and always over the course, or four miles, stoutness or game, and ability to carry weight, being his play. He ran five times for a thousand guineas each race, and won *three* of them. His losing the two, might be on account of reasons which now and then occur upon

the Turf. The last race he won was against *Ascham*, a curious one, from the circumstance of two aged horses carrying *feathers*, five stone seven, and six stone. He had previously burst a blood vessel in his head, whilst running the last mile over York, for the Subscription Purse against *Bay Malton* and others. He won several matches for five hundred guineas, and a Sweepstake of three hundred guineas, nine subscribers.

The fame of this Racer as a STALLION, in the Turf Register, is truly splendid. In nineteen years, namely, from 1771 to 1789, *four hundred and ninety-seven* of his Sons and Daughters, won for their proprietors, in Plates, Matches, and Sweepstakes, the sum of *two hundred and one thousand, five hundred and five pounds, nine shillings*, exclusive of some thousands won between 1774 and 1786. *Herod* was the sire of the celebrated *Highflyer*, bred by *Sir Charles Bunbury*, which was never beaten; and which, like his sire, had a great stride, and game was his best. *Herod* also got some of the speediest horses of their day, as, *Woodpecker*, *Bourdeaux*, *Anvil*, *Hammer*, *Sting*, *Adamant*, *Plunder*, *Quicksand*, *Rantipole*, *Whipcord*, and many others. *Tuberose*, *Guildford*, and *Latona*, were rare examples of the family stoutness, and *Laburnum* was an excellent and useful racer. The list of brood mares got by *Herod* is extensive indeed. We know but one restiff horse of *Herod's* get: *Mr. Vernon's Prince*, which we recollect seeing ridden at Newmarket, in a *prickly* bridle. *King Herod* first covered, the property of *Sir John Moore, Bart.* at ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom. In 1774 his price rose to twenty-five guineas, and ten shillings, at which it remained till his death, which happened May 12, 1780, in the 22d year of his age. He was so shamefully neglected in his latter days, and his body so encrusted with dung and filth, that, it is said, the immediate cause of his death was a mortification in his sheath. Many much later instances are known of covering Stallions neglected in a similar way, and a famous son of *Herod*, exhausted by excess of covering, died after three days protracted agonies. *His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*, formerly allowed the breeders of the vicinity to his residence in Hants, the use of a well-bred Stallion *gratis*, excepting the groom's fee of a crown. The consequence was, the horse often covered, or attempted to cover, *twelve* mares in a day! We had a foal or two from this exhausted Stallion, the most wretched, puny, spindle-shanked animals to be imagined. Facts like these should be published, and kept alive in the memories of those whom they concern.



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Engraved by J. H. Johnson

Edinburgh

Printer

Edinburgh

Edinburgh

PONIES.

By JACOB WARDLE, ESQ. This Plate is Respectfully Inscribed to the PROPRIETORS.

Printed by Sturges, Newby & Jones, Edinburgh, Ros. Dec. 2, 1820.

PONIES.

PONIES are the *nani* or dwarfs of the horse *genus*, and probably to be found in every Country which breeds the horse. They are not, on account of their low stature and reduced size, to be estimated as a degenerate race, but in reality, as an established species, *ab initio*, endowed with their full share, in due proportion, of all the attributes and qualities of their *genus*. In actual fact, nature seems to have made a decree in their favour, subversive of the rules of proportion, since no horse of sixteen hands in height could travel or race, and carry weight for inches, with a poney of twelve hands. As an example---“ A countryman about five feet ten inches in height, was employed many years ago, by the *Laird of Coll*, to ride post upon a *Shetland* poney, to *Glasgow* and *Edinburgh*, the ordinary weight carried being sixteen stone. This postman being stopped at a toll bar near *Dunbarton*, humorously asked, whether he should be obliged to pay toll if he passed on foot, carrying a burden? Being answered in the negative, he took up horse and bags in his arms and carried them through the bar.” At thirteen hands height, the horse becomes a *galloway*.

The Plate exhibits from the life, and in their natural state, a *Shetlander* or poney of the Scottish Isles, a *New Forester*, and a *Welch* poney, the last of which ran and won a remarkable race on the road some years since. The original species of *India* and *Guinea*, are said to have been of the inferior poney size, scarcely of a stature superior to large dogs, and utterly unlike their hardy fellows of the northern regions, extremely weak, delicate, and mulish: yet as an exception to this rule, or in consequence of modern improvement, in July 1813, six beautiful grey ponies from *Java*, were presented to the *Princess Charlotte of Wales*. A late Traveller in *Arabia*, vouches for the excellence and hardiness of the small size, or ponies of that breed, having ridden one of them five days over the desert, the saddle, during all that time, not being taken from the horse's back, nor the girths even loosened---shameful treatment! and the corn being lost on the first day, the poor animal had no other nourishment during the following four, but the little grass he could pick up at the different stages. Thus *Ponies* and *Galloways* have held their way, *passibus equis*, with the sized horses, in all the various uses of business and pleasure. As *racers* and *stallions*, some of them have risen to the highest reputation, from the *Bald* and *Mixbury Galloways*, and *Parlington*, of former days, to many of our own times. The writer hereof, many years since, knew the *Laceman's Poney*, which had full speed enough to trot sixteen miles in

one hour, and which travelled seventy miles in the day, carrying fifteen stone. The convenience and uses of the small breeds of the horse, are so many and various, and so obvious, that they are not likely to be neglected.

The *Hobbies* of Scotland, though somewhat smaller, appear to be like those of *England*, an ordinary and mixed race; but the *Shelties* or *Shetland* ponies have the appearance of a pure and original northern breed, indigenous to those Islands, and from the excellence of their form and the considerable use which they involve in so diminutive a compass, the race well merits preservation. Their figure is sometimes elegant, the forchard lofty and handsome, and the head small and well set on; their feet are tough and good, and they generally stand clear upon their legs, and are not subject to interfere with their feet. Their substance is great, whence their remarkable ability to carry weight, but that of the shoulder is not favourably posited for action as in blood horses, whence speed, in any pace, is not one of their characteristic qualities. They have, however, speed enough to enable them to travel forty or fifty miles in a day, which some of them, under ten hands high, have been known to perform, carrying riders of twelve stone. These ponies are particularly useful for young children to take their exercise upon, and their first lessons in horsemanship, there being so short a distance to fall from their backs; and to judge from one which the writer hereof formerly had for the use of his family, they are harmless and docile, and with kind treatment, become attached to, and pleased with the company and gambols of children.

We have not heard of these ponies being bred any where out of the Islands, excepting by *Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. of Lindertis, Kirrie Muir, N. B.* who has a fancy stud of them, probably of a dozen or more mares. As a farther attempt at curiosity in breeding, he has in the present year 1819, procured a beautiful and thorough shaped *Arabian Galloway Stallion*, which has covered several of the *Shetland Mares*, and the produce of which, may be expected to unite strength, delicacy and speed, and to form one of the most curious varieties of the horse, hitherto seen in Britain. The same plan, or a recourse to the best shaped *Scots* hobby mares, with the *Arabian* cross, may be the means of reviving the former excellent and approved breed of *Scots Galloways*, many years since extinct. The *Galloways* were supposed to be the produce of *Spanish Jennets*, driven ashore on the coast of Scotland, in the dispersion of the *Invincible Armada*, and the common small *Scots* mares. The late *Dr. Anderson*, had a capital hackney of this race, which he rode twenty-five years. The *Irish Hobbies* were formerly a race in high repute.

Our **NEW FOREST PONIES** have the same traditional origin as the *Scots Galloways*, namely from *Spanish Stallions*, shipwrecked on the coast of *Hampshire*, in the reign of Elizabeth. And, as we have already stated in the account of *Eclipse*, the famous Stallion *Marsk* contributed no small portion of his high blood, towards the improvement of the *New Forest Stock*. The History of *Old Marsk*

being, like that of so many eminent individuals, both *bipedal* and *quadrupedal*, highly eventive, and distinguished by alternate depression and elevation, we may be permitted to dilate a little farther thereon.

The brown horse **MARSK**, foaled in 1750, and so named from the place where he was bred, was the property of *John Hutton, Esq. of Marsk*, Yorkshire, who afterwards disposed of him to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland, was got by *Squirt*, son of *Burtlet's Childers*, out of the *Ruby* mare, which was from a daughter of *Bay Bolton* and *Hutton's Black Legs---Foz Cub---Coneyskins---Hutton's Grey Barb---a daughter of Hutton's Royal Colt---a daughter of the Byerley Turk*, from a *Bustler* mare. This is one of our highest bred pedigrees, going back to the reign of Charles I. In the year 1750, the Duke made an exchange of a chesnut *Arabian* with *Mr. Hutton*, for the colt, which his Royal Highness afterwards named *Marsk*.

Marsk must be deemed a capital racer, since he beat *Brilliant*, but he was an uncertain horse. He started but five times, and no where we believe, but at *Newmarket*. Being in low estimation as a Stallion, in the Duke's Stud, he was sold at His Royal Highness's sale at *Tattersall's*, to a farmer for a trifling sum, and in 1766, as has been before observed, covered country mares and foresters, at half a guinea; when *Mr. Wildman*, finding his intelligence respecting the *Eclipse* colt, correct, thought it adviseable to get into his possession the sire of such a colt, and purchased *Marsk* of the farmer, for twenty pounds, who professed himself happy to be so well rid of a *bad bargain*. Of *Marsk's* subsequent advance in fame and price, as a Stallion, we have spoken before. He has been styled the "Prince of Horses," and his fame will be handed down to as late a posterity as the *fame* of his princely owner. It is sufficient to say that, beside so many other racers of high reputation, he was the sire of **ECLIPSE**, **SHARK**, **PRETENDER**, **HONEST KITT**, **MASQUERADE**, **LEVIATHAN**, **SALOPIAN**, **PONTAC**. *Shark* won sixteen thousand and fifty-seven guineas, in matches, sweepstakes, and plates; beating the best horses of his day, at their own play, whether speed or stoutness.

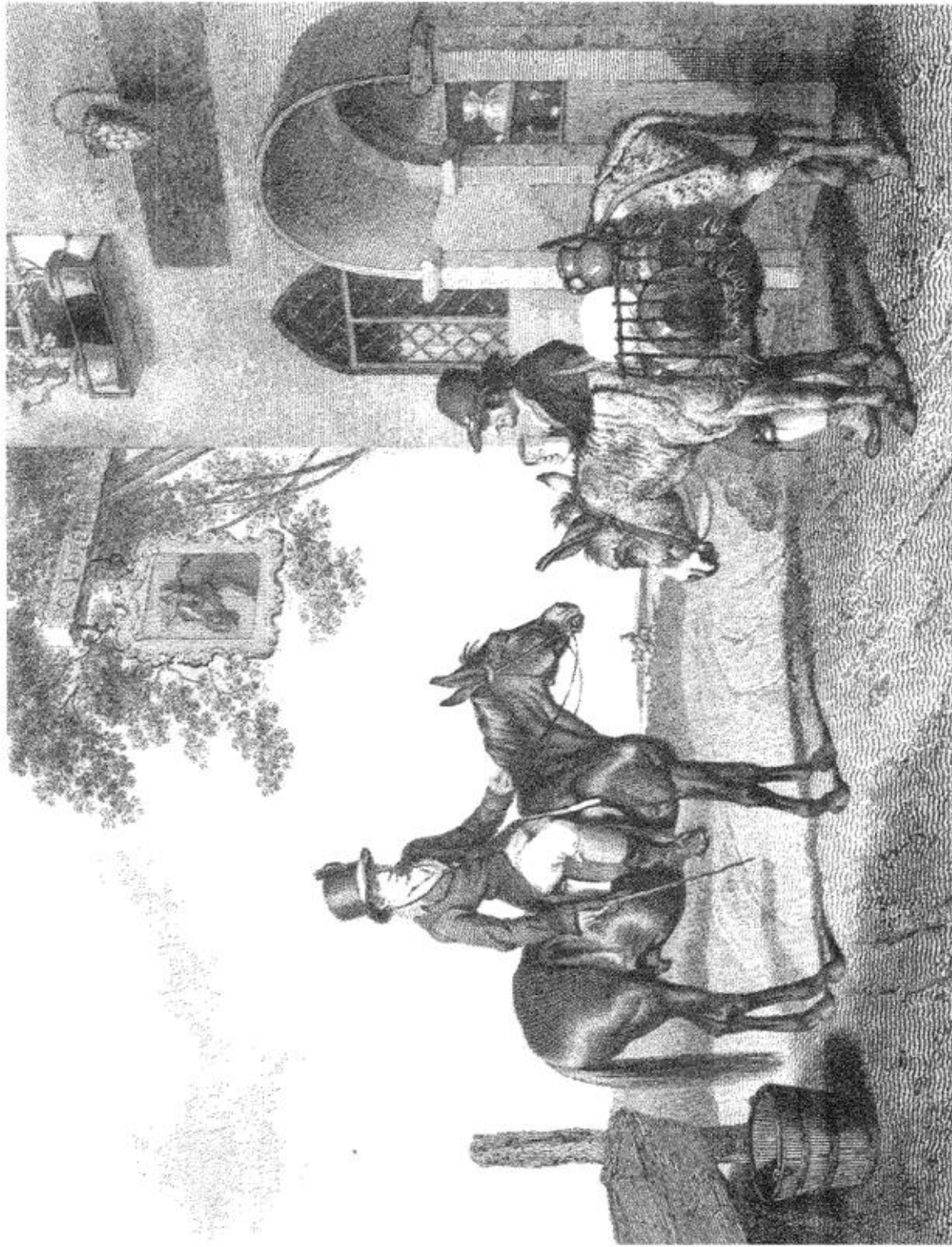
Marsk seems to have had the caprices of fortune imparted to him, as an inheritance from his sire. **SQUIRT** after running with great repute, became a stallion in Sir **Harry Harpier's Stud**, who esteeming him of no worth, ordered him to be shot. As the Huntsman was leading him out to the Dog-Kennel, he was begged off by the Stud-groom; and afterwards got **MARSK**, **SYPHON**, *Prat's* famous Old Mare that bred **PUMPKIN**, **MAIDEN**, **PURITY---with many others**. **SYPHON** got **SWEETWILLIAM**, **SWEETBRIAR**, **TANDEM**, **DAISEY**, and others. These curious and interesting facts, which might be greatly multiplied, surely cannot fail of having a certain effect upon the minds of those, who breed and train horses for the course. But of such considerations we, in vain, reminded *O'Kelly* and others, immediately before *Shark* was taken from this country, for the paltry sum of one hundred and thirty pounds.

To return to the PONIES of the New Forest, Dorsetshire, although private property, they run wild in their extensive domain, as if in a state of nature, and are often in the summer season, seen feeding like Deer, in herds of a score or two. Their colts, when wanted, are even hunted down by horsemen, or caught by stratagem. With few exceptions, these foresters are ill-made and ordinary, but useful for almost every purpose, and sure-footed. They are sold at the neighbouring Fairs. Of the WELCH PONIES, little of variety could be added. According to tradition, authenticated by the late aged and Rev. Mr. Chafin, the celebrated OLD MERLIN, the Race Horse, acted the same useful part in Wales, which Marsk subsequently performed in the New Forest; improving the breed of the *Welch Ponies*. Thence the appellation of a *Mountain Merlin*, bestowed upon those of certain districts in Wales. The chief part of what has been said, may be likewise applied to the horses of the Forest of Exmore, in Devonshire; where are sales, probably annual, of those horses, at Simon's Bath House, within the Forest.

Considering the general utility of those inferior races of the Horse, the Foresters, it is submitted, whether it would not answer the purpose of a higher degree of utility, and of individual profit, to improve their form and powers, by a proper selection of breeding stock, without seeking to increase their height.



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A MULE (the property of LORD HOLLAND) - AND AN ASS.

Published by J. G. S. & Co. 1851.

THE ASS AND MULE.

THE *asinine horse* (*equus asinus*) or Ass, forms a problem not easily solved. The *Horse*, indeed all the domesticated quadrupeds imported from the warmer climes, improve in size and bulk, through their pasturing upon the fertile soil and under the moderate temperature of this country, with the exception of the Ass; which, although known in *England*, before the *Conquest*, has never, in any recorded or known instance, reached the stature or substance of the *Southern*, or *Mediterranean Ass*, or that of *Spain*, which sometimes attains the height of fifteen hands one half. It is by no means conclusive, to adduce low keep and ill usage as the cause; since the best keep varies the case in no sufficient degree. The imports being generally confined to the male Ass, might be urged, but to little purpose; as we find a similar inferiority in the *English Mule* although the produce of a good *English mare*.

The Ass is originally a native of hot and dry countries, and surely of all quadrupeds, one of the most genuine inhabitants of the desert, from his ability to subsist upon the most scanty herbage. In his wild state, like the hog, he is comparatively speedy, even fierce and courageous, and the natural enemy or rival of the horse. Even the domesticated Ass shews a kind of savage fierceness and resolution, in defence of her foal. For a certain attribute of the male Ass, a chapter of *Ezekiel* may be consulted. To dilate on the patience and submission of the domestic Ass, under whatever may occur, would be an attempt to illumine the sun: he is a true fatalist, an optimist, wedding all events, bad or good, for better or for worse; taking with the patience of a Stoic, all the blows, the heaviest hand can lay upon him, and deliberately waiting for the residue to come. The *Flemish School of Painters* and our *Gainsborough*, have awarded the palm of picturesque beauty to the Ass; his gravity and sapient aspect had long before, introduced him into the *Commissions of the Peace*. To be yet more serious, we declare on experience and as *Amateurs*, he is not that stupid and senseless animal, which ignorance and cruelty represent him; on the contrary, his sagacity is eminent, and his affection and gratitude warm and lively, when adequately excited. Slavery and tyranny brutalize equally the *man* and the *ass*. The flesh of the wild Ass is highly esteemed as venison, in his native deserts, and we have lately heard of a *Nacker's* servant, who fares sumptuously whenever an Ass comes to the shop. But refined and pampered as the Europeans are, and scorning Ass-flesh, the most delicate ladies find Ass-milk a most pleasant and salubrious beverage. To conclude on his uses of this nature, a whole ass in abstract or metaphysic, subserves various

purposes of literature, logical, metaphorical, and metonymical: in parts, his skin, for example, hard and elastic, serves to give sound to drums, profit and chicanery to lawyers, and a stamp to corrupt Governments, through the medium of parchment; and being well tanned, makes shoes and boots equal in durability, to those *well-soaled* ones, with which that most skilful of operators *Homer* of old, shod his heroes.

The horrible treatment of the Ass, in our religious and enlightened Country, exceeds, in profligacy, every thing by comparison, excepting our treatment of the horse, which is still worse in degree, as the horse exceeds the ass in stature. In our youth, we saw with a shudder of indignant abhorrence, which now vibrates within us, a young miscreant mounted on an ass, booted and spurred; the ass seemed dull and regardless of the spur, and the ignorant or naturally hard-hearted urchin, dismounting and taking out his pen-knife, actually made an incision in each side of the depressed and toil-worn animal, into which, being remounted, he inserted the rowels of his spurs! We have even known asses advertised to be baited with *Bull-dogs*, under no question of *senatorial* approbation! Impartial justice however, compels us to adduce facts of an opposite and consoling nature, although unfortunately of a more limited extent. Some few of the lowest class of labourers, our *blackguards*, to wit, are not only very kind, but excessively attached, to their asses, and the kindness and attachment are mutual. The present writer in his youth, walking in company with a medical friend through the Borough High Street, observed a great crowd collected, the occasion of which was, the mare-Ass of a pannier-man, who appeared much in the *flash-line*, had fixed her fore foot in a plug-hole, and was unable to extricate it; nor could her master, with his utmost exertions. The fellow blubbered like a great girl, outdid even the renowned *Sancho Panza* in lamentations for the loss of his Ass, and harangued the surrounding crowd on her virtues, until exhausted in matter and in breath, and lifting up his arms in the true style of natural or heaven-born orators, he exclaimed as his finale---“d--- my eyes but she is an excellence!” *Demosthenes* himself, in his most passionate mood, could not have worked a greater effect upon his audience. A general burst of laughter and applause ensued from among the by-standers, and their zeal to serve this tender-hearted Ass-driver was inkindled in a moment, and to such good effect, that they shortly released the animal uninjured, and more than that, a collection of pence and sixpences ensued, from the example of my friend, which amply repaid the fellow for his loss of time.

Many of these animals are known to inhabit the miserable dwellings of their keepers, in the same close state of family society, as the *Arabian* horses before described, and to be particularly kind and attached to the children, looking into their faces with a fond and anxious solicitude, when they are moaning or wailing under any kind of suffering. It sometimes happens that, asses are turned out by the poor, at the close of the evening, in the grazing season, to feed through the night, upon

the trespassing principle; the sagacious brutes, as if sensible of the trespass, are invariably found, by dawn of day, knocking with the fore foot at the door of their master's hut.

The humble Ass and his slow and patient labours, and trifling cost either for purchase or keep, seems to have been overlooked in this country, until the reign of Elizabeth, in the course of which asses came into common use. They have never been equally so in *Scotland*, nor in the Northern parts of Europe, probably because they are not proportionally useful with the native ponies in those cold regions. They remained with us a neglected and despised, although common animal, until the urgency of public circumstances, not only introduced them to greater and more general attention, but even elevated their race to high honours, of which even the highest bred Courser of the Desert might be proud. War, the eternal delight of Englishmen, and taxes, their glorious boast, had thinned the family of horses, and raised their price and expences to an insupportable height. The Ass, in meek and humble guise, now presented himself, and was universally accepted, in all cases wherein his substitution could be made available. He became the common country *express*, the orderly *riding-horse* of the farm; asses were driven four in hand, in the Stage Cart, and even in the Curricule: but his honours were derived from the fair and the gay, to whom he became the constant *pad*; and ladies of the highest rank visitant at *Bath*, *Brighton*, and *Tunbridge*, employed tall and proper men to whip their asses through the streets and over the hills. *Balaam* of old, who was a Prince as well as a Prophet, rode upon an Ass; and old *Jack Bannister*, a prophet of another description, in his latter days, rode his Ass through the streets and squares of *London*.

The *Earl of Egremont*, long renowned for his splendid style of living, and for his hospitalities; his extensive establishment for breeding the horse, in which he nobly emulates the most illustrious Princes and Heroes of Antiquity, and his exquisite judgment in that animal; among his other numerous experiments, made a successful trial of Asses to cart coals upon the road. To speak of the Ass as a hackney, his rate upon the road, even in high condition, is seldom more than six miles per hour; yet such a defect of speed could not well be presupposed from his figure: the shoulder of the Deer also is upright. There have been solitary examples of Asses which were *goers*. In the year 1763, we well remember to have seen at *Mr. Samuel Taylor's*, the then Stage Coach Master at *Colchester*, the Ass, which for the two previous years, successively, had carried the post-boy with the Mail, between that town and the Metropolis, a distance of fifty-one miles. He was a common bred English Ass, but of good size. We have been farther informed, authentically or otherwise, that, many years since, an Ass was matched to run one hundred miles in twelve hours, over the *Round Course*, *Newmarket*, which he performed, incited thereto by a mare going before him, which he had covered the previous day. One of the chief recommendations of the Ass, is his ability to do

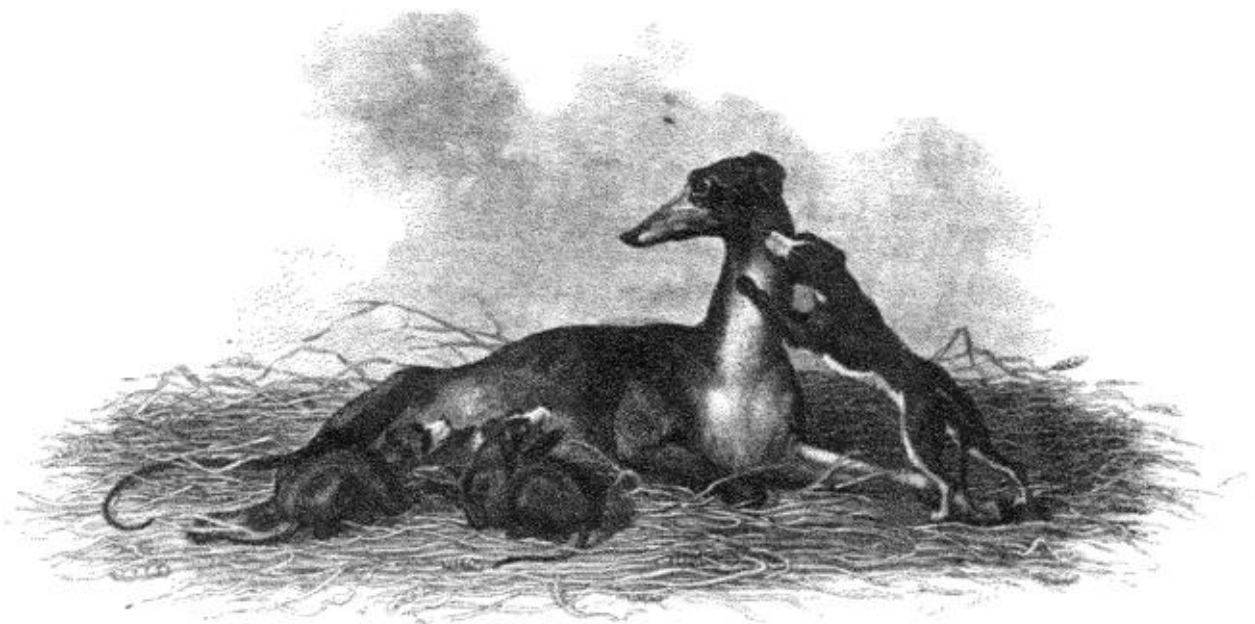
moderate labour upon such unexpensive keep. But his performances would be of far greater account, if well fed with corn, and his size and ability to labour might be greatly increased, were it thought worth while to improve his breed: in opposition to which, it is urged that, to improve his breed would be to detract from his utility, as after incurring nearly the expence of a horse, you would at last, obtain but an Ass.

The *hybrid* offspring of the union between the *Horse* and *Ass*, called the *MULE*, partakes in degree, of the size, and in part, of the qualities of the horse; in a still greater degree, of those of the Ass. The Southern Mule, as the Ass, is greatly superior. Surefootedness and ability of the mule for long journies, are matters of old experience in all countries. Being of considerable size, they are useful draught cattle, and twenty years ago, they were employed by certain Brewers near London, in the Dray. At about that same period, we were informed that, a person in *Herts* had acquired considerable property by breeding mules for the West India Islands, where the English Mule was always preferred to any other, even to that of Spain. Perhaps this person might have used a Southern Stallion Ass in his Stud. The anomaly has occurred in various instances, of mules propagating their kind; in fact, the old position of the universal incapacity of mules in that respect, has of late, lost ground. In breeding Mules, the Stallion Ass is always chosen, on the principle that, the female should have ample room for the growth and expansion of her progeny.



The Dog.

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By the permission of the Hon. the Secretary of State

THE DOG.

FROM the strong instinctive attachment of the DOG to the human race, his fidelity and multifarious uses, the conjecture is by no means incongruous that, he was the first animal subdued, or invited and admitted into the *Social Contract*, by Man. To illustrate this position by an example, quite *pat* to our common sense and experienced feelings---suppose a section, large as you please, of an unfurnished, uninhabited world, upon which should drop down from the clouds, or arise from the depths of the earth, simultaneously, a man and a dog, within one hundred yards of each other, what would be the result?---why; the dog immediately after the alarm of his descent or ascent should have subsided, would cast his eyes and his regards towards the man; and in a little space of time lowering his head, and putting forth his feet leisurely, would advance with cautious and measured steps, towards his future master by legitimacy and divine right, and, wagging his tail, lick the hand advanced to him. A few words to the purpose, are as good as a thousand, and we flatter ourselves thus to have settled the matter, almost equally well, as if *Buffon* himself had settled it.

Our present races of SPORTING DOGS are thus distinguished and denominated ---HOUNDS---The *Bloodhound*, *Stag and Buck Hound*, *Greyhound*, *Fox Hound*, *Terrier*, *Beagle*, *Harrier*, and *Lurcher*. GUN DOGS---The *Pointer* and *Setter*, *Land and Water Spaniel*, *The Newfoundland Dog* and *Poodle*.

The *Shepherd's Dog*, *Mastiff*, *Vermin Cur*, *Fox Cur*, *Draught Dog*, *Turnspit*, *Bull Dog*, *Dalmatian*, *Italian Greyhound*, *French and German Lap-Dogs*, *English Comforters*, *Dutch Pugs*, *Cur and Mongrel Varieties*.

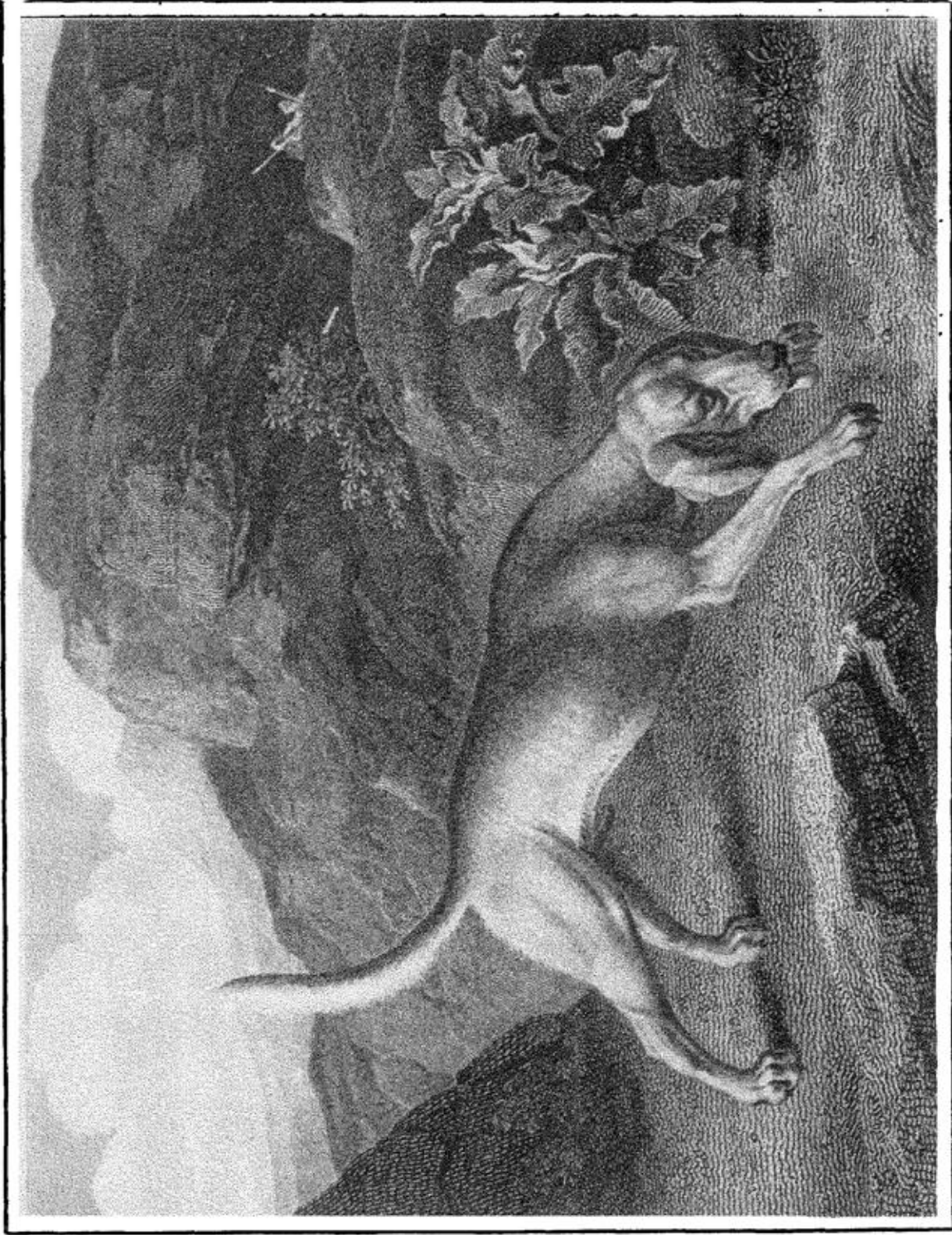
The *Dog*, as well as the *Horse*, seems to have been unknown upon the Continent of America, so long as that immense Continent was unknown to Europe. The *Fox*, past all question, naturally, if not scientifically, a member of the canine *genus*, we presume must have been equally unknown. Dogs procreate in their first year, and the bitch carries her young, perhaps never, except accidentally, less than SIXTY-TWO DAYS, but generally, a few days longer. She produces about half a dozen whelps ordinarily; sometimes as many as a dozen, at others, only two or three. In these respects, the dog and cat agree somewhat nearly. The bitch in her *season*, is a general lover, and her taste, when small, for the largest males she can find, often proves fatal to her and her offspring, producing death instead of an increase of individual life.

Of the common, or merely favourite breeds of dogs, the greater part or all the puppies of the litters, should be gradually destroyed, since both Town and Country are so overrun with useless, starving, and miserable curs; and the same salutary and humane rule should be observed, with respect to *Cats*. Litters of Sporting and valuable Dogs should be *culled*, and the underling or ill-shaped whelps put out of life, in which they cannot be wanted. The remainder, in order to confirm and assure their worth, together with the bitch, should be kept perfectly dry, warm and clean, and be well fed, and as much as possible, from the kitchen and dairy.

The Dog lives to twenty, or even twenty-five years of age, and his chief maladies are the DISTEMPER, the access of which is at a period of about his half growth; and MADNESS, for which there is no cure but death, and that remedy, should, on every ground of commiseration and prudence, both for the brute and human race, be administered on the first notice. Here a melancholy digression forces itself upon us; the late loss of a personage of Ducal Rank and Royal Lineage, but still more illustrious for the openness of his heart and his kind and companionable qualities, and deriving additional lustre from a predecessor, the great and distinguished advocate of human rights. Noble RICHMOND, farewell! we drop our tears upon your urn, and cherish your memory in our hearts.

In the *Distemper*, the puppy should be kept dry and warm, and his food and medicine should be of the cooling and aperient kind, at the same time, nourishing. As to WORMING the puppy, as a preventive of the *rabies* or madness, it is merely to make the poor animal's tongue sore, in order to humour a groundless old woman's whim. On this affair and various other particulars, which however useful, it is impossible to enlarge in this Work, we refer, once for all, to the BRITISH FIELD SPORTS. The dog should have air, exercise and grass, and particularly, if high fed and indulged, should be purged two or three times in the

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BLOOD HOUND.

year, and as often as necessary have sulphur mixed with his water. Warming and combing should not be neglected. With such care, his health, hilarity and cleanliness are assured, and much disagreeable trouble avoided.

The food of the *Dog*, regularly fed, should be two daily portions, however small, of some kind of flesh. With this may be joined farinaceous and vegetable articles---*oat-meal*, *fine-pollard*, *Dog-biscuit*, sold in London, *Potatoes*, *Carrots*, *Parsnips*---Soups made from the above, or with *Sheeps' Heads* and *Trotters*. It should be remembered that *Dogs*, feeding so much upon the firm substance of bones, which they break with their teeth, are almost always troubled with constipation of the bowels, whence occasional laxatives are necessary to them; and also that the teeth of aged dogs are so much worn, as to require meat of easier mastication than in their youth, or they cannot be kept in good health and condition. With respect to *medicine*, it is a long experienced fact, that nothing agrees better with the constitution of the dog and cat, than *sulphur* and *calomel*, and nothing is so easy of administration. The sulphur may be given in milk or water, and the calomel either in the same way, or more surely, enveloped, two or three grains or more for a dose, in a piece of flesh.

THE BLOODHOUND.

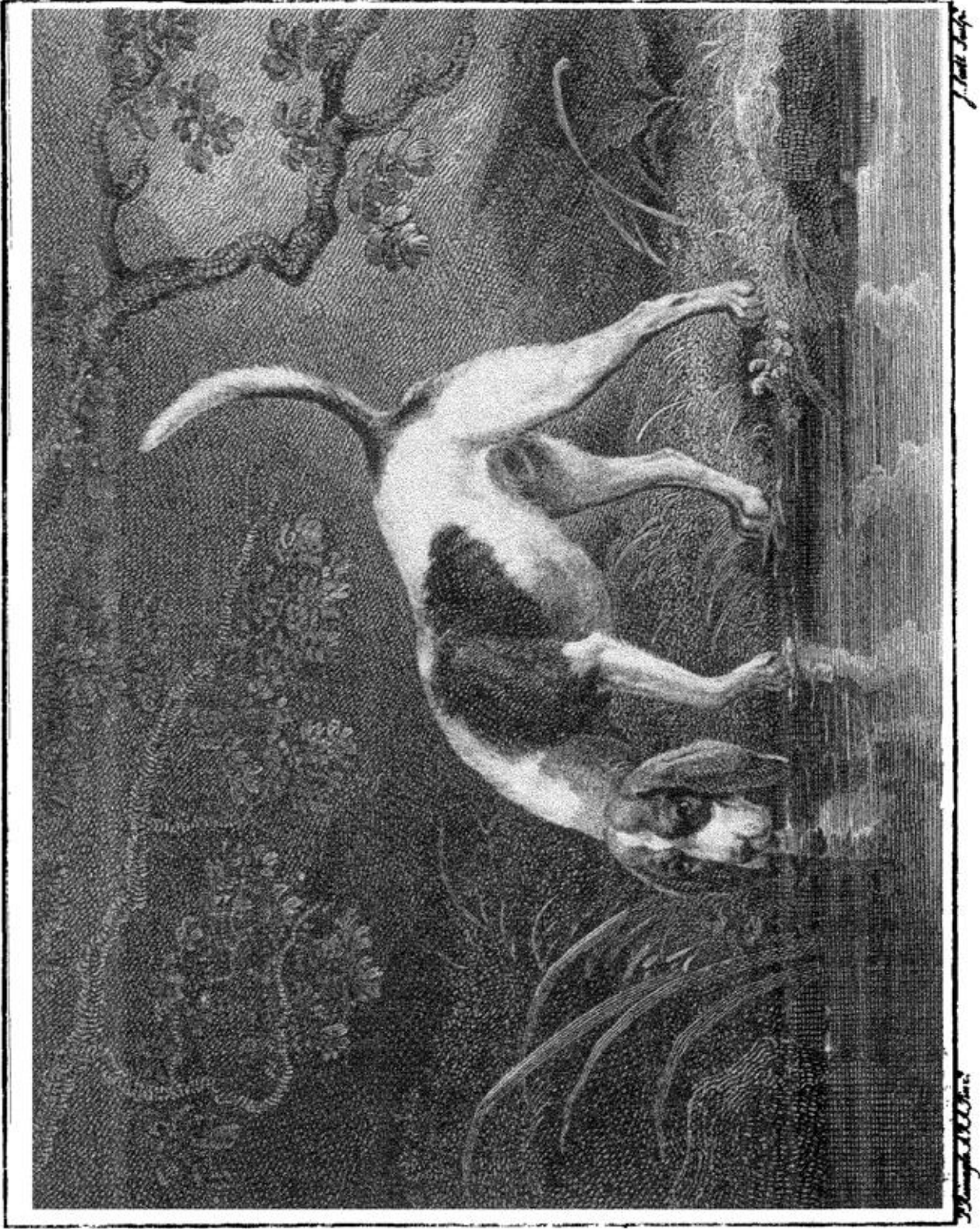
In treating of the **BLOODHOUND**, *canis familiaris sanguinarius*, a Variety long since neglected, few individuals of which are now to be found in the Country, we are reminded of the innate qualities and natural predispositions of animals. These have been discovered, and directed to their proper objects of utility by the attentions and exertions of man: for example, the keenness of *scent* and natural impulse to *chase*, in the Hound; the ardour to *seek* and the desire of *finding* in the *Spaniel* and *Pointer*, and the turn to watching and guarding in the *Mastiff* and *Sheep-Dog*. Any sceptic who chuses to make the experiment, may soon convince himself that, these are natural not merely artificial qualifications. And for the comfort of real and ardent *Amateurs*, who would scorn to regret trouble, even of years continuance in a sporting pursuit, animal qualities may be engrafted on a chosen stock, like fruit; and by such mediums, species or varieties, nearly lost, may be prevented from total loss. As an apt elucidation and ready at hand, the breed of the original *Mastiff* or *Ban Dog* of this Country, has been for many years almost or entirely worn out. Should any Gentleman be desirous to recover and increase this ancient breed, he has only to procure a male, as nearly as possible of the old form and qualifications, and graft him on any proper stock, with respect to size; a Newfoundland Bitch for instance. The bitch puppies of this conjunction, when of proper age, to be close warded to their mastiff parent, and the same course to be taken with the successive and every succeeding breed, until the

produce be fully saturated with mastiff-blood, in fine, complete *mastiffs*. Should it be urged that, breeding *in and in* would reduce the size and deteriorate the qualities of the stock, the remedy is easy; take at first several breeding individuals and persevere to the end, in inter-crossing the breed. Suppose a breed totally lost: select individuals of the nearest desired size and qualities, and breed on, continually selecting, till you have obtained the full *desideratum*. Behold a *Receipt* for the manufacture of Mastiffs, not by an *Old Wife* but an *Old Man*; who however, has the discretion to leave to his pupils, to write—*probatum est*.

The old *Bloodhound* was originally neither more nor less, than the large hound, used for the chase of the *Deer, Wolf, and Wild Boar*. He was also, in those early and uncivilized times, when *Middlesex* had not the modern honour and advantage of paying eight and twenty thousand pounds per annum, for *Police*, and yet swarm with *thieves*, employed to hunt the foot of trespassers, who could not be traced and taken by any other means then in use. Since the *Fox* has been the fashionable beast of chase, the old Hound has been variously crossed, chiefly by the Greyhound, for the sake of speed, to which the exquisite power of scent has been postponed. Nevertheless our Stag and Fox Hounds in their present state, and more especially the native Southern hound, might be trained to hunt the human scent. From the Southern, or Spanish Hound, imported into America, have descended those fierce and high-trained *bloodhounds*, the notable exploits of which on the *American Continent*, and Islands, have immortalized in story, the humanity of Spaniards, French, and—ENGLISHMEN.

In *Scotland*, and indeed *England*, formerly, the *Blood*, was called the *Sleuth-hound*. He is of the largest size, whole coloured, except being shaded, and of a reddish brown or tan. He is finely and strongly formed, with a large and long tail, great bone and sinew, and large deep ears. Muzzle somewhat coarse, like the *Spanish Pointer*. A few, under the name of bloodhounds, not all of which are true-bred, are still kept in the Royal Forests, and in one or two of our great Hunting Establishments: the employment of these is to trace wounded Deer, or Deer-Stealers. Numerous old stories have been told of the exquisite power of scenting in this animal, and his unconquerable perseverance. The latest authenticated anecdote of this kind, of which we are apprized, is as follows—A servant discharged by a Northern Sporting Gentleman, broke into his Stables, by night, and villanously cut off the ears and tail of a favourite hunter. An alarm by the dogs, was raised within an hour, and a bloodhound brought into the Stable, which immediately clapped on a scent, traced it upwards of twenty miles, stopping at the door of a certain house, from which he could not be removed. On being admitted, he ran to the top of the house, and bursting the door of a garret, found his object in bed, whom he instantly seized and would have torn to pieces, but for the Huntsman, who was luckily at his heels. The plate, drawn from the life, is a very near resemblance of the old *Sleuth-hound*, as appears from a collation with several drawings of the highest antiquity.

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SOUTHERN HOUND.

THE SOUTHERN HOUND.

WHETHER or not the HOUND be *aboriginal* in this Country, we possess no means to ascertain; but two facts seem to authorize such a probability, namely, the very ancient records of the use of hounds, and the historical fact that *British Mastiffs* were known, and in high estimation, among the ancient *Romans*; and as the Britons possessed the Mastiff, it countenances the supposition that, they possessed also the Hound, which makes his appearance in story, a few centuries afterwards. The SOUTHERN HOUND was however imported very early by our Hunters, perhaps earlier than the Southern Horse, in order to improve their packs. He was of superior size, endowed with most acute and exquisite olfactory powers beyond all other dogs, with unwearied patience in pursuit of his game, and without being remarkable for speed, gifted with the utmost degree of continuance. He had also a deep and musical tone of voice. The cross of this foreigner with the English or *Northern* Hound, produced a variety of somewhat less size than the former, diminished powers of nose, a more shrill cry and greater activity. It is probable the true *Talbot* of former times, was the unmixed produce of the *Southern Hound*, male and female, as the true *Race Horse* is that of Southern parents. The old SLEUTH Hound also, no doubt derived his exquisite nose, size, and perseverance from the same source. On him the sweet and harmonious Poet of the Chase, thus divinely sings---

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

Those dogs however, with all their savage thirst of blood, are trained, particularly by the Spaniards in America, to *hold* the victim, and not to lacerate, or take life, but at command.

In the qualities of the hound, the most extraordinary and least easy to be accounted for, on any principle of physics, or on any analogy, is the peculiar power of adhering to, or hunting one particular scent, to whatever distance it may be diffused, and amidst the greater variety of others, whether congenial with it, or entirely opposite. This exquisite and discriminating sense seems to be most perfect in the Bloodhound and the Southern Hound, and to be considerably diminished in our modern crosses, as is evident by our *Fox Hounds*, so often changing the scent and the hunt, and the packs sometimes parting on a new find, and where game is plenty. In this case, a slow pack of the old blood is more steady.

The *Music and Harmony of the Pack*, so much considered in former days, when our *Queens* and their *Muids of Honour* graced the hunted field, and probably rode *astride* across the country, entering into all the pleasures, and defying all the perils of the Chase, with something like a masculine resolution, are in our times held as matter of inferior consequence; lightness of form, elegance, speed, and a fine eye, being esteemed the leading qualifications in a hound. There were several packs within our knowledge formerly, which had a ringing, pleasant, and inspiriting, or a deep, mellow, and sonorous cry; that is to say, to a certain degree, greatly capable of improvement, upon the ancient and more systematic plan. The same may be remarked with respect to the harmony of *colour*; for although a good dog, like a good horse, can never be of a bad colour, yet skill and perseverance, will produce good dogs, as well as ordinary ones, of a good colour: and to a true and enthusiastic *Amateur*, the labour, perseverance and expence necessarily incurred, will prove an additional stimulus, and even exaltation of the pleasure. Fashion, to be sure, is legitimately invested with a paramount authority, in all things, and since authority decides that speed must be the exclusive qualification in a Pack of Hounds, its votaries must submit, or be excluded from the pale: if any Gentlemen of the Field however, may venture to deviate and *revolutionize* to a certain degree, it should be those who hunt a deep and romantic Country, interspersed with wood, rock, hill, and dale, where echo triumphs in her shrill, loud, and full sounding attributes, and where the merits and delights of a deep toned and musical pack, can be fully enjoyed and most amply appreciated. The faculty of sight should also be gratified as well as that of hearing, and harmony of colours in the dogs, is the great mean of that end. Since we have crossed so deeply and improved so much, in one direct line, it may not improbably be necessary, at this day, to make considerable additions to our importations of the Southern Hound.

But whether music or harmony of colours, or speed, or exquisite scenting, or great power and stoutness in the pack, be a Gentleman's object, it is still of the

utmost consequence to have his dogs good in their kind, of good ages, well trained, well hunted, and well kept; for the expense of a pack of hounds is a serious one, demanding another---guise remuneration than disappointment. In general, oversized hounds of whatever variety, are ill formed, and therefore defective in qualification; thence the middle size has always been preferred, and this animal, like the horse, should be selected, with the union of as much perfection of form as can be attained, the most important or *cardinal* points being chiefly considered.---Head not too thick, open nostrils, high crest, deep shoulder, back strong and straight, rising towards broad fillets, huckle-bones round and hidden, tail high, long, and *rush-grown*, or big at the lower end and tapering; legs flat, large, boney, and lean, thighs and fore arms long, broad and muscular and well apart; foot round, high-knuckled and well clawed, with a dry and hard soal: of a hound thus formed, it will be difficult to determine by a level rule, whether his fore or hinder part be the higher. The hair under the belly of the hound being harsh and wiry, denotes constitutional hardiness. Our present fashionable Fox-hounds are of a far more slight and Greyhound-like form than the above description, which however may serve to pourtray a hound of sufficient swiftness, for any country or purpose, with the possession of some desirable qualities in which the former is deficient.

The Sportsman, at the outset, may be compelled to purchase, by which, however, he will not expect to obtain a complete and faultless pack, few persons, except on very particular occasions, being inclined to dispose of capital hounds at almost any price. Breeding, then, is the mean of arriving at a superior stock, and that requires a judicious and fortunate choice of males and females, and the patient and persevering attention of a number of years for the completion of the object. Farther, great taste and skill are required in the proprietor himself; qualifications which do not always enter into the composition of a HUNTSMAN, who never performs his duty with such consummate ability, as when he has a Master capable of directing him in essentials: one great branch of these is provision for the full support, the comfort, the gay, vigorous, and full-toned appearance of the inhabitants of the *kennel*. On this head, we will present our Sporting friends with a shining contrast, from our only Monthly Repository, the SPORTING MAGAZINE, date Sept. 1819, which on enquiry, turns out to be a shabby fact.

INHUMANITY TO DOGS.---“ Passing by a Kennel of Hounds this morning, with which I have frequently enjoyed a day’s sport in the Hunting Season, I suddenly missed one of my dogs: seeing the Kennel door open, I naturally entered it for the purpose of seeking him. I found him in the Court-yard, in company with the *Terriers* belonging to the pack, together with a Pointer dog, and a bitch which had whelps in an adjoining place. The *Terriers* looked wretchedly poor; and I was induced to ask a little boy who was there, what they had to eat. ‘ O,’

said he, 'we give them bones and milk, or any thing we can get, but we have nothing for the hounds.' Nothing! I exclaimed, pressing forward, anxious to see how dogs could be kept upon NOTHING; and entering the inner court, I found that the boy's 'nothing' was very nearly correct. Most of the hounds were stretched either upon the sleeping benches, without a bit of straw, or upon the bricks of the court: those upon their legs, appeared scarcely able to support their weight---and I myself saw *one of them swallow the excrement which had been just voided by another!* Their carcasses were emaciated to an extent, I never witnessed in any animal; their bones appeared literally starting through the skin, the eyes hollow and sunk in the head, and the only notice they took of me was, an imploring look, or a gentle wag of recognition. A few potatoes was the only appearance of food. The water was putrid. There was not a vestige of flesh in any part of the kennel, nor had the coppers, from their appearance, been used for some time. It is not long since nine of the best hounds died almost suddenly; their death was imputed to poison; but it is my firm belief, that it was occasioned by their overloading their stomachs with flesh after *fasting three days*, one of which they had been hunted."

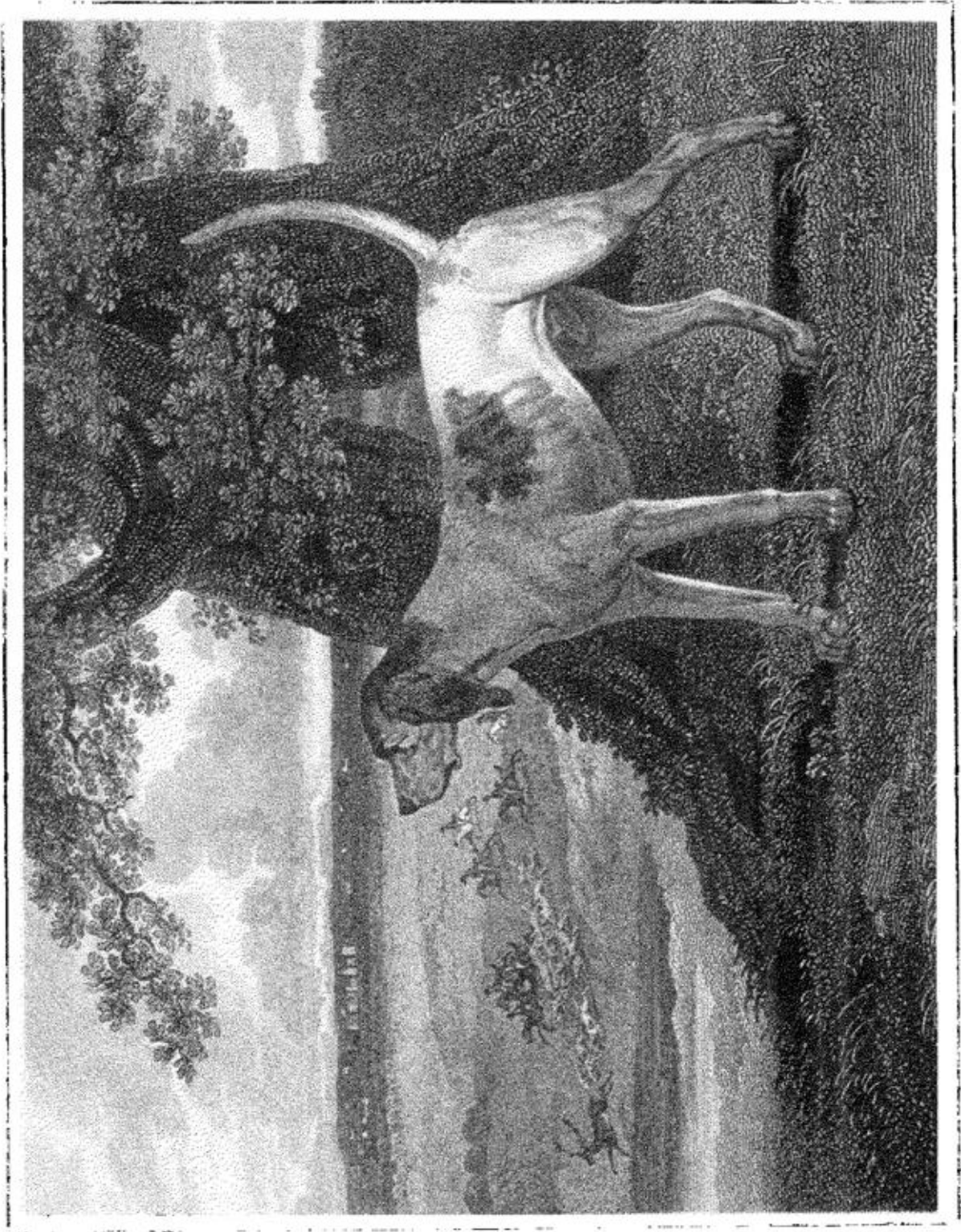
(Signed)

"SALOPIENSIS."

To *Salopiensis* we return our thanks for this exposition, in the name of common humanity, and of every thing that is great and respectable in HUNTING. And, to the proprietor of the Pack, we, with feelings of an appropriate kind, dedicate the above extract from the letter of *Salopiensis*.



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STAG HOUND.

THE STAG HOUND.

THE STAG HOUND is the largest Variety of the present hound Species, somewhat smaller, in probability, than the old *Talbot* and *Sleuth Hound*, and derived, perhaps, with little change, from the *English* hound, as he was found more than two centuries past, in the days of *Markham*. The *Fox Hound*, is more of a crossed and artificial variety. A large and somewhat short head with a wide nose, thickness and plenty of leather about the chaps, are distinctions of the uncrossed Hound. These signs are indicative of the utmost tenderness of nose, and most exquisite power of scent, which high qualifications are invariably counter-balanced by a defect of speed; and that again, is atoned for, by the highest degree of *stoutness* or game, no variety of the Dog being able to compete, in that respect, with the pure, uncrossed hound, whether *Southern* or *Northern*, but the former has always been proved superior.

The *Portrait* which we here exhibit, drawn from the life, is a good exemplification of that drawn by the Poet, with some small abatement in respect to colours.

“ His glossy skin, or yellow-pied or blue,
 In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
 Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
 Flock'd here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
 Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
 On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands;
 His round cat foot, straight hams and wide spread thighs,
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
 Or far extended plain; in every part
 So well proportion'd, that the meer skill
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
 Of such compose thy pack.”—

An old Writer thus holds forth, on the qualities of the Hound---Whether it be the particular formation of their long trunks, or the extraordinary moisture which always cleaves to the noses and lips of this sort of dogs, it is not requisite to investigate; but certain it is that they are endowed with the most accurate sense of smelling, and can often take and distinguish the scent, an hour after the lighter *Beagles* can make nothing of it. Their slowness also better disposes them to receive the commands and directions of the Huntsman, and their much phlegm,

for there seems to be a difference in the constitutions of other animals as well as man, gives them patience to proceed with caution and regularity, to make sure of every step as they go, carefully to describe every indenture, to unravel each puzzling trick or figure. This grave sort of dog is however fit for masters of the same temper, as they are able to hunt in cold scent, but they are too apt to make it so, by their want of speed and vigour to push forward, and keep it warm; their exactness often renders them trifling and tedious. By this means though the hunt be finer, yet the prey, which is by some thought necessary to complete the sport, very often escapes; the length of the chase takes up the time, and exposes them to numerous hazards of losing.

The slow and fine-nosed are peculiarly adapted to the training for *stop-hounds*, and for *Hunting by the Pole*, on foot; an exercise, in which, we apprehend, few of our contemporaries are practically conversant, any more than in very early rising to hunt. The largest, slowest, and stoutest pieces of antiquity in the hound line, depth of tone and close hunting being the grand requisites, were always selected for this grave and pains-taking kind of chase. And these sedate and staunch dogs were trained so highly, and to such a degree of obedience that, even upon the hottest scent and in full cry, the Huntsman had only to cast his magical pole in their sight, on which they would, one and all, make a full stop, and deliberately attending their orders, be barked forward again, at whatever rate the hunt might require. It is not very easy for us modern *Nimrods*, who are in the habit of making use of six legs in the field, even to conceive hounds slow enough, or two legs fast enough, to pursue successfully such a chase; and we must leave it in that state of uncertainty, in which are found many other tales of former times. As little can we conceive of the pleasure to be derived from such a laborious and exhausting exertion. *Coursing* on foot indeed, has lasted somewhat longer, but the practitioners of that sport, are at present, upon a very reduced scale; and of the two, it is certainly most easy and feasible, to cut and contrive and cross the country, in view of the short course of *Greyhounds* and a hare, than painfully to trudge over the soil through thick, and thin, after a slow pack and a Deer or Fox.

The decline of *Deer Hunting*, which our old *Jokers* were in the habit of styling *Calf-hunting*, and the almost general substitution of the Chase of the Fox, in great measure originated in necessity, at least convenience. The necessary increase of cultivation in a rapidly improving country, gradually contracted those open and spacious domains indispensable to the breeding, parking, and hunting the Deer. Thence it is chiefly, that so few Establishments for Deer Hounds at present exist in Britain. In England, the packs are reduced to those of *Royalty*, of the *Earl of Derby*, at his seat near *Epsom, Surrey*, the *Oaks*; the Subscription Pack near *Enfield Chase*, if that be still in existence; and of the *Buck Hounds* upon the *New Forest, Dorset*. Yet surely, the *Earl of Darlington* hunts

the Deer, in *Yorkshire*. The example of *His Majesty*, so attached to this chase, may probably have rescued it nearly from oblivion, and the annual expense has become a public one, and the Master of the Stag-Hounds upon *Windsor Forest*, always a man of rank, enjoys a considerable salary.

The periods, etiquette, and ceremony of the STAG HUNT, are matter of novelty in many parts of the Country, even to Sportsmen. The Season commences on *Windsor Forest*, September 25, Holyrood Day, and continues on every Tuesday and Saturday, till the first Saturday in May, *Christmas* and *Easter Weeks* being excepted, when they hunt three alternate days in each. Holyrood Day and Easter Monday are the two grand days of the Season, on which, the King being present, and the assemblage of Hunters of rank, and of all descriptions, numerous, the Spectacle used to afford ideas of the grandeur and consequence of ancient hunting.

Singling from the *Herd*, or turning out a Deer, is said to be a grand and affecting sight. Or an out-lying Deer is drawn for, and unharboured in some of the neighbouring woods, *Stag, Hind, or Havior*. The intended object of chase is then conveyed in the covered *Deer-cart*, from the paddocks, which are the *lair* of the breeding-herd, and where the hunting deer are confined and regularly corn-fed, to keep them in heart and condition. From thence they reach the place appointed for them to throw off, generally about ten o'clock, of which Sportsmen who frequent the hunt, are always well informed. About half a mile from the deer-cart, arrived at its station, the pack is kept in waiting, under the command of the Huntsman, who is surrounded by his assistant Whippers-in, or as they are styled in the Royal-hunt, *Yeoman-prickers*, superbly clad in short hunting jackets of scarlet and gold, part of them provided with *French Horns*, the appropriate instrumental *music* of the chase, which so sonorously and cheerfully alternates with the *vocal*. This description of a Royal Deer Hunt, gives ideas sufficiently applicable in essentials, to the general mode of hunting that animal.

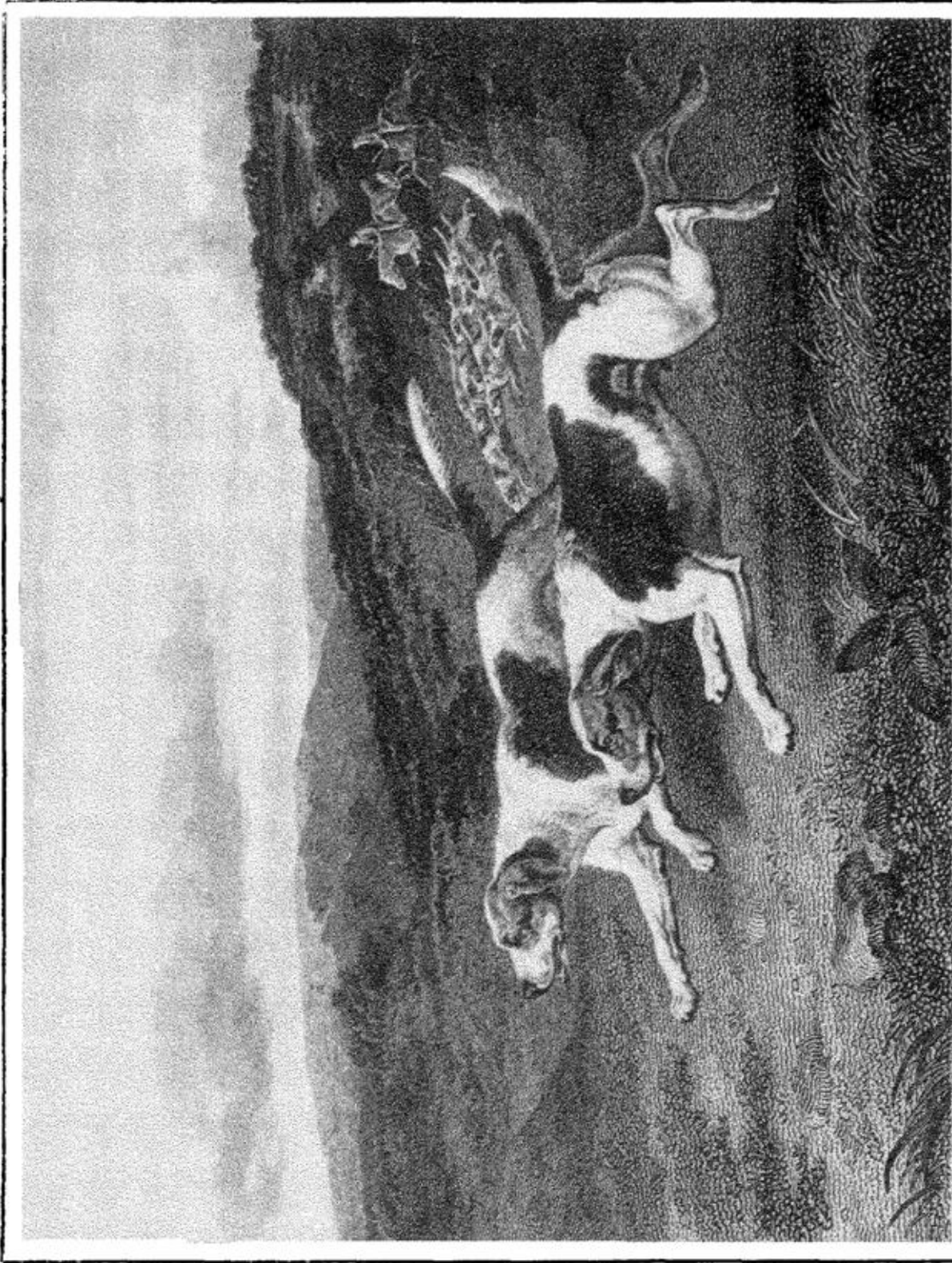
At this moment, behold a most interesting and imposing spectacle, equally grand and gay. A numerous assemblage of the princely, the noble, and the wealthy, in their attractively neat and appropriate, yet costly habiliments and furniture, with their attendants equally well appointed, and mounted upon their high-bred hunters, which pace, curvet, and paw the earth, agitated by the same impatience which inspires their masters, for the important moment so near at hand---it arrives, the deer is liberated from the cart, and breaking away, favoured by the accustomed *law*, two of the Yeoman Prickers start in company with it, in such parallel directions, right and left, as not to lose sight of his course, so long as they are able to hold him in view. By this means they acquire an advance upon the hounds of four or five miles; and are enabled to assist in stopping them at any required point, more particularly should they break away, or get too much a head of the horsemen who follow; but for which precaution, none but those capitally mounted and such never constitutes the majority in a hunt, would scarcely ever again

obtain a second sight of either deer or hounds, in course of the chase. It often happens, in these runs, that out of a body, consisting at first start, of a hundred or two of horsemen, not a score shall be able to hold way, and find themselves within a couple of hundred yards of the hounds, and these, whatever may be their weight, shall be the riders generally of thorough-bred horses. The *run in*, or concluding burst of a Stag Hunt, is sometimes exhaustingly and even fatally severe to the horses, the last mile or two being run in view. The Deer is usually taken and preserved, unless when the leading hounds cannot be prevented from closing upon his haunches and tearing him down.

It will be gathered from what has been already said, that Deer Hunting is by no means the general favourite, being held by our *Fox Hunters* as an uninteresting, unvaried, and monotonous sport. There are other objections: some, on the score of humanity, the deer being a species of domesticated cattle, under the protection of man; and farther, the unavoidable extraordinary damage to cultivation from following the Deer, is considerable.



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J. Scott etc.

J. Knapp & Co. New York

FOX HOUNDS.

THE FOX HOUND.

THE most fashionable FOX HOUND of the late and present times, is of the middle height of the Hound Species, comparatively slender, and bearing a strong resemblance, indeed proof of affinity, with the *Greyhound*, in the head, ear, neck and shoulder. He is doubtless descended from the old *Northern* hound, which was the lightest and speediest known, and said to be a cross between the Greyhound and the slow Hound of those days. Additional and periodical crosses with the Greyhound, have since taken place, joined perhaps with other Varieties, and from the portraits of certain crack individuals which have been published, it appears probable that, at no former period, have the hounds of this species been so light, active, and speedy, as within the last forty years, and at the present time. Nor do we hear any complaint among modern Sportsmen, as among the ancient, of the excess of Greyhound form or qualities in the present Fox Hound, or of a want of nose, steadiness, or stoutness. On the contrary, the best packs of this improved breed have found and killed more Foxes in their seasons, than any other and slower breeds could boast, running as long and desperate chases. The immense prices they have fetched, individually or in packs, have beggared all former precedent, and they have been the admiration of those foreigners who during their residence in this country, among other curiosities, novelties to them, have paid attention to our *Turf* and *Field Sports*.

We have before nevertheless remarked that, those light bred Hounds have the fairer opportunity of shewing off their peculiar qualification of speed, in a light and open Country, where in a trying day, the highest bred horses only, have the stroke or speed in a sufficient degree, to hold way, or keep within any reasonable distance of them, or to crown their course by being in at the Death. And all our packs, particularly in deep and heavy countries, are certainly not of the high-crossed species of which we are speaking, but many, perhaps most of them, of a useful medium in that respect. In such a medium, are the Couple of Hounds in the adjoining plate, the originals of which supported a high character, as leaders, in a celebrated Pack, and which would have figured as crack hounds over any country.

The following instance will prove the necessity of making proper choice of a Hunter to follow speedy Hounds. A friend of ours upon a visit in *Surrey*, took a day's hunt over the Downs with a neighbouring pack. He was mounted upon a powerful and well-bred hunter, which had carried him a season or two, in a deep country; his servant upon a large half-bred mare, which also in that country, had

performed with a degree of credit. They had a burst of four or five miles, in a style somewhat like racing, and the servant's mare, from her natural courage and perfect condition, actually kept her proper place through the run, and saw the day's sport out, without any indications, at least any that were attended to, of being driven beyond her powers. On the return home, however, symptoms of heaviness were perceived, and drops of blood issuing from her nostrils; and reaching within a few yards of the stable, she dropped down under the groom, and we saw her dead in five minutes. This internal and vital injury must have been occasioned by continuing longer at the very top of her speed, than nature could bear, and the highest bred horse in England would be injured by the same cause. Whilst the thoroughbred hunters were galloping, although with great speed, yet at a rate they could very well support, from their superior stride and ductility of sinew, the common-bred mare was straining to the utmost, every nerve, to multiply the number of her short strokes, and that by a machinery, in which, from her fixed and unfavourable shape, there must necessarily be great and laborious friction. The case is similar when under-bred horses are trained for a match, if they take their gallops with the Race-horses, a mistake we have, on several occasions, witnessed. The racers go too fast for these ordinary horses, and the consequence is, they get off their feed, lose condition with their flesh, and instead of *training on, train off*.

In breeding the *Fox Hound* with the view of obtaining a capital Pack, a stallion hound of high repute should be either purchased or hired, and of that variety, whether the lightest bred or otherwise, which it should be thought proper to adopt, and none should be used but middle-aged and thorough-shaped females; and certainly, by choice, those which had established a character in the hunt. Notwithstanding the occasional and frequent exceptions, *like will produce like*, upon the average; and the Sportsman who aims at superiority, must attend to that average, which, if his only dependence, is past all doubt, preferable to chance-medley, or to the very poor chance of breeding good shapes from bad patterns. In a course of years by the indefatigable attention of a proprietor, *but not otherwise*, may a pack of hounds of any desired Variety be reared, of the highest character and greatest money value.

A Friend of ours, who occasionally takes a day's sport with the *East Essex Hounds*, particularly distinguished a dog of the name of *Gambo*; and although an old Sportsman, he esteems this as the best hound for tenderness of nose and true game, that he has ever followed. This hound has the exquisite and most useful faculty of recovering a scent, and leading off with it, in raw, windy and bad scenting weather, when the fox has been lost, given over, and the huntsman at his wits ends. *Gambo* was got by *Lord Fitzwilliam's Glancer* out of *Lord Lonsdale's Destiny*. He is represented to us, as of that middle breed which has been described, having the finest nose, the most lasting powers, and yet good speed, and will doubtless make a capital stallion. If this dog has had speed and game enough for

the *Greyhound* Foxes of the *Essex Rodings*, his get from the best bred bitches might be presumed equal to any thing.

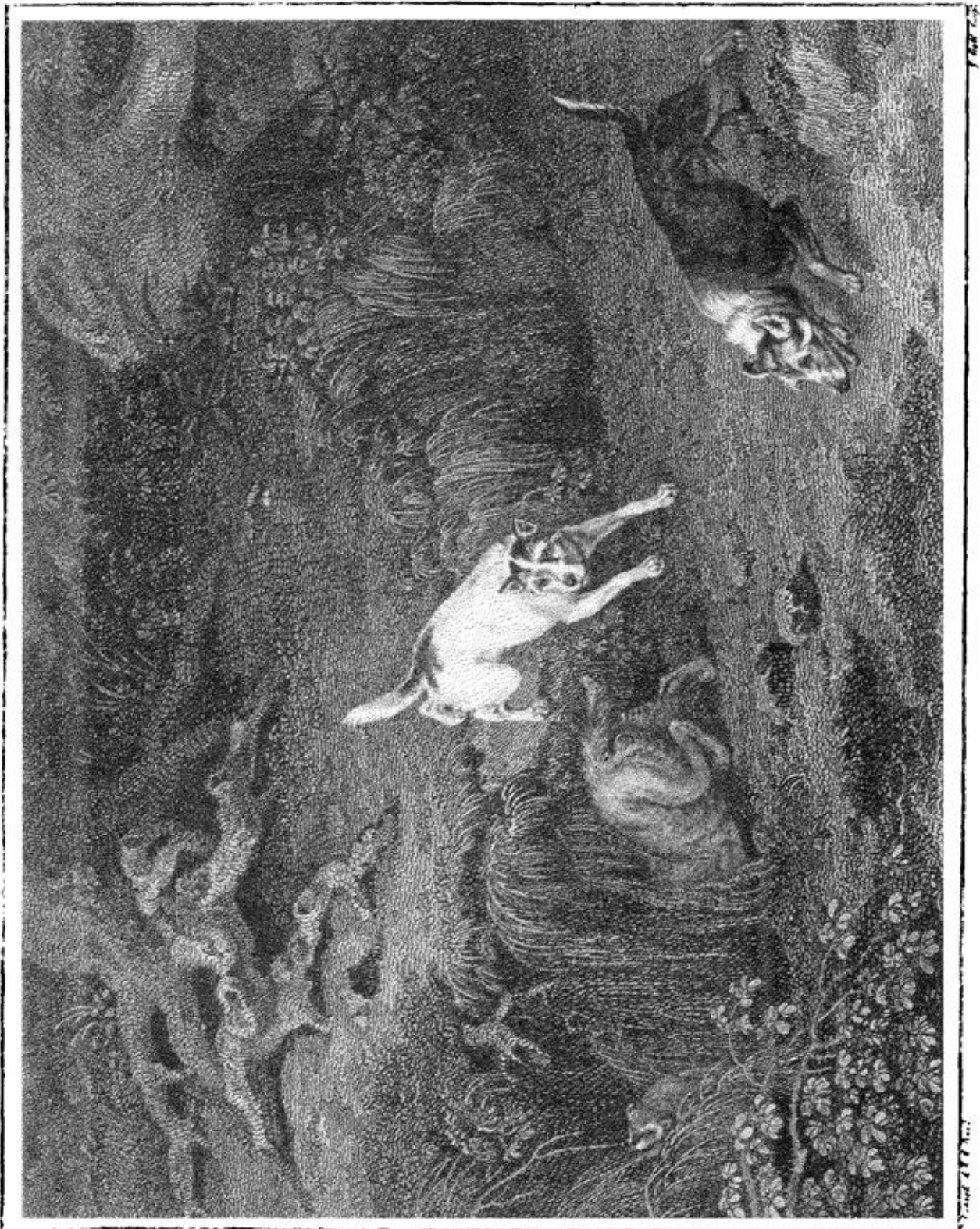
The famous match of *Fox Hounds* over the *Beacon Course* at *Newmarket*, between that father of the sport, the late *Hugo Meynell, Esq.* and *Mr. Barry*; together with the four mile trial of *Colonel Thornton's* Fox-hound Bitch *Merkin*, have been repeated in almost every publication of this kind; but they are in their nature so extraordinary, as bringing to the test of the time-piece, the comparative speed of horses and dogs, and as many of our readers may still be unacquainted with the particulars, it might be deemed an improper omission, were they not to be found here.

Mr. Meynell matched two Fox Hounds, *Richmond* and a *Bitch*, against *Mr. Barry's* two hounds, *Bluccap* and *Wanton*, to run over the *Beacon Course* at *Newmarket*, for five hundred guineas. *Mr. Barry's* hounds were trained on *Tip-tree Heath, Essex*, where annual Races for small prizes have been held immemorially. The trainer was our old acquaintance *Will. Crane*, long-famed in that quarter, as a Huntsman, and who kept *Rivenhall Inn*. His method with the hounds, was to run a fox drag of eight or ten miles, three times a week, upon the turf, during two months, feeding upon oat-meal and milk and sheep's-trotters. We were informed by several Sportsmen, who saw the dogs before starting, that they appeared in admirable condition. *Mr. Meynell's* hounds were fed whilst in training, entirely upon legs of mutton, and were also in high condition: odds seven to four upon them at starting, chiefly from the proprietor's high sporting character. The match was run on the 30th of *September*, by laying the accustomed drag from the *Rubbing House* at *Newmarket Town* end, to the *Rubbing House* at the Starting Post of the *Beacon Course*, the four hounds being immediately laid on the scent. *Mr. Barry's* *Bluccap* came in first, and his *Wanton*, a very near second, the four miles being run by these hounds, in a few seconds above eight minutes; much about the time, in which an ordinary Country plate horse would run the same distance, carrying the weight of eight stone, or eight stone seven pounds. *Mr. Meynell's* hound was beaten by about one hundred and twenty yards, and the bitch was *in no place*, not running her course through. It is in some respects true that, the knowing ones were taken in by this match; nevertheless on the other hand, the great reputation of *Will. Crane* as a Huntsman had great weight. Three score Horsemen started with the hounds; and *Cooper*, *Mr. Barry's* Huntsman, was first at the Ending Post, having stupidly and barbarously ridden the mare which carried him, perhaps over-weighted or under-bred---quite blind! an act by way of sport to one animal, productive of misery and loss of the light of the blessed Sun throughout life, to another, which ought to damn the whole day's sport for ever. Only twelve horses out of the sixty, were able to run in with the hounds, *Will. Crane*, mounted upon the winner of a twelve stone or King's Plate, called *Rib*, being the twelfth.

The performance of *Merkin*, which, by her portrait in *Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports*, appears to be highly crossed with *Greyhound* blood, if accurately stated, is greatly superior to the above, as she ran her trial of four miles, in *seven minutes and half a second*, thereby *eclipsing* the speed of all other hounds. She was afterwards sold in 1795, for four Hogsheads of Claret, the seller to be entitled to two couple of the whelps she might breed. In order to a comparison between the speed of the *horse* and *hound*, the horse like the dog, at his natural liberty and entirely unencumbered with weight, we quote the computation of *Mons. Saintbel*, the first Professor to the *English Veterinary College*, who dissected *Eclipse*---“*Eclipse*, free from all weight and galloping at liberty, with his greatest degree of swiftness, would cover an extent of ground of *twenty-five-feet* at every complete action of the gallop, and would run nearly four miles, in the space of *six minutes and two seconds*.” We apprehend the Professor is rather below than above the mark, with respect to the distance *Eclipse* would have been able to run in the stated time, under the supposition of having no weight to carry.



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TERRIERS.

THE TERRIER.

TERRIERS are the necessary attendants of a Pack of Fox Hounds, for the purpose of *unearthing* the Fox ; thence, from the latin word *terra*, the earth, they are called *terriers*. They are also used to hunt the badger, indeed in all vermin hunts ; for the infamous and cruel purposes of *baiting*, and in the blackguard diversion of *dog-fighting*. Their form and colours are well known ; black tan, yellow and white ; some are entirely white, and there is upon the *Continent*, a delicate milk white breed of terriers, if they may be so styled, or vermin curs, which seem to hold the same affinity both of breed and qualification, with our terriers, as the Italian with our Greyhounds. Terriers are distinguished as *rough* and *smooth*, and vary considerably in size, from the size of the *hound* crosses probably, which entered into the composition of their race.

The *Terrier* has been long used in this Country as a sporting dog, and is to be found in *Buffon's Synopsis*. But we have not observed him described in *Markham*, and *Dr. Caius* is not before us. In those Compilations called *Sporting Dictionaries*, the terrier is said to be a kind of *Greyhound*, in our ideas a very strange description. The *terrier* is perhaps a crossed race, a variety from the *dwarf hound* or spaniel, *fox* or *fox dog* and the *vermin cur* ; at least, such he appears to us, both from his form and qualities. The rough terrier probably obtained his shaggy coat from the cur ; but whence the latter was furnished with his we do not pretend to know. The terrier, has of late years particularly, been crossed with the *Bull-dog* to increase his fierceness and power in fighting.

One, two, or three couple of *Terriers* are necessary to a Pack of *Fox-hounds*, more especially in a deep and inclosed Country ; it is convenient also, that they be of the two sizes, *small* and *large*. Terriers are entered and fleshed, at the usual time with hounds, that is, nearly a year old. They are then taught to take the *earth*, by the example of the old ones, which are earthed with fox or badger, having young. The young terriers are then held to the mouth of the *earth* or *den*, in order that their blood may be stimulated by hearing the old ones *bay*. The *vixen* or the badger being drawn and secured, the old terriers are coupled, and the learners are clapped to the earths, and encouraged to seize the remaining *cubs*, or badger *pigs*, and kill them if they will.

Another method, we trust long since obsolete, of training the terrier, savours strongly of those abominations, in regard to trespassing on the feelings of animals, perpetrated in all nations, amidst even the most devout religious professors, and constant *Church-goers*. An old fox or badger was taken, and his nether jaw cut

away, leaving the upper to shew the fury of the beast!---or all its teeth were broken out! A convenient earth was then dug for these mutilated and agonized creatures, large enough, for two terriers to enter and engage them. Doubtless there may be besotted and custom-blinded individuals, who without consideration perpetrate atrocities like these upon helpless beasts; but from those who can coolly and deliberately either act or countenance such cruelties, must surely have at first been drawn the characters of those imaginary devils which exist in print.

The *rough short legged Terrier* particularly, is very slow, but all have great powers of continuance. The *smooth*, or those with most of the hound cross, are best able to *run* with the pack. Mr. *Daniel* relates a match with a terrier against time, in 1794, in which the dog, a small one, ran six miles---the first mile in *two* minutes, the second in *four*, the third in *six*, the fourth in *eight*, and the fifth and sixth in *eighteen* minutes. He afterwards ran six miles in *thirty-two* minutes---an immense falling off doubtless, considering his wonderful speed, and the known stoutness of the terrier. Perhaps this terrier might have a *Greyhound* cross in him, according to the old notion remarked above; but another *perhaps* will be fully appropriate, that either the watch-maker, or the watch-holder, might be unsteady; for the idea of a terrier running a mile in two minutes, is not very reconcilable to our daily experience.

Another story is told of the *Terrier* still more incredible, or altogether incomprehensible. A terrier of a valuable breed was sent from the Isle of Arran, N. B. confined in a coach, to *South Audley Street* in *London*. The dog remained contented three days, and disappeared on the fourth morning. After ineffectual search and reward offered, it was ascertained that, on the fifth day of his being missed from *London*, he had arrived at his old home in *Arran*, a distance of *two hundred and forty miles*, exclusive of seven miles across the sea; and this wonderful dog must have travelled *one hundred and twenty miles*, each day and night, and afterwards swam nearly seven miles over the sea, from the main-land of Scotland to the Isle of Arran, without being noticed either upon land or water, by man, woman, or child. It seems, the strictest enquiry was made to no purpose, whether the dog had been seen crossing the water, or had slyly got a passage in the Boat. Terriers do not take water very readily, at any rate, are never inclined to remain in it long, or swim far. Now the most satisfactory way, we apprehend, of reconciling ourselves, in this, and in all such marvellous cases, is to determine that, it is far more probable, the search should have failed, than the dog succeeded in swimming seven miles, and in so short a time. All wonderful stories indeed, require examination previous to credit.

Terriers are endowed with a great share of native ferocity and courage, and exclusive of the purposes of the field, are almost always kept for those of wanton and useless barbarity, such as *budger-baiting*, *fighting*, and that abominable act, hunting the domestic cat. In truth, there are too many untutored and unlicked

cubs of boys, suffered to keep dogs of this kind, to worry and tear to pieces their own and their neighbours' cats.

The domestic use of the *Terrier*, is well known to be that of a guard to the house, more especially in the Country, against more destructive vermin---*rats, weazles, polecats, stoats*, and all their kind. The quantity of bread and other corn, devoured by rats, few have yet perhaps *dared* even to conceive. Some years since, when wheat was at its highest war price, it was stated by a very experienced person, at a market-dinner in a County about sixty miles from the Metropolis, that, upon a considerable farm in the Neighbourhood, the property of a respectable landholder, who cultivated it himself, the rats were sufficiently numerous to consume annually, corn of all kinds, to the amount in value, of the rent and tithe together. This person professed that he would undertake to make satisfactory proof of his assertion, on condition of the proprietor's leave ; at the same time offering a considerable bet on the event. Sporting dogs out of this question, of which doubtless, every farmer desires to possess some, the *useful* pack upon a farm consists of *Sheep-dogs, rough Terriers, Vermin Curs, Wappits*, before all the best guard, and *Ferrits* ---and these should not be kept merely to be looked at.

To return to the *Terrier* as a sporting dog. Few can be ignorant of the old caution against entering a young terrier at a badger : nevertheless, last year, a man who trains dogs for sale, from some motive or other, or from ignorance or obstinacy, made the experiment with two fine young dogs, of blood and strength, as he boasted, which nothing could withstand. The dogs, in truth, justified the character given of them, as to courage, going instantly up to the badger without flinching ; the consequence was, one of them had both fore legs bitten through and broken in several places, and the other an eye bitten out, beside receiving a desperate wound in the belly. They were both obliged to be killed, although they had been valued at a considerable price.

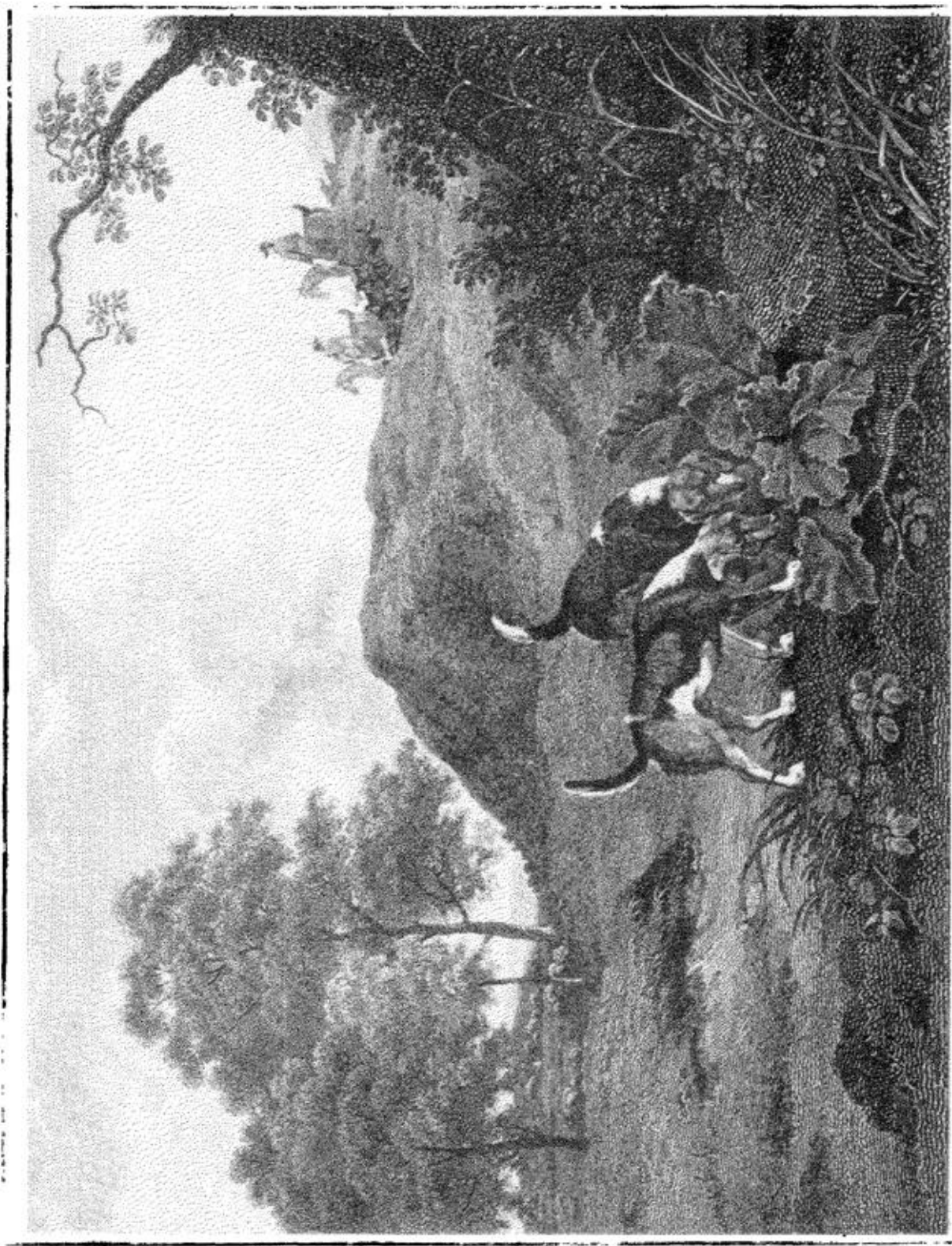
The same danger is not incurred, when a badger is turned out, and the young dogs hunt him in company with the old ; in that case, the young ones may be fairly and safely entered. A badger will run in an open country, and particularly across the furrows of ploughed land, with a speed, which no one unaccustomed to him, would suppose, if persons on horseback do not cross him, and put him out of his course. There have been instances of his running four, or half a dozen miles, in good style ; which however does not often happen, and when once driven to covert, as he cannot well be lost, if the hunt be by day, he will stir no farther, but fight it out bravely to death, which will not be achieved by the dogs, whether old or young, without some lasting marks of his good-will. The instant he is closed upon and pressed, he will turn upon his back, and use his powerful teeth and claws with infinitely more effect upon his adversaries, the dogs, than they can shew upon him, defended by nature with his tough and bristly and almost impenetrable skin. Having defended himself courageously, according to his natural

impulse, and the dogs having done their duty with equal bravery, but unable to kill, the badger's sufferings should be immediately ended, by a few heavy blows on his snout, always mortal to this animal; and he should not, according to shameful custom, be reserved in lingering misery, for the unfair, unsportsmanlike, and detestable practice of *baiting*. On the subject of feeling for brute animals, I find an apt quotation in *Coleridge*, who has more of the spell, and magic, and witchery of genius in him, than any poet living, since *Shakespeare*; witness his '*Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*,'—his '*Christabel*,' and his—'*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.'

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.
 He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small,
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.



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W. H. W. P.

J. Knight & Co. N.Y.

BEAGLES.

BEAGLES.

ON the subject of this *Variety* of the Hound, there is really so much variety, indeed confusion, in the definitions of various Writers, that many readers profess to have found it a matter of difficulty to discover, what kind of dog precisely, whether as to origin or character, they are to understand by the term BEAGLE. Let us try our fortune on this head with the reader. The *Beagle* is a dwarf hound, of a *Variety* established in the early ages of hunting, since we read of him as of a settled and customary breed, in books two or three centuries old. *Beagles*, like the *Terrier* and *Harrier*, are designated both as rough and smooth, and although chiefly to be considered as *Hare* hounds, are occasionally used to hunt the *Fox*; and indeed formerly, a cry of *Beagles*, was thought necessary to a Pack of any kind, for the sake of their cheerful and musical note.

The distinction of the *rough* and *smooth* coat in hounds, is made by the earliest Writers; and we read of the light, nimble, swift and slender or Northern Hound, bred in *Yorkshire*, *Cumberland*, and *Northumberland*; and of 'the grisselled or shag haired,' thence reckoned the best '*Verminers*,' and therefore chosen to hunt *Fox*, *Badger*, or any other hot scent. The hair under the belly of the true *Talbot*, an original hound, is described as 'hard and stiff.' On the whole then, it appears, that the *Hound*, whether under the denomination of *Talbot*, *Blood Hound*, *Deer Hound*, or *Fox Hound*, was originally rough or harsh-haired, and the *Greyhound*, the *smooth* haired *Variety* of the *Hound* Species. The light and slender *Northern* breed no doubt originated, as before stated, in a *Greyhound* cross; and with as little doubt, the *smooth* Beagle, was a breed of reduced size of the *Northern Hound*; the *rough* Beagle perhaps, bearing the same relation to the old Hound. But how are we to account for the origin of the 'little singing *Beagle*,' the cry of which so charmed the ears of the virtuous *Queen Bess* and her sporting Maids of Honour, and which might be 'carried in a man's glove; bred for delight only, of curious scent, and passing cunning in the Hunt, for the most part tiring, seldom killing, except at some strange advantage?' Beyond a doubt, it should seem, from a small and beautiful *Spaniel*-cross upon the common *Beagle*. It is reasonable to suppose that our modern *glove-beagles*, ten or eleven couple of which were carried to and from the field, in a pair of panniers slung across a Horse, were manufactured in the same mode. Thus we see that the taste for swift hounds, high-bred hunters, and racing over the field, and for fancy-hunting with *poney* hounds, are only imitations, and not original modern fashions. As to capricious and fancy *crossing*, by individuals, of either *dogs*, *horses*, or *cattle*, there is no accounting for it, nor any

necessity for such attempt, since there is generally neither reason, common sense, nor any intelligible motive in it.

We are not informed why modern writers should speak of the *North Country Beagle* particularly, as nimble and vigorous, and pursuing the Hare with impetuosity. Such indeed is the character of the Beagle generally, but with respect to our own Country, we apprehend, the distinctive character of *Northern* and *Southern*, or any particular County hound or beagle, has been long since merged and lost, by an infinity of inter-crossings. It is almost a century, according to the late *Rev. Mr. Chafin*, since *Yorkshire* was supplied with a pack of speedy *Fox Hounds* from the *South*, such as the *North* had not then witnessed within memory. The *Beagle* is short, full, and thickset in form, and has the long, pendulous, and capacious ear of the old *Hound*. We thus read in *Mr. Daniel*, a quotation from *Beckford*, probably---*Beagles*, rough or smooth, have their admirers; their tongues are musical, and they go faster than the *Southern Hounds*, but fail much. They run so close to the ground, as to enjoy the scent better than taller dogs, especially when the atmosphere lies low. In an enclosed country they do best, as they are good at trailing or default, and for hedge-rows; but they require a clever Huntsman, for out of twenty couple in the field during a winter's sport, not four couple could be depended upon. Of the two sorts, he prefers the wire-haired, as having good shoulders, and being well filleted.

Smooth-haired *Beagles*, continues this quotation, are commonly deep-hung, thick lipped, with large nostrils, but often so soft and bad quartered, as to be shoulder shook and crippled the first season they hunt; crooked legs, like the *Bath Turnspit*, are frequently seen among them; after two hours running, many of them are disabled, and the Huntsman may proceed to hunt the Hare himself, for he will never receive any assistance from the greater part of them: their form and shape sufficiently denote them not designed for hard exercise. This description, unfavourable however, still proves the smooth beagle a hare-hound, if any thing, since he must be still less fitted to hunt the Fox, for which chase, the rough Variety must be better adapted; and this kind we suppose to be indicated by the *North Country Beagle* above noted, which according to the quotation, gives the Hare no time to double; and if the scent lies high, will easily run down two brace before dinner. But it is only on a good scenting day, these speedy hounds shew themselves, for without the constant discipline of the whip, and perpetually hunting them down, it is impossible to make a good pack of them. There is another sort (the *glove beagle*) preferred for their tenderness of nose, and because they eat little, but without great care they are apt to chatter without any occasion. The mixture of all or any of them with a distinguishable proportion of *Southern* blood will be useful; a race may then be produced, possessing a good share both of nose and steadiness, and that by running with less speed, will sooner and with greater certainty run up to their game. We may very safely add, that the chief

use of the *Beagle* is as a cross to reduce the size, and add to the speed, of hounds which are too large and too slow ; and should *music* be the object, that forms another item of his utility.

Beagles have been, we believe, immemorially hunted in Surrey and Sussex, and several Packs kept in those Counties of late years. In Colonel Thornton's entertaining Tour through France, we find the following account of the Prince Regent's Pack of Beagles, in which some practical observations are interspersed of real truth and consequence---

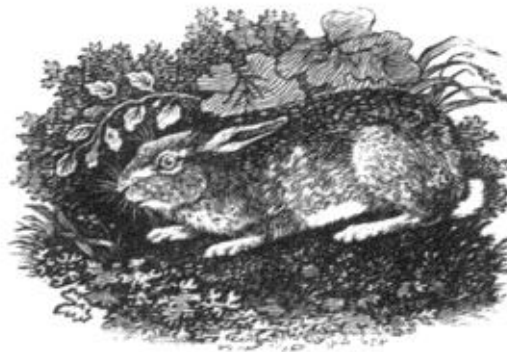
“ You are perfectly acquainted with my partiality for every thing referring to the chace, and that predilection naturally led me to inspect the Prince of Wales's Dog Kennels, but more particularly his dwarf-beagles, which were originally of the same breed as my own.

“ Here I must observe, that the beagle, in point of height, should be regulated by the Country he is to hunt in ; but he ought, at any rate, to be very slow. In a dry country, free from walls, the beagle cannot be too slow ; but where there are such impediments, he should be larger, to prevent being stopped by fences ; as also when the waters are out, he is the better calculated for swimming. In the Country where my Pack hunt, the turf is like velvet, a circumstance much in their favour. The Prince's beagles are of a much larger growth than mine, and mixed ; but it is a rule with me in the breed of all animals, to get *the most stuff in the least room*. Another circumstance tending to strengthen my opinion is, that the lower they are, their noses must be closer, and their scent necessarily stronger : but in point of speed they all go too fast. I have seen several valuable horses distressed, and some very high bred ones killed, in following these insignificant looking animals. Many gentlemen, unacquainted with the powers of the beagle, have imagined they could overtake them on a poney ; but the speed of these hounds is regulated by the head they carry when they sheet well. Horses are much more distressed in an open, hilly country, where nothing intervenes to impede the hounds, than they are in an enclosed one, as every fence, more or less, impedes the velocity of the hound. Fox-hounds indeed fly the fences, but then the game turning up one fence and down another, obliges the hounds to cast back ; and the frequency of these casts affords a decided advantage in favour of the game, as well as ease to the horses ; but when a burst is made, and there is no impediment on the plain, game, hounds and horses are done up together.”

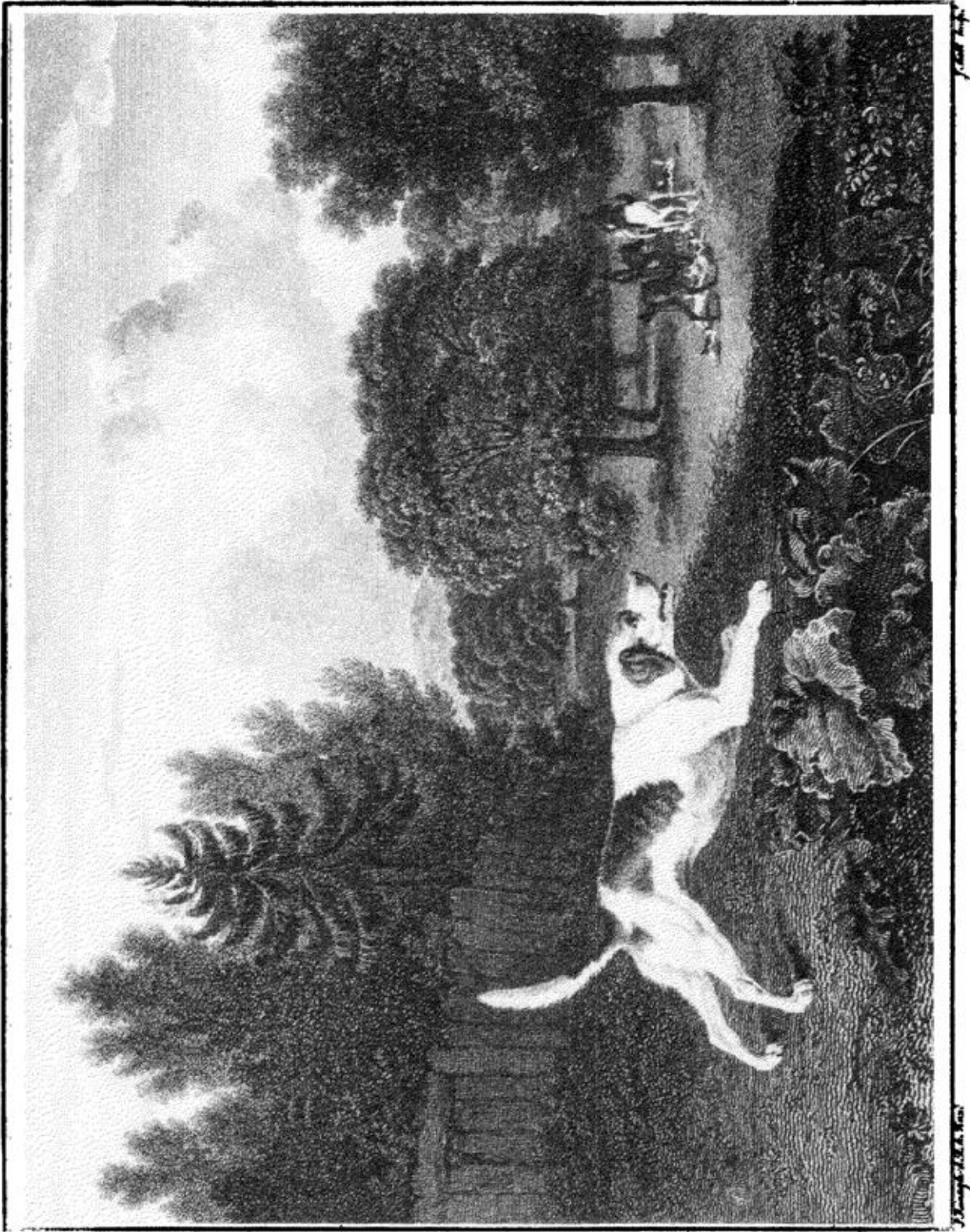
In accord with the above observations, in respect to horses, we have already remarked, how much less blood in a hunter will suffice, in a heavy enclosed country, where are so many *pulls*. These hunting remarks moreover, are in strict analogy with our experience of the dead flat, and the hilly course, upon the *Turf* ; all speedy and jadish horses performing best upon the latter, more especially if they chance to

be short legged, and calculated to climb a hill : for it is found necessary to favour the stoutest horse, up hill, and in that interval, superior speed tells : whereas upon a level course, the game horse makes play strong enough to blow the horse of superior speed. Something like this also, takes place with the public stage-horses, which are always remarked to last longest, and that in a very considerable degree, in hilly and bad roads. Of such destructive importance is the exertion of *speed*, to which we are always incited by flat and level ways.

To look at the *Beagle*, one certainly would not suspect that great share of speed with which the race is naturally endowed ; but when we know the dog to possess both speed and game, in a nearly equal degree with the horse, no wonder need be excited, at even the highest bred Hunter being distressed or even killed outright, in following the Hound, which has only his own weight to carry ; whereas the Horse may have, from ten to twenty stone of extra weight, upon his back. The Colonel talks of *large* beagles, but we conceive that, in a deep and high-fenced country, beagles can have no proper business, good sized hounds being more properly adapted, and to cross them, merely retaining the name of beagle, is taking a deal of needless trouble. Packs of beagles will certainly run down and clear a country of hares, but we never observed the fox-beagle go too fast.



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HARRIER.

Published and sold by Messrs. W. & A. G. & Co., 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

THE HARRIER.

IN the early days of the modern Hunt, that is to say, between two and three centuries since, it was with Hounds, as with Race Horses, the appropriate species or breeds were not yet definitely settled and established, but individuals were selected for each sporting purpose, which seemed naturally to possess the requisite qualifications. Thus for hunting the '*Hare, Stagge, Bucke, Roe or Otter, the white Hound, or the white with black spots, or the white with some few liver spots, were preferred: the white with black ears and a black spot at the setting on of the tail, being esteemed the most beautiful.*' And these indeed, it was said, would hunt any chase, being always found of good scent and qualification, and well able to endure both woods and waters. There appears to have been no established smaller sized Variety of the Hound for the express purpose of *Hare Hunting*, like the modern *Harrier*.

Nor must we boast greatly of the correctness of our modern system in this respect, the confusion of Writers, whether merely Dictionary Compilers, or practical Sportsmen, being equally notable and extraordinary with respect to the HARRIER, as the *Beagle*. Witness in the first place, the following luminous extract from the Sportsman's Dictionary, or Gentleman's Companion, under the head of *Harrier*. "So much for Harriers, a deal may be said for and against the several kinds: it is a wide unsettled point to give an opinion upon; but to sum up the whole in a few words, staunch true hounds of any sort, are desirable, and whoever has them of pretty equal age and speed, with the requisites of packing and hunting well together, whether Southern, Northern, Foxstrain or Beagle, can boast an invaluable advantage in the diversion, and which few gentlemen let them breed ever so true, can attain to but in years." Previously to this, every Variety of the Hound, had been ransacked and quoted.

Even our oracle in the Kennel and the Chase, Mr. Beckford himself, affords us no certain guidance, or help towards discrimination, in this case, using the terms *Harrier* and *Beagle* synonymously. Speaking of the Harriers, he says----like old hounds they dwell upon the scent, and cannot get forward; nor do they ever make a bold cast; so much are they afraid of leaving the scent behind them. Hence it is, that they poke about, and try the same place ten times over, rather than they will leave it; and when they do, are totally at a loss which way to go, for want of knowing the nature of the animal they are in pursuit of." It is true he is here describing *Harriers* as hunting the fox; still that shews the *Harrier* a distinct Variety from the Fox-hound, but by no means gives the general character

of the Beagle, as elsewhere described by himself, and as follows, by *Taplin*, in his *Sportsman's Cabinet*---“The *North Country* Beagle or Harrier, as it is now almost universally called, is incredibly nimble, alert and vigorous, pursuing his business with the most wonderful avidity in every endeavour to find : when the game is on foot, he carries on the scent with the most impetuous eagerness, and gives the hare little or no time to breathe, double or squat, and if hares are plenty, and the scent lies high, a pack of this description will frequently pick up a leash, or two brace before dinner : but this is altogether unseasonable, the sport is by much too short and violent.” He had before said---‘the *Southern* or *Old English* Hound is most undoubtedly the original real-bred *Harrier* of this Country.’

It would appear by these citations, ancient and modern, that, our Writers have been hitherto unable to get beyond the mere term Harrier ; and that they can inform us no otherwise, what a Harrier is, than a Beagle or any kind of Hound, the light *Fox-hound* excepted, which will hunt a hare. Now to be allowed the term, this is a most indiscriminate definition. All hounds indeed, will hunt a sweet scent, the hare particularly ; but the modern Harrier is not a Beagle, nor is the Southern-hound, merely as such, a Harrier. Doubtless any Sportsman, and the practice is common, may use *beagles* or any hounds whatever to hunt hares ; but although according to the above authorities, nobody seems apprized of it, and we cannot tell at what period, by whom, or where, the *harrier* Variety was established, certain it is there is such Variety, and our own eyes have witnessed it, nearly as long as they have witnessed any other object. The true *harrier* is a reduced size of the old Hound, probably in the first instance, from a cross with the *Beagle* : the plate we give herewith and the portraits of the *Harrier*, given by Mr. Daniel and others, will best exemplify this.

We have opportunely before us at this moment, an advertisement in the County Chronicle, for a Pack of Harriers---“deeply crossed with the Southern Hound, from nineteen to twenty inches high, the blue mottled sort not being objected to.” Now this advertisement of a modern Sportsman, partakes both of the certainty and the uncertainty of which we have been speaking. Of certainty, as to the existence of an established Variety called the *harrier*, and a sort of uncertainty, as of a necessity for a farther cross. Then of the *Southern* hound, which time seems to have worn to *vox et preterea nihil*, to a mere name---We had heard at various periods within memory, of *hounds* as well as *horses* being imported from the *Levant*, from *Greece* and the Islands of the *Archipelago* ; but upon later enquiry, we cannot learn by whom, nor indeed any ascertainment of such fact ; and must be content to receive the old vague denomination Southern Hound as the old English species, namely the largest sized hound, long in body, deep chested, stout boned, large and heavy in the head, with long sweeping ears and the most exquisite nose ; greedy of blood, slow, but of lasting perseverance to death. This is the pure high bred hound which our sportsmen have possessed immemorially ; the

foundation to work upon in crosses for every variety of hunting purpose. A hound will hunt any and every scent, living or dead, from that of a man to a mouse or red herring, or even a *live tailor*, as has lately been proved in print; and which we repeat without the smallest idea of shewing disrespect to a most useful class of the community, equally good and respectable as their neighbours, who are in the constant habit of passing jokes upon them. The hound may be also restricted to any particular scent, by being trained and used, as is the custom, to one particular hunt. And occasionally the same pack have been accustomed to different hunts. Hence the *old Wolf* and *Bour* Hound, the *Deer* Hound, *Fox*, *Hare*, *Buck*, and *Otter* Hound.

The object is, to establish permanent Varieties of these, the most suitable and convenient for each specific purpose, in respect to *size*, *scent*, *speed*, or *continuance*. To conclude with the Southern Hound, it is probable, he was so styled, three hundred years ago, with no more recollection or record of whence or when he came to this Country, than at the present moment; the term Southern only indicating his *exogenous* origin, without any note of the period of his importation. It may however be questioned whether, there really be at this time, any such existence in England as the pure Southern Hound, in consequence of an endless *crossing*; but certainly, a sufficient number of near approaches to the species remain, in case any improver should find it worth while to retrace our steps. The *Greyhound* or *no-nosed* hound, is another species of equal antiquity in Britain, originally imported from the vicinity of the same South-Eastern Country, whence we derived his *brother courser*, the *Race horse*.

Hounds for Hare Hunting, being generally chosen of an inferior size to the Stag or Fox hound, the established or common breed of the *Harrier*, seems well adapted to the purpose. Such Variety then, should be persevered in, and extended in proportion to the call for them, which is sometimes made in vain, and a difficulty experienced in obtaining a regular pack. We do not often hear of crack Stallion harriers, but the highest formed individuals of each sex should be selected and the breed kept up in a state of improvement. Or a new Variety of the *Harrier*, if needful, may at any time be raised from the male *Beagle*, and the female *Southern* or slow Hound, upon Mr. Cline's well known principle, set forth in his Essay on Horse-breeding, giving the advantage of size to the female. In hunting the Hare, contradistinguished from *coursing*, a prolongation of the sport is the object in request, and enjoyment of the qualities of scenting and pursuit in the hound, the speed of the *Greyhound* not being desirable; yet Harriers are always found to go fast enough for our speediest and strongest *Marsh* hares, and form an excellent sporting pack for hunting the *Roebuck*. In the choice of hounds to compose a pack, the most curious within our recollection, was one in the North, some years since, consisting of equal numbers of the large *terrier* and the *beagle*,

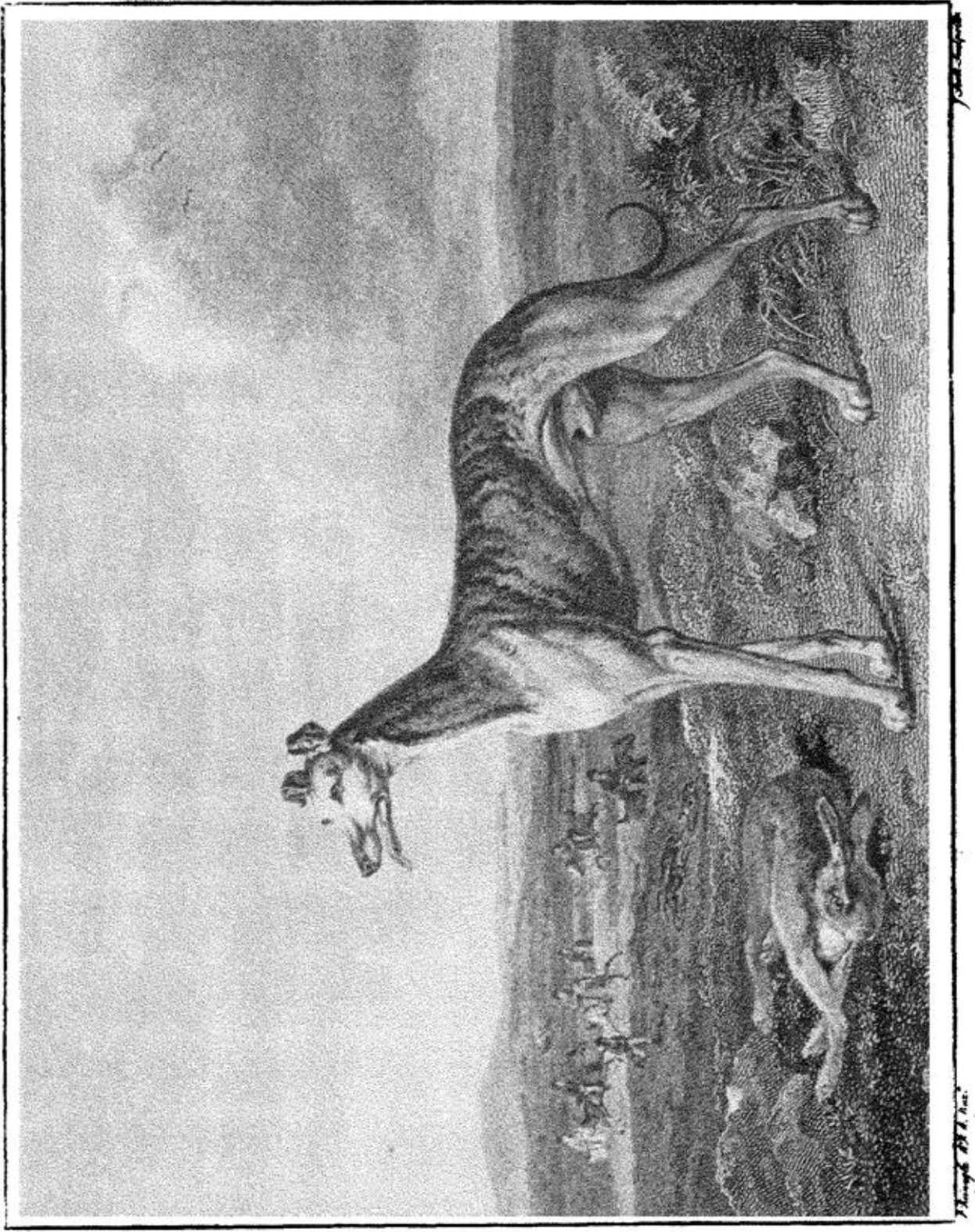
which was reported to run down and kill more foxes than any other hounds in its neighbourhood.

Mr. *Beckford* was, we think, right, in advising mid-day of the months of *October* and *November*, for entering of Harriers, the weather being then expected temperate, and young hares that have not experienced the chase, being easily taken for the encouragement of the pack. It was formerly the custom, to enter or train the young harrier in company with Greyhounds, a practice always to be avoided, from the dissimilarity of qualification in the two species, and the risk of spoiling the young harrier, by his catching the manner of the Greyhound, depending upon his sight and neglecting the scent. Two years old hounds should be hunted three times a week, through the season, and being in high condition, should occasionally be kept at work the greatest part of the day, in order to try their game. On the first entering young hounds, they ought not to be uncoupled too often on the same kind of ground, or in an open field, lest they should be at a loss when turned into a cover. They should be accustomed to all the varieties of the Country, at any rate of that on which they are to hunt, the champaign, the hilly, the covert, the deep or boggy. It is certainly the way to perfect a pack of harriers never to halloo the hare, or assist them when at fault, but to compel them to depend on their own natural qualifications and exertions.

The old method of rewarding and encouraging young hare hounds was as follows. The hare after having been laid across a gate, and bayed by the hounds, was skinned before them, and the gall and lights being taken away, which were supposed to make a dog *sick*, the entrails were distributed, and afterwards the carcass served up with sippets of bread, from the Huntsmen's wallets, dipped in the blood.



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GREYHOUND.

THE GREYHOUND.

THE GREYHOUND, as well as that which we style the *Southern-hound*, may from its antiquity, be styled a primitive species. It was known to classical antiquity, and we learn from *Arrian*, that the *Gauls* used Greyhounds for coursing the Hare, their truly sportsmanlike mode of performing which, and the law allowed to the hare, have descended to us, and are practised at this day, in England, on the original principle. Greyhounds were known in this Country before the Conquest, and in those early ages, were not confined as at present to coursing the hare only, but were used for hunting the *Deer*, and also, in company with other hounds, the *Wolf* and *wild Bour*. This species of the Hound was the chief favourite for ages, amongst the ladies of high birth particularly. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, the price of a *Greyhound* was greater than that of a man, and the killing a greyhound, or taking the nest of a *Hawk*, in those times of British slavery, and even subsequently to the signing our famous *Magna Charta*, were held, in the eye and practice of those misnamed laws, equally criminal with the murder of a fellow man. Greyhounds were frequently taken in payment as money, by the Kings, for the renewal of grants, and in the satisfaction of fines and forfeitures. Their speed, ferocious courage and fidelity, were celebrated in the heroic *Romances* of the time, both upon the Continent and in Britain, and the scene to which the following verses appertain, was laid in the Kingdom of *Arragon*.

He took the Steward by the throat,
 And asunder he it bote;
 But then he would not bide;
 For to the grave he ran.
 Then followed him many a man,
 Some on horse and some beside.
 And when he came where his Master was,
 He laid him down upon the grass,
 And barked at the men again.

In the end, the legend states that, the hound having discovered the body of his murdered master, expired on the tomb which was raised to his memory. The spayed bitches held in such esteem in ancient times, for their fierceness, were generally greyhound. And the present writer recollects seeing in the Church of *Tolleshunt Knights, Essex*, in 1762, close to the left hand wall, entering at the great door, about the middle of the church, a tomb of soft stone, having upon it, recum-

bent, the statue of an armed Knight, with the figures of two Greyhound bitches at his feet. A strange tradition was then current in the neighbourhood, no doubt from very high antiquity, of a battle which this same Knight, assisted by his two spayed bitches, had waged with the *Devil*, concerning the place where a certain house should be built, his Holiness disputing that point with the proprietor, and pulling all down by night which had been built in the preceding day. The *Greyhound* and *Hawk* continued during many centuries the chief favourites with those of noble and of *gentle* blood, of both sexes; and such seldom travelled without being attended by the former, or without a hawk on fist. The great partiality however, for this hound, has long since been divided with others, in our Country, the *Fox-hound* and *Pointer*, coming in for a large share: as for the Hawk and the old princely sport of *Falconry*, they would have been nearly forgotten in the present times, but for the laudable compiling industry of the manufacturers of Sportsmen's Dictionaries, and the practical exertions of a few individuals, among whom, *Colonel Thornton*, the most enthusiastic, persevering and universal of Sportsmen, stands in a most conspicuous place. Lord Gage has of late revived this ancient diversion, on his Estate at *Firle*, in *Sussex*; and his Lordship's Falconer is said to equal in skill, the most celebrated of former times, having a command over the hawks when in pursuit of game, which has astonished all who have witnessed it.

Upon the Continent, in *Germany*, *France*, and *Italy*, the *Greyhound* has always been held in high estimation, and filled his proper place in their great hunting Expeditions, so very different in motive and management to the hunting of this Country. The opposite Continent originally obtained this species of the Dog, from the Countries bordering on *Turkey*, particularly from *Dalmatia*, in the mountains of which are bred greyhounds of a rough species, having great bone, ears somewhat long, hard feet and a bristly tail. It is a remarkable zoological fact, perhaps not hitherto noticed, that every species of the sporting dog is originally divided into the rough and smooth Variety, and that not in consequence of the influence of climate, since the former is found to be indigenous to the warmest. The old *Irish Greyhound* we are disposed to derive from the rough species of the Eastern Countries above cited.

On a view of the present race of *English Greyhounds*, we cannot help supposing that they differ considerably from those of former times, which hunted the *Wolf* and *Wild Boar*, and thence may be judged to have been a variety possessed of more strength, roughness and fierceness than the modern. Probably, for such hunt, the rough variety was selected, whilst coursing the *Deer* and *Hare*, and the honour of Lady patronage were reserved for the smooth. The *Italian Greyhound*, we believe, has at no period, in this country, been generally used as a field dog, but a breed of smooth, high formed and swift Greyhounds has always been found on the Grecian Islands, some individuals of which have been imported into this Country within the last thirty years. The savage hunts having long since gone into desuetude,

and speed become our grand object, the smooth variety of the Greyhound has become universal, and the few remains of the large and rough Variety must be looked for in Ireland.

The Greyhound is known by his pointed nose, the acute angles of his head, his light, and slightly pendulous ear, considerable height, length of neck and of general form, comparative slimness, deep breast, light belly, round muscular buttocks, and long, sinewy forearms and gaskins. His fore legs, that is to say, the space between the knee and the foot, are longer than his hinder, or space between the hock and the foot. His colour, whether black, white, brinded or blue, whether whole or variegated, are no otherwise of consequence, than as fashion dictates; and if the never-ceasing game of chance should produce a *blue crack* dog, blue would immediately become the best colour, and so remain until a new crack should start up of a different hue, when blue would instantly retire into the ranks, and those of the last shade undoubtedly advance, and become the best Greyhounds on the face of the earth, and produce more money at Tattersall's.

As with every other sporting dog, so necessarily with the Greyhound, he should be of that Variety or form, best adapted to the Country over which he is required to course. For an open, light champaign Country, no hound can be too light and delicate, provided it be with the accompaniment of speed and game. In former days we used to see a breed of strong brinded, and somewhat rough Greyhounds, well calculated for deep inclosed Countries: powerful dogs, which had good speed and the truest game, and which would run down the strongest *Marsh* hares in fine style. This breed had also something of the ancient fierceness, of which we remember a singular instance in *Suffolk*. A Gentleman of that County, but an irregular Sportsman, had an old Greyhound of this kind, which he suffered to be constantly at large, under no restraint or confinement, and in consequence, the dog was very apt to take the diversion of coursing by himself. One morning towards the end of the season, he was observed to start and pursue a hare, which was known to lie within about a mile of the residence of his proprietor, and was indeed reserved for a finishing day's sport. The dog returned at noon excessively jaded, as if he had gone through a long day. On the following day, information was received, that he had run the hare to the distance of nearly seven miles, when a labouring man close at hand, seeing him overtake and kill her, suddenly attempted to snatch the prize from him. The old dog, quitting the hare, flew at the man and seized him by the throat, where he inflicted several terrible wounds, as also on his face and hands, and would doubtless have killed him outright, but for the timely assistance of several other labourers, who fortunately were near enough to hear the fellow's cries. The most curious attendant circumstance was, the dog, although he remained master of the field, never offered to break, or eat the hare, but sat watching for a considerable interval, as if for some one who had a right to claim the game of him, but no such claimant appearing, he was observed to set off

homewards, at a steady pace, leaving the hare where he had turned her up and killed her. This course having been so strange and eventful, the hare was presented to *Mr. White, of Tattingstone*, and made part of a dinner of which a noble Lord partook, we think, the *Lord Chedworth*, proprietor of the Racing Stallion *Snap*. Five guineas were collected for the wounded man, who had a large family.

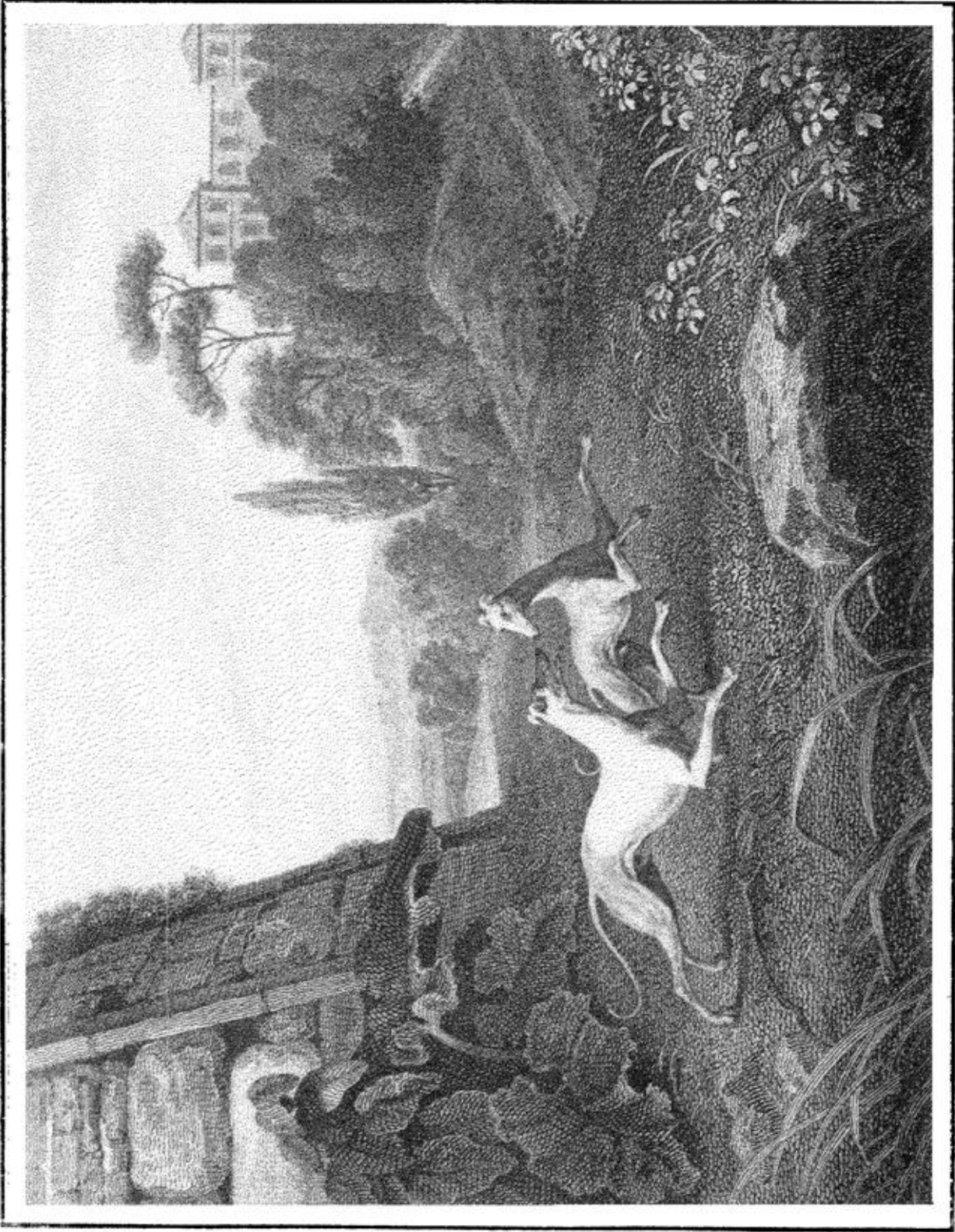
We embrace the present opportunity of giving a needful caution to those, who are in the habit of suffering their Greyhounds, when not engaged, to be constantly running about without controul, particularly by night. Whilst prowling about by night, they are perhaps beyond all other dogs, prone to the pursuit of sheep, and numbers, at different periods, have been destroyed by them. Being on a visit some years since, in *Essex*, to take a few days sport, the Greyhounds of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, killed half a dozen sheep out of a farmer's flock, and wounded beside a considerable number. On the sufferer's application for redress, the affair was treated with levity, even laughter---it was asked, do nobody's dogs kill sheep but mine? and *not one shilling recompense made*, notwithstanding the aggravation, of the present being more than the *second* time!

It has been handed down to us in the scripture of our ancient sages, that *the best dog upon an indifferent bitch, will not get so good a whelp as an indifferent dog upon the best bitch*---all and every particle of which is, in great probability, of about as much consequence as any other musty nonsense, even although *Pliny* himself may have written it. The breeder who would have thorough-shaped stock of any species, must breed from both male and female so qualified; he may fail, it is true, nevertheless he will not find a surer method. Young *Greyhounds*, like other hounds, are entered within the twelvemonth, and require constant work in the coursing season. They should be encouraged with blood, but as the perfection of training, taught to give up readily the hare when killed.

Some have expressed a wonder, that *Beagles* should be thought too speedy for hunting the *Hare*, when *Greyhounds*, the swiftest of all the canine race, are in constant use for coursing her. But the reason exists in the different natures of the *hunt* and the *course*. The best bred and fleetest Greyhounds will be found in the vicinities of the great *Coursing Meetings*---*Newmarket, Swaffham, the Hundreds of Essex* and the *Wolds of Yorkshire*.



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ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

WHETHER the ITALIAN GREYHOUND be indigenous to that part of *Europe*, or imported thither from *Greece* or the *Greek Isles*, would be of small importance could it be ascertained; it may suffice that, the animal is cherished and bred to a considerable extent in *Italy*, and was probably first brought over to this Country, in the reign of Charles the First, whose attachment to this species of the Dog is well known. That it became a favourite of the ladies in the following Reign, appears likely from the following Anecdote, to be found in an old Memoir of Duval, a famous Highwayman, or Royal Scamp of those days, which we wonder should have escaped the collecting assiduity of the learned Captain Smith, who wrote *con amore*, the lives of two centuries of *Highwaymen, Thieves* and *Pirates*. The *Dutchess of Portsmouth*, one of the mistresses of Charles the Second, driving one evening unattended, to a residence which she possessed at a small distance from the Metropolis, was stopped by *Duval*, who professionally demanded her money. Her Grace affected great state, and talked highly, as she before had done on a similar occasion, when she was robbed and treated with great insolence by *Jacob Halsey*, perhaps the only Quaker who ever took to the road. To *Duval* she insisted she had no money whatever, nor any valuables about her, in which she might not improbably be correct, Charles's Mistresses often partaking of his poverty, as well as of his occasional wealth---

' A merry Monarch, scandalous and poor.'

The Highwayman perhaps, judging farther parley dangerous, was turning to decamp, when he espied a beautiful and most delicate *Italian Greyhound Bitch*, sitting upon the box with the Coachman. This he demanded as his prize, presenting his pistol to the Coachman, who declared he should lose his place and be ruined if he parted with it, being the favourite not only of his mistress but of the King. This intelligence, which subsequently gave rise to suspicion of the coachman, was an additional stimulus to Duval, who took the bitch under his arm and rode off at full speed. The day following, notice was sent to the Dutchess, that for one hundred pieces, and under certain conditions, which had regard to the safety of the person concerned, the Greyhound should be restored; which treaty was faithfully executed on both sides, to the infinite joy of the Dutchess and her Royal Paramour. To crown the joke, within a few days, a letter appeared in a public paper, signed *Duval*, and actually written by him, dated from a coffee-house in the Strand,

which in very high flown language, contradicted the malicious story which had been circulated, of his ill treatment of the Dutchess; a conduct so alien to his feelings, derogatory to his honour as a gentleman, and so contrary to his well-known habits, that he was confident no member of polished society would give it the slightest credit! If this original piece reached the eyes of the *laughter-loving* and *mutton-eating* King, no doubt it afforded his appetite for mirth fresh food. But *Duval's* honourable and polite mode of doing the road business, could not save him from the usual ending-post in that honourable course, the *Nubbing-chit*; and he was condemned to be drawn at full length thereon, maugre his strenuous pleas that, he never murdered or maimed any one, in the course of a number of campaigns, nor ever injured Christian man or woman, otherwise than by easing them of the load of their money. His friends begged his body for interment, and it is recorded that, the following Epitaph was engraved upon a small stone erected to his memory, in one of the Church-yards of *London*, and actually suffered to remain for a number of years, until removed, to use the language of the *Memoir*, by the zeal of certain puritanical Churchwardens.

Here lies *Duval* : reader, if male thou art,
 Look to thy purse : if female, to thy heart.
 Much havoc he did make among you all,
 The men he made to stand, the women fall.
 A second Conqueror of the *Norman* race,
 Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face.

Duval was born of a genteel family near *Cayenne* in Normandy, and his Epitaph was generally attributed to the Poetess *Afra*, the well-known Mrs. *Afra Behn*.

The Italian Greyhound has full as good a title to the following characteristics of form, drawn up so many ages since, by the noble and sporting Authoress *Juliana Berners*, as any of the species at the present time---

Head like a *Snake*,
 Neck like a *Drake*,
 Back like a *Bream*,
 Tail like a *Rat*,
 Foot like a *Cat*.

It has been said that, the Italian Greyhound, in external appearance, perfectly resembles the English breed, but that it is constitutionally and utterly deficient in sagacity, fortitude, or the common means of self defence, and altogether inapplicable to any other uses, than such as, the 'comforts of the tea table, the fire side carpet, the luxurious indulgences of the sofa, and the warm lap of the mistress.' There is certainly truth in most of this; but whether the following observation be correct, we have hitherto neglected to essay---it is averred, if this delicate hound be

held up by its legs, in the same position as when standing, opposed to the sun or a strong light, the texture of the skin is so exceedingly fine, that through it, the chain of the intestinal canal may be distinctly perceived.

These animals have the most delicate skin and coat, and are the most elegantly formed of all the canine race, and being at the same time, when in high condition and defended from cold, the most sprightly, playful, and inoffensive, are the proper objects of the mere *amateurs* of the dog, who look for nothing farther in him, than the delight of his society. We have had reports of the result of trials of the *Italian Greyhound* in the field, and it seems allowed they have speed enough to course the Hare, but their tenderness is such, that the ground must be chosen for them, which ought to be the velvet turf of a Park or open Downs. Running over heavy land lets down their sinews, and their feet are so soft that they are equally unfit for a flinty soil, or a country encumbered with thorns and briars. Nevertheless, as individuals of this variety have shewn great speed, the experiment has been repeatedly made of crossing our Greyhound bitches with the Italian dog, and no doubt some of our crack Greyhounds have in them, a portion of Italian blood. The *Lord Orford*, so renowned for his partiality to Greyhounds, and who for years together, kept fifty couple of them, never parting with a single whelp which he bred, untried, made experiment of the Italian cross, and it was said with a degree of success; a cross surely of more rational hope, than that of the *Bull Dog* which he also tried. This last whim was another proof of the eccentricity of the noble Sportsman's mind, for a more eccentric cross he could scarcely have devised, unless *Wolf* hunting had been the object, and in that case, perhaps, a cross with the *Mastiff* would have been more to the purpose.

It was said, the once famous *Dent* Greyhounds of the East Riding, Yorkshire, owed their great delicacy of skin, small ear, and fine head, to an Italian cross. The Greyhound bitch is supposed to be naturally endowed with more speed than the dog, a position which probably would not be borne out by a retrospect of the trials of the last thirty years.

According to the Author of the 'Wild Sports of the East,' the Greyhound of *India* is almost universally of a *bark* colour, and of a fiery unsociable disposition; some of them having considerable speed, but without the stoutness or power of continuance, which distinguishes the European hound. They are besides more staunch to sheep, goat or hog, than to the hare, and apparently rather of the *mongrel* or *lurcher* kind, than the genuine greyhound. This Author corrects those who doubt the degeneration of Quadrupeds in consequence of change of Climate, and asserts that, dogs of European breed become, after every successive generation, more and more similar to the *Pariah*, or indigenous dog of that Country; but he has as usual, neglected to adduce the probable intercopulations between the foreigner and the native, in the meanwhile; whilst he allows, that some breeds of European dogs preserve their native purity in India, to the eighth or ninth generation, and even

afterwards improve. The truth is, that although animals may be ill affected, and be even rendered comparatively useless by an alien and unfavourable climate, still granting the breed be preserved unmixed, the great landmarks of *species* as well as *genus*, will for ever remain. Our hounds, it seems, lose their powers under the burning Sun of India; but a successful cross has been made of the *English Mastiff* upon the *Indian Hound*, the produce succeeding well in the *Hog-hunting* of that Country.

The *Persian Greyhound*, and there is a very elegant portrait by Ward, in the *Sporting Magazine* for December 1807, of one, the property of *Lady St. George*, closely resembles the Italian in the head, face, and nose, but is not altogether of the Greyhound form in the body, which is covered with fine, silky hair, that upon the ears and tail being long. This hound has good speed, and is of a most docile and gentle disposition.

From the same source we derive the following account, illustrative of the nature of our present race of *Greyhounds*. In the month of January 1817, as Mr. Martin, jun. of Firle, near Lewes, Sussex, was walking over his grounds accompanied by his Greyhound, the dog, in passing through a gap, unkennelled a *Fox*, and pursued him so closely, that Reynard, sensible of his inability to escape by speed, embraced the first favourable situation that presented itself, for the protection of his brush; and facing about, boldly awaited the attack of his enemy, which was soon made, and a sharp battle ensued, when the fox applied the artillery of his chops so effectually, that the greyhound cowed and retreated: but on seeing reynard make a second start, his courage returned, and again urged him to the pursuit, which soon led to a renewal of the battle, on the bank of a large sewer, or dike, into which, from the fierceness of the conflict, both combatants tumbled, and there actually struggled hard for victory, which at length, again declared for the fox, he driving the greyhound smarting from the water, but not from the field of action, as the dog remained on the shore manœuvring and watching the motions of poor reynard, who had no sooner landed, in an exhausted condition, than his staunch pursuer instantly sprang upon him, and killed him without farther trouble.



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IRISH GREYHOUND.

THE IRISH GREYHOUND.

THE term GREYHOUND being derived from the Saxon, demonstrates his antiquity in these kingdoms ; and *grey* seems to be a corruption of the Saxon word, which bears no relation to colour. This dog was formerly termed *Gaze Hound*, *canis agasæus*, from his hunting entirely by sight. From the few individuals which we have seen of this species at different periods, and from many more of the crosses between the *Irish* and *English* Greyhound, we are inclined to think that the specimen here offered to the public eye, is a true representation of the original Greyhound of Ireland, meaning thereby, nearly such, in point of form and qualification, as he was, many ages since, imported from some of the *Eastern* Countries bordering on the Mediterranean. This hound is supposed by Buffon, to be the largest of the canine *Genus* : he is of the rough kind, of a fuller and thicker form than the English Greyhound, having less speed, but it may be presumed, more fierceness and greediness of blood. He is however a genuine *Gaze-Hound*, long, sharp-headed, light in the ear, and in the belly, with the tail curled, deep in the girth and breast, and hunting entirely by the eye. As has been already observed, there seems little doubt but this was the kind of Greyhound, employed in the ancient Wolf hunts of this Country. No man who has much reflected, or who is conversant on this subject, we conceive, can withhold a smile at the numerous and baseless transformations in the breeds of dogs, imagined by the celebrated *Count de Buffon* ; demonstrating to what ridiculous lengths a man will proceed, who having become the inventor of a system, feels himself under an obligation to support it.

Discoursing lately with a friend who has travelled much in France, we expressed our surprize, as indeed we had often previously done on such occasions, that so rich, populous and enlightened a Country, should have permitted wild beasts to devastate parts of it, even to the nineteenth century, when an adequate premium for destruction, must long since have entirely eradicated them. The answer was, the numerous forests and fastnesses, and extent of wild and waste country in France and the bordering countries, and particularly the want of a breed of *Dogs* endowed with sufficient powers of strength, speed and courage, to hunt, run down, and destroy the *Wolf*. This induced us to speculate on such a breed, and hereafter followeth the sum of our speculation, which we have the honour to submit, with much modesty, to the very many who understand the matter far better than ourselves---

R.---As a foundation, breed from the true old *Irish Greyhound* and the *English*

Blood Hound bitch, or the nearest and fullest sized and best nosed of the latter which can be procured. The male and female whelps of the litter, at two years of age, to be crossed by the largest and purest *English Mastiffs*. This second litter at the same age to be crossed by the genuine *English Bull-Dog*. The third litter, should they in due time prove themselves worthy of the honour, to remain an established and approved Variety of the *Wolf Hound*: but should any deficiency appear, it must be remedied by an additional cross from either of the above breeds, whether to procure an encrease of size and strength, courage, nose or speed. To establish this breed would require about eight or ten years, and being thoroughly and judiciously established, its individuals ought to be worth from twenty to fifty guineas a head. No man of experience need be told that the best keep and management are required, in breeding live stock of any kind to perfection, and that with respect to the young hounds of which we speak, constant field exercise and training would be necessary, both for the improvement of their health, and for the unfolding of those hunting properties which they would be expected to impart to their posterity. The *fox*, *badger* and *otter*, would perhaps be the most proper game to which they could be trained in this country. We have seen that certain breeds of English Dogs succeed, and even improve, in *Bengal*, as also do our English Horses; it is then probable that the new Variety proposed, in which is included all of strength, fierceness, courage, endurance and speed, which belong to the dog *genus*, might succeed likewise in that climate; and a pack of twenty or thirty couple of such prove a match for the *Royal Tyger*. At the least, a Tyger Hunt with such a Pack, would give additional confidence to the armed Hunters, encrease the sport and diminish the danger. We know that our European hounds will face the Wolf and Wild Boar; should it prove that the Variety contemplated would face the *Tyger*, it would be sufficient, since a pack of them would have force enough to engage him until he could be disposed of.

In the ancient Hunts of the *Wolf* and *Wild Boar* in this Country, the Hunters and their attendants, armed with cross-bows, swords, boar-spears and pikes, were always mounted upon horses trained for the purpose, as no untrained horse, could be forced to approach a wolf or boar, and the rider of such, from its unsteadiness, would be liable to wound it in attempting to strike with his weapon. Bloodhounds, Mastiffs and *Greyhounds*, or mixtures of these, were used in those perilous hunts, in relays and packs of considerable numbers. The dogs had generally, substantial collars for their protection, to which sometimes bells were attached, and the whole was conducted in the midst of the greatest noise, that could possibly be made by the Hunters and Dogs. To those who are only accustomed to the slow progression of the domesticated hog, the speed attributed to the wild boar, by persons who have lately seen him hunted in *France*, and other parts of the Continent, is truly surprising; it is said to require good hounds to hold way with him: but the speed, stride, and great lasting powers of the wolf are generally understood. A Wolf hunt

is often of several days continuance, and seldom finished without the maiming or destruction of part of the dogs.

The following account of ancient Coursing with Greyhounds, is extracted from Mr. *Daniel's Rural Sports*. In ancient times three several animals were coursed with *Greyhounds*; the *Deer*, the *Fox*, and the *Hare*. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly, was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts; the *Paddock*, and the *Forest* or *Purlieu*. For the *Paddock* coursing, beside the *Greyhounds*, which never exceeded two, and for the most part consisted of one brace, there was the *Teazer*, or *mongrel* Greyhound, whose business it was to drive the *Deer* forward, before the real *Greyhounds* were slipped. The *Paddock* was generally a piece of ground taken out of a *Park*, and fenced with pales or a wall; it was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but the farther end was always broader than that which the dogs started from, the better to accommodate the company in seeing which dog won the match. At the hither end was the *Dog-house*, to enclose the *Dogs* which were to run the course, which was attended by two men, one of whom stood at the door to slip the *Dogs*, the other was a little without the door, to let loose the *Teazer* to drive away the *Deer*. The *Pens* for the *Deer* intended to be coursed, were on one side, with a *Keeper* or two to turn them out; on the other side, at some distance, stood the spectators. Along the course, were placed *Posts*. The first which was next the *Dog-house* and *Pens*, was the *Law-Post*, and was distant from them, one hundred and sixty yards. The second was the *Quarter of a mile*, the third the *Half Mile*, the fourth the *Pinching Post*, and the fifth marked distance, in lieu of a post, was the *Ditch*, which was a place made so as to receive the *Deer*, and keep them from being further pursued by the *Dogs*. Near to this place were seats for the *Judges*, who were chosen to decide the *Wager*.

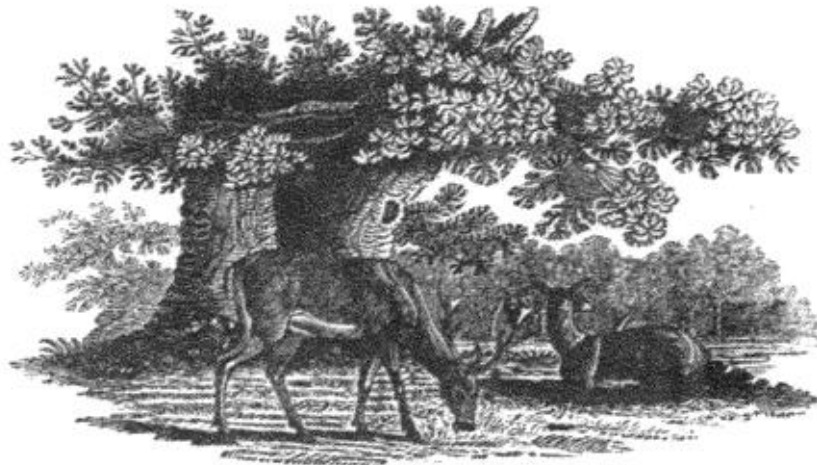
So soon as the *Greyhounds*, that were to run the match, were led into the *Dog-house*, they were delivered to the keepers, who by the *Articles of Coursing* were to see them fairly slipt; for which purpose there was round each *Dog's* neck, a *falling collar* which slipt through rings. The *Owners* of the *Dogs* drew lots which dog should have the wall, that there should be no advantage; the *Dog-house* door was then shut, and the keeper turned out the *Deer*; after the *Deer* had gone about twenty yards, the person who held the *Teazer* loosed him, to force the *Deer* forward; and when the *Deer* was got to the *Law Post*, the *Dogs* were led out from the *Dog-house* and slipped. If the *Deer* swerved before he got to the *Pinching Post*, so that his head was judged to be nearer the *Dog-house* than the *Ditch*, it was deemed no match, and was to be run again, three days after; but if there were no such swerve, and the *Deer* ran straight, until he went beyond the *Pinching Post*, then that *Dog* which was nearest the *Deer*, should he swerve, gained the contest; if no swerve happened, then that dog which leaped the *Ditch* first was

the Victor ; if any disputes arose, they were referred to the *Articles* of the Course and determined by the Judges.

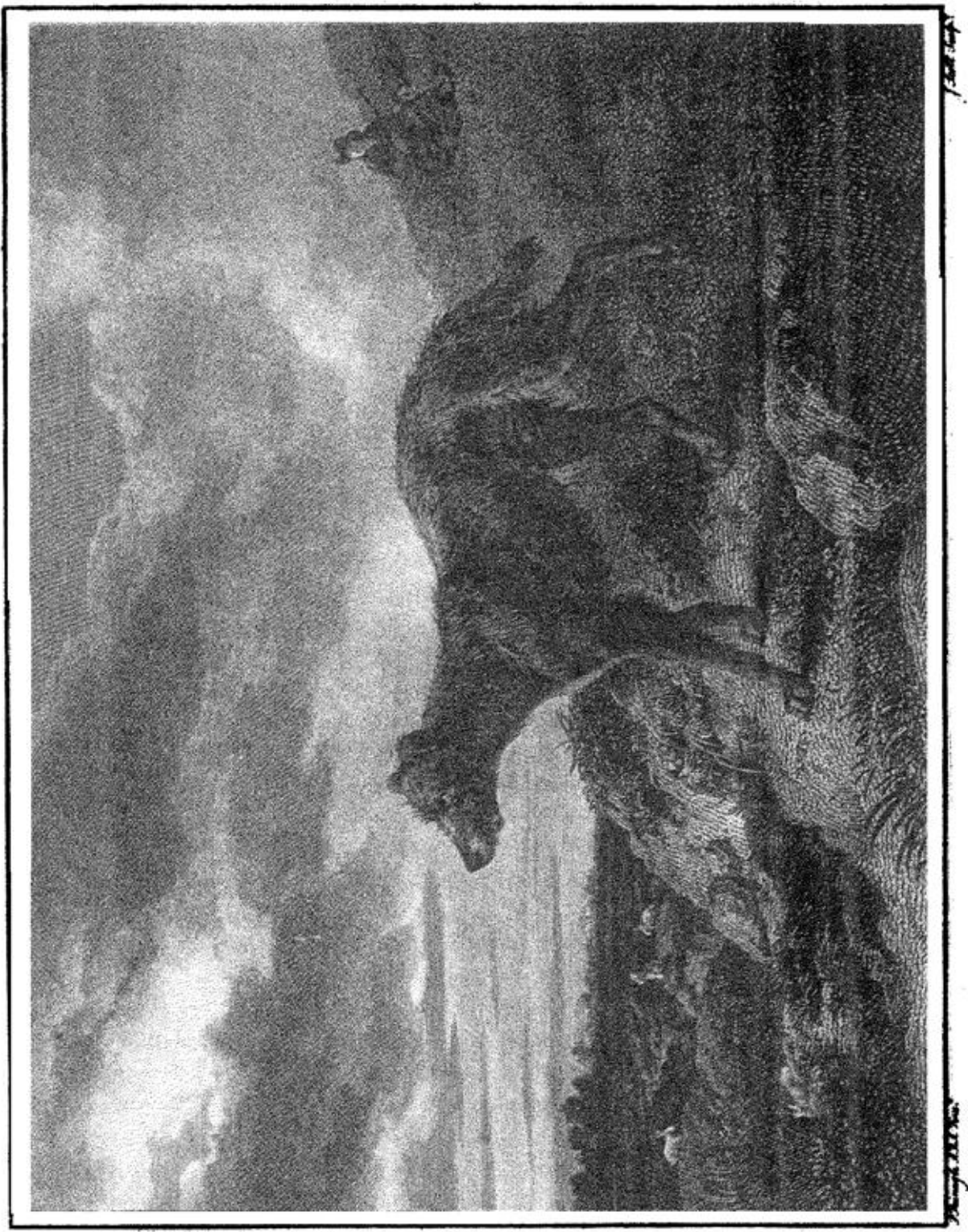
In the days of *Elizabeth*, when she was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed as to see the coursing of Deer with Greyhounds. At *Cowdrey* in *Sussex*, the seat of *Lord Montacute*, A. D. 1591, one day after dinner, the Queen saw from a Turret, “ sixteen *Bucks* all having fayre lawe, pulled down with Greyhounds in a *Laund* or *Laun*.” On an occasion like this, whatever we may think of the magnanimity and high spirit of the Sovereign, we cannot say much in favour of the feminine softness and humanity of the *Virgin Queen*. Sixteen harmless, panting, and trembling animals, torn down by beasts of prey, to give delight to a female heart !

The *laws of Coursing* were arranged and established by the Duke of Norfolk, in this Queen’s Reign. They have formed the basis and precedent of all subsequent laws on the same subject.

In coursing the *Fox*, no other art was necessary but to get the wind, and stand close on the outside of the wood, whence he was expected to come, and to give him law enough, or he instantly returned back to the Cover ; the slowest Greyhounds were speedy enough to overtake him, and all the hazard was the Fox spoiling the Dog, which frequently happened ; for the most part, the Greyhounds used for this course were hard-biting Dogs that would seize any thing.



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LURCHER.

Pub. by the Government of the United States, Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, Washington, D.C., 1900.

THE LURCHER.

THE *Tattler* speaking of men who *lurk*, or lie in wait for their prey, makes the following comparison---“ I cannot represent these worthies more naturally, than under the shadow of a pack of Dogs, made up of finders, *lurchers* and setters.” Such is a leading trait in the character of the LURCHER, doubtless the *Teazer* of ancient times, employed to drive the Deer which were to be coursed by *Greyhounds*.

The *Lurcher* is mostly of a yellow and white colour, but there are some dark and brindled, and of a wolfish appearance. They were originally a cross between the *Greyhound* and *Sheep-dog*, perhaps repeated with respect to the former, and have the shaggy coat of the latter; and in former times, being of higher repute than of late, they were preserved in a state of purity, and bred from as an established Variety. At length, the breed becoming unfashionable, and getting into the hands of inferior Sportsmen and Poachers, was neglected in respect of its original purity, and changed by a variety of crosses. However, to constitute a *lurcher*, the greyhound face and form must predominate. Many of this breed will hunt by the scent, as well as sight, perhaps in consequence of some hound or spaniel cross, and have activity enough to run and snap up rabbits that are at any tolerable distance from their earths. The best of them have speed enough for coursing the Hare, and although we are not aware that such a plan was ever thought of, there is no doubt of their making good *harriers*, and hunting her also, as far as killing with certainty, though they might prove a silent pack. The *Lurcher* is endowed by nature with great sagacity and subtlety, and is easily trained to any of those manœuvres necessary to the purposes for which he is employed. For example, being in the hands of poachers, during their nocturnal expeditions, in quest of a provision of hares for the market, the nets being fixed at the gates, and the wires at the meuses, the *lurcher* is dispatched by a word to scour the field, paddock or plantation; when, running mute, he effects his business in a manner quite consonant with the views and interests of his employers. He is also equal to higher pursuits by night, and was formerly used by the Deer-stealers, to course the fallow deer, which having taken and pulled down, he returned to his master and conducted him to the fallen game. This kind of dog was formerly said to be susceptible of the tricks and subtleties of the *Tumbler*, and is usually taught to fetch and carry. He inherits his full share of the patience and fidelity of the Shepherd's Dog, fulfilling sufficiently the duties of this last, whenever applied to them; notwithstanding which, untrained and neglected, no dog is a more

dangerous enemy to sheep than the Lurcher. He is distinguished by his affection to man, which he demonstrates by the cringing and fawning of the spaniel, taking correction, unresistingly and with the utmost submission: this last trait in his character, however, admits of an exception, as to those Lurchers in which there may have been a Mastiff or Terrier cross, which make good Drovers' dogs, and are calculated for purposes which require strength and resolution as well as considerable activity and cunning.

The following curious relation, in which a *Lurcher* signalized himself characteristically, but fatally, we had from a sporting clergyman, of one of the *Midland Counties*. A gentleman kept a pack of five and twenty couple of good hounds, among which were some of the highest bred modern *Fox-hounds*, and some as near to the old *Blood-hound*, as could be procured. They were high-fed and underworked, in course somewhat riotous. One day after a sharp run of considerable length, in which the whole field, Huntsmen, Whipper-in and all, were suddenly thrown out, *Reynard*, in running up a hedgerow, was espied by a *Lurcher*, accompanying the farmer his master. The dog instantly ran at the chase, and being fresh, chopped upon it as he would have done upon a rabbit or hare. The fox turned and fought bravely, and whilst the farmer was contemplating with astonishment this singular combat, he was destined to behold a spectacle still more admirable—the hounds arrived in full cry, and with indiscriminate fury, tore both the combatants to pieces, the Whipper-in, and the proprietor of the pack, and two or three Gentlemen the best mounted, arriving in time to whip the dogs off, obtain the brush, and pick up some scattered remnants of the limbs and carcase of the poor lurcher!

Another remarkable instance of combat between the dog and the Fox, occurred near Wood Ridden, on Epping Forest, Essex, in March 1806: Mr. Frisby, and Mr. Gardner, in company with a few friends, were coursing on the Forest, with a brace of Greyhounds, when Mr. Gardner's Bitch made a full stop at a bush in a field adjoining the Forest. One of the party beating the bush, started a Fox, which the Greyhounds instantly pursued, and coming up with him, he turned upon Mr. Frisby's black dog, and biting him severely, the dog turned tail; when Mr. Gardner's Bitch seized the Fox and held him, until a servant caught fast hold on him by the nape of the neck. *Reynard* taken in this uncommon manner, was presented to Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall, who, keeping Fox hounds, reserved him for a day's sport.

Although the *Lurcher* has for a long time, retained no place in regular Sporting estimation, and the breed has greatly decreased from the jealousy of Sportsmen, yet his history is necessarily connected with that of the *Greyhound*, and any circumstances omitted in relation to the latter, will not be much out of place here. We recollect an outlying Deer in *Essex* which was coursed and pulled down by a couple of *Lurchers*, at which period, the personal mischief to be apprehended from

the Deer on certain occasions, chanced to be mentioned, and was doubted and ridiculed. The public had last Month (November 1819) a fatal conviction of this kind---an inquisition was taken at Bromeswell, by Mr. Wood, jun. on the body of Mr. *R. Owles*, who was killed the preceding morning by a *red Deer*, the property of Mr. *J. Stammers*, of *Melton, Suffolk*. The Deer having attacked Mr. Owles, in the sight of two women, together with the shocking appearance of the body, left no doubt whatever upon the minds of the Jury, as to the cause of his death, and they returned their verdict accordingly, making the deer a deodand, and Mr. Stammers, at the unanimous request of the Jury, promised to shoot the animal immediately.

We have already touched on the comparative speed of the *Horse* and *Dog*, remarking at the same time that, in the possible trials, the horse has always weight to carry. An accidental occurrence in 1800, served to throw some light upon this matter. A match was made between a Horse and Mare, to be run over Doncaster Course for one hundred guineas; but the Horse paying forfeit, the Mare had to go over the Course, according to the established rule, to make good the bet; and having cantered about a mile, a *Greyhound Bitch* started from the side of the Course, and emulously challenged the Racer at a trial of speed. The Jockey *smoking the bitch's gig*, determined to humour it, and loosed the mare, which being also *up to it*, laid her ears, and striding away, the bitch doing the same, they were both soon nearly at all they could do. They ran thus almost head to head, the remaining three miles, the Jockey sometimes moving his reins, and hissing his mare along, and at the Ending Post, beating his singular antagonist but by about a head. This extemporaneous race was also marked by one of the most regular and important features of the Course; it was attended by betting. At the *Distance Post*, five to four were betted on the Greyhound, when they reached the *Stand* it was even betting, Greyhound or Mare.

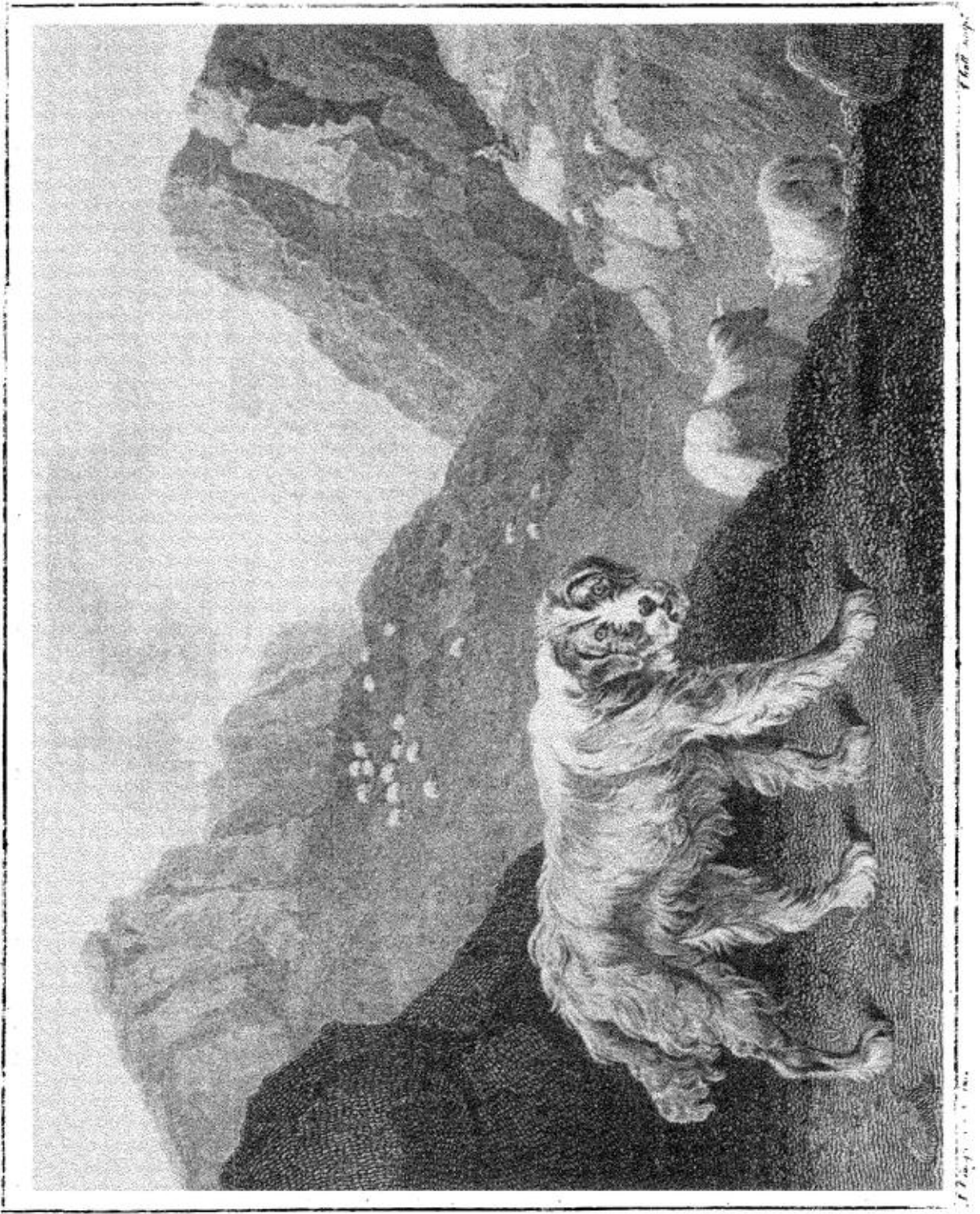
A Traveller gives the following account of the system of Coursing which prevails in the Island of Cyprus, one of the native regions of the Greyhound---In this place, I had the pleasure of seeing a Cyprian Hunting or Coursing Match; and that at which I was present, was none of the least brilliant, as it was the Governor's. Having arrived at a spacious plain, interspersed with clumps of Mulberry Trees, some ruins, and thick bushes, the Sportsmen began to form a ring, in order to inclose the Game. The barrier consisted of guards on horseback, with Dogs placed in the intervals. The Ladies of the greatest distinction in *Nicosia*, with a multitude of other people, stood upon a little hill, which I ascended also. The Governor and his Suite were posted in different parts of the plain, and as soon as the appointed moment arrived, the Hunt was opened with the sound of Musical Instruments; part of the Dogs were then let loose, which, ranging through the bushes and underwood, sprung a great number of *Rails*, *Partridges* and *Woodcocks*. The Governor began the sport by bringing down one of the Birds, his Suite followed

his example, and the winged tribe, into whatever quarter they flew, were sure of meeting with instant death. I was struck with the tranquillity of these *stationary* Dogs, for, notwithstanding the instinct by which they were spurred on, not one of them quitted his post; but the rest ran about in the pursuit of the Game. The scene was now changed, a *Hare* started up from a bush, the Dogs pursued, and while the former made a thousand turnings in order to escape, she every where found an opponent; she however often defeated the *Greyhounds*, and I admired, in such cases, the sagacity of these animals, which disdain the assistance of those that were young and unexperienced, consequently liable to be deceived, waited until some of the cunning old ones opened the way for them; and then the whole plain was in motion. When the poor animal was just ready to become a prey to its enemies, the Governor rushed forward, and throwing a stick which he held in his hand, before the *Greyhounds*, they all stopped, and not one ventured to pass this signal. One of the swift *Greyhounds* being then let loose, pursued the *Hare*, and having come up with it, carried it back, and jumping upon the neck of the Governor's Horse, placed it before him. The Governor took it in his arms, and delivering it to one of his officers, gave him orders, if it continued alive, to shut it up in his Park, where he maintains a great many prisoners of the same kind. I admired above all, the discipline of the *Greyhounds*, and the humanity of the Governor, who thought it his duty to preserve an animal which had afforded him so much pleasure.

We admire, equally with our Traveller, the steady discipline of the stop *Greyhounds*, beside having another subject of at least equal admiration in both the *Governor* and the *Traveller's* notions of humanity. We conceive that more real humanity would have been shewn, in knocking instantly on the head, the poor, frightened, and probably lacerated victim, than to reserve it for future sufferings.



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SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

IN the accompanying Plate, the Artist has done eminent justice to his subject, that ancient *species* of the *Canine genus*, the SHEEP-DOG. The soft, mild, and inoffensive countenance, indicative of true breed in this species, together with the lopped ear, small nose, and prominent under-jaw, are admirably portrayed. As much may be said for the figure of the animal as a whole, that *wolfish* appearance and gait, and peculiar position of the advanced foreleg. It is a portrait from the life, but we are unacquainted with the original. It brings to our recollection, from similarity of figure and countenance, a valuable sheep-dog called *Shepherd*, which we saw some years since, at the late Sir *Lawrence Palk's*, at *Haldon, Devon*.

This is the *species* which Buffon selected as the foundation of his *hypothesis*, and which he assumed to be the *archetype* of the canine genus, the *Adam of Dogs*, from which every Species and Variety has descended. Other speculators have supposed the Sheep-dog derived from the *Wolf*, a conjecture in all probability, founded on appearance merely, and indeed not of the most fortunate kind, the very opposite dispositions of the two animals considered; that the Shepherd's-dog is the most ancient race of the *genus*, is well ascertained from History, and at the same time, the most universal; the Shepherds of all nations of the old World, having been provided with dogs of similar species and qualification with those we now describe.

If we may give credit to the position which seems to have passed current through a number of books, this dog, like certain Ministers of State and Generals, is a *heaven-born* genius, coming into this world fully qualified by nature for his business, and requiring no training whatever, like other animals. Granting it be the case in this country, we scarcely believe that such an opinion can be received upon the Continent, where the duty of a Shepherd's Dog is so laborious, severe, and complicated. The truth we apprehend to be, that, this race has a strong natural instinct or predisposition to *keeping*, or watching and preserving any thing that comes under its observation, which joined with its patience, mildness, and gentleness of disposition, indicated to the enquiring faculties of man, their use as keepers of sheep. Their sagacity, docility, and powerful attachment to home and to their master and protector, aided by their grand natural propensity, render the teaching them their duty an easy and pleasant task, that which with other breeds of dogs, is generally so laborious, and attended with such disgusting severity. The young sheep dogs, in truth, will generally be entered and instructed by their elders, with

very little extra instruction from the shepherd. Upon the Continent the labour of the dog is incessant, from the minute division of the flocks and the absence of fences, where he may have to confine his charge to a narrow slip of land. The habits and training of the Continental Sheep Dog are, in one, which ought to be a very important view, far superior to those of ours. They are not taught to chase, worry and bite the sheep, as is too much the practice in this country; but are allowed to display, on all occasions, their natural kindness and affection to their charge, in consequence of which, the sheep, far from having any fear or apprehension of harm from the dogs which guard them, ever look upon them as natural associates and protectors, and fly towards them on every occasion of alarm. Nor are the foreign dogs, on account of this tenderness, in the slightest degree, less useful than ours, probably they are far more so; and will perform every necessary manœuvre of driving, stopping, separating the flock, or singling out an individual, with equal dexterity and dispatch with the British, and far less of harrassing and affright to the sheep.

It must be conceded however, that the treatment of sheep in *Britain*, although objectionable enough in most parts of the Country, is no where so gross and unfeeling, as in the large Towns, and most particularly in the *Metropolis*, where those timid animals are chased, and worried, and torn with the utmost and unnecessary wantonness by the Drovers' dogs, a sort of mixed breed between the *Shepherd*, *Cur*, *Mastiff*, and *Lurcher*, a very useful breed no doubt, but of qualities varying in proportion to their mixture of breeds, and considerably different from those of the parent stock.

The Shepherd's Dog is said to have been preserved in its original purity of species, in the *Highland's of Scotland*, and in the most uncultivated parts of *Wales*. In fact, such is most likely to be the case, in all open Countries, where the Sheep Husbandry necessarily predominates, and where this dog is of the greatest account, his services being indispensable, and the trust reposed in him so great. He is truly a wonder of his species; with an appearance of somnolency, of heaviness and indolence, he is all alive, and active, and energetic, when inspired by a sense of duty, or directed by the commands of his master, the slightest indications of which, are sufficient for his ready comprehension. He is the most contented of all the canine race, the least given to wandering, or attention to strange pursuits or to strangers, his whole faculties appearing completely absorbed in that employment to which he is destined. Without the external signs of robustness, he is able to endure the greatest hardships, defying hunger, wet and cold, and the shivering blasts of winter, in the Wilderness, upon the Mountain, and in those dreary wilds, where if the shepherd ventures, he treads with cautious and perilous steps.

This species has generally, but not universally, one or two supernumerary *toes* upon the hinder feet, sometimes on one foot only. The same peculiarity attends some of the larger Spaniels and Pointers. These spare toes are quite useless, being

void of muscular power, and hanging from the hinder part of the leg. They are no otherwise an impediment, but as they are liable to be torn by briars, and may be clipped off with sharp scissars, before the whelp can see.

Of all the various Species, there are none of which so many stories have been related of sagacity, fidelity and attachment to human nature, as of the *Newfoundland* and the *Shepherd's Dog*; some of these are well authenticated. The authenticity of the following, extracted from the *Sporting Magazine* for November 1819, we have no doubt may be relied on. Some time since, a person living in *Yorkshire*, purchased a large flock of sheep from the County of *Durham*: after several days travel, the Shepherd, named *Andrew*, set out about ten miles to meet them, accompanied by his old friend, his dog *Trusty*. The sheep being all safely brought home, and driven into a large home-stead field, until a convenient opportunity should occur of dividing them into smaller flocks, *Trusty* was left with them all night, as a guard. On *Andrew* visiting the field next morning, to his great surprise and mortification, he missed fifteen of the sheep, together with poor *Trusty*! "Gads blood!" said *Andrew*, "what noo? weel I'll e'en leave it to *Trusty*, for he'll ne'er leave them, sar long as he has a pad to tread on." At the end of two days and three nights, old *Andrew's* ears were gladdened by the barking of *Trusty*, who was then entering a corner of the Village in the rear of the whole fifteen runaways, and driving them before him with great care. It is impossible to ascertain the distance they must have gone, as they had much Wold Country to run over.

Some years since, in the month of *Februáry*, as Mr. Boulstead's son, of Great Salfield in Cumberland, was attending the sheep of his father upon the Commons of that parish, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was then at the distance of three miles from home, no chance of any person's coming within call, in so unfrequented a place, and evening fast approaching: in this dreadful dilemma, suffering extreme pain from the fracture, and lying upon the damp ground at so dreary a season of the year, his agitated spirits suggested to him the following expedient---folding one of his gloves in his pocket-handkerchief, he fastened it round the neck of the dog, and rather emphatically ordered him home!" These dogs, trained so admirably to orders and signals, during their attendance upon the flock, are well known to be under the strictest subjection, and to execute the commands of their masters, with an alacrity scarcely to be conceived.

Perfectly convinced of some, to him inexplicable disquietude, from the situation in which his master laid, he set off at a pace which soon brought him to the house, where he scratched with great violence at the door for immediate admittance. This obtained, the parents were in the utmost consternation at his appearance, and much more, when they had examined the contents of the handkerchief upon the dog's neck. Instantly concluding that some accident had befallen their son, they did not delay a moment going in search of him, and the faithful dog, con-

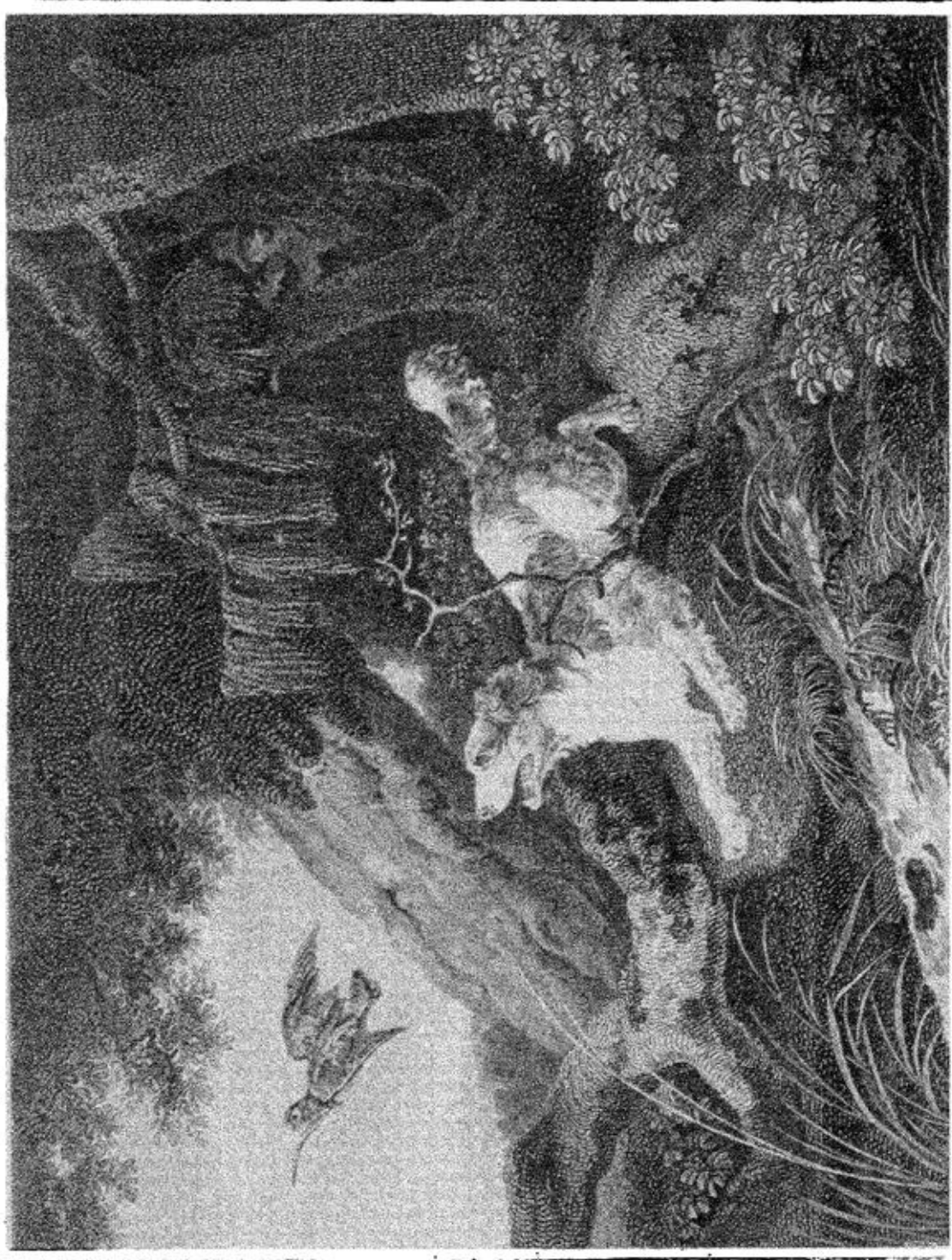
scious that the principal part of his duty was yet to be performed, anxiously led the way, and conducted the agitated parents to the spot where their son laid, overwhelmed with pain, increased by the awful uncertainty of his situation. By good hap the search was successfully effected before the day was entirely spent, when the young man, being removed to his home, his recovery ensued in the usual course, and he was afterwards, and such pleasure may extend to the present moment, never more pleasingly engaged, than when reciting the sagacity and affection of his faithful follower and constant companion.

In a late occurrence near *Guildford* in *Surrey*, the shepherd-dog made an erroneous and most unfortunate use of his peculiar instinctive faculty. A flock of sheep in a field were driven by a dog into a pit; the dog it may be presumed, instinctively feeling it his duty to keep and guard them as in a place of safety, confined them, we believe, throughout the night. In the morning, between one and two hundred of them were found smothered to death, from being wedged so closely together.

The following relation we had from the well known *Running Shepherd*, during our former residence in *Middlesex*. A farmer who lived near *Harrow-weald Common*, purchased a lot of sheep at *Kingston Fair*, of a jobber in that vicinity, and one of the conditions was, that the Jobber's dog, to which the farmer took a particular fancy, should be thrown into the bargain. The farmer took home his sheep and dog, committing the flock, at evening tide, to the care of the latter. On rising in the morning to inspect his new purchase, to his astonishment and mortification, he could see neither sheep nor dog, but very plainly which way they escaped, the gate of the field being wide open. The supposition that they were stolen was heart-breaking to him, being a man in narrow circumstances. Having searched the neighbourhood in vain, it very properly occurred to him, that his next search ought to be in the direction whence the sheep came, and he found them all safe and sound within a few miles of *Kingston*, the faithful dog driving them soberly and carefully along, towards the residence of his old Master.



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F. Carrington

A. Kingsley & Co. Print

SPRINGER.

Published by the American Art Union, New York, N.Y., 1854.

SPANIELS---THE SPRINGER.

THE SPANIEL, or the *finder* and *bringer*, belongs to a species of great antiquity, *finders* having been used in the most ancient hunting and coursing, of which History has given us any account. The term *spaniel* has been supposed to be derived from *Spain*, thence the assumption that, the breed itself was also derived from that Country; a conjecture indeed rendered very probable, from the number and excellence of these animals immemorially there bred. From whatever Country they may have been originally obtained, there is no doubt that they were imported very early into this, Spaniels or finders being named in all the ancient *Field Sports; hunting, coursing, shooting, netting and falconry.*

Mr. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, an admirable Work, which will go down with increased reputation to posterity, makes the following remarks on the general qualities of our *British Dogs*. "The different and inherent qualities of our Dogs, are not to be matched in other Nations; those in Europe do justice to their superiority, adopting our terms and names, and thankfully receiving them as choice presents. Remarkable however it is, that almost every kind of British dog, degenerates in foreign climates, nor is it possible by any art whatever to prevent it."

Now, we really think that, the respectable and experienced author has in this instance, not at all degenerated from the true *British* character, which we ought not to deny, since it is apparent to all the rest of the world, is and ever has been, in a considerable degree, inclined to the *boastful*. The current story of the degeneration of our valuable animals, in all other countries, as far as our experience and analogies will reach, we feel much inclined to attribute to the old source, good old *English* prejudice. In good truth, we have been obliged to foreign Countries for almost every thing valuable which we possess, and more especially our *Dogs* and *Horses*. That we have improved them indeed, is a legitimate boast, and that our management of them is greatly superior to that of all other nations in the world. On this account, they may well be acceptable presents and purchases, upon the Continent; where, if they degenerate, it is by reason of wretched and defective management, and a want of that kind of food, and peculiar method of feeding, to which they have been bred. On a change of Masters indeed, they are equally apt to degenerate, for the same causes, in their own country. The little sporting there is upon the Continent, is of a character so essentially different to ours, that the degeneracy of English Dogs under it, is at no rate, matter of wonder. We had ample information, many years ago, of the vast numbers of fine *English* Horses which *degenerated* in *France*, in other words, were annually murdered by

the most execrable management, and yet certain of our noble *Veterinarians* have been the strong advocates of the tactics of the *French* school. The case, however, was essentially altered on the access of the *Anglomania* in that Country, and when the *Duc d'Orleans*, still better known as *Citoyen Egalite*, began to breed and train for the Course. Degeneration then ceased, and not only did the English Racer preserve his health, condition, and spirit, and act up to his true *English* character, but his posterity, the *French bred* racing stock, were found in a good place upon the Turf, when opposed to imported *English Racers*. With respect to the *matchless* 'inherent qualities' of our Dogs, we apprehend we must, for truth and impartiality sake, recede a little. To adduce the *Spaniel*, our present subject, we must own we never witnessed in any *English* dog of this species, that sagacity, and if such a phrase be allowed, intellectual power, as in the *French* or Continental *Spaniel*. To one of these which we knew seven years since, of the large and curly variety, which was named *Dejovani*, it would have been impossible for the most confirmed sceptic on that score, to have denied the almost full possession of the reasoning faculty. We really believe, he wanted nothing but the gift of speech, to place him nearly upon a level with his master in point of intellect, and in that respect, cannot help supposing that, there may have been even Ministers of State and Senators not greatly his superiors. The qualities of his heart also, were fully equal to those of his head; he was void of all offence, and not only most faithful and affectionate to his master, and courageous in his service, but it seemed the pleasure of his existence, to please and serve every one else. Sporting out of the question, and with respect to the dogs destined to useful purposes, for example draught and keeping sheep, we are doubtless greatly excelled upon the Continent.

Spaniels are divided into two Species, the *land* and the *water Spaniel*. The land spaniel, of which particularly we now treat, is divided into three chief Varieties---The **SPRINGER**, or large spaniel, the small or *Cocking Spaniel*, and the small, delicate domestic spaniel, or *Comforter*. From these have issued almost endless subdivisions and varieties, the result of fortuitous, whimsical, and capricious intermixtures of breed, bearing indeed the external appearance of spaniels, but to be considered as mere fancy-dogs, a breed always too numerous. The Royal Variety, or King Charles's breed, doubtless belonging to the family of *Cockers*; black, or black and white in colour, their chief characteristic being the black roof of the mouth, is perhaps, by this time, entirely worn out as to original purity, although some few may remain which bear that name. It is to be presumed, the favourite dogs saved from a watery grave by the humane *Duke of York*, afterwards James the Second, were part of them, of this breed. The ship was sinking, which the Royal Duke had left, and although his Royal Highness could admit no more two-legged animals, commonly called *men*, into the boat, yet he called out lustily to save, and took in his four-legged favourites; the sinking seamen taking their leave most loyally with three cheers.

Spaniels are generally rough coated or long flued, and in probability, such is one of their original characteristics, the smooth coats of some, being the consequence of a cross in the breed. The qualifications of the two principal varieties, *Springers* and *Cockers*, are nearly the same, differing but in degree, the former being of most use in a Country, and on occasions, when size is required; the latter more active, perhaps having a finer nose, and threading the low and thick covert, with less difficulty, than a dog which stands higher upon the leg. These last indeed are almost exclusively the kind of dogs for Covert shooting, as the poet was well and experimentally aware.---

But, if the shady woods my cares employ,
 In quest of feather'd game my Spaniels beat,
 Puzzling th' entangled copse; and from the brake,
 Push forth the whirring Pheasant; high in air
 He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
 With hasty wing. Soon, from the uplifted tube,
 The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
 O'ertakes him, and, with many a giddy whirl,
 To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

The true Spaniel is distinguished by the silkiness of his *flue*, his pendulous and fringed ear, clear eye, moist nose and fringed tail. He is used both as a *fowler* and a *hunter*; in *Pheasant*, *Partridge*, *Cock*, and *Snipe* shooting, and as a finder in *coursing* and *hare hunting*, although a Cry of Spaniels is not at present thought so essential to those sports, as in former days; indeed many Sportsmen of the present day, whether in shooting or hunting, habitually attached to the Pointer and Hound, affect entirely to discard the babbling Spaniel. This however is too strong a prejudice, as the utility of the spaniel is undoubted in thick and difficult coverts, copses and rows, which neither Pointer nor Setter can penetrate, nor perhaps even the large Springer, which partakes too much of their nature and size, for such puzzling and thorny labours. The small spaniels should yet have considerable substance and bone, and by no means be over legged, and granting them true bred, a little harshness of the coat is no disadvantage, as such are more hardy and fearless of the thicket. The very delicate and small, or carpet spaniels, have exquisite nose, and will hunt truly and pleasantly, but are neither fit for a long day, nor a thorny covert. The grand or *questing* quality of the Spaniel, is well known, and his bustling and constant activity. The pleasure which his nature affords him, in the occupation of hunting out the game, he demonstrates by the perpetual motion, or *feathering* of his tail, which increases and becomes more tremulous and nervously affected, the nearer he approaches the object of his search. The scent of the game becoming still more hot and stimulating, on a nearer approach, he begins to whimper, as when playing with you at home; and in the instant of finding, he gives tongue in the loudest key, expressing by voice and action, the highest degree

of exultation, and under such circumstances, it would be even more difficult to stop the clack of a cry of spaniels, than that of a score of the Ladies of Billingsgate, or of those at a *Rout* of the *haut ton* !

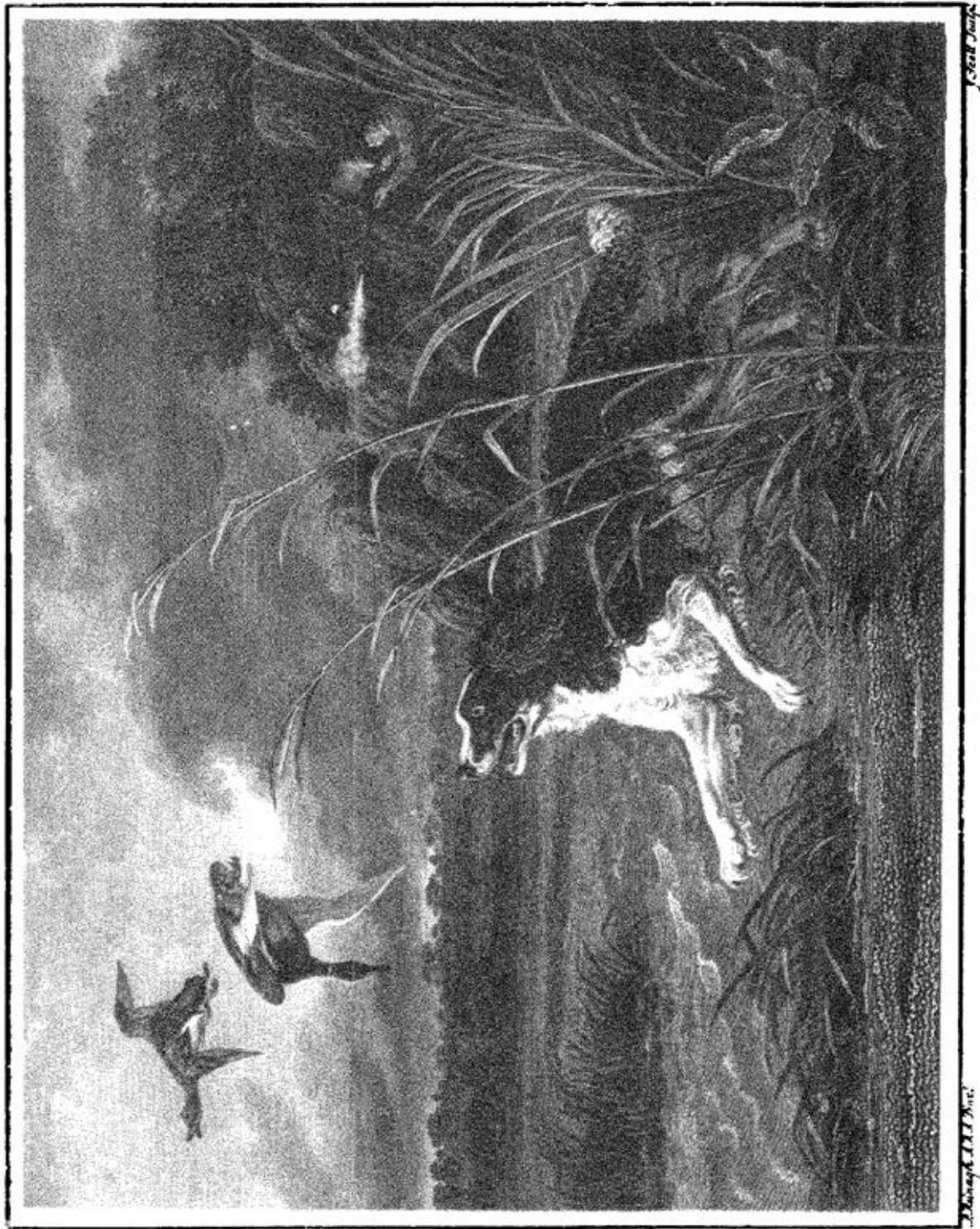
The training of Spaniels is comparatively easy ; and in the field, the chief object is to keep them within bounds and call, as much as possible, and to repress in due degree, their incessant activity, to keep pace with which, the Sportsman had need partake somewhat of their active nature.

The largest *Springers* were, some years since, and probably may at present, be found in *Sussex*. The *Cockers* are supposed to have originated in a cross between the Springer, and the small Water Spaniel, and are distinguished from the large Spaniel, by a more compact, shorter and rounder head, deeper and more curly flew, and longer ears. The Spaniel colours are various, *yellow, liver-coloured, red, brown, white ; black-tan with tanned legs and muzzle* : these last hues denote a Terrier cross. The Springer is often crossed and deteriorated by the Hound and Pointer : in fact, the whimsical, random and injudicious crossing the breeds of our domestic animals in general, is the lamentable cause of the Country being overburthened with such numbers of profitless and useless mongrels of every description. They who are not qualified systematic breeders, had far better adhere to the settled races which they find, and endeavour to convince themselves of the foolery of *dabbling*, and that it is no light undertaking to raise a new animal Variety which shall merit and experience permanence.

Twenty years ago, His Grace the *Duke of Marlborough* was reputed to possess the smallest and best breed of *Cockers* in *Britain* : they were invariably *red* and *white*, with very long ears, short noses and black eyes.



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John G. Thompson

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WATER SPANIEL.

Published by the American Society of Animal Husbandry, Washington, D.C.

THE WATER SPANIEL.

WE have two Varieties of the *Water-Dog*, the one so called, the other, the **WATER SPANIEL**. We cannot give assent, to the common conjectures on the origin of these two divisions of the species. It has been supposed that, the Water Dog has been obtained in this Country, from a cross between the *Arctic* or *Greenland* Dog, and an *English* bitch ; and the Water Spaniel from the union of the *Springer* or land Spaniel, and the *Water Dog*. We feel more inclined to the conjecture that, both these Varieties are of far longer standing than the above account would seem to indicate, and that we imported our water as well as land Spaniels, from the *Southern* part of *Europe*, and our *Water Dogs* from the Northern. It is certain that in Spain and Italy, they have ever had distinct Varieties of the Land and Water Spaniel, and also that, on the opposite and more Northern parts of the Continent, they have Water Dogs like ours, which in truth, have a foreign appearance. We apprehend the derivation of the latter from the *Greenland Dog*, to be far fetched indeed ; that dog, at first sight, exhibiting the general features of the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, and the *Pug*, all so extremely opposite to any to be discovered in the Water Dog, which evidently bears the external characters of the Spaniel. There is indeed, far more of probability in the supposed origin of the Water Spaniel, from the Springer and Water Dog, the Water Spaniel wearing the face and ear, and somewhat of the form and air of the Springer, together with the Water Dog's curly coat ; so that at any rate, there can be but little doubt but Water Spaniels might be manufactured by such a cross. All true spaniels will readily enough take to the water, though all of them will not hunt in water as their proper element, the apparent innate quality, of those which have the *roughest coats* ; a distinction which it may be presumed was originally established by nature herself.

The old Writers, whimsical, paradoxical, and absurd, upon all sorts of subjects, make us a present of the following precious rules, whereby to judge by the colours, of the perfections of the Water Spaniel, *videlicet---the black is the best and the hardiest ; brown the next in degree ; the spotted or pied the quickest of scent ; the liver-coloured the most rapid in swimming, and most eager in pursuit ; the liver-coloured and white hath the best eyes ; and the black with white feet the most courage*. There is no doubt we believe, that generally, the darkest coloured animals are the most hardy, and *vice versa*.

Of the form of the *Water Spaniel* prescribed by the sages aforesaid, we shall not presume to speak contemptuously : his head should be round, with curled hair,

his ears broad and hanging, his eyes full and lively, his nose short, his lips like unto a hound's, his neck thick and short, his shoulders broad, his legs straight, his chine square, his ribs with a compass (hooped,) his buttocks round, his thighs brawny, his belly gaunt, his pasterns strong and dew-clawed, and his fore feet long and round, with his hair, in general, long and curled, not loose and shagged ; for the first sheweth hardiness and strength to endure the water, and the other much tenderness and weakness.

The *size* of the Water Spaniel should be a medium between the Springer and Cocker, but perhaps with more general length than the latter, as we have observed, that dogs with a reasonable length, swim with greater speed. The education of this dog, is an affair of considerably more consequence than that of the land Spaniel ; nevertheless such is the natural docility and kindness of this whole race, that with judicious management, their training is rather a matter of diversion and amusement than of difficulty, if pursued for a sufficient length of time, with kindness and patience, and with the avoidance of every thing like unnecessary severity.

The first objects in training the Water Spaniel are, to teach him to *fetch* and *carry*, and to give him a *tender mouth*. Without the first qualification he can be of no use, and with it, if hard mouthed, half his usefulness is lost : for in bringing us the fowl he will so tear and deform them, that they will be scarcely fit for the table. It matters not how early the puppy be taken in hand, or rather the earlier the better, provided his lessons be not too long and oppressive, so as to damp his ardour and impede his growth. Particularly, he ought not to be compelled in this early state, to swim any great length, or to remain too long in the water at any time, far less in cold weather. There is one very sound and wholesome rule of the old school, applicable indeed to the training of all animals---in teaching *always to use the same words to denote the same things*. The words short and few : for example—*down!*—*hie on!*—*back!*—*hie!*—*lost!* dead silence being the order in *Fowling*, the necessity is obvious for but a few comprehensive words. The last of these commands is of the most consequence, and always the most difficult to inculcate in the mind of the dog, and being perfect in that particular, is the highest qualification of the Water Dog : the old proverb, that *too many Cooks spoil the broth*, is perfectly applicable to this case ; for it frequently happens, when a puppy of this description is trained in a family among several young men, each ambitious of shewing his skill as a dog-breaker, that the spaniel is confused and frightened, and seems to comprehend no part of his business correctly. An animal should have but one teacher, in order to qualify him for any number of masters in future.

The routine of instruction is mighty simple, and which we have personally, practised with the utmost success. Take the *youngster* to the side of a river, or piece of Water, not encumbered with heavy weeds, nor bounded by high and difficult banks. Some of the best bred puppies will take the water instantly upon

approaching it, even probably as soon as able to leave the bitch, and as naturally plunging into that element, as a hatch of young ducks. Others will just step in up to their bellies, and after looking about them awhile, retire to land. But these will soon be taught to take water, and the more easily, if they already fetch and carry. This last manœuvre, every one almost who possesses a dog, is in the habit of teaching him, and an old glove is one of the most proper implements. The next is to *couch* and lie *close* upon the ground, without stirring or making the least noise, until permission to rise be given. To *back*, or retire behind the *Gunner*, for the teacher should have his gun with him, is easily taught, walking up and down by the water side. The dog will thus also be accustomed to the Gun and its use. The *hie on* may also be taught in the same place, and the dog's attention directed to search. The *hie lost* must obviously be postponed until actual service.

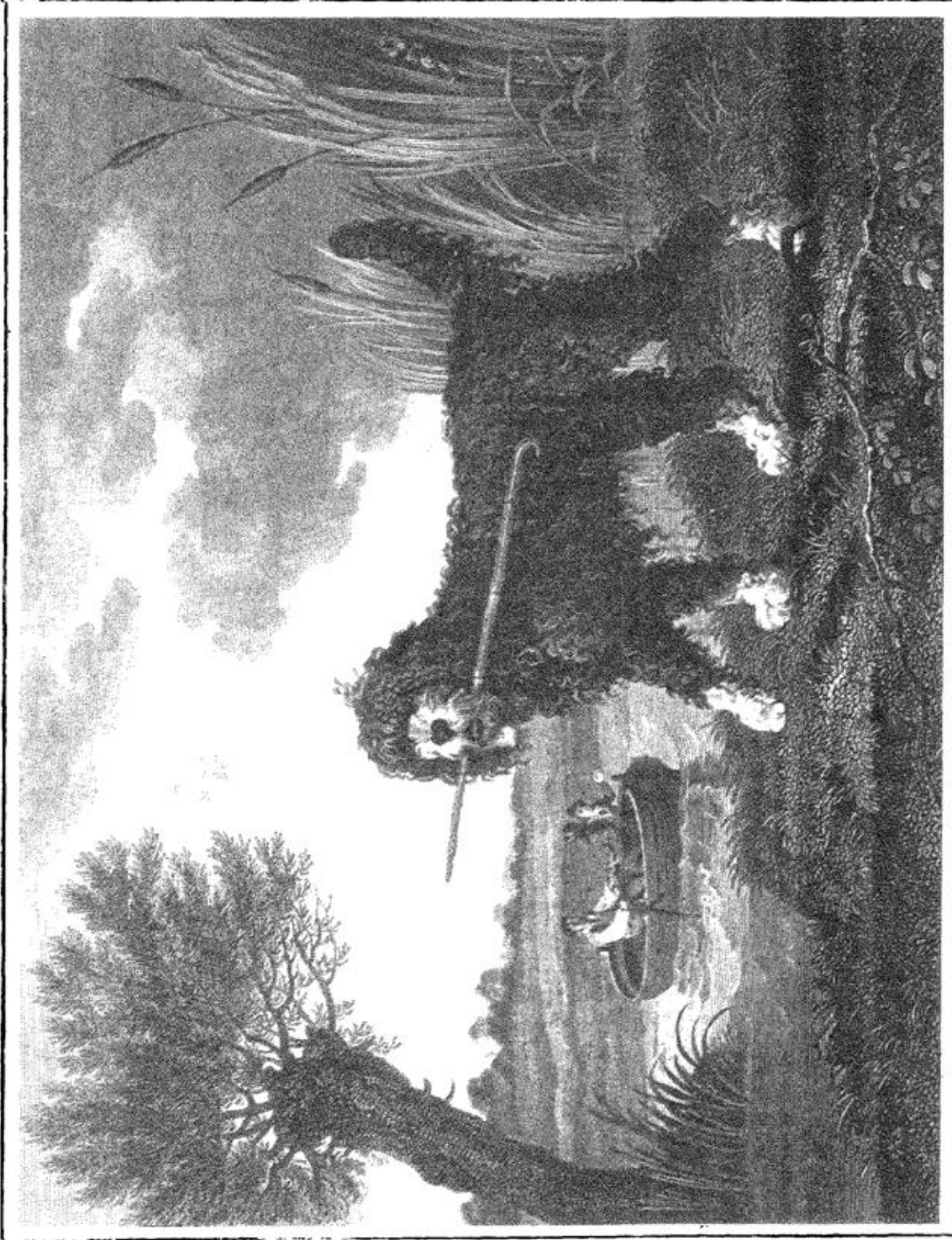
These instructions should be given whilst the dog is empty, and he should, on his return home, be immediately fed and caressed according to his desert and progress. In the few dogs of this extremely docile and friendly race, which we have taken the trouble to instruct, we relinquished the system of correction by blows altogether, as not only unpleasing, but really less efficacious than the milder method. The great object is to render the following you, and taking lessons, an affair of diversion and pastime to the young dog; that point gained, the next is the hinge of reward and punishment; which last should consist merely in angry and threatening tones, sometimes shewing the whip, and occasional confinement.

In the *Decoy Ponds*, it is well known that decoy, or trained Ducks which answer to the whistle, are employed to entice the wild ones into the purse nets; the former diving at the sound of the whistle, on approach to the nets, and retreating, whilst the wild ones proceed and are caught. But it often happens that, the wild fowl from weariness and dozing, will not follow the decoy ducks, when the only substitute is the *dog*, which by virtue of his training, knowingly passes backwards and forwards, between the *reed skreens*, which have small holes, both for the Decoy man to see, and sufficiently large at bottom, for the dog to pass through. Should the fowl be so torpid as not to notice the dog, a red handkerchief, or something of striking appearance, is put upon him. This having attracted the attention of the fowl, they will sometimes advance upon him in the whole flock, as if with the intention of driving him away. The dog, in the interim, as directed by the Decoyman, playing in the reed skreens, the fowl dare not pass him, in order to escape, and being unable to ascend on the wing, on account of the netting above, rush forward into the purse-net and are secured. Towards the Autumn, when the wild fowl having moulted their wing feathers, are unable to fly any great length, and rise with difficulty, they are hunted with Water Spaniels, and considerable numbers taken.

The Water Spaniel is endowed with a full share of the sagacity of his species, and in his obedience and attachment to his master, he equals his fellow of the land, although he does not testify it by that caressing and endearing softness, for which the latter is so much distinguished and admired. This appears to be a natural distinction, and not to be attributed merely to the rough and hardy mode of life of the Water Dog, since in his puppyhood, the distinction is evident. The most exquisitely delicate breed of the land spaniel, which we ever witnessed, at the same time possessing internal sensibility in an equal degree, was in the hands of a Trainer of Race Horses. They were of a reddish yellow and white, the coat and flew soft and glossy beyond description, and the eyes beaming with the tenderest affection---of the smallest kind, but in form, most resembling the Springer. The bitch, Fanny, mother of the breed, on her foot being taken, casting a look of inexpressible softness into the face of the person, would return the friendly squeeze, with a sensibility almost human. A Gentleman begged a son of this bitch, and named it *Charles*. The young dog gradually conceived an unbounded affection for his Master, and was never easy in his absence. The Gentleman was taken dangerously ill, in consequence of which, the dog was restrained from visiting him in his chamber, which had such an effect upon him, that he seemed to take no rest, but whenever he was permitted, remained at the door of the house, looking up towards the chamber window, and making the most doleful and lengthened howlings. All this we witnessed, and made no doubt at the time, that the animal possessed sufficient intelligence to be fully sensible of the misfortune, which attended his beloved master. According to the ancient notion, we all took it for granted that, the howling of the dog must prove a fatal omen ; in contempt of which, however, the patient recovered, and the first meeting between him and his enraptured dog, was a treat to those who beheld it, and which no feeling heart could have witnessed unmoved. Of the affection, fidelity, and gratitude of the dog, there can be no doubt ; and among the most eminent in those respects stands the Spaniel ; but we cannot help suspecting that, somewhat too much has occasionally been built on this foundation, and nature overtopped.



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J. Galt 1895

J. Galt 1895

WATER DOG.

THE WATER DOG.

The annexed Plate presents the truest possible representation of the original WATER DOG of the opposite Continent, long since adopted in this Country ; in some of the maritime districts still preserved in a state of purity, but the breed more generally intermixed with the *Water Spaniel* and *Newfoundland Dog*. The size of this Variety is between the Spaniel and Pointer. The original and prevalent colour upon the Continent, is black, with crispid and curly hair, black nose, white face, long black ears, the head and ears covered with black curly hair, the feet and lower parts of the legs, white. It is a dog of considerable strength and courage, indicating some cross in his composition alien to the Spaniel. Without the softness of the Spaniel, this breed however retains a great share of his native and peculiar properties, having equal *sagacity of nose*, superior activity and power, and aptitude to learn those manœuvres and tricks, which render the dog either useful or amusing to man. Many of the *learned* dogs are of this race, and the mode in which they receive their knowledge seems inscrutable, unless on the supposition that they have a very general understanding of the language in which they are taught, and even such understanding granted, the feats they perform are almost miraculous. Doubtless the olfactory nerves are powerful allies to the brain of these animals, which the following example seems to evince. A French Gentleman, proprietor of one of these dogs, took from his pocket a small coin, spat upon it, and warned the dog to take notice. In about twenty minutes, the coin was given to another Gentleman in the same room, but not within view of the dog. The Gentleman departed with the coin in his pocket, and walked about three miles, to the house of a friend, where much company, both ladies and gentlemen, were assembled. In about an hour thereafter, the owner of the dog ordered him to go seek the money. The dog, although a total stranger to both the road, and the house, whither the Gentleman, having the money about him, was gone, *dragged* him thither, and being admitted, went instantly up to and jumped upon him, in spite of all exertions to prevent him, still without offering any injury, and having by dint of perseverance obtained the coin, he returned and met his Master on the way, to whom he rendered it up, with as much apparent joy and exultation, as though he had thereby secured the greatest benefit to himself.

The Dog of which the above story is related, was in consequence purchased by a British Officer, returning with his laurelled wounds from *Waterloo*, one of the company and a spectator of this extraordinary feat. Many however, were related

to him of this performer, still more extraordinary, and evincing great strength and courage. The Captain and his dog arrived soon after in England, where the poor animal was destined very soon, to put a period to all his extraordinary exploits.

A part of Sussex was chosen for the recovery of the officer's health, and his host having several extensive pieces of water, took great delight in breeding Swans. One day the Captain and his Friend, accompanied by the French Dog, walking on the banks of these small lakes, upon which the Swans and their young broods were parading, the proprietor was expatiating on the power of the Swan, and its resolution in defending its young against the fiercest dogs. The Captain on this observed that, if his friend did not object, he would instantly convince him, that the French Water Dog was a match for the Swan; and obtaining permission, he ordered the dog to fetch him a Cygnet. The dog jumped into the water with his usual alacrity, and having swam up to the Swans was immediately attacked by the old Cock, a very large and most powerful bird, and a dreadful combat ensued between them. The dog tore the breast and side feathers from his antagonist, on his first closing with him, was beaten off, apparently with considerable suffering, and bravely returned to the attack several times; at last however he received a blow from the powerful wing of the bird, on the back part of his head, which staggered and caused him to dip beneath the water; on his rising to the surface again, he received from his watchful enemy, the decisive blow which sent him instantly to the bottom, never to rise again alive! The spectacle, however attended with heavy regret to both Gentlemen, on account of the loss of so valuable an animal, was most curious and impressive.

The water dog begins very early to shew his activity and natural desire, of bustle and business in his proper line, which is hunting out, and laying hold of every thing within his reach, and carrying it to and fro; hence the facility of learning him to fetch and carry. Of this we had a shining example, very early in life, in a favourite puppy of the species, tearing to ribbons a fine new bonnet just arrived from London, of our ever-honoured *Mamma*, long since retired out of the reach of injury from water dogs, or the need of bonnets. This breed is chiefly to be found in those parts of the Country, where a strong and hardy Water Dog is necessary; namely on the Northern Coasts and in the vicinity of great Rivers: in the inland and Southern parts, the Water Spaniel being most in use. The former is sometimes to be seen in, and near the *Metropolis*, where he is occasionally employed in the barbarous and unfair sport of hunting and worrying to death, the good-natured, pleasing, and inoffensive domestic *Duck*. On this occasion we recollect an instance of a Magistrate using to a good purpose, that illegitimate and indefensible discretionary power of conferring or refusing the licence of a *Public House*. A Publican had frequent *Duck Hunts*, in a pond at the back of his house, at which perpetual scenes of cruelty were exhibited. The Magistrate being informed by

the Clergyman of the Parish, and afterwards becoming a witness of this, instantly and effectually warned this Publican and Sinner that, the next Duck hunt should shut up his house.

It may be observed, there is a Variety of the Water Dog, of the full stature indeed, but of the delicate kind, his flue fine, and his form and bones elegantly turned. This breed, although equally naturalized to the water, it may be presumed, is not calculated for the severer services of fowling, but more properly for domestic and social purposes.

There is this favourable peculiarity in the sporting dog, it should seem, the natural associate of man, that, with some few exceptions, he takes an equal interest in the diversions of his master. This quality is most conspicuous in the Water Dog, which burns with inextinguishable ardour in the pursuit, and which, merely for the gratification of swimming after, and bringing to shore, a bird that he is neither destined, nor desires to taste, will risk his life in the most dangerous abysses, or worry himself by repetitions of labour and fatigue, to the very verge of existence. His education is, from this property, greatly facilitated. Silence and circumspection, as in coursing the Hare, are of the very essence of *fowling*, or are rather, the *sine queis non* of that midnight and cold-blooded diversion. There is one restraint which it is difficult to impose upon the Water Dog, yet sometimes a necessary one: it is to prevent him from that rapid start in the direction of the game, the instant of the report of the gun, which he has watched with the most tremulous anxiety. This may be indulged generally, but the dog should be also taught to 'hold back,' whenever the Gunner finds it expedient. Water fowl, are naturally, or in consequence of their greater seclusion from human society, more shy and apprehensive of the approach of man, than land birds; rapidly taking wing on the least noise, almost at the motion of a feather, espying objects at a considerable distance, and in all probability, being endowed with great quickness of the olfactory power. Hence the absolute necessity of boundless caution.

Wild fowl shooting in the day time, were not the difficulty of getting a shot so considerable, would be a brisk and pleasant diversion. We have in former days, enjoyed this on the shores of the *Essex* and *Suffolk* Rivers, in that bright sunshine which now and then blesses our climate during the most intense frosts. The air then in every direction seems peopled with the flying fowl, and the water near the shore absolutely blocked up with shoals of *Coots*. The pleasure of the sight and the exercise of the pursuit, to those who can keep themselves warm, may be well accepted as a make weight in the scale of profit. Of a very different description, however attended with the chief of the profit, is this diversion, by night, for a diversion it undoubtedly is to some, who can have no views of profit; and we have many times shuddered and fallen back, at *flight time* (twilight) amidst the jokes and gibes of our comrades, clothed in their weather proof and fear-nought attire, and their high water boots, and armed with their long Guns, stalking off towards

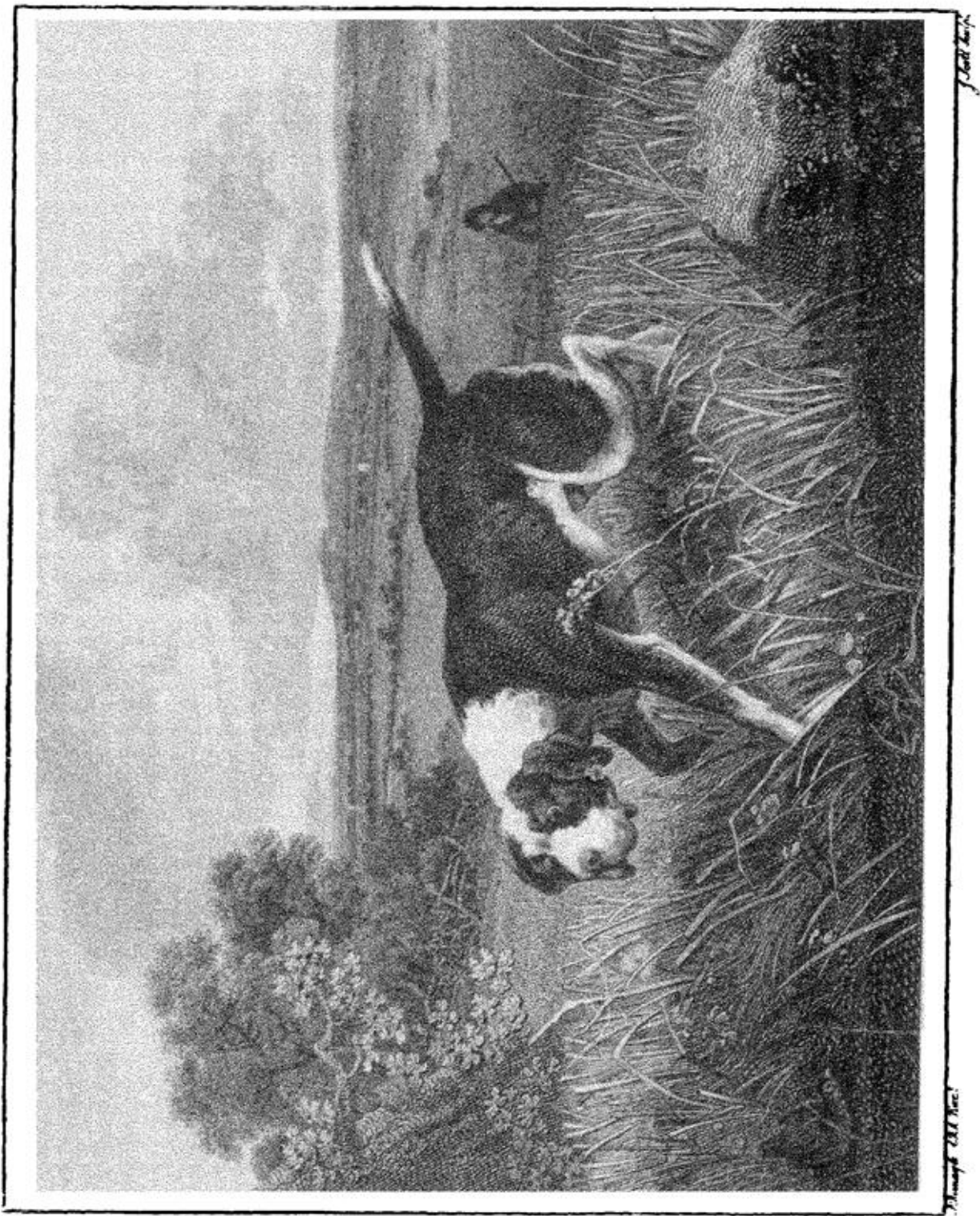
the marshes and the river, to enjoy the extatic pleasure of spending the night, groping about in the mud, at the risk of being smothered, or upon the water, at that of being drowned, in all the horrors of fog and darkness, blood-chilling dampness, the cutting and rheumatic assaults of the North East Wind, and the benumbing effects of frost.

Such inevitably is the dreadful nightly hardship, and peril of those poor men who earn a living by Wild fowl shooting. On parts of the Northern Coast, numbers support themselves and families in this way, during the greater part of the year, their dreary and sterile Country affording them no other means of support. Wild fowl of every description, Soland Geese, and Sea Gulls, are propagated in stupendous quantities among the cliffs and precipices of those rocky shores, and those have long since been a staple article of commerce with the above hardy adventurers. It is the practice of these men to construct huts of sods, mixed up with clay and other proper articles, in the clefts and recesses of the rocks, which from their situation are judged to be most promising of success. These huts, so contrived as to appear part of the rock itself, are fixed within about a quarter of a mile of each other. Each hut has a door and a cupboard for the security of the *materielle*, the ammunition and provisions; also three circular loop holes of four inches diameter, to the *right*, the *left*, and the *centre*, for the discovery of the fowl at their approach, and the convenience of discharging the guns. The dog is dispatched on a fortunate shot, and never refuses pursuing his game, however desperate and dangerous the path to it may be. Huts of this kind might surely succeed in more pleasant regions, and for the agreeable diversion of fowling by day, as described above.

The Water Dog, exposed as he is to labour and severities, for the support of which, the hardest constitution can be scarcely adequate, is seldom treated with that degree of care and kindness, to which he seems undoubtedly entitled. Besides being substantially fed, the utmost care should be used, to enable him thoroughly to dry his coat in a warm soft bed, on returning home from his chilling toils.



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J. G. Smith

Thompson & Co. N.Y.

SPANISH POINTER.

THE SPANISH POINTER.

THE SPANISH POINTER, or as he might, with much propriety, be styled, *pointing Hound*, seems to have been the origin of our *English* breed of *Pointers*, but in the usual obscurity of our sporting histories, no traces remain of the date of such importation from Spain, or of how long pointing dogs, as distinguished from *Setters*, have been used by English Gunners. Two centuries have been nominated as this period, the accuracy of which we much doubt, having been informed or having read somewhere, that, the *Pointer* cannot be traced in England, beyond the Revolution in 1688. There may be much more of fancy than of fact, in what we are about to advance, but we have often meditated on the probability that, our sporting forefathers instead of being primarily supplied with *Pointers* from *Spain*, in reality manufactured them at home, out of the Southern Hound, as they had previously worked *Setters* out of *Spaniels*. As the *Setter* was originally a pure *Spaniel* Variety, the *Pointer* stands in precisely the same degree of affinity to the *Hound*. In fact, the one was originally a *Spaniel*, the other a *Hound*, but have subsequently undergone a variety of crossings and intercrossings. The objection of natural pointing may be urged, in opposition to our hypothesis, or whim, or hoax, or whatever designation it may merit; but all are not, perhaps very few are, endowed with that high qualification, any otherwise than in that slight and obscure degree, in which they share with the *hound*. Any Sportsman so inclined, may train a young *Fox Hound*, or other *Hound*, to *Pointing*, with at least equal facility as a *Pig*, one of which last sporting breed, was known many years since, in *Hampshire*, to be highly accomplished in that line. We know many *Fox Hounds* which might have been made, had any such necessity existed, high ranging and excellent *Pointers*; many *Hounds* also which having excellent scenting powers, might have proved rare plodding and never failing auxiliaries to the Gun. We conceive, the idea of training the *Hound* to point, full as likely to originate in *England* as in *Spain*; perhaps it might occur in both Countries; and perhaps *Spanish Pointers* may have formerly been imported into this country, although no man, nor any book, can furnish us with the *how*, the *when*, or the *where*.

The qualifications of the *Spanish Pointer*, are in strict analogy with those of the *Southern Hound*. The tenderest nose and most exquisite scenting, joined with true game and steadiness in pursuit, and proportionate want of speed. Like the stout *Race Horse*, these animals are somewhat too slow for profit, with the advantage, granting it one, that they can go scarcely fast enough to tire themselves. They have yet been represented, but we know not on what authority, as apt to

jade and knock up. We believe the figure offered to the reader's view, to be a true *fac simile* of the old, or *Spanish Pointer*, and even his spirit as it emanates from his countenance, seems to have been caught and marked with truth and facility by the artist. His heavy head, ear, brow, and chops, seem emblematical of his general coarseness and heaviness. His crest and shoulder are high and thick, the latter being surmounted by a considerable protuberance, which occasions a sinking in the spine adjoining, followed by an elevation in the loins, similar to that in the Greyhound. The lower limbs have great bone, and the feet are large.

When, or however, we may have obtained the Spanish Pointer, his improvement in speed and real utility in the field, by the means chiefly of the Fox Hound cross, is no matter of obscurity, or very distant retrospection. Much the greater part of this, has occurred within living memory, as our Grandfathers and some of our fathers, have shot to antiquated and heavy Pointers. The destination of this Species is to the purpose of shooting the *Partridge*, *Snipe*, and *Moor Game*, in the open Country, and the *Pheasant* and *Woodcock* in Coverts, inclosed and secluded situations. Spaniels, as has been before observed, have much fewer engagements in modern, than in the shooting of former times. A dog however, trained to the duty of finding and bringing in dead or wounded game, is absolutely requisite, to spare the weary steps of the Gunner or his Servant. In the absence of the spaniel, this duty necessarily devolves on the Pointer, to which in consequence, must be given a tender mouth and great heed in the affair, that the feather of the game be as little broken and defaced as possible, and the flesh as little mangled. We are aware that, some good Sportsmen have decried the practice of trusting this part of sporting business to the dog, whether the Spaniel or Pointer, on the alledged extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of giving to any dog a mouth sufficiently tender, or impressing him with sufficient habits of carefulness. We can only say, on the grounds above stated, it is a plan which well deserves trial.

Breaking the Pointer, from the considerable variety of inculcations necessary to complete him, as staunch to 'bird, dog, and gun,' is a task perhaps of greater difficulty, than the similar one with any other species of the Sporting Dog. This arising as well from the Pointer being of a nature somewhat riotous, and not equally devoted to his labours, with the spaniel, as from the variety and difficulty, and to many tediousness, of his duties. For although he may naturally point, or more properly hunt, pause and listen, he is yet often impatient at having his natural property subjected to toilsome rules, and whenever his instruction in those is inculcated with severity and much correction, he will miss no fair opportunity of playing the truant and making his escape. Training the Pointer then, is not a task of so easy a description as has been pretended, to wit, that, "a tolerable well bred Pointer puppy, may have the groundwork of all his future perfections theoretically implanted, in the parlour or kitchen of the dwelling house, before he once makes his appearance in the field." He may, to be sure, at three or four months old, stand

steadily by mere sight, and without much assistance from his immature olfactory nerves, at chickens, pigeons, and even sparrows, and yet his subsequent training may be a work of difficulty, to be undertaken with success, by experienced persons only; a labour which we apprehend few Gentlemen Sportsmen engage in personally, or for which persons of that degree can often find leisure.

We have observed that, the thorough training of the Pointer, the making him *au fait*, and complete at all points; the teaching him due circumspection with unlimited, instant, and passive obedience to the word of command; the repressing of all riot and vice in him; the giving him a tender mouth; the inculcating in him the necessity of a thorough and honest quartering of his ground; in few and repeated words, rendering him staunch to dog, bird, and gun---is not an off hand extemporaneous affair, to be hurried through by a mere tyro, whether gentle or plebeian, but a task well adapted to the capacity and the industry of an experienced operative Sportsman, and above all things, by a man who has learned to govern his own little passions, and who is master of that consummate virtue, patience. We insist much on the valuable and should-be staple article of patience, in all those concerned in education, whether of the four or two-legged animal. With respect to the former, our present business, we have lived to see many of the best bred dogs irreparably spoiled, either cowed to stupidity, or goaded to heedless desperation, by the ignorance, trickery, and barbarism of vulgar dog-breakers; and we know at this instant of a valuable high-bred and fine-sized young dog, which has run clear away from this kind of discipline. Finally, as to judicious and thorough training the Pointer, I will ask any Gentleman ardently attached to the Gun, as to the worth of a high-bred and good-sized young dog, in the perfection of such training.

With respect to the average run of the times, for the price of a good fair marketable dog, the following advertisement from Herts in the early part of this Season, is given as a specimen. "SUPERIOR POINTERS---*To be sold, a brace of BLACK POINTERS, now in the hands of the Breeder, a Gentleman who has declined Shooting. They are of the first rate description, range high, find their Game in fine style, particularly staunch, never tire, and in fact possess all the qualifications of Pointers, without a blemish. They have been shot over two seasons. Price fifty guineas.*"

The Puppy, with kindness brought to follow, as a pleasure and diversion, and taught to fetch and carry, and to observe commands with a tolerable share of obedience, should then be restrained from the pursuit of all improper objects, and particularly be 'wared' earnestly and constantly against *sheep*. The next step is the commencement of his regular systematic education. He is taken, secured by his *Check Collar*, to which are attached twenty odd yards of line, to some convenient and secluded spot, and there pegged down, which should be done with the least possible alarm or affright. The Breaker, in the mean time, should be pro-

vided with all the necessary implements of instruction, of reward, and of correction. These are chiefly---the *Gun* and *Ammunition*, for the report and smell of powder, a few heads of *dead Game*, *Pheasant* and *Bird*, with the scent of which to gratify the olfactory feelings of the learner, some *food* to humour his palate, and the *whip*, in the last resort, to insure his obedience. Mr. Professor may then proceed with his **DOWN! BACK! COME HERE! HEY ON! HOLD UP! DEAD! WARE BIRD!**---and all the rest and residue of it, with a prospect of success commensurate with his own judgment, and the good breeding and ability of his pupil. But let him not flatter himself with the too common silly notion of being able to make after---amends for his own incapacity as a breaker, or for the natural incapacity of the dog, by any of the relics of barbarism, at the head of which stands the infallible *Puzzle-Peg*, the purpose of which is to force an animal to hold up his head, which at every moment of his life, saving and excepting those during which he wears the said peg, he is compelled by nature to hunt with it downwards. In order to insure success from the *Puzzle Peg*, let its advocates hunt their Pointers with it to the end of the chapter.

When the young Pointer is first entered in the field, it is generally held preferable, that, he should be alone, or unaccompanied by other dogs; and much of his success in future, depends upon his being initiated under an experienced and patient Sportsman, as well as his having arrived at the proper age, which is full twelve months old. Too early labour debilitates the animal, and detracts from that hilarity and exalted sensibility to the sport, which ought to be his great distinction. The grand point is to teach him the method of finding his game, by regularly and patiently quartering his ground, in this mode; which is, to hunt in a line of sixty or seventy yards, in the front of the Gunner, transversely; by taking about half the distance to the right, and then, repassing him, taking a similar distance to the left; where, again turning, he continues that routine in such proportions, as not to make his crossings and recrossings more than thirty odd yards from each other. It may well be conceived a matter of no small difficulty, to teach a young dog, first, how to comprehend, and afterwards, to execute with punctuality and precision, the lesson of these various and regular crossings. And the reader is not to take it for granted that, every Pointer, however well spoken of, is an exact and able performer at this game; but whenever such is the case, the Dog is of the highest possible character as a Pointer; and it is really a wonderful proof of the sagacity and docility of brute animals; and the sight of two or three brace of Pointers, regularly quartering their ground and *backing* each other, may be reckoned among the most interesting, grand and wonderful.

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POINTER.

Pub. by the American Art Co., 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE POINTER.

THE figure here exhibited, appears to us a very correct representation of the modern ENGLISH POINTER; the result doubtless of a Fox Hound cross upon the old *Spanish Pointer*, but not so deep a dip of the lightest Fox Hound blood, as distinguished the famous *Dash*, possessed by Colonel Thornton, some years ago; which indeed, in figure, shewed more of the Fox Hound, than we ever witnessed in any other Pointer. The more we reflect, the greater probability appears of the truth of what we have already advanced on the almost identity and convertibility of blood and qualification in the *Hound* and *Pointer*. In the mean time, as to natural pointing, is there any specific or striking difference, in that respect, between the Pointer and the Hound---and suppose a puppy of each kind, taken together into the field, would there be any visible and obvious difference in their mode of hunting---would the pointer puppy alone, *stand*? That high-crossed Pointers would hunt *Deer*, *Hare*, or *Fox*, we have no doubt from what we have repeatedly witnessed in the field; which is also confirmed by the well known circumstance of Colonel Thornton's pointer *Pluto*, a dog apparently by no means so highly hound-crossed as the celebrated *Dash*, running many long and successful chases after outlying Deer. A pack of modern Pointers would, in all probability, hunt as fast as the old Southern Hounds.

Truffle hunting is, we believe, pursued indifferently, with Pointers, Setters, and Spaniels, trained to the purpose. Truffles are subterraneous mushrooms, much more plentiful in the Southern Countries than in this. In *Italy*, a *Pig* is the usual truffle hunter, and he is trained to lead in the field, by a cord tied to his hinder leg, the Huntsman discovering his game in the spot where the pig begins to root.

This kind of mushroom is, we believe, sometimes found on *Salisbury Plain*, and there used to be a considerable quantity of them found in the Park of the late Duke of Queensbury, at *Ambresbury*. A gentleman, many years ago, in the summer season, accompanied a Truffle hunter in that Park, where the dog found repeatedly. Suddenly he leaped over an adjoining hedge, and ran with the utmost haste across a field, full one hundred yards to the opposite hedge, where, under a Beech tree, he found, and returned with a truffle of uncommon size, weighing twelve and a half ounces. This is related as an extraordinary proof of the exquisite sense of smelling, in the truffle dog; but it should, at the same time, be considered that the *effluvia* from the truffle is exceedingly volatile and fragrant, and the dog perhaps being favoured by the wind, his nerves were necessarily and forcibly affected; beside, we have been informed by an inhabitant of Kent, that the large truffles in ditches and warm

situations, burst their boundaries, and appear above ground : in that case, the scent will be more powerful and divergent.

The following story from the *North*, shews the Pointer in the character of a hound, as well as a finder. A Gentleman in the county of *Stirling*, lately kept a Greyhound and a Pointer; and being fond of coursing, the Pointer was accustomed to find the Hares, and the Greyhound to catch them. When the Season was over, it was found that, the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the Pointer's neck, by a leathern collar, which hung down so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping dykes or fences. These animals however, continued to strole together as usual, over the fields; and one day, the Gentleman suspecting them, resolved to watch, and to his surprize, found that, the moment they thought they were unobserved, the Greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to hunt for hares as they had been accustomed. They were followed, and it was observed that, whenever the Pointer scented a Hare, the ring was dropped, and the Greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss, the moment the other drove her from her form; but that the Greyhound uniformly returned to assist his companion, after he had accomplished his object. This indeed, is a new kind of *ring dropping*.

With respect to the Varieties of the Pointer---the highly crossed and finished modern dog, three parts *light fox hound*, and his opposite, the slow and steady old stager, with his heavy head, thick muns, and *Spanish* mien; the two species accord most befittingly, with our two distinguished species of Gunners; the young, active, fashionable men of business in the line, and the slow, deliberate, and regular; the latter chiefly, perhaps, men *d'un certain age*—*exempli gratiâ*, our young Sporting Parsons, who take the lead at our Country Assemblies, are the oracles at all Card parties, and in all societies of ladies, whom they take especial care to conciliate by sermons of fifteen minutes precisely, both in very hot and very cold weather—and our grave and broad-beavered Rectors, who read the ancient Fathers and make prosing sermons of an hour and half long, and may be admired now and then upon the high road, sitting majestically upright on a stump tailed gelding, of congenial gravity, an old servant bringing up the rear, in a sober livery of somewhat antique costume, and mounted upon a sleek nag, of a size not likely to flinch under the most respectable weight. We entreat our readers to assure themselves that, we utter not these things in the guise of ridicule or reproach, but of approbation.

There is a very good likeness, by Cooper, in our Sporting reference Book, *Wheble and Pittman's Magazine* for October 1815, of *Don*, the then reputed best Pointer, in the County of *Sussex*, the property of *Jasper Bates, Esq.* of *Parnshurst*, in that County, and perhaps afterwards a stallion of high repute, He appears, by his portrait, to have been of the light breed, and his characteristics, most valuable

indeed, were first-rate speed, a nose nearly *Spanish*, and the habit of always bringing his game, which was seldom broken. He exhibited twice the following extraordinary proof of superior nose and ability as a Pointer---whilst in the act of returning with a cock pheasant in his mouth, which his master had shot to him, he found and stood to a hen pheasant. One of these remarkable feats he performed in the presence of J. Shotter, Esq. and — Drinkwater, Esq. both of *Farnham* in *Surry*, and J. Glazier, Esq. of *Farnhurst*.

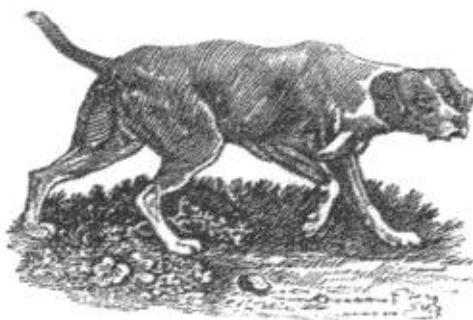
It may be proper here, to repeat an observation which we made when treating of the *Fox Hound*. There are some anecdotes of such high sporting consequence that we dare not omit them, however they have been banded about through succeeding Publications. It may chance that some of our readers are unacquainted with these wonders, or have listened casually to indistinct and now almost forgotten narratives.

For something very extraordinary in the Sporting way, we must have recourse to the practice of *Colonel Thornton*, whose high and laudable ambition it has ever been, both to deviate from the common road and to excel; and he has undoubtedly so far succeeded, as to raise a name which will go down with *eclat*, to Sporting posterity. We suppose that the Colonel himself, meditated and carried into effect the crosses necessary to produce his famous Pointer *DASH*, as we have before observed, in all probability, three parts *Fox Hound*. *Dash* in his day, was held to be the *Eclipse* of Pointers, a character sanctioned by his high ranging over the Moors, the vast expedition with which he cleared his ground, and the intuitive, *heaven-born* method, said to be almost incredible, in which he hunted Inclosures for birds, which was, by at once scenting and advancing upon them, without the previous labour imposed upon other pointers, of quartering his ground: add to this, he was a most staunch and steady *backer*, or seconder, of other dogs. *Dash* was sold by *Colonel Thornton*, to the late *Sir Richard Symons* for *one hundred and sixty pounds* worth of *Champaign and Burgundy*, bought at the *French Ambassador's Sale*, a *hogshead of Claret*, an elegant *Gun* and a *Pointer*; with the annexed stipulation that, if any accident should befall the dog, which might render him unfit for hunting, he was to be returned to the Colonel at the price of fifty guineas. This latter agreement actually took place; *Dash* had the misfortune to break his leg, and was returned to *Colonel Thornton*, who considered him in that state, a great acquisition as a *Stallion*.

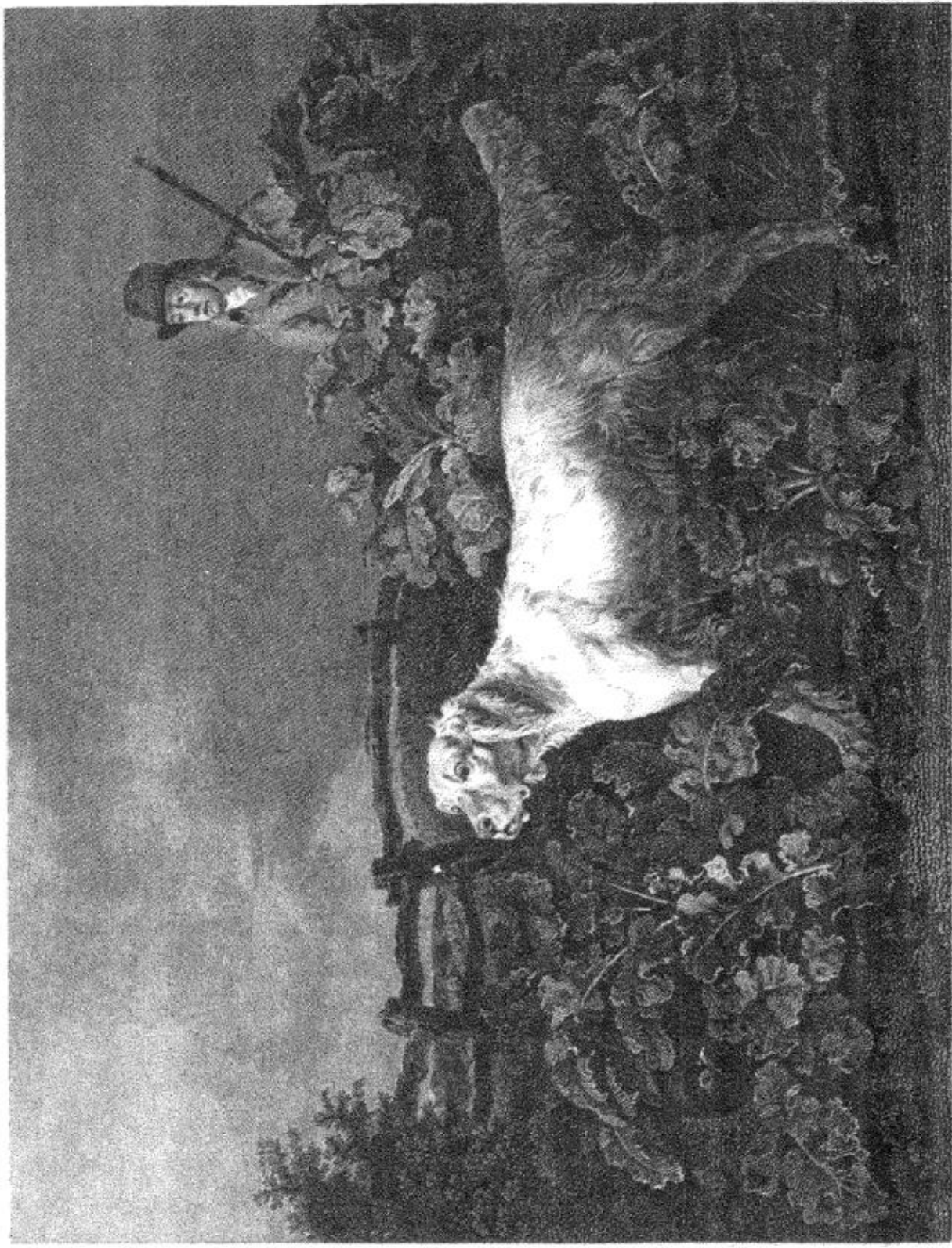
Exalted as was the reputation of *Dash*, it seems nearly impossible that he could have exceeded in point of steadiness, the merit of a brace of other Pointers, the property also of *Colonel Thornton*, *Pluto and Juno*. *Pluto* has also been already cited as a famous *Deer* hunter. It is recorded that, this dog and bitch, being taken at a point, kept their point upwards of *one hour and a quarter*, namely, until the late celebrated *Mr. Gilpin*, could take the sketch from which they were painted

for their Proprietor, an elegant engraving of which we find in *Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports*.

Many merry jokes have been passed in our hearing, by Sportsmen, on the above account, with the view of promoting the cause of ridicule, comparing it with another still more marvellous and well known, given on the authority of a grave, and most respectable member of the Priesthood. For our parts, we really believe both the possibility and probability of the staunchness of *Pluto and Juno*, as just related; and although *Gilpin* cannot be referred to, as having quitted, we hope, for a better, this painting and plastering world, there are yet survivors, to whose authority an appeal may be made. It remains to back the above story, with the well known one, but the repetition on this occasion will be pardoned, of the *Rev. Theophilus Verity*. On a certain Christmas-day, this Gentleman was riding his nag from his Parish Church, which was at considerable distance from his dwelling House, and his way laid over the most private spot of a secluded and neglected heath. In the deepest recess of this wild, he espied a Pointer by himself, standing at a covey of birds. He looked, admired, pondered on the wonderful and inscrutable instincts of the brute creation, blessed himself, and passed on. The cares and studies necessarily attendant upon his calling, however, soon expelled every vestige of this occurrence from his mind, until he was awakened to fresh admiration and benediction, by a renewed and stupendous view of the same objects. Exactly, on the *above day twelvemonths*, passing the same way, his second astonishment was far greater than the first, for he saw upon the self same spot, the dog pointing at the birds in precisely the same attitude he had left both parties twelve months before; with this difference however, that they were *then living and breathing, one party treacherously circumventing, the other apprehending*, whereas *now* they were in a state of skeleton, fit for a lecture in anatomy, and doubtless, as the Rev. Gentleman supposes, the partridges were held to their destiny, by the well proved and well known power of fascination, emitted from the eyes of the dog. Now we particularly request that, no light minded person will attempt to make a joke of this, well convinced as every rational man ought to be, that there are wonders of which, never having had the experience, he can have no adequate conception.



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SE T T E R .

THE SETTER.

The SETTER was originally a *Spaniel*, perhaps of the larger kind, taught to *sit* or *couch* on scenting the game, as the Hound was subsequently taught to *stand* or *point*, in the similar circumstance. Had we not the testimony of history, the deep flew and external form of the Setter, even when highly crossed with the Pointer according to modern fashion, fully demonstrate his origin. A *Duke of Northumberland* of the *fourteenth century*, has the reputation of being the first Sportsman, who broke and trained the Setting dog to the net. In the year 1685, a Yeoman of the name of *John Harris* of *Willdon*, in the Parish of *Hastlebury*, County of *Worcester*, executed a deed signed by his mark, to *Henry Herbert* of *Robbesford*, said County, Esquire, in consideration of *ten shillings* of lawful English money, well and sufficiently to maintain and keep until the first day of March, for the said Henry Herbert, a Spaniel bitch named *Quaud*, and fully and effectually train up and teach the said bitch to sit *Partridges*, *Pheasants*, and other game, as well and exactly, as the best sitting dogs usually set the same. *Mr. Daniel* has copied at length, this curious instrument. Setters in *Ireland*, are, or used to be, termed *English Spaniels*. *Mr. Thornhill* thus describes the crack Setters in that Country; colours deep chesnut and white, or all red, with the nose and roof of the mouth black. In general, Setters partake of the variety of colours in the Spaniel and Pointer. On the same authority, we learn that, the *Hibernian* Sportsmen are in the habit of giving very liberal prices for the best kinds of this dog: as a proof, a Gentleman in the North of Ireland, gave to his tenant for a setter dog and bitch, the renewal of a lease of a farm for *nine hundred and ninety nine years*, which farm, had the lease expired, would have cleared to the landlord, above *two hundred and fifty pounds* per annum. In this case, it is but fair that, we be allowed to presume some additional and valuable consideration. Extraordinary high prices for Setters, in England, have not hitherto come under our notice, and we believe at the present time, a very good Setter may be purchased for *ten pounds*. Yet Setters, however extremely useful, and preferred by many Sportsmen, are by no means, so numerous as *Pointers*, the latter breed being the greatest favourites of the day.

The Setter is a very beautiful and engaging dog, and the more so in proportion to retaining his original breed and form, and being free from the *Pointer* cross. His eye and countenance have all the softness of the *Spaniel*, and when of good size, with his soft, deep, and curly flew, and long fringed tail, he makes a charming and enticing appearance in the field. It is difficult however, at present, to find a true setter, so much has the original breed been mixed with the Pointer; perhaps the

breed may have been preserved more pure in *Ireland*. The field duties of the Setter and Pointer are the same, but the former is the more active, hardy, and spirited, fearing no ground, wet or dry, nor the thickest covers, his feet being narrow, hard and well defended by hair. He is well fitted for moor and heath, and no day is too long for his unwearied activity and courage. He is to be said sometimes given to strange antipathies, caprices, and self will, in his hunting, of which Mr. Daniel gives a singular instance. The narrowness of his loin is perhaps to be found in many *Spaniels*, and does not seem to detract from his stoutness in the field; should this peculiarity require a remedy, it must be sought in attention to that respect in breeding. As to the offensive discharge from the ears so common to *Spaniels* and *Setters*, if it be not prevented by cooling purges, accompanied with proper external applications, but suffered to acquire that inveteracy which we often witness in old dogs, the best remedy and far the least painful, in the long run, to the animal, is the excision of almost the whole of the ears, and suffering them to bleed considerably. When external application can be of use, drying washes, and ointments of which the *mel Ægyptiacum* is the basis, may prove most successful, internals not being neglected: of these last, sulphurated water continued for a time, with a few occasional doses of *calomel*, are the medicines most worthy of dependance.

It has been disputed, very uselessly, whether the Setter or Pointer have the most powerful nose; but let a Sportsman take a thorough good dog of either kind, into the field, and he will no longer trouble himself with that dispute. Beyond a doubt, the Setter is the most useful gun dog of the two; but the Pointer is the largest, most stately and shewy, and is admired for his rate, his high ranging and steadiness. The Setter on his part, may put in his claim, and more especially when of the pure breed, to his full share of the intelligence, sagacity, and affection for man, which shines so eminently and so delightfully in the *Spaniel*.

The two breeds being of similar use and qualification, an anecdote of either will not be out of place. In the *Sporting Magazine*, for June 1811, there is a Portrait of a Pointer named *Basto*, the property of — *Mildred, Esq. of Walton upon Thames*. This Dog was got by *Mr. Rydes' Basto*, out of a famous bitch called *Romp*. He was a naturally staunch and thoroughly trained young dog, and had the peculiar qualification of bringing his game from water, as well as land. This peculiarity was an inducement to make the quotation, since the Pointer in general is not very ready to take water, and more especially if he be of the fashionable smooth haired cross, of which *Basto* by his portrait seems a prominent specimen: indeed the picture may almost as well be taken for a Fox Hound as a Pointer. The old Setter would take water very readily, and we have often seen setters used in the amusement of *moor-hen* shooting in moats and ponds.

Many Sportsmen prefer the Setter to the Pointer, for *Pheasant* shooting, as more active and hardy, having so much of the quality of the *Spaniel*, and thence not flinching at the thickest coverts. On the *Moors* and for *Grouse* shooting also, the

preference of the Setter is decisive, for although he is said to require much water, and to be unable to endure heat and thirst like the Pointer ; the former, from his constitutional activity, and the hardness of his feet, is superior in a long day, over a rough and uneven surface. From accident, or from that never-failing desire of shining by the intermixture of breeds, with little consideration of the end, Pointers have been crossed with Setters, and Setters with Pointers, but we have not observed the beneficial result. On the score of utility, the Setter can derive no improvement from such a cross ; and granting, which however is not proved, that the Pointer gain something in regard of usefulness, such advantage will be countervailed by an abatement of size, figure, and stateliness, on which account only, perhaps, he superseded the Setter in the affections of the Sportsman. Many instances have been related of the unwearied activity and stoutness of the Setter, whilst following his master travelling on horseback : this dog will hunt all the fields adjoining the road, during the journey, whilst a Pointer, in the same circumstances, will generally stick close and unconcernedly at the horse's heels. The late well-known *Mr. Elwes* affirmed that one of his famous breed of Setters, in following him to Town, hunted all the road side fields during a journey of sixty miles. Another anecdote of a *rum* complexion is detailed of a Setter bitch, called *Dido*, the property of the late *Dr. Hugh Smith*, of London, who was much attached to the Sports of the Field. *Dido*, it seems, following the Doctor into the Country, happened to meet with a little ugly Cur dog, in a Village upon the road, fell in love with him, and that which was far more surprising, never afterwards forgot it. The Doctor, indignant at the advances of such a plebeian cur, to his high-born bitch, instantly drew a pistol and shot the offender dead. The whole of the bitch's love affair, as how she retained to her dying day, an inviolable attachment to her first murdered lover, and however subsequently matched, she resolutely and spitefully determined never to produce any but *cur* whelps, is circumstantially related by our writers ; to whose minds, fully engrossed by the *lovely* part of the subject, it seems never to have occurred that, *Smith* in shooting the dog of another person, and by that person, perhaps, equally valued, as his own bitch by him, had committed a gross and unpardonable act of despotism.

We have observed that a Setter was originally a Spaniel taught to set, or couch, on scent of game ; but although the land Spaniel was always preferred for the purpose, yet in former days, any dogs that would hunt, being "strong and nimble rangers, with wanton tails, and busy nostrils," were taught to sit---among these were mongrels between *land* and *water Spaniels*, *shallow flewed hounds*, *tumblers*, *lurchers*, and small bastard mastiffs. The training these dogs commenced at six, and even as early as four months old, which chiefly consisted in teaching the dog to lead in a line and collar, following close at the breaker's heels, and to couch, or lie down close to the ground, his distinguishing attitude.

Among the extraordinary peculiarities observed in dogs, is one repeatedly wit-

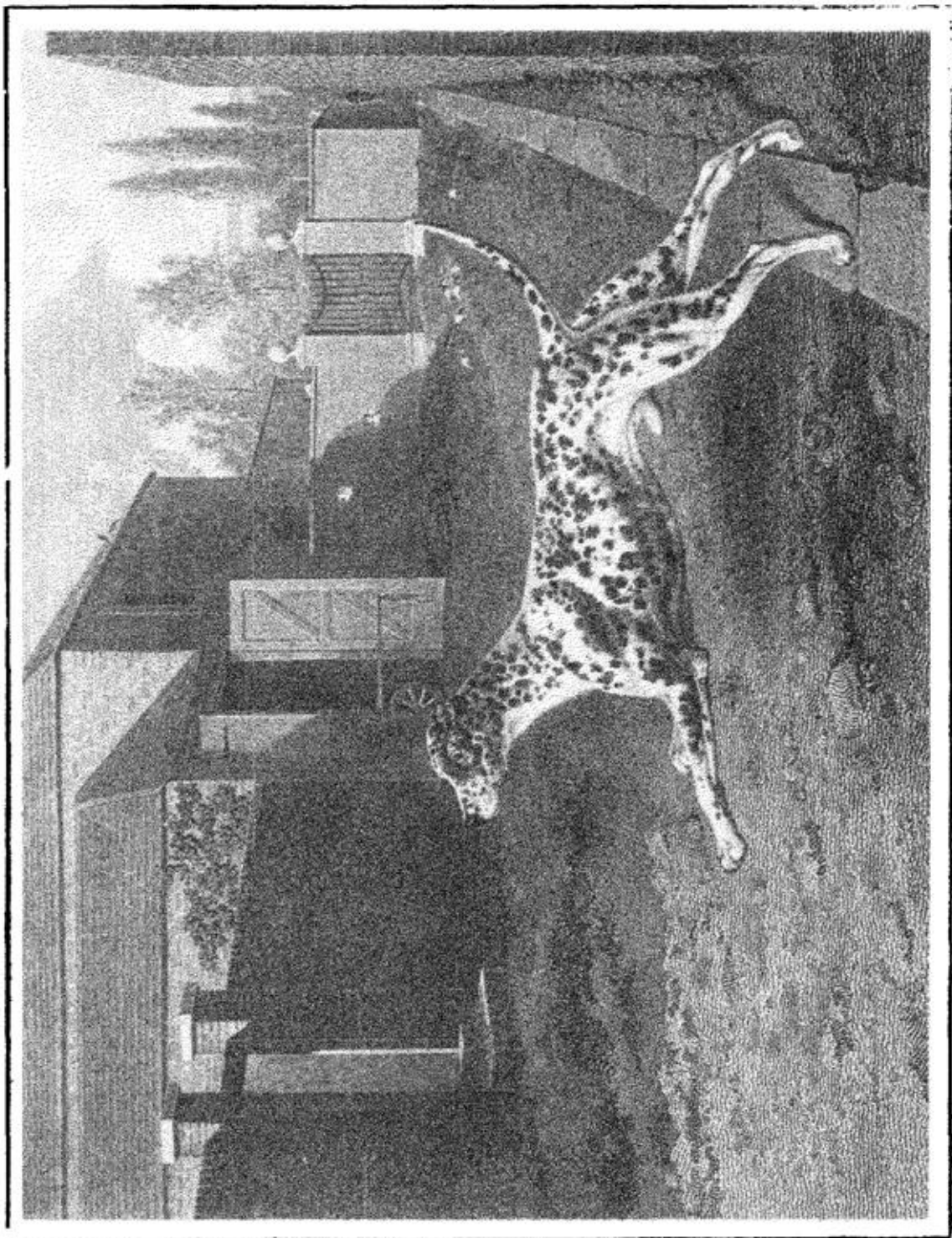
nessed in a Pointer, named *Bravo*, which stood his game through the loose stone walls, that divide the enclosures on the Wolds of Gloucestershire.

The following accident, which occurred lately, we tender to the notice of those who are concerned in feeding sporting dogs. At a Shooting Party on the grounds of *F. Dobson, Esq.* near Beverly, Yorkshire, two Pointers belonging to the above mentioned Gentleman, being suddenly taken ill, were immediately bled, but it was of no avail, and they were obliged to be carried home. The dogs expired next day, notwithstanding the greatest exertions to preserve them. They were opened, and on inspection, proved to have died from eating putrid horseflesh, which they could not digest. This happened in October last, and ought to be a caution to servants against feeding dogs with flesh arrived at the state of putrefaction.

The GAME LAWS.---No success has hitherto attended any attempt at the abatement of the severity of these laws, which continues in full force, bringing disputes, heart-burnings, and mischief, among the farmers and inhabitants of the Country. A very serious misunderstanding of this kind, has lately arisen in the parishes of *Hartfield*, and *Withyham, Sussex*, between the farmers in that neighbourhood, and the Gamekeepers of Her Grace the Duchess of Dorset: the two parties, it seems, have been on very bad terms a long while, and the gamekeepers have proceeded the length of shooting several *lurchers* and other dogs of that kind, the property of the farmers, on the allegation of such dogs being kept for the purpose of poaching. This violence has, as might be well expected, induced equally violent quarrels between the parties, almost the entire neighbourhood espousing the side of the farmers, who are regarded as greatly oppressed. The Gamekeepers, in the mean time, have laid informations before the Magistrates, against several parties, on the charge of keeping unlawful dogs. It is probable however, that the Magistrates have taken the prudent and most proper part of becoming pacificators in the affair, since it is determined that the dispute shall remain in abeyance, until the return of *Lord Whitworth* from *Naples*, when it will be submitted to his Lordship's reference.



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DALMATIAN.

From the "Illustrated Dog and Cat" by George W. Allen, New York, 1900.

THE DALMATIAN, OR COACH DOG.

THE use to which this beautiful and shewy breed is applied, being so universally known both in Town and Country, needs a bare mention: how long it has been the fashion to keep these dogs, as attendants of the Coach Horse Stable, and as precursors to the Carriage, as if to clear the way and announce its approach, does not appear in our common books of reference on the subject; but the practice may probably be a century or two old, and was doubtless derived from Continental usage. The specimen here given, we believe, to be the correct figure of a thorough bred *Dalmatian Dog*, and very particularly, as to the point of size; a circumstance to which we advert for the information of readers curious in the breed, which, according to standing custom, has been debased by a variety of spurious mixtures. This dog has been formerly named the *Bengal Harrier*, on what ground does not appear, unless the suppositious one of his origination in a cross between the *Leopard* of India, and the hound bitch of that Country. The *Leopard* figure and spotted skin of the Dog, are certainly no bad indications of such origin, and did we yet want a new appellation for him, that of the **LEOPARD HOUND**, would not be inappropriate. However he may have originated, he appears first to have been noticed in *Dalmatia*, a province of *European Turkey*, thence to have spread through *Italy* and the Southern parts, over most of the Continent of Europe, being generally esteemed a *hound* or hunting dog, notwithstanding his very universal different destination.

This so usual appendage of the Coach Establishment, seems to be one of the most quiet and inoffensive of the canine species, being at the same time, perhaps, endowed with the least share of sensibility to human caresses of any other kind of dog. The whole pleasure of his existence, from early habit no doubt, seems concentrated in his Coach and Horses, and is most feelingly expressed at the set off, when he gambols about, jumping up to the heads of the horses, and expresses the liveliest satisfaction. It is at this time chiefly, he gives tongue, being generally silent or barking very seldom, although it may be presumed he would give an alarm were the stables attempted by robbers. We have heard it observed that there is a kind of quietism or *non chalance* in the nature of these dogs, which constitute them the true *Bond-street loungers* of dogs, the real puppies of unobserving, unfeeling, and unnoticed fashion, but in this we conceive justice is hardly done to the natural puppy, who in feeling and good-nature may lay claim to the advantage.

The *Dalmatian* having the form and nose of a hound, and in fact being deemed such, it is strange indeed, if his qualities in that way have never been tried in this

Country, where we make all kinds of experiments with our Dogs and Horses. We must confess our own want of information on that point, submitting however to those Sportsmen who are fond of novelty and shew, whether a pack of Harriers of this kind would not prove a *crack* thing. At any rate, they would make a gay and dashing spectacle in full cry, although the music might not be very loud or melodious, an affair however not so much regarded in modern fashion. They would be as slow, perhaps, as hare hunters could wish, who find beagles too fast, and if they would but run long enough, the plan would be complete.

It is said, a spotted Variety of the *Terrier* kind, marked with white, tan-colour, and black, has of late years been introduced to some parts of the Kingdom ; and as they have never been numerous, they have been in proportioned high estimation, and some of them have been sold at considerable prices. They are found to possess agreeable qualities, having all the spirit of sporting dogs, with the attachment of the most faithful of their kind, blended with all the elegance of the lap-dog. We know not what breed this can be, unless one between the Coach Dog and Terrier, which we have experienced, and of which the name, as given to us, was the *Harlequin* breed. We have found them most excellent vermin dogs, and faithful keepers.

Some Travellers in *Egypt*, have observed the Spotted Hound in that Country, or at least, a sort of Greyhound which resembles the *Dalmatian* breed, indicating them as natives of a hot climate, and giving a degree of countenance to their appellation of *Bengal Harrier*. The cruel and capricious treatment of brute animals, in all societies of rational creatures, has been the perpetual subject of surprise and regret, to the few who reflect and moralize ; but in the Eastern and Mahomedan Countries, this kind of caprice has ever existed to a degree of extravagance scarcely credible. In some communities, the highest degree of cruelty is blended with the most exemplary acts of charity, and that towards the same kind of animal. Again, one species is almost deified, whilst another is abandoned, starved, and persecuted with the most unrelenting and superstitious hatred, even amid the most distinguished services and benefits conferred by them. This has no doubt arisen in great measure, from the invariable bias of the ancient Eastern lawgivers to refer all their rules and instructions to occult and superstitious causes, affording to their barbarous and unenlightened population, no other than such erroneous motives of action, and protracting to the latest possible date, the influence of common sense.

The towns of *Egypt* are said to contain more dogs, than any other in the known world, and they always appear a prominent object, from the circumstance of their constantly assembling in the streets, their only dwelling place, feeding on what they can find, or starving to death, their dead and dying carcasses forming a horrible spectacle and nuisance. They are studiously neglected by the Mahomedans, as though such an act of cruelty were meritorious, beaten and butchered without mercy. The condition of these poor animals, as may be supposed, is the lowest and

most miserable under which they can possibly exist ; lean to the bone, and covered with mange, yet, in that burning climate, they never go mad : a circumstance worth noting by those, who speculate on the causes of *rabies* in the dog, supposed in this Country, to arise from the heat of the Dog Days, and from want of proper nourishment.

Egyptian Dogs are represented as a race of large Hounds, inclining to the Greyhound form, and very finely shaped and handsome, when kept in good condition. But in general, as is the case of all starved animals, their muscles sink, their joints give way, and they lose the original elegance and symmetry of their form, and doubtless great part of the impression of those natural qualities for which they are most valuable. Nevertheless these instinctive qualities are rather decayed, or obscured by weakness and disease, than absolutely destroyed. A sensibility to duty, and obedience to their unreflecting and unfeeling tyrant, man, still subsists in this miserable race of animals, and they are constantly observed going and coming in the most frequented streets, at the same time avoiding to touch the clothes of the passengers, with an attention truly curious and wonderful ; far more so indeed, than that of the apprehensive Mussulman, who to avoid contact with them, puts aside his robe. These neglected dogs, yet, impelled by their natural instinct, watch over the safety of their executioners. They are the terror of thieves upon the wharfs, and in the craft on the river ; and in the interior of the towns, they guard the property of the inhabitants as if entrusted to their vigilance. An admirable instinct, a natural inclination to make themselves useful to man, induce them voluntarily to assume a superintendance which nobody confides to them, nobody points out to them, yet it would be impossible to approach the charge surrounded by these volunteer guardians. The conduct of these dogs is additionally singular, on the consideration that, their species, the Greyhound, is not supposed to be endowed generally with the keeper property, which however perhaps all dogs possess in a certain degree.

Amongst the wonders related of these *Egyptian* dogs, it is not the least that, they never quit the quarter of town or country, in which they first drew breath. They form distinct tribes, and never exceed their proper limits ! Should an individual stray into another quarter, the stranger would be instantly attacked by the whole tribe into which he had intruded, and would scarcely escape destruction. The *Bedouin Arabs*, who in all respects, are far less superstitious than the *Turks*, and renowned for their kindness to animals, keep large Greyhounds, which watch round their tents ; of these dogs they take the greatest care, and so great is the affection of these benevolent masters, that the life of a man would be in great jeopardy, who should kill a *Bedouin's* dog.

The capricious *Turks*, on the other hand, with the most unjust, and decided aversion to dogs, a species of animals the acknowledged symbol of an unalterable attachment and fidelity inimitable by man, entertain a strong and kind of religious

predilection for cats, which they have imbibed from the example of their Prophet. To the Turks, the soft and alluring manners of the cat, appear preferable to the exquisite instinct, the docility, and the discerning fidelity of the dog. *Mahommed* had a great affection for the cat ; and it is related, that, the Prophet being called on some important and urgent business, preferred cutting off the sleeve of his robe, to waking his cat, which laid upon it asleep. Nothing more, in course, was necessary to bring these animals into the highest estimation, if even in other respects, their extreme cleanliness, the lustre and polish of their fur, their mild and placid disposition, their gentle and cautious caresses, had not rendered them amiable creatures in the eyes of the *Mussulmans*. It may be here remarked, that the people of the East have an additional motive for their affection to the cat, that animal in their country, being in beauty, mildness, and caressing qualities, greatly superior to its fellow creature of our Northern clime, although perhaps ours has the advantage in point of real usefulness.

A Cat may even enter a *Mosque*, and will be caressed as the favourite of the Prophet, whilst a Dog, accidentally found there, would be instantly destroyed, as a source of the vilest pollution. The poor dog, abandoned and persecuted by the Turks, is compelled, against his nature, to avoid man, to whom it is his first wish to devote his instinctive faculties, and the services of his whole life ; in fact, his natural instinct becomes reversed, and teaches him to shun all places where *Mussulmans* are assembled, being assured by dreadful experience, that among them, he would not only find neither friend to accompany, nor master to follow, but would put himself into the power of his most determined enemies.

In ancient Egypt, Cats were held in great veneration, but dogs in still greater. They were both the objects of public mourning, and after death, distinguished honours were paid to their memory. In the house where a cat died a natural death, the inhabitants shaved their eyelids only ; but on the death of a dog, they shaved their head and their whole body. Cats that died, were buried with most pomp at *Bubastis*, a city of lower Egypt. No person killing a dog or cat, even involuntarily and by accident, under this miserable system, could escape capital punishment : and it was pretended, these honours and prerogatives bestowed upon animals, were not merely matter of fancy or caprice, but that their institutors had a great political end in view, namely, preservation of the substance and the interest of a whole people. They held it necessary to put under the protection of a religious law, those animals, the defence of which against the prodigious multitudes of rats and mice infesting Egypt, was absolutely indispensable. Thus it is in such a multitude of instances, that fallacious superstition has been compulsively forced into the place of reason and common sense. In the above account of the Dogs and Cats of *Egypt*, we have consulted Mr. Dormer, and various other writers.

Our capricious conduct in this country, towards Dogs and Cats, namely, the pretended humanity, in more significant terms, gross cruelty, of turning them out to

linger, and starve to death, instead of putting them at once out of life, by the easiest method, bears some degree of analogy to the custom of the Turks, in regard to the same animals. At *Constantinople*, the dogs being considered as impure and useless, are all wild, without masters, neglected, suffered to perish by famine, or prey upon one another. Nevertheless, opulent persons, whose conscience gets the better of their religious prejudices, are often impelled to compassion for these starving outcasts, and give a meal to all which resort to their neighbourhood. A legacy to these animals, is a common charitable bequest, among the Turks, on their death bed. Some of them even build lying-in Hospitals near their houses, for the accommodation of parturient bitches. The Turkish, like the Egyptian Dogs, have a regular practice, going their respective rounds like the *London* beggars, and resisting any intrusion from interlopers.

Both the late and former Travellers in *Japan*, represent the dogs so extremely numerous in that Country, that people can scarcely perambulate the streets of their Cities, without the risk of falling over them. Whenever these dogs do any mischief to the inhabitants, no one dares to punish them but the public executioner, and it is said to be even necessary for him, to obtain an order to that end, from a Magistrate. In the time of *Kæmpfer* the traveller, the *Japanese* Emperor's affection for dogs, not only induced him to provide for their sustenance whilst living, but to decree them a burial and funeral rights, in the usual places on the summits of mountains. This attention of the Monarch to the canine species, was said to arise from a superstitious freak of one of his ancestors, who chanced to be born under the sign of the *Japanese Sirius*, or Dog Star. A poor fellow whose dog had died, as *Mr. Daniel* has related from *Kæmpfer*, sweating under its weight, in climbing the Mountain of Interment, was overheard by his neighbour, to pray very heartily for the Emperor, in the usual mild style of those, who are Emperor, or Priest-ridden. "Friend," said his neighbour, in the style also of comforters of a certain description, well known in most countries, "you have reason to thank the Gods, that the ancestor of our Emperor was not born under the constellation of the Horse, for in that case, what would have been your load!"

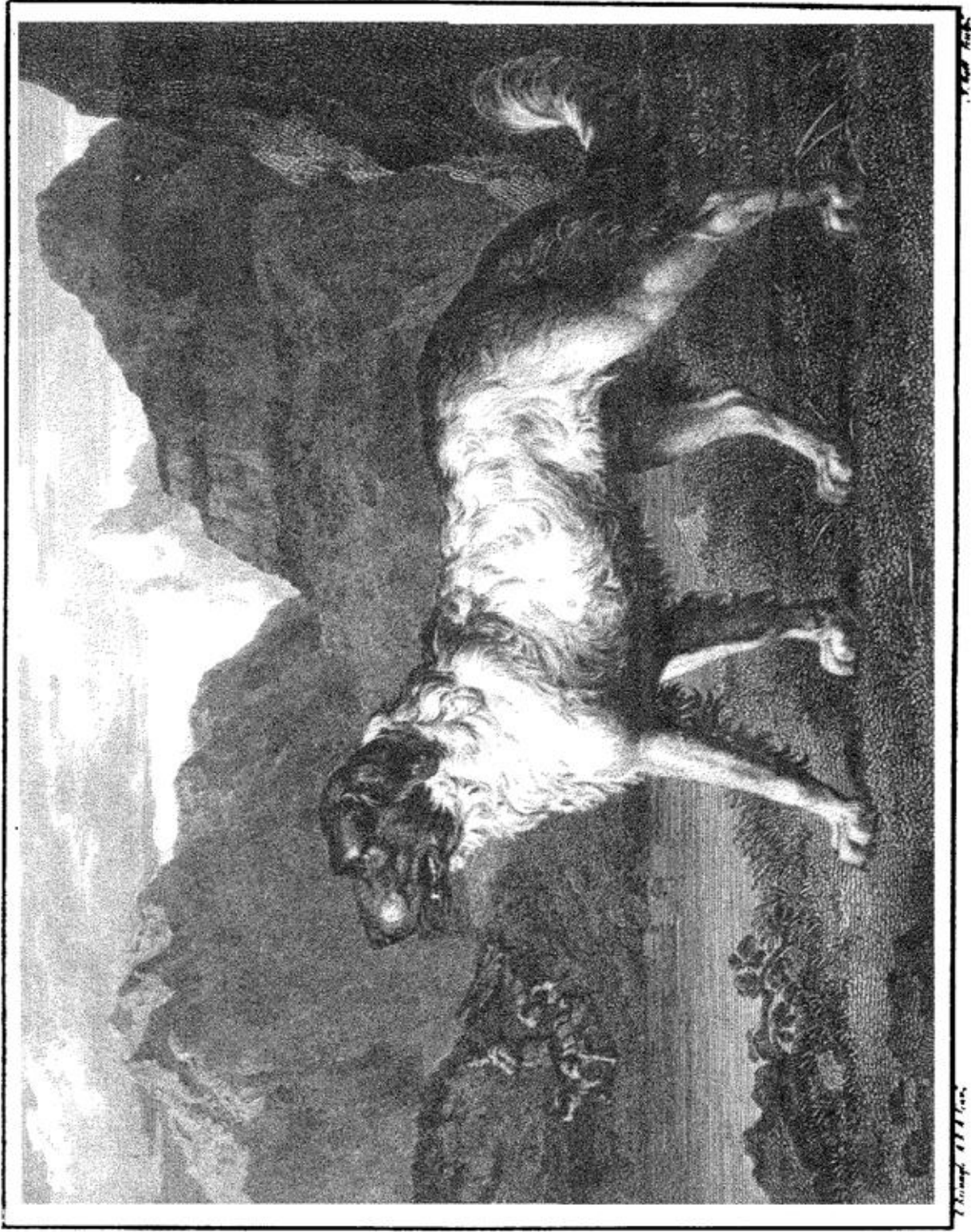
We have introduced the *Dalmatian Dog*, right or wrong, into the class of *Hounds*, and to revert to their subject, as it regards our own country, we, in the first place, desire to refer our Readers to a former part of this work, where, in the article of *feeding* Hounds, a letter was quoted from the *Sporting Magazine*, bearing heavily on the character of a *Salopian* Sportsman. Impartial justice demands of us the acknowledgment, that in the same Magazine for the following December, a letter appeared, signed 'An Old Sportsman,' totally denying the charges of cruelty and starvation advanced by *Salopiensis*. Those who feel any interest in the business, will judge between the two Correspondents, and their judgment will be guided more particularly, by the rejoinder, or the silence, of the Accuser.

A curious and rather uncommon interruption in the Field, has lately occurred

in the County of *Essex*. The Sport of the *East Essex* Hunt has been much interrupted by *Harriers* meeting in the vicinity of the places appointed for the meeting of the *Fox Hounds*. On Saturday, December 18, 1819, these Hounds were killing their Fox near *Tolleshunt Darcey*, not more than four miles from the place of meeting, when *Mr. Lay's Harriers* got upon the scent of the Fox: the Hounds clashed, and the Fox could never be recovered. On Thursday the 23d of the same month, a similar accident happened. The Hounds met at *Marks Hall*, and after killing their Fox in Cover, they drew *Chalkney Wood*, about three miles distant, where they were again called off by *Mr. Charles Hanbury's Harriers*, which were unluckily hunting in the immediate vicinity. These unpleasant interruptions, adds the author of this article, might easily be avoided by *mutual arrangement*.



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NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG is of the largest *Arctic* breed, that is to say, of that of the *Northern* frozen Climes. In the head, countenance, and pendulous ears, he resembles both the hound and the spaniel, and in his nature, partakes of the qualities of both. He has the long shaggy hair and web feet of the water dog, and may indeed be almost pronounced amphibious, no other of the canine race being able to endure the water so long, or swim with so great facility and power. His tail is curled or fringed, and his fore legs and hinder thighs are also fringed. The Portrait here given, we understand to have been taken from the life, the dog being a real native of *Newfoundland*, imported for a Gentleman, by the late *Mr. Brooks*, of the *New Road, London*. This dog, although not so tall as the *Irish Greyhound*, is, in respect to the size of his bones, and weight of his carcass, perhaps the largest of the whole race. He is not at all remarkable for symmetry in his form, or in the setting on of his legs, whence his progression is somewhat awkward and loose, and by consequence, he is not distinguished for speed; a defect which might be remedied in breeding, were an improvement, in that particular, desirable.

No risk is incurred by pronouncing this dog the most useful of the whole canine race, as far as hitherto known, upon the face of the earth. His powers, both of body and of intellect, are unequalled, and he seems to have been created with an unconquerable disposition to make the most benevolent use of those powers. His services are voluntary, ardent, incessant, and his attachment and obedience to man, natural and without bounds. The benignity of his countenance is a true index of his disposition, and nature has been so partial to this paragon of dogs, that while he seems to be free from their usual enmities and quarrelsomeness, he is endowed with most heroic degree of courage, whether to resent an insult, or to defend, to his last gasp, his master or companion when in danger. His sagacity likewise, surpasses belief, as do the numerous and important services rendered to society, by this invaluable race, in lives saved, persons defended, and goods recovered, which by no other possible means could have been recovered. The list of his qualifications is extensive indeed: he is one of the ablest, hardiest, and most useful of *draught* dogs; as a *keeper* or defender of the house, he is far more intelligent, more powerful, and more depended upon, than the *Mastiff*, and has been frequently of late years substituted for him, in *England*, indeed, may with much propriety, entirely supersede that breed, the old *Ban Dog* being now nearly or entirely worn out. As a *Water Dog*, and for his services upon navigable Rivers, none can come in competition with the *Newfoundland*; and various Sportsmen have introduced him into the field, and

shot to him with great success, his naturally kind disposition, and great sagacity, rendering his training an easy task. The usual fate attends this generous race, among us, they are too often degraded and deteriorated by inferior crosses; one piece of good fortune however attends them, they are not, in this Country, bred beyond the demand, thence, we do not, with respect to them, witness the disgusting sight of abandonment and starvation in the streets.

This race has been known in England, and we suppose likewise upon the Continent, beyond living memory, and has been upon the increase amongst us, for the last twenty or thirty years. They were most probably introduced into this Country, soon after the discovery, at least colonization of *Newfoundland*, to which, and to the neighbouring Continent, they are indigenious, and at present sufficiently numerous, in their original and uncrossed state. These dogs about seven years since, were computed to amount to upwards of two thousand, at, and in the vicinity of *St. John's, Newfoundland*. They are there, by selfish and inhuman custom, left during the whole summer, whilst their Proprietors are engaged in the Fishery, to shift for themselves, and are not only troublesome and dangerous to the resident inhabitants, but also public nuisances in the streets, from starvation and disease. Contrary to their natural disposition, when associated with and supported by man, and goaded by the imperious demands of hunger, they assemble in packs, prowl about like wolves for their prey, destroying sheep, poultry, and every thing eatable within their reach. On the return of the Winter season, and of their masters from fishing, these last unfeeling two legged animals, seek with the utmost eagerness, their lately abandoned dogs, without the assistance of which, it would be absolutely impossible to get through the severe labours of a Newfoundland winter. In seeking and claiming these dogs, much confusion, and even litigation in the Courts, ensue, the value of these periodically deserted animals, being estimated at between two and eight pounds each. They are constantly employed throughout the winter, to draw wood cut for fuel, from the Country to *St. John's*, fish from the shore, and all kinds of merchandize from one part of the town to the other, to the amount of many hundred pounds worth in a day. It is asserted that, in one month, the year 1815, these Dogs furnished the town with from nine hundred to one thousand pounds value per day, and that a single dog, will by his labour, support his owner throughout the winter.

In the above year, a dangerous disease, supposed to be *rabies*, seized the Dogs at *St. John's*, and this was attributed to the bite of a *Bull dog* from England, but in far greater probability, all circumstances considered, the disease originated in the neglect and starvation to which the animals had been subjected in the summer season. This opinion, in fact, received a double confirmation: many persons were bitten, but in the course of some months, no symptoms of *rabies* appeared, and farther, an experienced medical Gentleman, who had passed seventeen years in *Newfoundland*, observed during almost every season, symptoms nearly resembling

the present, and had even a number of patients who had been bitten, one in particular, thirteen years since, bitten in his presence by a dog, which he was convinced at the time, was really *rabid*; he treated the case, however, as a common wound, no ill consequences ensued, and from general concurrent testimony, no such disease as canine madness had existed in the Island, which yet he acknowledges might possibly be imported in dogs from *Europe*. Here a most important consideration suggests itself, and would be acted upon with the utmost punctuality, did men think their dearest interest worth the trouble of a guard. Is the good fortune light or trivial, to be exempted in their own persons and dearest connections, from the most horrible of all human inflictions, CANINE MADNESS and *hydrophobia*? A Country surely ought to be deemed most fortunate from such exemption, and every possible care ought to be used, to prevent the intrusion of foreign dogs, more especially into *Newfoundland*, which possesses within itself, the best breed upon earth, for every possible use or purpose in that country.

The Gentleman above alluded to, attributes the disease which had the semblance of real madness, to a fever induced by severe labour, with insufficient nourishment, from salt and improper food, and hard comfortless lodging. Materially also, to the want of a sufficiency of water, the streams being frozen, and the wretched dogs being reduced to the necessity of barely moistening their mouths with snow; and even while water is plenty, their unfeeling task-masters, will not allow the animals, by the exhausting labour of which they are supported, time to slake their thirst, although, in that respect, they are always extremely complaisant to themselves! That which renders the neglect still more cruel and abhorrent from true feeling, is, these victims of human selfishness, actually starved when their services are not wanted, have no other food during their daily labour, than damaged and putrid salt fish! In the mother Country, although the animals are neglected and ill treated to a degree sufficiently reprehensible, we have nothing of equal infamy, but it is an opinion of long standing, that in Colonies, every branch of morality is universally at a low ebb. Of this, the following sentiment, in the letter from which our account is derived, is a tolerably sufficient proof—"It is certainly fortunate, there is such a disorder, as unless there was something of the kind to carry off the dogs, we should be overrun with them." As if it would not be more profitable, as well as humane, to prevent, in the first instance, a surplus of these indispensable dogs; or in the second, to dispose of the surplus in a manner more consistent with justice and compassion—and of what far greater profit would the animals be, judiciously reduced in numbers, and kept in good condition.

In February 1815, the Grand Jurors of *St. John's*, presented to the Court of Session, the existing state of the Dogs in the town, supposed to be *hydrophobia*, as dangerous to the inhabitants; and it was, in consequence, ordered that, all dogs found at large, in or about the town of *St. John*, be forthwith destroyed excepting

such as are employed in *Steds*, being securely muzzled: and that, in order the more effectually to promote the destroying such dogs, a reward of five shillings, for every such dog destroyed, should be paid, upon its being produced in the Court-House yard.

Since the commencement of this article, a correspondent has obliged us with the following particulars relative to a *Russian Dog*, late the property of his friend *Mr. Mudford*. These Gentlemen belong to that class, who think it no derogation to humanity, to feel and shew compassion to the animal creation, and affection to that part of it, which is so highly meritorious from its attachment and services. Unhappily, there are men of a totally opposite description of feeling, who view the whole brute creation with a sullen apathy, through the medium only of cold-hearted interest; who are dead to their caresses or their merits, and who, on every occasion, are prone to treat them with a dastardly barbarity. Children are too often thus naturally inclined, or too apt to imbibe from example, this malign disposition, the counteraction of which is a necessary branch of morality. The reader will presently find an example of these truths, both adult and infantine; and also a practical exemplification of the character which we have given of the *Newfoundland Dog*.

The story, in brief, is, *Mr. Mudford* had a young *Russian Dog*, named *Crop*, of the same *Northern* species, and similar qualifications with the *Newfoundland*. He was in colour *black and white*, his hair nine inches in length, and of a beautiful and commanding figure, attractive and interesting to all spectators. He was distinguished by those peculiar and noble characteristics, to which we have already adverted, in this species, and the union of which in the same individual animal, seems almost incompatible, the highest degree of courage and even fierceness on necessary occasions, and the most endearing and playful good-nature and inoffensiveness: to these were joined, which we have also before described, an incessant disposition to volunteer his services, wherever his extraordinary sagacity pointed them out, as necessary or useful. A remarkable instance of this, in *Crop*, was, his noticing the habit in his master, of being accommodated with his boot jack, slippers, and morning gown, on returning home in the evening. On a certain evening, while *Mr. Mudford* was waiting for these, a lumbering noise was heard upon the stairs, when suddenly, to the astonishment of himself and family, *Crop* entered the room with the gown, which having laid at his master's feet, he set off again, and returned with the boot jack and slippers, depositing them also, and expressing in his motions and countenance, the satisfaction he enjoyed at having rendered a service. He ever after performed the office of *Valet de Chambre*, not only to his master, but if a visitor happened to arrive late in the evening, he always brought him the boot-jack, and slippers. *Crop*, as well as a *cuessing*, was a *kissing* animal, and would kiss any person who desired him; and his natural instinct approximated so nearly to human reason, and his affection for the human race was so great, that, the opinion given by a certain literary lady, of

a dog of the same species, seems equally applicable to Crop—he can be no other than some benignant human being transformed into a dog, by one of those Enchanters celebrated in the *Arabian Nights*.

The owner of this most valuable animal, lost him through the malice and cowardice of his neighbour, an *Italian*; and although well aware of the exorbitant price which justice bears in our legal market, deterring so many from becoming purchasers, he resolutely and meritoriously determined to seek his remedy; and, as will be seen by the account of the trial, gained his cause, by which, with Teague of old, he gained a loss; as defendant, on losing his cause, instantly made himself scarce, leaving Plaintiff to stand Captain for costs and damages, who thereby verified the old English proverb *on suing a beggar*.

MUDFORD *versus* DU RIEU.

K. B.—July 17, 1816.—*Sittings after Term.* This was an action brought by *Mr. Mudford*, a literary Gentleman then residing at *Somers' Town*, against the Defendant, to recover compensation in damages, for the loss of a dog which was wilfully shot by the Defendant.

Mr. Topping, for the Plaintiff, addressing the Jury, stated that, the Dog in question was a most beautiful animal of the *Russian* breed, perfectly docile and good humored, but like all dogs of his age, being but fifteen months old, was playful and wild. From a puppy, not a single instance had occurred, in which it had either bitten or attempted to bite any person whomsoever. The Defendant's Children nevertheless had thought proper, on various occasions, to tease the animal by beating him with boxing gloves, thereby occasioning him to bark at them, yet never, on any occasion, attempting to bite them. His barking, however, had produced, either an actual or a fictitious alarm, on the part of the children; and the Defendant, in consequence, at one time, when passing the animal, gave him a violent kick, threatening at the same time, if he should ever catch him in the field, he would shoot him. Under apprehension of this threat, the Plaintiff had given directions, that the dog should be confined within doors; and he was so confined for ten days, previous to the 6th of July, 1815, when the door being accidentally left open, he ran into the yard, and leaping over the wall into the field, he expressed his joy at the recovery of his liberty, by loud barking and running about from place to place. Mrs. Mudford, the Plaintiff's sister, and the servant, immediately went out in order to catch him, but their efforts, from the playfulness of the animal, were ineffectual. While they were thus engaged, the Defendant's daughter came out, accompanied by a female companion, and approaching the dog, the former took up a brick, saying, if the animal came nearer she would beat out his brains. The dog did run nearer but never attempted to touch her, continuing his gambols with perfect indifference to every person. The Defendant's wife now came out, and called to her husband, for heaven's sake to bring out his pistols. At the same time she went towards the dog, with her infant son, about four years old—no proof of apprehension on her part—and put the child towards the animal's mouth, but it did not offer to bite: she however, as if by previous concert, immediately cried out, oh! my child! and drew it away. The child, alarmed at the barking of the dog, shrieked, upon which the Defendant came out with a pistol under his coat. By this time the dog had reached his master's wall, and Mrs. Mudford was pulling him down by the neck, when the Defendant drew forth his pistol, and shot the animal in the loins, and wounded him so, that he died in a very short time.

With respect to the value of the animal, the learned counsel said, that he should be enabled to prove that the Plaintiff had been offered a very large sum for him, and that he was possessed of many of those acquirements which render a dog valuable, such as fetching and carrying his master's clothes and slippers, with an uncommon attachment to all the family, and the most perfect good-nature to all who treated him with kindness. Witnesses were then called in support of this case. Mrs. Elizabeth Whiting, the Plaintiff's sister, proved the docility and playfulness of the dog, but positively denied that it had ever bitten, or attempted to bite, any person. Her brother had been offered fifteen guineas for the dog a short time before the day on which it was shot. On that day it accidentally escaped from the confinement, in which it had been held, in consequence of the threats of the Defendant. It never attempted to bite the Defendant, or his children, although often provoked by the latter, and kicked by the former. This evidence was supported by three other witnesses.

The Attorney-General addressed the Court and Jury on the part of the Defendant, and contended that, in this instance, his client was perfectly justified in the course he had taken, for that he had shot the dog in his own defence. The dog had twice jumped at him, and he had beaten him off; he was jumping at him a third time, when he fired and thereby prevented the consequence, which might otherwise have accrued to himself. In proof of this, as well as in support of the case of the Defendant, in general, four witnesses appeared, who stated that, the Defendant was called into the field, by the screams of his daughter, and that in shooting the dog, he acted in his own defence. In the evidence of these persons, however, there was so much prevarication that the Jury, after an impartial and able charge from *Mr. Justice Abbott*, found a verdict for the Plaintiff—damages, *fifteen guineas*—costs forty shillings.

It may be useful to record the law, as laid down by the present Lord Chief Justice, on this trial. He stated distinctly, that the only justification for a man shooting the dog of another, is the necessity of self-defence; but that necessity must be clear and positive. If, he observed, a man were attacked by a dog, and while the dog was making the attack, he killed him, he would act legally; but if he killed the dog *while it was running away from him*, after having so attacked him, the owner of the dog would be entitled to recover his value. The reason of this distinction, he said, was clear. In the first case, self-defence justified the killing of the dog; but in the second, it did not—for the dog had himself retired from the attack, and the party aggrieved ought then to seek his remedy for whatever injury he may have sustained, at the hands of the owner of the dog.



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GREENLAND DOG.

Pub. by the National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D.C., 1900.

THE GREENLAND DOG.

THE ARCTIC or GREENLAND DOG appears to be the indigenious wild dog of the *Hyperborean* regions, unchanged, with respect to his breed, by human art, and abandoned during a part of the year, to his native liberty. His upright ears, sharp muzzle, and shaggy coat, seem to denote a *wolfish* origin, whilst in his compact form, short quarter, and curled tail, he resembles the Dutch Pug. The origin then of the breed may, with probability, be referred to a conjunction between the *Wolf, Water Dog*, and the native *Northern Pug*.

The height and size of these Dogs of the *Arctic* regions, is considerable, with strength in proportion, qualifying them for that labour as draught animals, which is their universal destination, wherever they are subdued by man. As will be seen by a comparative view of the plates, they are inferior in size and length, and different in form, from the hound-like figure of the *Newfoundland Dog*; nor have they that kindness and gentleness of nature, which distinguishes the latter; in all other respects, the analogy is complete, as to their qualifications and services. The colour of the Greenland Dog is generally white, with a mixture of black, sometimes with a black face, some are completely pye-bald, a few of them brown or black. Their hair is thick, close and curling, not long and shaggy, like other varieties of the *Northern Dog*. They are naturally aquatic, or water dogs, and have great power in that element. Their hardiness of constitution keeps pace with the excessive rigour of the climate which they inhabit, and they sleep through the night, with the firmament for their canopy, in a bed or burrow excavated in the snow, their noses only, appearing above their white and sparkling sheets. They are excessively fierce and savage, their growling is frightful, and their bark rather the howl of the wolf, which they greatly resemble in manner, flying upon and destroying any domestic animals which come in their way. Their courage and perseverance are equal to their fierceness, and like our *English Bull dogs*, they never give up a contest whilst life lasts; hence they often destroy each other in their combats. Most fortunately for the inhabitants, canine madness is unknown in those frozen regions, although in *Sweden* and *Norway*, the wolves are said to be occasionally liable to it; a circumstance, whenever it happens, attended with the most direful consequences; and by a strange anomaly, the access of the *rabies* among the wolves, is generally in the midst of the winter season.

There seems to be a uniformity of Species between the Dogs of *Greenland, Siberia*, and *Kamtschatka*. In their wild state, they hunt for subsistence either individually or in packs, the Arctic fox and the seals upon the ice, subsisting also upon

fish, which they are said to catch with great art. The Inhabitants use these dogs to hunt the *Polar Bear*, with which they have terrible, sometimes fatal, conflicts. A curious Anecdote respecting a Dog and Bear, has lately been copied from the *German papers*, and the facts formally certified by the Gamekeeper of a *Transylvanian Noble*, in which Country there are a great number of bears. A bear which had stolen a sheep, being closely pursued by several dogs, promptly resorted to the following ingenious expedient. He tore the sheep in pieces, and threw one of the hinder legs to the dogs, and whilst they were partaking of the repast with which he had treated them, had full time to make his escape. But the sequel of this affair is still more curious. From the date of this hospitality in the bear, the dogs would never again attack any of his kind, but on the contrary received them in the most friendly manner, as if expecting, from former experience, another treat! The Proprietor of the sheep was, in consequence, obliged to have his dogs shot, and substitute others undebauched in their loyalty, and which would defend his flock from the bears.

A *Siberian Dog*, probably of the species of the *Great Russian boor-dog*, is at this time, exhibiting at *Bath* by *Mons. Chabert*, who, it seems, procured the animal from *Siberia*. This dog, although but ten months old, is nearly four feet in height, has the ear of the *bear*, the head and skin of the *wolf*, and the tail of the *fox*. Nothing can be more probable than an intercopulation between these animals in a wild state, as it has been so frequently witnessed between the canine bitch, and the *wolf* and *fox*; nor is there any thing of the incredible in the supposition, that the bear may have joined with the larger kind of dog.

The Ships, on their return from the late Voyage of Discovery to the *North Pole*, brought home from *Baffin's Bay*, four *Arctic*, or *Greenland Dogs*, and an *Arctic Fox*. Portraits of these may be seen in the *Sporting Magazine*, for January 1819. Two of these dogs were presented by *Captain Ross* to the *British Museum*; the other two to a Gentleman named *Ward*. Of those given to the Museum, one, a female, was sent to France, as a present to the Museum of Natural History, in which is an extensive *Menagerie*, where the animal will doubtless be kept alive. The remaining Dog, at our *British Museum*, was killed, and his skin stuffed, there being no convenience for keeping animals, and the dog being fierce and dangerous. The fox remains alive.

From the portrait of the Dog in the Magazine above cited, he would appear to be a smaller variety of the *Arctic species*, than those commonly used in draught, and it may be conjectured that such smaller variety may originate in a *Fox* cross, as the largest may probably in that of the *Wolf*. A Writer in the Magazine, seems to confound the *Greenland Dog*, with that called the *Newfoundland*, which has been imported from thence, and from the neighbouring court of *Labrador*, where the *Esquimaux*, inhabitants of that Country, use them for draught and for hunting. There are however, as we before stated, varieties of the same species, that of *New-*

foundland having longer hair, and pendulous ears, which is generally, in animals, an indication of large size.

On discrimination between the two races, a Medical Gentleman, long resident on one of our Settlements in *Hudson's Bay*, offers the following remarks. "The Dog from *Newfoundland*, may have reached the *Arctic* Regions, and *vice versa*—but the *Arctic* Dog is made truss and deep: the original one of *Newfoundland* loose and lengthy; the former has pricked ears, a bushy tail, and deep russet coat, and without any extra cause of animation, looks always ready for a start. The latter has a fine lopped ear, and a very full tail, which, when erect and doubling over his back, boasts the richness of the most luxuriant *Ostrich* feathers. His colour is dingy black, or black and white, seldom russet, never liver-coloured; moreover, when not in action, the *Newfoundland* Dog is the most sleepy and most lazy of the canine species."

The two breeds agree generally, in regard to qualities, with some exceptions. Like the *Bull Dog*, they seldom or never bark, their vociferation being rather snarling and howling. On this point, the *Rev. Mr. Asnach*, in his *History of Newfoundland*, has the following observations. The *Newfoundland* Dog seldom barks, and only when strongly provoked; it then appears like an unnatural and painful exertion, which produces a noise between barking and howling, longer and louder than a snarl, and more hollow and less sharp than barking, still strictly corresponding to the sounds expressed by the familiar words *bow wow*; and here he stops, unless it ends in a howl, in which he will instantaneously be joined by all the dogs within hearing. This happens frequently, and, in a calm, still night, produces a noise particularly hideous.

The same Author describes the *Newfoundland* Dog, in one most important respect, very different to what we find him in this Country, an implacable enemy to *sheep*; which ought to suggest a strong caution to those, who keep or breed these dogs. As a proof, *Mr. Asnach* gives the following incident. He had three young sheep, for which, in the day-time, his dog affected the utmost indifference: the servant, however, having one evening neglected to secure them in their shed, and to confine the dog, the sheep were found in the morning, stretched out lifeless, without any other mark of violence than a small wound in the throat, from which the dog had sucked their blood. It is remarkable that, the *Newfoundland* Dog, when pursuing a flock of sheep, will single out one, and, if not prevented, which is a matter of considerable difficulty, will never leave off the pursuit, until he has mastered his intended victim, always aiming at the throat, and after having sucked the blood, has never been known to touch the carcass.

Farther very interesting particulars are given of this dog, both of his natural merits and demerits; his sagacity, courage, and gentleness, his ferocity, and treachery. The docility of this superior race being one of their most eminent qualities, good training, and familiarity with human customs only, are needed to

render them perfect in their kind. The above dog had been purchased when a puppy, from the Northernmost part of the Island, was of the pure Newfoundland breed, and grew up to the size of a small *donkey*. He was well calculated for hard labour, exceedingly tractable and gentle, shewing a particular attachment to the children of the family, and agreeing perfectly well with the cats, which he treated with a kind of dignified condescension, as animals which nature had placed in a sphere far below his. He was, in general, very easy to please in the quality of his food, being contented with scraps of boiled fish, fresh or salted, with vegetables, potatoes or cabbage. So much however of his wild nature remained stirring in him, that if hungry, he never scrupled to rob the larder, when unguarded, of either fish or flesh, and had a bowel-hankering after the larger kind of poultry, the blood of sheep yet being his most favourite nourishment.

Jowler, such was his name, would chase sheep wherever he could find them unguarded, even from high cliffs into the sea, and jump in after them: not, however, without first estimating the elevation of the cliff, which finding too great, he would run down and take a more convenient rout for pursuit. His master had domesticated some wild *Geese*, one of which would frequently follow him in his morning walks, side by side with *Jowler*, the two apparently living together on the best terms. Unfortunately the servant one night neglected to confine them, according to custom, and the next morning the feathers of the favourite goose were found scattered in a small field adjoining to the grounds. The dog was soon after found concealed in the corner of a wood-yard, and on his master looking at him, exhibited evident signs of conscious guilt. His master took him to the field, and pointed out to him the poor goose's feathers; on which the dog staring at him, uttered a loud growl, and ran away at full speed; nor could he endure his master's sight for some days afterwards.

The Greenland Dog is described as naturally timorous, perhaps shy, and not so easy to domesticate as the Newfoundland, which latter is said never to exhibit any signs of timidity. The dog *Jowler*, after many hard fought battles, and when he had attained his full growth, soon established his character for superiority. He was not quarrelsome, but treated the smaller species of dogs with patience and forbearance; but when attacked by a dog of equal size, or engaged in restoring peace among other dogs, he would set to, most vigorously, and continue the struggle until submission was obtained, or peace completely re-established. He would then leave the field of battle with a haughty look, and a warning growl, and be afterwards as quiet as a lamb. His master was perfectly secure in his company; for the least appearance of an attack on his person, raised at once the dog's attention, and produced a most tremendous growl as the signal of action, in his master's defence. The sagacity of this animal was astonishing, and on all occasions he seemed to want only the faculty of speech, to place his intellect on a level with the human. The character indeed of *Jowler* seems much to resemble that of Savages, who,

however mild and good their dispositions may naturally be, yet cannot on their first intercourse with civilized men, repress their thievish propensities.

C. Garland, Esq. a Magistrate, who died a few years since near *St. John's, Newfoundland*, had a dog, which used to carry the lanthorn before him, by night, as steadily as the most attentive servant, stopping when his master stopped, and proceeding when he saw his master disposed to go on. When Mr. Garland was out, by night, this dog, the lanthorn being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, 'go fetch your master,' would set off and proceed directly to the town, which was about a mile distant, where he would stop at the door of every house which he knew his master frequented, and laying down his lanthorn, growl and strike the door with his foot, making all the noise in his power, until the door was opened. Not finding his Master there, he would proceed farther, in the same manner, until he found him. If he had only accompanied his Master once into a house it was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

The *Danish Dog* has been represented as the largest and strongest of the species; and *Buffon* describes one of them which he had seen, as *five* feet in height, when sitting.

Was the Dog indigenous only to the *northernmost* parts of the American Continent, since the first discoverers of *America*, whether North or South, found none of the canine species? There were doubtless dogs of a large size, both in the Southern and Northern parts of Europe, in ancient times. *Aristotle* mentions such in *Epirus*, and *Pliny* gives an account of one sent from *Albania*, to *Alexander the Great*.

It is time to advert more particularly, to the most useful property of these Dogs, namely, their ability for draught. The fact is remarkable and may be witnessed in *London*, that dogs are the most honest and willing of all draught animals, and so great is the eagerness of the *Arctic* dogs, that they frequently dislocate their joints in drawing, and exert themselves to so violent a degree, that their hair is often tinged with red, from the extravasation of blood, occasioned by their violent straining. The *Greenlanders* and all the people of those frozen regions, travel in sledges drawn by dogs, the most usual number being five, one going before, but occasionally this number is extended to eight and even ten. The following is a description of the *Siberian Sledge*—

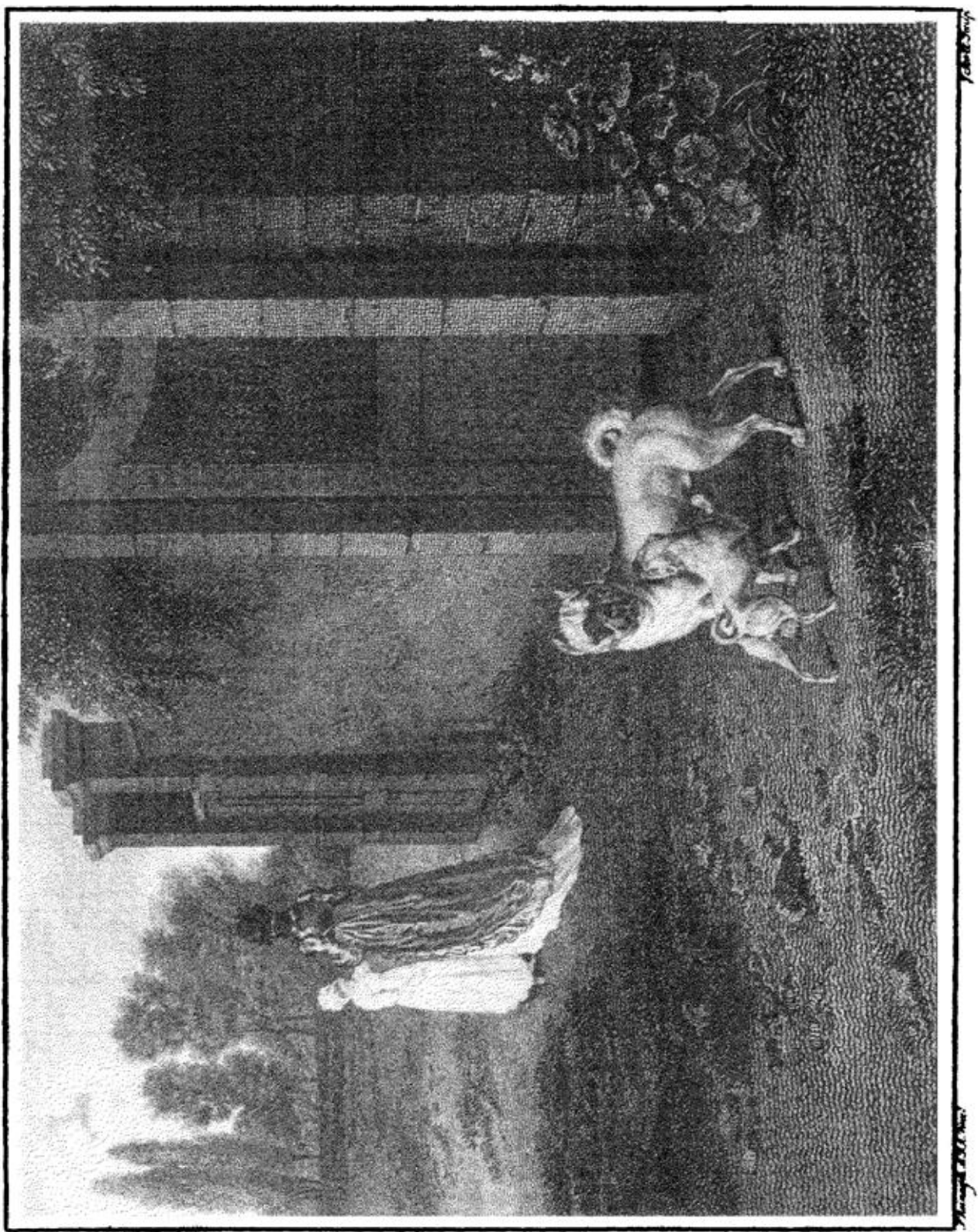
The length of the body is about four and a half feet, the breadth one foot: the form, that of a crescent, and made of light tough wood, fastened together with wicker work: and those of the principal people are elegantly stained with red and blue, the seat being covered with furs and bears' skins. It has four legs about two feet in height, resting on two long flat pieces of wood, of the breadth of five or six inches, which extend a foot beyond the body of the sledge at each end. These turn up before in the form of a skait, and are shod with the bone of some marine animal. The carriage is ornamented in front, with tassels of coloured cloth and leather thongs. It has a cross-bar, to which the harness is joined, and

links of iron, or small bells, are hanging to it, the jingling of which, is supposed to encourage the dogs. They seldom carry more than one person at a time, who sits aside with his feet on the sledge, having his baggage and provisions behind him. The reins being fastened to the collar instead of the head, have no command over the dogs, and are therefore usually hung upon the sledge, the driver principally depending on their obedience to his voice. He has, however, a crooked stick, to which the dogs have been trained to pay attention, and by striking it in the snow, he can regulate their speed, or even stop them at pleasure. He chastises them, by throwing this stick at them; and dexterity, in the recovery of this stick, when thrown, is the most difficult manœuvre of the sledge driver: should it be lost, the dogs, it is said, could scarcely be restrained from running away with the carriage, to the risk of dashing it to pieces, and exhausting and ruining themselves.

Three persons with their baggages have been carried over the ice, in one of those sledges, drawn by five dogs, sixty *English* miles in the day. In the *Russian* dominions, a good dog trained to go before, is worth forty *roubles*, or ten pounds sterling. Both the *Greenlanders* and *Kamtschatkans* treat these most useful animals, with equal inhumanity, as their *brethren* of *St. John's, Newfoundland*.



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PUGS.

PUGS.

ON almost every *Species* or *Variety* of the Dog, the same difficulty recurs in respect to their origin, whether indigenous, or imported into this Country, and at what period distinguished or imported. Zoological History, on this point, is in truth, most defective. The PUG DOG is generally styled the *Dutch Pug*, and it is taken for granted that, the species is indigenous to *Holland*, since, according to universal, but dateless tradition, it was originally imported hither from that Country. Pugs indeed are numerous throughout the *Low Countries*, and we believe, most of the northern parts of the Continent. There is yet an obscure, but confident tradition, that *pugism* had its origin in *Muscovy*; which being granted, we may not have been far wide of the mark, in tracing it in the form of the *Arctic Dog*. Another, and which we deem an inconsequent conjecture, on this most important affair of origination, is the pug being, according to certain sage conjecturists, a simple, or first cross *mongrel*, the production of a commixture between the *English Bull Dog*, and the little *Dane*: a conjecture we feel inclined to define by the figure *hysteron proteron*, or setting the cart before the horse. We hold the Pug to be of the elder house; and if at this perilous *antiparodial* crisis, we may venture at a secular parody, the motto of the illustrious race of pugs ought to be—*not we from bulls, but bulls from us*.

Pug-ism, in the English vulgar tongue, serves to denote *rotundity*, *shortness*, and *dapperness*; whether the Continental languages are sufficiently rich to furnish an analogous term, we are uninformed. We have no doubt however that, it was one of the original forms in the dog, and that there was in the beginning, an *Adam Pug*. But let that stand there, while we remark, that the term pug and its co-significant *pompey*, have been transferred in certain of our *Western Counties*, from the canine terminology to the *Swinish*, from the kennel to the sty. In the Counties of *Berks* and *Hants*, those terms formerly applied to pigs, indicated a *Southern* cross upon the indigenous breed, chiefly *Portuguese*, *West India*, or *Chinese*, the purpose of which was to reduce the length and bone of the animals, and to increase their aptitude for *pinguefaction*, in every-day *English*, for making fat. Such a cross has at length pervaded our breeds of pigs universally, yet during a number of years, the terms *pug* and *pompey* have become obsolete, without the needful substitution, by our pig-improvers, of some other terms, which we would recommend to their serious and prompt consideration; otherwise, so great a confusion is there in our present breeds of pigs, we shall not, in the phrase of the ancients of *Suffolk*, know the '*rew from the sus*' of the business.

The chief external distinctions of the Pug Dog are, a *yellow* colour, of various shades, small or moderate size, round and fixed shape, full breast, short neck and legs, curled tail, round prominent eye-balls, bluff head, black muzzle, lightly pendulous ears, prominent inferior jaw, or *underhung*, and a grave, often a savage countenance. The *comforter*, or *lap-dog* pug, is sometimes among the smallest of the canine race : the internal properties of the Pug are, courage, not unfrequently attended with a savage snappishness, which, however, have not precluded him from the fortunate lot of being the ladies' favourite, and the family *pet*, his chief use in society. With our own representation of the Pug, we also embrace the opportunity of referring the reader to another beautiful and natural drawing of the *pug-head*, in the *Sporting Magazine*, for *April* 1818 : where will also be found, a tribute to the memory of FANNY, a favourite female pug, late the property of *Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York*, and some time previously, entombed in the *Canine Burial-Ground*, at *Oatlands*. The following *Epitaph* upon this favourite, is from the pen of *Mr. Upton* :

Reader, tread lightly o'er this mound of earth,
 Nor give, while here, too loose a rein to mirth.
 Beneath this grass, the once gay Fanny lies ;
 Her breath now stopp'd ; for ever closed her eyes.
 'Tis strange, perhaps, yet not more strange than true,
 Fanny was lov'd by man and woman too !
 Nay, even babes would leave their mother's arms,
 To hug, embrace, and gaze on Fanny's charms !
 Yet Fan had faults, and faults, as will appear,
 She never gave to misery a tear ;—
 Misfortunes, sorrows, or the prisoner's groan,
 Ne'er drew a sigh, nor touch'd her heart of stone !
 Yet was her nature soft, as soft can be,
 No mortal breath'd more innocent than she.
 Her harmless tongue ne'er utter'd slander's sting ;
 The gentle Fanny hurt no living thing :
 Courteous, well bred, engaging, and polite ;
 The same kind creature morning, noon, and night :
 Not that she did so, by religion taught,
 Fanny ne'er gave religion e'en a thought.
 As nature prompted, she obey'd her will—
 From first to last, the gentle Fanny still !
 Alike the favourite of both poor and rich,
 She liv'd and died, a little—*little bitch*.

From the same source of Sporting amusement, we draw the following *Lecture on Heads*, an elegant, classical, and scientific comparison between the heads of the *Fox* and the *Pug Dog*, written, as we have reason to conjecture, by a learned *Frenchman*, who in the course of many years sojournment in this Country, has attained an eminent proficiency and skill in the English language.—

“ Musing with attention and pleasure, on the beautiful engraving of the ‘ Head of a Fox,’ which decorates the first number of the fiftieth volume of your interesting publication, I was insensibly led by a concatenation of ideas, to consider the wide difference which exists between the heads of various animals, compared with others, and found myself lost in a maze of reflections, the result of which was, my exclaiming exultingly with the Psalmist---‘ O Lord, how manifold are thy works!’ It is indeed astonishing, with what variety nature has moulded, not only the whole shape, but especially the mask of several species in the extensive works of creation; and the opposite means through which she arrives at the same end, namely, the protection and preservation of the individual. Though simple, this observation, if properly considered, and minutely particularized, would yield interesting matter for whole folio Volumes; but I shall confine my reflections at present, to an instance or two, leaving other parallels for another time.

While observing the sharp nose, the acute ear, and sunken eye of the fox, in the Plate above mentioned, I had not far to seek for a counterpart. *Fan* my little pug was dancing about me, and supplied my mind with full and appropriate points of comparison, in the diametrically opposite character of her features.

Instead of the lengthened, wedgeshaped muzzle of the *Ajax* of the poultry yard, I find in this little snapper at cats, and gnawer of bones, a flat, roundish knob, projecting about an inch from the forehead, which rises here, with an abrupt and sudden curve between the ears; whereas, in the other it ascends by degrees, with a gentle slope to the top of the skull. The different manner of getting their food is obviously connected with this opposition of shape. The fox, like the terrier, the pig, the mole, &c. has often occasion to turn up the ground; the pug, which is nothing less than a *bull-dog* in miniature, living on the kindness and gratitude of man, whom he amuses or defends, and finding his food ready for him, does not want the sharpness of a snout, and appears perfectly satisfied with the wrinkled bluntness of his face. The mouth participates also of the same intention from nature. The thief, which slyly insinuates himself into the hen-house, and seizes upon its feathered inmates, has been provided with large chaps, sheltered under the prominency of the nose---but the assertor of his right to a bone, or to his kennel, has received a strong projecting under-jaw, in which the teeth are placed in such a curious angle, that nothing can force off his hold, unless he chuses to give it up.

The eyes though keen and bright in the fox, are like two carbuncles set in deep and dark recesses; they appear significant and cunning---the eyes of a pug are projecting and brilliant: they have the shape and brightness of large pearls, and speak kindness and simplicity.

The ears of this little pet, like those of nearly all her tribe, have fallen a sacrifice to fashion. In their natural state, they would have curled forward upon themselves, as if to defend the nakedness of the auditory shell. Reynard has the organs

of hearing in an erect attitude: his are the ears of fear and distrust---pug's the ears of confidence and security.

According to the different construction of the eye and the ear, and in conformity to the same economy of nature, which wastes nothing or does nothing in vain, the sense of smelling has been differently dispensed. The fox, by the keenness of his olfactory nerves, supplies the difficulty of seeing an object, but what is before him. The prominent orbs of the pug's eyes, starting out of their sockets, encompass so wide an horizon, that a great exquisiteness of smelling would be of little importance or use to him. Consequently bull dogs and pugs are not fit for sports, which depend on the scent, and they leave the diversion of the chase to the long-nosed family of hounds and terriers, which in this point bear a great analogy to the fox.

A curious singularity attending this species of dog, is the jet blackness of the muzzle, which peculiarity procured them the appellation of *Carlins* in France, from a famous *Harlequin* of that name, who performed for many years, on the *Parisian Stages*, about the middle of the last century; previously to which epoch, they were generally called *doguins*, small bull dogs, and *roquets*, which names they still retain in some parts of France. But this sable livery of their *pugships* is not of long duration---it is merely an ornament of youth, and fades off into a grey silvery hue, when the animal counts two years from the age of puberty: it is also remarkable that every one of this family, has one or two, and sometimes more, *warts*, bristling with long black hairs on each side of the face---to what purpose, to what use? Here ends, in a blank, the ingenuity and judgment of man: he only knows, or ought to know, that Nature had her meaning in the most trifling part of her works. These bristles indeed may be smellers, a sort of conductors for the miasmatic emanators of bodies, and placed there to assist the imperfect state of the olfactory organs, as in the feline kind."

This Gentleman, proprietor of the *Bitch Fan*, to the head of which, in the *Sporting Magazine*, we have referred, deduces the origin of the word *pug* from the latin *pugnus*, a fist; certainly a probable derivation, as relative to the smallness of the pet pug dog: adding, if the clenched fist, with the thumb outward, be placed in profile, between a lighted candle and the wall, the shadow will give an excellent representation of a pug's head. This we have just now experimented.

The *Pug* has been stigmatized, as possessing neither the powers of attraction, nor any kind of usefulness---'applicable (it is averred) to no sport, appropriate to no useful purpose, susceptible of no predominant passion---even the last in the whole catalogue of the canine species.' In this sentiment we can by no means concur, without considerable reserve. With respect to powers of attraction, we are very ready to acknowledge the superiority of the *Spaniel comforter*, indeed of the whole race of *Spaniels*; but on the score of usefulness, we should certainly place the pug many degrees above the mongrel varieties of curs which infest

our streets, apparently adapted to no useful purpose whatever ; whereas the Pug is capable of being made both a good guard for the house, and a good vermin dog.

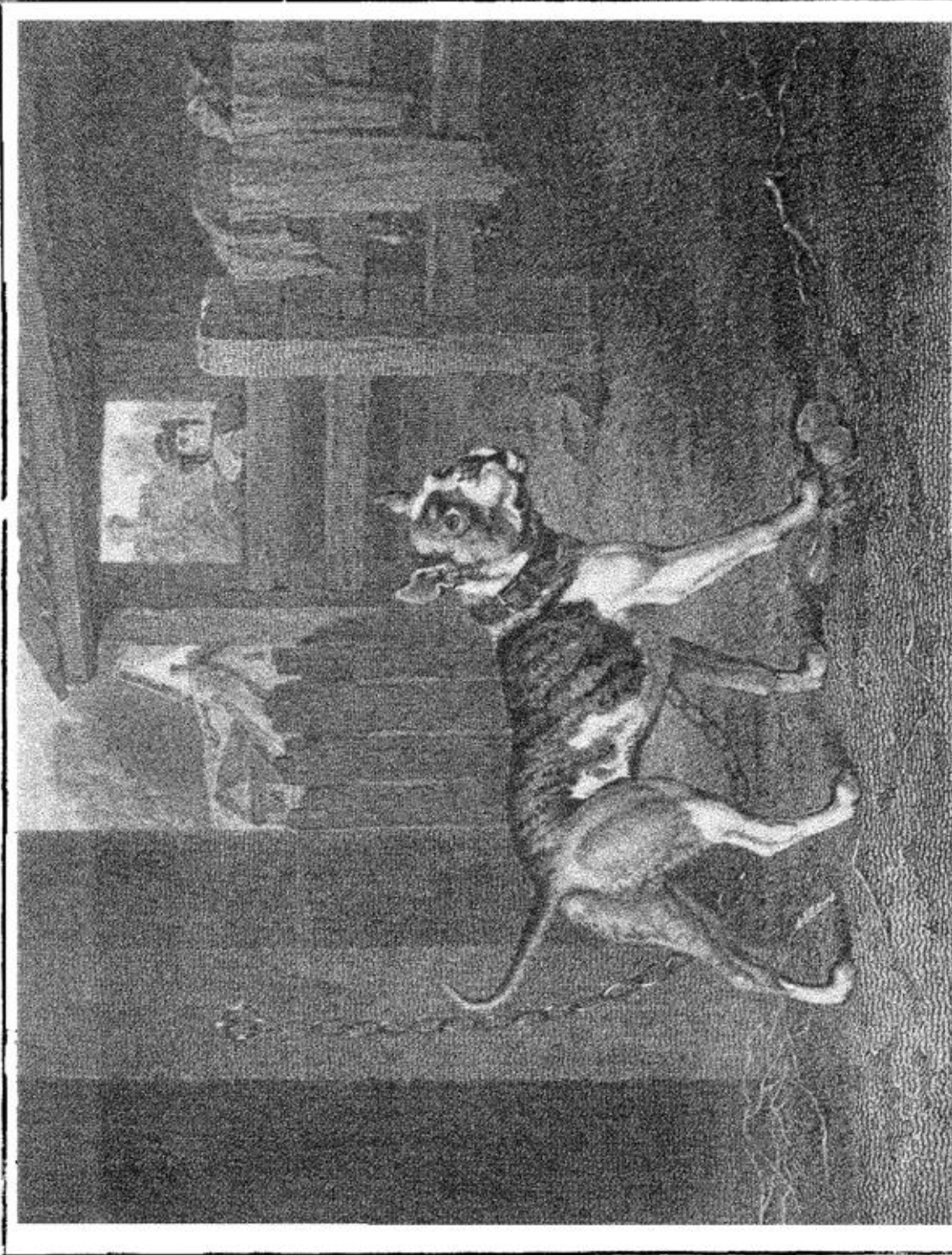
The following Letter, of the date of April 1817, intituled the ' END OF POOR OLD PUG,' and subscribed *Vox Humanitatis*, will, we have no doubt, interest all those who are endowed with genuine sensibility, and we trust, prove instructive to others, who have yet that noble qualification to acquire---' A young lady of fourteen, of a feeling heart, and who, young as she is, spares no trouble in the cause of mercy, whether to fellow-creatures or brutes, caused to be brought home a deserted dog, the history of which is as follows. A woman was followed into a shop, by an ancient pug-dog of the most pitiable appearance. She said it had lived with her six and twenty years, and was an old dog when it first came into her possession. Its back and legs had been broken, and it had lost one eye, yet survived, heart-whole ! It had ever been most faithful and affectionate to its mistress, and whenever she was sick, would sit constantly upon her bed, watching her, and even refusing its food. She observed, it had long been afflicted with an *asthma*, which appeared but too plainly from the laboured manner in which it drew breath, and by its truly symptomatic cough. It had, beside, obviously caught a recent cold. The mistress of this distressed object, was about to bestow upon it, the final reward of its long and fond attachment. She observed, with the most perfect coolness, that she must get rid of the old dog ; and her proposed method was---to take it into the streets, lose, and desert it ! It was evening, frosty, and piercing cold, and the poor animal had for so many years been accustomed to a warm room and a bed. But the head of this unthinking, and callous-hearted wretch, could entertain but one idea on the subject, that of ridding herself of a burden, without reflecting for a moment upon the miseries, to which she was about to expose an innocent and affectionate animal---to the rigours of cold, without shelter, to buffets, blows, wounds, yearnings for its lost home, lingering death by famine ! This woman of the world, totally overlooked the fellow animal feelings of the brute, and the horrible analogies of the present day, of devoted human creatures, who have perished for want in the highways and the streets. She must have been well apprized of the nature of that end, which she was preparing for her late humble and faithful friend and companion---as, how could she expect a stranger would be burdened with such an inmate, which she, its natural protector, had cast out ? It was remarked to her, by a woman of sense and humanity, that she ought, in common justice, and propriety, to give a man a small sum, to put an end at once, to the poor creature's miseries---but no, it was too much trouble ! And here it is proper to repeat a condemnation of that general, unfeeling foolery, under the guise of sensibility, which induces an aversion to taking away the lives of deserted, or aged and diseased dogs and cats, in the same people, who feast without reluctance or remorse, upon the flesh of the finest, happiest, and healthiest animals daily slaughtered for the purpose!---an aversion which must, beyond all question, be

placed to the account of stupidity, indolence, and hypocrisy, or a mixture of the three, which so often disgraces the streets, with the nuisance of cast-off animals in distress, and dying by inches, to the harrowing up of real sensibility.

To conclude with poor Pug, he was taken by the young female *Samaritan*, above quoted with honour, into a warm room, and placed upon the carpet; but still the constant affections of the beast lingered after his false-hearted and treacherous mistress, and it was really an affecting sight, to witness the animal's anxious and longing countenance, and to see him upon his hinder legs begging to have the door opened, that he might return to his beloved home! I, who can witness unmoved the sudden and easy death of any animal, am not ashamed to publish that my heart ached painfully at this sight---nor that I said within myself, may I be d---d if I would desert such an animal! I did better---I caressed it---tied a cloth gently and loosely over its head and neck, yet securely---stunned it with several heavy blows of a hammer, on the back part of the head, and instantly put it, head downwards, into a full pail of water, holding it down fast with a shovel until dead---and happy! You, who are in similar circumstances, reflect, and do likewise."



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BULL DOG.

THE BULL DOG.

NATURALISTS have generally described the BULL DOG, as of a primitive Species, upon a level, in that respect, with the *Shepherd's Dog*, and *Irish Greyhound*; and the Writers of this Country, have claimed him as indigenous to Britain, where he has been preserved in his native purity and ferocity, and whence other Countries have been supplied with the breed.

We can agree with the above statement but in part. So far as we have been able to investigate the matter, it appears that the Bull Dog is a *Variety*, not a primitive *Species* of the canine *genus*: that *Variety* has indeed, from the strongest probability, been raised, as well as cultivated, in *England*; thence the Bull Dog is truly an English breed. The grounds of our opinion, which follow, are open to be controverted by any *Bull-hanker* of more recondite information. To recur to our earliest records on such subjects, during the period in which this Country was subject to the *Romans*, it was famous for hounds and fierce dogs of a large size, supposed to be the original *Mastiffs*, but there is no hint or trace of such a peculiar breed as that of the *Bull Dog*; nor do we discover any trace of such a breed in the reign of *John*, the *era* in which the damnable practice of *Bull-baiting* commenced. Nor is the Bull dog to be found in the *Synopsis* of British Dogs, extracted by *Mr. Daniel* from the book of *Doctor Caius*, who wrote in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*.

The first *Bull-Bait* of which any record is to be found, took place in the reign of King *John*, at *Stamford*, in *Lincolnshire*; and *William, Earl Warren, Lord of Stamford*, has the infamous honour of being handed down to posterity, as the originator and patron of that insensate and beastly diversion. This Noble, worthy of the half-savage times in which he lived, standing on the wall of *Stamford Castle*, saw two bulls fighting for a female, in the *Castle meadow*, until one of the bulls, attacked and affrighted by some butchers' dogs, was by them pursued quite through the town. The sight so tickled and aroused the Sporting sensations of the noble Earl, that he immediately made over as a gift to the butchers of the town, the said *Castle meadow*, as a common, after the first crop of grass had been mowed, on condition that they should annually find a *mad bull*, the day six weeks before *Christmas day*, to be devoted to that sport, which was to be continued for ever.

In the above relation, it is observable that, the dogs which attacked and pursued the bull are simply called butchers' dogs, and not distinguished as of any peculiar breed; *bull dogs* indeed they could not have been styled, granting they had been

of a similar form and breed to those at present designated by that name, since bull-baiting had not then commenced, or been heard of. It seems thence rational to conclude, that, those butchers' dogs were of, or partook of, the fierce *mastiff* breed, so general in England, at that period. Further, for ages subsequent to that period, the mastiff and his varieties, were in constant use for the purpose of baiting wild beasts, and most probably bulls also; at the same time, these mastiffs, or mongrel mastiffs, may have been denominated *bull dogs*. One of the four mastiffs, which in King *James's* reign, were set upon the *lion*, seized him by the lip, which is the peculiar hold of our present bull dogs.

Such are our reasons for concluding the *English Bull dog* to have originated in a cross of breeds; but to the when, or by whom the Variety was first contrived and established, our information does not extend; not improbably, before the *Revolution*. We have personal recollection of them in their present form, but we think of somewhat larger size, more than half a century since, when we saw with horror, in our youthful days, a poor *Jackass* put up to be baited by them! There can be no doubt there is a pug cross in the bull breed, from the size, the head, the underjaw, and the form of the carcass, and indeed the temper of the animal; and a conjunction of the original *Muscovy*, or *Dutch Pug*, with the *English Mastiff*, in all probability, formed the far-famed ENGLISH BULL DOG. In *France* pugs are called, *dwarf bull dogs*. *Buffon* is an amusing writer, and a laborious and comprehensive collector of facts, but not very profound or successful as a theorist, far less *au fait* as a Sportsman, or a practical man; and the following notion of his seems congenial with such a character---that, 'the pug has originated in a cross between the English bull dog, and the small Dane!' I write from memory, and if some other writer, not *Buffon*, has advanced that conjecture, I most humbly beg pardon of the Count's memory.

The torture of criminals, as a punishment, has happily been abolished in England long since, but infinitely to the national disgrace, the torture of innocent and helpless beasts as an amusement, still prevails, although it must be acknowledged, in a greatly diminished degree, and that such savage barbarity has been long in the wane. We may date this happy change from the death of the *Hero of Culloden*, and the retirement from public life, of his *arbiter elegantiarum*, the famous, or rather infamous, *Broughton*, the amusements of whose boxing Theatre consisted also, of the exhibition of the most abominable cruelties upon animals. This hero, after his retirement from the actual Bulls and Bears of his *arena*, by way of continuing to turn the penny, and make the most of that pension which he enjoyed from his Royal Master, entered upon a new scene of contention with the virtual Bulls and Bears of *Jonathan's*, now better known as the *Stock Exchange*. In the year 1783, accompanying a lady to a sale of Household Furniture, we there met *Broughton*. Not being able to obtain a Catalogue, and seeing the old hero with one in his hand, we stepped up to him, and with all possible civility, requested him to permit the

lady to look at his catalogue for a minute, which he refused with the sourest looks of the genuine *politesse* of *Hockley o'the Hole*, truly observing 'that people should get catalogues for themselves.' Alluding to his new profession, we observed, 'Mr. Broughton, you have been a *hear* to-day.'

The Bull Dog, we conceive, as hinted above, has progressively decreased in size; they appear to stand lower on the leg, the waist to be longer, and the head perhaps not so large, as in former days. The breeders may have had some view in such a change. This is undoubtedly the fiercest of all the canine species in this country; at the same time, by a fortunate dispensation, one of the most quiet, and for any thing we have observed to the contrary, the most harmless. The exceptions to this character arise probably, from the risk of their being set upon any object, which, from their nature, it is so extremely difficult to detach them. Hence we see Bull Dogs going about muzzled.

The following recent occurrence, indeed, seems to exhibit sufficiently plain proof of the savage and dangerous disposition of this species of the Dog; unless indeed, these dogs were set on by some wanton and thoughtless, or malicious person.---The *Portsmouth* Mail Coach, being on its way to *London*, on Thursday night, when it came by the side of the *Devil's Punch Bowl*, between *Petersfield* and *Mousehill*, its leaders were suddenly seized by three *Bull Dogs*, belonging to two men in a Fish-cart. The leaders, by their violent struggles, broke their harness, and disengaged themselves from the coach; one of them fell over the bank, and the ferocious dogs with him. The men succeeded in getting the horse up. The horses were both very much injured; one of them so much, that it is feared he cannot recover, and the harness was broken to pieces. The guard was obliged to drive the coach with a pair only to *Mousehill*, and the coachman to walk with the injured leaders. Whoever has travelled this road, and knows the place called the *Devil's Punch Bowl*, which is by all travellers thought a great natural curiosity, must have considered the passengers and the coach to have had a very providential escape. It was a fortunate circumstance that the horses had, by the violence of their struggles, cleared themselves of their harness, as the coach must otherwise have been precipitated, by an almost perpendicular descent, into an immense depth. It is surprizing that this place, so near to the road side, which has for years been at once the admiration and terror of travellers, has never been fenced by a wall; and it is seriously to be wished that, those whose duty it is, will not suffer it to remain longer than it is absolutely necessary, in this dangerous state.

We shall express no surprise at all at this neglect, enormous as it is. It is in human nature, perhaps peculiarly *English*---to postpone the trouble and prefer the risk. Suppose a man in his senses, should class those travellers, as *bedlamites*, who have hitherto passed this perilous nuisance without indicting it, he will surely be warranted in dubbing the possible future neglect as incurable insanity; but without hope of ever seeing an hospital sufficiently capacious to hold such multitudinous incurables.

A Bull Dog inherits from nature, the highest possible degree of animal courage, both active and passive ; and being instigated thereto, for he generally waits for that stimulus, would seize any thing, even the mickle horned Devil himself, should his holiness come in the way. It is said to be peculiar to this species of the dog, to attack the Bull, and that even puppies of a few months old will instantly make such attack ; but here, perhaps, the common opinion is not quite discriminate : there is certainly a degree of natural antipathy between dogs of every species, and horned cattle, whether cows or bulls ; and any puppy, entering a field, will run at them ; they, on the other hand, will pursue a dog the instant he appears. The *jit* is, the Bull Dog, only, makes his attack with hostile effect. It is usual with regular breeders, to try one puppy of a litter, at a bull, in order to prove, by his attack and perseverance, the purity of the breed. A true bred puppy will persevere until beaten to pieces by the horns of the bull. This dog seldom barks, some have been never known to bark, or scarcely ever to growl, or utter any kind of vociferation. In the days of our youth, shame to our teachers---‘spiritual pastors and masters,’ from whom we never heard one syllable of caution or reproof, on this, or any correlative topic, we were excessively, madly attached to bull-baiting. Being at a bull-bait at Ipswich, in *Suffolk*, a fellow brought his dog into the ring, making huge pretensions of his blood and game, and was mighty clamorous for his turn. We thought the dog appeared *querish*, and particularly high upon the leg. The bull was a game one. This dog being slipped, flew towards the bull, with a volley of loud and shrill *bow-cows*, which set the whole ring in a giggle. He, however, made brisk play for some time, recovering very quietly, a number of buffets from the bull’s mussel, which made him reel, until Mr. *Taurus*, fully up to his gossip, tipped him such a *dinger* in the flank, with the soft end of his horn, as sent him scouring out of the ring, giving tongue as loudly and harmoniously, as the most musical *Wappit* ; and the owner pursuing his notable bit of game, we saw nothing more of the one or the other.

Silence in the Bull Dog, particularly in his attack, is one of his distinguishing characteristics ; another, his invariable attack of his antagonist in front, and in the head and face : he will seize the throat or the eye, but his grand aim is the lower jaw, the tongue or the lip, instinctively knowing those to be the most tender and vulnerable parts, and most suitable for his tenacious hold. Having fixed his teeth, particularly those of his under jaw, by nature formed for this hold, as was said in our description of the *Pug*, he pins the bull to the earth, which generally, on that occasion, utters a tremendous and lamentable roar, to the supreme delight and exultation of the surrounding miscreant blackguards, each of whom ought at the instant, to have the teeth of the highest bred Bull Dog, in his own jaw, in order to recall sensibility if lost, and teach it if defective. The bull, it must be observed, is allowed a hole in the earth, in order to shelter his most vulnerable part ; an advantage of which every game bull, has learned to avail himself.

A mongrel or half-bred Bull Dog, slipped at a bull, will run round him, snarl,

and seize him by the hinder leg or tail, or any part that offers, coming last of all, to his head, which he will work at, until he get a toss, or a sickening body blow, when having *got his gruel*, hanging his tail, he is off in a canter about his business, either with discreet silence, or a few piercing cries, and it is seldom found upon the cards, to coax him into such another *premunire*. **BULL TERRIERS**, however, with pure blood on both sides, will stoutly do their best, in this engagement. It has been customary of late years, to cross the Terrier with the Bull Dog, chiefly or solely, we believe, for the purpose of Badger Baiting.

The infamous, base and cowardly perversion, **BULL BAITING**, mistaken for diversion, by idiots, and two-legged beasts without *hearts*, has to the honour of *Englishmen*, who possess both *heart and mind*, been for many years on the decline; thence *Bull Dogs*, the true *blackguards* of their race, have in comparison with former days, become scarce, and from their utter uselessness, in any view of common sense, which as ladies of a certain class, used to say formerly, has little to do with *Dog-fighting*, it is fervently to be wished that a tomb of the *Capulets*, probably their cater-cousins, may be found, to enshrine to eternity, the **WHOLE RACE**. They do not pay for breeding now, as they once did; when a true bred bull-puppy would command ten *shiners*, for exportation. The *sport* too, has certainly decreased in *London*, since our *vicious* societies, have had an eye upon the *Sunday* and *Saint Monday* baiting in Islington fields, as well as the *Sunday* pinching of the empty, rumbling, and croaking guts of the half-starved labourer. The chief of this cruel insanity remaining, is to be found in certain provincial corporations, where the jolter-heads or moon-stricken *humbugs* of the olden time, left part of their property to the injury of their families, or the neglect of holy charity, for the base purpose of perpetuating abomination and nuisance. The prevailing fashion of the day, however, is ever most difficult to conquer, and as it is too generally the custom, to wind up the *tragi-comedy* of a boxing match with the *entertainment* of a bull-bait, there perhaps lies the chief difficulty of reformation in this case. We must not yet despair of the *Commonwealth of Humanity*, and we a *second time*, (*See Sporting Magazine*) make our appeal to the respectable *Pugilistic Professor*, *Jackson*, trusting that his native bravery, love of fair play, good sense, and discretion, will be seriously exerted to the utmost of his great influence in the affair, to rub out this foul, cowardly, and ignominious stain from the **BRITISH PUGILISTIC RING**. Let him reflect, and it ought to be his pride and consolation, that the science and practice which he professes, are not necessarily connected with any thing either immoral or improper; on the contrary, national, highly useful, and having a most important moral tendency, in the respect that, it teaches men to vent their passions and vengeance in blows which impart only a temporary injury, instead of the course so common and fatal in other countries, of the *knife and dagger*---in fact, it is one great cause why England has produced so few assassins. In another regard, it teaches a branch of the superior morality, namely the great duty of *jus-*

tice, exemplified in *fair play*, and protection of *the fallen man*. The impressing of the principles of justice and fairness, in this peculiar case only, must have a considerable and beneficial general effect, even in the minds of the most illiterate and unthinking blackguards. It is a step, from which they may ascend, in the scale of moral duties. We conclude with making our apology to *Jackson*, for attempting to accommodate him with a tougher job than ever he had to encounter in the *Ring*, with his manly arm---namely, the moral reformation of that numerous collection of *kiddies, rum and queer, and flash*, whether of the *St. Giles's*, or the *Patrician* breed, which he has so often the occasion and the honour to marshal.

A repetition of the history of this infamy, must overwhelm every honest and moral relater with shame for the disgrace of his Country, and charge his breast with contempt and detestation at the madness, atrocity, and hypocritical forbearance of too many of his contemporaries. The noble privilege conferred on *Stamford*, has already been related. A similar one was subsequently conferred on *Tutbury*, in *Staffordshire*, where a Bull, for the purpose of baiting, was annually given by the church!—by the *Prior* to his *Minstrels*. The wretched and inoffending victim, after having his horns cut off, his ears and tail docked to the very stumps, his nostrils filled with pepper, and his body besmeared with soap, was turned out in that most deplorable and piteable state, to be hunted through the town by a rabble of two-legged hell-hounds, completely void, in consequence of the lesson taught them, and the momentary exultation of the basest passion, of a single atom of human intelligence, common sense, or feeling—to be worried backward and forward amid the astounding and infuriating yells of these savages, until some hairs, such was the sage condition, were torn from him, and he was caught and held. That was the signal for chaining him to the stake, to be baited to death by the dogs. A late *Duke of Devonshire*, in his quality of Steward of *Tutbury*, to his great honour, and highly to the honour of the inhabitants of *Tutbury*, who joined his *Grace*, effected by petition the abolition of this senseless and atrocious custom, and it was accordingly relinquished by the town, in the year 1778. Why have not the inhabitants of *Stamford and Workingham* adopted the same rational and truly religious method of purging the reputation of their Towns from one of the foulest and most unnatural infamies? WE HEREBY CITE THEM TO THE BAR OF RELIGION, HUMANITY, AND COMMON SENSE, TO COME FORWARD AND ANSWER THAT QUESTION.

One *Staverton*, whose name might also have been immortalized by setting fire to a church, or ravishing his grandmother, in 1661, demised the rent of a house for ever, to the pious and charitable purpose of the annual purchaser of a bull, to be baited at *Workingham, in Berks*. The dead bull and money collected to be distributed among the poor. The day fixed upon for this holy ceremony is that of *Saint Thomas the Apostle*; and about twenty years ago, a sermon was preached against it, by *Dr. Barry*, at the desire of the *Rev. Mr. Bremner*, resident clergy-

man of *Wokingham*. This sermon was soon after published, but without, so far as we know, any effectual improvement in the public mind. The *Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*, in 1796, strongly recommended the general subject of justice and mercy towards *beasts*, to the serious consideration and exertions of the *Clergy*. In the last year, 1819, a Clergyman of the Church of England, has published a rational and humane tract on the subject; but we think there is a mistaken principle predominant in nearly all publications of this description, which must ever be fatal to their success: it is the classing together of actions, utterly dissimilar and adverse, in point of justice and moral consequence: for example, *Bull-baiting Cock-fighting, and Pugilism*. We have already made the discrimination, and must now repeat, there must surely be great obtuseness of feeling, where the difference in point of justice and fairness cannot be discovered between the baiting or torture of the bull, and the voluntary combat of the cocks. Can it be expected that men who are advocates even for the *baiting* of animals, will relinquish lawful sports, against the fair exercise of which, at any rate, the plea of injustice cannot be urged? *Baiting to death of any animal, in the natural, unsophisticated conscience of things, is a crime appertaining to the class of robbery and murder*: of robbery, as depriving the animal of its right to universal justice, and of murder, by taking its life through the unjust and sanguinary means of torture. Another great error, so it appears to our long experience, in most books of the description under notice, is the reluctance manifested to taking fairly the lives of starving or superfluous brute animals, and even the discouraging such practice; which however is, beyond all question, the greatest justice and kindness which can possibly be done, both to them and their survivors.

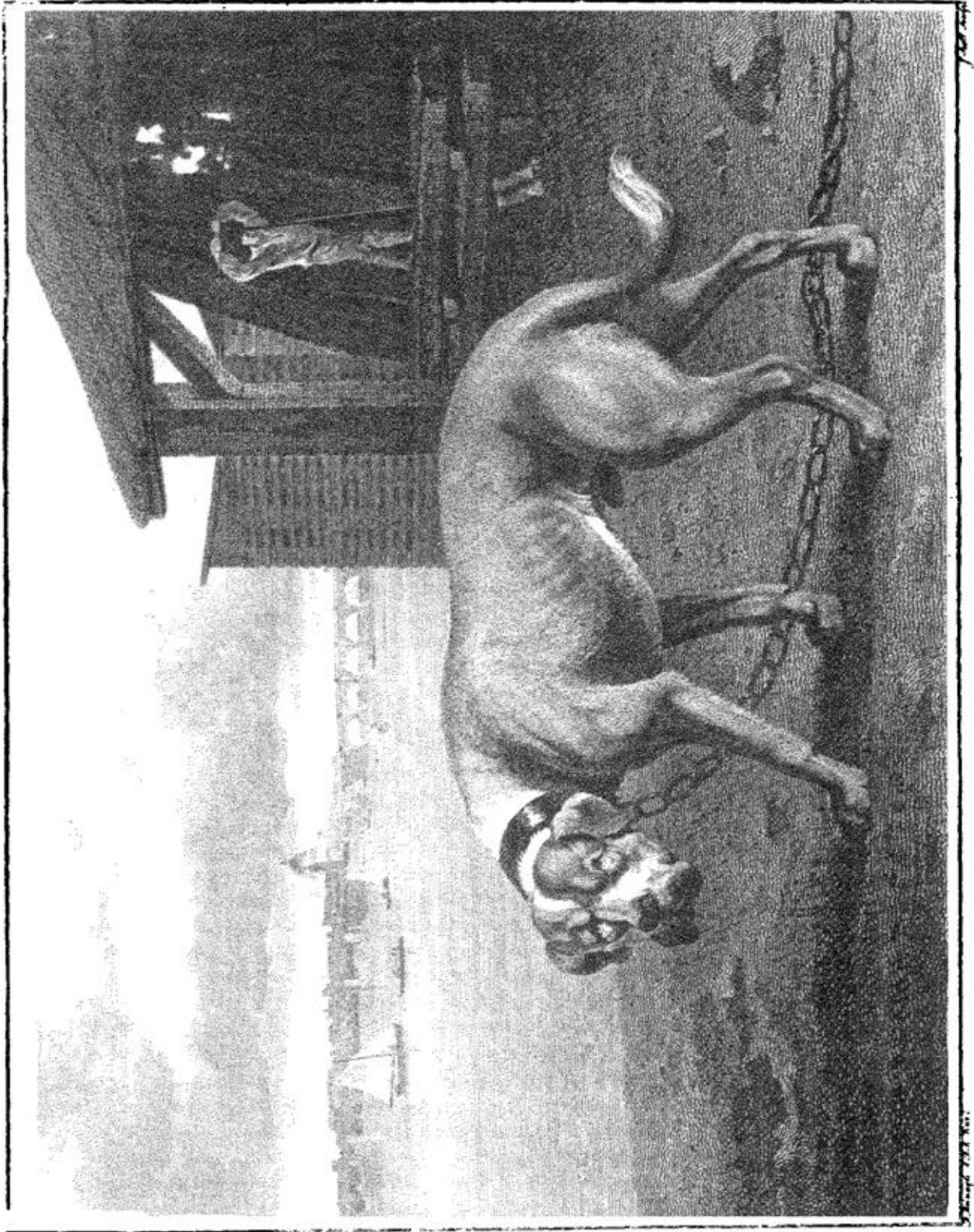
We must omit from shame, indignation, and tortured sensibility, the details at large, with which we are unfortunately acquainted, of the practice of such barbarities towards the victim Bull, sacrificed to the unrelenting deity of cruelty, and let us add hypocrisy—as goading him with spikes in his most tender parts, pouring *aqua fortis* upon his wounded back and loins—disjointing his tail---and all this in the greater excess, in proportion to the kindness, forbearance, and inaptitude for mischief and aggression, in the animal!--our pen drops from the hand with horror and detestation, calling for *blood* instead of ink, if it must proceed. The legs of the Bull Dog have been repeatedly cut off, at the lower joints, and the high-couraged and desperate brute has, in that state of mutilation, run at the bull, and like *Widdrington*, fought upon his stumps! This infamous and beastly act of cruelty however, degenerates into mere peccadillo, when compared with the ineffable and countless tortures inflicted on the Bull.

Can we sufficiently express our surprise, our utter astonishment, that enormities like these, should not only be tolerated, but supported by authority and public opinion, beneath the sun of intellectual philosophy, which illumines the nineteenth century? How can either philosophy or common sense, endure to hear the

barbarous and beastly sophism, that cruelties inflicted on the bodies of beasts bound to the stake, can possibly contribute to elevate the human courage, and fit men for gallant soldiers and defenders of their Country? This granted for argument sake, the greatest cruelties and wickedness for such purposes, are legitimate. The religion of these pious sophisters is then most convenient, and allows of the commission of evil for the attainment of good, on which principle, perjury, murder, or any other convenient and productive crime, may be defended. We formerly entertained ourselves with the arguments, such as they were, of that redoubtable Orator, who defended alike, Bull-baiting, and human slavery. That man had, in an eminent degree, the *gift of the gab*; and at the same time, the pre-eminent art of confounding every subject, beyond all possibility of its being developed and comprehended, either by himself or others. He was the very *Hierophant* of confusion, and his mind the chosen tabernacle of that goddess; he had, in truth, been so much in the habit of shaking up right and wrong, in his bag, together, that he had long lost the faculty of distinguishing the one from the other. We have moreover read somewhere, that many of our modern *Saints*, distinguished themselves in opposing any public measure for the protection of brute animals, and securing to them a due and needful share of justice: those very *Saints*, it is averred, who if their *Mouchards* were sufficiently staunch and vigilant to bring proof of the facts, would indict and punish our *Cats* for catching mice, or committing fornication on the *Sunday*. Behold, a *Holy Alliance*, entered into, between *Fanaticism* and Bull-baiting!



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MASTIFF.

THE MASTIFF.

THE MASTIFF, BAN-DOG, or *Keeper*, appears indubitably, and in opposition to the authority of *Buffon*, to be a primitive species of the Dog, which is merely to say that, an established breed under such denomination, has been known as long as tradition or record extend. We speak however of the *British* Mastiff only, as at least the most ancient, since they were sought in this Country, whilst under the dominion of the ancient *Romans*; their Emperors, according to the account delivered down by Historians, sending officers hither, whose business it was to select Mastiffs of the largest size and most distinguished courage and ferocity, for the purpose of exhibition in the combats of the *Amphitheatre*, both against wild beasts and men! From hence it is obvious that, if this peculiar race were not confined to *Britain*, they were yet to be found here in superior perfection. The scientific description of the Mastiff, *canis familiaris Anglicus*, seems to indicate him as of an English breed, peculiar to this Country.

Dogs are at all periods especially liable to an intermixture of breeds, and we read in very early times of Mastiff Varieties; for example, of the smaller and mongrel Mastiffs. The old Ban Dog, a race long since extinct, is supposed to have been of the latter. The original and true bred Mastiff is described as follows, and no doubt with sufficient accuracy, from the few specimens which have been seen by persons in years—of considerable height, of the largest size in frame, bone, and substance, colour generally dark brinded, head thick, ears moderately pendulous, lips large and loose, resembling those of the Blood Hound, eyes bright and expressive of courage with a degree of fierceness, tail large, rather short and slightly erected. The bold and stately figure of this superior of the Canine species, was well calculated to inspire awe in both man and beast, whilst the generosity, faithfulness, and sagacity of his nature, ensured him respect and love in the human race. His bark was the loudest, most solemn, and full toned, at the same time had in it much of the music of thorough bass, and when heard in a still night, at the distance of a mile or two from a lone Country House, emitted repetitions of sound, at once terrific and pleasing. The baying of the Mastiff at the Moon, and the howling of the Spaniel at the same object, we have often heard with an indescribable thrill of pleasing sensation.

The character of this dog, as handed down from days of yore, and when he was possessed in this Country, in his original purity of blood, stands on a great eminence for intelligence, the most sagacious vigilance, and incorruptible fidelity. His courage, if we may credit these traditions, partook even of the refinement of

humanity, and far from being stimulated, like the Bull Dog, by a savage thirst of blood, having torn down a man, the object of his pursuit, he would stand over, and keep his prisoner in safe custody, without offering farther injury. It is even reported of a Mastiff, that having caught a strange person upon his premises at midnight, he attended the suspected thief backward and forward, casting at every turn a jealous look, and uttering a threatening growl, until at last he saw the stranger clear of his domain, permitting him to depart without inflicting upon him the smallest injury. We can even credit this, from something nearly similar which we have witnessed; at the same time, we must acknowledge, that we should not be very ready, personally to volunteer such an experiment with the Yard Dogs of the present day. The courage of the old Mastiff was fully equal to that of the modern Bull Dog—he would never give up a contest, whilst life or powers of exertion remained; he had at the same time, nothing quarrelsome in his disposition, nor was he tyrannical or unfriendly to inferior dogs. There was this remarkable and specific difference in their mode of attack, between the Mastiff and the Bull Dog; the former perhaps always barks before he bites, the latter bites without giving tongue at all.

The usual training of the Mastiff, was to keep him chained in his kennel throughout the day, and to loose him at night, at the locking up the gates of those premises which it was his duty to guard. The intent of this, he instinctively comprehended, in a very short time, as those dogs which are naturally *keepers*, will almost immediately learn to guard any thing, a labourer's coat for instance, committed to their charge. Becoming accustomed to the extent of the yards, or places within his watch, and having satisfied his desire for sleep during the day, he would continue pacing backward and forward, marching and countermarching, with all the regularity of a sentinel throughout the night; at intervals examining every corner, and occasionally challenging with a warning bark, but on any real cause of alarm, his barking was loud, sharp, and quickly repeated, a distinction of which those within doors were well aware, and by which they were effectually alarmed.

When morning comes, this faithful guardian hastens to greet the man whose duty it is to relieve him from his charge, with wagging of his tail, gentle action, and a few low sonorous barks demonstrative of his satisfaction, and with a kind lick of the hands, if the man be a favourite; but with none of the fawning of the Spaniel, which is incongruous with his nature, and beneath his natural dignity of character. He now willingly retires to his kennel, submits to his chain without a murmur, and without any apparent desire to wander abroad. Such are the familiar day and night of the MASTIFF-KEEPER.

We have already adverted to the ill consequences which occasionally occur to dogs subjected to this constant confinement, and of which *madness* has sometimes been the result. Periodical purges, and exercise with an attendant whom they will follow, and sometimes the admission of bitches to them in the Spring, have been

found the proper remedies, by those who value their dogs. Formerly, the mastiff spaded bitch was deemed the most vigilant and fierce guardian.

After all these high commendations of the Mastiff, which protected the property, and sweetened the rest of our forefathers, but the pure breed of which, is no longer to be found among us, we cannot help inclining to the opinion of the late Justice, Sir John Fielding, who like justice herself which he administered, was *blind*, namely, of the superior utility of the *Wappit*, over every species of the large dog, however fierce; and more particularly since the loss or degeneration of the pure Mastiff breed. Sir John gathered from the best authority, that of the thieves themselves, with whom he had the honour of a more numerous acquaintance than any other man, that they never dreaded half so much the attacks of the fiercest large dog, as the tongues of the smallest, which they could find no possible means to quiet, but knocking them on the head, and that, these everlasting and active babblers rendered quite impracticable. Besides, these sleep lightly, and may even be said to be watchful in their sleep. A bitch in heat, it was said, would quiet the large dogs, but not the small and real *Wappits*. Perhaps a large Yard Dog should have an attendant of the smaller kind, whence would arise a double security, from the courage of the one, and from the alarm given by the barkings of the other. Or a cry of a couple or two of *Wappits*, make an excellent guard, running from place to place, and encouraging each other to give tongue and tattle on the approach of a stranger: they might, at the same time, well earn their daily bread at a Country House, as *vermin-killers*.

It might be deemed extraordinary, did not things upon a level in point of common sense, often occur, that no one, dealer, sportsman, or other, should find it worth while, to preserve the so-long-famed breed of the English Mastiff in its original purity, and that we should prefer the execrable and useless race of the Bull Dog. So it has happened however, and if there be any true bred Mastiffs left in the Country, they must need be things to be far fetched and dear bought. So we found it, many years ago, when we purchased one at a considerable price, as a guard in a lonely situation. If size and kindness of nature alone, had constituted the Mastiff, we had been suited to perfection; but as a guard, the dog was of no kind of use, having no faculty to make distinction between friends and foes, but ready at all times, to associate and shake hands with all men. We were sorry to part with this jolly and good-natured animal, but he was too expensive for a useless inmate. What, in fine however, ought to diminish our regret at the loss of the old English Mastiff, is, as we have before observed, the satisfactory substitution of the *Newfoundland Dog*; a race which merits to be kept pure, and free from our silly and boyish propensity to crossing of breeds.

To recur to History, during those polite and enlightened times, when our high-minded Kings, and delicate Queens, and Princesses, experienced such ecstatic delight in the Royal amusement of *Bear Baiting*, three Mastiffs were considered

a match for a bear, and four for a Lion. Stow, in his annals, gives the following account of a combat between three *Mastiffs* and a *Lion*, in the presence of King James the First.

“ One of the Dogs being turned into the Den, was soon disabled by the Lion, who took it by the neck and dragged it about, without its retaining the least power of resistance; at this moment, another dog was let loose, which he very soon served in the same manner; but the third being turned into the den, instantly seized the lion by the lip, and so held him for a considerable time, till being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; but the lion being greatly exhausted by the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, and taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of the den. Two of the dogs soon died of the wounds they had received; the last survived, and was taken great care of by the King’s Son, (Prince Henry,) who said, “ that he who had fought with the King of beasts, should never after be opposed to any animal of an inferior description.”

The custom of keeping wild beasts prisoners for life, seems to have been common to all Nations. We shall not enter into the *rationale* of this lengthened curiosity. In course, a pack of various wild and savage beasts, is still kept in the Tower of London, in obedience to *precedent*, before which, mens’ hats fly off as in a storm. Little curiosity is however excited by these rarities at present; but one relative circumstance has often inspired us with contempt and abhorrence, we had almost said, of human nature! We allude to the pleasure that thick-sculled bipeds experience, in casting living puppies and cats to the wild beasts, listening to the crump- ing the bones of the victims, and enjoying the exquisite music of their screams and groans! Oh! give us four legs, and make beasts of us at once! These are among the sights with which children are indulged, the lessons which they are taught.

Notwithstanding all that has been said on the good-nature and docility of the Mastiff, it is obvious there must be exceptions to the general rule, and equally so, that dogs of such size and power, must be capable of great mischief when so disposed: as an example of great consequence, whenever they take to hunting *Sheep*. It therefore stands the keepers of these dogs in hand, to be extremely watchful of them, and not suffer them to stray unattended from home, to the risk of their acquiring vicious habits. Another needful caution respects personal risk from such animals, in consequence of sudden, indeed unaccountable fits of passion, which may seize them; such is also the case of *Stallions*, the danger of horse play being proverbial. But the grounds of these cautions will be better elucidated, and their consequence more sensibly felt, by an example to the purpose.

Nearly twenty years since, a Butcher at *Mitcham*, in *Surry*, had reared, as he supposed, a *true-bred* Mastiff from a puppy: butchers, however, are not generally

very accurate or discriminating in matters of pedigree, any more than Horse Dealers, on the same account, in respect to horses; and not at all improbably, this true-bred Mastiff might have a dip or two of the Bull Dog blood in him. However that might be, our Butcher was extremely attached to his dog, and the attachment appeared to be mutual, the dog following his master abroad on all occasions. Some horse-flesh being purchased, part of it was given to the dog, but not satisfied with his allowance, he took an opportunity of laying hold of the remaining portion, when the Master attempting to take it from him, this favourite seized his arm with the ferocity of a tiger, and tore away the flesh to the very bone; quitting hold of the arm, he instantly flew at the man's throat, on which he fastened in such a truc bull-dog style, that he could be disengaged by no other means, than by a rope fixed round his neck by the neighbours, who were most fortunately at hand, or beyond doubt, the man would have been killed. The dog was nearly strangled before he could be compelled to quit his gripe. But the most curious part of the story remains to be related; yet however curious, it is not without parallel, and that among persons who ought to be more prone to reflection than butchers. So ardent and extraordinary was this man's attachment to his dog, that no importunity could prevail on him to permit the animal to be destroyed, notwithstanding his own life was for a considerable time, in imminent danger from the wounds he had received! But wonders are not to cease yet---it turned out to be merely 'a fit of the brute' in the dog, a sudden gust of passion on being deprived of his fill of that which seemed luxurious to his canine appetite---horse-flesh; and he afterwards returned to his former habits of attachment to his master, of quietness, gentleness, and docility!

As a proper appendage to the above confiding attachment of the butcher, the following fact will be appropriate. The death of the Hon. Mrs. *Duff*, a few years since, by a bite in the face, from a favourite dog, which proved to be rabid, must still be fresh in the public mind. Soon after this happened, it chanced that the favourite Spaniel of a man of rank, became diseased, exhibiting some of the most prominent symptoms of *rabies*: it was in vain nevertheless, to urge the extreme danger of the case, and the injustice even, to persons within reach of exposure, by running the risk of suffering an animal in that state to live. But no arguments could prevail, although strengthened by a memento of the fate of the unfortunate lady---the dog was preserved, and the risk wantonly defied, of the most deplorable calamity which can happen to human nature.

But a truce with the melancholy and desponding parts of our theme, and let us make way for something more consoling, at least for that which may afford amusement which is not entirely destitute of profit. We have already descanted on the solemn and not unpleasing music of the Mastiff's howl; but brother *Hogg*, the celebrated *Ettrick* Shepherd and Poet, leaves us behind at a vast distance, in regard to this branch of canine qualification. The Poet narrates that, when he was

Shepherd to a certain farmer, in whose house the daily family prayers were accompanied by *psalmody*, the *Sheep Dog* also joined loudly and *fervently* in the pious choir! What a hitherto unthought of qualification in the Dog, and which could only have been discovered in Scotland, the land of Saints, as *Walter Scott* has proved. And how might old *Gervaise Markham's* idea of a musical pack, be improved upon, and its uses and purposes be extended. Nor will the hint, we should hope, be thrown away upon certain of our *Societies* in the *South*. An import of Scotch *psalm-singing* Dogs might turn out a profitable speculation. Suppose for instance, one of these put up to auction at *Tattersall's* or *Aldridge's*, what a theme would it be for the Auctioneer to enlarge upon, in addition to the other qualifications of the dog, and what a spur to the eagerness of the surrounding bidders, that he was one of the first-rate Psalm-singers of the *North*, and would chaunt a stave with any Parish Clerk in Britain!

The following remarkable example of canine sagacity, was said at the time to be well authenticated. In the Autumn of the year before the last (1818,) a Lady walking over Lansdown, near Bath, was overtaken by a large Mastiff dog, which had just left two men, who were travelling the same road, with a horse and cart. The dog continued to follow the Lady, at the same time endeavouring to make her sensible of something, which he could not otherwise express, by looking in her face, and then pointing behind with his nose. Failing to make himself understood, he next placed himself so completely in front of the object of his solicitude, as to prevent her proceeding, still looking stedfastly in her face. The Lady became somewhat alarmed; but judging from the manner of the dog, which did not appear vicious, or to have any mischief in view, that something about her person must have engaged his attention, she examined her dress, and missed her laced shawl. The dog perceiving that he was at length understood, immediately turned back: the Lady followed him, and was conducted by him, to the spot where her shawl laid—some distance back in the road. On her taking it up, and replacing it on her person, this interesting quadruped immediately ran off at full speed, after his master, apparently much delighted at the service he had rendered; leaving the Lady in a state of astonishment, which did not permit her at the instant, to reward her benefactor with those caresses which he so highly merited.

Most probably, this dog, in the above relation, called a Mastiff, was chiefly of the Newfoundland breed, a mastiff-substitute, the entire Mastiff not being remarked for the qualities here described. We embrace this opportunity to acknowledge, that the Portrait which we exhibit of the Mastiff, must not be considered as a specimen of the pure original race---for where could our Artist find one of that description? but of the Mastiffs or large Yard Dogs of the present time. This portrait, which was from the life, obviously shews a *hound cross*---a portion of the old Mastiff, joined with the *Blood Hound* or *Southern Hound*.

As long ago nearly as we can remember, a man exhibited a carriage drawn by

six dogs. These were of the largest and most powerful which we have ever witnessed, and perhaps approached as nearly the form of the old Mastiff, as any which have been seen in these latter times. *Monsieur Chabert*, whom we had lately the honour to quote, has arrived in the *Metropolis* from *Bath*, with his great *Siberian Wolf dog*, which he now offers to the public for the sum of two hundred pounds. He has a Gig, purposely constructed, in which, he says, this dog can draw him thirty miles in a day. This brings us once more to the subject of *draught dogs*, in which they greatly excel us upon the Continent, and still more in their very extensive use of that kind of draught. The Mastiff, such as he is at present found, from his size, bone, and strength, is certainly among the breeds best adapted to that purpose.

It has been already remarked that, the use of dogs for draught, is rather upon the increase in *London*, although hitherto, there has not been much selection used in the case, nor any great solicitude shewn to obtain the largest and most powerful kinds; doubtless, from this business being in the hands of labourers only. We are not aware that dogs are much, or at all, applied to this purpose in the Country, or to any rural business; although we recollect that, some schemer formerly proposed them for the plough, upon lands particularly, which are injured by the heavy tread of horses or oxen. But how many of the most powerful dogs would it require, to plough an acre in a day, of heavy land, the kind of land which receives injury from compression? We have nevertheless heard it asserted, that there is light, thin soil, of which four good dogs would be able to plough an acre per day, with a light and well-formed implement.

We have not visited *Holland* or *Belgium*, for many years, and when there, did not pay that particular attention to the *draught Dogs*, which has since been shewn by the late humane Mr. *Pratt*. Our curiosity was mostly attracted by the full-fed, large and heavy black draught *Horses*, of those Countries, and their *Cows* clothed, for it was in the winter season, like our saddle horses. The *Dutch* generally, who possess the means, have a very just regard for the comforts and well-being of their animals of every description. We observed also, that the flesh of their beef and their hares, is lighter in colour, than that of the same animals in our own Country. According to Mr. *Pratt*, there is not an idle dog, of a size equal to labour, in the whole of the Seven Provinces. They may be seen in all parts of the *Hague*, and other Towns, tugging at barrows and light carts, with their tongues forced out of their mouths almost to the ground, by excessive exertion, and their poor palpitating hearts ready to beat through their sides. They are harnessed three, four, five, and sometimes six abreast, drawing men and goods with the speed of little horses. In passing from the *Hague Gate* to *Scheveling*, may be seen, at any hour of the day, an incredible number of carriages loaded with fish and men, and drawn by Dogs, which go upon a long trot, and frequently, when driven by young men or boys, at full gallop, throughout the distance from gate to gate, which is a full mile and half.

Every *Dutchman*, to analogize for a convenient phrase, has, in this affair been sworn at *Highgate*—*he will never walk when he can ride*, be it but for half a mile. In the Dog-days, these patient, laborious, and most willing animals, are sometimes driven to such excess, that they drop down upon the road, and there remain until their exhausted powers are renewed for fresh and unceasing labours. They have however the full benefit of the *Sabbath*, resting undisturbed on that day. Canine Madness is not more frequent in that Country than in this. In the summer season, the best draught dogs, near the sea-side, are driven down to the beach daily, and even several times in the day, to bathe and repose themselves, and some of them have light clothing to preserve them from the flies.

Various receipts have been published, and indeed continue to be so, for the best mode of feeding dogs, as if there were some mystery or difficulty in it. Potatoes and Oatmeal, are certainly the best *fill-up* for the purpose, and Horse-flesh should be allowed, whenever it can be obtained. The best method is to skin the potatoes, and put them into boiling water: when they are about half boiled, add oatmeal, after the rate of two pounds to a peck of potatoes, stirring and boiling the whole sufficiently, to make a thick soup. Some salt ought to be allowed, and more especially when no animal food is given with the soup; and also, when it is.



Appendix.

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APPENDIX.

THE TURF.

WE have repeated in the present Work, and indeed had already given proof of the fact, in the **BRITISH FIELD SPORTS**, that the business of the *Turf* had greatly increased of late years; in truth that its increase had become commensurate with the increase of the population of these Kingdoms; and, as we cannot suppose that under such circumstances, light and intelligence have been retrograde, it will be rational to conclude that, the science, business, and pleasure of *Horse Coursing*, have been found in an enlightened age, worthy the attention and pursuit of men, the most distinguished for their rank in society, and for their skill in the science of life. Breeding for the Turf seems to proceed in an increasing ratio, and *blood* is now almost universally diffused through the *Equine* genus of this Country, with scarcely the exception of the horse for slow draught. Our studs also afford a considerable surplus of horses for exportation to the Continent, to the *United States of America*, and even to the *East Indies*; and the *British Race Horse* is universally allowed to stand proudly at the head of the whole genus, for size and powers, for symmetry and beauty; and is thence chosen by foreigners, to improve the breeds of their Country, both with respect to figure and utility. Our improvement in the management of this invaluable and national race of horses, has long been conspicuous, in respect to their stable treatment, exercise, and *purgings*; in all which cases, we have shaken off much of the barbarism, harshness, and fanciful discipline of former days. In fine, our thorough-bred Horses have long since excelled their originals of the *South Eastern Deserts*, nor do we find it possible to import from thence any specimens, for symmetry of form, beauty, or useful qualification, equal to our own.

Having freely acknowledged thus much, we may be allowed to give our sentiments with equal freedom in the other direction; and to state our opinion that, however greatly we have improved, we have not yet reached that ultimate point, bordering on perfection, which it is within our power to attain. The attainment of this desirable, indeed national object, must depend entirely on the practical, and experimental personal exertions of Sporting Gentlemen and Breeders, of enlarged and unprejudiced mind: of men in the well-informed ranks of society,

who will condescend to bestow a portion of their time on a most interesting, and highly useful pursuit, which has certainly suffered, and its advancement been retarded, from its committal, with few exceptions, to ignorant and incapable hands, and with the additional misfortune of a powerful interest also subsisting in opposition to any beneficial change. But interest must necessarily be a powerful and leading motive to all ranks, and considering the vast sums at stake in breeding or training the *Race Horse*, can it be doubted whether or not, an actual and practical knowledge on these points, ought to form a prime object of solicitude? Having during a long series of years, as opportunity has served, taken practical views and formed opinions on this subject, we shall, by and by, although it may probably be a repetition, refer to certain common defects in our *Turf System*, and we flatter ourselves propose such as may prove effective remedies.

Inclination however leads us to give precedence to a little Anecdotal History of late Turf transactions—we allude to the well-known dispute respecting the *START* for the *St. Leger Stakes*, during the last Meeting at *Doncaster*; on which the *Jockey Club* have since decided with an equity and impartiality, from which, to the best of our information, that honourable body, consisting of men of the most distinguished rank and fortune in this Country, have never been known, in a single instance, to swerve. Reckoning the amount of the Stakes, and of the very considerable sums depending in bets, a heavy and extensive interest was at issue on this occasion; and, as in the everlasting whirl of affairs, every fresh occurrence is apt to obliterate the recollection of its predecessors, of however weighty import, and as men's memories are treacherous, and their attachment to bad customs, in an equal degree, tenacious, it is highly for the interest of the Sporting World, that the affair should be thoroughly canvassed, put fairly upon record, and that proper regulations in the case should be established, and due care taken, that in future, they never be infringed.

The *St. Leger Stakes* of twenty-five guineas each, for three year old Colts, eight stone two pounds; Fillies, eight stone—*St. Leger Course*—fifty subscribers, was run for on Monday, September 28, 1819, fourteen horses starting, of which the three following only were placed:

Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Antonio, by Octavian, dam by Evander,	
ridden by T. Nicholson - - - - -	1
Mr. Pierse's b. c. by Walton, out of Lisette - - - - -	2
Lord Eglington's b. c. Archibald, by Stamford - - - - -	3

In consequence of *Col. Cradock's* b. c. *Sir Walter*, by *Whitworth*—*Mr. Lambton's* br. c. *Agricola*, by *Sir H. Dimsdale*—*Mr. Jaques's* b. c. by *Thunderbolt*—*Mr. Watson's* b. c. *Harmonicus*, by *Walton*—and *Mr. Uppleby's* ch. c. *Wildboy*, by *Amadis*, not getting off when the word was given to start (*not being ready*) the

fourteen started without them, and the Stewards of *Doncaster Races*, declaring it a false start, the following horses started again, and came in as under—

Col. Cradock's b. c. Sir Walter, by Whitworth, out of Esther, ridden by William Scott - - - - -	1
Mr. Pierse's b. c. by Walton, out of Lisette - - - - -	2
Lord Eglington's b. c. Archibald, by Stamford, out of Blue Stockings - - - - -	3

Seven others also started, but were not placed.

The Stewards of the Race apparently, acted on the spur of the moment, and without sufficient premeditation, in allowing a second start; on the other hand, *Mr. Ferguson*, the proprietor of *Antonio*, the winning horse, was guided by sound discretion, and due confidence in the justice of that Court, to which he was aware the cause must be referred, in declining again to start his horse. Reference having since been made to the *Jockey Club*, their decision was as follows—

“ *Newmarket*, Tuesday, October 5th, 1819. The Stewards of the Jockey Club having taken into consideration, the Case laid before them by the Stewards of *Doncaster Races*, respecting the *St. Leger*, and having examined *Mr. Lockwood*, the person appointed by the Stewards of *Doncaster* to start and judge the Race, are decidedly of opinion, that the Race should have been given to *Antonio*; and consequently that the Stewards should not have allowed a second Race.—By order of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. (Signed) “ EDWARD WEATHERBY.”

Our uninformed Readers should be apprized that, in a Sporting view, the decision of the Jockey Club is final; from thence, there can be no other appeal than to the Courts of Law.

This may truly be said to have been a sporting Race: seven to four were betted against the favourite, *Mr. Pierse's* Colt, and one hundred to three against *Antonio*, the Winner. One hundred to three, and one hundred to four, against several others. To enter into the merits of the dispute respecting this double start, it cannot be denied with any degree of impartiality, that there was meditated unfairness in the transaction, and that blame ought to attach somewhere; sentiments, the truth of which, we apprehend, will be fully borne out by the contents of the following letter, published in December last, in the *Sporting Magazine*, and obviously written by a Sportsman, not only well acquainted with certain manœuvres, too generally made use of in Racing, and which have been practised of late years to an excess which must be its own cure, but also the particular state of the late transactions at *Doncaster*.

“ It was my intention ere this, to have prepared for your Magazine, some remarks upon a subject which concerns in no small degree, the interests of all, who are in any manner connected with the turf. The subject to which I allude is the late race for the St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster. The object I have in view, in thus intruding upon your notice, is to point out what I conceive to be the cause of the late confusion which took place at Doncaster. It would appear, it is the object of the riders to harrass and irritate the warm-tempered horses, as much as possible by the frequency of false starts. An idea at one time prevailed, that the Lisette Colt, (Mr. Pierse's, the favourite) was of a very irritable disposition, consequently we immediately see the object there was in view, in making so many false starts. Now, Sir, if stakes like the St. Leger, Derby, Oaks, &c. are to be won or lost at the pleasure of men intituled Jockies, there is an end to racing. If it is to depend on the caprice of such men, whether the horses are to go off at the first start, or at the eighth or twelfth, I cannot but anticipate a speedy dissolution to such stakes. When Prince Paul started for Derby, it is solely to the great number of false starts that his defeat was attributed. When Altisidora won the St. Leger, there were no less than ten starts before the horses could get away. From these instances I conclude such conduct in Riders highly improper and reprehensible—to one man I point in particular. He is a man rendered conspicuous, not for his superior ability in jockeyship only, but also for the continual practice of this stale trick. His conduct at M——— when on G——— was such as to draw forth the just indignation of the surrounding multitude. Such men are unworthy the support of any Gentleman, and when we see such notorious characters employed, we have but too much reason to suspect their conduct is winked at. I do not undertake to point out a method of starting, by which that confusion, similar to what took place at Doncaster, can be avoided, but really the difficulty appears so small, that the least study would suggest one.”

It will be but candid, or fair play, so state the arguments of another practical Sportsman, who takes a directly opposite view of the question.—

He urges that—“ although more Horses are entered for the stakes this year, than ever were entered before, there is no ground why the start should be altered : besides, if any method be fixed upon for the future starts at this Race, *it must either emanate from the Members of the Jockey Club, or be approved of and adopted by them.* It is well known, and has been often proved, of how little consequence it is, whether the Jockey gets the first at the start, or gets only what is termed, a tolerably good start, which every one may do, for the distance is such, that in the latter case, when the horses have passed the Hill, (Doncaster Course) he has it in his power to take what place he chuses, provided his horse has sufficient speed, for

there, the horses that are exhausted fall back, and continue to do so, to the end of the race, till, as is often the case, there are only two or three which come in, and are able to try for the Stakes; and in case a Jockey cannot obtain the place he chuses, after the Hill is passed, on account of the deficiency of speed in his horse, he could not have won the race if he had had the best possible start. To prove this assertion I may instance the time, when the late *Duke of Hamilton's William* won the *St. Leger*, almost in a canter, although he lost *two hundred yards* at starting: also the time, when *Altisidora*, *Tiger*, and *Camelopard*, the three first favourites, came in *first, second, and third*, notwithstanding they were jaded by so many false starts. If it were necessary, I could instance many more cases; but it must be evident to every thinking person, that as so few horses try for the race at the last, a horse may win as easily with a *fair* start, as with the best start imaginable."

This Gentleman perhaps, like many other correct logicians, does not perceive that he has argued perfectly well, to no manner of purpose: that he has gone only skin-deep, leaving the marrow of the question still in the cavity of the bone, and untouched. All his arguments will doubtless apply, regulation or no regulation—the question remains, is, or is not, a new regulation necessary. To decide that question *experimentally*, we need go no farther back, than the history of the late double start at *Doncaster*, with all its trouble, vexations, and risks. As to the necessity of applying to the Jockey Club for a regulation, which by way of *emphasis*, we have placed in *Italics*, that appears to be one of the most curious of objections. With what propriety or efficiency, could any Turf rule intended to be obligatory and permanent, be elsewhere obtained?

But, having at some length, made a clear stage; to come to the *start* of the question—nobody can deny, that a grievance has been proved; and should it be urged that, here is a case made of much cry and little wool, and that there need no ghost to be disquieted and brought up, to prescribe a remedy, it may well be answered, why has a nuisance susceptible of a prompt and easy abatement, been suffered to continue so long, and why so much *argufication pro* and *con* on the premises? A start ought evidently to be a certain thing, clear of all contingency, since all the parties concerned, horse and man, however various and unequal their qualifications, in that respect, necessarily stand upon a level, each taking his own chance. On this simple, therefore just ground, and to avoid the possibility of dispute, misapprehension, or *Jockeyship*, one decisive start only is lawful, the word being given by the proper officer of the course, by *beat of drum*, or *sound of bugle*. For example, to round or complete the proposition, suppose the signals, at convenient periods—a beat of the drum for the horses to assemble, another for them to saddle, mount, and chuse places, and a blast of the bugle for the start. This regulation, should it be honoured with the sanction of the *Jockey Club*, to be announced

throughout the first or present Season, in the *Bills of fare* of every Race Course throughout these Kingdoms.

We have preferred the sounding a bugle or drum, to the dropping of a flag, since the flag, it has been said, might alarm some young horses, and cause them to swerve, or bolt. In regard to the difficulty experienced by Riders of young restiff, or fractious horses, and the uncertainty of starting such, those contingencies are obviously, and in the view of common sense, their own and the proprietor's chance, or if you will, misfortune, and which every Jockey is fairly bound to risk, equally with that other possible risk of breaking his neck. It is an unfair expectation in any one, to be insured from these risks, granting such insurance possible, since it must be done at the expense of some other, namely, of him who rides a horse that will start readily and well, a legitimate advantage or *fair pull*, of which he ought not to be deprived, and in which no competitor can claim a right to share. And after all the logic which can be chopped upon the subject, the arguments of a Correspondent above quoted, will in a certain degree, maintain their validity in a *fair* point of view---the start is not of that mighty consequence, in a race of any considerable length, which has been assigned to it. Indeed could Old *Dick Goodison* start up from his resting place, mounted upon *Rocket*, as we have seen him in days of yore, ready to start for a quarter of a mile race, he might tell our *Younkers* something about starting. In short, not the *Rouge et Noir*, in which there was a good pull, but the *parfait égalité* of the business seems to decide that, all Race Horses, speedy or stout, hot and choleric or cool tempered, restiff or quiet, should take their equal chance, both in the placing, and at the start; in the same manner as all, however various their qualifications and powers, must each depend upon his own individual exertions, or good luck in the race.

We have been dilating on fair advantages. In these, the fair and equal rights of the Turf, every Sportsman ought to be protected. So far as regulation goes, lies the province of the Jockey Club, and that honourable body cannot give protection to any thing unfair, since it is absolutely contrary to the nature of their institution. Nor ought any custom or thing of that description, upon the Turf, to be suffered to derive encouragement from inattention or neglect. The false starts, every man who frequents the Race Course, well knows to have had certain motives not of the fairest kind, and to have become so much the *order of the Course*, that they have been for a long time looked upon by Jockies as a fair pull; and a readiness in getting up a false start, and raising a *call-back*, have been deemed accomplishments in a Jockey, well worth the labour of acquisition. Nor has this manœuvre wanted the encouragement of Gentlemen, at least trainers of Race Horses, many of whom it is not whispered, are equally fond of a pull *per fas aut nefas*, as their trainers and jockeys. "Every one," says an intelligent *Oxfordshire Sportsman*, "knows that Jockies are sometimes ordered not to go off, till the Judge has been several times disappointed, and the order given that they

shall positively start on the next signal. When *Sam* won the *Derby*, there were ten false starts, and the Judge declared the next start should be final (*as was the case at Doncaster*) and on the next signal being given, they all started, a convincing proof that they could all have started, had they wished to do so." It has been proposed that, when the field of horses is numerous, the Jockies should draw lots for *places*; and when they had so done, the unquiet horses would not keep them; certainly were any thing of this kind desirable or necessary, nothing could be so fair as drawing lots.

That famous old proverb—*all's well that ends well*, seems to apply well to *Doncaster* on this occasion. The dispute has been equitably settled by the proper authority; the bets have been paid by those whose habit it is to pay; there is a numerous Subscription for the next *St. Leger*, and there can be no doubt, so exemplary as the general management of the Race Course at *Doncaster* has hitherto been, but that some adequate regulation will be adopted with respect to the *start*. In the mean time, the Corporation of *Doncaster* has lately enlarged to such an extent that part of their Race Course, from which the horses start for the *St. Leger Stakes*, that *thirty* horses, if necessary, may start a-breast of each other. It has been determined also, it seems, by the *Doncaster Jockey Club*, in future to associate three experienced Sporting Gentlemen with their Stewards, whenever the latter shall not have had sufficient practice upon the Turf. And to crown the whole, *Mr. Ferguson*, the proprietor of *Antonio*, a most respectable Innkeeper, at *Catterick Bridge*, has not only fairly received the Stakes which he fairly won, but sold the winning horse to *Mr. Clifton*, for one thousand Guineas.

We have borne testimony, on universal report, for we have never been nearer to *Doncaster* than *Tuxford* in the clays, to the excellent order and management of the Race Course at the former place; and more particularly, in that essential respect of keeping the Course clear during the race, and protecting the lives and limbs of the actors and spectators of the passing scene. This laudable example, we understand, has been followed by the Stewards of the Race at the City of Oxford; and if our information be correct, for we have made no further inquiries, on a plan recommended and published by us, two or three years since, in the *Sporting Magazine*. We believe, no additional observations on this head, are needful, but to remind those, who have the means in their power to prevent the recurrence of such fatal accidents as have too long and too often disgraced the *English Race Course*, that a heavy responsibility must necessarily attach to apathy and neglect.

As faithful historians, it is however our bounden duty to speak with impartiality, and in giving the character of the Course at *Doncaster*, not to overlook that of certain persons, said to be its constant attendants. This will moreover form a proper introduction to a material branch of our subject. A certain Gentleman of the Turf, of high character and eminence, is stated to have made the following reply to an enquirer, who professed to have rather a weighty cause for suspicion:---

“ I thought you were aware of the *set* who, for many years, have attended *Doncaster* : for my part, I have long since declined having a guinea, either upon the *St. Leger Stakes*, or any other race there.” Such a circumstance has now and then occurred, as a *favourite breaking down*, conveniently as has been averred, within a week of the race. For our own part, we can scarcely find room in our mind for such an idea, as a horse being villainously and purposely lamed ; and yet the certainty that Race Horses have been *poisoned*, for the same purpose of base and criminal interest, is enough to stagger and unsettle the most liberal faith and opinion of human nature.

The following intelligence, published soon after the late disputed race, is remarkable, but on which it is not within our power to make any comments. That task we commit to those in the secret. “ Mr. *Lambton*, from some cause or other, changed his trainer ; and Mr. *Watt* dismissed his former trainer, *Old Sykes*, for reasons that were not publicly assigned. Perhaps this circumstance may operate usefully. It had long been suspected, that there were trainers in the habit of *speaking very highly of their own horses*, and then employing friends or some confidential persons to bet against them to a large amount ; thereby ensuring to themselves a certain gain, while their masters were certain losers.”

We can speak positively to something of this kind, which happened many years ago. One evening, being accidentally left *tête à tête* with a certain character of great *eminence* on the Turf, and neither of us having any other engagement, time and wine passed on, hearts expanded, reserve gradually gave way, sporting subjects were discussed, and some curious Anecdotes popped out under the shade of night, which might have shunned the sober light of the morning. Among others, I heard a particular account, and as I had good reason to conclude, from a party principally concerned, of a successful *ruse* played off the preceding season, which had the additional success to escape all suspicion. A Gentleman of high eminence in other respects, but never for his success in Race Horses, had one from which he expected remuneration for past misfortunes, and with that view, he was disposed to back the horse to a considerable amount. A short time previous to the period fixed for the race, he made a journey to the Stables, in order to ascertain the condition of the race, and take the benefit of the training Groom's opinion. Both were favourable ; and barring accidents, winning a certainty. No sooner had the Gentleman departed, than a confidential express was dispatched to *London*, and an engagement formed with certain well-known *honourable* Sporting Gentlemen there, in consequence of which, bets to a considerable amount were made, the Groom standing as much as suited his convenience. The reader is aware on which side the money was laid, and that the horse *lost*, which he did very cleverly.

These things, however, are not put forward on our part, as novelties, or rarities, and that they are not such, perhaps some of our readers can give a feeling assent. According to late current report, many Gentlemen, trainers of Race Horses, have

become exceedingly dissatisfied, and complain that they can find no means of keeping the qualifications of their horses secret, and thence have determined upon training at home. But such a measure can be carried into effect, by those only, who have good exercise-ground upon their own estates, or in their vicinity. With respect to public training, as at *Newmarket* and elsewhere, there certainly must be some considerable advantages in it: and in regard to the disadvantage complained of, it is a *handy-cap* affair, in which all share alike, and which offers the *hedge* of sufficient personal attention, scrutiny into character, and due share of any intelligence to be obtained. Many are *had*, to be sure, but many offer themselves; and who is most to blame, when such an offer is accepted?

But to come to a point of the highest consequence to the interests of the Turf, and of sound reason, we can have no doubt, that where one horse has been lamed fraudently and wickedly, one hundred have been broken down by the existing remains of the ancient and absurd system of training, which are yet cherished by habitual prejudices, and obviously, in no small degree, by certain parties, from interested motives. The Proprietors themselves of Race Horses, in fact, instead of following the successful example of *Sir Charles Bunbury*, have shewn themselves as lingering and tardy, in casting off the slough of these inveterate prejudices, as their grooms and trainers, to whose guidance in the affair, they have generally submitted with an implicit faith. *Training is a good thing, Purging is a good thing; ergo, a Racer cannot have too much of them.* A horse with bones of adamant, tendons of steel, and sinews of a super-animal fibrous contexture, would scarcely be able to bear up against the perpetual repetition and attrition of such discipline: and when he breaks down—oh! he has been carefully and sufficiently trained, he has had his chance; if it will do, advertise him as a Stallion; if not, sell him, and buy another. Such is the usual logic of the stable, and it passes for sterling. The *Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*, published in 1796, so far as we know, was the first publication which adverted specifically to the custom of overtraining the Race Horse; and the sentiments of the Author on that subject, were honoured with the approbation of the then *Duke of Bedford*, and several other intelligent and experienced Sporting Gentlemen.

Having corresponded occasionally with the *Sporting Magazine*, during the last two or three and twenty years, we assume a greater freedom of quotation; and finding in the Number for last December, a letter much to our present purpose, and, no doubt, written by some person of experience, and who well knows the existing circumstances of the Turf, whether in the *North* or in the *South*, we extract and address it to the serious consideration of our Sporting Readers.—

“ It is an observation which every day’s experience proves to be true, that the *Newmarket Horses*, however high their reputation may be there, never win in the *North* of England. If they were started immediately on their arrival

this might be easily accounted for; but those which are sent down to run for the *St. Leger Stakes*, generally arrive at *Doncaster* a fortnight or three weeks beforehand, that they may be used to the stables, the air, and the water. The trainer and the jockey come along with them, so that they have their usual customs and advantages, and on these grounds have no excuse for their ill success.

“ But the observation made by the North Country trainers is, that the Newmarket trainers train over highly, and never seem to have done galloping their horses. This we believe was very discernable in the case of *Sultan*, at the last *Doncaster Races*. A day or two before the Races, he appeared in the highest condition; but we understand his Newmarket trainer thought otherwise, and would give him a severe gallop of four miles, and the course being uncommonly hard at the time, he broke down in coming in, and so lost his chance for the *St. Leger Stakes*, for which he had been training so long.

“ The Northern Jockies, more cunning, gave their horses nothing but slight gallops, and latterly, only a good deal of walking exercise, which kept their muscles and sinews in sufficient play, and did not endanger their giving way, by strong exertions over ground, which at that time was as hard as a London pavement.

“ The Newmarket fashion of always keeping a horse ready to start, when a match is made, never answers when a horse is kept up for a great stake, which horse has been *put at ease*, a long time previously. Besides, it is a well ascertained fact, that no animal, game Cock, Horse, or Greyhound, will long stand at what is technically called *his mark*.”

The signature to the above letter is *AMATUER*, but the substance of it is the result of much practical observation, and well merits the serious attention of all trainers of Race Horses, whether of the North or the South. With respect to antiquity and celebrity, either in the breed or training of the Horse, *Yorkshire* claims the precedence, but in succeeding times, the palm has been pretty equally divided, and the balance in regard to the number of capital Racers bred, has necessarily perhaps inclined to the South, from the gradual and great extension of the breeding system. Horses, winning and being beaten alternately and reciprocally, in the *North and South*, is an old theme, of which we well recollect the discussion, when Mr. Stapylton's *Magog*, first came up to *Newmarket*; but if our memory serve us faithfully, the *Northern* grooms were represented in those days, as the greatest disciplinarians; and if they have since, as the letter-writer asserts, outrun their brethren at *Newmarket*, in improved practice, and in relaxing the rigour of ancient pedantic usage, it is another proof of the acuteness of northern intellect.

A Horse breaks down in running—in all probability nine such accidents in ten, result from injuries done to the legs and joints, and from impending lameness, in

consequence of excess of training : and we submit, whether it may not be received as a general truth that, hitherto, training a horse for the race, has been far more injurious to him than the race itself. The case of *Sultan* above quoted, we have often seen repeated ; sometimes with impunity, at others with similar definitive effect. A notable instance at this moment presents itself. One of the first horses of his day, was within ten or twelve days of a great match, on which very heavy sums depended. He was in the highest condition, his flesh as firm as wax, his legs as fine as those of a sucking foal, although an aged horse ; but being a good feeder when well, and of a cheerful airy temper, his muscles appeared still plump, and it would not have been quite practicable to have drawn him through a ring. Although this horse's *mark* and trim had been so long known, and it might have been well supposed that condition, health, and fine action, must be the best proof of his being, at the instant, up to the height of it, yet the trainer, sticking to the old text, that *no horse can run without plenty of time and work*, determined that another sweat and a sharp rally were necessary, in order that the horse might come to the post in the highest state of perfection. Those he had, and went through them apparently without injury, but he lost a great portion of his *hilarity* and his appetite ; and the next morning, the lad who looked after him, found his *back-sinews* swelled up to his knees, and one of his fore feet *marked*, that is to say, pointed forward, in order to mark the inflammation which had commenced in the pastern joint, and which is usually succeeded by debility and actual lameness. All this, however, was nothing, in the view of the trainer, unless a favourable opportunity for a new exertion of his skill. Some customary stable *mess* was next forced down the horse's throat, he was put into a loose stable, and for several days, could take only walking exercise. We have repeatedly seen stout and hard-feeding horses sweated off their stomachs and out of their spirits, and the edge of that moderate share of speed which they possessed, and which was of such immense consequence to them, or rather to their proprietors, entirely blunted. It is proper however to acknowledge, that we are speaking of Newmarket in times long past ; and we are ready to allow, that considerable improvement may have taken place there, in the management of the Race Horse, although some farther strides in that course, are necessary, in order to reach successfully the ending-post.

We used to boast in the *South*, that the *Northern* horses generally came up to *Newmarket* to be beaten ; but perhaps our memories acted conveniently in the matter. They have generally run well there, often capitally. Witness *Sampson*, and *Bay Malton*. A really capital horse would win according to his rank, in any part of *England* ; but with middling racers, and such as may expect to meet with their peers, travelling is a matter of great concern, as well as difference of air and water ; for it is wonderful, upon what even trifling circumstances, the higher and top-keys of speed and wind depend, and how differently the same horse shall either gallop or trot, this week and the next. After long travel, in order to do justice to the

Racer, the interval before the race should be as long as possible, at least ten days ; and the intermediate training of the mildest description---walking exercise, cantering, short brushing gallops, if the ground be good, but no sweat ; which last rule might perhaps be made absolute ; for a sweat soon after a long journey, will be probable to take more from the edge of a horse's speed, than he will afterwards recover in the whole season.

These considerations introduce the idea of a fair mode, on which to decide the point of superiority between the *Northern* and *Southern Racers* ; and this it appears would be by their annual meeting at a *half-way house*, that the travel and other circumstances might be equal between them. Suppose then, we fix upon *Nottingham*, and propose an annual Sweepstakes there, over the Course, to continue ten years, for horses of all ages, carrying the usual weights, one hundred guineas each, half forfeit---horses bred and trained in the neighbourhood, to carry extra weight. This race to be denominated "THE GRAND TRIAL STAKES FOR NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN HORSES." With all submission, we propose this to the Noblemen and Gentlemen assembled at *Newmarket* first Spring Meeting 1820. It would be a prize worth training and running for.

From the above investigation of the subject, we must venture to conclude, it will appear rational that, in training the Race Horse, moderation, or even rather underdoing the business, will be far the least risk of the two extremes, and this more especially, with respect to two and three year old stock, the soft and expanding tendons and sinews of which, must necessarily be so liable to strain and injury : and these reasons carry still more cogency and force, when our English custom is considered of making *size* the second, or even tantamount object in breeding for the Course. Those large and heavy three year olds have seldom *underpinning* sufficiently substantial, to support the weight above : what then must be the consequence, with the common addition of an enormous weight of sweaters ? The oldest trainers can give the most numerous answers to that question. Whatever may be the race, from five hundred yards to four mile heats, surely the horse, fresh upon his legs, and in full vigour of health and spirit, must, form and weight to be carried being equal, prove superior to a competitor trained to the bone-lean condition of a dog-horse, with his feet and joints so constantly shaken by work, that if he cannot be positively deemed lame, the same hesitation must be observed in pronouncing him sound. Allowing that the former, our frisky and high-mettled Racer, have to carry a number of pounds more solid flesh than his meagre antagonist, this is not to be reckoned on a level in the scale, with dead weight, as any horse of common sense, that is to say, feeling, will tell you *extempore*.

It may be pronounced that, even **KINGS** must not expect to have their royal concerns ably and faithfully managed, unless they will condescend to a sufficient degree of inspection and superintendance : without such labour, how are they able to judge even, of the merits of their servants ? We apply this once more and once

for all to the Proprietors of Race Horses, who besides we would counsel to proceed farther on the Course, than to be mere *smatterers*. We except, however, those Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen who breed and train horses out of pure ostentation, and with the mere view of ridding themselves of a superfluous and burdensome load of cash. They need no advice---*they are in the right road*.

Thus, in the event considered on all sides, it may perhaps turn out best, to train and race sound horses; although some folks may jeer, and dub us conjurers, for hazarding so monstrous a speculation. Perhaps also in breeding, it might be worth while to consider the argument of Mr. *Cline*, and pay more attention to the *size* of the Mare, and less to that of the Stallion: and also that of *John Lawrence*, which goes to the paying less attention to the fashionable *blood*, and more to the form of both Stallion and Mare. We cite his christian name, because *John* is not *Richard* ---even as *Richard*, in days past, published an advertisement with his book, to assure the Public, that *Richard* is not *John*! His friend *Count Veltheim*, in his late judicious remarks on English horses, is perfectly just, on the striking inferiority of form to be observed in the brood mare, compared with the stallion. We should certainly be gainers in every point of view, individual and national, by *breeding for form equally as for blood and size*; but we do not assert this without experience of the difficulties in the case, of the length of time, the attention, the brains, and the care required; and that it would be, to use an ancient and vulgar phrase---to make a toil of a pleasure.

Not however to be so fashionable, as to overlook the *altera pars* of the question, we present the reader with some facts collected by a Sportsman some years since, which appear as a contra-indication to the theory of Mr. *Cline*; being in favour of the common practice of chusing superior size in the *Stallion*, since the *Mares* hereafter quoted, no doubt, bred, almost universally, by horses of far larger size than themselves. The Sportsman alluded to, after many years experience of the *Turf* and the *Breeding Stud*, decided that, there were more good brood mares of a moderate size, that is, from fourteen hands two inches, to fifteen hands in height, than of a greater size. Among a great number of examples which he adduced in proof of this decision, the following are selected---

- The famous *Widdrington Mare*.
- Madge*, the dam of *Miss Cleveland*.
- The *Hartley Little Mare*.
- Mr. *Pratt's Squirt Mare*.
- Colonel *O'Kelly's Tartar Mare*.
- Mr. *Cradock's Syphon Mare*, the dam of *Pencil*, &c.
- Queen Mab*.
- Faith*, by *Pacolet*, dam of *Marcia*, &c.

Mr. Goodrick's Old England Mare.

Lardella, by Syphon.

Baron Nile's Dam.

Young Marsk Mare, dam of Mary Ann and Warner, and grandam of young Chariot, Ashton, &c.

Gentle Kitty, by Silvio.

Calash, by King Herod.

The Herod Mare, dam of Precipitate, Gohanna, &c.

Tuberoze, by King Herod.

Contessina, by Snap.

Niké.

Eclipse Mare, dam of St. George.

Eliza, dam of Scud.

Mary, dam of Harmless.

Pewet.

Matchem Mare, dam of Diamond, &c.

Miss Tims.

Nina, dam of Guildford.

Seedling, dam of Master Jackey, &c.

Rosina, dam of Governor, &c.

Snap Mare, dam of Shuttle, &c.

The curious and inquisitive Turf Breeder will experience much gratification, and receive information on which he may depend, touching the interesting subject of the *Arabian* horse, from *Count Rzewusky's* memoir, published in the *Sporting Magazine*, for February 1820. The various and contradictory accounts of Eastern Travellers on this subject, of which few of them knew any thing to the purpose, has been a common, immemorial, and lamentable theme. The *Polish Count* however, although he may not be deeply informed on that particular branch of *equine* science, English Horse-Racing, is one of the most experienced men in Europe, on the general subject of the Horse, and one of the greatest breeders upon the Continent, having several very extensive studs, and one even in *Arabia* itself, on the border of the Desert. He is at present collecting the best specimens of the Horse, to be found in those regions, and through him probably, may be removed the old difficulty of procuring the highest bred horses of that celebrated Country.

On the affair of breeding Horses for the Road and for common purposes, we are tempted to say a few words. People affect to wonder why so many wretched animals are bred, to burden the earth and to waste good provender; and at the difficulty of procuring a good horse, at any price. But do not we jolly *Englishmen* drink execrable wine with a *gusto*, and swear it is the best in the world, and prefer not only adulterated bread and beer, but every thing else in a state of adulteration,

to that which is pure and genuine? This is genuine unadulterated refinement. With respect to the knowledge of a good horse from a bad one, it is about even betting between the generality of *breeders* and of *purchasers*—and if size, and a cock-tail, and shewy carriage be sufficient, why should a breeder look farther—why should he think of thrusting a good nag upon a man, against the grain, and at the same time, of reducing his own chance for a good price? A good nag cannot be bred and supported until fit for work, that is, until five years old, under perhaps, from fifty to eighty pounds; and at last a man may very likely, purchase an equally good one at a *London Repository*, for half the money. Here lie the difficulties of the case; nevertheless, an intelligent and persevering Breeder might, in process of time, amply repay himself; since according to the universal prevalence of anomaly, capital horses whilst young and fresh, never fail, in this Country, to command a capital price. When a good hack might be bought for ten or twelve pounds, we have known one sold for a hundred.

The catalogue of discouragements in *Horse breeding*, is so extensive, that a memorandum on the other side the question, may help to cheer the spirits of the Breeder.—*Mr. Thomas Allenson, of East Kirby, Lincolnshire*, has a mare now in his possession, that has bred him a foal for *seventeen* successive years, and is now in foal to the horse *Hero*. If like produce like, it must surely be an object to breeders to obtain stock from this prolific mare, and *Mr. Allenson's* price ought to be accordingly.

NOTICE BY THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The *Jockey Club* have issued the following notice.—Newmarket, July 13th, 1819. At a Meeting of the Stewards and Members of the Jockey Club, it was resolved, in order to defray the expense of repairing the Course and Exercise Ground, that one Guinea annually, be paid in respect of every Race Horse, that shall be trained or exercised, or that shall run any private Trial, or public Race thereon. That the same shall be paid by the Stable-keeper or servant, having the care of such Horse, and be charged by him to the owner of such Horse. That every such Stable-keeper shall, immediately after the *Second Spring Meeting*, and the *Houghton Meeting* in every year, deliver to the keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket, a list of the Horses which have been under his care, liable to pay the said charge, and shall then also pay to the Keeper of the Match Book, the money due for each Horse. And that the first payment of such charge, shall be made at the end of the next *Houghton Meeting*, upon every Horse liable thereto, between the 1st of August next, ensuing the date of this Resolution, and that period.

(Signed) THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY,
 ——— FOLEY,
 B. CRAVEN. } Stewards.

FATAL ACCIDENTS TO RACING STALLIONS AND MARES.

Men take physic, but never take WARNING. But the warning voice must not be silenced, since *some few* may hear and profit.---

An *Arabian* Stallion, imported at the expense of nearly one thousand pounds, was killed at a Stable in Piccadilly, by a kick upon the *testes* by a Mare he was leaping.

Otho, sire of *Dorimant*, the best horse of his year at *Newmarket*, had his thigh broken by a Mare, and was shot by order of his Proprietor, the late *Lord Ossory*, at *Ampshill*, by the Game Keeper, the gun being charged with a candle.

King Herod died of a mortification in his *sheath*, occasioned by mere neglect and nastiness, although a Stallion of such high consequence and worth, being suffered to lie in his loose stable, with the dung and filth baked upon him!

The late *Earl Grosvenor's Pantaloon*, by *Matchem*, killed himself accidentally, by jumping about in his Paddock at *Knavestock*, in *Essex*, shortly after we had seen him there.

In the old time, *Mr. Panton's Molly*, was matched against the *Duke of Bolton's Terror*, and to run two hours afterwards against *Badger*. *Molly* fell in running the first match, and died in great agonies.

Carver's Pincher running at *Ipswich*, was immediately after the race seized with violent gripes, which we witnessing, have since judged, arose from inanition, faintness, and the effects of cold upon the stomach and intestines; to which the old custom of stinting horses too long before the race, and bringing them to the starting post, feeble and too much reduced, may in all probability have contributed.

The Duke of Hamilton's bay Mare *Crazy*, in 1808 dropped down dead under the Groom, in running a sweat at *Ashton*, near *Lancaster*.

The Stallion *Wizard*, by *Sorcerer*, worth two thousand Pounds, killed himself by running against a bar in the stable-yard, in 1813.

Witchcraft, in the same year, worth six or seven hundred pounds, had his leg broken by the kick of a mare, and was obliged to be shot.

The black Horse, *Thunderbolt*, in his prime, aged thirteen years, got by *Sorcerer*, full brother to *Smolensko*, a Stallion of the greatest size and reputation, the property of Sir Charles Bunbury, of Great Barton, Suffolk, perished there, in October 1819, in the following singular manner, against which no human prudence could have guarded. He was found in the morning, cast in his loose stable, *stifled*, his hip dislocated, and his head and body almost beaten to pieces by his struggles. One of his fore hoofs was hitched fast, in the throat-band of his head-stall, which

happened, it is supposed, from his attempting to scratch his head, or ear, with his foot. The poor animal must have suffered great agonies, and on discovery he was immediately ordered to be shot. Perhaps, in consequence of this accident, horses, at any rate, quiet ones, should be left in their loose stable, without any head-stall. (Referring at this moment, to a fine portrait of *Thunderbolt*, in the *Sporting Magazine*, for *February* 1819, we were forcibly stricken at the sight of the ominous and fatal head-stall, in which the horse was painted!) At three years old, and whilst in training, *Sir Charles Bunbury*, refused nearly, and might have obtained, full two thousand guineas for him. He was soon after, accidentally lamed, and turned into the Stud. As an accompaniment of ill fortune, *Sir Charles* also lost about the same time, his training Groom, *James Tricker*, aged twenty-six years, fifteen of which he had spent in the service of the honourable Baronet, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his Employer. Having had some personal knowledge of this young man, we have satisfaction in paying this tribute to his memory.

SIR THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY, BART. of *Bunbury and Stanney*, in the *County Palatine of Chester*, and of *Milden Hall*, and *Great Barton*, in the *County of Suffolk*, will have attained his *eightieth* year, should he survive until the month of *May* or *June*, in the present year, 1820. The first time we saw *Sir Charles* upon the Course, was in the year 1767; and, on turning to the *Racing Calendar* for 1765, we observe, he had, in that year, six Racers in training. Thus *Sir Charles* has been unremittingly, an extensive breeder and trainer of *Race Horses*, nearly *three-score* years; is at present *Senior Steward* of the *Jockey Club*, and has filled the post of *Steward* to the Club, with little intermission, during nearly half a century. BELLARIO--HIGHFLYER--SORCERER--THUNDERBOLT--SMOLENSKO, have each contributed, at different and distant periods, to the honour, and profit of *Great Barton*.

The above *Chapter of Accidents*, might be divided into an infinitely greater number of *verses*; but if these should fail of the beneficial effect which we meditate, the greatest number possible to be collected, would be equally fallible.

CRUELTIES EXERCISED UPON ANIMALS.

The really efficient method to reform this wickedness, so disgraceful to our Country, is not by suppressing, but by making public the disgusting facts; by instructing the ignorant, reminding the thoughtless, and exposing the hardened delinquent. Above all by strongly recommending to parents, the indispensable duty of instructing their children, in this essential branch of morals.

No animal upon the face of the Earth, suffers an equal share of miseries, and cruel afflictions, with the horse---and it is with reluctance and shame, we make

the assertion, that on our experience, we believe, no body of men in this Country, are in the habit of exercising so great cruelties upon the animals in their possession, as the Horse-Dealers and their dependants. We do not pretend to assert that there are not naturally just and humane men in that class, as in all others, but their occupation as it ever has been managed, tends to depress all conscience, and eradicate all sensibility.

“ At the Police Office, Bow Street, on Monday, February 21, Mr. M. a respectable Solicitor residing in the Adelphi, applied to the sitting Magistrate, under the following circumstances---

“ A few days before, he went to Tattersall's, with the intention of buying a Horse, and he soon found one whose paces and appearance pleased him much, but he was determined to have nothing to do with it, if it was in the hands of a Dealer, which he told the man who had the care of it. The man assured him it was the property of a retired Merchant, Mr. Hazeltine, who had considerable estates in Hertfordshire, and a Town-house in Jewin Street, where he was occasionally to be seen, and that he himself was Mr. H's. Groom. Mr. M. was satisfied with this assurance, paid forty guineas for the horse, and sent his servant home with it to the Adelphi. On riding the horse however, the next day, he found the poor animal was greatly distressed with the slightest exertion, notwithstanding it appeared to go freely, and to be in good bodily health. He was at a loss to account for this, till at length, some friend suggested that, it had probably been *plugged*, and recommended that the shoes should be taken off, in order to ascertain the fact. Its shoes were taken off accordingly, and it was found that *under one of the shoes on the fore feet, a hole had been made through the horny substance of the hoof, to the quick, in which hole a small plug of iron had been placed, and the whole covered the shoe, so that when the foot was put to the ground, the poor animal was in great pain. The horse, it appeared, had been previously lame in the other foot, and this inhuman practice had been resorted to, to prevent him shewing his lameness, by making him use both legs alike.* Mr. M. added that it was a new invention among fraudulent horse-dealers, and he feared it was too generally practised. He also discovered that the fellow of whom he bought the horse, had falsely represented himself as a Gentleman's servant.”

Alas! this is no new practice, but it is one of those infernal tricks which has helped to bring torture and misery upon this victim-race, during many centuries past. It may be found in that abominable code of torture and trickery published in the days of *Elizabeth and James*, by *Gervaise Markham*, which every proprietor of Horses should, if possible, keep out of the way of his grooms and blacksmith. What a consideration! that numberless such cruelties were in full operation and usage, in times when religious observances were at the height, and claimed

a paramount attention from all classes ; and that men could spend half the day at *Church or Conventicle*, and retire utterly void of the apprehension that cruelty to a brute, is unjust and criminal ! But what a national disgrace are these practices in *England*, and in the nineteenth century ! We say the disgrace is national, and the nation itself responsible, for were it not for the general indifference, and apathy on such matters---or must we say the general interested hypocrisy, and moral corruption---a few barbarous, white-livered, and felonious rascals, who richly deserve the utmost stretch of the *lex talionis*, would not dare to perpetrate such atrocities. It is a consolation that, we can aver there are some men concerned in horses, who have *hearts*. A stable-keeper of great respectability, a man who 'is merciful to his beast,' lately assured us, that a Dealer within his knowledge, was in the habit of causing broken glass to be nailed between the shoe and pared hoof of those horses in the above predicament, of being lame with one foot. Our friend would not disclose this dealer's name, or we would have blazoned it to the World, that wherever our pages extended, the miscreant's infamy might be known and accursed. The subject is horrible to view in all its bearings---a generous animal, endowed with high sensibility, first of all lamed, most probably by unfair usage---as a recompense, put to the torture ! then doomed to receive, as a matter of course, the additional torture of the whip and spur, to extort almost impossible exertions from him. Men through ignorance, and the influence of custom, which seems to take away all sense but of itself, commit the greatest crimes, to appearance unconsciously. To the hardened delinquents, who may chance to look into our book, we recommend useful reflection---let them ruminate on the writhings and tortures under the accident of a broken limb, which may probably be their own case, and pause before they inflict torture on an animal, which can feel as acutely as themselves---let them reflect on the horrors of a death-bed, to him, whose too faithful memory may recall the appalling vision of a life void of mercy, spent in perpetrating cruelties on helpless and innocent animals. We have often wondered that, executioners can be found in Countries, where the insane atrocity of torture, is practised upon criminals---we wonder also, how it can be possible to find a blacksmith beast enough, coolly and deliberately to fasten a plug of iron, against the exquisitely sensible *quick* of a poor horse's foot. No Gentleman, or conscientious proprietor of horses, informed of the fact, should ever afterwards employ such a rascal.

We should infringe a duty we hold indispensable---we should betray a trust, since our labours on this subject, have long since been accepted by the Public---were we to pass over another enormity, which we indeed denounced many years since, but which we fear has increased, and is now practised to a horrible and disgusting degree. We allude to the *firing*, that is exciting to action, the poor worn down Stage-Horses, when exposed to sale. This is done by the severest tortures of the whip : and, it is heart-breaking to the generous of heart, and more especially to the lovers of the horse, to see the aged steed worn down with cruel

and unfair labour, his shoulders galled and torn, his eyes probably whipped out, his joints stiff, and every attempt at motion exquisitely painful, his limbs torn and scarified by the burning irons---to see this most pitiable object---the tears, as we have witnessed, dropping down his aged-face! dragged from his stall with hurry and violence, his mouth galled by rude, and sharp checking with the bit, until he reaches the spot, where he is to be cut and wealed with the whip, on his most tender parts, with the whole force of a brutal villain bribed for that purpose, who has yet left, so much shame of the foul and unnatural act he is perpetrating, or so much fear, as to affect to be angry with the poor creature and scold him. In the mean time, this abomination is witnessed by a ring of fat-headed, unconcerned, insensate boobies, who appear to see or know nothing of the real nature of it. The horse *thinks and perceives*---what must he think of the justice of man? What a clamour would any of these wretches set up, for justice in their own cause!

Fair and moderate excitement is all that is needed, and the foul treatment above described, more frequently overshoots the mark, and mars the *show* instead of promoting it. But conceding that such treatment were really profitable, it is the profit of injustice and crime, and nearly allied to that of the highwayman and the thief; whom, they, who themselves rob poor beasts of nature's dearest rights, are so ready to consign to the *gallows*.

We have given abundant proof in various times and places, that we hold little affinity of sentiment with those theoretic philanthropists, who argue from *abuse* against *use*; who condemn and call for the abolition of Sports which have their foundation in nature, reason, legitimate diversion, and curiosity. We condemn none but illegitimate sports, and the abuse of those which are legitimate. Of the former, we trust, we have given a fair and just definition. We can now refresh the memory of the reader with a few examples. First of *theoretic philanthropists* ---we have heard an eminent one say that, *a man who obliges his horse to trot sixteen miles in one hour, ought to be hanged*. But just reasoning and practice would have taught him, first, that emulation and exertion are indispensable, in order to the perfect enjoyment of all nature's gifts; and, that a capital horse properly weighted, will perform the above task without unlawful trespass on his powers and without injury. In the course of last year, a Gentleman, we believe of *Canterbury*, won a considerable sum, by riding a certain distance over the road, upon a number of different horses. This was denounced in one of the public papers, in large characters, as 'an atrocious trespass on the powers of the horse.' But such denunciation, is one of those misrepresentations which injure the cause that they are intended to serve, by exciting alarm and ill-will, as seeming to aim at the abolition of all use, instead of the correction of abuse. According to the account which we examined, of this race against time, the task of no one of the horses, extended to more than *seventeen* miles in one hour; a distance which any good hack,

in condition, and not over weighted, would run with comparative ease. Since that race, however, we have had an account published of another, fully deserving all the anathemas which could be pronounced against it, and equalling, in atrocity, those murderous exercises of this kind, which have so often disgraced the moral character of our Country. The horses were barbarously whipped, and spurred, and beaten to death upon the road! Races upon the road, or indeed any where else, made by gross and ignorant blackguards, are an abominable nuisance. But the following is of a very different and most exemplary description, and we beg to propose it in all its bearings, to those who experience diversion or profit, from the exertions of the horse. “ In January last, J. E. Snaith, Esq. matched a horse of fourteen hands, to run eleven miles in half an hour, over the *Ashford* road: a quarter of an hour was occupied in doing the first five miles, when it being evident, that the horse had not speed to accomplish the task, the rider pulled up at the sixth mile.”

We have already cited *Count Itzewusky's* Memoir; the following extract from thence, gives a curious account of the native disposition of the *Arabian* Horse, of which the *Kohlan* is the superior race.---

“ Above all the horses in the World, the *Kohlan* is distinguished for the goodness of his qualities, and the beauty of his form.

“ An uncommon mildness of temper; an unalterable faithfulness to his Master; a courage and intrepidity as astonishing, as they are innate in his noble breast; an unfailling remembrance of the places where he has been, of the treatment he has received---not to be led, not to be touched, but by his master---in the most horrid confusion of a battle, cool and collected, he never forgets the place he came from, and though mortally wounded, if he can gather up sufficient strength, he carries back his desponding rider to his defeated tribe. His intelligence is wonderful. He knows when he is sold, or even when his master is bargaining to sell him. When the Proprietor and Purchaser meet for that purpose, in the stables, the *Kohlan* soon guesses what is going on, becomes restless, gives from his beautiful eye, a side glance at the interlocutors, scrapes the ground with his foot, and plainly shews his discontent. Neither the buyer nor any other, dares to come near him: but the bargain being struck; when the Vender taking the *Kohlan* by the halter, gives him up to the purchaser, with a *slice of bread and some salt*, and turns away, never more to look at him as his own---an ancient custom of taking leave of a horse and his recognising a new master---it is then that this generous and noble animal becomes tractable, mild, and faithful to another, and proves himself immediately attached to him, whom his passion a few minutes before, might have laid at his feet, and trampled under his hoofs. This is not an idle story: I have been a witness of and an actor in the interesting scene, having bought three *Kohlans* in 1810 and 1811, from Turkish prisoners. I made the bargain in the stables, and received

personally, and led off the most fierce, but intelligent animals, which, before the above-mentioned ceremony, I should not have dared to approach. The fact has been confirmed to me by all the Turkish and Arab prisoners, and by several rich *Arminian* merchants, who deal in horses, and go generally to the desert to buy them. The Kohlans also evince great warlike qualities——.”

In cases of cruel aggression upon brute animals, the duty of instructing ignorance, punishing delinquency, and above all, of setting just and good examples, naturally devolves upon the enlightened and opulent classes, upon the *Magistracy* and the *Clergy*; as the shame of a general dissolution of morals, in such respect, must fall also upon them. Yet we have had newspaper, we hope, false intelligence, of a *Member of Parliament* having lately made a present to his constituents, of a **BULL TO BE BAITED!** A pretty training this, to the young and unreflecting sons of labour, for atrocities like the following :

In the last autumn, a man, named *Edward Knight*, a carter in the employ of *Mr. T Rowe*, brewer of *Padstow, Cornwall*, was driving a cart belonging to his master, when finding that the shaft-horse did not draw as he wished, he fastened the tongue of the animal with a strong cord, to that which is called the *spreader*, which keeps the traces behind the fore-horse, at a proper distance from each other. The leader was then whipped, and the strain bore on the tongue of its companion; the miserable sufferer drew back, whilst the miscreant continued to urge the other horse forward, until several inches of the tongue of the wretched beast, were actually torn off! The law will not reach this barbarous ruffian, but through the owner of the horse, on the ground of injury to property, as if a property or being which lives and feels, could possibly be assured of justice and mercy, without the pale of the law's protection. They who formerly either with gravity or *facetiousness*, interdicted such legal protection, have since had plenty of opportunities to congratulate themselves on the indirect encouragement, thereby afforded to brutality and cruelty.

Extract from a *York Newspaper*, November 27, 1819.—“ A short time ago, a *Stag* was turned out on *Bootham Stray*, near this city, for public *diversion*; and under the pretence of *hunting*, all sorts of dogs were collected, and the poor animal severely whipped, to cause it to run; but neither whipping nor baiting had much effect: it was soon caught, and kept until Monday last, when it was again turned out—again *baited*, rather than hunted: a collection of money was then made from the spectators of this *gratifying* sight, and then the tortured animal was kindly freed from further anguish by death. We have already expressed our abhorrence of *bull-baiting*; and very sorry should we be, should it fall to our lot, to record any further attempts to approximate acts of brutal severity and unfeeling barbarity with the healthful and noble sports of the field. An uncivilized Indian may delight in torture—a barbarian may boast of cruelty—but a *truc Briton*, though he

may pursue the chase with delight, will never be gratified with needless torture, or unnecessary suffering."

This ought to bring to remembrance and reprobation the abomination of the *Easter or Cockney Hunt*, upon *Epping Forest*, where the poor stag, when taken and torn down, was formerly, CUT UP ALIVE, into pieces, to be sold to the surrounding *Abysians*!

With respect to the grand, *legalized* infamy of *Bull-baiting*, its continuance depends entirely on the protection or sufferance of the pious upper and middling classes, by no means on the will of the fashionably and affectedly contemned *lower orders*. A former *Duke of Bedford*, as we have stated, set the example how this noble chartered right may be got rid of, in the most ancient case of *Tutbury*; and as to the common, unauthorised baitings, any Magistrate, or any Householder within the parish, may by application to the proper authorities, abate the nuisance, as a breach of the peace. A friend of our's lately, was alarmed by the spectacle of a great crowd and bull brought to be baited in front of his residence. He immediately sent for the beadle of the village, who warned the parties of the consequence of a breach of the peace, and the bull was withdrawn.

Some years ago, we heard of a gentleman, in a northern county, whose character otherwise, was generally humane, but who, strange incongruity, always hunted and worried his sheep to death, with dogs, instead of the usual mode of killing them!

"In June, 1816, two valuable horses carrying twelve stone each, were matched to run from *Estrow* near *Bedford*, to the *Peacock Inn*, at *Islington*, and back again (100 miles) in the shortest possible time. They were so cruelly urged beyond their strength, by the unfeeling inhumanity of their riders, and other barbarians who accompanied them, some on relays of horses, that on their return, one of them dropped and died, having gone about seventy-six miles; and the other having gone about eighty-four miles, failed, and died the next day at *Hitchin*: the inhabitants of which place, at the same time that they expressed their utter abhorrence and detestation of such a cruel and disgraceful transaction, regretted exceedingly, that the parties concerned in it, were not amenable to the laws of the country for their conduct."

TREATMENT OF FOX HOUNDS.

"Although we have greatly improved in the management of Horses and Hounds---first, as to cleanliness in the Stable and Kennel; next in not keeping the horses short of water, or the hounds short of food; let me suggest another improvement, which is, never to cut off any part of a Fox-hound's tail, or ever to *round* his ears, nature designing the tail and ears, as a protection to the animal from briars,

when running in covert---and were the ears never taken off, so many fox hounds would not lose their eyes: besides, what can be handsomer, or more becoming, than the ear of a fox-hound, or the feather of the stern? and what is more unsightly, than a a fox-hound rounded too short? There is great cruelty not only in the operation, but in depriving so noble an animal of the means of protecting itself from the the thorns and brambles, when working in the coverts for our amusement."—*Sporting Magazine*, January 1820.

The above sentiments are in the true spirit both of humanity and utility---and the same spirit, we hope, has dictated the almost total disuse of that silly and injurious practice CROPPING the horse, formerly so general. The abominable custom too, of SINGEING with a lighted candle the ears and head of the horse, has been long since scouted, in all regular and good stables. The barbarity of NICKING even, has given way, in a great degree. In looking over considerable collections of Horses, as at *Repositories* and *Fairs*, we have of late years observed an unusual disproportion of numbers between the males and females, the former greatly predominating. We cannot readily account for this, with regard to the usual course of nature. The dealers assert and lament that, all the best mares are sent out of the Country: no doubt, a mere fallacy.

TROTTING IN HARNESS.—A long pending Match, in *Yorkshire*, to trot two miles, in harness, took place on Monday, January 31, 1820, for one hundred guineas, between *Mr. James Dickenson's* celebrated Mare, *Fire Eater*, and *Mr. Charles Tuck's* brown Horse, *Harlequin*. It was won by the latter, which performed the distance in six minutes, thirty-eight seconds.

Curious Turf Amateurs are reminded of the change introduced lately in the portraits of RACE HORSES, the Jockey being represented holding a rein in each hand; this gives the idea of the late *Samuel Chefney's* loose rein, in holding the horse whilst running. It is recommended to all Gentlemen, who have their horses painted, not to omit the name, either upon the front or back of the picture, an omission often to be regretted in old portraits.

STARVING A PACK OF FOX HOUNDS.—Having admitted a letter on this subject (page 61) from the *Sporting Magazine*, impartiality demands of us to admit likewise the Answer, which appeared in the Magazine of December 1819, as follows.

“ I should think it degrading to the dignity of an old Sportsman, to take serious notice of any anonymous matter published to the world, were it not for the purpose of rescuing truth, and raising it from beneath the trappings of falsehood and calumny. In your magazine for the month of September last, under the head,

---'Inhumanity to Dogs,' is a letter dated September 1---evening, and signed *Salopiensis*, in which the writer describes a Kennel of Hounds, which he accidentally passed by, as being kept and managed by the Proprietor, as far as regards feeding and other comforts, in a way shocking to humanity. When a person sets about, in good earnest, to do a thing, he would look like a fool, if he could not assign a motive for what he is doing. How prudent the writer in question, to tell us that he had a motive, and how very judicious to assign one, the most ornamental to human nature---humanity : but we have only his own bare declaration for that, which I, and I am not alone in the opinion, firmly believe, is not intitled to the least credit : for

“ I know him to the bottom from within,
 “ His shallow centre to the utmost skin.

“ My intimate knowledge of the general management of the Pack, with which I have hunted for upwards of twenty years, would have precluded the possibility of even the most distant idea being entertained by me, that *Salopiensis* alluded to them, had not he mentioned the circumstance of ‘ nine of the best hounds having died almost suddenly, not long ago,’ which I know was unfortunately the case about a year ago, with nine of the hounds of the pack I hunt with, and which coincidence left no doubt on my mind to what pack he alluded. Not satisfied with stating that the hounds were in a state of starvation, ‘ shocking to humanity,’ at the time he accidentally passed the kennel, he goes on to assert that, the death of the nine dogs a year ago, ‘ was occasioned by overloading their stomachs with flesh, after fasting three days, one of which they had been hunted.’ Now a falsehood, if it is intended to travel far, ought to carry with it not only possibility, but a very considerable quantity of probability also : how much of these two very necessary ingredients attach to the assertions of *Salopiensis*, I will leave your readers, and especially those who know, and hunted with the pack at the time, to judge ; and will myself assert without fear of contradiction, that the pack, at the time those nine hounds died, were in as high condition in point of flesh, mettle, and spirit, as any pack in the kingdom ; and moreover, it was the opinion of two physicians, who humanely offered their services to attempt to save them, that they died from the effects of poison. It is well known to all those who know any thing about the management of a pack of well bred fox hounds, that the quality of food and quantity must be proportioned to the work performed by them ; if they were to have animal food every day in the summer season, when in kennel doing nothing, they would become so high in spirit, as to be perpetually quarrelling, and tearing each other to pieces, which was actually the case last summer, the master hound having fallen a victim to the ferocious attack of the whole kennel, which quarrelsome spirit rendered it necessary for even the huntsman himself, to approach the kennel

with caution. I will ask, is the manifestation of such a spirit among hounds, a symptom of starvation? unshackled reason will answer no. The very reverse is undoubtedly the only cause. As the general appearance of the Pack, at all times, sufficiently disproves the assertion of *Salopiensis*, I think it idleness and waste of time to offer any further remarks on the subject, therefore beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant, and constant reader,

“ AN OLD SPORTSMAN.”

On the above letter, we have two or three remarks to make. We have had long and ample experience of certain economical deceptions, in regard to feeding both dogs and horses, as it is pretended, according to their work. *Economy* is too apt to outwit itself in the case: and with respect to dogs, naturally carnivorous animals, more especially hounds, destined to such severe labours, we hold that, although they may be kept alive, they cannot be kept in their best state of health and condition, without a certain portion of animal food, whether at work or at rest. *How is it possible for a pack of Hounds summered without flesh, to meet their labours in the field, during the following season, in the highest state of their powers?* *Salopiensis* has rejoined to the above letter, confirming with fresh arguments and proofs, his original statement; to which rejoinder, in the *Sporting Magazine* for January 1820, our Readers are referred.

HUNTING.—*Mr. Osbaldeston*, the successor of *Mr. Meynell*, continues to enjoy (1818) in *Leicestershire*, all the Sport, which his large stud of Hunters, and his numerous pack of Fox hounds can give. One mode he has adopted, seems to meet with peculiar success: whenever the hounds come to a check, he takes a certain part of the pack, and the huntsman the other, each making separate casts; by which method one or the other is sure to hit off the scent, and ultimately seldom fail to kill their fox.

In the account of a fine run with *Mr. Farquharson's* hounds in *Dorsetshire*, last *February*, the chase lasting *one hour and forty-three minutes*, over flat grass land, the writer observes with perfect *non chalance*—‘ We have heard but of one horse dying!’

Mr. Yeatman's crack Harriers, the reputed completest in England, on the 11th of February, ran *nine hares* and killed them all. One of them ran the *Vale of Blackmore*, eight miles, perfectly straight.

TREATMENT OF HOUNDS.—“ I am in the habit of hunting with a pack of Hounds, where the Huntsman is too fond of rating his dogs, and will never give a young hound credit for finding a fox, whereas *they* generally find him: it certainly injures the hounds, and makes them slack in drawing. I would rather halloo a young hound on to riot, and stop him when I ascertained he was wrong, than rate

him unjustly ; as the hound in that case, does not know what to be at, and a timid hound sometimes wont draw again for the day. Wait, and let your old hounds get up to the challenge ; they will soon let you know if your game is on foot. Flogging hounds in kennel is of no use ; correct them on the spot, where a fault is committed, and you do good ; they know then, what they are beaten for. A Correspondent of yours, I observed lately, remarks on the absurdity and cruelty of rounding hounds, and cutting off part of their sterns. I perfectly agree with him in opinion, it being about as useful and as ornamental, as the cropping and nicking a horse, and about as humane an act."

SINGULAR THEATRE FOR THE DEATH OF THE DEER.—Some years since, the *Earl of Derby* turned out from the *Oaks*, a noble Deer, for a day's sport with his friends ; which, after having traced a very long tract of country, entered the grounds of the late *Mrs. Smith*, of *Ashted*, near *Epsom*, *Surry*, and being closely pursued by the hounds, it actually leaped through the drawing-room window, the sash of which was down, followed by the pack in full cry. The consternation occasioned in the family, by this strange event, is indescribable : almost miraculously, at that critical moment, no one was in the apartment, some ladies having quitted it about two minutes previously to the irruption of this novel and unexpected visitor, which entered with so little ceremony. The window was almost dashed to atoms, and every part of the room, with its rich carpet and corresponding furniture, covered with blood and dirt. The animal was soon dispatched by the ferocity of the dogs, and perhaps so curious an event is not to be found in the annals of Sporting. As a companion to the above, a Stag *graduating* towards the City of Oxford, at length took to one of the streets, through which he was followed by the hounds in full cry, into a chapel, and there killed, during divine service.

RABIES IN FOXES.—By accounts from *New York*, in November 1818, rabies, or madness similar to the *canine*, existed to a most alarming degree, in the *Foxes* of *Northumberland County*. Upwards of forty persons had been bitten and sent to the *Stone*. A most remarkable and dangerous symptom attends this malady in the *American fox*—the afflicted animal, instead of avoiding the human species as when in health, immediately makes toward them, and even enters houses at mid-day. A Gentleman states that, he saw a fox enter a house-yard, although guarded by several dogs, and that the dogs, instead of attacking the fox, immediately ran off shewing great signs of fear, as dogs instinctively shun one of their own kind when rabid. On another occasion, a fox made towards a boy who was walking along the road ; the boy, to avoid him, leapt into a waggon which was passing, but the fox pursued and bit him in several places. Much injury has likewise been done to the cattle, and the greatest uneasiness prevails amongst the inhabitants, on account of this singular and extraordinary malady. Foxes have been occasionally

imported into this Country; we trust, no Sportsman, who shall read the above, will thereafter import any from *America*.

CANINE ESTABLISHMENTS.—The two largest Establishments of this kind, not sporting ones, are in the hands of two persons, who might be the least expected to have them.---The first is her *Royal Highness the Dutchess of York*, who has a most numerous nursery of Dogs of the *smaller species*, of every age, and nearly of every Country. Not having the happiness to enjoy *any other nursery*, they occupy many of her best apartments, and are carefully accommodated with cushions to rest their wearied limbs, when they incline to repose; and it requires some dexterity, on entering her Highness's apartments, to steer your way so scientifically, as not to tread on any of these sleeping beauties.

Though some cynical philosophers might call this pursuit a mode of getting through life *dog-cheap*, yet it affords some useful purposes. In the first place, it is at least, an innocent mode of passing time; and secondly, it has afforded many opportunities for the painter, of exercising his talent, and having his skill rewarded by the munificence of her Royal Highness, who has almost found constant employment for the genius of an Animal Painter, Mr. *Chalon*, in painting these favourites.

We are not sure, we might not add another *Artist* to the account, we mean the *Undertaker*, as we understand, many of the more favoured animals have been buried in the park at *Oatlands*, with all due ceremony and decorum, in some measure, realizing the *Elysium* of Virgil—

—— cadem sequitur tellure reposto
Cura canum.

The *next LADY*, who exhibits this remarkable attachment to the canine race, is the beautiful and amiable **VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH**, who has the same excuse to plead, as her Royal Highness of York---not having a nursery of her own, to engage her attention, or employ her time. Her *Academy of Dogs*, if we may be allowed the expression, is on a far different scale from those of the Dutchess of York, hers being as diminutive as those of Lady Castlereagh, are grand and magnificent. Whether the diplomatic interests of her Lord, may have favoured her wishes, is uncertain; but she possesses dogs of different Countries, wherever size and beauty are to be found. Whoever may have the good fortune to meet this accomplished lady, in her walks around her seat at *North Cary*, in *Kent*, will always find her surrounded and defended by a most powerful and magnificent party of dogs, looking '*most terrible things*,' but seeming most perfectly obedient to her voice. Amongst her collection, we believe, she has *Russian, Turkish, and Spanish dogs*.

The following whimsical anecdote is mentioned, as having occurred to her

Ladyship, as she was taking one of her accustomed walks, with her canine guard : a man, who was walking on the road, came up, and taking off his hat, said—" *I suppose as how, Ma'am, you be a dog-fancier, or mayhap you exhibit with these here animals at different pleaces, as may be agreable ; if so be, as it may be suitable, I should be glad to join company, having a few dancing dogs of my own.*"

Her Ladyship laughed, but with her accustomed grace and good-humour, informed the man—" She was not in that line of business."

Sporting Magazine, June 1818.

SAGACITY AND STAUNCHNESS IN A SHOOTING PONEY.—" Being on a shooting party the 18th of September 1819, mounted on a favourite old shooting poney, we had beaten all day, without any success, when, on a sudden, to my great astonishment, my poney stopped short, and I could not persuade him to move, either by dint of whip or spur : I desired my keeper to forward, when the poney immediately *drew* after him, and a covey of fifteen rose : I shot and bagged my bird.

" The above is an extraordinary instance of the sagacity of horses. I have been used to ride the poney, shooting, for the last fifteen years."

DEATH, WAKING, AND BURIAL OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MASSARENE'S DOG.

In a cause lately tried at *Dublin*, the lessees of the *Earl of Massarene, versus George Doran* and the *Countess of Massarene*, his wife, in which a verdict was given for the plaintiff, the following, among other curious evidence, occurred : Mrs. *Sowen*, of *Dublin*, said, the *Lord and Lady Massarene* came to live in her house, in the year 1802. She recollected an extraordinary occurrence respecting the death of a dog. When the dog became ill, *Lady Massarene* took it out in a carriage in order to obtain medical advice. Then brought it home, took it to the drawing-room, and made a sad lamentation. Witness went in to know what was the matter ; she beheld the dog lying on the carpet, *Lady Massarene*, on her knees weeping over it, and *Lord Massarene* by her side, consoling her. His Lordship then took the dog in his arms, and carried it to an open window, to give it a little air ; after some time, he brought it in, and laid it again on the carpet. *Lady Massarene* exclaimed, the dog is dying fast ; it is certainly gone ! His Lordship assured her it was not, and told her that he had seen many people die, but that was not the way they died ; and in order to convince her, that the dog was not so near death, as she supposed, he would shew her the manner in which people commonly die : he then stretched himself upon the carpet, continued quiet for a little time, then turned himself from side to side, began to distort his features, stare with his eyes, throw about his arms, work himself into the appearance of convul-

sions, and then expire! This scene being done, he returned to *Lady Massarene* and the dog. The witness then left them, and retired to her own room. In the morning she found all the family in extreme distress, for the dog was actually dead. The corps was suffered to remain, for some time, in the drawing-room, and towards the evening, was carried into the bed-room of Mrs. *O'Duran*, to be *waked*. Next day, a number of people came to the house, among whom was a plumber, with a lead-coffin for the dead, and a carpenter with an outer shell. The plumber's account was 4*l.* 11*s.* When the defunct was put into the coffins, a car was procured to carry it to *Antrim Castle*, and positive orders were given that, fifty dogs should attend the funeral, in white scarfs, and that all the dogs of the parish also, should be present.

SHOOTING MEMORABILIA FOR 1819-20.

With melancholy and desponding sensations we refer our readers to the laborious CAUTIONS given in the *British Field Sports*, adding the following sad example to the multitudinous list :

MONMOUTH.—One of those melancholy accidents resulting from Field Sports, took place on Monday se'nnight. Mr. Cousins, a gentleman residing a few miles from Abergavenny, left his house for the amusement of partridge-shooting, at ten o'clock, and, about four in the afternoon, the report of a gun was heard by a person in an adjoining field. This was followed by a loud barking of dogs, which induced him to go to the spot whence the noise proceeded; when he found Mr. Cousins in an erect posture, leaning against the bank of the hedge, and at first supposing him to be asleep; but on approaching nearer, and looking more attentively, he discovered his head shot in a dreadful manner, the brains covering his hat. The fury of the animals would not, for some time, suffer any one to approach their late master; but assistance being procured, they were beat off, and the above dreadful spectacle presented itself to view. Medical aid was instantly sent for, but too late to prove any avail—he being a corpse! It is supposed, that, in getting over the hedge, the gun being cocked, the trigger was caught by a briar, occasioned instant explosion, and literally blew his head in pieces! Mrs. Cousins left her house in the morning of the same day, to visit Mrs. Bennett, of Trostreylodge, (the death of whose husband had recently occurred) to assist in the soothing offices of friendship on such an occasion; and it is rather singular, that Mr. Cousins was to have appeared as chief mourner at the ceremony of interment, and had prepared new mourning for the occasion.

Such has been, in some parts, the abundant breed of PARTRIDGES this year,

that a father and son, in some fields between *Oxford* and *Whitney*, killed in one morning last week, seventeen and a half brace, and in the afternoon ten brace, making a total of twenty-seven brace and a half in one day.

T. W. Coke, Esq. and friends killed on his *domain* at *Holkham*, *Norfolk*, in the first twelve days of the Shooting Season, 1819, *three thousand eight hundred and eighty-three head of game*. We have not yet heard of any decay of the shooting faculties of this most capital and veteran shot. His mental faculties also, for the good of his country, remain in perfection.

A renewal of the SHOOTING MATCH between *Capt. Thornhill*, one of the best shots in *Hampshire*, and *Strong*, the keeper to *J. A. Thorn, Esq.* of *Melbourne Manor, Oxon*, lately took place, and the bet was doubled between *Mr. Thorn*, for his keeper, and the *Captain*. The spot selected to start from on this match was within four miles of *Maidenhead Thicket*, on the road to *Oxford*, and each had his poney and his adversary's friend as an umpire. *Captain Thornhill* bent his course towards *Hare-Hatch*, on the *Reading Road*, and had good pheasant sport, and from thence on to *Hurst Manor*, &c. a distance of about 26 miles. He had 32 shots, and bagged 11 pheasants, 14 partridges, and 5 hares. *Strong* directed his course towards *Henley Mills*, by the late *General Conway's Park*, and from thence he crossed the *Thames* to the *Oxfordshire Hills*, and closed his day's labour there. He bagged 9 hares, 17 partridges, and 3 pheasants, in 28 shots, and lost the match by one only. There were some heavy even bets pending, and *Mr. Thornhill* has long been considered the best shot in the county of *Hants*.

A SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING MATCH, of 20 guineas each, between three celebrated shots, *Messrs. Palmer, Phipps, and Street*, took place on Saturday, when 72 head of game were killed by four o'clock, P. M. *Mr. Palmer* took a direction from *Burnham* in the line of *Wycomb*, and the water side, and he bagged twelve and a half brace of partridges and two hares; *Mr. Phipps* took a direction for *Maidenhead*, across the river, to *Bray Fields*, and he killed 4 hares and 9 brace of partridges; and *Mr. Street* took a direction for *Stoke and Gerrard's Cross*, and killed 11 brace of partridges and 1 hare. The sportsmen started together at day-break, in *Burnham Fields*, each accompanied by an umpire chosen by the opposite parties. They were allowed one barrel only, with unlimited charge, and only seven shots were missed by the three.

During a late visit at *Lord Suffield's*, in *Norfolk*, last week, his *Grace the Duke of Wellington* shot at a hare as it was going out of *Thorpe Wood*, when a farmer's servant, who was on the outside of the wood, was slightly wounded by some of the shot from the *Duke's Gun*. His *Grace* was much affected by the accident. *Mr. Sharpe*, a medical gentleman, passing by at the time, told the *Duke* that the young man would suffer no inconvenience from the wounds, when his *Grace* rejoined the party, and afterwards sent a donation of five pounds to the youth.—In the annals of the sporting county of *Norfolk*, few instances are to be found that can vie with

the following statement, the result of the last day's shooting this season, at *Holkham Hall*, when *H. S. Partridge, Esq.* and four friends, killed :—253 pheasants, 23 hares, 14 rabbits, 3 partridges, 1 woodcock.—Total, 294 head of game.

The following quantity of game was shot at *Woolverstone Park, Suffolk*, the seat of *Charles Berners, Esq.* in the last week :—

	par.	phea.	hares	rab.	woodcocks.
26th - - -	0	68	50	11	0
27th - - -	0	174	60	15	0
28th - - -	0	166	61	27	1
29th - - -	6	106	39	20	1

GROUSE.—On the first day of *Grouse* Shooting, 1819, *Mr. Atkinson of Cocker-mouth*, shot and bagged twenty brace.

The pestinential disease which attacked the *Moor Game*, in the *Northern* counties of Scotland, in 1819, is said to have been produced in the high grounds of *Inverness Shire*, by worms resembling maggots, which bred under the wings; in *Atholl*, by a species of lice, on the head and neck. In all probability, the vermin was the effect, not the original cause of the disease.

MARR FOREST.—The slaughter of *Grouse*, at the *Earl of Fife's*, was not so great this year, as in former seasons, but the number of *red Deer* killed was greater than usual. The *Marquis of Blandford*, and the *Eurl of Fife* were very successful among the Deer: *Sir William Elliot* and *Mr. Coke, M. P. of Derby*, had great success among the *muir Fowl* and *Ptarmigan*, but the latter were by no means so numerous as usual, owing to bad weather in the spring, which destroyed the young broods.

AULD TAM HUTTSON, game-keeper to *His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry*, at *Bowhill Forest, Selkirkshire*, has killed, within the last fortnight, (October 1819,) with the help of *Jem Fletcher*, his assistant keeper, 165 hares; and in the course of the season, 173 brace of *grouse*, 115 brace of *black cocks*, 197 brace of *partridges*, and 112 brace of *pheasants*. One of the *hares*, weighed 9½ lbs. one *black cock*, 6 lbs. 7 oz. and one *pheasant*, 3 lbs. 10 oz. *Auld Tam*, as the late Duke used to style him, is now *four score* years of age, and yet he partakes of the sports of the field, the same as when he was but *thirty*. He has been upwards of *forty-three* years in the *Buccleugh* family, the present being the third Duke whom he has served: his experience on the *muirs*, is of *sixty-three* years duration. When about *forty-five*, Tam was allowed by all Sportsmen, who knew him, to be the best shot in Scotland; and at one period, he was almost as famous a Jockey. In the late Duke's time, he rode a match against *Hope*, one of the Duke's grooms from *Yorkshire*, and beat him cleverly. At that period *Auld Tam* was *sixty-five*. This was his last race.

GROUSE.—In 1819, Mr. *Thomas Craig*, game-keeper to the Governors and Commissioners of *Greenwich Hospital*, in *Alston Moor*, killed *forty-one* birds in seventeen shots, viz. *thirteen* shots brought down *twenty-six* birds, three shots *nine* more, and the *seventeenth* shot laid down no fewer than *six*, making in all *forty-one*. He also killed *twelve plover* in *four shots*—*twice two and twice four*.

The **BLACK GAME** were abundant on *Ashdown Forest*, Berks, in 1819, no distemper appearing among them as in the North. These birds have spread much of late years over *Poole Heath*, and with care and preservation, would soon become abundant in that part of Dorsetshire.

EUSTON HALL, SUFFOLK.—*His Royal Highness the Duke of York*, with a large shooting party, on a visit to *His Grace the Duke of Grafton*, each day bagged nearly *two hundred* head of Game.

Died on January 7, 1820, at *West End*, in the Parish of *Fewstone, Yorkshire*, in his *one hundred and tenth* year, Mr. *John Domaine*. The chief amusement of his life was hunting, which he always pursued on foot, and which he continued until within the last five years of his life. He was never known to exchange his clothes, however wet, and never experienced a day's confinement from illness in his life. After he had attained his *hundredth* year, he complained that he was grown old, and could not leap over a stile or a ditch with his accustomed agility.

NEWLY-INVENTED GUN.—A gun of an entire novel construction, was exhibited in December 1819, in the garden of *York-House*, before the *Duke of York*, the *Adjutant-General to the Forces*, the *Quarter Master General*, *Earl Cambden*, and *General Sir H. Taylor*. It weighs less than the ordinary musket, though composed of seven barrels—one of the common length, and in the same position; around it, at the breech, are the six others, of about three inches in length only. The whole being charged, and the priming for the whole placed in the magazine-chamber, which preserves it quite dry, and yields just sufficient, and no more, to each charge. The simple art of cocking places each of the short barrels successively, in complete connection with the long one, and that of shutting the pan, primes it; so that seven discharges may be effected in thirty seconds: and if the long barrel be rifled, it produces the effect of a rifle gun, without the labour or deformity of the ball, produced by the ordinary mode of loading. It is perfectly safe and accurate, with great simplicity, every part being so guarded, as to prevent the possibility of danger, error or impediment. The invention, it appears, is equally applicable to great guns, pistols, or the arms used for the horse or coach-guards. In the hands of game-keepers also, it must be a terrific weapon. *His Royal Highness* minutely examined every part of it, and desired the ingenious inventor to make four or five discharges, by which he put the balls, each time, in a cluster round the mark.

GAME LAWS.—On September the 21st, 1819, Mr. *William Garneys*, son of *Thomas Garneys, Gent. of Kenton, Suffolk*, was convicted in the penalty of five

pounds, for sporting with a game certificate, but not qualified by *estate*. A distress warrant was directed to him; but being a minor, he has since been committed to the county goal at *Ipswich*, for three months! *E. Syer, Esq.* of *Clifford's Inn, Middlesex*, according to the public papers, was the informer, and the *Rev. J. Chevalier, of Aspal, M. D.* a witness. *Mr. Garneys*, the father, it seems, is qualified by *estate*, and to speak from memory, on this particular point, the land on which the young man sported, was either in the occupation of the father, or an approving friend. These notable *British* laws, if they can be said to merit that sacred name, will be strained so hard, that *anon* they will experience a *crash* not at all to the satisfaction of their supporters. Every example congenial with the foregoing, should be put upon *record*.

STAGE COACH DRIVERS.—Some infamous delinquents of this description, have arisen since our remarks. With respect to the punishment of a few months imprisonment, in a case of wilful and audacious hazarding the lives and limbs of others, at best, it is but a sorry joke. To that rational part of the public, who enjoy and patronize this *fun*, we have little farther to say; but to those who aim at preventive punishment, we reiterate our former advice of *suspension* of the delinquent from his occupation as a coachman, for a term of years, or *for ever*, according to the nature of the case.

ANOTHER NATIONALLY CREDITABLE RECORD!—"Horse-stealing, about twenty years ago, was so very common in the *North of England*, and throughout *Scotland*, as to be by many, regarded, rather as an illegitimate means of subsistence, than a serious crime; but until within the two or three last years, the number of offences of this description had decreased. It is now however so common in the above-mentioned districts, that upon an average (1818) about *six* horses are stolen weekly, scarcely one in twenty of which, is recovered."—*Public Papers*.

On the same authority, we state, as a caution, that several horses were killed last year, by eating *HAWS*, which obstruct the stomach and intestines, in the same manner as wheat; inflammation and mortification suddenly ensuing.

From the *same*, of October, 1818.—A *Steam Boat race* has lately taken place, in the *Chesapeake, Virginia*, between two rival boats of *Richmond* and some other port. The *Richmond* boat was victorious. The victor is stated to have run *eighteen* miles in *one hour and ten minutes*, nearly equalling the speed of the fastest sailing *American* frigates.

IN CONCLUSION, we anticipate certain cold-blooded objections, in that we have treated too harshly, a certain class of *delinquents*, and that we have carried our principles of justice due to beasts, in the vulgar phrase, *to extremes*; the which being interpreted is, there are many good people who cannot possibly make shift, or render life tolerable, without the enjoyment of a *moderate* quantum of wrong and cruelty. We shall be further blamed, no doubt, for our rough and unmodish style of calling men and things by their *proper names*: but really, our humble wits are of the ancient cut, nor will our small portion of sagacity enable us to discover those wonderful benefits, in extreme cases, now usually attributed to that excess of lenient plaistering and *onction*, which has become the universal mode. We have neither the skill nor the talent to sooth and charm away obdurate profligacy.

Our metrical *finale*, for which we stand obliged to the ingenious Mr. *Upton*, we strongly recommend to the serious consideration of all those juvenile *Sportsmen*, who like the hero of the piece, may have inherited a handsome, but small fortune. We can assure them, that there is the full force of reality in the fiction of the poet; and that we have at this moment, in memory, various such examples, which have actually occurred in the course of our sporting pilgrimage. And now—after having been occasionally, full often painfully, engaged on these subjects, during more than half the usual term of life, we bid our readers heartily farewell, with the humble offering of our best respects, and warmest wishes for their **HEALTH, WEALTH, AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.**

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

BY MR. UPTON

My father left ten thousand pounds,
 And will'd it all to me;
 My friends, like sunflowers, flock'd around,
 As kind as kind could be.

This sent a buck, and that a hare,
 And some the Lord knows what;
 In short, I thought I could declare,
 No man such friends had got.

They ate my meat—they drank my wine;
 In truth so kind were they,
 That be the weather wet or fine,
 They'd dine with me next day.

CONCLUSION.

They came :—and like the circling year,
The circling glass went round ;
Till something whisper'd in my ear,
“ Ah, poor ten thousand pounds !

“ Pshaw ! stuff !” cried I, “ I'll hear it not,
“ Besides, such *friends* are mine,
“ That what they have, will be my lot,
“ So push about the wine.”

The glasses rung—the jest prevail'd
'Twas summer every day !
Till like a flower by blight assail'd,
My thousands dropt away.

Alas ! and so my *friends* dropt off,
Like rose leaves from the stem ;
My fallen state but met their scoff,
And I no more saw them !

One friend, one *honest friend* remain'd
When all the locusts flew,
One that ne'er shrunk, nor friendship *feign'd*,
My *faithful dog*, 'twas you.



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ERRATA.

Page 40, line 15, read, "in the portrait."

— 41, line 18, dele, and read "Bay Bolton."

— 57, line 1, read "washing."

— 191, for "Duke of Bedford," read "Duke of Devonshire."

THE END.