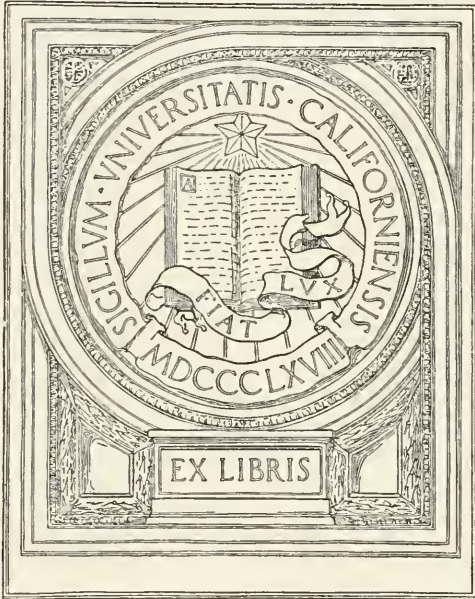


# Diomed

The Life Travels & Observations  
of a Dog

John Sergeant Wise

GIFT OF  
A. F. Morrison



W 8/22  
dis  
1899



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



Diomed

•The  Co. •

---

# Diomed

THE LIFE, TRAVELS, AND OBSERVATIONS  
OF A DOG

BY

JOHN SERGEANT WISE

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. LINTON CHAPMAN

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1899

*All rights reserved*

© © © © © © © © © © © © © © © ©  
© © © © © © © © © © © © © © © ©  
© © © © © © © © © © © © © © © ©  
© © © © © © © © © © © © © © © ©

©  
©  
©  
© ©

Copyright, 1899,

By The Macmillan Company.

**GIFT OF**

*A. F. Morrison*

*Norwood Press*

*J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith*  
*Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.*



## Author's Note

I SUBMIT this book to the perusal of the public without any apologies.

I stand for the dog. Whatever he thinks or says, which you think he could not think or say, put down to my score, good people. I know I have made him cover an unusual range.

First of all, I know there will be those who, impatient at any evidence of idleness in the life of a busy man, judge him to be a trifler by signs like this. Well — be it so.

I know of an instance where a distinguished Judge on the Court of Appeals of New Hampshire lost appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States, because in a suit against a man for killing a mink out of season, when it was chasing the geese of defendant, he delivered an opinion covering twenty-five pages of printed reports, in which he reviewed the whole law of justifiable killing in defence of person or property. It is a great opinion; but it killed the prospects of the judge who delivered it, by giving him the name of "The Mink Judge." (*Vide* 53 N. H. 398, *Aldrich v. Wright.*) Without fearing that I imperil so great a prize, I know the danger of committing one's name to authorship like this. Still, I am guilty. And the verdict must be pronounced.

I began the book for seven children of my own, disguising, under the story of their seven setter puppies, the desire to familiarize them with life in their native state as I knew her, and with people still there, but seldom heard of, who are the priceless jewels, almost hidden, amid the rubbish of her decay.

Some good friends of ours read the manuscript, and flattered me with the idea that it might excite a more wide-spread interest than that of my own home circle. We all know how quickly a writer succumbs to that notion. In my case persuasion was easy. And so I launched "Diomed." If it does not fall stillborn, I shall be surprised. If critics will only abuse it into notoriety, I shall be charmed — delighted.

I will tell you who it is chiefly intended to reach. For those of my own class who are too old to shoot, or who can no longer steal time for sport, and have to do their shooting in their heads nowadays. You will sympathize with me, you old boys. I can see you reading "Diomed" in spite of yourselves, and chuckling over the stories. Be good fellows, and thank me. You know how it will gratify me, and it costs you only a penny to do so.

For the boys and girls who are coming on. You need some healthy book. You have been reading too much trash of late. There's not a low suggestion between these lines, dear boys and girls. There are lots of pictures, and there is plenty of fun. And my story is better for you than "Trilby," and my French is as bad as Du Maurier's. You will not abuse me if you do not endorse me; for, all my life, I have loved boys and girls too well to believe that what I write will actually displease them.

For a great class of other people who sigh for novelty, there is much in this book to astonish them. Take a peep at it, good, great unknown. It is all so arranged that it may be taken in broken doses. Every chapter is independent of the other, save that all are bound together by the thread of a dog's life — and who minds clipping that?

The gentleman who has illustrated the book has delighted me by the way he caught the spirit of my pastime. He has expressed the thoughts I was trying for, better in the pictures than I could in writing.

The National Museum of Natural History was exceedingly kind in allowing us the use of their specimens, from which to make sketches.

The good publisher has agreed to let me have certain copies for a few friends. By that arrangement my original aspiration concerning "Diomed" is satisfied.

And now, I let go the manuscript and illustrations and return to work, curiously waiting to see whether anybody but personal friends will take the trouble to open the pages of my pet diversion for the past year.

J. S. W.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1896.

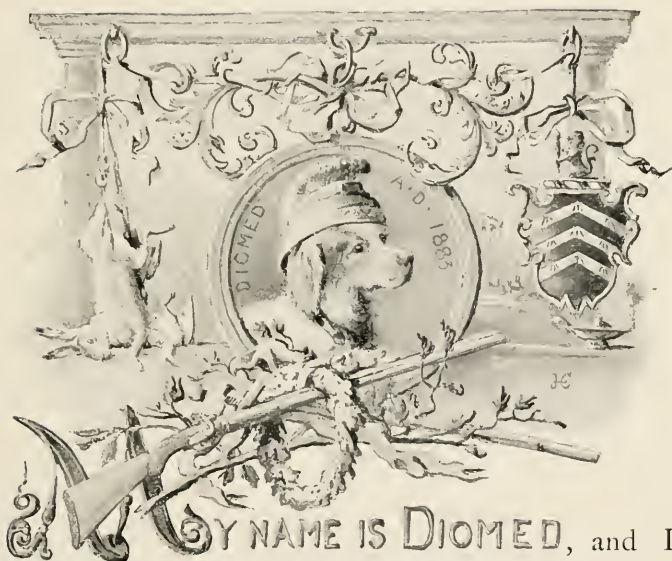
## Contents

Chapter	Page
I. My Name is Diomed . . . . .	1
II. School Days . . . . .	17
III. A Trip through the Mountains — Ruffed Grouse .	32
IV. Serious Work — Horseback Hunting . . . . .	45
V. Snipe-shooting at Deep Bottom . . . . .	74
VI. A Blue-blood Rival . . . . .	90
VII. Fresh Fields and Pastures New . . . . .	106
VIII. On the Western Prairies . . . . .	124
IX. High-toned Shooting . . . . .	137
X. A Fight — An Escapade — A Portrait and Great Expectations . . . . .	154
XI. A Week with an Artist — Pampatike . . . . .	170
XII. How Pictures representing Field Sports are made .	192
XIII. Superstitions — In North Carolina — A Dog Show — A Fox-hunt — And a Sad Change . . . . .	205
XIV. A Trip to Florida . . . . .	225
XV. A Hunt on the Mexican Border . . . . .	241
XVI. A Severe Winter — Old Age approaches — A Season of Failures . . . . .	261
XVII. Dick's Illness — Terrapin Neck — Turkey-hunting	274
XVIII. Illness — A Change — Williamsburg — The End	298



# Diomed

## Chapter I



MY NAME IS DIOMED, and I was born April 22, 1883, in Richmond, Virginia. I am a setter dog. My earliest recollection of anything is of a stable in rear of my master's residence on one of the principal streets. A vacant stall, liberally supplied with tan bark, and flooded by the morning sunlight, had been assigned to mother. Our only neighbor was the old family horse, a warm friend of my mother, who daily

looked over the partition and inquired after the health of the family. The language of dogs and that of horses is so near alike there is no trouble whatever about understanding one another.

There were seven of us,—six boys and a girl. We bore a strong family resemblance, being all white, with lemon or tan markings, and dark hazel eyes, like mother. A number of our visitors said we were a remarkably “even lot,” whatever that may have meant; and our birth must have been quite a local event, for we had many visitors. Master’s boys and girls, of whom there were five, constantly flitted in and out of the stable to see how we were coming on, and, several times daily, master would appear, accompanied by one or more sportsmen friends, and discuss our “points” freely. Human language and conduct are not only thoroughly understood by dogs, but they comprehend them at a much earlier age than do humans, because, I presume, of our much shorter lives and earlier maturity.

Apparently great things were expected of us.

Mother was a bright, sunny little creature; a great favorite, not only for her beauty and merry disposition, but because she was a fine worker in the field, and came of a stock of setters that had been famous in Virginia for nearly half a century. Her maiden name was Eva McMurdo. Father was likewise distinguished. He was of English parentage. His name was Sergeant. He was a handsome fellow, but did not come about often, or appear very deeply interested in our welfare. All the sportsmen who commented upon him in our presence declared that he was possessed of great

steadiness of character and fine intelligence. There was a certain air of superiority in his bearing, which, coupled with allusions, from time to time, to his English ancestors, Leicester, Macdona's Ranger, Llewellyn's Dan, and others, seemed to have an irritating effect on mother, who was always quick to let him and us know that she was just as good as he was. When I grew older I was very glad I had heard this, for it is a comfortable thing to know that one is well bred; but I confess that, in the days of my puppyhood, it sometimes grew tiresome to hear mother tell how she was descended from the famous pair of dogs imported in 1840 by Colonel Jack Heth of Midlothian, and how their daughter, famous old Celeste, had been owned by Colonel McMurdo, who invited Kossuth to shoot over her; and how, in time, the blood of Colonel Jenifer's imported Sy, and of famous old Tate's Rio, and of Cranz's Dash, and other Virginia celebrities, had been combined in her. If it had depended upon me, in my giddy youth, to preserve these genealogical data, I fear they would have been lost, for mother died when I was only about four years old, and I was too busy hunting in those days to pay much attention to matters of family history. However, master was more prudent, and has the complete record, of which I may say, without vanity I hope, that I am justly proud.

I may add that, in maturity, I discovered that this techiness of mother about being as good as anybody, was not peculiar to her, or even to Virginia dogs, but was a very common feeling among all animated nature in our locality.

Some time ago, lying in master's library, I heard him reading the autobiography of a distinguished German poet, who prefixed to his memoir his pedigree, and, discussing his parentage, said :

“Vom Vater hab'ch die Statur,  
Des Lebens ernstes Führen ;  
Von Mutterchen die Frohnatur.”

He translated it to the children as meaning, “From my father I inherit my frame, and the steady guidance of life ; from dear little mother, my happy disposition.”<sup>1</sup>

That method of putting oneself on record struck me as excellent for a dog, as well as for a German poet ; and his description of his parents tallied so well with mine that I beat upon the rug several times with my tail, as I lay stretched before the fire, and master said, “Why, Di, old boy, that suits you.” Then I sat up and rested my head on his knee, while he read on.

This seems sufficient of genealogy.

It was known and discussed between us, from the first, that only one of our number would be retained by master as his shooting companion, while the others would be distributed to his friends. Such family separations are not looked forward to with sorrow and apprehension among dogs as among human beings. They are anticipated as a matter of course, and as the opportunity to a good dog to secure a good master, and do his allotted work in life.

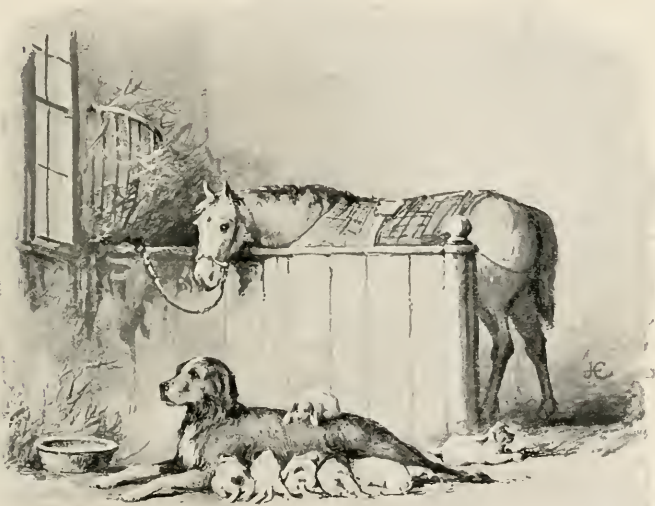
What interested us most was to know which of us master would select as his favorite. Everybody

<sup>1</sup> Goethe's Autobiography.



else was awaiting his final choice, and that choice was a difficult one to make as we were all so much alike.

About this time master photographed us in a group, and thinking you would like to have a glimpse of us, I here insert the picture.



The third pup from mother's hind leg represents me; the pup with the lemon-colored lozenge on the occiput. I always chose that place because mother frequently licked us as we suckled her, and that was the most convenient place for her to reach me. From the very outset master showed a pref-

---

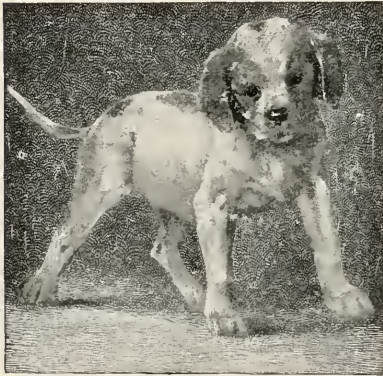
erence for me, and I will confess that mother did all she could to confirm that preference. Nevertheless, at least two of my brothers grew so fast and looked so handsome that master several times wavered in his choice, and his criticisms and doubts made me a very uneasy pup. One day he came in and tossed a glove into the corner of the stall. My big brother Jack, who was a dangerous competitor, had been asleep, and was lazy. I saw the glove, and, partly moved by curiosity, rose up, toddled over to it, and took it in my mouth. Master called me, and I went over to where he was bending down, with the glove still in my tiny mouth. That settled it. He lifted me up by the skin of my neck, examined my markings carefully, and, putting me down gently, said, "This is my first choice, and I name him Diomed." We were now about ten weeks old, and the other sportsmen entitled to pups came with master, chose their pups, and took them away, one by one. Several of the pups were shipped away in crates. Jack went to Colonel Sloo of Vincennes, Indiana. Of course we were all more or less depressed by the breaking up of the home in the stable; but mother was a philosopher, and, as the pups went off, she would lick their faces clean, tell them to be brave and happy in their new homes, and bid them try, as they grew up, to gain the attachment of their masters, and prove worthy of their illustrious ancestors, particularly of "Celeste" of the McMurdo strain. Then their crates would be stuffed with dog-biscuit, a tin cup tied in the corner for water, and away they would go on their journey of life;

and that was the last of them, as far as I was concerned. No. Not the last of all of them. For, three years later, I met my favorite brother Jack on the plains of Minnesota, where we hunted prairie chickens together, and had a famous time. Many a night, while master and his companions were discussing the relative merits of Jack and myself, dear old Jack and I would be curled up together in the buffalo grass, talking about mother and the others, and the good times we had in the stable. Jack had a good master and was happy. He was a fine strapping fellow, and he worked me very hard to get the best of him. We hunted together like twins, and were not a bit jealous of each other. But we became so much interested in each other that we sometimes paid little attention to our masters, and one day master gave us a lesson that neither of us soon forgot. However, I will tell that story later.

Riding home in the prairie wagon, the discussions between master and his companions as to our relative merits amused us both. Master was partial to me, and would not allow that Jack's work approached mine. Others contended there was little to choose between us, and that, if anything, Jack was the best. This, master denied hotly, and my young master, aged about fourteen, grew furious at any such suggestion. The truth is, Jack and I were an evenly matched pair, and I always regarded him as fully my equal in nose, speed, endurance, and intelligence, and was proud of such a brother. But I anticipate.

By July, 1883, I was left alone with mother.

I was quite lonesome. The children, who had petted me greatly, had gone off to the country. The city was very hot. Mother and I sweltered along through the dog-days with no companion but the old cook; and, with the exception of a few lessons on the English sparrows that came into our back yard for crumbs, I had no sort of diversion. In the evening master would sit on the back-yard



Ten weeks old.

steps, in his shirt sleeves, and teach me to fetch; but it was too hot even for that. This is the way I looked at this period.

About the last of August master brought me my first collar and chain and bundled me into a carriage. I understood that I was be-

ing taken to boarding-school in the country. Of course, I was glad to go, for in the long August evenings mother had amused me by telling me of the joys of quail and snipe and grouse shooting; and I was all aflame for sport.

If ever a pup was suddenly ushered into the noise and bustle of the outside world, I was. Master drove to the depot, chained me in a baggage car, and left me. It was the first time I had ever been chained, and when the cars started off I nearly broke my neck trying to release myself.

No doubt I would have broken my neck if I had succeeded in getting loose; for I am sure I would have jumped out of the car. The baggage-man laughed at my antics, patted me, and endeavored to reassure me; and it was not long before, wearied by hopeless exertion, I lay down and slept a troubled puppy sleep in which I dreamed that master had deserted me. The thundering noise of the train, at first so alarming, soon became familiar. Thinking over gun-shyness in puppies, I am satisfied that such a trip, to the average gun-shy pup, would, in most instances, effect a cure; for when, later in the day, master fired his gun, the noise was so much less than that of the train, it did not alarm me in the slightest degree.

We left the train at a place called Lester Manor on the Pamunky River. It was near to the Pamunky Indian Reservation, and there we were met by some Indians with boats, and by the man to whom I was to be delivered for my education. He was a pleasant-faced fellow, with a bright eye, and came up at once, and patted and caressed me, and I could see by his gestures he was much pleased with my looks. And I was a saucy-looking little chap.

In decrepit age, how I long for the fire and ginger that filled me in those happy days of youth! Everything was new to me then, and interested me. Released for a little exercise, I dashed out into a neighboring clover lot; plunged about in the lush grass, that I had never seen before; snapped at the butterflies; burst through a flock of young chickens; and, finally, made a great circuit of the

field, vainly chasing a swift that was skimming here and there in the delicious summer evening air.

I could hear master exclaim, as he stood in the group watching me, "Isn't he a daisy?" and all agreed that I gave every promise of being a great hunting dog.

What puzzled me most was that my prospective school-teacher spoke never a word. Now I had never before seen a man who did not talk. Master talked a great deal, and I loved every sound of his voice, whether of caress or command. Until I met my teacher I thought every man could talk. But I soon learned that he was what men call a mute.

I wondered how he could teach me if he said nothing. I saw him and master writing on a pad of paper, and communicating by signs of their hands and fingers, and I wondered how I could ever be able to comprehend him. It was not long, however, before I found that, between this mute gentleman and myself, comprehension was more perfect, and more simple even, than with master. His ever-watchful eye made him understand me even better than master did; and, with nothing but a whistle, and the signs he made me with his hands, he could make me understand and obey his wishes better than the noisiest man I ever hunted with. In after years I have often heard sportsmen express surprise at the promptness with which I obeyed master when beyond the reach of his voice. There was really nothing remarkable about it; for I had learned to comprehend motions of the hand thoroughly, while under the training of this mute teacher. His name was Turner. He was a good

sportsman, and I became more attached to him than to any man I ever met except master. Mr. Turner was a bachelor, and made me his constant companion, night and day. I believe that from this intimacy I acquired the knowledge of men and their ways that has made men call me a remarkably intelligent dog. One thing about my teacher I never did understand. He was very deaf. So deaf, in fact, that, no matter how loud I barked, or how near I was to him, he never heard me. It was necessary to catch his eye to have his attention. But when we were in the field, if a covey of birds rose behind him, no matter how unexpectedly, he would, if they were anywhere near him, realize, in some way, the fact; and would wheel around and fire at them as quickly as a man of the keenest hearing. How he realized their presence without seeing them I have never been able to conjecture. The wings of the birds, as they rose, must have produced some peculiar crepitation in the air which had an influence upon his sense of hearing, while much louder noises did not affect him at all.

We took the boats, and the Indians paddled us down to a place called Cumberland Marshes. Master and Mr. Turner were going to shoot rail the next morning. Of course, I had no part in this, but on the way down the river, master and his friend had pretty sport shooting bull-bats from the boat. At this season of the year, in this locality, these birds are plentiful, and afford beautiful and difficult shots. They are esteemed great luxuries, being very fat. This may surprise many a

northern and western sportsman, for, in their sections, these bats or night-hawks are, as a rule, quite poor, and no one thinks of eating them. They are ugly creatures, resembling the whip-poor-will, but smaller.

At first the sound of the guns was far from agreeable to me, but the flight of the birds, as



Bull-bats.

they dashed hither and thither, and swooped above our heads, greatly excited me; and as I saw them splash into the water, after the reports of the guns, I very soon realized that the only danger was to the birds; and I became so much delighted that I made one or two efforts to spring overboard and retrieve them; in which I was restrained by my little master, who had come with us. He had a small 20-bore



gun, and, encouraged by master, succeeded, after several failures, in bringing down a bat,—a proceeding hailed with great delight by master, who announced that it was the first bird the boy had ever shot on the wing. When the bats were gathered into the boat I did a good deal of snuffling among them; but I must say that the bull-bats did not fill the measure of my ambition as a hunting dog; and did not possess the delicious aroma mother had mentioned as pertaining to quail and woodcock.

That was the first glorious evening. Life broadened out to me in those few hours as never before.



On the Pamunky.

The wide fields and sombre woods skirting the placid Pamunky were flooded with the light of the dying day, and we paddled through the glassy waters in the shadows from the westward which fell almost across the silent stream. The guns echoed and re-echoed through the forests, and after the firing had ceased, I stood in the bow of our little boat, peering forward, wondering how large the world was, awed by the silence of the deepen-

ing gloom, — a silence broken only by some distant sound of life, the voices of men or barking of dogs, from the plantations on the high banks to our right, or the hooting of owls in the swamps to our left.

Our party hastened to the club-house, which was filled with lights visible long before we reached it in the darkness. After a good supper, I, being quite



Rail.

exhausted by the excitement of the day, sunk to sleep upon master's cot, where I was allowed to warm his feet that night. I was not a bit homesick. True, I did not fancy being left alone at the house when master and his party went out before day to shoot rail on the morning tide; but when they came back, about ten o'clock, with a great number of rail, I was very happy.

Again, I snuffled around among the rail-birds and the teal-ducks they brought in, and again I felt

decided disappointment that their smell was not near so good as mother had taught me to expect. This morning master gave me my first lessons in retrieving. I did not fancy either the smell or taste of rail-birds, and so, when he tossed one off for me to fetch, I simply refused. That made a direct issue with master, and I discovered, even at that early day, that it is best not to raise such issues with him. After vainly trying to persuade me to fetch the bird he boxed my jaws soundly, put me in a sitting posture, placed a bird in my mouth, and made me sit there holding it until he said "fetch." I found very soon that he meant what he said, and it was not long before I did as he bade.

That afternoon the Indians paddled us back to the railroad station, and master and young master departed for Richmond, leaving me alone with my teacher. He had a quaint little buggy with a quick-stepping wiry horse, and very soon we were speeding away to my new home. I snuggled up beside him on the seat. One would think that a young pup such as I was would have been homesick and despondent at being thus cut off from all his friends and early associations, left in a strange country with a strange man. But such was not the case. The man was so good and kind I loved him right away; and somehow, I felt that there was nothing in city life for me; and I loved the country, and rejoiced that I was there. I knew I would soon see my dear master again, and that our happiest days together would be in the country. I wanted to learn how to find the birds for him, and knew how proud he would be when I had my education.

When we reached our new home I was at once admitted to Mr. Turner's room, which served both as sleeping apartment and dining-room. An old coat was spread upon the bare floor in the corner near the fireplace, where he could have me in view even when in bed, and there I slept nightly for several months.

When the old colored woman who attended to all his wants came in to prepare the table for his evening meal, she looked at me hard and long. Then, well knowing her mute master would not hear her, she soliloquized: "Humph! Another puppy! Now we'll have another mess of it all the time." But when Mr. Turner smiled and pointed towards me, she, with genuine darky diplomacy, smiled back and nodded admiration and approval.



## Chapter II

(1883)

### School Days



was very pleasant. He, himself, owned a sweet, motherly little setter named Mab, a distant relative of mother, and she took much interest in me. I grew very rapidly in the country, but was, of course, too young to do much hunting that autumn. I was allowed to accompany Mab, and there is no denying it, she and I were exceedingly fond of excursions after young hares. Our kind master never fully realized what fun Mab and I had dur-

ing September, along the Pamunky River banks; or how many young hares we caught. Now, in my day, I have had all sorts of hunting after small game. I am considered a very fine quail dog, and have hunted snipes, ruffled grouse, prairie chickens, woodcocks, and other game for these past gone ten years; but I am frank to confess that I have had more real enjoyment from hare-hunting than at any other sport. I know it is the confession of a low and vulgar taste, and more than once I have paid the penalty for its indulgence; but even now, the



sweetest memories of my youth are of the days when Mab and I would steal away, and go nosing about from brush pile to brush pile, on the bluffs, until we found a "bunny" snugly tucked away, bounce her, and after the most exciting chase, catch her. Dear me, how bright her eyes looked when we spied her in her form! how cunning, and how quick she was when she bolted! and oh, how fast she was, and how hopeless seemed the race for the first one hundred yards!

But dogs are too clever for hares, and too enduring. While the poor little creatures could spin away from us at first, Mab seldom failed to over-haul puss; and if she did not, we had our tricks

by which we generally circumvented the poor little victim.

I could not run as fast as Mab in those days; so, knowing the habit of the hare to double back to its starting-point, Mab taught me to let her be the runner up, I to wait near where we started our quarry, until she brought her back, well winded. Then I would make my rush, and overhaul her. So when we put her up, I would squat flat in the grass, and wait, listening with beating heart to the music of Mab's voice until, after it had almost died away, it would begin to grow louder and louder, and I knew the hare was coming back. At last, she would heave in sight, winded and well spent, I crouching flat until she was very near to me. Sometimes she would almost rush into my very jaws. Always she paid forfeit.

Many is the evening Mab and I have spent in this surreptitious work, while, borne to us on the breeze from far away, came, unheeded, the whistle of my good teacher who had come out searching for us, wondering why we stayed so long. Sometimes we were caught at our poaching. One evening, I remember, we had a fine juicy young rabbit. After we had taken her to the river bank and eaten her, and quenched our thirst in the cool waters, we trotted leisurely to where Mr. Turner sat on a fence, calling and calling us. Mab was dark red, but my mouth and nose were white. Our good teacher was not long in discovering the remnants of rabbit fur and blood about my chops, and the result was, that for some days Mab and I were put on chain, to stop that most obnoxious habit of self-hunting.

However injuriously other puppies may have been affected by self-hunting, it did me great good. I gained in muscle and in wind by my early habits of poaching, and as my life has been spent much in the city, I had few opportunities in later years to indulge in my early dissipation.

When, a year later, I ran some five hundred miles, following master, who was on horseback, in his campaigns in southwest Virginia, the exercise I had with Mab while law-breaking stood me in good stead, for it had made me an unusually tough dog. But rabbit-hunting has cost me many a licking in my day. Of course, I pointed them, as other dogs do when hunting in the field; but when "old Molly" sprung, the memory of my early days with Mab was so delightful I could ill repress my inclination to give chase, and even in sight of the most tempting stubble I have often loitered about a promising sedge patch or briar-bush, hoping to put up my favorite hare. Sometimes when she showed me her white flag, I forgot all prudence, and dashed after her like mad. Master was always indignant about this passion of mine. I knew I would be lashed when I came trotting back, with tail down, looking repentant; but I simply could not resist the passion for chasing until he fell upon a device that completely cured me. After repeated scoldings and whippings he changed his tactics. It was easy to tell when I had a hare on point. With birds, I crouched low, and was rigid as a ramrod. With a hare, I was upstanding, my tail trembling like an aspen leaf. When the hare broke away I would, in spite of all warning, spring after her like



an arrow, heedless of shout and whistle. Finally, master ceased to warn, ceased to whistle, ceased shouting. He let me rush in, and when I had gained sufficient distance to avoid serious injury, he would simply discharge a load of number ten shot at my retreating form in a manner that would make me think I had run into a beehive. Two or three doses of this kind effectually cured me of rabbit-



Jack Rabbits.

chasing. Still, to the last, when she made her start I never could resist giving one or two high buck-jumps expressive of my intense love of rabbit, and to speed her on her journey.

Knowing my weakness, master had great sport at my expense on our first Minnesota trip. I had never seen or heard of a Jack rabbit. Now nobody who has not seen a Jack rabbit has any idea of his size or his speed. They are as large as a terrier dog; and, as I know to my sorrow, are so much

---

faster than a dog, that none but a greyhound can overhaul them.

The first day we hunted in Minnesota, a Jack rabbit sprung before me. I recognized his form as that of my favorite game, but he seemed to me, from his size, to be the father of all the rabbits I had ever seen before.

When I first put him up he did not break away like my old friend "Molly Cottontail," but he gave two or three awkward shambling lopes, and then lifted himself up on his hind legs which seemed much too long for him. Of course, I was all excitement. To my surprise, master, instead of uttering a caution, cried, "Catch him, Di! catch him!" Never suspecting the joke, I made a dash for the Jack rabbit. Seeing me coming, with one bound he was off, looking, as he ran, like a gray streak on the prairie. I was a very speedy dog, but the way that rabbit opened up a gap between us made me feel as if I was standing still. We rushed towards a depression. He crossed so far in advance of me that he actually reached the opposite swell of the prairie while I was in the little trough, and then he sat up on his hind legs, took a little rest, and looked back at me to see how I was coming on. Desperate, I rushed upon him, only to see him put on another burst of speed, and sit up on another hill to look back at me far behind. After one or two more of these frantic rushes and failures I gave it up; and as I trotted back, winded and sheepish, I realized master's joke when he cried out, "Di, you may chase *that* kind of rabbit all you wish." I saw many another Jack rabbit in my

---

western hunting, but nobody ever saw me try to catch another.

Like men who seldom realize their pet ambitions, I never had but one day of my favorite sport to my complete satisfaction in my whole hunting career. That occurred when I was about six years old. Master left me with Mr. Selden, a gentleman of whom I shall say much hereafter. A party of friends were visiting Mr. Selden for the purpose of shooting quail. Of course I was counted on as one of their best dogs. During the night a snow-storm put quail-hunting out of the question. The entire party thereupon determined to go hare-hunting together, and for that purpose they secured about a dozen hounds and curs, and went to a place called Elk Hill where hares were very plentiful. Dick, Mr. Selden's favorite dog, was carefully chained, but by some oversight, I was left free. Soon after the party rode off I heard a shot, and following the direction, succeeded in joining them when they were too far from home to take me back. Mr. Selden well knew how master objected to my rabbit-hunting, and, indeed, he himself never permitted his setter Dick to indulge in it. But men are never as careful of other people's dogs as of their own, and so they permitted me to follow the party. I did not associate with the half-bred hounds or curs, of course; but I had a nose so much better than theirs, that when the rabbit-hunting did begin, I found more than half of all that were killed.

The warm sun had come out and melted the snow in many spots, and the conditions for scent-

ing were really extraordinary. I never saw as many rabbits as we found that day. Every restraint imposed when hunting birds was abandoned. The men harked and cheered the dogs; the dogs filled the air with their clamor; and such whooping, and chasing, and shooting I never heard or saw, before or since. I was in the thick of it from start to finish, and all the sportsmen, Mr. Selden included, pronounced me a great success as a "har' dog." We bagged about fifty hares that afternoon. Mr. Selden thought it a great joke, but master was furious with him, and with me too, about it. But privately, I do not believe it injured me in any way.

During my first autumn at Mr. Turner's, I really did little hunting worth recording.



Summer Duck.

In the early fall he allowed me to follow him on excursions after the beautiful summer ducks which were found in that section. He taught me how to sneak close behind him, as he stole upon them while they fed.

And here it was I acquired the fondness for retrieving from water, which has many a day enabled master to enrich his bag with birds which, with other dogs, less fond of water, would have floated down the

stream. To this retrieving from water I attribute the annoying rheumatism with which I am now afflicted; and, on two occasions, it came near costing me my life, as you will hear.

I learned to point and to retrieve quail fairly well in the season of 1883-84, although still a puppy; and when master came down that summer to see me I gave both him and my teacher a pleasant surprise.

We walked out together that master might form some idea of my speed and range. I was in fine form, and did my best. After ranging a stubble-field we came home by a pathway that led past a boggy piece of ground filled with large dockweeds and ferns. An old barrel had been sunk at a spring, and a pretty pink conch shell was used for a dipper. Master and Mr. Turner paused at the spring, and I ran in to the place where the brook formed, to lie down and lap the clear water. Just as I approached the spring I saw a peculiar bird, unlike any I had ever seen before, tilting and boring in the soft ooze. He was so near to me that, lest I flush him, I dropped flat on the ground, and there I remained, although I heard master and Mr. Turner calling



Woodcock.

me. There they found me. Master shot the bird; but before he did so he made a sketch of me which I present you here.



On Woodcock.

This was my first introduction to the sportsman's favorite, the American woodcock, and I think this unexpected opportunity to show master what I could do on game, was one of the most gratifying episodes of my life.

I am satisfied my good kind teacher would not have taken a large sum of money for the exhibition I made of myself.

During the early fall of 1884, being now old enough for serious work, I was taken out several times by my preceptor to learn how to find and point quail. I had grown very tall and muscular from life and exercise in the country, and no longer felt dependent upon Mab. I think my teacher was greatly surprised at the dashing way in which I took fences and ditches, barely touching the topmost rail of the fence, and quartering my ground with great spirit.

More than once during my puppyhood I had seen Mab find quail, and during the summer, she and I, in our many rambles, had several times put up birds, young and old. The delicious scent had become familiar to me; but never until the grasses had been nipped by frost, and the crisp autumn had toned up and invigorated every fibre of my frame, had I fully realized the consuming passion of quail-hunting.

Quails were not over plentiful in our neighborhood, but enough were there still to make the quest interesting. I never thought, in those days, that I would live to see them almost exterminated in Virginia, as they have been by the severe winters of the last two years.

Master had notified my teacher that he would need me in the latter part of October, and he doubtless felt a pride in delivering me well founded in the rudiments of my education. It was a beautiful October morning. The air was keen, the sun shone brightly; the maples and the hickory filled the landscape with crimson and gold. Through the laden orchards, and the brown stubble, we took our course. On the fresh breeze came, at last, that exhilarating effluvia in search of which the best and happiest hours of my life have been spent. First faint, then stronger, and a moment later so intense that every fibre of my frame was filled with quivering excitement. In dashing circles, then with shortening steps, then with gradually freezing creep, I followed where this scent led me—out of the open stubble, into the yellow sedge; and just as I reached a pretty bunch of pink deer-berries by

a little green pine bush, I felt myself become rigid in every muscle, and stood, with forefoot half up-lifted, eyes protruding, body crouching, in the presence of my first covey of the gamest little bird on earth, the "Bob White."

Even to this day I can recall the anxious, earnest look of my mute companion as he drew near to me and stopped, that I might fully understand my duty



First Point to Gun.

to hold my point until I was ordered on. I knew that well enough. It seemed an eternity before he advanced. The birds had been sunning and dusting themselves near the little pine. They now saw me, ran together with a low twittering sound, and as Mr. Turner stepped forward, up they went with a whirr. At sound of the gun a bird fell. I rushed towards it — found it only wing-tipped — chased it under a tuft of broom sedge — rooted it out — and, seizing it in my mouth, trotted back to Mr. Turner.



It would be hard to decide which of us felt the greatest sense of triumph in that supreme moment. To me came the full realization of those joys so often pictured to me in my puppyhood by mother; to him the exultant feeling that he had a pupil worthy of his patience and his care. We followed the scattered birds, but I was not yet skilled in their pursuit. I was in search of another covey, not realizing, what I afterwards learned, that the best dog is the one that points the single birds after the covey has been scattered. I found several, but fear I was not altogether staunch, and could not resist chasing them a little way. For this, at last, I received a good switching, and, persisting in it, Mr. Turner at last attached a cord to my collar. When I next pointed he secured the end of the cord. When the bird rose I started a chase, but was jerked so violently when I reached the length of the cord that I turned a somersault. This made me understand I was not to chase, and by the time evening came I no longer offended.

When, a few days later, I was shipped to Richmond, my kind friend patted me and caressed me with great tenderness, and tied to my collar this note to master.

“DEAR FRIEND, — I return Di by the baggage-man as requested. He was too young to hunt last fall. This year the season is so young he has had but little training in the field. But he is thoroughly house broken; retrieves; is staunch on point; and with a little good work on birds, will be all right. In him you have everything you could hope for,

---

—strength, health, nose, speed, endurance, intelligence, and the most attractive joyous disposition I ever saw in a dog. I part with him as if I bade good-by to the most amiable and affectionate friend I have had in many years. Take care of him. He is a treasure.”

Now, probably I am vain to publish this. Yes, I am. But I loved my old teacher, and have preserved this testimonial with great care. I look back to my life in his family, and to my early excursions with Mab, as among life's happiest experiences.

That night I reached home, after an absence of over twelve months. A royal welcome awaited me. The first birds I had stood accompanied me. After supper I had their bones. Then we all had a romp in the nursery.

The children taught me to sit up on the table. Eva put her little hood on me; Hugh pinned Mammy's shawl around me; Jack put a lead pencil in my mouth, and Mammy's spectacles on my nose; Henry lifted one paw, and put a cane under it; and then they called master in to see this exhibition.

The children thought it very wonderful indeed. They made me bark for my food, catch bread, balance it on my nose and snap at the signal, shut the door, sit up, jump over a stick, and I don't know what else. I loved them, and enjoyed the sport as much as they did. I had no difficulty whatever in learning, for in the long winter nights I had spent with my bachelor mute friend, we often played

together, and I had become better acquainted with him than with my own kind.

Oh, those happy days of youth!

Ouch! thinking of them, I wrenched the shoulder I sprained in Florida.



Two years old.

## Chapter III

(1884)

### A Trip through the Mountains—Ruffed Grouse



WHEN I reached home master had but recently returned from prairie-chicken shooting in Minnesota. He was preparing for a political campaigning tour in the mountains of southwest Virginia. It was the presidential year. He seemed so much engrossed with talking about the candidates that I began to fear I would be neglected, and I bore this less patiently because his accounts of the great shooting he had in the West made me exceedingly eager for field-work.

You may be sure I was half frantic with delight when he determined to make his campaigning tour

---

on horseback, take his gun, and allow me to accompany him. I had never seen the mountains. Sometimes, afterwards, in those long rides, I fear my ardor was considerably cooled, for master traversed over three hundred miles on horseback, and I am sure I covered twice that space. It was a fine opportunity for us to become acquainted. Oftentimes we travelled many miles together with no companion, and I always occupied the room with master. The hard roads and the limestone water toughened my feet and toned up my constitution, I have no doubt. Our trip consumed three weeks. The country through which we travelled was beautiful, but very rough. The people were a study. Many of them had never seen a setter dog or shot-gun before. They have only rifles and hounds. Sometimes at the public meetings where master spoke, both I and the gun were examined as curiosities. Master wore his velveteen hunting coat and corduroy trousers. Some of the mountaineers took offence at his dressing in that fashion and fetching me along. One quite prominent member of his party told master he would not vote as he wished, and when pressed for his reasons said: "Because yer cum throo here with a long-har'd dog and a scatter-gun, and dressed like a ditcher; and I don't think that is shown' our people proper respect. You know you wouldn't er done it in the East."

Your mountaineer has a contempt for the sportsman who shoots game with anything but a bullet. He looks upon the "scatter-gun" as a toy, and all dogs but hounds are classed by him as curs.

Small game was not very plentiful in southwest-

ern Virginia. In my ranging through the forests through which our road lay, I often saw gray and red squirrels. Occasionally, master would shoot one as he peeped at us around some noble moun-



tain-oak or ash, but I regarded this class of game as beneath my dignity. One day, as we passed over Wallen's Ridge which separates the counties of Wise and Russell, I suddenly discovered among the spruce leaves a most delicious scent,—a scent not unlike that of the quail, but much stronger. I became much excited, and dashing forward with enthusiasm put up a flock of strange birds. Not since my first experience on the railroad had I heard such a noise. Master saw them, and marked their course. I was thrown back on my haunches the picture of surprise. This was, indeed, a

new experience. The birds were the beautiful ruffed grouse; called by some of the inhabitants "partridge," and by others "pheasant." Master tells me there is no such thing as a partridge or a pheasant among American birds. The nearest approach to the partridge is the "Bob White." His true name, he says, is colin; but nobody calls

him that. All the so-called American pheasants are different varieties of the grouse family, and the California birds, sometimes called partridge, are really valley quail and mountain quail.

Master made his horse fast to a neighboring dog-wood tree, and calling me to him, tied me to a long string. I thought this bad treatment, but I soon found that in order to approach these wary birds I must abandon my reckless way of galloping about as I did after quail, and trot here and there cautiously. I think my present pace, at the age of twelve, fits me pre-eminently for this class of work. I wish I lived in the mountains now, for my passion for hunting is unabated; but I no longer have the stride or the endurance so requisite for quail-hunting. It mortified me greatly last season to see my son, "Young Di," so much faster and tougher than myself. Nor is master as tough as he was. I think he ought to let young master, who is now an army officer, take young Di, and that master and I should return to the mountains of southwest Virginia, and potter about in a quiet way after ruffed grouse. But after all, the hills we climbed that day, following that scattered covey, might appear very different now to both of us.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken to make me work close and cautiously, we came suddenly upon the birds, a second time, about two hundred yards away. They had run together after alighting, and rose at considerable distance. Master fired at them without effect. His purpose, as he explained, was to alarm them, and make them not only scatter, but lie to the dog, when found again.

I began to understand my business now, and being released from my string, tipped cautiously about hither and thither, and found, and pointed, several of the birds. The cover was so thick master only succeeded in securing two; but he and I were very proud of our work. The birds looked very handsome hanging from his saddle-bow when we rode into Lebanon, the county seat of Russell.

The political meeting master was to address had been assembled for some time. The county super-



Ruffed Grouse.

intendent of our party was disposed to be bad tempered about our long delay, and told master he must give up politics, or hunting, one or the other. Master laughed, and said he thought if re-

duced to that alternative, he would give up politics.

We repeated our experience with ruffed grouse several times during our travels. I was never tired of hunting in those days. Generally, we arose very early, often breakfasting by candle-light. Then we would travel fifteen or twenty miles through the mountains to some appointed place for speaking; and after the meeting push on until dark, in the direction of the next meeting.

One day, in Lee County, on the very top of a high ridge, in a buckwheat field, I found a bevy



of quail. Master would not believe me at first; but as I refused to move, he dismounted. I think he expected to see a hare bounce; but they were real quail, and he shot three or four of them before we left them. It was hard work killing them, for they were cunning enough to dart down the mountain side instead of flying upward, and that makes the most trying sort of shooting. I think that where one bird fell it must have been a hundred yards below where master stood. Climbing back to him with that bird in my mouth was about as exhausting work as one could wish.

Lately, I found a letter which master wrote home about me on that trip. I prize it greatly. I am not ashamed to print the extracts referring to myself. What was said was not intended for flattery, and the good opinion of his master is what an honorable dog lives for.

“I must tell you about Di. I am so glad I brought him. I never saw anything like his endurance or his speed. He is as fresh to-day as he was the first day we started, although we have now travelled 216 miles. The dog is the most companionable creature I ever saw. He seems to have human intelligence. I teach him some new trick every day, and he is an endless source of amusement to the children at every house where I stop. One would expect him to be tired out at night; but Di seems to appreciate that he must make himself agreeable to his hosts, and he is never too tired for fun. I believe that after twenty-four hours' experience he can learn to hunt any sort of game in the world. As I ride along the mountain sides, I can see him

forging along in the valleys below, sometimes half a mile away. He has a wonderful stride, and his endurance seems to be without limit. One day last week, going like a steamboat, he rushed into the midst of a covey of ruffed grouse. You should have seen this puppy, only eighteen months old, thrown back on his haunches, with his head turned back towards me. His appearance was as expressive of surprise and perplexity as if he had been able to cry out, 'What in the world are these? I never heard of them before! I am really sorry I did it!'

"I tied him with a string, and followed up the birds, warning him to be cautious. In five minutes he took in the whole situation. His manner and bearing changed completely. He moved about as slowly and as cautiously as an old dog, and stood bird after bird like a veteran. I have shot quite a number of pheasant over him. Wish I could have sent them to you, but we are too far from the railroad. I could teach Di to tree squirrels in two days, but at present he simply sets his head sideways, and seems amused at them.

"I must tell you of a little episode this morning. It is Sunday. The people out here are very particular about Sunday observance; so I concluded not to travel to-day, but give my horse and myself a rest. Generally, we rise very early, and are on the road by 7:30 to 8 o'clock. Di is always the first to wake, and has a number of ways, taught him, doubtless, by Turner. His first step is to come and sit by my bed. Then he goes and sits by the wash-stand until I pour him out a drink of water. Then he goes to

the door, and scratches. I let him out, and in about five minutes he is back scratching the outside of the door, and so on, with his everlasting energy and life.

“This morning the servant made up our fire very early. I remained in bed. Di took the servant through the watering process, letting him out, and letting him in again, and when the servant left, I was congratulating myself on a good Sunday morning snooze in delicious contrast with week-day early rising. Di did not understand the arrangement. He was eager to be off hunting. First he sat before the crackling fire very contemplative. Then he moved over, and sat near my head, every now and then whimpering, and putting one foot on my pillow. I slapped at him, and told him to clear out. He moved back, and sat looking in the fire. I had left my socks hanging over night on one of the rungs of a chair. I saw Di go over to the chair, and take them in his mouth. Holding them, he trotted back to my bedside, and sat himself down just out of reach of me. Every few seconds he would whimper, and give a short bark. It was amusing to see him trying to bark and hold the socks in his mouth at the same time. Thinking to break him up, I reached for the socks, and put them under the pillow. Would you believe it? The rascal sprung on the bed, seized the covering in his mouth, pulled it back, and thrusting his nose in my face and under my armpits, began the game of teasing and tickling me to force me to get up, just as I play with the children at home.

“Truly, he is the most remarkable animal I ever

saw. I feel that as long as Di is alive I will never need another dog for any sort of hunting."

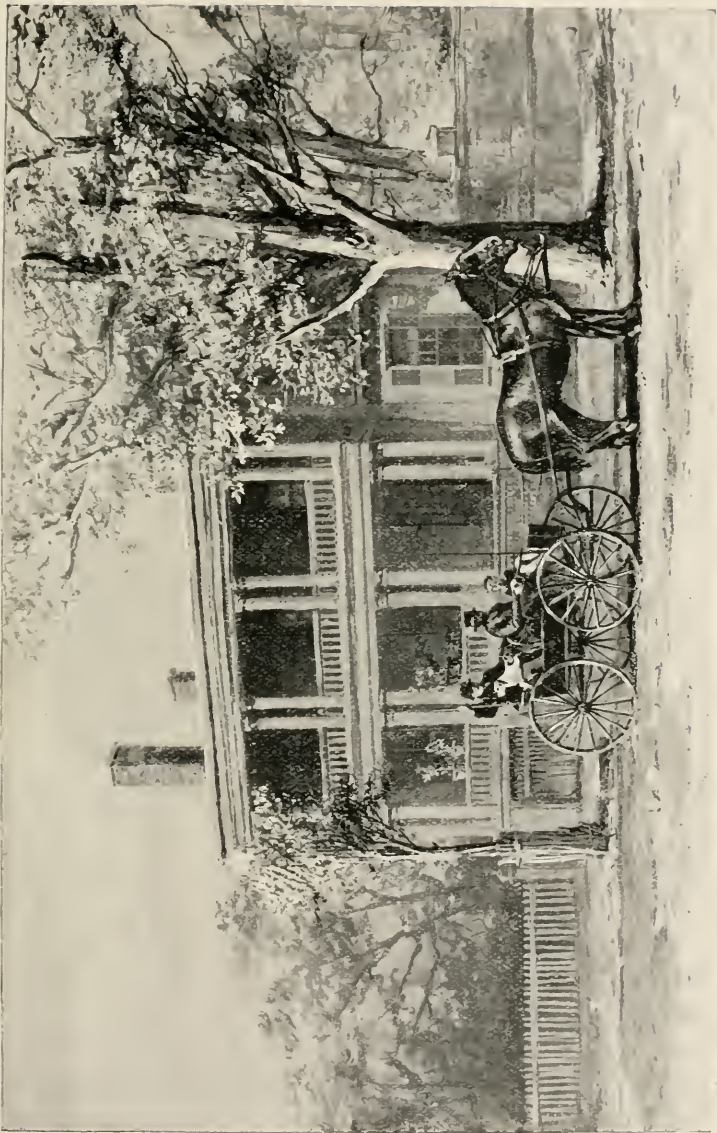
The intimacy and perfect understanding which sprung up on this trip between master and myself has been of great service to us both through all the after years.

I do not believe any man and dog can really know each other thoroughly unless they sleep together for some time.

We reached home early in November. The children were rejoiced to see me. Of course, all my new accomplishments were displayed to them. The thing that amused them most was to see me retrieve master's bunch of keys out of the rain barrel. I did not like it. One day, down on Clinch River, master dropped his clasp knife in the ford. The water was clear, and I retrieved it. He thought it a great feat. When we reached home he threw the bunch of keys in the half-filled water barrel. I plunged down head first, and brought them up. The children went into ecstasies at my absurd struggles to scramble out backwards. I had my satisfaction by shaking the water off my head and shoulders upon them. Master feared this practise would injure my hearing, and soon stopped it.

Election day, 1884, November 4th, is a red-letter day in my diary.

Master and a friend made up the first all-day hunt after quail that I ever had. We were photographed that day, and I give you the picture taken while we were waiting for our shooting companion.



Waiting to Start.

We started as soon as the men had voted. The delay seemed absurd to me for they voted against each other. So their votes went for nothing. But they both insisted on voting, and then laughed in each other's faces. Dogs, similarly situated, would not have acted so absurdly. We drove rapidly up the James River road to the Westham plantation, and hunted thence to a place called Powell's Tavern. Mr. Miller, master's friend, was a fine shot. The other dogs were our two pointers, Tom and Beulah II. Beulah and I were warm friends, but old Tom was one of the surliest, most conceited old brutes it was ever my misfortune to be thrown with. He was getting old, and had a splint or the gout on one of his feet. He presumed on his age in every way, and he was such a pig about his food that nobody else had half a chance when he was about. Master and everybody said Tom had a remarkably fine nose, and I know he had; but I did not consider that nose everything; and when it came to ranging and endurance old Tom was not in the race with me. Beulah and I had no trouble whatever riding in the bottom of the vehicle, but Tom was growling, and snapping, and jowering with somebody all the way out and back. You would have laughed at one of the mistakes Tom made. Master had crowded me upon Tom in a way which I could not help. Old Tom shuffled about, and growled, and quarrelled until I succeeded in moving away. Master's leg took the place which I had just moved from, and presently, Tom, being further hustled and thinking it was me, seized master's boot heel in his mouth. Master roared at him, and the old

fellow looked very sheepish when he discovered his blunder. Beulah and I were tickled immeasurably. Beulah told me I must not take offence at her father; that he was irritable she knew; but that with all his eccentricities he was a very good dog. I should have liked him better, however, even if he had not been so good, if he had been less eccentric and surly. Dogs and people are a good deal alike in these respects. Sometimes, travelling with master in the smoking-car, I have seen human beings, who, in their conduct towards each other, reminded me very much of poor old Tom's behavior to his travelling companions.

We had a fine day's sport that day. We shot over the Westham and Tuckahoe tracts. As for Tom, I don't believe he found a single covey. Beulah and I did that. But there's no denying, old Tom could smell the scattered birds in places which I passed by.

It did my heart good to hear the things Mr. Miller told master about me as we rode home that night. We had a great bag of birds, and quite a lot of hares. I felt pretty stiff, and my coat was filled with cockle-burs.

My! how good the hot supper was, and how delightful it was that night, lying stretched on the rug in the library while the children searched me for cockle-burs!

I was fairly installed by that day's work as the reigning favorite.

It was a very gratifying thing to me, following master about town, to hear the sportsmen say, "Is that the young dog Henry Miller speaks of so

highly?" I began to carry my tail very high; and by way of showing how nimble and agile I was, I jumped the front-yard palings, back and forth, without touching them, spurning the open gate.

Human beings will understand this feeling no doubt. We have all observed how a young gentleman who had made a striking speech in public soon after his return from college, or a young lady who has been pronounced a belle at her first ball, are changed in their manner and bearing, and "feel themselves," so to speak. Well, dogs are not very different from humans in these respects.





## Chapter IV

(1884)

### Serious Work — Horseback Hunting



FEW days after the hunt described in the last chapter, I paid my first visit to Snowden, the home of Mr. Selden, master's closest friend and hunting companion for many years. My happiest years have been passed in the company of these two men; and my life's most exciting scenes in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Minnesota are closely identified with them in my memory.

We arrived at Snowden, late one crisp, clear afternoon in November, by way of the James River Valley Railroad. Mr. Selden was awaiting us at

the depot, in the twilight. Our baggage was soon tumbled into the foot of his capacious dog-cart. I was stowed away between the two men, on the front seat; and behind a pair of spirited thoroughbreds, we soon wound up the steep road, to the summit of the hill on which the homestead was located. From this point of vantage, one has a bewitching view of the valley of the James. Below us, spread out like a map, lay the rich farming lands known as the James River Bottoms. On their further edge, meandering beneath the opposite bluffs of Cumberland, the river winds along its course to the sea, until it is finally lost to view in a mass of blue hills to the eastward, where it sweeps northward around the Rock Castle estate. Looking westward, the old village of Cartersville, upon the heights of Cumberland, stood out in strong shadow, with the background of a reddening after-glow. Between us and it was the sleeping valley, bounded on the north by the wooded heights of Goochland. The Cumberland highlands closed in the picture to the west, with here and there along the horizon, fifty miles away, and almost mingling with the sky, the stray peaks of the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Behind us, in billowy masses, were the wooded rolling lands of Goochland, furnishing the quiet home of game, and just sufficiently cultivated to supply it with abundant sustenance. Of all the places which, during a long life, and in my varied experiences, I have visited, this beautiful spot seemed best fitted naturally for the abiding-place of the turkey, the quail, and other small game. Even in my own time, under the decline of cultivation

and population, and with the increase of woodland, the ruffed grouse have greatly increased in numbers there.

The house at which the panting horses stopped, after their long toil up the hill, was the model home of a Virginian sportsman. It was a large, double, brick mansion of unpretentious style, standing in the midst of sheltering trees, upon the summit of a commanding hill. Everything about it bespoke comfort without luxury, refinement without pretension, competency without wealth. From one side or the other of the enclosure about the house, the proprietor could look over the whole of his plantation of a thousand acres. Looking southward, the fertile lowlands spread away to the distant river; to the east, and west, and north were his highland possessions, dotted here and there with the homes of his servants, his barns, and his stables.

From the low grounds, the grove and chimneys of Snowden are visible for many miles, and many is the evening, that far away, as night closed upon us, I have watched the twinkling lights of the Snowden homestead; and wearied with a full day's sport, have longed to be by its bright fireside, wistfully calculating the distance as we jogged homeward in the afterglow.

As the wheels of our vehicle scraped the carriage block, the doors were thrown wide open, and a flood of welcome light gleamed out upon us. Down the steps came Booker, the colored butler, with bare head, and smiling welcome, to take in the luggage and the gun boxes. Behind him, upon the portico, stood a group of smiling children; and around, and



Snowden : the Valley of the James.

about us, with wagging tails and sniffing noses, came the setters and pointers of Mr. Selden's kennels. There was Mac, his English setter; and Frolic, his Irish gyp. These were his old reliables. There was Ponto, the pointer; and Dick and Gus, his setter pups. All these new acquaintances proceeded to smell me, and look me over in the most unceremonious, but not unfriendly way. The older dogs were more or less sedate in their behavior. A frisky black and tan setter pup, not yet old enough to hunt, but saucy in his bustling curiosity, sprang about me, rolled over me, and licked my face caressingly. This was my introduction to Dicky Don, a dog destined, for many years thereafter, to be to me, what his master was to mine, the warmest and truest of friends and shooting companions.

Our host was a large, handsome, cheery man, of strong, vigorous frame, with a bronzed, ruddy, healthy complexion, bespeaking a life in the open air. His voice and his welcome were hearty and joyous, and his clear blue eye, under a strong brow, had that peculiar quiet and eager expression which belongs to the dead shot in the field. In later years, when I came to know sportsmen better, I would have recognized one in Mr. Selden at first sight. Our welcome at the house was simple and hearty. As we reached the top of the steps where the children stood, master lifted each in turn, and kissed and petted them, for he was very fond of children, and they of him. Paying little attention to me, they at once seized upon his luggage, and demanded that it be opened then and there; well knowing that it contained the little presents for

them which they always expected when master came. Having emptied his portmanteau of its treasures, they scampered away to the nursery, and we repaired to the large dining-room, where the table was already set for tea, and a huge fire crackled on the hearth. I say we, for our host was one of those sportsmen who allows his dogs access to the house, in a manner shocking to the prejudices of good housekeepers. When the lady of the house presented herself, a few moments later, she nearly tumbled over Mac and Frolic, Dick, Gus, and myself. The men repaired to the capacious side-board, sparkling with decanters and crushed ice; and while the smoking supper was being placed upon the table, began discussing the plans for the morrow. The season had been rainy, and in consequence, the low grounds were still heavy. As we were to hunt on horseback, it was finally decided that we would make an early start, and crossing the river, hunt upon the hills in Cumberland. Accordingly, breakfast and the horses were ordered for 7.30 A.M. As master was to remain but a short time, it was determined that the pups should be left behind so that no sport would be spoiled; and Mac, Frolic, and I were selected as the string of dogs to be relied on. Accordingly, we were heavily fed that night, that we might be strong and fit for the long tramp of to-morrow, for good sportsmen feed both horses and dogs lightly on a hunting morning. Supper over, the men had their game of cribbage, and their jug of hot Scotch, while we, the dogs, lay stretched before the fire, dreaming of the pleasures of the morrow. At ten o'clock we

were all turned out of doors to seek our straw boxes in the area. Master and Mr. Selden took a short walk into the yard to have a look at the mist that hung over the low grounds, and a glance at the sky, in order to be sure of the weather. Returning by the rear verandah, they paused for a gourd full of the fresh well water from a bucket which always stood on the shelf there; and then we heard them close the great doors with a slam, spring its bolts, and tramp heavily upstairs to bed. Silence reigned over hilltop and valley on the good old plantation of Snowden. I fell asleep watching a bright southern star twinkling in the cold, clear, winter gloom, above the bluffs of Cumberland.

A crowing cock served the triple purpose of awakening me, reminding me that I was in the country, and setting me to thinking of the joys of a full day's sport. Soon, the geese that had squatted near the yard gate for the night, began to babble their little quiet undertalk which greets the opening light; Booker, with his lantern, returning from the stable, where he had fed the horses, came our way to open up the house, and give us our early feed. A pretty poor feed I thought it, after the sumptuous fare of the night before. It was nothing but cold corn bread, broken up in a pan of butter-milk, from which the chill had been taken by warming it for a few moments at the kitchen fire. I rather held aloof from this. Mac and Frolic were veterans, and partook of it freely. They knew the why and wherefore of such simple diet. They knew it would give them stamina for the toils of the day without making them sluggish or interfering with

their sense of smell; and that, when the day's work was done, there would be a feast, rendered all the more welcome by this temporary abstinence. Before the day was over I wished, more than once, that I had been as wise as they were; for the only mouthful of food we had at midday was a bite of cold corn bread, and a few chicken bones tossed to us from the remnants of the luncheon of the men. I very soon learned, and have never forgotten the lesson, that men and beasts are at their best in the hunting-field, when unencumbered by gross food, or overeating and drinking.

When I start out with a man who thinks more about his lunch-bag than his cartridge-bag, and carries a heavy flask of liquor, I never expect that we will have a full game-bag at night.

The sun was just peeping over the Rock Castle hills, making the glimpse of river appear like a sheet of silver, when the horses came to the door. The hoar-frost sparkled on every blade of grass and every weed. The mists still rolled along the valley below us, shutting out the river from our view. Two quiet saddle horses for master and his host were held by a little darky boy, mounted upon a shaggy cobby pony. The great game-bag slung about the boy almost enveloped him. His red comforter wound about his neck, and a ruddy apple or two peeping out of the network of the bag, added a bit of color to his homely, sombre dress. Saddle-bags on each horse carried the cartridges, and furnished pockets for extra game; and strings hung from the saddle-rings for slinging hares or larger game.



One or two joyous leaps at the horses' heads expressed our delight as our little procession moved, and away we scampered ahead, as we started for the bridge at Cartersville, and the Cumberland highlands beyond.

Our route for the first two miles was along the road to the river, and as the sun had not yet melted the cold hoar-frost on the rank grasses, and we knew the birds had not yet moved from their roosting-places, we were content to potter up and down the roads, often lifting our hind legs most ridiculously to avoid the chilling sweep of the wet weeds. Passing over the long high bridge across the James, and ascending the hill beyond, we traversed the straggling single street of Cartersville, where the sleepy inhabitants were just beginning to move about. As one or two village curs sat on the walkways, with rather threatening aspect, Mac and I marched in Indian file in front of the horses, with heads and tails erect, stepping very proudly, and looking straight to the front. Beyond the little hamlet, the fields which are the home of the quail opened up to our view. The sun by this time was riding high in the heavens. Aided by a light breeze, it had dried up the wet grasses, and the birds were beginning to move about so that we might locate them. At last, turning from the road through a broken panel of fence into a promising field, the sportsmen bade us hie away, and with merry lashing tails we sped in quest of the object of our search, covering the ground like three race-horses. Poor old Frolic had suffered a severe accident a year before, which seriously interfered with her speed in

ranging, so that Mac and I were far in advance of her. I never realized until now how much more ground it was necessary to cover when the hunters were mounted than when they were afoot. Entering the field, they would ride to the prominent points and along the hillsides, passing on rapidly from field to field, expecting the dogs to range along the swales in sight of them. Mac was familiar with this style of hunting. I was not. He seemed to know by intuition the likely places in every field, and sped from one to another with such speed that I found it very difficult to keep up with him, especially, as in my previous hunting, followed by the sportsmen afoot, I had had time to investigate the ground passed over closely, and yet keep in advance. This habit made me run a trailing race all that day with Mac, and greatly elated Mr. Selden. He was somewhat of a tease, and as Mac, with his light tripping gait, cut out the work for me from field to field, I could hear him twitting master about his phenomenal dog, etc. It was mortifying, I confess. But besides understanding the knack of this horseback hunting, Mac had the advantage of hunting over ground he knew well, and searching for coveys he had often located before. Many a dog, really superior to another, has been put down, for reasons like these, as his inferior; and once assigned to secondary rank in this life, it is doubly hard to reverse the first-formed judgment of people as to one's capacity. For this reason, I hold that every man and every dog who enters into any situation where competition exists and judgment of himself by comparison with others

will be passed, is at a great disadvantage if he begins his work unacquainted or unprepared, beside others who know its character, and have had previous experience. The judge does not and cannot make due allowance for conditions; and having judged, it is difficult to reverse judgment. This is dog philosophy, I know; but it is good for men



Birds Found.

and boys also. We had not been cast off long before I saw Mac make game and stiffen out in the staunchest sort of point. Frolic and I closed in behind him. The birds were feeding out from the head of a brushy swale, and we were between them and their cover. They were on a gentle slope, and at the top of the hill was an open piece of small pines standing in high sedge grass. Mr. Selden was near at hand, — master some distance behind.

I can see him now beckoning to master, alighting,

passing his rein to the patient little colored boy, and silently waiting until master came up and joined him. What a moment of expectancy it was as they advanced side by side. As they passed me, I stole forward slightly to close up the gap between Mac and myself. Old Frolic had dropped flat at sight of him, with her head reared in the air. A moment more, and gunners passed the foremost dog. Up went the covey with a whirr, towards the open pines and broom sedge. Both the men were cool. There were birds enough for both. By concert, one shot the birds to the right, and the other to the left. Four reports rang out upon the air; four puffs of filmy smoke floated gently away; four birds lay bleeding on the hillside; and we watched the remainder of the bevy sail and skim through the pines, until, at last, with a tilt and a glint of wings, they scattered in the tall sedge, two hundred yards away. It fell to my lot to retrieve two of the dead birds, and when I trotted quietly in, sat up, and delivered in much better style than Mac or Frolic, Mr. Selden paid me the first compliment he had yet paid me. He was not a man to go into idle compliments over dogs. Many a dog that other men called good had been refused and condemned by him. So when he quietly said, "Well, John, Mac can outfoot him, but he is staunch in backing, and a tender, prompt retriever," I felt proud; and as to Mac outfooting me, "Ha, I'll show you whether Mac can do that," thought I.

Mac was one of those dogs possessing a fine nose and great speed, and very successful in finding coveys; but who, when it comes to head work

on scattered birds, fails to do the brilliant work of first-class fielders. That is where the so-called field trials utterly fail to produce the gentlemen's best field dog. The dogs which run in field trials are taught to race and chase for coveys. Speed and nose are of course necessary for success in doing these things; but the time for real sport is when the covey is scattered. The master obtains his best shots by the judgment and care shown by his dog on single birds. This class of work is all sacrificed in field trials to the desire for speed. A field-trial winner would be counted a failure beside the average gentleman's hunting dog, as far as actual bird-finding, and pointing on scattered birds, is concerned.

Now, I began very soon to detect this style of work in Mac. I saw, as we entered the ground where the scattered birds had settled, that he did not want to stop there and hunt them up one by one, but that his desire was to range away for another covey. I was not slow to see my advantage over Mac in this, and used it for all it was worth. Not so with Madame Frolic, however. She could not keep up with us in the open, but here, in the broom sedge, the old girl was at her best. She spun about and pointed here and there with unerring accuracy, in a way that was delightful. What poses we all took in that place! Look at some of them.

They would have rejoiced an artist's heart. It was not a large covey, but Frolic and I pointed, I believe, every bird that settled in that little piece of pines; and whatever glory Mac had achieved was dimmed by our performances upon those scattered birds.



Poses in Pointing.

It was a clear morning, and master and Mr. Selden gave each other alternate shots, so that when we returned to the horses in less than half an hour, the greater part of the covey was in their pockets. Mr. Selden once more honored me by saying that I had shown wonderful nose and judgment for a puppy of my age.

With the huntsmen once more mounted, and ourselves refreshed in the brook, we were off again, and this time the fortune of the hunt put me foremost upon a covey, not half a mile away, found while Mac was ranging off on a promising looking swale. Frolic and I were almost side by side, and she showed no jealousy whatever, but let me take the leading position. Mac, seeing us drawing on the game, came dashing our way, and would have rushed past us, I think, but for a sharp order from his master to be careful, and then he had to content himself with a modest back stand. This time the birds rose wild, and plunged into a very thick piece of swampy woods, so that while we followed them,

and put up several, they did not lie well to the dog, and gave unfavorable shots. Our masters seemed to think that we were behaving badly, but it was not so, for, in places like that, little scent is given out, and from the tufts where the birds pitched, they could see us before we smelt them, and would be up and away before we pointed, making it appear as if *we* had flushed. No matter whose fault it was, Mac and I were both voted "rank" on this work, and both received a sound switching about the same time. From this point we passed onward through a piece of woods, giving us time to get over the smarts of our thrashing, and when we emerged upon a wide expanse of rolling stubble, I think we had fully resolved upon steadier work. As for myself, I was much shaken in this



Chasing.

good resolve by a hare which bolted, as we reached the field, under my very nose. If I had known that my life depended on it, I could not have resisted giving chase. You must remember that

I was very young, and had had but little experience. So away I went like a whirlwind, in spite of warning and threat; and Mr. Selden, sitting on his horse, fairly shouted with merriment at master's wrath at my heedlessness of all command.

It was soon over. She got away from me, of course. She always did. And I? Well! I knew I must go back, but I did not want to do so. I stopped down in the woods where she had disappeared. I listened to the roll of the whistle, calling, calling, calling. And I trotted back, trying to look unconscious of wrong, and not guilty. But it did not avail. Down went my tail as I saw master breaking a dogwood switch, and calling me fiercely to him. Somehow, I could not go. The most I could do was to sit down, and let him come to me. I wonder how I restrained the inclination to run off; but I did. His hand was in my collar; I was lifted from the ground. And then followed one of those merry woodland songs and dances familiar to every sportsman and his dog.

Things worked decidedly more harmoniously after the little incident just described. More than one hare scampered away before me unnoticed, and every one of us realized, thenceforth, that this was a bird hunt pure and simple. In the rolling cultivated ground on which we now entered, birds were plentiful. By luncheon time, we had found, along the streams skirted by wheat stubble, three or four other coveys; and the saddle pockets were already beginning to pout with their loads. At last, we came to a sweet spring, near the shady edge of a little wood, under a wide-spreading black



walnut. As the birds were by this time returning to the thick briar patches to rest and sun themselves until it was time for the evening feed, our party paused for a welcome hour of rest. The horses were allowed to nip the long green grass which grows about such places. The saddle pockets containing the luncheon were brought up by the little darky; and after quenching their thirst, the hunters lay reclining on the soft banks, talking over their morning's shooting, eating their simple midday repast of bread, butter, and cold chicken. Now and then, one or the other would toss a fragment to one of us dogs, who lay about, very content at the first rest of the day. We snapped up eagerly whatever tidbit fell to our respective lots. Both master and Mr. Selden were always very scrupulous about bestowing these precious morsels equitably. If I had a bone, the next one went to Frolic, and when she had been helped, the next bit of ham skin or bread was tossed to Mac, who lay curled up at a little distance. If any of us sought to interfere with this fair rotation, we were rebuked. These little snaps of food were very small; but recalling the food I have had at different times and in different places,—and at times I have fared most sumptuously,—I believe the little chance fragments thus given me, at the noonday rests, have been the most delicious morsels I have ever enjoyed. With the smoking which followed I had little concern, and in it felt no interest. Now, when this began, Mac and Frolic, who were country dogs, and no novices, curled themselves up in sunny spots to rest thoroughly; knowing full well that there was work enough in

store for them before night. But I was an enterprising, investigating pup, and instead of lying down, I went nosing about, here and there, unnoticed, impatient to be off. A well-worn pathway came down through the woods to the spring, and I knew, by the sounds of fowl and other things, that a human habitation was on the hill, not far away. After mousing about the bushes and briars below the spring, I trotted up this little path a few steps, when, to my great surprise, I struck the hot, warm scent of a covey, in the path itself. I followed it but a few steps when I came upon an open, bright spot in the woods where a beautiful covey lay sunning and dusting themselves. I do not believe the birds saw me for some time. Of course I pointed them, and stood there as stiff as steel-yards. Had I been older and possessed more experience I would have withdrawn from them at once, and gone quietly back to master and led him to where they were. Not so to-day, however. I was rooted to the earth. It seemed an eternity I stood there. I knew I was visible to master whenever he should rise up; but I also knew that he and Mr. Selden were lying down talking, and that unless they missed me, they were not likely to move for some time. At last relief came. I heard master ask where Di was. Then I heard his whistle; but I did not move. Then I knew I had been seen, for I heard him exclaim, excitedly, "Dick! There he is standing. By George!" The noise of the whistle, and the loud calls, disturbed the birds from their recumbent or dozing attitudes; they became alert, looked about, and with a little chattering noise, first ran

together in a huddle, then started off in a body, slowly; but catching sight of my glowing eyes, they squatted flat in the grass, and remained there, watching me until I heard the tramp of the huntsmen approaching. Again, we had beautiful shooting. The birds scattered; some in the woods; some out in the briars along the little swale by the spring; some over the hill. Thus, in the very middle of the day, when shooting is least expected, the good work went on; and the sportsmen's pockets were soon bulging with the results of this last pleasant surprise.

The last bird we bagged was on the top of the hill, not far from one of those plain, cheerless homes of the humbler class of white people, so often seen in Virginia. It stood in the edge of the woods, facing a little farm beyond. About it the trees had been thinned out but the stumps were still standing in the yard, and the house, while it was large enough in its way, was unpainted. There was no fence or grass about the house. In fact, there was little or nothing bespeaking comfort or taste. It was all poor and cheerless. A tall, round-shouldered man, powerful of frame, gaunt of build, with long hair surmounted by the travesty of a hat, and possessed of a low, almost plaintive softness in his voice, had come out, attracted by our shooting. Mr. Selden recognized him at once as one of his old Cavalry comrades in the days when the Cumberland Troop and the Goochland Troop rode with Jeb Stuart in Pennsylvania. "How is your little girl, Tom? I heard she was sick," said Mr. Selden. "Mighty poorly, thank you, Dick," said our host,

sadly. "She don't seem to get no better. She's bin down now for over a month, and I'm afeerd she's goin' to die. Come in, gentlemen," said he, as they reached the door; "set your guns thar behind the do', and walk right in. Have you bin to dinner? Mine is just on the table. Jine me." There was something very cordial in the way he said it. The gentlemen assured him they had just finished their luncheon, and declined his most hospitably urged invitation; but, as it was still too early for the evening hunting, they entered, and, producing a flask, offered him a drink of whiskey. He named, as the sentiment, "To old Cavalry days." Ah! those old Cavalry days were the proudest in his humble life. His wife, a thin, anxious, prematurely old, little woman, brought in his humble meal of salt pork and cabbage and sweet potatoes, and placed it on the table. He spread his hands and asked a gentle blessing. I was one of those impudent dogs that follows his master right into strange houses, and thus it was I saw it all. Mr. Selden asked the mother most tenderly about the sick child, and she consented we should see her. It was not difficult. A door opened into the adjoining room, and there, on a humble cot, near her mother's crazy-quilted bed, was a pale, wan child of ten, apparently too weak to do more than smile feebly as master walked in, bent over her, and kissed her. The sunlight streaming in, and the fire burning upon the old andirons, were the only cheerful things about her. The floor was bare, save for a patch or two of rag carpet. None of the little accessories of people of means were around or about her. A plain kerosene

lamp, and a plaster dog with red spots on him, were the only mantel ornaments. A large Bible lay on an unpainted shelf. The walls themselves were lathed, but not plastered. Such, dear reader, is the uncomplaining poverty to which many a man who followed Stuart and Stonewall Jackson has been reduced, by a war, the merits of which a dog cannot discuss.

By the side of the child was an old and dirty rag baby,—her only toy. Yet as she lay there, the mellow autumn sunlight gilded her golden hair with tints that many a child of luxury can never possess, and her great blue eyes bespoke a precious, loving soul, as dear to God above as any in the homes of wealth.

Master drew near and sat beside her on her little couch. His eyes were very soft, and he spoke to her very gently. I knew why. He was thinking of his own little girl in Richmond, so well, and bright, and comfortable. He passed his hand gently over the dirty rag doll, saying, "Why, Nellie, you and the baby are having a fine sun-bath to-day." "Yes," said she, faintly smiling; "but we don't like you. You have come to shoot our birds. I know when they were hatched. I saw them when they were tiny little fuzzy things. I have often made them fly up all about me when I went to the barn. One day I found them scratching in my baby-house on the hillside." Master looked sheepish for a moment. He thought he was guilty, and he said, "Where were your birds?" She pointed in the direction opposite that in which we had been shooting, and master seemed much relieved. Resuming,

he said, "No, indeed. These were not your birds. But I have some here for you. You are sick, and these delicious birds will give you an appetite and make you well." Rising gently, he went into the adjoining room and emptied his pockets on a chair. Returning, he sat down again by the little one, and taking her hand, said, "I have a dog that fetches birds for sick girls. Would you like to see him do



Fetching for Nellie.

it?" The little sufferer smiled at such a funny conceit, and master said to me, "Di, fetch Miss Nellie a bird." Away I went, and trotted back to the bedside with a bird in my mouth. "Sit up, sir," said he; and up I sat. "Now take it," said he to her. Half timorously, she reached out her little wan hand and took it. "Fetch another," said he, and "another," and so it went on, until all the birds were piled beside her bed, and she was bright and smiling. Then he made me sit in a chair, with

spectacles on my nose, and her hood on my head, and her little shawl about my shoulders. Then he made me count her birds by barking as he lifted each one. Then, at a signal, I caught a bit of bread placed on my nose, and did all the little things I practised at home to make my own little mistress happy. So when we left, the little girl had a bright spot on each cheek, and kissed master, and asked him to come again, and said he might always shoot birds, provided he did not trouble her pet covey. When master returned to Richmond, he sent little Nellie some delicacies, for I heard him say that all she lacked was proper nutriment, which her good, kind father was too poor to furnish her. And a month later, when Mr. Selden met her father on the road, he told him she had begun to get well from the very day of our visit and the first delicious quail she ate, and that now she was as bright and strong as ever. So you see that even a dog can do good in this world, and that shooting birds is sometimes a very good occupation.

Would you believe it? Eight years afterwards Mr. Selden and I were in Powhatan. We were passing through a piece of dark woods. I was trotting some distance in advance. I met a light vehicle with a man and woman in it. I never noticed them particularly; but I saw them stop and talk to Mr. Selden, and then I heard him calling me. When I returned, I was surprised to hear the young lady say, "Here, Di; here, Di." Mr. Selden said, "Jump in, Di, and speak to the lady." So up I jumped; for often we hunted in a buggy. She patted and stroked me,

and actually kissed me, and said I saved her life. It was Nellie. She had grown up, and was a very pretty young woman, too, I can tell you; and she said the awkward young fellow driving had been married to her very recently. They seemed more prosperous than when I first met her, and I am glad of it. "And how is master?" said she. "Ah," thought I, "master has deserted me. He has gone to live in great New York, and while I live with Mr. Selden, who is very good to me, I only see dear master once or twice a year, and times are not like they used to be."

During the time we had spent in the house, clouds had begun to gather, and soon after we started for the evening shooting, the sun was obscured and the weather signs indicated a storm for the morrow. There being little or no wind, such an afternoon furnished an ideal day for sport. The birds seem to have the necessary premonition, and come out to fill their crops, so that in case of long, heavy rains or severe snow-fall, they can stand a long fast. Fortunate is the huntsman who falls upon such a time; for the birds are all out, and the scent lies so well that he is often surprised by the number he finds. This afternoon was all we could have desired. Soon after leaving the home of the Cavalryman, we entered upon the vast estate of Clifton, formerly the residence of Mr. Peyton Harrison. Most of the traces of its former grandeur were gone; but its desolation was the main attraction to us. In the great fields, the sassafras and dogwood trees had grown up along the ditch banks, their roots matted with thick undergrowth of blackberries and briars



and deer-berry bushes. In these are the safe covert of the quail, and from them they feed out into the fields, where we found them. Once scattered along these ditch banks, with no woods or thickets to fly to, they gave ideal shooting. With one man and dog on one side of such a ditch, and another man and dog on the other side, almost every bird was found, and almost every one that rose gave a fair shot to one or the other of the sportsmen, without even a temptation to interfering with each other's shots. It was an afternoon I will never forget. There was work and glory and slaughter for all. Not only quail were found, but hares in abundance, and I had the satisfaction of retrieving a dozen hares. The little darky on the pony was fairly loaded down with hares strung to his saddle-bow; and two hares to each dog was the portion fed to us that night.

When darkness began to close in upon us, every receptacle for game was full,—game-bags, saddle pockets, and the game pockets of the sportsmen. All were satisfied with a glorious day of sport, and I realized that not only was quail-shooting the perfection of sport, but that hunting with the men on horseback, while the hardest task that could be assigned to dogs, was the best and most successful of all hunting.

When we reached the red country road, the last of daylight was fading out. We were ten miles from Cartersville, and pursuant to an intimation that we might not return that night, given to Mrs. Selden that morning, it was resolved that, instead of going home, we would spend the night at a place

called Walton's Mills, and hunt back over the same ground on the morrow.

Walton's Mills was but two miles away, and thither we repaired. It was a typical Virginia gathering spot. Located on a little mill-stream in a piece of lowland, it had, besides the mill, a country store, with the residence of the storekeeper above, provided with two or three spare rooms for the accommodation of chance visitors. When we arrived there, quite a number of darkies from the neighborhood were about the store with their little carts, many of which were drawn by odd-looking speckled oxen, not much larger than the ordinary yearling calf. Yellow cur dogs were plentiful, and one of them came bowling out at me; but I gave him such a nip and such a shaking, that he, and all like him, left me alone thenceforth. Our horses were soon stabled. We all proceeded into the hot, bad-smelling store, where, being dead tired, Mac, Frolic, and I dropped down, to be trodden on half a dozen times by the darkies, who were shuffling about from place to place. One darky had a mouth organ, and another a squeaky fiddle, to which several others were disposed to dance. Everybody was crowding about the big stove, talking, laughing, and guffawing in a way that was disgusting to tired dogs. I wondered why our masters had come to such a place in preference to going to the house of some of the neighboring gentlemen who were all their friends; but I heard them say then, and often afterwards, that they avoided gentlemen's houses when they were hunting, because not one gentleman in twenty was a

sportsman, and too much was expected of them at night, when they were tired, and too little haste was made about letting them get off in the morning, when they ought to be afield. I know how that is, and it is true. Very few ladies can be made to realize that it is more hospitable to a sportsman to let him get afield early, than it is to furnish him a fine breakfast. A place like this, where one can pay and demand what he wants, is much better for real sport.

But our troubles did not last long. Master and Mr. Selden took care that we were soon fed heartily on a heaping dish of stewed hare and corn meal; and then we were taken out to a corn crib filled with shucks, into which, being very stiff, we were carefully lifted, the door was locked, and, after curling ourselves snugly in our soft bedding, we fell into delightful slumber, declaring that it had been a glorious day.

During the night it began to rain steadily. When we were released from our sleeping-place in the morning, dull leaden mists hung about the mill and store, and a cold, November rain fell unceasingly. What a sad sequel to yesterday! What a bitter disappointment for the return hunt!

Master and Mr. Selden sat on the store porch, watching and hoping for a break in the clouds, but none came. At last, giving up hope of clearing weather, our masters determined to ride home in the rain. Oilcloth overcoats had been strapped on the saddles out of abundant precaution, for our masters were old army men. These were now donned, the horses were mounted, and, sadly enough, in the pattering rain, with the guns hugged closely under the

gunners' arms, we started home. Mac, Frolic, and I, dripping with rain, and with tucked tails, picked our way gingerly along the wet roadside, or in the muddy road at the horses' heels, and every prospect of further sport seemed at an end.

On our way back, master saw a bird in a large thorn-bush. He noticed its peculiar appearance,



Riding Homeward in the Storm.

and asked Mr. Selden what it was. "Mocking-bird" was the sententious reply. Master insisted it was not. Mr. Selden persisted in his opinion. To prove he was right, master shot it, although killing a mocking-bird was punishable by a fine. Neither knew what the bird was when it was killed. Master shipped it to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. He received a letter in reply, thanking him for a fine specimen of the butcher bird, or loggerhead shrike, a bird of peculiar habits. In

appearance, it resembles somewhat the mocking-bird, somewhat the brown thrush, and somewhat the sparrow hawk. The Smithsonian Institute authorities informed master that this butcher bird is so called because of its habit of killing sparrows and other small birds, and hanging them up by their bills on thorn-bushes, where they are left until they decay, and then the butcher bird returns and eats them. I have often found birds so hanging on the bushes, and, until I heard this, thought it had been done by little boys.

We reached Snowden in time for the evening train to Richmond, and, as there was no prospect of clear weather, master and I took the train for home. You may be sure the household was happy at the load of game we tumbled upon our kitchen table.

Our cook, Aunt Page, of blessed memory, looked at the pile, grunted at the thought of the birds she must pick, and, tossing me a fine, fat, turkey leg, said to master, "Well, you is got a dog now dat can ketch 'em. Sho' nuff."

And thus ended my first horseback hunt for quail.



Butcher Bird.

## Chapter V

(1885)

### Snipe-Shooting at Deep Bottom



HERE is no telling how long this narrative would be if I should attempt to describe in detail the hunts for quail I took with master. I cannot for a moment contemplate such a thing, although our different shooting trips had each its points of interest and episodes well worth embalming.

Master took a welcome rest in December of 1884 and January of 1885; and much that occurred during that period must be omitted here; but I may some day write it, in isolated sketches. There was the delightful three-days' trip to Amelia County with the Taylors of Dykeland; a fine day in Caroline with the De Jarnettes, when we shot over the Mat-

taponi flats and varied quail-hunting with a shot at the wild geese from a blind; and there was the hunt to Newstead the day after New Year's; and many others that must be passed over lest some one may say the old dog has become too garrulous.

The close of the quail season came February 1, and I wondered how I would pass the time from then until the blessed 1st of November, when we would once more be at liberty to hunt.

February and March were cold and snowy enough. I found my kennel, and its bed of straw, very comfortable, in its southern exposure; but, beyond an occasional run in the afternoon, and the delightful evenings before the library fire, there was little going forward of interest to dogs.

I was now a full-grown dog. I may be said to have graduated with honors on quails and woodcock; for, in the course of our hunts for quails, we had bagged quite a number of these long-billed delicacies. I was well, strong, full of youth and high spirit, muscled like an athlete, and exceedingly ambitious.

No one who has not lived in this Virginia climate realizes the great contrast between it and the north. March is March everywhere, I presume; but those who dwell in the north, and pass through its long period of March winds and sleet and rains, thankful if they escape rheumatism or pneumonia, little appreciate the brevity of such trying seasons in the south. By the last of March the wintry winds seem to have spent their wrath, in our climate; the sun begins to shine with genial warmth; the leaden clouds of winter roll away; the earth swells with its burden of new life; the tulips and the hyacinths begin to peep

out in sunny sheltered spots ; the brown lawns and hillsides change from their dead aspects to faint green ; the pink of peach and white of apple blooms, and the creamy stars of dogwood blossoms, give tint and beauty to the landscape ; the robins, meadow larks, and turtle doves are wooing, everywhere, in their sweetest love notes ; here and there, on the wide fields of green wheat, is heard the throaty call of the upland plover, as, coyest of all the game birds, he flits beyond all chance of harm ; and about all is an atmosphere clear as autumn's loveliest day, but bracing and free from summer languor.

It was just such a morning, early in April, 1885, that master, gun-case in hand, called me up, and we proceeded, accompanied by a friend, to make ourselves comfortable in the shooting-wagon. Lap-ropes were still needed for long rides, and, as I was now considered a well-trained dog, I was expected to lie under the seat, covered by the robes around the feet of the men. But I found the arrangement unbearable. For the first mile or so, while we were still rattling over the city pavements, it was all well enough. But when we ceased to clatter on the cobble stones, and I realized that we were coming to the country roads, I could not bear the thought of not seeing and smelling the country air. First an uneasy movement or two, then a nudge, then a whimper, then a scuffle for air and daylight, brought my head above the covering ; and, then, gradually pushing and pressing, I succeeded in getting my legs across master's lap, and leaned forward until my head projected beyond the wheels. Boxing and ordering had their effects, of course ; but, after each rebuke, I



managed gradually to work my way back to the old position. And, finally, when one particularly tempting field spread itself before me, I made a bold dash for liberty. It was uncomfortable for everybody, I know, but the truth is I felt that it was a shame, pent up as I had been for so long a time, not to give me a run to my heart's content; and I felt that whoso thwarted me in that ardent wish deserved no sort of comfort. More than once, but for master's restraint, I would have sprung or tumbled out, at risk of breaking my legs in the wheels. "Plague take the dog!" he exclaimed at last. "He is wild to run, and harder to hold than a greased pig." So, ordering the driver to pull up, he threw me, neck and heels, over the wheels; and thenceforth I had it all my own way. As I galloped along, abreast of the vehicle, I found, in a little patch of scrub oak, on a southern exposure, a fine covey of quail, which had not yet paired off; but master was too true a sportsman to violate the law, and called me off. I was disgusted as they whirled away unshot at. "What is it all about?" thought I. "What are they after if not quail?"

On, beyond the beautiful estate of "Tree Hill," past old Jimmy Throckmorton the fox-hunter's, through historic Chaffin's Farm, and Newstead, we kept our course, and finally turned into the large river plantation at Varina. At last, below Varina, we headed directly for the river bank, drove through the stunted pines growing over the old battle-fields, and, winding down a steep, almost precipitous, wagon track, reached a cluster of the queerest little shanties, sitting under the bluffs, near the water's edge, at a

historic spot called "Deep Bottom." It was twelve miles below Richmond, where Grant threw his pontoons across the James when he crossed from the north side to the south side of the river and invested Petersburg, twenty years before. There was little to indicate that an army had ever occupied the spot when I visited it. Miss Silvia Scott, commonly called "Silvy," one of the blackest darkies I ever saw, was the sole occupant of the house at which we stopped. Silvy's, and two or three other cabins, constituted the entire settlement. They were inhabited by colored people, whose occupation was fishing. Their nets were stretched upon the narrow strip of shore between the bluff and the river, and their little boats had been dragged ashore along the water's edge. At the time of our visit the spring run of shad had just begun, and master was not slow to secure one of these delicacies, and leave instructions with Silvy to have it prepared against our return.

I then, for the first time, learned that our object was to hunt snipes. Exactly what snipes were I did not know, much less did I understand how they were hunted. My general haziness was increased when I saw master emerge from Silvy's house, a few moments later, with a clay-colored covering of water-proof, extending in one piece, from his feet to his armpits, and held up by shoulder straps. It was the oddest-looking outfit I had yet seen him wear. We soon secured a boat to put us across the stream, which at this point is not over two hundred yards wide. Arriving on the other side, I found that, whereas the land seemed high enough as we

crossed, it was in fact but a narrow embankment or levee; and that, thirty yards from the river bank, the land was nearly or quite as low as the river itself, and was traversed in many directions by deep ditches. The river came down from above us with a great curve, and, sweeping past "Deep Bottom," bent backward, returning, after a course of three miles, to within a few hundred yards of itself. On the northern bank were wooded bluffs. On the southern side, where we were now standing, the land was a marsh, nearly surrounded by the curve of the river, and had been partially reclaimed by the diking. This land, when not overflowed, is very productive; and the recurring overflows add to its richness. At the time of our visit part of it had been planted in corn, the stalks of which were still standing; but the spring rains had made it very wet and oozy. So that, from the time we stepped down from the levee into the corn-fields, we began as tough a piece of work as had ever fallen to my lot. Even in those days master was inclined to be stout; and, as we toiled through the tough mud, I panting, and he steaming with perspiration, I speedily concluded that, whatever this thing called snipes might be, there were other sorts of game the hunting of which I preferred. Soon we reached a greenish piece of meadow where, it being too wet for corn-planting, the marsh grasses remained, studded with water-willows growing in patches along the draining ditches. This was firmer ground, but the water stood about in little pools, still cold from winter's chill. Plainly seeing that it was no place for quail, I made no effort to quarter back and forth, and was content to wade and potter

about, in master's neighborhood, in a very uncertain frame of mind as to what was expected of me. It was not very long before I saw spring from a neighboring oozy spot, a brownish bird, showing white beneath, as he sped away behind a very long bill, resembling that of my old friend the woodcock. His flight was, however, very different from that of the woodcock. At first he went low down, near the grass, in irregular darts, to right and left, and then, with a sound like "scaipp-e," he steadied himself on his course, rising as he flew, until a hundred yards in air was gained. He flitted, with great speed, north, west, south, and east, around and about, for ten minutes or more, back and forth; now a speck on the horizon; now bearing back to us, passing almost in gunshot distance over our heads; and, at last, turning and approaching the earth with a sudden dart, he settled, a few hundred yards away from us. While this was going on, master and I watched him. Master squatted, with upturned face, his hand upon my neck, until, after all this cavorting back and forth, we saw him dart earthward and disappear behind some intervening grasses. "So that is a snipe," I thought. "Well, for a bird of his size and looks, he is the most troublesome customer to come up with I have yet encountered. I wonder how he smells." Accordingly, released, I trotted over to where I had seen him spring, and there, sure enough, was a very good scent; and, in the dark ooze, quite a number of little holes, called "borings," where the snipe was, doubtless, seeking his breakfast, when we interrupted him. Starting in the direction in which we had seen him alight, the water became deeper



Snipe at Deep Bottom.

and master's wading-breeches stood him in good stead; for, without them, he would have been wet to the hips. His companion, who only had rubber boots, was content to stay quite far away from us, along the edges of the corn. I had been ordered to heel. I would have preferred greatly to follow the other gentleman on dryer ground. As we floundered across the intervening wet ground master threw spray like a stern wheeler, and I was thoroughly wet. I had my own laugh, too, at master, for he stepped into a musk-rat hole, and fell on hands and knees, just as another bird flitted away from the higher ground we were struggling for. Having gained firm sod at last, I at once recognized the snipe scent, and succeeded in making my first point upon snipe. Seeing how wild they were, I determined to take no risks of flushing, and, at the first faint odor, stiffened off on point. Master came up, and failing to find the bird near, concluded I was pointing the scent from which we had seen the bird rise when he fell down; but I knew better, and held my point. He advanced some steps, up wind, when two or three birds rose, at least twenty-five yards away; and, while he bagged one with his choked-bore, the others escaped. I dashed forward to retrieve, and found the bird in its death struggles, beating the waters of a little open pool, and dabbling them with its blood as it gasped convulsively. I did not like its smell, and would fain have left it there; but master said "fetch," in tones not to be mistaken, and so, reluctantly, I carried the bird in by one of his wings, far from enthusiastic about snipes. Birds were not plentiful by any means. A fresh westerly breeze was blowing. Our

position forced us to work up wind, and such birds as we found would not allow us to get in shooting distance, but sped straight away from us. As for myself, it seemed as if I would never come within a hundred yards of another snipe. They heard me plashing about so far away, and saw my white body against the green marsh or dark ploughed field, at such a distance, I despaired of getting within smelling



Poor Sport This.

distance before they rose. Thus we passed an hour or more working laboriously to the higher ground beyond the marsh. Master had fired several shots at long distance, but when, at last, we lay down upon a dry musk-rat house to rest, the bird I had stood was our only reward. As he took it out and stroked it, and held it up by its long bill, I thought it was the poorest return I had yet had for the same amount of labor. But master understood his business, if I did not. He knew that no man living can tell

where snipes will be found feeding on any particular day; and he knew that if the wind is blowing while they are feeding, no man can come within shooting distance of them, if he approaches them up wind. A snipe invariably rises against wind. His length of bill forces him to rise from the earth that way. If the hunter approaches him coming up the wind, the snipe knows he can fly straight away from him, and does fly without awaiting the hunter's near approach. If the hunter comes down wind, the snipe is puzzled. He knows he must, when he springs, start towards his foe; and, while he is deciding what he will do, the hunter gets within shooting distance. Then, when the snipe is forced to rise, he gives the hunter a quartering shot, greatly preferable to the long, straight away shot, presented when the bird is approached up wind. Moreover, snipes that are as wild as deer in the breezy morning, become, at midday, when they have fed and the wind has lulled, lazy, and so indifferent to the approach of man and dog that they rise almost under the hunter's feet. Now, while I was lying there, thoroughly disgusted, master knew all this, and had been shaping our hunt so as to reach the proper point at the proper moment.

The brisk morning breeze had, by this time, died away. It was near midday, and the sun was coming down with considerable warmth upon our musk-rat lounge in the swamp waters. All the morning we had noticed that the birds we put up had flown from the lower part of the swamp towards a green marsh which blended with the higher pasture land beyond the neck of our peninsula. Steadily and labori-



ously we had worked up to windward of that position ; and now, leaving our dry spot, we once more toiled through the wet land, and reached the greenward of the meadows, to windward of the birds. As I waded to high land the first thing I smelt was a snipe, and, while yet in water six inches deep, I crouched and pointed a bird. Master, this time, found him very near to me, and knocked him over in fine style as he quartered away from us. This bird retrieved, the first genuine sport of the day began, and I have often heard master say he never saw me look as handsome as I did that day, sometimes squatting on the point in water so deep that my chest was submerged. Our friend had, by this time, become separated from us so far that we could only faintly hear the report of his gun. He had followed the river bank down stream, and we had crossed the swamp, so that we were up stream, near the bank. We were now working across the narrow neck, at the point where the upland merges in the low grounds, and here we found a large herd of cattle grazing. Snipes do not fear cattle ; and, it would seem, cattle do not fear snipes ; for a certain little Holstein bull, undeterred by the presence of snipes, concentrated his attention upon me with such intensity that he came trotting down upon me in a most threatening way. I saw how unequal the contest was likely to be, and was preparing to withdraw rapidly, when master's gun cracked with an unusually vicious bang ; the little bull paused in his onset, and, turning round, went whisking and bellowing away. Master had touched him up lightly from behind with a load of chilled shot. Some time

after this I learned the feeling myself, and it was not pleasant. My trouble grew out of my unconquerable weakness for hares. Well, in that pretty piece of meadow marsh, or marsh meadow, I learned that snipe-shooting was much better sport than I had at first rated it. The birds, heavy with their morning's feed and lazy from the warm sun, would permit me to come right down upon them, and point them not five feet away. Master was in good form, and all things worked together harmoniously. Within an hour after my despondent reflections atop of the musk-rat house we had found snipes in great numbers, and master's pockets fairly bulged with them. I omit numbers. It is said that figures do not lie. But dogs and men are prone to use false figures in describing game-bags, and what does it matter, after all, how many snipes there were? One thing I know full well and remember most vividly; viz. that master came very near taking home one less dog and one less snipe than actually reached there that evening, and this was the way of it.

After we finished working up the meadow we went a long way around, so as to rejoin our shooting-companion. We might have waded across the marsh again, but both of us had indulged in quite as much of that as we felt to be enjoyable; so we made the circuit. We found that he had had poor shooting. Only five or six birds had been found along the edges. He was standing, where he had spent half an hour, fishing with a long pole, for a bird that had fallen in the river and become entangled in a mass of briars, some feet from the

shore of the swollen stream. Of course, he was delighted to see us, because he knew I would swim out and retrieve the bird as soon as I saw it. And so I did, but it was not pleasant. I was just getting warm and dry from my long tramp through the swamp. After running back and forth on the embankment, and having the bird located by a clod of earth, in I plunged and soon had him in my mouth. The water was swirling around the bush like a mill-tail, for the spring floods were coming down, and the river was at least five feet above its banks. I had on a linked steel collar. Exactly how it became entangled in those briars I do not know; but, when I swung around with the bird in my mouth, to swim back to the shore, imagine my feelings when I found that I was held fast, as if chained to the briars. To breast that stream unhampered would have been task enough; but, thus held, and with the bird in my mouth, it was impossible. Each time I struggled against the bush the recoil bobbed me down in the water, and, with my mouth held open by the bird, I got a drenching. I could not have stood it long, and would not let go the bird.

Then I saw what a man will do for his dog. Master, not realizing what had happened, had gone away after a bunch of yellow-shank plover in the swamp. His companion called to him that I was caught in the flood and drowning. He started back in a run, but, before he reached me, his companion, armed with a great clasp-knife, waded out, clothes and all, up to his armpits, and cut me loose. And a very cold bath he had, I can assure you. With his long wading-pants master might have reached

me, no doubt; but I think I would have been drowned before he reached me. I always had a very soft spot in my heart after that for the little doctor who rescued me. I saved his bird for him, however, and many another day I hunted to his gun. Years afterwards he shot over me, on a wager with a big Englishman, and master umpired the sport. By the memory of the day he plunged in and saved me, I favored him in every way I could.



Retrieving a Retriever.

It was a long tramp to the point opposite "Deep Bottom," and the doctor was very much chilled when he reached Silvy's. She was always prepared for such emergencies, and we found a blazing fire in her single room which served as chamber and dining-room. The doctor stripped off and got into the high bed; Master and Silvy dried his clothes; and Silvy prepared the dinner, in the midst of the mist that rose from the smoking garments.

Polite society would be shocked at the utter disregard for Silvy's presence shown by her guests; and the costume of the little doctor, at the dinner of fresh shad, must remain undescribed. It may be guessed at by the sententious remark of Silvy, that "Dese here city men don't pay no more 'tention to wimmin dan ef dey was dorgs." But Silvy didn't mind it. She enjoyed the jokes master had at his two retrievers, and, when we bade her good-by, and master gave her some money, she told us all to come again and assured us that the "Deep Botton Hotel" was always open night and day and offered first-class accommodation for man and beast.

On our return home they put me in the foot of the vehicle, but I behaved so badly that master again put me out, and I ran all the way back to Richmond; and now, I could not run five miles.

Thus ended my first snipe hunt. It is great sport, but snipe-hunting in Deep Bottom was much harder work than that I had years afterwards in Florida.



Miss Silvia Scott.

## Chapter VI

(1885)

### A Blue-Blood Rival



SPENT the summer and early fall of the year 1885 with my old trainer Mr. Turner, who was rejoiced to have me back, and seemed proud of my growth, and the manner in which I had developed.

There was not much to do in a hunting way. Sometimes we made little excursions in boats after summer ducks, and he had several days' sport with Sora rail; but I never considered that rail were game birds, and took little interest in that. In October he took me out several times for quail. The exercise thus obtained put me in excellent condition for the serious work of the hunting season. Master was so engaged this year, in a thing called politics, that

it was some time in November before the summons came for me ; but I heard him say, when I did get home, that the result had left him all the time he needed for hunting. I do not know what that meant, but I do look back to the fall of 1885 as one of the happiest periods of my life, for we hunted nearly every day.

When I reached home I found master had a new dog, a pointer named "Sancho," presented to him by a rich New York broker. Now, Sancho was a blue-blood of the most approved quality. He had been for a twelvemonth in the hands of a breaker, who had been paid handsomely for his training, and who, as usual, reported him to be a first-class dog. The gentleman who presented him passed over to master a printed pedigree with pictures on it, and the breaker's certificate, which named quails, snipes, woodcocks, and partridges as the game on which the dog had thorough training. Sancho was a good-looking dog. Master was so enthusiastic over Sancho's looks, and Sancho's pedigree, and Sancho's this, and that, that I was really jealous to a certain extent. I observed Sancho very carefully. He was not a bad sort of fellow, and, running about town together, as we did for the several days before we left home, I noticed Sancho attracted considerable attention by his gallant bearing. He talked with me rather glibly about the shooting he had had ; but there was something indefinite in his conversation that left the impression on me that he was more or less of a tenderfoot. "However," thought I, "we must not judge hastily in such matters. Sometimes these birds of bright plumage are really fine. I will wait

and see if this new favorite is indeed to supplant me."

After a pleasant but brief stay at home we were off once more. This time we went to a favorite shooting-ground of ours in the County of Amelia, about thirty miles south of Richmond. The country now visited was totally unlike that of the James River Valley. The Appomattox River, a narrow tortuous



Sancho.

stream, winds through the section I am now describing, but there is little or no bottom land, and the country is a succession of gently rolling hills, with small streams, called "creeks," running between them, all tributary to the Appomattox. Formerly, in the days of slavery, this was a highly cultivated section, where prosperous planters dwelt and made large crops of tobacco, corn, and wheat. At the time of which I write, the old planters were dead, their houses gone to decay, their sons and daughters



scattered to other sections, and their freed slaves almost the only occupants of the land. What were once large fields, in high state of cultivation, were then covered on their high points with a growth of pines standing far apart in tall broom-sedge; and only the hillsides, and the little valleys along the creeks, presented any show of cultivation. These broom-sedge and pines, and the briars and undergrowth along the streamlets, furnished the homes of innumerable hares and quails. Dog and man might hunt all day through this section without passing half a dozen houses of whites; and the colored citizen seldom rises to the dignity of a bird dog, although he is a great hare-hunter. No doubt it was sad to our masters to witness such desolation. One day, as we were lying under a noble oak near the ruins of "The Lodge," once the home of Senator Archer of Virginia, the grounds of which were now scarcely recognizable from the surrounding woods, I heard master talking very sadly of these changes. "Yes," said he, with a sigh, "everything hereabouts is literally gone to the dogs." But what was their loss was our gain; and, as every dog has his day, I think the day of the dog has indeed come in this particular locality, for better shooting-grounds were never seen.

As I have already indulged in poetry, languages, description of landscape, climatic differences, and other subjects not ordinarily falling within the range of dog knowledge, perhaps I may as well add a bit of history or tradition. At sundry places hereabouts there is a luxuriant growth of Scotch broom. It is a great protection from hawks and foxes to the quails, and is often selected as their breeding-ground. I well

remember hearing master one day ask an old gentleman resident in the neighborhood how he accounted for the presence of this Scotch broom. The reply was that this was the route traversed by Tarlton's cavalry in the Revolutionary War, and that, according to tradition, they brought along with them, in the feed-bags of their horses, a lot of Scotch oats. That, afterwards, wherever they had fed on the roadside, this Scotch broom had sprung up; and that several planters had sought to utilize the broom by planting it in galled places on their plantations where the lands were inclined to wash into gullies, so that the deep and wide-spreading roots of the broom might check the wash-outs of the soil. Well, in this locality master had two friends. One was a country physician near his own age; the other, an old gentleman who kept bachelor's hall with a widowed sister as his housekeeper. He was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and dwelt in a house built by his father. The houses of the gentlemen were but a few miles apart, and we seldom knew, when we started out in the morning, at which place we would stop at night. Each of master's friends was the soul of hospitality and kindness. The doctor had been a sportsman from the cradle, and loved it with a genuine passion. He was not in easy circumstances, for war had swept away his entire patrimony; and, while he had saved enough from the wreck to obtain a medical education, and was now engaged in active practice day and night, the difficulty of collecting money was such that he owned but one horse, which he was compelled to groom himself. As a consequence, our hunts were

often on the round of the doctor's professional visits, and were sometimes made with one man afoot and the other on horseback, but more frequently with both on foot. Hunting afoot was not hard work in this locality, as some of the best shooting was within half a mile of the house. On the particular occasion of this visit we were met at the depot by our good friend, about dark, and trudged over, after nightfall, to the doctor's home, a distance of about a mile. Our walk was far from lonesome. The doctor was a very companionable man, much interested to hear what was going on in the city, and was himself thoroughly posted as to the prospects of good sport. Of course, the first thing which occupied all attention, when we landed at the depot, was Sancho.

When we reached the house, master whipped out Sancho's pedigree, from his pocket, and the two men studied it carefully. The doctor, who knew the pedigree of every well-bred horse and of all the famous dogs in America, pronounced it a very fine one. It was understood that he was to have Sancho, for he was partial to pointers, and Sancho's points were gone over with great care, and he was pronounced to be a promising animal, to all appearances. Two beautiful daughters of old Vandevort's Don were dozing on the floor. One, Aminé, mother of Ossian; the other, Zobeide. Both were delightful shooting-companions. You should have seen the expression of disgust that came over these two when it was finally decided that on the morrow Sancho and I were to be the hunting-brace, and that they would be left at home.

We were up betimes in the morning, and away we started afoot. As usual, we had a little darky to carry the luncheon and the game-bag. Sancho was jubilant at the start. Off we sped across the fields, scattering the hoar-frost from the grass, and at first leaving tracks in the stubble, where we brushed away the dew, like the wakes of two vessels on the sea. What? Is Sancho really pointing in the rear of the stable lot, not a hundred yards from the house? He is, in truth. And here I am, a veritable potterer; for I never even tasted scent as I sped quite near to where he points. This was no false point of Sancho's, for the doctor put up a hare to his point and made her turn a handsome somersault as she tried to speed away. And Sancho retrieved her nicely! "Good boy!" "Brave Sancho!" exclaimed the sportsmen as they saw his work; and Sancho's stock was up, and Diomed's stock unnoticed, in the general felicitations that followed. One hundred yards away and Sancho was pointing again! What! Have we a magic dog here who manufactures birds and hares on places utterly unpromising? I promptly backed Sancho's point. Master and the doctor hastened up. Sancho was ordered to move on and put up the game; but he stood motionless. Master lifted him with his foot, but Sancho refused to budge. That was not remarkable. Some dogs are trained to hold their point and let the shooter put up the game. So the two gunners moved forward, and beat about, in front of Sancho; but there was no sign of fur or feather, and at last they gave it up. Although ordered on repeatedly, Sancho stood motionless; so I came forward, and, beating all about,

soon satisfied myself and the shooters that it was a false point. The only thing like game was a brown rock, half covered by a tuft of grass, somewhat suggestive of a crouching rabbit.

My master detested a false pointer as much as any man I ever saw. Sancho finally broke his point, and rushed furiously around as if sure something would rise. But it was all excitement and nothing more. Off we started again. We had not gone far, when, at the head of a little swale, Sancho, going in full career, suddenly stopped short, and pointed once more. That he had game this time seemed more probable. There was a covey in that neighborhood, we knew. Imagine, then, our surprise, when, on coming up, the only thing in front of Sancho was an old sow, lying in the broom-sedge, suckling a litter of young pigs. Up she jumped, when we drew near, and, with bristles up, charged Sancho, who ran off a few yards, and, with cocked ears and tucked tail, looked half frightened and half ashamed. Both the doctor and master loved fun, and the ludicrousness of Sancho's performances began to dawn upon them. As for me, I was so disgusted I galloped off by myself to ascertain if there were really any birds about; feeling well assured that Sancho was one of those many city-broke dogs who have been taught to point, and will point anything, or nothing, and, beyond that, have no sense and no experience. I found the covey. When I did so, Sancho backed me a hundred yards away. When the birds were scattered among the briars along a ditch bank, Sancho had no idea of following them; and when, once or twice, he ven-

tured near the rank briars, and they raked his glossy coat, he gave yelps of pain. We had fine sport on the scattered birds; but never a point did he make. His next point was on the doctor himself. The doctor was in advance of us, and came to the crossing of a brook. There, he set his gun against a bank, and was on his hands and knees, drinking, as Sancho



Sancho Points the Doctor.

came up. At sight of him Sancho promptly pointed him. When master and I came up, and master saw this last point, he was convulsed with merriment. The doctor, looking back over his shoulder, saw himself, for the first time in his life, pointed as game; and joined heartily in the fun. It had grown warm, and master had slipped off his red waistcoat. The young darcy had put his arms through the armholes to carry it conveniently. It was large enough for his overcoat and gave him a ludicrous appearance.



Pointing the Little Negro.

While we were shooting, the little fellow had sought a sunny spot in the woods, where, seating himself beside a tree, he had dozed off. Sancho galloped quite near to him before he saw him. When he did see him, he promptly pointed him, red waistcoat and all. The joyous peals of laughter from the gunners could have been heard half a mile away, when master and the doctor came up and saw the little nigger dozing placidly on a clump of grass beneath a persimmon tree, pointed stiffly by Sancho, with glaring eyes. Startled by the noise, the boy scrambled to his feet; and Sancho, equally startled, ran off a few yards, barking at him idiotically. I can truly say I think that Sancho, after his first point on a hare, never made an honest point during that entire day. We found birds in plenty — that is, I did; but it seemed to all of us that the presence of birds was sufficient to destroy all interest or desire to hunt on

the part of Sancho. It was only when no game was in sight that he developed a desire to hunt or to point. He never found a covey during that day; and, as to working on single birds, he seemed to have no idea what it meant. I saw him, more than once, trot over the spots where single birds were lying, and put them up, without even stopping; although he did sometimes back me very stylishly. From time to time, as if he felt he ought to do something, he pointed different objects, not game, in the most brilliant and startling way. In a quiet southern exposure in the pines an old white cow was lying down, contentedly chewing her cud. Coming upon her rather suddenly, Sancho gave us a most stylish point. A large cedar bush concealed her from the gunners, who advanced, with guns on the alert, and with beating hearts, for it was a very "birdy" looking spot. When master discovered this last practical joke of Sancho's, he was ready to shoot him. Again, when, in another sunny spot, we lay down for a little rest, Sancho, coming up from where he had been hunting, deliberately pointed us. Discovering his mistake, he rushed up to us, knocking over master's gun, which was standing against a pine tree; and, as the muzzle struck him in the side, master said in utter disgust, "I wish it had exploded and blown your worthless head off, you confounded cur!" Poor Sancho did not appreciate this state of feeling. By this time he was thoroughly tired, and glad enough to flop himself down on the warm pine tags, after first trying to lick the faces of the men. He remembered the kindness and petting of the night before, and had no idea of the contempt that had supplanted these feelings.



“Armistead,” said master, contemplatively, addressing the doctor by his first name, “I don’t know that I have ever before seen an idiot dog, but I am satisfied this dog is an idiot.” “Yes, I think he is,” said the doctor. “But it may be he has been almost ruined in breaking and will do better. Possibly he’ll show up better this afternoon.” But he did not. Until the



*Vis a tergo.*

sun went down and the evening shadows crept in upon us, Sancho went on false-pointing, and a more utterly worthless animal never went afield. Master lost all patience with him, and when Sancho would whirl into one of these marvellous points, he would be roused from his cataleptic attitude by a kick, given with the full force of a thick hunting-shoe, that would have sent him howling into the midst of a covey, if any covey had been there. Poor Sancho seemed badly broken

up by these surprising kicks. They knocked the hunting spirit out of him for a time. After one of them he would trot along behind the gunners until the shock wore off. Then, regaining confidence somewhat, he would venture out once more to make another false point, and to receive another tremendous jar from behind.

The doctor enjoyed the performance as much as if he had been attending a farce. He was a great wag, and spent his time teasing master most unmercifully. As we approached the house that evening, through a long avenue of aspens, master said, "Well, he seems to be a hopeless brute, but I'll leave him with you, and you may be able to bring him out." "Not much," was the quick reply; "I would not undertake to hunt that dog for five hundred dollars cash. Take him away from here. Give him away. I have kept you from shooting him more than once to-day; but I could not resist the inclination to do it myself, if left alone with him."

You should have seen the expression of those two men, when they were met on the portico by the innocent inquiry from the lady of the house, "Well, how did your new dog hunt?"

As Sancho, dead tired, dropped down on the planks, a look of unutterable disgust spread over the faces of both men, followed by a burst of forced laughter. All that master would say was that he knew a man who wanted him. The next morning, just after daylight, we started for the train. Sancho was fresh again, and, galloping ahead of us, pointed in grand style on the roadside. Master, without taking his gun from his shoulder, and with an ex-

clamation of contempt, lifted Sancho with his boot. The kick actually precipitated Sancho into the very midst of one of the finest coveys of birds I ever saw. Up they whirred, all around us, and settled in a beautiful spot for shooting. But we could not follow them, as it was nearly train time. This last point saved Sancho, for the time being. We took him back with us to Amelia a few days later, to give him another chance. It was all in vain. The second time he was worse, if possible, than the first. Late in the afternoon master overtook a boy on the road, and asked him if he wanted a fine dog. The boy accepted the offer joyfully. Then and there master tied a string in Sancho's collar; his new owner seized the dog, and, when last seen, was dragging Sancho away, as he struggled and looked back imploringly to us. Poor Sancho! Two years afterwards I met him, and he told me he was owned by a painter living in the suburbs of Richmond, who regarded him as a first-class field dog. Three years later I hunted several times with two daughters of Sancho, and they were really excellent dogs. It was surprising to me to see how much intelligence the offspring of such a parent displayed.

I have been so intent on describing the wonderful doings of friend Sancho, that I have entirely omitted several episodes of the hunt just described, in strong contrast, I think, with Sancho's conduct.

Towards evening, in a place called "Fairy wood," I came upon the scent of birds, and, working them up, did some things which I will describe; the reasons for which appear at the conclusion of the recital. Ordinarily, I crouched low, and was very

rigid on point. On this occasion, when I came to point, I stood up very erect; and, instead of being rigid, I turned my head first to the right then to the left, repeating this movement until I backed out cautiously from my position. Master, who was watching me very intently, said to the doctor, "What is the matter with that dog? I never saw him act in that manner before. I think Sancho's idiocy must be catching." But I knew my business. When I had retreated sufficiently, I ran around in great circles. This conduct puzzled the shooters more than ever. Shortening my circles each time I ran around, I finally re-established my point. You may be sure there was no lack of intensity in my point now. "He has found them feeding, and driven them together," said master, as they stepped up to take their shots. He was not right in his conjecture. When the birds rose, he knew why I was uncertain in my first point; and why I backed myself out; and why I had run around in circles. It was because I had found two coveys feeding near together, and, when I first stood, I was between the two. I had backed out to avoid flushing either; ran around them until I drove them together; and then pointed them from a position where no confusion would result when they rose. Master often told this story with great satisfaction as evidencing my good judgment; and, as the incident was a little unusual, I trust I may be permitted to insert it without being considered unduly vain. It is, I think, a better piece of work than pointing a live bird, while fetching a dead bird in my mouth. Pointing in that way was quite common with me, and I never could tell why

men regard it as in any way wonderful. You see, a dog's nose projects beyond his mouth, and his smelling nerves pass over his mouth and reach the brain beyond whatever he has in his mouth. A dog may have his mouth full without smelling what is in it, and thus it was on numerous occasions that, returning to master, with a dead bird in my mouth, I have, without dropping the dead bird, pointed one of his companions hidden in the grass over which I was returning.



“Good-by, Sancho.”

## Chapter VII

(1886)

### Fresh Fields and Pastures New



— was August, hot, sultry August, just such baking weather as men call dog-days. Our home was the coolest spot I could find. The wide verandah in its rear, or the basement area, were the only places about the premises where I could lie with any comfort, to pant away the heated hours. When I attempted to follow master along the paved streets, my feet were almost blistered. The only endurable part of the day was late in the evening, after the sun had gone down. Then master would take the children and their boat, and, with old Jennie and the phaeton, drive to the Reservoir lake, I scampering by their side. There we would have our own jolly time, until it was too dark to see.

I was very fond of the water, and as the little yacht "America" floated about, I added to the amusement of the children by retrieving everything and anything they cast into the lake. How young it makes me feel when I recall those happy days. I can hear the merry shouts of the children as I would plunge in, and, swimming back to the shore, dash among them, holding in my mouth whatever they had thrown, and shake the water from my sides all over them, in the very spirit of mischief. How they scampered away from me to avoid my showers, I following, romping and barking! Then would come the run back in the evening shadows, after the refreshing bath; and then the bright tea-table, where the children told their stories of our sports; and the delicious tidbits which master offered as the price of speaking. Speaking? Yes; dog speaking meant barking at the command to talk, — a performance which, while very amusing to the little ones, was, I fear, not always so acceptable to mistress.

Pardon me, dear reader, if I grow reminiscent. Those were very happy days with me and with the children, even if the sun was very hot. They loved me, and I loved them. They are grown men now, one a soldier, one a lawyer, another at college, — scattered hither and thither. And I? Well, I am only an old, feeble dog, whose day of usefulness is gone; too old to hunt; cared for and loved, not for what I am, but for what I have been; waiting, waiting, for what? Alas! I know not. It was but yesterday that, stretched upon the floor asleep, I was aroused by the sympathetic words, "Poor old Di! He is dreaming of some hunt of long ago."

No doubt I had been lying there with twitching legs and little stifled barks; for, in truth, I had been dreaming of the days we spent in Minnesota, eight years ago. But enough of this. Let us go back.

I knew what it meant when a wagon drove up one August afternoon in 1886, and Eva, Dolon, and I were bundled into a wicker crate and started for the depot. Master, Mr. Selden, and young master had talked it all over in my presence. We were off for Minnesota, wherever that was; to shoot prairie chickens, whatever they might be. Little Eva was named after my mother. She was my cousin on one side and niece on the other; for dogs have queer kinships. Dolon was a most beautiful little pointer, son of the famous Meteor, and half-brother of my friend, Young Beulah. Both Eva and Dolon were young and very much disposed to be alarmed; but I told them what I knew of our destination, and they were soon reasonably quiet. Had I known what a weary jaunt was in store for us, I doubt if I should have felt so elated. All night we thundered along. The next morning, when master came to feed us, I saw we were in the mountains. I heard them call the place Kanawha Falls. Again, all day, we sped westward. Sometimes, when the great trunks were thrown into the baggage-car pell-mell, it seemed as if we would be crushed. Through the open doors of the car the pleasant breezes rushed in, and we could see that we were running through great rolling fields of blue-grass, where herds of cattle and horses were feeding, in a land men called Kentucky. Still flying onward, at dark we crossed a high bridge over a silent river crowded with steam-





Prairie Chickens — Pinnated Grouse.

ers, far below us; with many lights twinkling beyond, at a place they called Cincinnati. Then we were roughly jostled and hauled across the cobblestones to another depot, whence we travelled all night. In the early morning we were running along the shores of a cool, bright lake, and at last we stopped at a place men called Chicago. There, thank goodness, we rested. I was very much fatigued myself, and do not believe poor little Eva and Dolon could have stood the confinement much longer. Master came and released us. The air was much cooler than at home, and we were all refreshed by the exercise. Our crate was sent to another depot, and we were taken to a fine hotel. My! how I enjoyed a plunge in the cool lake, and how disgusted I was with those silly youngsters, Eva and Dolon, who refused to join me in my bath. It was early morning. The throngs of people who crowd the streets of great Chicago in the busy hours had not yet come out; so we were permitted to run upon the streets. We amused ourselves sniffing at the cool blocks of ice which stood here and there on the sidewalks, awaiting the opening of the stores; and had a good time generally, until a big fat policeman told master that it was against something — I think he said “the City Ordinances” — for dogs to run at large. Then we were put on chain, and up the street we all marched, like a procession, to our hotel. Chicago is a great place, no doubt. It struck me, however, that it was not a good place for dogs. I heard master tell one man that there were some dirty dogs in Chicago. That was a man who kicked at me for smelling his

ice. All three of us dogs came near being made sick in Chicago. Master put us in charge of a darky at the hotel, and I heard him tell him not to feed us heavily. Now that darky was a Virginia darky, and he was so delighted at seeing Virginia gentlemen and Virginia dogs, that, when he fed us, he gave us enough scraps of tenderloin beefsteak to founder a whole kennel. We had partaken quite sparingly of the dry dog-biscuits on which we had been fed on the cars, and our appetites had been whetted by the run and the cool northern air. You should have seen us bolt that food. The darky fed us until we could eat no more. To the suggestion of some looker-on that he was giving us too much, he replied indignantly, "Never you mind. I know my bizness. Dese here ain't no common dorgs. Dese here is Virginny dorgs, and dey's got to hab the bes' in de shop."

When master and Mr. Selden returned for us, an hour or two later, they found three animals with bulging sides, looking like dogs that had been drowned several days before. It was fully thirty-six hours before any of us had the slightest inclination to eat again, although the quantity of water we consumed was something marvellous.

Master's remarks to that darky were very emphatic. When he pocketed the money which master gave him for caring for us, he must have had some modified views about the language used by "Virginny gentlemen" if not about "Virginny dorgs."

When we were taken to another depot that afternoon, and returned to our own crates, we found another crate, containing a handsome dog, beside

ours; and although I was still in a state of stupor, I vaguely apprehended that it was my brother Jack. His master had sent him up from Vincennes, Indiana, to join us. Under ordinary circumstances I would have greeted Jack most cordially; but being gorged with food until I was almost comatose, I merely cast a glance of my bloodshot eyes at him, and curled myself up for a sodden, stupid sleep. Once more we were off. We passed places called Milwaukee, La Crosse, Winona, and Mankato, speeding westward for two nights and a day. At last, thoroughly wearied out by travel, we reached our destination, a little prairie town in southwestern Minnesota, named Fulda.

This was a long way from home for a dog. We had been travelling four nights and three days. It seemed to me to be an altogether new world that we had reached. Since our departure from Chicago, the opportunity to see the country over which we passed had been very poor, even if I had been in condition to observe it. When the train moved off and left us on the platform at Fulda, I thought I had never seen such boundless space as that about us, or such stillness. Master said we were over fifteen hundred miles from home. When we were unboxed, feeling much better than I did the day before, I ran up to Jack in a cordial way, to greet my brother. Jack was very dignified in his manner and disposed to be distant. He said he had been much hurt by my coolness and indifference at our first meeting, and that he had resolved to treat me in the same manner thenceforth. I frankly told the old boy just the fix I was in, and how it had all come

about ; and how sorry I was for it ; and how really glad I was to see him. He was too noble a fellow, too healthy and too generous, not to forgive me ; and then and there we made it up, and had a hearty laugh over it, and were sworn friends from that time forth. We were not only friends in sunshine, but in misfortune also, on several occasions, as you will see.

Securing a wagon, into which the men and dog-boxes were soon loaded, we started across the prairies for another little town, called Avoca, which was to be our headquarters. What surprised me most in this strange land was the boundless extent of the fields ; the utter lack of fences and trees ; the absence of the high hills to which I had always been accustomed ; and the luxuriance of the beautiful prairie flowers and grasses. The roads were nothing but tracks, across this endless level space carpeted with green of every shade, and yellow, and gold, and scarlet. The soil, wherever the grass had been worn from it, was as black as tar, and the sod was very springy. Jack and I were allowed to run. We felt as if we should never tire of hunting in this bracing air, upon the unobstructed plain. Now Jack had travelled a much shorter distance than myself, and besides had had no such meal as that frightful gorge of Chicago beef-steak. It was with great chagrin that I saw him outfoot me easily in the first mile we ran on the Minnesota prairies. Nor was I flattered when Mr. Selden cried out from the wagon, "Ah ha ! old fellow, you've got a match for yourself now." Mr. Selden was a great tease. I believe he was already becoming jealous of me because of Dicky

Don, who was now a grown dog, giving every promise of being an unusually fine field dog, and with whom he frequently declared his purpose to defeat me.

As yet we saw no signs of prairie chickens. Out of the ox-eye daisies and the golden-rod, meadow-larks and ortolans rose in numbers; for we had not yet reached the fields of wheat and flax stubble where prairie chickens are found. Jack and I, bounding along filled with life and high spirits, were wild for something to hunt. Here and there we saw, sitting up at their holes, little "gophers," which we call ground-squirrels in the East. At these we would rush excitedly, only to see them, when we were a few yards away, tilt over and disappear into the earth. A little farther on another gopher would be sitting upright at his hole, inviting us to try our luck on him. At him would we rush, only to see him disappear. Looking back to where we saw the first one, we would see him pop out once more, resume the place whence we had frightened him, and sit there like a little pagan idol. Nothing could have been more tantalizing. Jack and I resolved that we would not stand it. Each picking out a hole into which we had seen a gopher disappear, we began digging with our paws, and rooting with our noses, until we were covered with dirt and half blinded.

In vain master whistled and called for us from the wagon, now far away. We scratched and rooted on, as if our lives depended on it, until he came back to us, whip in hand, and drove us off. We little knew in what foolish work we were engaged. An old half-bred pointer we met at Avoca, hearing us talking

about it, laughed at us and told us that those gopher holes ran many yards under the earth and had as many as a dozen openings: and that we might have scratched until we wore our feet out and blinded ourselves, without catching a single gopher. We nearly broke ourselves down, and worried master exceedingly, in our pursuit of the gophers. Finally, when we would chase a gopher and begin to scratch,



A Western View of Eastern Dogs.

master would catch us with our heads down, and pepper us sharply with shot. Of course he fired at us from such a distance that the shot only stung us; but Jack and I were pretty thoroughly sprinkled with shot marks before we stopped this foolishness. Forging along abreast the wagon, we at last saw some larger game. Two animals, very prettily striped with black and white, looking like little house-cats, but with bushier tails, trotted off rather slowly from a bunch of grass at our approach.

No sooner did we lay eyes on them than Jack

and I bolted for them. They evidently had no purpose to go to holes, for, as Jack charged one and I the other, each roached his back and showed his teeth in a manner indicating fight. We began to circle about them for our openings. In another instant we would have had them by their backs, when, fugh! there was a yellowish mist in the air; something wet and cold filled my face and eyes; I never smelt anything in my life so terrible and suffocating; and I fairly rolled over on my head, scratching, and rubbing my face in the dirt, in the effort to be rid of the horrible odor. I was almost blinded. When I was able to stop sneezing and to get a look at Jack, he was in about my own predicament, and our two pretty proposed victims were out of sight. Master, Mr. Selden, and young master were sitting in the wagon, roaring with merriment at our plight, and I could see the puppies Eva and Dolon peering out wonderingly. After this, Jack and I would fain have come in and trotted a while near the wagon; but our masters would not permit it. They ordered us peremptorily away.

Upon reaching a little fork of the Des Moines River, we went in and soaked ourselves for a long time; but the odor of our striped friends clung to us so tenaciously that, for days, we were kept in an out-house and were not allowed to approach the house. Of course the reader has heard of the polecat or skunk. This was the animal we had attacked. After that we saw many of them,—the prairies abound with them,—but Jack and I always managed to go in a different direction when we found ourselves in the neighborhood of a skunk.





Pole-cat.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we reached the house where we were to remain during our Minnesota hunt. It was the queerest sort of little structure. The landlord was a man named Coleman. He had been a Union soldier, and everything was conducted in military style. Master had been a Confederate soldier. This circumstance, instead of making the two men dislike each other, seemed to be a bond of friendship between them. Their commands had, it seems, been opposite each other in the siege of Petersburg, and, gracious goodness! how tired I did get hearing about that place.

But for Mr. Selden and young master, I believe master would have gone out late and come in early every day, so that he and Mr. Coleman could talk war talk. All this had one good effect, however. It secured for both men and dogs the best that old man Coleman had, as long as we remained with him.

The houses in this locality were built in Chicago and taken out to the prairies, ready made; for there is no wood fit for lumber for hundreds of miles from the place. The dwellings are built one story high, because the prairie winds blow so fiercely at times, that there is danger of their overthrowing taller structures. Many of the houses are painted white with green trimmings, and, miles away, across the prairie, one can see them, looking like vessels upon a green sea.

What interested me most was how any cooking was to be done; for I was now ravenous. No wood was visible anywhere. I soon found out about this. A grass stack near the house takes the place of the eastern wood-pile. A grass mower is the substitute for our logwood axe. The housewife has a machine which holds the grass together, twists and doubles it up like "homespun" chewing tobacco, and, in this shape, it is used in a cooking-stove of peculiar build and makes a hot, quick fire. These things were all very new and very odd to me, and it seemed to me that something novel turned up every minute during my stay.

After the midday meal we sallied forth for prairie chickens, accompanied by an Irish gentleman called Colonel O'Leary. Poor little Eva was too ill to hunt, after her long journey, so we left her snugly tucked away in her box. Jack, Dolon, and I were keen for sport, and Colonel O'Leary, telling master he had no confidence in Eastern dogs, borrowed a coarse cross-bred, liver-colored brute, named "Pat," from one of the villagers, saying we might, after all, have to depend upon him. We were all disgusted

with Pat's appearance, but a more independent fellow I never saw, and he taught us a great many useful things. First of all, Pat, seeing us lapping the surface water at a slough, good-naturedly inquired if we are accustomed to it. "Water? Yes," said we. "Of course. Is not every dog accustomed to water?" "I don't mean that," said he; "but all this prairie water is alkaline. The grasses are burned every fall, and the surface water is saturated with ashes. It will salivate you, if you are unaccustomed to it." Jack and I had remarked how distasteful and bitter the water was; but did not know the cause. After that, we took good care to let it alone, and were content to return to the wagon, from time to time, to obtain good well water from a keg and basin taken along for the purpose of supplying us. I fared better than Jack, for he was slightly salivated.

We soon reached good hunting-ground, and old Pat swung out hunting by himself. Jack and I had no idea how to hunt, nor where to seek for the prairie chickens. We had never smelt them, and consequently did not know how to recognize the scent.

At sundry points, on what are called "tree claims," rows of small cottonwood and poplar trees are planted. They are called trees, but are really little more than bushes. These trees are generally in the vicinity of houses, and among the trees are the favorite resorts of prairie chickens. Galloping along together, Jack and I smelt something we took to be domestic fowls which had ranged out from a house hard by. As we were investigating, and before we knew better, quite a number of handsome birds

sprang up about us. They were larger than any I have ever stood before. They rose with a clucking sound, and an awkward flapping motion, like that of a hen flying over the fence; but soon steadied themselves and went away with great speed. Surprised, and thrown back on our haunches, we watched them as they went. They would sail, as if about to settle, and then give a few beats of the wing to gain altitude. Alternately sailing and flapping, until nearly half a mile away, they dropped almost simultaneously into a deep green patch of prairie grass. Our whole performance had been witnessed by our masters from the wagon, and they now took the direction in which the birds had gone. We realized by this time that these were the birds we were seeking, and would have rushed ahead, but for the command of caution. Old Pat changed his course with that of the wagon and was first on the ground where the birds had settled. The shooters alighted from the wagon, a hundred yards or so away. Together we all advanced, and found Pat frozen hard upon the birds. Advancing cautiously, all the dogs caught the scent, and there, on the Minnesota prairies, in the brilliant sunlight of an August afternoon, stood our whole party, realizing that, at last, we were upon the game we had come so far to find. Colonel O'Leary, being a sort of host, declined to shoot; and it was arranged that little master, now fourteen years old, should shoot at the first bird to rise. A prettier sight I never witnessed than his knocking over that old cock bird when, with cluck-cluck-cluck, and bustling wing, he started from the grass. Prairie chickens are not difficult shooting. They present a

large target; do not get away very rapidly at the rise, like quail and snipes; and very few shot will bring them down. Master and Mr. Selden had shot together so long that they seldom interfered with each other in shooting; and when we put up the whole covey one by one, or two or three at a time, all made kills. Even Colonel O'Leary, standing aside, found opportunity for a shot, after all



Among the Prairie Chickens.

requisite courtesy to the visitors had been shown. When I retrieved my first prairie chicken, I felt as if I had captured a brahma rooster. He was a large fat bird, and gave me such a mouthful as I never had before. The plumage, while rather subdued, was very regular and beautiful; and, whatever other criticism may be passed upon them, a dog, with a prairie chicken in his mouth, feels that there will certainly be a full bag. I found that there was much less variety in prairie-chicken hunting than in quail

or snipe hunting, both as to the ground hunted and the shots presented. An account of the different coveys we found, and the shots we made, would be little more than repetition of the same thing, over and over again. When we were lifted into the wagon after sundown, we all had a soft warm bedding of prairie chickens; for forty birds like that make a great showing.

Little Dolon distinguished himself this evening. Towards sundown, running along the edge of a patch of flax stubble, the little chap threw up his head and galloped straight out into the wheat, gradually slackening his pace until he came to a handsome point. Little master scrambled out of the wagon and followed him. A half-grown bird that had run out there by himself, rose to his point, and little master cut him down like a veteran. Dolon retrieved him. Our driver was a young Norwegian boy named Hans. He was a sweet, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked little fellow, very respectful, and, like most of his race, very taciturn.

Little master and his gun had made a most palpable impression upon Hans. As little master returned, swinging the bird proudly in one hand and holding his little 20-bore Scott gun in the other, followed by Dolon, Hans could no longer repress his glee, and exclaimed: "Ha! Leetle boy, leetle gun, leetle dog, leetle bird! doan' he preety!" After a bright smile, lighting his face as the sun was lighting the prairies, he relapsed into his accustomed quiet, patient look, as if he had never said a word.

As the afterglow was fading from the prairies, in a gloaming such as is painted by artists, we reached

Avoca. Master drove by the door of the little Convent which is planted there, and left a string of birds. Others he gave to the villagers. When we pulled up at Coleman's stable, Jack and I concluded that, after that day's excitement, exercise, and sport, we would be able to sleep without rocking.



In the Gloaming.

## Chapter VIII

(1886)

### On the Western Prairies



UR sojourn in Minnesota, although it was all too short, was nevertheless all that dog or man could have desired, while it lasted. Chickens were plentiful that season, and while master was not a sportsman whose only object was to kill all the game he could slaughter, we counted it a poor bag if the day's record fell below forty chickens.

But chickens were not, by any means, the only game we found. The buffalo and the antelope had all disappeared, for population had become too dense for them, and wire fences built in many places had destroyed their range. One day we visited a place near Bear Lake, where, years before, great numbers of buffalo had been slaughtered;



and even at the time of our visit, vast quantities of their skulls and bones lay around as if the spot had once been a butcher's yard.

The prairies hereabouts are thickly interspersed with little lakes, ranging in size from a horse-pond to quite considerable bodies of water. On the largest of these, called Lake Chetec, vast numbers of ducks and geese assemble, and near Avoca was another, called Lime Lake, where we had fine shooting at mallards, teals, and red-head ducks. At all times of day, about the borders of the smaller pools or sloughs — pronounced "slew" by the natives — we found Wilson snipe, and yellow-shank, and bull-head, or beetle, plovers. In the mornings and the evenings we had fine shooting at the ducks. When I came home and told some dog friends about the variety of game I had seen in one day in Minnesota, you know, dear reader, what they thought about it. Yet, I will venture to repeat the story to you in the hope that, if you have followed my narrative thus far, you will consider me a truthful dog.

Master was a very early riser, and his custom was to come after me about daybreak, to accompany him to a spot where the railway embankment crossed near the head of Lime Lake, about half a mile distant from the hamlet of Avoca. I was selected because I retrieved well from water. At daybreak the ducks came down to the lake to feed, from their roosting-places in the sloughs above the railroad crossing. In their passage they flew so low as to present to a gunner lying behind the embankment many beautiful shots. The people who lived in Avoca paid no more attention to these ducks than if they

had been barnyard fowl, and they were, consequently, not nearly so wild as our water-fowl in the East.

One night towards the end of our visit, it turned quite cold. When master came for me in the gray of daybreak and we started for the shooting-place, we were both pretty well tucked with cold. Lying beside the embankment, before the first glow of sunrise, we both shivered from head to foot, and snuggled up very close to each other to keep warm. The shooting that morning was unusually good. The ducks seemed braced up, and quickened in their flight, by the cold. By good fortune they fell, when shot, with few exceptions, upon the railroad or the shore of the lake, and I had very little retrieving from water. When the flight was over, we had a large string of ducks, under the load of which master staggered home; and upon reaching the sleeping-room, he threw them in a pile upon Mr. Selden, who had not yet risen from his bed.

It was idle to hunt on the prairies in the morning dew, and for that reason we did not breakfast until late. Mr. Selden and little master were very envious of our good luck when they saw the results of our early rising, and the boy never missed a morning at the crossing after that. It was in the reddening glow preceding sunrise, on the morning in question, that I witnessed the beginning of that great procession of game, accounts of which have shaken the belief of some of my friends as to my veracity. The first thing that attracted our attention was a flock of large, white birds, with long red bills, and black markings on their wings, floating past from the north with a dreamy flight, like a

passing cloud. They were pelicans. Not game birds, it is true, but forerunners of others who were wending their way southward before the advancing northern cold. Hardly had they faded out of sight when a long, straggling, V-shaped line of Canada geese came past, with hurried flight and noisy gabble. Behind them, one after another, came "flying squadrons" of brant, canvas-backs, red-heads, widgeons, pin-tails, mallards, teals, and almost every variety of ducks, lowering in their flight when they had passed beyond Avoca, and oftentimes settling in some little slough before they were beyond the range of our vision. Now and again, in stately career, came groups of sand-hill cranes. All these birds were headed in the same direction, going south. None of this great caravan came near enough for us to shoot at them, for large bodies of migrating ducks or geese seldom pass near to human settlements. Master and I watched their flight and marked the vicinity in which they seemed to be settling for rest. I knew full well that master would hunt for prairie chickens that day in the direction in which these wild fowl had settled. He did so; and during the course of that day's hunt, our party bagged, upon the little lakes, or about their borders, nearly every variety of the ducks, geese, and brant we had seen, besides picking up a few snipes, yellow-shank plover, and even a specimen or two of sora rail. When to these were added our regular quota of prairie chickens, three or four Jack rabbits, and several large sand-hill cranes, is it any wonder that I cherish tenderly the memory of the days we spent in Minnesota? I could not forget

them if I would, for this scar on my nose, just under my eye, is a reminder of a very narrow escape I had from losing my sight. Master and I had made a beautiful "blind" of wheat shocks, from which we hoped to get a shot at some geese which were feeding a mile away upon the stubble. Mr. Selden and little master made a long circuit around them in the wagon, hoping they would be able to drive them past the place where we were concealed. They did not, however, succeed in this. The geese had notions of their own about where they would go, and all we could do was to watch them disappointedly, as they passed far wide of us, rising and honking, determined apparently to be well away from such disagreeable neighbors. As we strained after their receding forms on the horizon, a shadow flitted over us, and wings rustled behind and above us, so near that it seemed as if they almost touched us in passing over. We were well concealed, and a moment later, a gigantic sand-hill crane dropped upon the plain and stood bolt upright, like a soldier, not thirty yards distant from us, watching the wagon which was now returning. Poor old fellow! It seemed a mean advantage to take of him. But he was an unusually fine specimen, and a moment later, master's gun sent a full charge into his unsuspecting body. Out I bounced, full of curiosity, for he was a new bird to me then. Rushing up to retrieve him, I saw, too late, that his wicked, yellow eyes were wide open; and before I could spring back, he made a lunge at me with his long, knife-like beak, and came near extinguishing one of my eyes. Just missing the eye, he gave me a wound



Sand-hill Crane.

across the nose as if it had been cut with a razor. This is the favorite method of defence resorted to by a wounded crane, and their accuracy in striking the eye is very great. Colonel O'Leary, who came up shortly afterwards with the wagon, congratulated master that it was no worse; and told us of a boy in the vicinity, who, but the year before, lost an eye by running up to a wounded crane as I had done.

Cranes are considered a great delicacy at this season. This one was very fat, and, when cooked, looked like a turkey. Mr. Selden declared that he considered himself disgraced by carving a "Long Andrew," as the bird is called in the East. Notwithstanding this, all the party pronounced him a fine bird. We dogs, however, did not fancy his black meat or his oily bones. Another day master and I had a great fright. I was becoming very much attached to little master. He was a cunning, quick, little fellow, with his blue eyes and golden hair; and he came honestly by his love of hunting. I was, to his mind, everything a dog should be. After almost every meal he came out with some little special good thing for me. He was an independent little chap. In the field he never followed any of the older men, but planned his own hunting, relied upon himself, and got as many shots as the best of them. He was so small he could creep about and get close to ducks, and wild fowl, that would have seen and escaped from the grown men. I was very much interested in him, and always did what I could to give him the shot.

One morning master came for me, and we went off to our accustomed station on the railroad em-

bankment. From where we lay we could look down the lake for half a mile. On its southern side the bushes grew quite thickly, down to the water's edge. Near the shore at this point a flock of blue-wing teal was feeding. We had no idea little master had come out after us, until we saw a puff of smoke rise out of the bushes near these teal, and heard the report of a gun, followed by young master's appearance on the shore. The ducks at which he had fired rose, leaving two or three of their number shot. Little master stood on the shore a few moments, apparently watching those he had shot. Then we saw him strip himself and begin wading out into the lake. The water was shallow for a long distance from shore. On, on, he went, wading out for a hundred yards or more. At last we saw that he was swimming; and then, somehow, we could not see him at all. The wind was fresh, and the yellow waters were so rippled by the waves, that, at that distance, we could not distinguish his little white face and blond hair in the water. Master had been uneasy from the first as he watched this proceeding. A moment later, we hurried down the embankment to the lake shore, and started on the run for the point where little master had entered the lake. From that time, being on the level of the water, we could not hope to see him until we were quite near to the place where he had disappeared. Those were very anxious moments, I assure you, while we were running that half mile. Master was very wretched looking, and, as I bounded forward, he panting behind, the terrible thought came over me, "What will we do if little master is

drowned?" I felt like dashing right into the lake after little master, but reflected that I would save time by running on land to the point where he had entered the water. It was with beating hearts that both of us pressed forward through the bushes on the shore, across the projecting point near where he had fired. On emerging from these, there lay his clothes in a pile with his gun beside them; and by



“What are you doing here, papa?”

this time, a dead teal, one of those he had shot, had floated quite near to the shore. Just as we hurried on to get a better view, to our infinite relief, we saw the little rascal rise out of the water, a long way from shore, and wade towards us. I was so rejoiced I plunged in and swam towards him. “Halloa!” shouted he, laughing, as he gained hailing distance, apparently unconscious of any cause for anxiety, “What are you doing here, papa?”

“Oh! my dear boy. You gave me such a fright,”



said master, sitting down, exhausted. "I was watching you from the crossing, and thought you disappeared in the water and were drowned. For Heaven's sake, what are you doing?"

"I wounded a duck and tried to catch him," was the reply. "I followed him nearly across the lake, but he was only wing-broken, and could swim faster than I could; so I had to give up the chase."

Master was too much relieved to be severe, but exacted a solemn promise that he would not repeat this adventure, explaining that a further reason for being alarmed was the fact, that in these lakes there is what is known as the electric eel, which sometimes shocks men and horses severely. One of these, touching him in deep water, might have shocked him so as to stun, and cause him to sink and drown. We were a very happy trio when we returned for breakfast. We found that our breakfast was cold and the wagon was in waiting. Breakfast over, we were off once more. Our friend, Colonel O'Leary, had a large cocker spaniel named Kaiser. Kaiser was a very industrious citizen, and loved hunting as well as any dog I ever saw. While bustling about the sloughs putting up young mallards he was a useful fellow, and, at retrieving ducks, he was a master hand. But Kaiser had no idea of pointing. Like all spaniels, he would bark when he struck scent, and rush right in and flush the game. We had so much sport about the lakes with Kaiser that he was allowed to accompany us once or twice, notwithstanding he spoiled a great many shots at prairie chickens, by flushing them. He annoyed us so that we tried tying Kaiser up with the wagon.

But that dog must have had an india-rubber head ; for he could slip it out of any collar or any knot that could be tied. About the time we would be getting up to the chickens, out would pop Kaiser with bark and buck jump, from Heaven knows where, and away would go the birds. Colonel O'Leary had a brogue that would have made the fortune of a minstrel, and his conversations with Kaiser, and about Kaiser, kept our party laughing continuously. In the morning Kaiser would be the first to show up at the wagon, keen for the hunt ; and then would begin a skirmish for his capture. We would put him in confinement, and the last sound heard as we drove away would be Kaiser yelping and scratching furiously. Kaiser at last grew too cunning for us. Instead of waiting around the wagon, he would go away off on the prairie and lie down in the high grass, until we drove off ; then he would sneak up and get under the wagon, never letting himself be seen until we were too far away to send him back. How well I remember one of his attempts to play this trick which failed by his being betrayed by his bushy tail sticking out from behind the wagon. We were driving off, all apprehensive, and on the lookout for Kaiser. Some one offered to bet Kaiser would appear in a few minutes. " No ; Oi doan't think ye'll be troubled wid Kaiser to-day. He's out visitin', Oi think," the colonel was saying, reassuringly. At that instant little master burst out laughing, and said, " Well, he's under this wagon now, all the same." I can see the wagon stop and the fat colonel alight heavily. I can see Kaiser, guilty and tuck-tail, run out into



Colonel O'Leary and Kaiser.

the grass when detected, and, after a long negotiation, captured and carried off, with dangling legs, in Colonel O'Leary's arms, the colonel answering his sorrowful look, "Yes, Kaiser dear, I know it's harrd, *but it's beesness.*"

By this time the heavy work on the prairies was telling upon all of us. Poor little Eva had never been herself since she left home. Dolon had gone all to pieces in his feet. There is a species of grass upon the prairies, which lies flat on the ground, with a leaf like a file. This grass, and the burnt stubble, wear away the pads of a dog's feet with incredible rapidity, unless they have been toughened previously or hardened by the alkaline deposits.

Within a week after I reached Avoca I had spots as large as dimes worn away on the bottoms of my feet, raw as beefsteak, and very tender. I did not wish to stop hunting, but the pain in running was intense. Master plastered my feet with French

corn-paper, and made me boots out of the chamois-skin he had fetched along to clean his gun. I had seen our boys tease cats by putting walnut shells on their feet; and when I started out with French corn-paper and chamois-skin boots, I felt as those cats looked. But I soon became accustomed to the boots, and they were a great relief.

Thus sped the happy days in the West.

An old friend of master, a judge from Iowa, came up and shot with us several days, and, shortly before we left, a gentleman arrived with two beautiful young English pointers which he had recently imported. I wanted to cultivate the acquaintance of these young fellows, for they seemed very gentlemanly and full of work; but news came that there had been the shock of an earthquake in Virginia, and Mr. Selden, who was not in good health, grew nervous and restless to go home; so we all determined to return. I parted with Jack at Indianapolis, and never saw him again. I never realized until I reached home how thoroughly banged up I was; for besides having worn my feet out, I had, in jumping out of the wagon, strained my shoulder so severely that I have never quite recovered from it.



Rest.

## Chapter IX

(1886)

### High-Toned Shooting



ETWEEN the date of our return from the prairies and the opening of the shooting season of 1886 I had ample time for rest and recuperation. I awaited, with impatience, the frost and the falling leaf. At last they came. Our first hunt was some miles below the city, at a delightful spot known as Newstead. It was a large estate lying on James River, formerly owned by some old grandee; but at the time I write about, it had passed into the hands of a northern farmer, who kept it posted against every one but his lawyer, my master. This was but a single day's ex-

cursion, however. After that we ran up for a day to Goochland, and another day to Amelia; and from the short trips made by master, I felt sure he was only tuning me up, as it were, for some grand event. Nor was I mistaken. About the middle of November a distinguished party of gentlemen arrived. One was a well-known railroad president, another an English gentleman, and the third my old friend the doctor, the same who waded in and extricated me from the briars when I was near drowning at the snipe marsh. Mr. Selden came down to meet them, and we had a fine dinner at home, preliminary to the start. I was honored by a call to the library, where the guests were assembled, and did not fail to show the doctor that I recognized him and well remembered and appreciated the great service he had done me the year before. Towards night we took carriages and repaired to the depot; and there I was introduced, not only to my dog shooting-companions, but to a luxurious railway shooting-outfit, such as I had never seen before. Our train consisted of an engine with but two cars, and one of the cars was a baggage-car; but in my travels I had never yet seen anything like the splendor of the president's car. It was divided into three compartments. The forward part was a kitchen and pantry, the middle part a dining-room with sleeping-arrangements for guests. The rear part was a sitting-room, furnished with mahogany, upholstered in peacock-blue velvet, with a fireplace for burning wood. Adjoining this was the president's room and bath-room. Several servants were in attendance, ready at a moment's notice to furnish the gentlemen anything to eat,

drink, or smoke that appetite or fancy could desire. In the well-stored larder were black-tail deer from the Rocky Mountains, fresh oysters, woodcock, and an infinite variety of luxuries. I am sure that a long residence on that car would have given me the gout; for, while in our humbler car we had only a box of dog-biscuits, the servants, with whom I quickly made friends, supplied me with the scraps from the meals, and I was not surprised at pulling out anything from the pan, from tenderloin steak to German goose liver. Such were the men and provender on board.

Now as to the dogs. Little Eva was my companion from home. The president, after a few moments in his car, insisted on showing master his dogs, and we went forward. It was a very comfortable place, furnished with an ample supply of empty United States mail-bags for the dogs to lie upon. "A most convenient spot after a hard day's hunt," thought I, glancing at the ample space and abundant bedding. The servants led out the president's dogs, one by one, and they were greatly admired. First was Vim, a really handsome fellow, and, as I soon learned, a dog of education, experience, and sense. He was large, tan-colored, with white markings, plainly a cross between English and Irish. And just here let me remark that this is a most excellent cross. In my long intercourse with dogs, I think I have seen as many good hunting-dogs of this cross in blood as of any other; and Vim was no exception to the rule. Then came a very handsome and blood-like young pointer named Tom, to whom I at once paid my respects, because he was half-brother of my

dear little friend Young Beulah; and lastly came a huge, heavy-looking setter named Dash, liver and white, almost as large as a yearling calf. The president grew enthusiastic about Dash, informing master that the English gentleman had secured him in England at a very high price, and brought him over with him. Dash undoubtedly showed high breeding; and our friend the Englishman declared he had seen him work "in the turnips," and that he was a very fine dog. What "in the turnips" meant, I did not know. Our car had been used, it seems, as an express or mail-car as well as a baggage-car, and had one small latticed compartment. Dash, being the guest of honor, was assigned to this, just as his master had his individual room among the men.

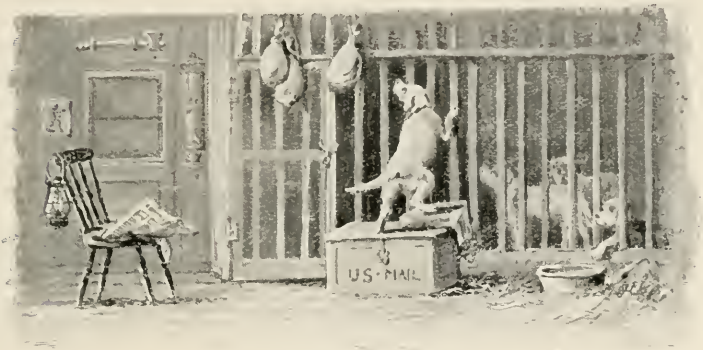
The president, hearing of some fine hams in Richmond, secured several; and the servants, for lack of better place, hung them in Dash's compartment.

Now I do not know whether or not it is a peculiarity of Englishmen and English dogs, but both the Englishmen and English dogs that I have hunted with have seemed to me to have appetites that are never satisfied. They have breakfast, and tiffin, and luncheon, and dinner, and supper, and then a bite before bedtime. It is marvellous where they stow it all away. I'm sure I envy them their great digestion.

Dash was not different from his countrymen. It was not long after our masters had withdrawn, leaving us to get a good night's rest, before Dash, who had been curled away in the corner, raised up his large body, stretched out his hind legs, shook him-



self, gave a great yawn, and, addressing himself to the others of us, said, "I say, my dear boys, d'ye know I'm beastly hungry?" Vim, who was nearest to him, suggested a dog-biscuit. "Oh! dem dog-biscuit," said Dash, with his unmistakable British accent. "I cawn't wear me teeth out on such stuff as that, ye know." Just then, catching sight of the ham, he exclaimed, "Ah! here I have it. That



Dash Reaching for Ham.

looks like a good old Devonshire ham. I'll take a bit of it if I die for it." With that he began trying to reach it by springing at it. After several failures, he leaped upon a chest, sprung from it, and caught fast to the ham by his teeth. The string by which it hung could bear no such weight as that, and in another moment Dash and the ham came down together, with a crash sufficient to wake the seven sleepers. Paying little attention to the rough tumble he had, Dash proceeded to appropriate about seven pounds of salt ham, declaring he had not

enjoyed anything so much since he left "Old England." It was about midnight. We were just pulling out of the station, so as to be on the shooting-grounds early, and the servants were not awakened by the noise. Before daylight Dash had drunk all the water in his pan, and was declaring in unmistakable English that if somebody did not soon come to his relief, he would die of thirst. It was amusing to see him trying to put his immense nose through the slats to reach our water-pans. Altogether, he and his thirst gave the others of us little rest.

Morning came, and we were soon out and about. We were on a side track near Mr. Selden's. He came down with horses, servants, and his own dogs. We divided into two parties, Mr. Selden taking the Englishman and the doctor with his dogs, and master taking the president, Vim, Dash, and myself.

The shooting was good near at hand; so, the other party going across the river to Cumberland, ours entered at once on the river low grounds, hard by. Vim and I were all fit and trim for work; but, no sooner was Dash released, than he made for a neighboring streamlet and began lapping, lapping, lapping. The president, observing how much he drank, and being still in hailing distance of the car, called to the servant in charge of the dogs and enquired why he had not watered them overnight. "I is watered 'em, sir," was the reply. "Well; this dog is very thirsty," said his master, doubtfully. "Yes, sir, I reckon he is. Ef you'd eat a whole salt ham, you'd be thirsty, too," said the boy, grinning; and the story of the ham was out. Vim and I, imi-

patient as we were to be off, nevertheless enjoyed the unpromising start our English rival was making.

At last, having finished his drinking, Dash came lumbering up. Looking over the beautiful brown stubble which gave every promise of birds to us Americans, he said, "I say, old chappies, where are the turnip fields?" "The what?" said I. "The turnip fields where the birds are," said he. "See here, Dash," said I, "you cannot expect ham and turnips both. What do you want, the earth?" "Well now, ye know," protested he as we galloped along, "one cawn't be expected to scour a beastly wilderness like this for birds. How shall we ever think where to look for them, seeing there are no turnip fields?" "Follow us," said Vim. "We'll teach you where to look for them, and where to find them too, even if there are no turnip patches," and with that we quickened our pace across the wide-spread levels, racing for the stubble near the willows by the river, where I knew there was a fine covey. But the pace was too hot for Dash. Another ditch furnished the excuse for another long drink; and while Dash was astonishing his master with his capacity as a reservoir, Vim and I left him far behind, and were soon stiffened side by side upon a feeding covey, proud of our English and Irish ancestry, but nevertheless holding our American flags triumphant to the fore, and awaiting the coming up of the Englishman. Dash arrived in time, and took his position back-standing us. Then came our masters, who dismounted, passed their reins to the little darky attendant and put up the birds. Out of courtesy Dash was offered the privilege of retriev-

ing; but disdainfully replied that in England no self-respecting setter did that, and that it was left to a retriever taken along for the purpose. So Vim and I retrieved. Dash examined one of our dear little Bob Whites rather superciliously, and said, "What a wee-bit of a chap he is. Why, he's not near so large as our English partridge." "No," said I, mumbling over my bird as I trotted by him; "you see dogs and birds grow larger when they are fed on ham and turnips." Vim was so tickled at this sally that he dropped his bird to laugh. The birds had flown up stream and settled in a little false bank between the stubble and the fringe of willows on the river's edge. When we came up with them, we pointed them singly, and they rose, one at a time; darted through the willows, and endeavored to fly behind us. Thus, when a kill was made, we flushed no other bird in retrieving. But owing to the way they flew, the birds fell into the river. Here, I felt, was my opportunity. Vim was not fond of retrieving from water, and, as for Dash, no sooner did he see it than he ran down to the brink to drink, without any other thought in his head. As bird after bird splashed into the tawny stream and was swept downward swiftly by the current, I watched; then ran along the shore until sufficiently below the bird to swim out as it came down, and I would then turn up stream and tread water until the current swept the game into my mouth. Swimming back with it to the shore, I would deliver it, and at once move up the river bank and point another bird. Eight times I did this thing, while Vim stood on the shore watching me, and Dash drank on. It was all the reward I

wanted, when I heard the president exclaim, "That's the prettiest work I ever saw. I'll give you five hundred dollars for Di." Master, gathering his reins and adjusting his foot in the stirrup to mount, as we prepared to ride onward in search of another covey, turned lovingly to me, his eyes sparkling with pride, and said, "Di, we can't part company. Can we, old boy? No. *Not for money.*" I shook the water from my dripping coat, leaped with a joyous bark at old Zephyr's nose, and sped away, hunting for other birds. By this time it was manifest that Dash was thoroughly "pumped out," to use his own expression; but I thought that if he could have been literally pumped out, it would have been the best thing that could happen to him. The poor old fellow had drunk water until his sides were distended as if he had been drowned. As he galloped along laboriously, the swash of the water within him could be heard as if a half-filled water-barrel were being trundled past us. With pity, his master saw his plight, and asked nervously, "Will it kill him?" "Oh, no," said master, laughing heartily. "But we had best leave him at the car. We might founder him. To-morrow he will be all right." So back we went, and Dash was left in charge of the servants, with strict injunctions to see that he fasted. To take his place we released little Eva, and a right good day of it we had. Returning that evening with well-filled bag, we met a darky with a fine young wild-turkey gobbler which he had shot in the bluffs not a mile from our car. The president bought the turkey for a dollar, and for a long time that evening, after the other party returned, he in-

sisted that he had shot the bird himself. But the gentlemen were so generous in their congratulations that he was forced, in honesty, to confess the facts. All were agreed, however, that whoever shot it, a wild turkey for dinner day after to-morrow, would be a handsome addition to the menu, as a party of ladies were to come up from Richmond with mistress, to dine with us and accompany us on our return trip to the city.

It was fortunate that Mr. Selden sent down a tame turkey next morning; for, notwithstanding this wild turkey was hung higher than the hams the night before, Dash that night repeated upon this wild turkey his previous performance on the ham; and when our car was opened next morning, it looked as if somebody had cut open a feather bed. Dash, although not so thirsty, was not a whit less full than on the preceding morning. The president, who was an amiable man, could not resist the ludicrousness of Dash's ignominious career, and thenceforth our party guyed the English gentleman mercilessly about his highly bred, highly broke, high priced, and high jumping dog.

The second day, the hunting-parties changed leadership. The Englishman and the doctor went with master and his dogs, Mr. Selden taking the president. We had another glorious day. The Englishman was a tall, raw-boned, muscular man; the doctor was very short, but active and wiry. Both were good shots. The Englishman was having his first experience in American shooting, and was much delighted with the sport. From time to time I heard him frankly admit that although he

had shot in England, Scotland, France, Italy, and India, he had "never seen as game a little beggar" as our American Bob White, or one presenting such or so great a variety of shots. At the same time he was disposed to decry bird-hunting on horseback as nothing like so good a test of endurance as hunting afoot, and freely criticised the practice of allowing the dog that stood the birds to retrieve them. He explained how, in England, a gentleman is attended by a game-keeper and retriever; and how, when the bird is killed, the pointing-dog stands still, the game-keeper hands his master a loaded gun, and takes his empty gun to reload it; and how the retriever, who is never allowed to hunt for live game, or to point, goes in and retrieves. All these things were told at the noon-day rest, and as I heard them I thought to myself, "What high-toned style! How glad I am I am not an English dog! Half the sport is in fetching the dead birds!" I began to think that, after all, we, with our free and easy American methods of hunting, were not impressing our English friend as much as I had expected we would.

The little doctor was an American to the backbone, and contested all the Englishman said. He stoutly maintained that Americans were better sportsmen, could endure more, were better shots, and had better dogs than Englishmen. This sort of discussion went on all day, and, just as I expected, resulted in a wager, made that night, to be decided on the morrow.

The Englishman and the doctor were to hunt afoot; master was to go on horseback and referee the contest, working two dogs; and he was to decide

which of the contestants showed the most endurance, and which was the best shot. Eva and I were selected as the dogs, and the contest came off as agreed upon. As our hunt was to end that evening, our train was ordered to move down the railroad to a point five miles below the spot where we had been for three days. It was arranged that we were to hunt the highlands, the other party the low grounds, and all were to reach the train at sundown.

I think that hunt was one of the most amusing I have ever had. Eva and I were both very fit and fast, and master, being on horseback, set a murderous pace for the footmen. The section we traversed was very hilly, and the distance to be covered was something over twelve miles, counting the way we were to go. Between the cultivated highlands overlooking the river, and the grain-fields in what is known as the back-country, there is a heavy body of woods, quickly enough passed on horseback, but very tiresome to pedestrians. Our morning was passed in the river highland fields, and the shooting was good. Both contestants stood gamely to their work, and in speed, endurance, and shooting, there was little to choose between them. Master's saddlebags received the game. The Englishman's birds were put in the right pocket; the doctor's in the left. In the right pocket was the Englishman's flask of old Glenlevit; in the left, the doctor's Pennsylvania Rye. Unfortunately for both, while the one scorned Scotch whiskey, the other refused to recognize the American article. Whenever one declared that some brilliant shot of his entitled him to take a nip, the other did not hesitate to join him



in his toast, provided he could do so out of his own bottle. The consequences may be guessed. By eleven o'clock the tall Englishman had a stride upon him as if he wore seven-league boots. The short little doctor was pacing desperately by his side. The jibes and bantering of the pair echoed far and near across the hills. It had become a walking-match, a talking-match, a drinking-match, but very little of a shooting-match.

Master, greatly amused, in spite of his disgust at such trifling, finally announced that being midday it was time to go through the woods, to the back-country fields, and our party started in that direction. These woods had been much cut up by saw-mills and were filled with many wagon tracks. Having ample time before the birds moved out into the fields for their afternoon feed, master determined to give the walking-match a full test; and so, leading the pedestrians from one road to another, he walked them back, forth, and around, in this piece of woods, until, after many inquiries as to how far we had yet to go, both declared that the party was lost; and coming upon a deserted saw-mill with an immense pile of sawdust, in a sunny spot, Englishman and doctor threw themselves upon it simultaneously, and refused to budge another step. In two minutes, lying there in the warm sun and sheltered from the winds, the pair were fast asleep. Often have I regretted that master obtained no picture of these their country's champions as they appeared there. On they snoozed, master, in the meanwhile, riding out a few hundred yards to the edge of the woods, to obtain his bearings for the evening work.



Sleeping Giants.

He took the Englishman's gun with him. Eva and I followed him. These open sunny spots in the woods are favorite midday loafing-places for the birds, and it was no surprise to us that on our return trip to the saw-mill we found a fine covey. Master dismounted, and at the rise, killed two birds. The reports of the gun awoke the sleeping giants just in time for them to see the birds passing over them. The little doctor was very nimble, sprung to his feet, seized his gun, and made a beautiful shot. The Englishman likewise arose and would also have had a shot if his gun had been at hand. But of course it was not. And here arose another ground of strife between the two, for it did so happen that at the end of the struggle the doctor had one more bird than the Englishman, who contended that it was secured when he was at a disadvantage. The controversy was too delightful as it stood, to have it ended by a decision, and master held his in reserve.

Aroused to new life and vigor by this incident, we were soon once more in the stubble, pursuing our sport in a much more orderly fashion. Gradually moving towards the appointed place of meeting, we had a goodly bag when the evening shadows fell aslant. It was amusing to watch these two men trying to conceal from and denying to each other that their energies were weakening. The Englishman was in Scotch yarn stockings with high shooting-shoes. Any one could see that his feet were torturing him, but he said not a word about them. At last he declared he had a gravel in his shoe, and sitting down by a brook, carefully unlaced his boot, removed his stocking, and plunged his heel, with a great blister upon it, into the cooling waters. The poor little doctor, chafed to rawness by his long hot tramp, made some other pretext for relieving his sufferings. It was evident both had taken all the exercise they wanted for that day. At last, when within half a mile of our destination, an old darky, with a yoke of stunted oxen attached to a primitive cart, overtook us, going in our direction. "The hunt is over," exclaimed both contestants at once. "Mr. Referee, you must decide it as it stands. Old man, what will you charge us for a ride?" The terms were quickly arranged. The two sat on the rear end of the cart, facing backward, the feet of the tall one almost touching the red soil of the road. The flasks were called for vehemently; and as our slow-moving procession wound down the hill to where the engine stood smoking, ready to start, the antagonists drank each other's health, and declared all bets off.

As we neared the railroad, our little oxen walking leisurely along, notwithstanding constant prodding from their sable driver; the backs of the seated shooters swaying from side to side with the motion



Fagged Out.

of the cart; master quietly bringing up the rear; and Eva and myself, thoroughly fagged, trotting quietly by the roadside; the other party, which had returned before us, and had now been joined by mistress and her friends, greeted us with derisive cheers, and declared that our appearance was in strange contrast with our exultant sally forth in the morning.

A boy sprung from the caboose for master's horse; master tumbled Eva and myself aboard; the gentlemen proceeded to make their dinner toilets; the engine gave a snort and a start; Eva and I curled ourselves up snugly in our corners; the president and his party clinked their glasses and ate tame turkey for lack of wild turkey; Dash declared that

American shooting was a bore; and, two hours later, after hearty adieus from the president and his party, his car, attached to the express at Richmond, was rushing northward, while master, mistress, Eva, and I were rumbling over the Richmond streets in our carriage towards our home. We had a glorious hunt, — a hunt to my heart's content, — a real aristocratic hunt, we may say, with railroad presidents and Englishmen and metropolitan physicians and all that; but home looked very bright and sweet, and the children gave us such a welcome, that I fell into a deep, refreshing sleep that night, declaring to myself that our home was the best place in the world, after all, and that our new cook, Violet, although black as a crow, was queen of the kitchen.



Little Eva.

## Chapter X

(1887)

### A Fight — An Escapade — A Portrait and Great Expectations



THE hearts of aristocratic dogdom in our town were all a-flutter in the autumn of 1887. News had gone abroad that Tracy, the celebrated dog-painter, was to visit master. Few educated canines are unfamiliar with his works; for the dog was his favorite subject, and in every section of our country, in art gallery, library, hall, and even in bar-room, Tracy's matchless pictures of dogs and hunting-scenes may be seen. In my travels hither and thither, I have come upon them in all sorts of places, from the handsome original in oil, to the cheapest clippings from the sporting journals, pasted upon kennels or in stables; some representing faith-

fully the celebrated winners in the field or on the bench, or the master's favorite; others portraying delightful hunting-scenes with impersonal features touching, by resemblance to their own experiences, the almost universal passion of dog and man for field sports. Tracy is easily first in this class of paintings among American artists. To our time and country he has been, in a limited sphere, what, in a broader field, Landseer in his day was to England.

My hypercritical reader, I can almost hear you exclaim, "What absurd language to attribute to a dog! What can a dog know about 'handsome originals in oil,' or 'universal passions,' or Tracy's standing in American art, or Landseer's in England?"

Go on with that kind of disagreeable criticism, if you like. Say that I am a dog and never thought or wrote these things. Accuse master of imposing upon you by attributing his thoughts, his language, and his writings to me, if you choose. Nevertheless I know, and he knows, that I have seen Tracy's originals in oil; that I have greatly enjoyed Landseer's paintings of animals; and that I do know the esteem in which these artists are held.

A highly bred dog, constantly associating all his life with gentlemen like my master and his friends, travelling all over the country, visiting the homes of the refined and cultivated, learns and understands a great deal more than sceptics like yourself admit. If, in the space of half my lifetime, a human being can sink and degenerate from high intelligence and sensibility to stupidity and sensuality, as low as that of the lowest brute, why is it incredible that a

dog is capable of acquiring, by association with men, such poor knowledge, taste, powers of observation and reflection, and understanding of words, as these pages disclose? As the production of a man they would be regarded as very feeble. Why deny to a dog capacity to write them?

Be not ungenerous to my race. You may not know it, but it is true, that the comparative anatomy of a dog, standing upon his hind legs, is more like that of a human being than is that of any other animal, the monkey not excepted. You cannot deny that the brain of a dog possesses marvellous faculties of reason and memory. We love association with you, oftentimes better even than with our own kind. We seek companionship with you, more than creatures of any other race. And you, in your turn, oftentimes return this compliment.

As for our hearts, you turn from mankind for a figure of speech to express loyalty and unselfishness of the highest type, and find the simile among us in the declaration that some human being is as "faithful as a dog."

So, away, henceforth, if you please, with this talk about my incapacity to know, or think, or write these things; for I do know, have thought and felt, and can express them, and if I have not taken the pen between my toes to write them down, it is because, in the first place, I am old and gouty. In the next place, master and I have to sit together and talk them over to make the sluggish old current of my reminiscences flow freely; and this we could not do if I were writing. And lastly, although an old foggy in years, my heart is young and my ideas



are progressive; to the end I shall avail myself of all the modern aids to labor, among them the stenographer.

I not only know these things we have been talking about, but if you press me hard, I will convince you that even law is not an unexplored field with me. Do not I well remember the day when, hunting on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, master and Jimmy Wilkins and I, stretched at noon time near the ocean shore in the shadow of a pine, with the cool breezes playing about us, lay watching the sails in the offing; and how Jimmy, pointing to Mr. Nottingham's adjacent farm, told master that Mr. Nottingham, for a piebald Baltimore muley cow, has sold the exclusive right, to him and his heirs, to hunt on his land, and haul seine on his shore, for ninety-nine years. "Indeed," said master, smiling, "you have then an 'incorporeal hereditament.'" "A what?" cried Jimmy, noisily. As for myself, I sprung up with a yelp, thinking somebody had thrown something. "Say it again," said Jimmy; "I like it. It makes me feel as if I owned Nottingham's estate." Master went over it again. Having overcome my first alarm, I drew near and listened. That was, however, unnecessary, for the expression so pleased Jimmy that, from that time forth, he called half the people, and all the things, he saw, that day, "incorporeal hereditaments." That evening, riding home, we passed near by an old-fashioned sweep-well, standing in a yard near the roadside, where an ancient darky was drawing water. "Here! you old 'incorporeal hereditament,' fetch us a gourd of water," shouted Jimmy,

lustily. The old darky leisurely lifted the sweep, as leisurely emptied the well bucket into his pail, and moving over to us slowly, rested his dripping burden on the tire of our wheel, that we might refresh ourselves. "What dat name you called me des now, Mars Jimmy?" said the old man, with a puzzled look upon his face. Jimmy repeated it. "Look here, boy!" said he, with real indignation. "I is knowed you ever sense you was bornd, and yo' father befo' you; but I ain't goin' to stand no swarin' and hard names from you; and you oughter be ashamed of yerself to call folks such names as dat, being church member like you sez you is." Yet, I suppose that if I, who heard this term and its meaning discussed all day by two intelligent men, had happened to refer to it without this explanation, somebody would have said, "What absurd words to put in the mouth of a dog!"

Read the following, if you think I am incapable of memory and reflection. It was written by my master to our friend the doctor, and refers to an incident which occurred in the summer of 1887. When the doctor came down that autumn, he showed it to me and let me preserve it as a precious memento. I let master tell the story.

DEAR ———:

As the period approaches when birds are ripe, I write this as a reminder, and trust you will soon fix the day when you will be here. . . . I must tell you Di's latest performances. You know they are always interesting. During the heat of summer I

work hardest so that I may play in autumn. The family is away. My sole companion is Di, who sleeps on the veranda by my open window, sits by my chair at our solitary meals, and accompanies me to the office every day, returning with me in the evening. You would hardly believe it, he is so good tempered, but he is a veritable Trojan in



Battle Royal.

battle. You remember the surly Irish setter Jim Blaine, who habitually held the sidewalk at his master's house, which is on our route to the office, and rushed out at every passing dog. Well, Jim kept up this habit with Di for months. Di habitually crossed to the other side, passing the bully unnoticed if possible, and, when pressed by him, pushing past with head and tail erect and bristles up, but avoiding a row and apparently rejoiced when danger of a difficulty with Jim was over. At last,

one day, Jim Blaine pressed him a step too far. He not only made his ordinary rush, but actually jumped upon Di. Then the fun began in earnest. Sweet, amiable Di, who loves everybody and everything that will let him love, was transformed by this indignity into a warrior worthy of his Grecian name. For about two minutes we had a regular dog cyclone. The upshot of it was that Di pinned Mr. Jim Blaine to the sidewalk, holding him by the throat, until, I, fearing he would kill him, interfered. Jim, released, incontinently fled across the street, hurled himself against the half-open gate, and disappeared into his master's premises. Since that day, when Di and I heave in sight, James rises from his watching-place with great circumspection, retires into the yard, and, through the gateway, watches Di's triumphant passage. It is only after we have passed that Jim Blaine resumes his post, watching doubtless for a smaller dog. Having won with Di all the honors that are to be won in the field, what do you think of entering him as a fighting dog? He is a holy terror when his blood is up. Get up a pit and a purse, and I'll enter my yellow and white against all comers.

Describing the fight, diverted me from my real story. Hugh had been visiting Dick Taylor in Amelia. On a sultry August day, with the venetian blinds closed and the room darkened to keep out the sweltering heat, I sat alone, working in the office. Di had adopted a most singular attitude for repose. Stretched on the matting by the wash-board, he would roll over on his back, with his legs resting against the cool plaster of the wall. In this position he would lie, sometimes for hours; motion-

less save when snapping at some pestering flies. A messenger entered with a telegram announcing that Hugh would reach home by a train arriving at four o'clock, and requesting me to meet him. I called my clerk from the adjoining room, for it was then near three o'clock, and remarked, in ordinary tones, "Hugh will be down from Amelia at four o'clock; I must meet him." You know the devotion existing between Di and Hugh. Now, will you believe what I tell you? The dog was lying as I have described him, apparently asleep. When I said Hugh would be here at four o'clock, Di rolled over, jumped up, trotted to me with wagging tail and every evidence of joyous expectation, and, from then until I left the office, sat watching, whimpering, and giving every hint of impatience to be off. Nay more. When we left the building, the dog, instead of heading homeward as usual, took the opposite direction, leading towards the depot. How can you account for conduct like this unless dogs not only comprehend human language, but understand its purport much more thoroughly than we think? Unless this dog's conduct was accidental, which seems almost incredible, he not only understood that Hugh was coming, but the place from which, and the time when, and the means by which, he was to come. To do this he certainly must have exercised powers of reflection, memory, and comparison. But what followed is even more surprising. Hugh arrived, gun in hand, and with a bunch of squirrels. The meeting between him and Di was very demonstrative, you may be sure. I took a carriage for his luggage, etc., into which we entered, allowing Di to

run. He knows Richmond as well as any man in town, and nearly everybody, especially the police force, know him. This day, however, there were many vehicles in the street, and in some manner Di became separated from us. I gave myself no concern about it, thinking he would reach home ahead of us. Upon our arrival there he was missing. Thinking he might have gone back to the office, I returned there, but found no trace of him. Becoming alarmed, I notified the police and advertised for him. I never realized until then what a strong attachment I felt for Di. It may prove what a trifle I am, but I spent a wretched night, and arose several times to look out into the yard and ascertain if he had come home. In the morning bright and early I was at police headquarters, but received no intelligence whatever of Di. I had gone to the depot the previous evening, but all trains had departed, and the place was deserted. In sheer desperation, I went down to the depot again this morning. When I arrived there the accommodation train, which leaves in the evening for Amelia Court House and returns in the morning, was just arriving. The conductor was an old acquaintance, himself a passionate lover of shooting. "Captain," said I, "have you happened to see anything of my dog Di?" "What sort of a dog is he?" said the captain. I described him. "Well," said he, "I have not only seen him, but that is the cleverest dog I ever saw." And this is his account of Di's adventure. "Shortly before my train left, I passed through the smoking-car, and saw a handsome setter dog lying under one of the seats. [Just where I would have put him.] Recognizing

him as belonging to some gentleman, and seeing that he was unattended, and thinking he would be lost if I let him go on the train, I led him out to the platform and told him to go home. [They often made me take him out of the smoking-car.] I thought no more of the dog until we were several miles from the city, and then went into the baggage-car. There, to my surprise, I found him curled up in the corner. [Just where I put him when they ordered him out of the smoking-car.] He was such a striking-looking animal and had such a fine eye, I felt sure his owner prized him; and I determined to watch him, keep him, and fetch him back to Richmond this morning. I intended to tie him, but omitted to do so. Everything went smoothly until we reached Amelia Court House. I was attending some ladies who were leaving the train, when I saw the dog spring from the door of the baggage-car and go off hunting gaily across the fields. [This is the place where I would have left the train.] 'Well!' thought I, 'I am sorry for his owner.' But of course I could do no more. Our train went on to its destination, whence we returned to Amelia Court House. We remain there all night, and start from there to Richmond in the morning. The night was warm, and I sat reading by the lamp in the baggage-car, with all the doors open. By this time I had forgotten the dog. About ten o'clock he bounded up the steps, muddy and well tired from hunting; and, with a passing wag of recognition, trotted to his old place in the corner, where he slept all night, and he returned with me this morning.' "Where is he, then," said I, rejoiced. Said the captain, "We

stopped at the station across the river, and there he got off. I am sure he intended to get aboard again, but he miscalculated his time and was left. But don't you be uneasy about that dog. He knows how to travel as well as you or I do. Never fear he'll not get home."

"That is the trouble about it," I replied. "No doubt he knows his way back by the bridge across the river, but I am satisfied that, having begun his trip by rail, he will finish it by rail; and that he will wait at the station where you left him until another train comes on, and board that. Likely as not he will take another trip out of town instead of coming home." "Oh," said the captain, "then my train backs across the river to the car-yards, very near where he left us. You can go over there if you choose and look for him." So I went; and there, just where the captain left him, Mr. Diomed was lying on the platform, apparently awaiting the next train. Of course our greeting was very joyous. I would give anything to know what sort of hunt he had, and whether he intended to take the train home or to return to the country. I am sure that the sight of Hugh's gun and the game simply made him feel—just as you and I do sometimes—that he could not live a minute longer without a hunt. Now what do you think of all this? Was it all chance, or do dogs know much more than we think they do?

During this year master had my portrait painted. Master did most of the drawing, and a local artist of some celebrity put in the coloring. Here is a copy of the portrait.





In his Prime.

Everybody pronounced the likeness very fine at the time, but master and I both saw grave defects in it. It made my chest entirely too small, the body is too long, and the almost denuded tail was master's work. I had a finely feathered tail of which I was proud, but during hunting season it would, of course, be thinned out very much by contact with the briars and grasses. Master said he wanted me as I looked in hunting season, and he would have it that way. There is no denying that the head and the legs in the portrait are very fine likenesses, but I have always regretted Tracy did not paint the picture. If we had known he was coming so soon, I'm sure he would have had the order.

Many pages back I began this chapter, honestly intending to devote it to the account of Mr. Tracy's arrival and the sketching tour we made with him. After rambling off I am finally back to my theme, but must take it up in a new chapter.

Tracy's coming had been much discussed among my dog friends. There was Courtley, a very handsome, worthless, thoroughbred Lavarack loafer, owned by Mr. Wormeley, on the adjoining block. "Tracy coming, eh!" said Courtley, with a drawl of affected indifference. "All right. I presume he is hunting for a perfect form. Di, you know you'll not fill the bill at all. Send him down to me, and I'll give him a sitting."

Then Mr. Tom Bolling's little pointer Belle made some excuse for stopping at our gate to ask if Mr. Tracy was really coming, and whether he intended to paint a few dogs of the genuine old

Virginia stock. She claimed to be that herself, because she was born at Brandon, among the Harrisons. Now I know the fact that a Canadian officer gave her grandmother to Captain Shirley Harrison, not ten years before that time, and her father was a son of our old Yankee Tom. So what was the sense of Belle talking about posing as the old Virginia stock? Well! James River water must put



Plebeian Associates.

such notions in men and dogs. I have known lots of them who came from nowhere or anywhere, and were anybody or nobody, but who just happened, somehow, to get hold of, or live upon a James River plantation. Humble and quiet enough they were at first; but before five years had gone by, they would begin posing and talking about the olden times and the genuine representatives of the old Virginia stock, and seem to think they were, in fact, what they pretended to be. As for Belle,

she was a "weed," and a fool besides. Tracy would not have looked at her out of the corner of his eye. Still, I answered her query politely, as became my position and her own.

"And is Mr. Tracy really coming, Di?" said Mr. Harry Fuller's little blue belton setter Dinah, with the thrushy throaty sweetness of an English country girl; as, through the blooming roses of her master's front-yard, she looked out upon the street, in the early morning. "Bet your sweet life he will, my beauty," said I, stopping outside of the fence to admire her and listen to her tender voice. That girl always made me feel like assuming a bantering style. For, with "all the blood of all the Howards" in her veins, and possessing genuine worth herself, she was yet so maidenly and modest that she needed some manly jollying to brace her up and show her at her best. "And will he paint your picture? If he does, do give me one. Now will you?" She talked this way to me because I had known her from a baby. "To be sure I will. I'll give you the original, you bewitching creature. Get out your orange blossoms and let us be painted together, getting married." You should have seen little Dinah's blushes as she cried, "Go away, you saucy, impudent wretch," and watched me with laughing eyes, as I galloped off to rejoin master on his way to market.

"When's your picture man a comin'?" growled the butcher's bull-dog from the rear of the stall, where he was chained. "Couldn't say," replied I, bluntly, at the same time looking cautiously to see that his chain was strong enough to hold him.

“Mebbe he'd like my fortegraff, eh!” said he, with a fearful attempt at a smile. “Hardly,” said I; “Tracy confines himself to painting gentlemen.” “What's that? You impudent coxcomb,” said the bull-dog; and as he strained, panting on his chain, after a vain effort to release himself, he growled, with bloodshot eyes, “If I could only slip this chain, I'd fix you so you'd make a famous picture of a gentleman.” What he said was no doubt true. I felt it, and I was sideling off to the fish-stall, for the conversation was becoming disagreeable. Just at that moment the fish-monger's big cat rushed at me with a whirr and a spat, and gave me a quick wipe of her keen claws across my unsuspecting nose. I felt that it was time to bid these friends good morning, and retired without much ceremony.

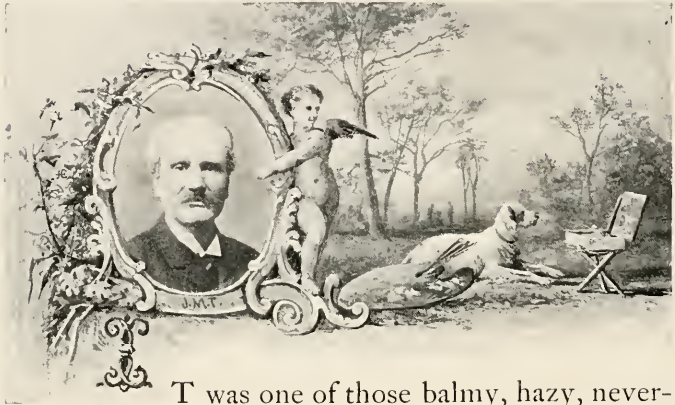
A week later the artist arrived.



## Chapter XI

(1887)

### A Week with an Artist — Pampatike



It was one of those balmy, hazy, never-to-be-forgotten, Indian-summer days in November, when Mr. Tracy came. We were on the broad veranda, with its trailing vines, when the carriage which bore him drove up. How different, when we see them, from what our fancy has pictured them, are the people we have heard of for a long time. I had always expected to see in Mr. Tracy a young, vigorous man. When he made his appearance, I perceived at once that he was more gray, and bent, and older looking than I had expected. Such is the price men pay for fame. As he advanced along the pathway I saw the secret of

his personal popularity. It lay in his gentle, brilliant, loving eyes. Who that ever looked in them will forget their earnest, intelligent, and tender expression. Mistress met him on the door steps with hearty greeting. I heard his gentle voice, and saw pleasure and kindness ripple about his mouth, as he lifted the children in his arms, and looked at them winningly, and kissed them, with more than formal courtesy. Then I knew why Tracy's life was followed by troops of friends.

The weather was so pleasant we all remained upon the veranda. Turning to me, almost as gently as to the children, he said, "And this is Di, is it?" Bending beside me, my head between his hands, he examined me carefully, saying, "Old fellow, I have known of you for many a day. We shall be good friends, no doubt." As he looked me over, he ejaculated from time to time: "Noble head. Fine intelligent eye. Large lobe to brain. Ear too full and too high on head. Strong neck. Great shoulders. Powerful loin and driving power. Superb joints. Heavy bone and muscle. Chest might be deeper. A little high on the leg, and too high behind, for beauty." Then, rising, he added, "But, taken altogether, an animal of great intelligence, strength, and endurance; which, backed by the intense nervous energy I see in every movement and in every look, gives you an almost perfect dog." This last was to master, who stood looking on. I ended the discussion rather abruptly. Seeing Miss Fuller and Dinah passing on the opposite side of the way, I quickly slipped my head from between his hands, scampered down the steps and across the

yard; gave him a specimen of the nervous energy he was talking about, as, with one bound, I topped the three-foot-high pointed palings; and, a moment later, was trotting gayly by Dinah's side, telling her Tracy had come, and asking if she had her orange blossoms ready. Nervous energy! . What is that? Whence came it? Where does it go, and when, and why? I had it then, to heart's content. One day, driving along, I heard them discussing me, and master was frankly admitting certain defects in my form. "Yes," replied Mr. Tracy. "That may all be true. He may not have perfection of form to win first prize at a bench show; or conform, in every line, to the theoretical requisites for field work; but, when a dog has the nervous energy of this one, backed by his brain power, he can run in any form. It is as much the case with men as with dogs. Form is but an index. It often deceives us. How many handsome men and dogs disappoint us in their capacity! How many insignificant looking men and beasts have astonished us with their performances! After all, brains and nervous energy are what we are seeking. When we find them, the form of body which contains them, is almost as insignificant as the paper boxes in which we receive our jewels." "In other words," said master, "after all your years at bench shows and field trials, you have come back to the point which I have never left, that bench show form is an almost worthless index of worth in the field; and that the dog which, like the singed cat, 'feels better than he looks,' is the best dog to own." "Exactly so," replied the artist, laughing; then, growing serious, he added, "Nervous



energy is oftentimes even better than brains. Possessed of it, a man may make mistakes, recover from them, and try again and succeed. Without it the finest brain on earth is handicapped and unproductive. Do you know," added he, sadly, "that is my trouble now. In times gone by, work was play to me. Great part of whatever reputation I have been able to achieve, I earned by almost ceaseless activity. To-day my brain is as clear as it ever was; my experience greater; my taste more correct; but my physical capacity for work is gone, my nervous energy all exhausted." Perhaps he did not know how truly he spoke. Certainly it never occurred to me then that within six years from that time the grave would be green over poor Tracy; or that I, with this same nervous energy all departed, would be left, old and enfeebled, wondering whence that marvellous thing came, and why, or whither, it takes its flight. Applicable to my own case now, come back the artist's words, "My brain is as clear as it ever was; my experience greater; but my physical capacity for work is gone; my nervous energy all exhausted." Nervous energy is *youth and health*. No more, no less. Compared with it, what are wealth or fame? With it, both are possible. Without it, both are but as bitter ashes. Bear this in mind, dear reader; whoever you may be — man or woman — boy or girl. If a dog can impress this truth upon you, that the preservation of your youth and health is more precious to you than all the wealth, or all the fame, this earth can give, his life has not been in vain.

The morning following Mr. Tracy's arrival we

started in a shooting-wagon on an excursion. Our party consisted of Mr. Tracy, a young friend and relative of master from New York, master, and the driver. Mr. Tracy was desirous of viewing some of the battle-fields about the city; and, in order to gratify him, master decided to visit Colonel Carter at Pampatike, in King William County, on the Pamunky. Our route took us through the battle-fields of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor, and Bethesda Church. The shooting was not of the best along this portion of our route, as most of the land about these famous places was deserted and overgrown with stunted pines. Beyond them, however, on the flats of the Pamunky, game was abundant. Colonel Carter's was selected as our stopping-place for several reasons. It was about a day's ride from the city, and two of our boys were there at school. Master wished not only to pay them a visit, but to show his friends a genuine old Virginia establishment, presided over by a gentleman and lady, in the old-fashioned way of "befo' de wah."

If ever the truth that health is worth wealth and fame combined had an apt illustration, it was in the three men who sat in our shooting-wagon.

There was Tracy, whose reputation as an artist had been known all over America before he was forty years of age. Was he happy? Alas! and alas! The pale, anxious face gave the answer too plainly. Not all the sweetness or philosophy of his nature could efface from his countenance or his eye the anxious look which told that he knew the shadow of death hung over him. Gladly now would

he have given up, for the health that was gone, whatever he possessed of fame. Her smiles mocked him. He beheld Death's grinning face peering at him over Fame's shoulder.

By his side was a young lawyer; a graduate of Harvard; a man of the highest social connection and standing in New York; possessed of wealth estimated in millions.

Was he happy? Alas! and alas! As he drew about him the thick wraps and coughed, the hectic color mounting his cheek; as he complained of the chilliness that health does not feel; as he grew quickly weary of the pursuit of sport; and silently awaited, at the vehicle, the return of his stronger companions; it was easy to see that wealth and social prominence were not his for long.

Turning from these to master, I thought to myself, Is he happy? I knew that but a short time before, he had been disappointed in the great ambition of his life, in a way calculated to embitter him. I knew he was not rich; and that even at that moment his whole estate was in jeopardy. Many a time, when we were alone together, I had seen him sit, with knit brow and anxious look, pondering on political failures or financial difficulties. Oftentimes I saw him very sad and very grave. But he always roused himself from such sadness and such silence, with fire in his eye, and a look about his mouth and lower jaw, defiant and unconquered. Then we would go out together and seek companionship with men. With health he could shake off depression and show the outside world a face as cheerful and full of confidence as if he had been invincible in

politics, and rich. We had health and nervous energy as our allies then. The battle was not over with us. We intended to try again. We hoped! We expected to fight again; to fight as energetically as before; and, profiting by past experience and disaster, to win both fame and fortune at the last.

Looking at master that day, I said to myself, "Is he happy? If so, why? In the field of fame he has failed where Tracy succeeded. He is poor, while the other gentleman is rich. If these two are miserable, how can he be gay?"

We were driving through the battle-field of Gaines' Mill. Master was showing, from time to time, the interesting points. His defeat in politics, his money troubles, were, for the time being at least, forgotten. This was one of his methods of getting rid of them. His soul was in the theme which he discussed. In the lulls of conversation he made the silent pines resound with a rather bad interpretation of "The Poacher." When he bawled out at the top of his voice,

"Oh! It's my delight on a moonshiny night,  
In the season of the year-r-r,"

the New York gentleman, amused at his energetic minstrelsy, mayhap envying the strength of his lungs, said it was equal to Harry Becket's singing of this popular song at the Lamb's Club. "Verily," thought I to myself, "master, disappointed in fame and wealth, is nevertheless the happiest man in the party." So he was. He stood there, tossing into the wagon the last brace of birds which he had walked a mile to kill, the very embodiment of health

and strength. He possessed that without which fame is sour, and wealth is bitter. That without which the highest peaks of wealth and fame seem, to the diseased climber, flat and viewless as the morasses of poverty and obscurity. He had an iron constitution; lungs like a blacksmith's bellows; good digestion; youth; health; and a clear conscience. These are the foundations of the thing called nervous energy. While it lasts, Hope whispers that Fame and Wealth will yet be won, however elusive they may have been in the past.

And where are the three men now, — one with fame, another with money, the third with health, as their respective portions?

Tracy's fate you know.

The New York gentleman lies sleeping in the English cemetery in Cairo. He died in Egypt, vainly pursuing the flitting phantom of health. His millions were but as vanity and vexation of spirit.

And master, what of him?

He is still healthy; consequently not unhappy. Still fighting the battle of life, therefore not as one without hope. How much of fame he has gained, or of wealth he has amassed, I cannot say. All I know is, that one day he announced he was tired of fighting life's battle at long range in an obscure locality; that fame and wealth resided in New York; that he was going to move there, and have a hand-to-hand bowie-knife fight to a finish with fame and fortune, before his health and nervous energy were gone; and that then, if he failed, he could at least console himself as did the Nantucket whaler, after a three years' unsuccessful cruise, by

saying, "Well, if I didn't catch a single whale, I had a *bully* sail."

That's my master, and he and I love each other because we are alike.

You boys, men-boys and dog-boys, who read this book, remember what I say.

If you love your work ; if you guard your health and strength as the best thing you have or can possess ; if you keep up life's struggle to the last, in fair weather and in foul ; if you maintain your pluck and refuse to be cast down by failure, — at the finish you will come out victors in life's battle.

Men have called me a first-class dog. They call my master a first-class sportsman. On the whole, perhaps we are ; and for the compliment I feel grateful. Still, I have hunted with many a dog faster than myself, and with many who possessed keener noses. I have also hunted with many men who were better shots than master. But, when I had my youth and nervous energy, my master and I, taken day in and day out, could kill more game than any man and dog we ever worked against. Why? Because we went early and stopped late. With our health and strength and energy we kept up the fight from daylight up to daylight down ; and men and dogs of that kind are few and far between.

Dog-boys, don't be afraid of any dog because he is faster or has a keener nose than yourself. Men-boys, don't be afraid of men of brilliant attainments or so-called phenomenal talents. If you put your heart in your work, and have health and staying quality, and that same old nervous energy, few, if

any, will be in advance of you, when the winning post of life's race comes in sight.

Our route to Pampatike brought us by my old boarding-school at Mr. Turner's. We found him at home, and he was rejoiced to see us. Since my long residence in town and my travels in the West, the house and place appeared much smaller than I had remembered them. Mr. Turner insisted upon showing us a covey on his place, and I did for him the handsomest and most stylish work of which I am capable, you may be sure. The dear old fellow accompanied us to the Piping-tree ferry, near which, to my great joy, I found a royal flock of wild turkeys. I flushed them in most approved style, barking and chasing furiously. This was proper, as all turkey-hunters know. Unfortunately, no one of our party was prepared for them, and they all flew unharmed across the river to the bluffs, whither they were no doubt going when I put them up. It was too late to hope to call them up that evening; but if we had returned before day and built blinds, we would surely have had a shot. A few hundred yards further on we came to the historic ferry, and saw the tree from which it takes its name. By blowing into a hole in its roots, persons wishing to cross produce a weird, piping signal to the ferryman on the other side. Mr. Tracy had his camera with him, and made our first successful picture. One or two snap shots which he made of me, pointing, turned out worthless. This picture of the ferry, however, was beautiful when developed, and I present it as something which may remind a sportsman of similar scenes in his own experiences.



Piping-tree Ferry.

Beyond the ferry, entering our road from another, our own boys, Henry and Jack, dashed up to us on horseback, returning from the postoffice, whither some of the schoolboys at Pampatike went every day. Great was their surprise and joy at sight of us; for beyond the ordinary pleasure derived from visitors in the country, the presence of their father insured them a holiday, and a hunt on the morrow.

As we drove up the long avenue of cedars leading to the Pampatike mansion, the boys dashed forward with shout and laughter to announce our coming. By the time we reached the house, a dozen people at least were awaiting us. The merry signals had collected the entire household, and interrupted a game of tennis upon the lawn. At first sight, the house itself was rather disappointing, being merely a jumble of frame structures, built at different periods, and without pretence to architectural design or beauty; but within, the residence was so



delightfully homelike that its unprepossessing exterior was soon forgotten.

The most striking figure which greeted us was Colonel Carter. Of medium height, and rather slender build, his clear-cut military features were lit by an eye with an expression which could pass from that of the eagle to that of the gazelle, as occasion demanded. About his grizzled moustache and pointed beard played a smile of genuine welcome; and in his whole bearing was visible the quiet dignity and simplicity of a country gentleman, owning, as his father had before him, everything about him, and accustomed to command. At his side, her ample proportions surmounted by a face still beautiful as a Madonna, stood the mistress of Pampatike, with her two blooming daughters and a son. Behind these was a handsome man, the youngest son of Robert E. Lee, bearing his immortal name, and not unlike him. Besides the immediate family, a young tutor, and half a dozen schoolboys ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age, were grouped about them. "Gracious!" exclaimed Tracy, as he beheld the house and the number it was called upon to contain. "They will have no place for us. We must go back." "Never you mind," said master. "Houses and hospitality in these parts are made of india-rubber, and can stretch."

The process of introduction gone through with, and our wagon unloaded, the gentlemen were shown to their rooms, with all apprehensions quieted as to Pampatike's capacity for accommodating guests.

Colonel "Tom" Carter of Pampatike, as he is

---

caressingly called by the thousands who know, honor, and love him, is direct lineal descendant of that John Carter of Corotoman, who came to Virginia in 1649; who was the trusted friend of Lord Fairfax; and whose descendants are more numerous to-day in the Old Dominion than those of any other two men who ever begat or begot upon her soil. As a boy, Tom was sent to Virginia's Military Institute, and took his degree there, little dreaming how soon his military knowledge would be needed. With the death of the old folks came his inheritance of Pampatike; and who so fitting to be its mistress as beautiful and beloved Sue Roy of Gloucester? It has been said of her, that she was so good and kind and true, as well as beautiful, that even her many rejected lovers bore her no grudge in their disappointment, and still remained her warm admirers. Here, at old Pampatike, this last generation of the Carters built their nest; and, amidst love and peace and plenty, had begun to rear another brood of the old stock, when war burst upon them. The Carters were Whigs to the last man of them. Responsibility for war lay not at their doors, for they were Federalists and Union men. But when it came in spite of them, they considered that their first allegiance was due to Virginia, and so believing, not a regiment of Virginia troops that marched away to her defence was without its full quota of the Carters. Why should it not be so? Were they not bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh? And besides, were they not cousins of Robert E. Lee? That was enough. "Blood is thicker than water," is the Carter rally-

ing cry; and whoever strikes a Carter has the family to fight! So at it they went, hammer and tongs, and reluctant as they had been to begin, they continued fighting, such of them as were not killed, until their cousin Robert advised them that it was madness to prolong the struggle.



Pampatike.

Tom went out as captain of a battery. Wounded and promoted several times, he was colonel when the surrender at Appomattox came. His gallantry was as widely recognized as that of any officer of Lee's army.

His wife was as heroic as himself. Although she knew that Pampatike would necessarily be within the zone of military operations, she declared it to be her duty and her purpose to remain there and conduct and protect the plantation. This she did.

But the task was not without its horrors and its dangers. Every soldier who put his foot upon the place, be he Union or Confederate, honored and respected Mrs. Carter. She would not refuse food to the hungry, or succor to sick and wounded, whether they were friends or foes. But notwithstanding the deference shown to her by all, she could not fail to witness many harrowing sights. One day a party of Union scouts was attacked in her yard, and one of their number was shot dead upon the porch of Pampatike. When the combatants had withdrawn, she called her servants, ordered a grave prepared, read over the dead soldier the Episcopal burial service, and laid him in his grave. This done, the ordinary routine of the farm was resumed as if no war was in progress. Never a servant left her until the end. How could they? They depended upon her even more than she depended on them. Another day, she heard the crash of every gun her husband's artillery fired at the battle at Bethesda Church, but a few miles from home.

She was alone in her room that day, praying for his safety.

So things went on — he in the forefront of the battle, she at her post upon the farm — for four years. Then came the end. The peerless infantry of Lee stacked arms. Tom Carter's battalion of artillery was parked; and as a friend said of him, "for the last time saluting the old flag that was bedabbled with his blood," he turned his head homeward to Pampatike, and never more aspired to be a soldier. Look at the colonel and his wife

now, — serene, hospitable, gentle. How hard it is to put them back into their old places in the past. It required close questioning to elicit from either of them any part of the story of their war-time troubles.

Impoverished by war, Colonel Carter again sought employment in active life; and as his duties took him away, she, wishing to keep her children about her, had engaged a tutor for her youngest boy, and taken eight or ten other boys as boarders. Eight or ten, — that was all. People would have been so glad to send their sons to such a place that she could have had, if she would have taken them, a hundred boys; but she declined to increase the number.

We were lucky to find the colonel at home. Pampatike was at its best when "Colonel Tom," mounted on his blaze-faced thoroughbred bay filly, Langtry, was sweeping the low grounds with his eagle eye, just as he once rode around looking for positions for his guns.

Such were our host and hostess, and such the place where we were visiting. Oh! how it pained me to hear, a year or two ago, that the colonel had closed the Pampatike establishment! The girls and boys had married, all but one; and he, the youngest, was in business in a neighboring city. The colonel's duties called him to another state; and the lady of the house, after all her long years of rule at Pampatike, left alone, followed the others, and closed its doors.

Farewell, old place! Another of the few remaining lights of the olden time has gone out. May your mistress be happy wherever she goes. I know

she will be beloved. But never flourished country-seat under sovereign's rule better than did Pampatike under the gentle sway of its charming mistress.

Yet a few years more, and not a single light of the olden day will glimmer in Virginia; for the old folks, with no one to replace them, are fast falling to sleep.

There were no kennels at Pampatike. How I loathe kennels! The finest kennel on earth is but a gilded dog-prison. We had good bedding in an old outhouse; but I soon stole away from that, and sought a place upon a door-mat on the rear portico. The low windows of the dining-room opened upon the veranda, and I could, by placing my forepaws on the window-sills, peep through the shutters and see all that was going on within. What a scene it was! The family and guests were at supper. The great table was laden with smoking viands, and sparkled with china and glass. The colonel's back was towards me. The happy faces of the family and guests and schoolboys were ranged on either side of the long table. At its further end, behind a silver tea-service that had no doubt belonged to the Carter family for a century or more, appeared the hospitable, happy face of our hostess. Flitting about the table were several servants, bearing all that hungry hunters could wish. It made me so keen for food that I stood there dancing, first on one foot, and then on the other, praying for my time to come.

Meanwhile I was not alone. As is customary when distinguished strangers arrive at a country-

place, the servants had collected on the rear portico to peep through the blinds at the guests, and criticise them. Their comments were very amusing. Master came in for his full share of observation, along with the others. His appearance, as he sat there, with his broad shoulders, round head, and smooth-shaved face, laughing and eating very heart-



“Mr. Jacky, is dat yo’ pa, sure ’nuf?”

ily, seemed to make a great impression upon the servants. About this time our little Jacky came running by, for several of the smaller boys had been required to await the second table. Lizzie, a half-grown Topsy of a girl, who had been watching, with popping eyes, turned to him, eagerly exclaiming, “Mr. Jacky, is dat yo’ pa, sure ’nuf?” Assured of the fact by Jack, she exclaimed enthusiastically, “Well, sir, I tell *you* he’s a puffick beauty!”

At this I gave a yelp, and jumped down from

the window-sill. The poor thing thought she had trod on me, and patted me, saying, "I ax your pawdon, Di." Truth is she had not touched me. My yelp was dog laughter at the idea of anybody calling my master a perfect beauty. I had heard him called everything but that, and that amused me intensely.

I found every boy on the place knew every accomplishment I possessed. Our boys had talked to the other boys about Di until great things were expected of me. It is pretty hard work to run thirty or forty miles hunting in the daytime, and then perform as a trick-dog at night. But I felt that our family reputation was at stake, and when taken into the house after supper, went through it all as well as I could. The boys, from "Winky" Watts, to "Fatty" Foster, declared that I was a wonderful dog; and all the old Carters hanging on the walls seemed to blink down approvingly upon our merriment.

At bedtime I was summoned by a low whistle from the house calling me from the shed where I was asleep. Master sneaked me quietly into the room assigned to him and Mr. Tracy. His shooting-coat was soon spread over a tanned sheepskin by the blazing wood fire, as a resting-place for me. When the candles were extinguished, and the fire-light danced on the muslin curtains, or glinted on the crockery, and the gilt trimmings of the high old tester bed, it did seem to me that nothing in this world was lacking to make our party comfortable.

"Lucky fellow!" said Tracy, as he drew the bed-clothes under his chin. "To have your boys grow



up in such a place, free from the dirty contamination of the city, and under the refining influences of a family like this. Blessed man! That lady's face will be a beacon light to them through life, bidding them, by the memory of her, to love purity and refinement as long as they live."

We had a memorable hunt at Pampatike next day. I call it a hunt out of courtesy, but it was more like a riot, rout, and unlawful assembly. The boys had two dogs, Dude and Birdo. The first-named was a very blood-like pointer; the second was a nondescript setter. Dude had in him the making of a most excellent dog. Both of them knew just where to hunt for every covey within five miles; and while neither of them was half broken, both were exceedingly ambitious. We were to part with the boys at midday, on our homeward journey; and as they were to return to Pampatike without us and would need their dogs, we started out that morning with six gunners and four dogs. Nothing could exceed the hospitable farewell given us by the Carters. The colonel accompanied us astride Langtry, until we had located several bebies; and then, apologizing for leaving us on the score of engagements elsewhere, he galloped away, with form erect and firm seat, just as he had done, no doubt, in days gone by, when he led that battery into action.

The school-teacher was an excellent shot. Accustomed to shooting with the boys, he was in the forefront of the fusillade, and made a better bag than any of the gentlemen. Master also was willing to risk it with the boys; but Mr. Tracy and the New

York gentleman held back cautiously, remarking, "that the fun was not sufficient to justify the danger of shooting in such a crowd." As for myself and Eva, we were thoroughly "rattled." Old Birdo was a jealous fellow. When we pointed, he paid no attention to us whatever until he had gained a position in advance of us. Back-standing had evidently been no part of his education. As a result, half the birds we found were put up by him before the shooters were in position; and from the standpoint of real sportsmanship, the day was a failure. But any man or dog who would let these little annoyances blind him to the enjoyment of that day by those boys, was but a surly fellow.

Our conveyance had driven back to the ferry from the house, and, moving up the farther bank of the river to a point opposite to us, was awaiting us there, where, by crossing in a small boat, we could join it and save several miles' riding on our return home. Mrs. Carter had sent a glorious luncheon by two schoolboys who rode down in our wagon, intending to return with their companions. They brought the luncheon across the river and spread it near the bank of the stream, under a wide-spreading oak. Here we rested at midday, and here we parted with our boys, leaving them with happy faces and well-filled pockets. When we last saw them, Birdo, Dude, and half a dozen youngsters were making it very uncomfortable for a rabbit, which they had started while we were crossing the stream.

That afternoon we had some excellent sport on the Pamunky flats, and shooting until after sundown, we reached home late in the night.

“My dear boy,” said Tracy as we rode home in the darkness, “this is all very charming. — But you know that picture is not yet begun. Two whole days of our week are gone.”

“To-morrow we begin,” said master, “and I am as anxious as you can be, to see the name of J. M. Tracy in the corner of a picture called ‘November on the James.’”

In the next chapter you shall hear and see how shooting-pictures are built, from their beginning to their completion.



## Chapter XII

(1887)

How Pictures representing Field Sports are made



HE next day found our whole party at our favorite shooting-ground, Snowden.

The character of the painting which was to be made by Mr. Tracy had been fully discussed and determined.

While he had greatly enjoyed the visit to Pam-patike, the scenery thereabouts was such that little inducement was offered for an attractive picture. On the other hand, he was enthusiastic over the valley of the James with its variety of hills and lowlands and the handsome river; and the name

selected for the coming sketch was "November on the James." Since that time the picture has been lithographed and engraved until it is one of his well-known productions.

Dicky Don, the black and tan puppy I described as so friendly on my first visit to Snowden in 1884, was, by this time, a handsome, well-developed, and thoroughly trained dog. He was but a year my junior, with the advantage over me of constant residence in the country; and steady work during the seasons of 1885 and 1886 had made him one of the best field dogs I ever hunted with. He was the dearest dog friend I ever had. We hunted together so much and for so long a period that we understood each other thoroughly, and our intimacy and attachment never had a jar of any kind. When, last fall, master brought me the intelligence that Dicky Don was dead after eight years of faithful service, it made me feel that death's shaft had indeed struck nearer to me than ever before. Pondering upon my own age and weakness, I realize that it is but a little while before the hour of my own departure will arrive.

Nothing was further from our minds than thoughts of death or even of old age when our party set forth that bright November morning upon its search for game and landscape. The gentlemen were all mounted. The attendant carried an easel and paint-box besides the usual equipment. Mr. Tracy was provided with a camera besides his gun and ammunition. Our time was divided between shooting and selecting the background and the poses for our coming picture.



Tracy's Photograph of Background.

In spite of the general desire to begin work on the picture, Dick and I gave our friends a good warming up at sport, for the birds were out that morning, and we found them within a few hundred yards of where the sketch was made.

After an hour's shooting we reached a point which gave the artist, as he declared, an ideal background for his work. It was on the slope of a hill which bounds the valley. From this slope, looking north-westwardly, the lowlands, the river, and picturesque Cartersville were all in sight. Here Mr. Tracy made the photograph I now insert.

The servant was relieved of the easel and paint-box; Mr. Tracy proceeded to dispose of himself and his belongings for the sketch; and after bidding him good luck, we left him painting from nature the same scene that he had photographed. We spent several hours shooting in the low grounds. It must have been tantalizing to Mr. Tracy to hear the guns and see the men and dogs, as he worked away on the hillside; for we were in sight of him the greater part of the time we were absent. We had good shooting. Absorbed as he now was, our movements seemed to possess very little attraction for him.

When we returned we found he had worked rapidly and successfully, and the following is the sketch he made for the background of his picture.

This sketch which awaited our return may prove of interest to the reader, who can compare two impressions made simultaneously, one on the camera, the other on the eye of the artist; especially as the sketch was made by Mr. Tracy before he developed the negative in his camera.



Tracy's Sketch of Background.



After he finished the painting he presented the sketch to my master as a memento, and it to-day hangs in master's drawing-room just under an oil painting of myself.

The following sketch, made by master, is a sort of caricature of the scene when we returned and were waiting for the artist to complete his work upon his background.



Tracy Sketching.

Work upon the sketch completed, Mr. Tracy announced that his next object was to secure a pretty grouping of figures for the foreground.

"Aha!" thought Dick and Nellie and I. "Now it grows interesting! Side by side with pictures of our masters we will go down to future generations on Tracy's canvas."

Resuming their horses, the men followed us through several fields, until at last Mr. Tracy found a place which he announced as suitable. It was at the head of a little swale where briars, min-

gled with deer-berries, made a smoky-looking mass, crowned with a pinkish hue; and one or two small cedars added the color which is so lacking at this season. These seemed to catch the artist's eye, and we were directed to dispose ourselves for the photograph.

Much that was done was unintelligible to me. I heard a good deal I did not comprehend, about making the work picturesque by representing the sportsmen with old-fashioned muzzle-loading guns, and painting shot-pouches, powder-flasks, etc. Those things had all disappeared before my day. Nor did I understand why Mr. Tracy sought so much information from master and Mr. Selden about a breed of pointers used by the Virginia sportsmen of past generations,—a breed said to have been very tough and enduring and now almost or quite extinct. I thought, all the while, that the object of all the gentlemen was to make an up-to-date picture, and never doubted that, when finished, all of us, men and dogs, just as we were, would appear in the picture.

When it came to the taking of the photograph now called for, the subordinate position assigned in the grouping to my master and myself did not at all satisfy my expectations. He was far in the background, actually holding the horses, and, at the moment when Mr. Tracy snapped the instrument, Nellie and I were behind the New York gentleman. "However," thought I, "I am only a dog. Although posted in other things, I am not an artist. These men know their business better than I do; and, no doubt, it will be all right in the end."

The New York gentleman was provided with a mullen stalk to simulate a ramrod; Mr. Selden stooped over, as if taking up a dead bird from Dick; master sat on one horse, holding the other horses, in a group; there was some manœuvring for position; and before I was aware that the moment had arrived, or could take any pains to assume an attractive attitude, as I fully intended to do, "click" went the camera, and it was announced that nothing more was necessary.

Mr. Tracy left us then, saying he would return to the house, develop his negatives, and make some prints to see if he had succeeded in getting what he wanted.

That evening when we went home he showed us the picture on the following page.

I saw it with a keen sense of disappointment. Nellie and I were almost out of sight, and master a mere speck in the distance, while Dicky Don, Mr. Selden, and the New York gentleman were the prominent objects. "Why," argued I, "should my master, who is Mr. Tracy's friend, and who brought him here; and I, his dog, both of us recognized as first-class sportsmen, — why, I repeat, should we be crowded out of this picture by anybody? It is all right for Mr. Selden and you, Dicky, to be in the foreground; but you know Nellie is not of our class, and you know that young New York chap is not a real sportsman. Now what on earth is he doing in the front of that picture, with master and myself nearly crowded out altogether? Answer me that, Dick!" said I, in a grumbling, dissatisfied mood, that night, when we were curled up in our box.



Tracy's Photograph for Figures in Foreground.

Dick was in it, as he thought, all right. So was his master. And, like most people, who are philosophical when they have all they want, and think that those who have not should be equally so, he replied that he had no doubt we would all be satisfied when the picture was finished; that whether we were or not, we could not control the matter; and that the best thing to do was to stop worrying about it, and go to sleep, for we had hard work ahead of us to-morrow.

I thought that, of course, the painting would go right ahead now, and that we would enjoy seeing Mr. Tracy compose and execute his piece; but in this also we were disappointed. He announced that it was his invariable custom, after having collected the material for a composition, to lay it aside for a little while, so that when he took the subject up for completion, his mind would be fresh, and freed from the possible errors of first impressions, or, at least, with time to consider.

During the remainder of his stay the only painting he did, was of the character of the grasses; to preserve notes of the colors of the foliage and the trees; and he made a careful study of standing corn-stalks, which he reproduced in the picture as finally completed.

A month or two after this he sent us an artist's proof of the completed picture. Here it is.

The picture possesses very little interest for me. I was prepared for a disappointment. I do think it was an indignity put upon my master to paint him as a negro holding horses; and the New York gentleman is not recognizable in the common look-



By permission of Mr. Klackner.

Complete Picture. — November on the James.

Copyrighted by C. Klackner, 7 W. 28th Street, New York.

ing boy who is getting a charge of powder for that muzzle-loader. The likeness of Mr. Selden is, as you may see, fairly well preserved. As for the dogs, I felt sincere sympathy for Dick. I expected no better; but, with all his philosophical advice to me, he most assuredly did expect to figure in that picture, and was cut to the quick when he saw, in the place he expected to occupy, a pointer of the type of long ago, the like of which neither he nor I have ever seen in all our experiences. I will make the best amends I can for this disappointment of my dear departed friend, by closing this chapter with his picture; and I leave it to you to decide, dear reader, whether he was not a handsome fellow, worthy of a place in the picture to which he had contributed so much.

The thing that surprised me most was that both master and Mr. Selden were delighted with Tracy's "November on the James," and appeared to suffer no sort of chagrin that it did not represent either themselves or their dogs, but was what men call an ideal sketch. A dog considers an ideal thing as nothing, for he is eminently practical.

I have heard that it had an immense sale, which I hope is true; for, notwithstanding the result of Mr. Tracy's visit was so different from what I anticipated, I remember him with great affection.

I am writing this within eight years after the occurrence of the events chronicled. Within that time, by some strange fatality, every man, horse, and dog in those photographs, but my master and myself, is dead; for the news has come but recently that the great kind heart of the master of Snowden has ceased to beat.

Pardon me, dear reader, for concluding this chapter with these sad reflections of a solitary old age. I began this narrative to amuse and to divert you, and have no right to intrude them upon you.

Let us laugh together once more, for well do I remember those lines, "Laugh, and the world laughs with us; weep, and we weep alone."



Dicky Don.



## Chapter XIII

(1888)

Superstitions — In North Carolina — A Dog-show  
— A Fox-hunt — And a Sad Change



BELIEVE that every hunter in this world, biped or quadruped, has certain superstitions. For myself, I frankly confess that I have them, and offer no reasons, arguments, explanations, or apologies therefor. I simply have them, and that is all there is of it. I cannot help regarding the number thirteen as an unlucky number; and, like many another hunter, I entertain the prejudice of our craft against setting out upon any enterprise on a Friday.

With these notions firmly embedded in my mind, I discovered that, unawares, I had begun to write this thirteenth chapter on Friday the thirteenth day of the month, in this the thirteenth year of my life. When I realized this extraordinary conjuncture of

unlucky days, years, and numbers, it made me very uncomfortable for a time.

While under the influence of the depression resulting from this discovery, I met with my old friend Cassandra, a vagrant hound that hangs about our village, and is suspected of dealing in mysteries, by the young dogs of the place. I have always felt sympathy and kindness for "Cassy," as she is called, she seemed so friendless; and I have always believed that the suspicions referred to sprung from her being compelled to prowl around at night for food, because she has no owner, rather than from any real foundation. Be this as it may, however, I could not resist talking to her about what was on my mind when we met.

Cassy was not a cheerful companion at her best, and when I told her the things that were troubling me, she sat down upon her haunches, lifted her head with its bloodshot eyes, and gave a dismal howl, which intensified the wretchedness of my feelings. "You have been too ambitious," said she; "you have offended Wooglin, the good spirit of dogs. You have aspired to be the equal of men, and incurred the wrath of the dog gods. What else could a dog who attempts to write a book expect? Remain here awhile, and I will fetch you something that may break the evil spell." And off she went, with a lightness of which I did not think her capable. Grateful for the promptness of her sympathy, I endeavored, during Cassandra's absence, to console myself by pooh-poohing ignorant superstitions, and by philosophically reflecting that at my age a dog has very little to lose, even if the worst hap-

pens to him. But we all know that philosophy and reflection, however calm and correct they may be, do not relieve the misery of ignorant prejudices, any more than they stop toothache; and I was glad enough to see old Cassy come trotting back with something in her mouth.

“Here is the foot of a rabbit which was caught by a cross-eyed nigger in a graveyard on a cloudy night,” said she. “You know what power for good is attributed to it. It was given to me years ago and has protected me from many dangers. I ought not to part with it; but I like you, Di, and you are in need of the most powerful counter-charm that can be secured. It is very hard and very dry, and your poor old teeth are not in good condition to masticate it; but you must chew it and swallow it. Its mere possession is not enough. In a serious case like yours the charm must be incorporated into your system in order to become effectual as an antidote. Having eaten it and averted the threatened danger, you must abstain, henceforth, from writing books; for no charm, however powerful, can protect a dog author from the wrath of dog gods, to say nothing of the prejudices of men.” “But what will become of you, Cassy, if you part with your charm?” said I, protesting; for in my heart I doubted its efficacy, and was by no means resolved to abandon my book. “Oh! It doesn’t matter about me,” she said, with a sigh. “I could not be more deserted or forlorn than I have been for a long time. It is but a little while until I shall need no charm. Now do not refuse me. Chew and swallow the rabbit foot in my presence.”

And I did so. There I sat mumbling and gnawing away at it until it gradually softened, broke into fragments, and, after a long process of mastication, was bolted, hair, bones, toe-nails, and all.

Cassy evidently regarded the proceeding as a serious business. While I crunched away on the rabbit foot, she sat with eyes turned upwards towards Sirius, the dog-star, uttering some sort of whimpering incantation, and, when she saw me make the last gulp as I swallowed it, she sprang to her feet with a glad yelp, said that all omens were propitious, expressed confidence that the impending evils had been averted; and then, imploring me not to tempt bad luck again, she bade me adieu. Odd as the coincidence may seem, I never saw Cassy again.

Within a week after this interview she was killed by a falling tree in a midnight coon hunt.

A day or two after the rabbit-foot episode, a Captain Rogers, an old friend of my master, visited the house where I am now living, and, recognizing me, fastened a little stone, called a "Fairy Stone," to the ring of my collar. He said it possessed all sorts of virtues, such as prolonging life, renewing youth, averting accidents, and what not. It was odd that he should have done this thing at that time, for of course he knew nothing of my superstitions.

Well! Whatever the dangers of ill-luck may have been, and whatever may have been the merits, demerits, or lack of merit, of rabbit foot or Fairy Stone, it is certain that since the time named I have felt in better health and better spirits, and am now prepared, regardless of ill-omen or counter-charm,

to proceed with this book, be the consequences what they may.

I look back to the year of 1888 as in many respects the most eventful of my life. It opened fair and promising. It was filled with novelty and pleasant excitements; and its close was marked with a change in our family arrangements, which, however advantageous it may have been to master, was not so to me. I always look back to that year as the high-water mark of my happiness. Since then my life has seemed to be on the decline.

In January of 1888, the quail season having ended in Virginia, we prolonged our quail-shooting by a trip to King's Mountain, in North Carolina. Our party consisted of Mr. Selden with Dicky Don, several gentlemen who lived in Richmond, master, myself, and Aminé. As on former occasions, we had a private car. Upon arriving at King's Mountain, this was side-tracked, and we made our daily excursions in shooting-wagons. The quails were very plentiful. I observed, however, that even at this place they are perceptibly smaller than the birds found in Pennsylvania and Virginia. As one goes south the decrease in size of the quail is plainly observable. A year or two later I hunted in Florida, and there found them smaller than those in North and South Carolina. So, in Louisiana they are smaller still; and, when, at last, I hunted in southwestern Texas and along the Mexican border on the Rio Grande, the birds, although more plentiful than anywhere I had ever been before, were smaller, and their plumage was less distinctly marked, than any I had previously seen. There is no doubt



Comparative Sizes of Quail.

*From Originals in National Museum of Natural History.*

of the identity of the bird with those found, for example, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania; but the Texas bird does not compare with the Pennsylvania bird in size, brilliancy and distinctness of markings, or in strength or length of flight. The North Carolina birds we were now shooting were just about midway in these characteristics between the extremes of Texas and Pennsylvania.

King's Mountain is located near the dividing line between North and South Carolina, and our hunting was done partly in one State and partly in the other. Master and his companions seemed much interested in the King's Mountain. It was a small affair as a mountain, and its top was flat. I heard them telling how, a hundred years ago, the troops of some king had been encamped upon the summit, and were attacked and defeated by the Americans; but this is nothing like as interesting to me as to them. My chief diversion was found in the abundance of quail in the valleys and foot-hills about the mountain; the excellent supply of water; and the people we met. One of the residents of King's Mountain accompanied us with his dog Bill, who put both Dicky Don and myself to shame. Good dog as was Dicky Don at home, he always gave back sadly on these distant expeditions. Travel did not agree with him; and strange scenes and faces always seemed to upset him and destroy his energy and confidence.

Bill was a pointer. He knew his ground well, and, for the first day or two, had us sadly at a disadvantage. All the gunners recognized his superiority, and his master was very proud of the way in which Bill cut out the work for us Virginia dogs.

I soon discovered that shooting quail was comparatively a rare sport in this section. Nearly all those captured are taken in nets. A party of horsemen will go forth with dogs and nets. When the dogs have located the birds, the men spread the nets at a little distance from where the dogs are pointing, and, calling the dogs off, the men on horseback proceed to drive the birds, which seldom fly before persons who are mounted. The nets have two long wings which are set, converging towards a cylindrical mesh. The birds pass along these wings until they come to a barrel-shaped pocket, and into this the whole covey runs. Then one of the party of hunters dismounts, hastens to the mouth of the pocket and closes it, and the entire covey is thus entrapped. Ordinarily the netters release one or two pairs of birds for breeding purposes, and then wring the necks of the others, place them in a bag, and, when they have in this way secured sufficient birds, they ship them to northern markets.

Those who engage in this slaughter make no pretense of being sportsmen. They confess themselves to be mere pot-hunters, and dislike gunners, because shooting at birds makes them much less gentle, and more inclined to fly, instead of running along upon the ground as the netters desire, when dogs point them.

In the course of our shooting hereabouts we came upon several of these netting-parties, who seemed unconscious of the contempt in which we held them; and who, in turn, could not understand why we were content to put up the birds and go to the expense and trouble of shooting them one by one, when, by





*Texas.*

*Virginia.*

Contrast between Virginia and Texas Bird.

their method, we could obtain the whole covey cheaper and with less trouble. So rare was the gunner in these parts, that one day two very respectable and intelligent farmers, aged probably thirty to thirty-five years, accompanied our party for several hours to see men shoot quail. They told us that although they had lived there all their lives and had seen quail netted every season, they had never before witnessed the sport of shooting them. Another day, it being Saturday, we were followed by a party



Netting in North Carolina.

of ten or twelve boys, ranging in age from six to sixteen, who watched quail-shooting with the keenest interest and liveliest curiosity, as a great novelty.

One little bit of fun I must not omit to narrate. One of our party was a Mr. Boulware. He was a keen and ambitious sportsman and fairly good shot, but rather out of practice. This was the first opportunity he had had for sport for some time.

He had no shooting-clothes and was dressed in an old business suit, and put his birds in his coat-tail pockets. He aspired to make a better bag than master. Master was not a jealous gunner, and rather encouraged Mr. Boulware to get all the shots and bag all the birds he could. We had flushed a covey and were following the single birds into a piece of open pines where they had pitched into matted broom-sedge. Aminé, our little pointer gyp, stood a bird just in front of Mr. Boulware. Her feet were almost pressing upon the bird. Anybody could see that by looking at her. Mr. Boulware moved quickly up to get the shot; and, as the bird endeavored to extricate itself from the tangled grasses, little Aminé snapped at it and caught it. Mr. Boulware took it from her mouth and held it up, exclaiming that it was his, and to be added to his score. "Certainly," said master, laughing; "get 'em any way you can," and Mr. Boulware, never doubting Aminé had badly crippled the bird, was careless about putting it out of pain. With a chuckle of satisfaction he passed it into his capacious coat-tail pocket and moved on. About two minutes after this, master's gun suddenly exploded. Wheeling around and noting the direction, I saw a bird fall, and galloped to retrieve it. No one had seen or heard a bird rise; and the unexpected shot, immediately in his rear, startled Mr. Boulware considerably. "I did not see that bird! Where did it come from?" exclaimed he. "Out of your pocket," said master, with a merry twinkle. It was some time before Mr. Boulware could be convinced that this was true. Indeed, he did not

believe it until he had emptied his pockets, counted his birds, and made sure that his score was one short. "Whose bird is it now?" said master; and Mr. Boulware confessed that he had fairly forfeited all claim to it. He was not aware of what a tender-mouthed retriever our little Aminé was. He could not believe that the bird had recovered from the shock and had struggled out of his pocket and started away, flying as swift and strong as if it had never been mouthed by a dog and knocked carelessly across a gun-barrel.



Aminé Pointing.

The snipe season of 1888 followed quickly upon our return from North Carolina; and then, in the fall, came a novel experience for me. It was my first and last experience in a dog show. I feel equally glad that it was both the one and the other.

In the year 1888 a great exposition came off in Richmond. Besides the industrial display there were races and other attractions. Buffalo Bill's

show was to be there ; and, among other things, it was determined to have a dog show.

Master was requested to take charge of and direct this dog show. He was experienced in such matters, having been judge of setters and pointers for many years at the Westminster Kennel Club shows in New York, when he was a young fellow ; and while some people thought it below his dignity, now that he was older, to act as manager, master took the proposition in good part, and consented to help the exposition in any way he could, and to organize the dog show, provided the management would carry out his plans. He received full authority from them, and then began such preparations for a dog congress as I never saw before or since. Richmond is a small place, with a population of about a hundred thousand people ; but my master gave them a dog show equal in every detail to the finest ever given in New York, Boston, Chicago, or elsewhere. It may not have been as profitable as those given in the great centres of population, but it offered prizes as large as any of them ; had every appointment known to metropolitan exhibitions ; and attracted dogs from one end of the Union to the other. A man from Vermont brought blood-hounds ; New Englanders were there with St. Bernards and mastiffs. All the crack bull-dogs of the land competed. Toy-dogs, terriers, spaniels, maltese poodles, and every variety of visitors came. And the setters of every breed and pointers from every section put in an appearance in force. It was indeed a famous show ; and, to this day, sportsmen speak of that dog show as one of the best and most suc-

cessfully conducted meetings ever held in America. The special feature was a collection of one hundred and seven Virginia fox-hounds. These dogs were run as a pack. Three days' fox-hunting was arranged for. Master advertised for and bought about thirty foxes. One of these foxes he would set at liberty at some point about seven miles from town, each morning. Then, from a place designated the day before, and near to the exhibition grounds, he would have a live drag started early in the morning. The drag would be taken by a designated route to the point where the fox had been released an hour before, and then the drag was taken up. By this means the pack, starting from the place designated for the meet, ran a drag scent upon a known route to where it struck the free scent, and, from there on, the chase took nature's course until there was a kill or failure. Old fox-hunters may ridicule this style of fox-hunting, but master said it was the best he could do, and that he was on a "campaign of education." Whether it was orthodox fox-hunting or not, it gave a great many people a great deal of pleasure. There were, upon the drag route, several good ditches, fences, and hedges; and, knowing where the hunt would pass, many who were not fox-hunters assembled at these trying points, and not only saw the hounds go by, but witnessed some of the rarest jumping and heaviest falls ever seen in Virginia fox-hunting.

When the hippodroming part of the hunt was over, and the dogs reached the free scent where the real hunting began, there was reasonably good fox-hunting, I am told.

Edmund Winston of Hanover came up with his famous pack. John Haw came from King William. The Whites and the Durretts from Albemarle were there, and many others. Swan Latrobe came down with his horses from Baltimore; and Hal Dulaney with his from Loudoun. Old Colonel Fred Skinner, aged over seventy, one of the greatest living fox-hunters, came down from New York and rode in every hunt. He was on the staff of the "Turf, Field, and Farm," and was master's special guest. Mr. Morewood appeared in the pink of his hunting-club in England; and many others from a distance were at the meets. No more inspiring sight was ever witnessed on the streets of Richmond than the cavalcade of men and women, numbering over one hundred, who started on the "Welcome Hunt," the opening day.

At the place designated for the meet, the several packs appeared, led by their respective owners. The dogs had been kennelled near together and fed together for several days so as to avoid, as much as possible, the fighting which is apt to occur among strange dogs. Of course it was hopeless that when the scent was once acknowledged, they would any longer keep together as a pack. The eagerness of their respective owners to display the superior speed of their own dogs would of itself have prevented this, and was a feature promising much sport. At an appointed signal the packs were led forward by their owners to the point whence the drag started. No prettier sight was ever witnessed than when Edmund Winston's Wise and John Haw's Brilliant and Bender struck, and, giving tongue like three trum-

peters, cast forward side by side, running true to the line, and fast as ghosts, followed by a chorus of one hundred dogs. Out by the hermitage, across the old fortifications, quick through the suburban barrens, sped the hounds; followed by owners, huntsmen, and lookers on, in such a pell-mell chase as is seldom seen. Where the scent crossed the slab-town road, a party of watchers were rewarded by a close view of the whole pack in full cry, and of fifty riders taking a high fence on one side and a sunken ditch beyond. A moment later and the storm had swept past — the voices of the dogs dying out in the woods beyond — the forms of the riders disappearing as, one by one, they cleared a distant hedge. All that was left to tell the tale were several “lame-ducks,” who had come to grief, with cause or without it; and one or two laggard hounds for whom the pace had been too hot, trotting along indifferently, and far behind, in the general direction of the hunt. But I must give up describing fox-hunting.

This thing went on for three days. I am no fox-hunter, and if I continue in this vein, I will have no opportunity to describe the many interesting and amusing things which I saw in my own class.

So away with fox-hunting. Let us go back from these roistering hounds to the more intellectual society of setters and pointers. They are the aristocracy among dogs.

Dicky Don, Young Beulah, and I were kennelled together with other dogs belonging to master and Mr. Selden. We were marked “not for competition,” as our masters were interested in the show. Several of our puppies were with us, and unfortunate



it was that they were, for they all contracted distemper, and one of them, Imogen, died from its effects. I wonder how long it will be before the owners of valuable puppies will learn that it is tempting disease and death to send them to these dog shows.

Our benches were facing the judging ring, and we had ample opportunities to see and hear a great deal.

Our old friend Mr. Tracy was judge. I often wondered whether if I had been taken in for competition he would have given me anything. I hardly think he would have done so, for there were much handsomer dogs than I present. If he could have made my field work count in my favor, I know he would have helped me. Dude, Spencer Carter's pointer, of whom I spoke in a previous chapter, went in and won a fine prize. Dude was a handsome fellow. He went in without much preparation too, and won a prize away from a lot of dogs that had been groomed, by professional kennelmen, until they were as fine looking as Broadway dandies.

I saw an entirely new type of dog-men at this show. In fact, many new types. These people would come by our kennel and look at us very indifferently because we had no keepers, or blankets, or brushes. They did not seem to consider or look at a dog's head, and his eye, and his muscle, and the pads of his feet, or appear interested in the question whether he could hunt. I could hear them talking all about me, and the things they talked about were whether the dog's

coat was smooth or curly, and whether he had a good feather on his tail, and what bench show prizes he had won, and how much he would sell for. Those were the kennelmen. I could see them combing and brushing and bathing the dogs as carefully as if they were gold or silver dogs, but I never once heard one of these fellows talking about hunting the dogs. They struck me as an odd lot. The dogs themselves were beauties. It was a great pleasure to me to see such pointers as Tammany, Lad of Bow, and Bang Bang, and such setters as Gloster and Dad Wilson. I took very little interest in mere bench-show winners. Unless they have field qualities they amount to nothing. A very amusing thing occurred with two of these curled darlings who were benched near me. One afternoon the dog show was crowded. The attendance about the stall of ——— and ——— two famous English setters and bench-show winners, was larger than elsewhere in the show. Their blue ribbons were dangling from their boxes; their pedigrees were pinned up behind them; they had fine cloth bedding; and their beautifully groomed blue belton markings made them the envy of us all.

Suddenly the rumor went abroad in the building that a military pageant of some sort was going on in the grounds outside, and the visitors rushed out to see it, leaving the exhibition almost deserted for the time being. It was a section of artillery about to fire a salute. In a few minutes crash went a gun not far away, and the prize-winners sprung to their feet, their ears pricked up and working back and forth in abject terror; crash went another gun, and

— and — made a spring from their boxes, and turned a somersault on their chains. In this position, struggling and choking, they hung until the return of some kindly attendant; and had he been a little later, there would have been two dead first-prize winners in the Richmond show, choked to death through fright at that which a real good dog loves better than any other sound.

Every minute of the dog show interested me. The types and standards were so different from anything I had known before, and the owners of dog-show dogs were so unlike the class of dog-owners with whom I had been thrown.

At last the dog show ended. Owners and dogs, great and small, departed, and I returned home.

What greeted me there sent a chill of sorrow to my heart. On every hand I saw preparations for departure. The mirrors and pictures were down, the carpets up, the books in the library boxed. I knew what it all meant. Master was moving to New York. I was to go to live with Mr. Selden.

A day or two afterwards he came for me. I loved him and loved his home, but he was not my master, and it was not my home. When the children came and put their arms about me and kissed me and told me good-by; when mistress passed her hand over my forehead and patted me; when old Mammy put the corner of her apron to her eye; when, at last, master and Mr. Selden started to the depot, and called me to follow them,—I felt more wretched and deserted than ever in my whole life. As for master, he was full of hope and buoyancy at the change he was about to make, and told me I

would be as happy in the country as at home, and that he would often come there hunting, and see me as much as ever. He may have believed all this, but I did not, and to this day I have never forgiven him for not taking me with him to New York.



“Good-by.”

## Chapter XIV

(1889-1890)

### A Trip to Florida



HE season of 1889 was a busy one. Mr. Selden was an ardent sportsman and had many visitors. I was between five and six years old, and in my very prime. During all that season it was nip and tuck between Dicky Don and myself, as to which was the best dog. One day Mr. Selden would pronounce in favor of one, and the next he would award the palm to the other. Surely, no dog ought to have complained of a lot such as mine, for the kind gentleman with whom I was left seemed

fond of me, not only for my own sake, but on account of my absent master, whose departure he mourned nearly as much as I did myself. I believe the score of birds killed over me that season was larger than in any previous year, for I was now in the country all the time, and either Mr. Selden or his visitors were shooting every clear day of the season. Dicky Don was emphatically a one-man dog. When his master was along he hunted unremittingly; but when visitors sought to take him, he would go a little way with them, and then return home in search of Mr. Selden, to whom he was passionately attached and in whose absence he was wretched. Not so with me. From my earliest youth I would hunt for anybody that would take me out. Of course, when master was of the party, every one else was out of my consideration; but, he being absent, it was all grist that came to my mill, and no visitor ever had occasion to say that Di deserted and went home. As a consequence, I think I was a more popular dog than Dicky Don, with strangers. I liked to hunt with the visitors, for the further reason that it gave me opportunities for taking liberties with them that I would not have dared to venture upon with either master or Mr. Selden. On such occasions I made the hares fly before me as if the avenging angel pursued them, and did other things that were, I confess, outrageous. For instance, Mr. Selden would not believe young Harrison one evening, when, upon his return from shooting, he told him that I, being sent to retrieve a dead bird, which had fallen across a brook, had eaten it bodily.

“Nonsense,” said Mr. Selden. “I have shot over Di for years, and he is one of the tenderest mouthed retrievers I ever saw.”

“He *did* swallow the bird whole,” insisted the young fellow. “And, besides, he hunted and chased rabbits.”

“Now that last statement sounds more probable,” laughed Mr. Selden. “For he dearly loves hares. A little switching would, however, have put an end to that. But you cannot make me believe that Di swallowed a bird. I have seen him retrieve hundreds, nay, thousands, without turning a feather.”

Reader, young Harrison told the truth. I was, as Mr. Selden said, a very tender mouthed retriever; but at times the temptation to eat a bird was so great that to resist it was almost impossible. Master could have told Mr. Selden something about this which he did not know, for one day I actually started to swallow a bird whole while hunting with him. I say *one* day, for I never tried it again with him. He detected me in the act. Seizing me by the throat with one hand and choking me until my eyes fairly popped, he ran his other hand down my throat, got hold of that bird's legs, and pulled it forth, with all the feathers set the wrong way. As it came out, I felt as if I was being turned wrong side outward. But it was not through meanness that he required me to fetch him the birds untouched; for, on more than one occasion, knowing how fond I was of them, I have known him to carefully pick birds that were badly shot, and feed them to me. I would as soon have thought of committing the unpardonable sin

as trying to eat a bird in master's presence after that single experience. One day, to show him how thoroughly broke of my old trick I was, I played a practical joke upon him. Shooting in a thick piece of pines, a bird sprang very close to him and would have escaped in another moment behind the trees if he had not fired. At the moment of discharge the bird was so close to him that the whole load of shot must have struck it, for it was blown to atoms. The shot embedded themselves in a tree in the line of fire, actually pasting the head and wing of the bird, all that was left of it, against the rough bark. When I went up to retrieve, the only trace of the bird that I could discover was this head and wing, hanging on the side of the tree. Rearing up on my hind legs and reaching for these, I picked them off carefully and trotted back to master. At sight of me, holding up these little fragments, he burst into laughter and said, "Now here's a bird you might have swallowed before I could choke it out of your throat, you saucy rascal."

I missed my master most when the springtime came and the snipe season returned. Mr. Selden, being a farmer, was too busily engaged about his plantation at this season to visit the snipe marshes, which were distant sixty miles or more.

From time to time letters came from master, always containing loving messages for me, which were both delivered to and understood by me. Mr. Selden so fully appreciated this fact that he often invited visitors to observe my behavior when he delivered to me master's messages.

The autumn of 1889 arrived, and still master did



not appear. The shooting-season opened. Once more we ranged the brown stubble fields in the keen autumn air. Dicky Don, Mr. Selden, and I had become inseparable. Many a night, after our long hunts, we lay stretched before the fire, Mr. Selden and his good wife sitting near by, he reading, she sewing. He would look up and with a sigh say, "I wonder when old John will be down. It is the first season in ten years in which we have not shot together. He's up to his eyes in business in New York, I suppose. I expect his hunting days are over." No matter how tired I might be, my ears were always wide open when conversation like that occurred. I too sighed, and thought, "Yes. His hunting days are over. I am forgotten. The hunt for fame and money makes men forget even the truest friends of their simpler happier days."

Then we would pack up a hamper of game and express it to master in New York, accompanied by a letter telling him that game was more plentiful than for years, and Di was hunting better than ever before, in the hope that we would thereby stir up the old fires in him and make him break away from his new surroundings and come to us.

But it all seemed to be in vain. November passed, and December was fast drawing to its close. Letters came telling us that master was in this place or in that, engaged on some business he could not postpone; and I realized, more and more, what I had always feared, that my separation from master was almost complete. And little master, of whom I was so fond, what had become of him? He was gone

too. Gone, as I heard them say, to a great school where they make soldiers, and in which they keep them for years and years before they let them come out. "Well," thought I, as I realized how comfortable I was, and how much hunting I had, and how much worse it might have been, "it would be ungrateful in me if, with a kind friend like Mr. Selden, I was unhappy. I must take things as they are, and be content."

Usually the mail was brought up from the depot after supper. One night when we were all in our accustomed places after a hard day's hunt across the river in Powhatan County, the servant handed in a package of mail. Adjusting his glasses, and drawing the lamp towards him, Mr. Selden singled out one of the letters with the joyous exclamation, "Ah! Mary! Here's a long letter from John." Then he read it aloud. After explaining what had delayed his coming, master informed him that he was now at leisure, and that, as the bird season was nearly over in Virginia, and as he knew that Mr. Selden could not leave home until after hog-killing and the Christmas holidays, he had arranged a trip to Florida to come off early in January, and wished us to meet him in Richmond and go down with him to Tallahassee for a fortnight's shooting. Nobody loved a jaunt like this any better than Mr. Selden, and great was my joy at hearing him say that he would accept.

In due time we departed, Mr. Selden, Dicky Don, and myself, and two hours later we were awaiting at the Richmond depot the arrival of the train from the North, bound for Florida. As it

rolled into the depot, master sprung off before the cars stopped, and, hardly pausing to speak to Mr. Selden, he seized me and hugged me and fondled me as if I had been his child. I, in turn, barked and cavorted around in such a way that the passengers seemed to think we were crazy. "The old fellow is looking well," said he, as he shook hands cheerily with Mr. Selden and introduced the other members of his party. I observed that master had grown much stouter and that his complexion had lost the hard tanned look it had in the days when we shot together so much. But it was too happy a moment for close criticism, and the fatigue of our long journey was greatly relieved by his repeated visits to the baggage-car on our way southward.

We breakfasted next day at King's Mountain, where I was allowed to take a little exercise, and had the pleasure of seeing our old friend Bill. Bill and his owner begged us to stop off, assuring us of great sport, but our plans were all made; and, pursuing our journey, the next morning found us at Tallahassee.

"What a beautiful climate," thought I, as the first breezes from the Gulf of Mexico fanned us with their gentle breath, so in contrast with the nipping air of the North. We did not experience here that invigoration which fills one who, for the first time, visits the Minnesota prairies. On the contrary, while the contrast with our home was delightful, the influence seemed to bid us to rest and sleep rather than to activity. Our arrival was expected at a superb hotel, where we stopped, and all

preparations for sport were made in advance. After a bath and breakfast we entered into two vehicles which awaited us, and drove away.

The town itself was something different from anything I had ever seen before. The houses were, as a rule, low frame structures, of antique style, with the windows running down to the floors, and opening upon large shaded verandas supported by columns.

The yard spaces were immense, and about the houses were orange trees and magnolias, water oaks and cypress trees, the last named two often hung with great festoons of moss. Upon many of these verandas were hammocks and large rocking-chairs, and, even in the morning, the ladies of the place, dressed in filmy-looking garments, sat on the shady porches, apparently unaware of such a thing as our northern winter. The streets had a lazy, deserted look. The level roadbeds built of pounded shells stretched away, here in deep shadow, there gleaming white in the bright sunlight, between long avenues of wide-spreading trees. Almost the only people to be seen moving about were darkies, many of them driving mules or stunted bullocks to vehicles of the oddest construction. One darky, mounted upon a cart body about the size of a store-box, drove from gateway to gateway, blowing a tin horn, selling beautiful Gulf fish. The appearance of his outfit was quite picturesque as he stood there by his drowsy, patient ox, in his striped shirt, with his bare feet, under a broad straw hat, the wagon piled with silver mackerel and coral-tinted red snappers, fresh from the Gulf. The background was a hedge of osage

orange, orange trees laden with fruit, and deep green magnolias, standing out against the gleaming white of a Tallahassee mansion.

Beyond the limits of the town the country ceased to present any features of beauty. It was flat and interspersed with forests, swamps, and lagoons. The area of cultivation was small compared with the wooded lands; and even such lands as had been in cultivation were so indifferently tilled that masses of rank weeds and briars oftentimes swept our wagon wheels on the narrow roads, in such luxuriant growth that hunting for game in such matted jungle seemed like a hopeless task.

The squalid negro huts scattered along our route bespoke the poverty of the population. Such fields as seemed open enough to hunt, apparently contained nothing upon which birds could feed; for no small grain is grown in this section. Driving on further, we came to sandy barrens partly bare and partly covered with pines standing far apart, with little vegetation save scattered tufts of broom sedge, or salt grasses about the oozy borders of stagnant pools or ponds. I thought I had never seen a place which seemed so unpromising for quail, or so ill provided with their means of sustenance.

But, in so thinking, I never made a greater mistake in my life. Reaching a point some miles from town, we alighted from the vehicle, and, under the guidance of a local sportsman, began our hunting. I think we found our first covey of Florida quail within one hundred yards of the point where we left the wagon and entered an abandoned cotton field.

The covey was a large one, and, while they did not rise with the rush and vigor of our northern birds, or fly as far, they furnished very good shooting, and scattered into a beautiful place.

One of the best features of this Florida shooting is that, as far as I could judge, the birds are as easy to find at one time of the day as another. At home they feed out into the open fields only in the morn-



ing and the evening; and in the middle of the day they are in their thick coverts resting and sunning themselves, move about very little, and, consequently, it is difficult to find them. Not so here. The thick coverts are so swampy that the birds avoid them; they prefer the open dry places; and thus it is that at any hour of the day the dogs are apt to come upon them.

Besides the quail, snipes occupy much the same grounds, and at night, the game-bag is likely to contain as many of the one as of the other.

Observing the rule I announced at the outset, I will not state the number of quail or snipes we shot on our trip to Florida; but it was an astonishing figure, especially as we seldom started very early, and always returned in time for a six o'clock dinner at the hotel.

Two ladies were in our party, and several days they accompanied us. We were seldom far distant



Lunch.

from the vehicle, and often returned to it, to ride from one hunting-ground to the other. Owing to this, Florida hunting was much easier work than we had at home, when the shooters were on horseback, and we were toiling afoot all day over a rolling country, and were compelled to trot home at night. One of the ladies grew much interested in shooting, and under Mr. Selden's gallant teaching, became quite proficient in hitting objects thrown in the air.

Altogether, shooting in Florida was more of a picnic than serious work. In deference to our fair companions, great hampers of food were placed in our wagons, and long rests with sumptuous tiffin were taken every day.

Oh ye sportsmen shut up in towns in the cold and frozen North, look at this picture of us as we basked in the Florida sunshine in January, 1890. Does it not make you envious?

Remember, too, that under the seat of that vehicle into which the horse is poking his nose, is a pile of quail numbering not less than — No matter.

I once told you that my fondness for retrieving from water had twice come near costing me my life. The first time was in the snipe marsh at Deep Bottom, as you know. The second time was on this Florida trip; for while I have so far told you only the pleasant part of it, there were disagreeable features also. When I was a young dog I would sometimes grow very enthusiastic about this or that, and an old Newfoundland who passed his time dozing on a neighbor's door mat was fond of saying to me, "Ah, Di! You are too exuberant—too exuberant, my boy. When you reach my age, you will find that for every streak of fat you get in this world there is sure to be a streak of lean." He was a philosopher, a philosopher of the bacon stripe, as I learned later. Just so it was in Florida. At first I thought nothing was lacking to make the pleasure of our trip complete. Soon I found that the Florida fleas and the Florida sandburs were serious drawbacks; and at last I had an experience with an alligator which would have turned my hair white



if it had not been so already, and which would have stunted my growth if I had not been already grown.

In the little bayous or lagoons we saw alligators from the time of our first arrival, and, in a general way, I knew alligators were to be avoided. But I did not know that the most delicious morsel in the world to an alligator, next to a young pig, not even excepting a young darky, is dog. Moreover, I thought alligators lived in the large streams, and had yet to learn that their favorite abiding-places are the small sloughs in the swamps.

In this state of knowledge or ignorance I had an experience which left me better posted than the average dog as to the habits and appearance of alligators.

We were shooting in a sunny piece of pines. The birds had scattered very prettily, and the shooters had separated, each following his own dog. I pointed a bird which was squatting under a tuft of swamp grass on the margin of a stagnant pool. When the bird rose, it made for the opposite side of the pool, about fifty yards distant. Master fired when it was nearly over the centre of the pool, and the bird fell wounded into the water. It made a great splash, and I dashed into the shallow water and only found it necessary to swim when I had gone ten yards or so from shore. I had observed what I supposed to be a half-submerged log lying not far from the bird, but gave it not the slightest attention until, when I was quite near, to my horror the log became animated, and after one or two languid vibrations, was converted into the

most wide-awake alligator I ever saw. His snout rose from the water; his beady eyes were fixed upon me; his body began to undulate and move forward with the motion of a skulling skiff; and I saw that I was his objective point. Never had I wished before for man's voice as I did then; or even for woman's voice with power to scream. Talk about yachts that are quick in stays! No



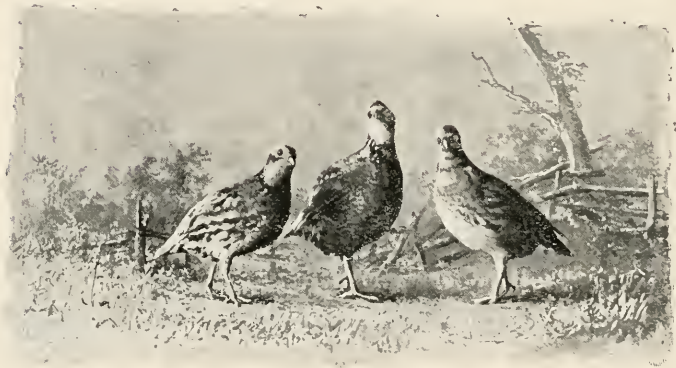
Alligator

yacht that was ever built could go about as quickly as I did upon discovering that this log was an alligator. Talk about swimmers! Nothing ever swam any faster than I did, except that alligator. "O! master, where are you?" thought I, in agony, as my eyes swept the shore and failed to discover any sign of him. The distance was short, but it seemed an eternity. I heard the ripple of the alligator as he closed upon me, and his breathing was like the blowing of a porpoise. It was no time to

look back. My feet struck the soft ooze, which retarded rather than helped me. Half swimming, half scrambling through the mud, half dead with fright, I gained the brink and fairly turned a somersault to be on land, the alligator not six feet behind me. At that moment master stepped from behind a large pine and fired both barrels into the 'gator's' face. The old 'gator, in his turn, wheeled about and scrambled back to deep water, where he at once sunk out of sight, unhurt, no doubt, unless perchance some pellets entered his eyes, for the hide of an alligator will turn a ball from a Winchester rifle. I thought master's hilarity on this occasion was the most heartless and ill-timed behavior of which I ever knew him to be guilty. It was no laughing matter with me. My heart was pumping like a hydraulic ram. I was trembling from head to foot; almost too weak to walk; and literally covered with the black swamp ooze. I never recovered from the shock that whole day. Notwithstanding all this, my master behaved like a heartless lunatic. He laughed and whooped until his companions came over to where we were to learn what it was all about. Then between his fits of laughter he told them the story and imitated the way in which I swam and scrambled ashore, and the somersault I turned, and the way I looked between my legs, as I went over, to see if the alligator actually had me, etc., and the others amused themselves at my expense, just as if my life had not a few moments before been in mortal peril. To this day I have never seen the great fun of that joke.

For ten days we continued to hunt in Florida.

Then we returned as we had come, parting at Richmond with master, whom I never saw again until the following November. Then he came down, and, in the midst of our best shooting, news came of a great panic in New York, and the shooting stopped abruptly.



## Chapter XV

(1891)

### A Hunt on the Mexican Border



**D**ICKY DON and I had followed Mr. Selden to the low grounds one sunshiny day in January, 1891. While he superintended the hands, who were burning broom sedge and cleaning out ditches preparatory to spring work, Dick and I amused ourselves digging for moles and field mice. A boy appeared from the direction of the depot, bearing a telegraphic message to Mr. Selden, from master, requesting him to ship me at once by express, to a place called Memphis, Tennessee. That afternoon I was on my journey westward; and a long, weary, lonesome trip it was. I travelled, without pause, for two nights and two days. Having no particu-

lars as to the nature of the expedition, or its ultimate destination, I did a good deal of conjecturing about where I was going, and the purpose for which I had been sent so far away from home. We reached Memphis late one Saturday night. My crate was delivered near midnight, in the stone court-yard of a large hotel. I fell asleep under the dim light of a solitary gas-jet, feeling about as lonesome as a sparrow on a housetop, or a cat in a strange garret. Early in the morning I was aroused by master's well-known voice, and he quickly set me at liberty. What rejoiced me most was to find that he was alone; for it had been a long time since we had enjoyed one of our old-fashioned hunts by ourselves. Memphis seemed to be a free and easy place. Master allowed me to enter the hotel with him and took me to his room. After breakfast, I had a pleasant morning running about the streets and following him along the high bluffs which overlook the river and run parallel with its course. We saw a number of well-bred dogs about the streets. Memphis was, at that time, the home of Gladstone, the famous English setter; and a great many people there owned fine hunting-dogs. We called to pay our respects to Gladstone and his master, but found that they were absent from the city. Near midday we set out afresh upon our journey, and embarked upon a ferry-boat to cross the Mississippi River, which, opposite Memphis, is fully a mile wide. In our trips to Minnesota we had crossed this stream; but it was at a point some hundreds of miles above, where the river is much narrower and is spanned by a bridge. It was never until now that I fully

realized why they called the Mississippi the "father of waters." Master had allowed me to remain unboxed, and from the ferry-boat I could see what an immense stream it is. As far as the eye could reach it came down from the north and rolled onward to the south, between high bluffs on its eastern banks and low wooded swamps to the west. Here and there might be seen sand-bars about which geese and other water-fowl were collected. The river was swollen by the winter rains and snows, and its waters were so turbid with brownish dirt that it boiled about us like a cauldron of mud. Not a sail or steamer was in sight above us or below us. Piers for a bridge were in process of construction near the shores. Besides these, the only things appearing upon the unbroken surface of its muddy waters was, here and there, a saw log, or tree-top, borne onward to the Gulf, bobbing up and down, or swirling around in the eddies, in the fast-flowing waters of the Mississippi. I remember that great flooded stream as the largest, dreariest, dirtiest solitude of water I ever looked upon. When we reached the western shore, master announced that the country was called Arkansas. And what a contrast it was to my own fair home! A dirty, dingy depot stood by the rickety wharf. On the platform bales of cotton were piled; and rafts of saw logs, with wretched boat-houses upon some of them, were fastened to the shore.

A train of rusty, ill-painted cars, with a small and old-fashioned engine, was ready to start. Not a hundred yards from the levee the country, back from the river, fell away into low swamps of cypress,

water oak, and heavy timber. The people about the place, a majority of whom were black, were clothed in all sorts of odd and ragged garments. The complexions of the whites, under wide-spreading hats, were sallow as if from malaria, or red as if from liquor. Stray bits of cotton seemed to cling to everything and everybody, even to the beards of the men. Muddy cowhide boots, with trousers stuck into them, were the foot gear of such as had shoes of any kind. Everybody seemed to be chewing tobacco, and tobacco juice flew about like Scotch mist, and gummed up the platforms and the car floors; and, apparently, if anything or anybody hereabouts had gone through the form of washing, it had been with Mississippi water, which had left them dirtier than before.

With a snort and a jerk and a bump, we started. Our route for many hours lay through the Arkansas swamps. Oftentimes the tracks were laid upon trestles extending many hundreds of yards across swampy ground; and the stations seemed to be mere hummocks in these swamps, unmarked, as a rule, by any other signs of habitation than some saw-mill, or wretched-looking country store, the roads leading to which were scarcely visible. I heard the men who talked with master say that this was a great country for bass fishing and deer and bear and turkey hunting — these Arkansas swamps. But I was glad enough when we had passed beyond them, and had no desire to penetrate further their gloomy mysteries. The next day we were in northern Texas. Master gave me a rest at a place called Sherman, whence we went to another town named Dallas.



Some man must tell you about these places. There was nothing to hunt in either of them, and, consequently, they made little lodgment on my mind. Then we started southward and westward again, and passed through a place called Austin, where I saw an immense white building called a Capitol. It looked dreary and lonesome in such a place. It seemed to me that Texas must be as large as all the rest of this country put together, and I heard master say it was large enough to make six states of the size of Virginia and then have enough left to make Delaware and Rhode Island. From Austin we journeyed onward to a place named Laredo, located upon another great river named the Rio Grande. Across this river was a strange country called Mexico. Master soon finished his business at Laredo, and after crossing the river, and taking a peep at Mexico, we proceeded to an odd city called San Antonio. Here, at last, we took a long rest, and made arrangements for the sport I had been brought so far to enjoy.

Our abode was fixed at an excellent hotel facing what, in this far-off land, is called a plaza. With us it would be called a public square. Near by was an old building which looked like a very poor church, or a very good stable. It was a low structure with a flat top; the windows were tall and narrow, and the walls were built of a kind of hard plaster or clay known as adobé. They called this place the Alamo, and we were told that in some early war in Texas it had been defended by men who were all, or nearly all, massacred.

After my master finished the business which had taken him to San Antonio, he procured a vehicle,

and we rode out together to a great fort called Fort Sam Houston. General Stanley was in command, and when I heard master say that the general's son and little master were at West Point together, I felt pretty sure the general would be glad to see us. Indeed, we were not mistaken about this, for he met us with open arms, so glad was he to hear from his boy Dave, and to talk with somebody who had recently seen him. Master told him a good story about Dave. Dave was an army boy, and a great favorite with the officers and soldiers at Fort Sam Houston. When he started for this West Point place the year before, the soldiers of the garrison accompanied him to the train with the post band, and had a great jollification. The San Antonio newspapers published an account of these proceedings, unfortunately for Dave. They gave a graphic description of the band playing "The girl I left behind me" as Dave's train moved off.

Now the old boys at that West Point place have a way of finding out all about newcomers, and making them very miserable and ridiculous by teasing them. As bad luck would have it, some of them got hold of the San Antonio paper, and when Dave arrived they were ready for him. They made him stand on one foot and read to them the full account, and after he had finished that, they made him sing for them "The girl I left behind me." Master told Dave's father all about this, and they laughed over it very heartily. It made the old general cast back to his own boyhood days when he was treated in much the same way. Any one could see that with such things in common it would not take long for

master and the general to become good friends. While they were thus growing sociable I was improving my acquaintance with the general's bob-tail pointer, Rowdy, a real tough, game, and rugged specimen of a frontier hunting-dog. "Sport?" said Rowdy in answer to my inquiry. "Yes — lots of it. Just as much as anybody need want for." I cast my eyes about the general's headquarters, and it did



Rowdy.

me good to see his rifles and shot-guns, and fishing-tackle, and all the evidences that he was one of our sort. On his walls were the heads of buffalo, and elk, and antelopes, and prairie wolves; and about the place were stuffed birds of various kinds, such as pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, mountain quail, valley quail, bob-whites, plovers, and other varieties. "Verily," thought I, "we have found the sportsman's paradise."

The general told us he had but yesterday re-

turned from a duck hunt at a lake near by on which he had shot a great many ducks. He seemed very much troubled when master told him he could remain but a few days; for he explained that he was then engaged upon a Court of Inquiry, which would render his absence from the fort impossible for some days to come. Of course, this was a great disappointment to master; but the general, after thinking it over for a while, said he could arrange a good hunt for us notwithstanding his own absence; and proceeded, in true military style, to give orders accordingly. An orderly was despatched for his trusted guide, a man named Wentworth, known by everybody under the sobriquet of "Buckshot" or "Little Buckshot." I heard the general tell master so many remarkable things about this Buckshot that he was a real hero in my eyes. In fact, master says he is the hero of several of Ned Buntline's novels.

In appearance he was a diminutive little chap, muscular in every fibre, quick as a lizard, and with an eye that was as keen and restless as that of a black snake.

The general gave Buckshot his orders; told him to ascertain if the ambulance and its team were engaged for the morrow; to arrange for an early start; provide ammunition and luncheon; and to take Rowdy; and meet master at daybreak at the hotel the morning following. "All right, sir," said Buckshot, touching his cap and gliding from the room. In ten minutes Buckshot was back. He stood up like a soldier until he caught the general's eye, and then, touching his cap as before, he said, "All is

arranged as ordered, sir." "Very well. You may go," said the general, and he proceeded with what he was saying to master.

Now that is the way I like to see things done. There was none of that babble and noise one hears among civilians. Everything went on as if the place moved by clock-work.

The general was telling us something about Buckshot. He told us that he was one of the most valuable scouts in the service, and gave many instances of his cunning and daring among the hostile Indians when they were in the Northwest. "But," added the general, "Buckshot has always been so passionately fond of hunting that it has come near costing him his life on several occasions. Once when we were among the hostile Indians we went into camp near where we had seen a large number of elk. I had given strict orders that no one should leave camp. Disregarding these orders, Buckshot and two companions stole away after the elk. The next morning they were missing. The next day Buckshot alone appeared. He and his party had followed the game so far away from camp that they had camped out. They had built a fire, taken off their shoes, and gone to sleep. Buckshot was such a little fellow that he had lain between his two companions, who were large men, to keep warm. The Indians discovered them by the smoke; surrounded them, fired upon them as they slept, and killed his two companions. Buckshot lay still until the Indians rushed up; then rising suddenly, he sprang over the heads of the stooping Indians, and outrunning them, in his stocking feet, escaped in the dark-

ness. The poor little fellow paid heavily for his disobedience," added the general. "The prickly pears grew very thickly in the place, and, running over them in his stocking feet, his feet were literally filled with their thorns when he overtook us. From where his party was surprised, to the point at which he overtook us next day, it was nearly forty miles. He was half dead from exhaustion, and inflammation set up in his feet, so that for a long time we feared amputation would be necessary, and he could not walk for nearly six months. But it did not affect his passion for hunting in the least, and to this day I have to watch Buckshot all the time to restrain him." With stories like this we passed a pleasant afternoon. Rowdy and I were good friends, and galloped about the grounds at dress-parade. When the evening gun fired, we pranced about in the smoke; and altogether I thought this a famous spot. After dining with the general, master returned to the city. Here, instead of retiring, we amused ourselves going about the streets.

In the plaza we found a number of Mexicans with high hats which they called "sombros," and shawls which they called "ponchos." They spread little tables and sold things called "Hot tamales," "Chilé con carno," "Fréjoles," and "Tortillas." Hot tamales were a sort of minced meat, filled with pepper, enveloped in corn meal, tied up in corn shucks, and boiled. Chilé con carno was a black stew of flesh, cooked with chilé pepper. Fréjoles were little brown beans that looked like waistcoat buttons; and tortillas were tough thin corn cakes, something like Virginia cookies. The Mexicans

twist these up into the shape of a spoon, and use them to eat the flesh or the beans; and when they finish the job, they eat the spoon also. Master, who always had a great deal of curiosity, tried all these things, and pronounced them very good indeed; but I could not eat them. I tried, but they nearly burnt the lining out of my mouth. While we were strolling about, we came upon a noisy place into which many people entered and from which others were departing. As it opened upon the street, with nothing but a screen to obstruct a full view of the interior, we entered. I found it full of people and dogs. The room was very large, and filled with all kinds of folks playing all sorts of games. I don't know the names of these games. We saw red and black wheels spinning around; and men sitting with cards; and great boards with numbers and pins and holes; and flying horses which stopped at winning numbers; and more varieties of games than I ever heard of—all going in full blast. Liquor was sold in different parts of the room. Great piles of silver dollars were heaped upon the gaming-tables. The place was stifling with tobacco smoke; and people, such as I never saw before, were swarming about the tables and hurrying back and forth. There were cowboys in black hats and red flannel shirts; and Indians with striped blankets; and Mexicans with their broad sombreros and ponchos; and half-breeds, with small-pox marks; and negroes, black as the soil of the prairies—all mixed up together and talking languages which I never heard before. Now and again, deep silence would fall upon a group of watchers, followed by loud exclamations and

laughter, as some bettor won or lost heavily. Master and I strolled through this little world of sin; he watching the people; and I principally engaged in smelling strange dogs, and avoiding being trodden under the feet of the excited crowd.

I had several invitations to fight, but avoided them. It seemed to me that it was a very easy thing to get into a man fight or a dog fight in that place; and it was with a decided sense of relief that I found myself once more in the open air, bound for our hotel.

Before daybreak we were aroused by a servant who fetched a tray of coffee for master. Nobody does anything in that section until after swallowing a cup of coffee. Master was soon dressed in his shooting-clothes, and going down to the street, we found the ambulance awaiting us. Buckshot and Rowdy were on the front seat with the driver. We were threatened with a "norther," as the rain storms thereabouts are called, and the night air was chilly. The ambulance was very capacious, and Buckshot had filled it with a number of thick blankets and a pillow. He invited master to stretch himself at length in the bottom of the ambulance, wrap himself up in the blankets, and take an additional sleep, as the place selected for shooting was some distance from town. Now this was what I call hunting in style. As soon as master was tucked away the team started at a rattling pace southward. Our destination was in the neighborhood of a place called Floresville, about twenty-five miles south of San Antonio. I remained awake and sat up in the front with Rowdy. I felt sure master would not sleep



long. He had too much curiosity to lose any sights. As soon as it grew light enough to see the country, master sat up and entered into lively conversation with Buckshot. Buckshot knew everything about the country and pointed out many objects of interest. Among other curious things which we saw were some old Mexican Stations, as they are called, being former residences of Catholic



Shooting in an Army Ambulance.

priests when this was a desert. They were very antique and their architecture was attractive.

The country was rolling prairie, and the wood was very stunted. The principal wood was mesquite, with here and there larger trees of cottonwood or sycamore. Crossing the San Antonio River at a point above Floresville, about nine o'clock, we left the ambulance and began our hunt. More than once on our way to the hunting-ground bevvies of birds had risen from the roadside. Once we started two bevvies at about the same time, and master in-

sisted that we ought not to pass by such a promising piece of ground; but Buckshot told him not to be impatient, and to leave the selection of the ground to him, because he knew much better ground than this.

Our attention was attracted along the route by little yellow flags fluttering from quite a number of the houses. Master asked about these, and Buckshot told him in a very indifferent way that they indicated the presence of small-pox on the premises where they were displayed. "What!" cried master. "Have you a small-pox epidemic here?" "Oh no," said he; "it is not an epidemic, or even dangerous; but there is always more or less of small-pox among these dirty wretches," and he treated it as if small-pox was a very small affair.

Such people as we met upon the roads were half-breeds or Mexicans. They were ugly; and their beady eyes and pock-marked faces and strange dress did not attract me. Few of them looked up with smiling faces, or greeted us as people do when one meets them in dear old Virginia.

Many of the teams were made up of oxen; and the horses, while tough looking, were badly shapen, and, for the most part, ewe-necked. They showed their descent from the Mexican mustang. The sense of vastness and desolation was even more oppressive than on the western prairies, for there it had been relieved by the green and flowers of summer, while here everything was reduced to the dead browns of mid-winter. All this was soon forgotten, however, in the joys of such shooting as I never had before. The great grassy plain was broken by

little watered ravines, whose sides were covered with mesquite thickets and cactus. Innumerable be vies of quail were feeding out from the mesquite upon the fields, and as we found bevy after bevy, they rose, flew down these depressions through the mesquite, and scattered in the high grasses along the streams. There, among the scattered birds, if we followed them, we had excellent sport, for the thickets were not very close; and, if we did not follow them, the birds soon ran together, passed back through the mesquite, and were feeding together again in half an hour as if they had never been flushed. Knowing how plentiful they were, Buckshot was opposed to following scattered birds, and always wanted to move on for fresh be vies; but master insisted upon pursuing the single birds, saying they presented prettier and more difficult shots.

It amused me to see how careful Rowdy was about avoiding cactus plants; but I appreciated his conduct when I incautiously ran against one of the long needles which grow out of their smooth green discs. It penetrated me like a spear and hurt very badly. And master, notwithstanding he had been warned about them, forgot himself more than once, and had several angry red spots upon his knees and thighs for some days, resulting from stabs from these cactus needles. They stick in one's flesh, and the point breaks off, leaving a very annoying irritation. Hunting in one of these places I saw Rowdy give a leap as if he was on springs, and then rush back, seize something, and shake it as if his head would come off. A large rattlesnake had struck at him. He was accustomed to them, and

had dodged the blow; and then, before his snake-ship could gather himself, Rowdy pinned him back of his head, and shook him to death. I was filled with admiration at his courage and his skill, but he did not seem to consider it a great feat. He said that any dog could do it, if he learned the knack of it. I had no desire to learn the knack, and this episode made me more or less uneasy during the remainder of the trip; but I was so fortunate as not to meet with a snake. Rowdy, however, seemed to have a passion for them, and killed several. During the course of the afternoon the birds seemed to become more plentiful than ever. I witnessed the spectacle of seven beves of quail flying in different directions at the same time. Almost invariably the persons to whom I have stated this fact have doubted my veracity. I cannot help that. I state it as a fact, and the reader must decide for himself whether he will believe me. You should have witnessed one occurrence with master.

We had been shooting along the edge of a little ravine for a long time, seeking a crossing-place, so that we might go for a drink of water to a house on the other side where, in the yard, we saw a wind-mill pump. The surface water is not very good. At last we found a crossing-place and approached the house from the rear. No signs of life appeared about the premises until, as we neared the well or pump, we saw two Mexicans sitting in the road which passed by the front yard. They were bending over a little fire, wrapped in their cloaks; for the sky was overcast, and the day was chilly. When they saw us, they called out something we did not

understand. Failing to make themselves intelligible, they began gesticulating violently, and pointed towards the house. By this time we had advanced towards the water sufficiently near to get a sight of the front of the house. On looking where the men indicated, we saw, not thirty yards away, the hateful yellow flag indicating the presence of small-pox. It is unnecessary to say that, on this occasion at least, we understood Mexican well enough to "vamosé" very hurriedly. When we rejoined Buckshot, he chuckled a quiet little laugh, and said, "Better mind how you fool around a Mexican's house. If it isn't small-pox, it's something else. He'll put six inches of cold steel into you before you know it."

Rabbits of all kinds were very plentiful about this place. Jack rabbits and little Molly Cottontails loped and dodged about, and, besides these, I saw others, entirely strange to me. One variety was very long and very lean, with blackish ears. She ran but a little distance at a time, and, when she stopped and humped herself up, she looked like a skeleton rabbit. I also saw several Mexican buzzards, which have white necks and red heads, and white about the wings. When I first saw one of these, I thought he was an eagle of some kind; but they told me he was nothing but a buzzard, and a very dirty old buzzard at that.

The number, variety, and boldness, of the hawks, also astonished me. During the whole day hawks were in sight. Sometimes perched upon solitary trees, sometimes ranging the fields, sometimes poised in air, balancing while they scrutinized the fields below. We saw one hawk strike a quail that



Caracalla.

we had flushed, and fly off with it. But the height of audacity was reached when a Mexican goshawk, of whose presence we were unaware, actually darted down and picked up a bird that had fallen to master's gun. Master had discharged both barrels when this occurred, but he reloaded in time. As the ravenous creature rose with steady wing, clutching the dead bird in his claws, master knocked the life out of him with his choke-bore. He fell flat on his back, his talons still sunk deep into the bird; and, as his wicked eyes were still full of fierceness, I made no attempt to retrieve the brace. Master crushed his head with his heel, and, as, even in death, the hawk did not relax his grip upon his victim, we took the two home, thus locked together, to show to the general.

After a full day's shooting, we regained the ambulance, and, it being nearly dark, the dogs and hunters curled up among the blankets, and were all sleeping soundly when the driver aroused us, and told us we were at our hotel.

We hunted thus for several days, and then the general brought us the welcome intelligence that the work of his court was unexpectedly concluded. He and master went to Aransas pass for ducks, intending to return and have another quail hunt. I was left with Buckshot and Rowdy, and enjoyed their society very much. They were as true sportsmen, man and dog, as I ever hunted with.

Upon master's return he brought with him a large number of geese and ducks, but found telegrams requiring his immediate return. As a severe norther was now upon us, and it was likely to con-

tinue for several days, it seemed idle to wait. Once more on the road, the next Sunday found us in New Orleans. I dined with my master in a French restaurant, and that evening we started for Virginia.

Imagine my pleasure when, on our return trip, we stopped at the home of our old friend the doctor in Amelia County, and found Mr. Selden there awaiting us with Dicky Don. In this county the season did not close until February 1, and Mr. Selden, the doctor, and master, each with his own dog, had three days of as good sport as we ever had together.

As for master and myself, the stories we told about our shooting in Texas destroyed almost the last vestige of our reputations for truth and veracity.



Mexican Goshawk.



## Chapter XVI

(1891)

### A Severe Winter — Old Age Approaches — A Season of Failures



WHEN our party of three congenial men and three congenial dogs parted company in January, 1891, little did we foresee the bad weather we were to have during February and March. December and January had been so mild that everybody was commenting upon the unusually open winter, unaware of the approach of the first of a succession of severe seasons which have nearly exterminated small game in our locality. But we were not long left in ignorance. Snowstorm after snowstorm swept down upon us; followed, almost invariably,

by rain, cold, and sleet. By the time one snowfall had frozen upon the ground, another would descend upon it, and, followed in its turn by rain and cold, form an overlying armor of ice. Thus, for weeks, the face of the earth was covered with a triple sheeting which completely shut off the small game from their ordinary means of subsistence.

All our live-stock, dogs included, were well housed during this long period of cold, wet, and discomfort. Out-of-door life was simply unbearable. Our large kennel, situated near the kitchen, was abundantly supplied with straw, and everything was done for our comfort. I now reaped the benefit of a life-long fondness for the young. Dicky Don disliked puppies and had a way of snapping at them, or getting up and trotting away when they came about. I, on the contrary, enjoyed having them about me, and many a time they amused themselves clambering over me, pulling at my ears or tail. During this cold spell they were a real comfort. Two young setter pups, about four months old, shared my box and kept me as warm as a toast.

Notwithstanding these cosey bed-fellows, I came out of it all with my first attack of rheumatism, which made me limp badly for several months. I was now an old dog, being nearly nine years of age. Up to that time I had never suffered from any serious indisposition, and I know that I was not a patient invalid. When those rascally pups would come in, wet and frolicsome, and tumble all over me, I would protest, and order them to desist, in a tone that made them look up with surprise to see their easy-going old friend so petulant.

Ah me! Old age must come to all of us. It is not a welcome guest, I think, under any circumstances. Particularly unwelcome was it to one who led my active life; had enjoyed such health and strength; had done so much hard work; and was so dependent upon activity for happiness.

I had realized its coming for some time, and had resolved to recognize its arrival philosophically, and treat it with civility. I had often said to myself that when I grew old I would not act like those pitiful old creatures we sometimes see, who do not gracefully accept the inevitable; and who, in spite of decrepitude visible to everybody but themselves, try to carry it off with the airs and graces of youth, and make themselves ridiculous. But, after all, in spite of all philosophy, what a cunning and insidious thing, in its approach, is this old age. How it steals upon you in the night. How carefully it looks you over before it strikes. Confronting you like a cunning antagonist, it fences cautiously until it sees where your guard is weak; it toys and feels with its point, for some opening where, in careless youth, you removed the shield of health, and did not replace it; and then, when the spot is found, with quick and unerring thrust, it pinks you — this wily and indomitable old age.

Master says that old men, from Cicero to Browning, have endeavored to console themselves for being old, and to delude themselves by claiming that the wisdom, the experience, the good conscience, and the hope for the future, of virtuous old age, are more than the equivalent of lost youth. Bah! If these memoirs only chronicled the events

of my old age, they would be a wretched record of decaying energies. I write them for the consolations coming from the memories of departed youth — the only joy that is left to me.

It may be otherwise with men, but a dog has no such consolations as they claim, for lost youth. His wisdom and his experience are worthless to him when his physical strength to utilize them is gone. Men say he has no conscience to console him. As to his hopes of the future, he has no other than that his poor cadaver may be decently put away, where vultures will not dismember it, when the vital spark has fled. Even this solitary hope is often coupled with the apprehension that the man for whom he has lived, the man whose own hopes of the future are based upon faith in a Divine remembrance of his loyalty, and a Divine appreciation of his own lifelong service, may so far forget the lifelong service of his dog, that he will permit his carcass to be flayed, and his skin sold to a tanner for a trifle.

Dogs have died for grief upon the graves of their masters. Every day we hear of human lives saved by dogs; and, not unfrequently, of dogs whose lives are sacrificed in saving their masters. Those are the young dogs, no doubt. When dogs grow old, they are worthless in this world; and, when they die, that is the end of them. In many instances, even before the old dog dies, the services of his youth are forgotten; and the man he served best awaits his demise with ill-concealed impatience. There is, however, I observe, little difference between man and dog in the tenacity with which both

cling to life. The fact is remarkable considering how much good men expect hereafter, and that nothing awaits good dogs.

Dropping philosophical reflection, let us return to facts. When old age was ready to look into my case, and inspected me to see where it should assail me, it went straight to the shoulder which I wrenched in Minnesota. I had nursed it carelessly ; paid little attention to the recurring pains that had lingered about it from time to time ; and had gone on running upon it, as if it would heal itself, no matter what I did. Now I learned my mistake. For several weeks during this severe winter, the soreness was so great that I could move about but little. The cold pierced me, and it was only when the puppies came and overlaid the place with their warm bodies, that I was free from racking pain. Confined to my box, my principal information as to what was going on upon the farm, was derived from such conversation as I overheard among the servants at the kitchen. The farm hands, who came up dripping with rain or shaking off the snow, reported that they found many quail and hares frozen to death ; and that even the hardier birds, such as larks and crows, were found starved or too weak to fly away. Mr. Selden caused the snow to be removed from the earth, and scattered grain upon the ground, at several points about the plantation. To such places birds of many kinds came, from far and near ; but another flurry of snow would soon obliterate these spots, and many birds were dead before relief came. Spring opened late. To add to the already discouraging outlook for game, heavy rains

fell almost continuously during the hatching season, destroying the nests, or drowning the young birds.

At harvest time, that luxuriant period when the throaty voice of Bob White sounds his joyous note of domestic happiness far and near, we seldom heard his call. Even more rarely did we come upon bebies of young birds in our rambles about the fields. The chief satisfaction I had from the return of warmth and sunlight was the disappearance of my rheumatic troubles. As the autumn approached, the outlook for sport was so discouraging that I doubted whether master would pay us his accustomed visit. But he came. His attempts at shooting were such failures that they are only worth recording because they were so ludicrous. He made two attempts that fall. His first visit was in company with my dear friend the doctor, from Philadelphia, and an old gentleman from the far North. The latter was the oldest man I ever followed afield. He said he was seventy-seven years old. Now think of that! They called him Judge.

When we met them at the train, and he stepped off, I said to myself, "Why, this must be the vanguard of the resurrection." I could not believe he seriously intended to try all-day sport. But when we went out next day, I found the old judge was very spry. He rode his horse and kept up with the party in most surprising fashion. One of his peculiarities afforded us all much amusement. He wore a wig, and he shot with glasses, and he used a very heavy charge of ammunition. With everything adjusted he saw pretty well, and was an unusually good shot. Trouble began when his gun

went off. It was so heavily loaded that it jarred his spectacles out of place, and they in turn upset his wig. He was, so to speak, shaken up, and had to readjust himself. He was particularly anxious to keep his wig straight, and it often fell over one eye. By the time his gun exploded he would drop it into the bend of his arm, carry both hands to his wig, and, while rearranging his wig and restoring his glasses to focus, would, with an excited and bewil-



“Did I hit him?”

dered look, inquire eagerly, “Did I hit him?” The little doctor was a very courteous man, and a very quiet one; but, withal, possessed a lively appreciation of the ridiculous. Not knowing the judge intimately, he was not as circumspect in his behavior towards him as master. Master, with an equally keen sense of humor, admired the judge, and would not have wounded him by merriment at his expense for any consideration. But we all know how, in some situations, we become so overwhelmed

with the feeling of the ludicrous, that we cannot restrain ourselves, and break down every barrier of propriety. When the dear old judge made his first shot, was thrown out of gear, uttered his first inquiry, and entered upon his first readjustment, the doctor gave a glance of mingled astonishment and amusement at master ; but master refused to respond to it and nodded his head repressingly at the doctor. Each time the thing was repeated, the doctor became more and more amused ; and master, in spite of himself, at last gave way to his feelings, so that every shot was followed by such bursts of laughter, or snorts of repressed hilarity from himself and the doctor, that it is remarkable if the judge did not understand their meaning. To this day, when master and the doctor hunt together, one or the other is sure to exclaim sometime during the day, "Did I hit him?" and go through the old-time pantomime, to the amusement of the other.

That night I was permitted to go up into the judge's room, where he made a famous Medford rum punch. When the others retired to prepare for supper, he produced a combing-block from his portmanteau, removed his wig, placed it on the block, and sat down in a rocking-chair. The supper-bell rang. I heard it, but he did not. I went to the door just as it was opened by Emma, a colored house-girl, who had been sent up to inform him supper was ready. I passed out. The lamp was burning low, and the old gentleman sat there holding the block in his lap, and carefully brushing his wig in front of the bright fire, his head as smooth as a billiard-ball. As I descended the stairs, Emma



hurriedly overtook me, and we reached the dining-room door together. "Did you tell the judge that tea is ready?" inquired the lady of the house. "Yes'm," said Emma, "I dun told him, Miss Mary; but fo' de Lord, he's a settin' dar wid his head in his lap a combin' of it."

When that came out, I thought master and the



"He's a settin' dar wid his head in his lap."

doctor would have spasms. It was with the greatest difficulty that they repressed their hilarity when the judge gravely entered. Evidently Emma was much surprised to see his head back in its accustomed place and his hair beautifully arranged.

"How did Di hunt to-day?" asked Mr. Selden of the doctor, by way of diverting his thoughts from the head of the judge, when they were seated at the supper table. Mr. Selden had been indisposed and

had not accompanied us on our hunt, but expected to do so on the morrow. "Very well indeed," replied the doctor. "But the old fellow begins to show age. Do you notice how gray he is about the muzzle? He hunted all day, but he has not the stride of former years; and towards night I noticed that he limped in his left fore-leg. I don't believe the old man is as vigorous as formerly, or that he could stand a week's hard work without feeling it, as heretofore." Then Mr. Selden told him of my attack of rheumatism. "You are not as young yourself, doctor, as you were when I first saw you," thought I to myself. Then he was a pink boy with glad eyes. Now, he was a man whose youthful complexion was gone, after seven years of doctor's work night and day; and those eyes had, in that period, looked into too many suffering and dead faces to retain their old-time gladness.

Things had moved off very well that day. We were all agreeably surprised at the number of birds we found; and the evening was passed in planning for two hunting-parties on the morrow. Dicky Don, his master's pet, had remained at home with him, and he would be fresh and keen for sport. But that morrow, looked forward to with so much pleasure that night, never came. It was the days of grippe. Everybody who was anybody had the grippe. During the night the wind shifted to the northeast. It turned cold. When daybreak came, a penetrating, marrow-chilling storm was raging, banging shutters, throwing the rain in sheets against the window-panes, and putting all out-door exercise out of the question. Both Mr. and Mrs. Selden were confined to their

beds by grippe. A little grandchild of Mary Anne, the nurse, had died, during the night, at one of the farm out-houses. Billy, the hostler, came in through the storm, to say that a message had just come from his uncle, who lived on one of the neighboring farms, informing him that he was *in extremis*. He asked leave to take a horse and visit him. Our breakfast was gloomy enough in the gray morning, without host or hostess, amid such depressing occurrences and with the cold storm beating outside. Have you ever observed — of course you have — how, when a series of mishaps, like these, begins, one thing follows another, until you ask yourself, "Well! what next?" This was a morning of that sort.

Within an hour after breakfast a telegram for the doctor was brought up from the station, announcing that a patient whom he had left convalescent, had suffered a relapse, and demanding his immediate return. The train for Richmond passed at four P.M. Before that hour arrived, another message came; this time to master, informing him that his presence was required, forthwith, at Pittsburg. Thus, by a curious coincidence of things, our party, which, twenty-four hours before, seemed destined to remain united and to have a pleasant hunt, was completely broken up. Nothing was left for the judge to do but to return to his home, for even his host was unable to entertain him.

For several weeks our house was a hospital. At one time all the servants, including the cook, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Selden, were ill; and, before grippe released its hold upon Snowden, the best of the hunting season was over. But I fancy our shooting

would have been poor at best; for those who did hunt reported that the number of birds found was very small. Our success on the day we went out was probably due to the approaching nor'easter. Every old sportsman knows that the birds are out filling their crops just before a storm, so that they may huddle themselves in some protected spot while it rages.

Unable to return to Mr. Selden's on account of the sickness prevailing there, master made a second attempt at hunting in December. This time we went first to Williamsburg, where his brother resides. It had been reported to us that the birds had not suffered as much during the preceding winter in the tide-water sections as in piedmont Virginia. But ill-luck again pursued us. One day we tried a farm called Porto-Bello, where, in years gone by, I had found birds in great numbers; but rain interrupted us, and birds were scarce. The next day we went to Kelton and Toano, two favorite shooting-grounds, but with the same result. Our next attempt was at a farm called Neck-of-Land, immediately opposite historic Jamestown, and here we had a great day's sport, the only good day's shooting we had in the season of 1891. Having exhausted this locality in one day, master resolved to try the peninsula, lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the Chesapeake Bay, known as the Eastern Shore of Virginia; and, going to Fortress Monroe, we crossed the bay to Northampton County, and hunted down to Cape Charles, on the bay side. In a whole day's hunt in Northampton, we found but three beves of birds and two woodcock. It did seem as if the quails had been almost entirely destroyed. The next

day we hunted up the peninsula, on the sea side, but found no more birds than the day before. The only compensation for our disappointments was in visiting our old friends, one of whom gave master a great terrapin supper.

Despairing of sport, master shipped me back to Snowden by express, and took the train for New York, thus closing the most unsatisfactory autumn of my life.

It grieved me when I read this entry in his diary :

“Di hunted very well, but shows unmistakable signs of age. I fear this is his last season. He has now hunted steadily for seven years. A poor year’s sport. Only —— birds for self and companions in a whole shooting season.”

Disagreeable subjects should be quickly dismissed. Thus ended the year 1891. The next year was better, and I forced my master to write, “Di, now in his tenth year, hunts like a three-year-old.”

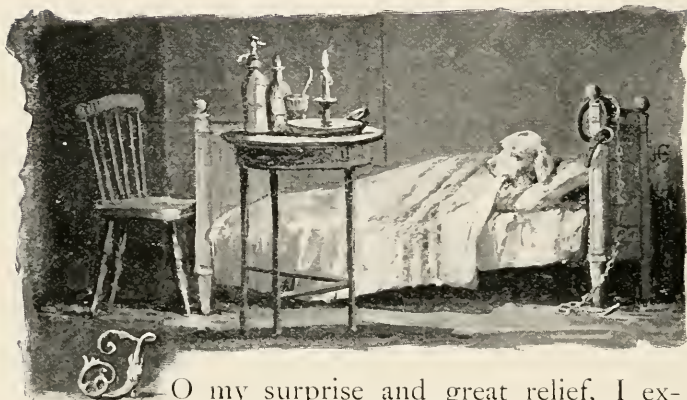


Boxed for Home.

## Chapter XVII

(1892)

Dick's Illness — Terrapin Neck — Turkey-  
Hunting



O my surprise and great relief, I experienced no return of my old enemy rheumatism during the winter of 1891-2, which was much milder than its predecessor.

As the autumn of 1892 approached, I felt as if I was enjoying a new lease of life. Not so with Dicky Don. He was attacked by a disease, prevalent that year, the symptoms and treatment of which seemed to be equally unknown to every one. It appeared in the form of a hacking cough, followed by dryness and blackness of the tongue, constant gagging, loss of appetite, and rapid emaciation.

It almost invariably culminated in complete paralysis of the throat, inability to take nourishment of any kind, and death from depletion. We first heard of it as an epidemic upon the neighboring plantations, up and down the river. Many of the neighbors reported the loss of their best hunting-dogs. Mr. Selden at once took precautions against it. He fed us upon light diet, and kept our drinking-pans filled with powdered sulphur. Sulphur is, beyond doubt, the best friend of the dog in the whole list of medicines. And tar, horrible as is its taste and smell, is another good old-fashioned remedy for dog ailments. The liberal use of sulphur and of tar produces better results, I believe, than all the new-fangled dog medicines resorted to of late years. It was difficult to feel that way, however, when Booker came around, with a little bucket and a wooden paddle, and smeared our noses with tar. We went about the place licking our noses and sneezing, and were driven out of the house, and off the veranda, whenever we appeared in either place. That is, all of us but Master Dicky Don. He slept in his master's room, and so escaped the smearing of tar, and had all the water he wanted, without sulphur. In his case it certainly proved to be a mistaken kindness. Every dog on the place escaped the disease except poor Dicky Don. He, on the contrary, soon developed a virulent attack of the prevailing malady. How often is partiality of this kind in parents and masters thus repaid! Dick was a year younger than myself; but, like me, he had passed the time of life when the constitution can resist and rally

from severe strains as it could in the days of youth. Day by day he grew worse. The anxiety of the whole household concerning him was truly touching. His master and mistress prepared a soft bed for him in their room ; and nursed him as if he had been a human being. Warm gruels and broths were served for him, as if he had been the most distinguished member of the family. His medicines were administered with scrupulous regard to time and amount. The other dogs were rigorously excluded from the house, not only to prevent his being disturbed, but lest they catch the infection themselves.

One day there was hurrying back and forth about the house. The rumor reached us that poor Dicky Don was dying. I approached the house as near as I dare go, and watched. Mr. Selden and Booker lifted him out of the house between them, upon the sunny porch. Poor fellow ! How thin and emaciated he seemed. His eyes, once so bright and glittering, were closed. Mrs. Selden followed, bearing his bedding, which she carefully spread upon a sunny spot. They laid Dicky gently down upon his pallet. No motion of his body was visible, not even his breathing, his heart beat so feebly. His master and mistress stood watching him, their eyes filled with tears. We all thought that he was dying. They wanted him to breathe his last in the open air, in sight of the beautiful valley, and the blue hills, across which he had ranged from his earliest youth until now. It was indeed a lovely place and time to die. The last days of summer had passed away. The reviving



breath of autumn was in the air. From every hill-top, and on the distant river bluffs, the banners of the autumn foliage were flaming above the gauzy mists of Indian summer, which faintly veiled the yellowing stubbles in the bottom lands. "Poor Dicky!" thought I. "We will miss him sadly here. When he is gone, no one will be left to take his place. But he will reach the happy hunting-ground just as the season opens."

Now that last thought was an odd and untimely conceit, was it not? Yet it is often the fact that, in the hour of deepest trouble, just such vagaries come over us with which we seek to comfort ourselves. It is as if nature, ever striking us with one hand, with the other pours balm upon the wound.

But dear old Dicky did not go to the happy hunting-grounds that fall. The fresh air and sunlight revived him. He sneezed, and showed other unmistakable signs of vitality. He was too weak to rise; but he opened his eyes as if to give assurance that he was not yet a dead dog by any means. He was so far recuperated that his master was enabled to administer some sustenance; and from that hour he began to recover, much to the joy of every one. It was almost miraculous. He had gone to the very verge of life. But he was still very low. Day after day, during the midday hours, they lifted him out gently, and permitted him to lie in the sunlight. When he grew better he made signs of recognition to us by feebly beating upon the porch with his tail; and, at last, one day, after weeks of utter prostration, he surprised his dog friends by rising to his feet and endeavoring to join

us where we lay basking upon the greensward in the yard. The sight of him, staggering to the steps and attempting to descend, was distressing. I rose, and would have joined him, to assist him; but, before I could do so, his legs gave way beneath him, and he tumbled headlong to the bottom of the steps. Booker, aroused by the noise, came out from the butler's pantry and lifted him gently back to his couch. When Mr. Selden heard of this he was rejoiced, looking upon it as a sure sign of returning vitality. It was many a day before Dicky Don regained his health sufficiently to go afield. I think his first attempt at hunting was late in December; and, even when apparently quite recovered, he never again set that killing pace which, in his youth and strength, was too fast and untiring for all competitors. I never afterwards considered that he was his old self; and two years later he passed away.

Early in November Booker was dusting an empty express crate. I knew this meant that I was to occupy it and start to join my master somewhere. He was, it seems, under engagement to spend the first of this year's vacation with our friends the Taylors, of Amelia. Of one of these — Dr. Armistead Taylor — we already know. He lived at Dykeland. His brother George resided at Terrapin Neck. If anybody had told me that I would write sixteen chapters of my hunting reminiscences without mentioning George Taylor's name, or describing Terrapin Neck, I would not have believed it possible. From the year 1884, when we spent ten days with him and his setters, Brat and Babe, and killed so

many birds that master inscribed their number on a silver match-box and sent it to him, I had cherished Mr. Taylor as one of our staunchest friends; and counted his dogs among our old reliables. Terrapin Neck was a place difficult to reach, being fourteen miles from the railroad. But once reached, it was as difficult to leave; for it was the abode of everything a sportsman loves.

Under one roof were three generations of sportsmen. Doctor Richard Taylor had lived in Amelia County nearly seventy years when I first met him. He was a great grandson of Colonel William Byrd, the 3d, who commanded one of Virginia's regiments in the Revolutionary War, and thus he was descended from the first and second William Byrd of Westover, whose names are so intimately associated with that of Old Virginia in the palmiest days of her colonial glory. For fifty years the doctor, living on the soil of his ancestors, had been a practising physician in Amelia. In that time he had become not only the physician, but the friend and adviser of everybody in the county. Above all, in my estimation, he was the most ardent of sportsmen. When I first knew him he still practised medicine daily, upon horseback; and, although he had given up quail-shooting because it was too hard work, he still hunted deer and turkeys, and thought nothing of standing for hours upon a runway or getting up before daylight and lying in a turkey-blind until midday. He could make the best turkey-calls I ever saw. Sometimes they were contrived out of turkey bone and boxwood; sometimes of cigar-box and slate; and, whether with the one or the other,

it mattered not which, the doctor could imitate the call of the turkey in such fashion that he could deceive any man, or any turkey, living.

A widower, he lived with his son George, surrounded by his grandchildren. Of these there were eight, the oldest boy bearing his grandfather's name. If any one had doubted that the passion for hunting is hereditary, a sight of the doctor, his son George, and his grandson Dick, together, would have been sufficient to convince him.

The section abounded in game. Since the decline of agriculture consequent upon the war, deer had greatly multiplied; wild turkeys were almost as plentiful as tame ones; quail were found in every cultivated field; and rabbits everywhere.

An evening at Terrapin Neck in the autumn season, usually found the father, son, and grandson in the old doctor's room, devising contrivances for hunting. There was the doctor, with his ever-sharp knife, whittling away upon his latest turkey-call, or carving his latest powder-horn, — for he still used the muzzle-loading rifle upon deer, — and there was George Taylor, cleaning the guns or loading cartridges for quail; and there was young Dick, working industriously upon some newly devised trap or snare; all of them as intent as if their success in life depended upon the work in hand; and all as happy as if the grand old man was now, as he once had been, the wealthiest citizen of his section. About them lay their dogs, — a hound for the doctor, setters and pointers for Mr. George, and one or two nondescripts for Dick. In the morning, by the crack of day, each went on his appointed way: one to his

deer-stand, or turkey-blind; one to his quail-hunting; and the boy upon his rabbit or robin hunt. In the evening they returned; all happy, whether they had been successful or not; and each interested in the reports made by the others, concerning what they had succeeded in doing, or how they had failed.

Young Dick and my little master were sworn allies. Little master spent three weeks at a time at Terrapin Neck with Dick, and they hunted and fished and went swimming and bred game chickens together.

Whenever master appeared at Terrapin Neck, his presence was the signal for a carnival of sport. The three generations of Taylors vied with each other in their kindness and attention. The doctor abandoned practice; George abandoned farming; and Dick invariably tried to abandon school. All energies were concentrated upon securing the best sport to be had. When, as on the visit I am now to describe, Doctor Armistead Taylor accompanied master to Terrapin Neck, it was additional fuel added to the flame of sport. And how they did feed at Terrapin Neck! There were so many of them, young and old, that a dog was always up to his eyes in table scraps. And dogs! They were as plentiful as chinquapins in the woods. It was as impossible for Armistead or George Taylor to refuse a hunting-dog as it is for a drunkard to decline a drink. The place was filled with dogs. They were of all sizes and appearance; from setters that were half Newfoundlands, to those that were half cocker-spaniels; from pointers as large as yearling calves to shivering runts that looked like Italian greyhounds.

Both men held to the theory "Try all things, and hold fast to that which is good." They contended, concerning dogs, as did the great horse-racer, John Robin McDaniel, concerning horses, that they "run in all forms." An old darky upon George Taylor's place, a sort of privileged character and something of a wag, always referred to Terrapin Neck as "Dog Springs." But if you think that they long harbored a dog that was worthless, you are much mistaken. Any dog could come and was welcome. Every dog that came was fairly tried. If he was worthy, he remained. If he was worthless, he soon departed for other climes. By this constant search they, now and then, obtained some phenomenal dogs. Mr. George Taylor's old black and white dropper<sup>1</sup> Mack, a pointer in appearance, an animal acquired by him through his ever-shifting dog-trying, was a veritable king among dogs. Mack was the only dog in whose presence I ever felt and acknowledged my own inferiority.

Bound for the Taylors', I met master in Richmond. We took the afternoon train on the Danville road. Dr. Armistead Taylor met us at the station where we left the train. There also was his brother George with a good team to drive us to Terrapin Neck. What a joyous reunion it was! The three men had not been thus together for several years, and each vied with the other to show his delight that they were once more united as of old. The long drive wearied no one. All three had much to tell of what had happened since they parted, and all had something to recall of former

<sup>1</sup> Dropper is a cross between setter and pointer.

shooting days, as the familiar places upon the road were passed. Besides the men, we had in our party another who excited new emotions in me. We found in Richmond my son "Young Di." He was now two years old, and had just arrived from Mississippi, where he had finished his education. He was and is a handsome youth. I may speak of him thus without conceit, because he is so unlike me, and so much resembles his mother. He is a black, white, and tan, while I, as you know, am a lemon and white. His mother is a charming daughter of the famous "Dashing Rover"; and Young Di inherits her family beauty. Old as I was, it was the first time I had ever been accompanied, upon a hunt, by one of my own offspring. I knew that this Young Di had been bred, reared, and trained, to take my place; but there was not the slightest feeling of resentment against my son mingled with the natural sadness I felt at the prospect of being supplanted. I found him to be a modest, sensible, level-headed fellow. He was affectionate and respectful to me; and seemed anxious to learn whatever I might teach him. I fully resolved to help him all I could and, at the same time, to let him see what sort of dog his father was. It was this, no doubt, which made my work upon that hunt force my master to reverse his last year's verdict, and record the fact that, in my tenth year, I hunted like a three-year-old. I hold that autumn's sport in tender remembrance, for it was the last grand rally of my life.

We hunted for quails for three successive days at Terrapin Neck. Spared by the mildness of the pre-

ceding winter, the number of birds had increased beyond our expectations, and we had good shooting. It is surprising to see how quickly under favorable conditions they do replenish their numbers after being almost exterminated. Young Di was all, and more than all, that I could desire; and, for myself, I kept up even better than I had dared to expect. Dr. Armistead returned to his home; but master remained several days longer.

One night after supper, we were assembled in the old doctor's room, as usual. He was fixing a trap for Dick, who stood in mute admiration. That ever-considerate Mr. George was wiping off the guns. Master was drawing pictures for the children. "George," said his father, "I saw that flock of turkeys that uses the mill-pond woods, cross the road near the school-house about sundown." "You did!" exclaimed George, all alert. "Did you shoot at them?" "No. I was too far off and knew I could not scatter them and call them up before dark." George stopped wiping the gun, leaned for a few moments upon the stick, thinking; then, glancing at the dogs, he exclaimed, "See here, John — if you don't give that old skate of yours a rest you'll kill him. You are such a fool about him you don't enjoy hunting unless he is along. Now I'll tell you the sensible thing to do. Let us go after those turkeys in the morning and give the dogs a rest. Then we'll vary the sport, and have fresh dogs next day." "All right," said master. "But, understand, my old skate is as good as any of your old skates on turkeys; and, old as he is, I don't intend that any dog here shall poke his nose after turkeys without



old Di along. We can leave Young Di, and the others, and take old Di and Mack." So it was arranged. George invited his father to accompany us, but he said something about not keeping up with younger men, and declined the invitation. If the doctor had flushed the flock of turkeys the night before, it would have been necessary that we should start long before day; we would then have built a blind, and, they being scattered, we would have called them up at daybreak. As they had not been flushed and separated, we knew they would roost together. Our plan, therefore, was to start shortly before day; try to find them on their roost; and, failing in that, to let the dogs strike their scent where they alighted from roosting, follow it up; flush, chase, and scatter them; and then build blinds and call them up.

Both master and myself were somewhat rusty on turkeys. My task was comparatively easy. All I had to do was to follow close at heel when we were looking for them on their roost, and, if we failed to find them thus, I was to range out for their scent, and, finding them, bark, rush into their midst, drive them in as many directions as possible, and then hurry back to master, wait until he built his blind, creep into it with him, and lie as still as a mouse until he fired. But it was part of his business to handle and work the yelper, and unless that is done scientifically the other labor is all in vain; for when a turkey discovers the imposture he never returns. Young turkeys are the silliest things in the world; but an old mother is the cleverest of birds. If the hunter can kill her, he has nothing to do but wait

and call, and the young ones will come in, one after another, to the most apparent false calls. But unless



Monarch of American Game-birds.

the hunter knows his business, a mother turkey will recognize his false notes in an instant, and if she does, farewell to sport.

Master dearly loved turkey-hunting, but never

was good at calling. The greater part of my turkey-hunting was done with Dr. Armistead Taylor, with whom I often spent weeks or months. He handled his turkey-call with more skill than any of our circle.

I remember an occasion when master and I put up an old hen with a flock of well-grown young turkeys. We made our blind and lay still for a long time. Then we heard, away down in the woods, a soft "pee-pee-pee." Gracious! how that sound does thrill one lying there hidden in a blind. The thing for master to have done was to lie still. He might have known the turkeys were young and would come back to the place where we were lying, for it was there that we had flushed them. He might have known also that the old hen was somewhere near by, and would not come to call; and that, if he would keep still until he had a chance to shoot her, we should have good sport. But he did not keep these things in mind. He could not resist the temptation to show his skill on the yelper. After the young one repeated his call once or twice, out came that confounded yelper. When master did call, my! what a travesty of a turkey note it was. With his first sound, from an adjoining myrtle thicket, a great "Put!" went up, like the pop of a cork, and we saw the old hen tearing off like mad. She had located us and was safe. But for that hideous call she would have come out in a few moments into the open, and we would have bagged her. Once safely out of reach, and with us surely located, she began a series of warnings to her young, worthy of the commands of a general directing his forces. "Put-put-put," to the right of us. A mo-

ment later "Put-put-put," to left of us. Then "Put-put-put," behind us. First here, then there. She was circling our position, always keeping out of range, and warning the young away, from whatever direction they might be approaching. This work was kept up for a long while, master, meanwhile bemoaning his own bad management; and, at last, we knew they had gotten together, for we heard them away off in the woods, making such a noise that our last hope of calling them was gone.

The truth is that a thorough knowledge of turkeys, their age, and their habits at different seasons, is necessary to enable one to call them properly and intelligently. It is surprising, too, to know the great variety of notes one can produce from a turkey yelper. Just what note to produce for a particular bird or at a particular season is a bit of woodcraft known to a very few. The note by which to call an old gobbler is as different from that employed to deceive a young bird, as if the two were different breeds. Dr. Armistead was a professor in this line, and many a day I have heard him coax and call and answer back a doubting turkey, in such a way that it really seemed as if they were carrying on a conversation.

Knowing his deficiencies as a yelper, master began practising before we went to bed. Under the correction of the old doctor, he began with a turkey bone; but he performed so badly that the old doctor grew impatient, and told Dick to fetch master the dinner horn from the back porch. He said it sounded as much like a turkey-call as the notes master was making, and the birds could hear it

further. After loud laughter at this sally master essayed the use of the box call. The notes from it are produced by gently drawing a bit of slate across the thin edges of a little box. At this he succeeded much better, and, all the party becoming ambitious to display their skill, the room became a babel of turkey notes, until Mrs. Taylor put her head in the door, and told them to stop their noise and go to bed, for they had already waked the baby. "Here, you Dick, you can go with them and do the calling in Di's blind," said the old doctor, as we parted for the night. "That master of Di's cannot call turkeys. He will run every turkey out of the woods." The idea pleased master, who knew it was true.

Just before daybreak we all sallied out. The waning moon peered feebly through a thin haze, and the men, with guns under their arms, and hands in pockets, marched silently, in Indian file, along the sandy road, towards the dark pines whose irregular tops were just visible along the horizon. It was in these pines that the turkeys had been seen the preceding evening. George had thoroughly posted himself about the place at which they had crossed, and the direction in which they were going. Reaching the woods, we held our course upon the dark and narrow road, in stillness unbroken by any sound, save, now and then, the crunching of the white sand beneath the feet of the men. Arriving at the point where the turkeys had crossed, the gunners took distances about a hundred yards apart and started through the woods in the direction in which the birds had gone, hoping they might, by good luck, come upon them on their roost.

How solemn and how silent are the pines when one is alone among them just before the breaking of the day. Who that has never been in the forest as the day was breaking can appreciate the delicious sense of reviving life, and the cheerfulness which comes over us, as the light begins to penetrate the dark spaces between the bodies of the trees? How happy seems the first risen gray squirrel, sitting on his hickory limb, as he noisily tumbles down the shells from his breakfast nut! How cunningly does the early rising little sap-sucker dodge on the further side of yonder dead limb; and how noisy, in the stillness, sounds his industrious "tap — tap — tap"! How delicious is the perfume of moist pine, and cedar, and gum, and myrtle, and balsam, as they seem moved to fresh fragrance by returning light! Now and again, some dried limb, or cone, or bark, breaks the stillness; falling, at this hour, like the old men who die at daybreak. All else is wrapped in silence. Not the silence of darkness, but the stillness visible, of refreshed and awakening nature. Nowhere in the world does man or brute enjoy such sense of repose, and peace, and happiness, as comes to him in the silence of the woods, at the opening of a sunlit day.

Such were the reflections of master and dog, as the long sunbeams began to paint the pine trees about us half in silver and half in black, and to gild the pine tags under our feet until they looked like a floor of burnished copper. We had failed to find the turkeys on their roost; and, until now, although it was past sunrise, had not struck their morning scent. Mr. George and Dick were not in sight.

A moment later, a quick succession of yelps burst on us; there was a rushing sound, like wind, away off to our left, followed by two loud reports from George Taylor's gun, and, afterwards, by two nearer reports from Dick's. By this we knew that George had flushed the gang of turkeys, and that they had flown in our direction. We watched, and saw, crossing in our front, one, two, three, four, objects flitting through the pines. At that instant, steadied on wings so silent that he had almost escaped before we saw him, a young gobbler shot by us, high up, and almost overhead. Master wheeled quickly, threw up his gun, and at the report the bird folded his wings, threw back his head, dashed against the upper limb of a pine, and, rebounding, fell almost at our feet. "What luck! What luck!" said I, smelling him over in a transport of delight. George had fired only to scatter them; Dick had missed his shot; and here we were, doing less to obtain the shot, and deserving it less than any of the party, yet bagging the game.

Shortly afterwards, that long-legged, untiring George, followed by that irrepressible Mack, came forging through the pines. They had been traveling like two steam engines, and had overtaken the turkeys in a bit of swampy woods, whither they had run for water. Removing his cap, and wiping his forehead as he came up, Mr. Taylor cried, "Well! Is there nothing for all that firing?" "Yes," replied master, "one." "One what?" said George, for Dick was with him, excitedly telling him how, just as he pulled the trigger, his gun-barrel had come against a tree, which threw him off his sight.

“One sap-sucker,” said master. “If you and Dick can shoot at rabbits, why cannot I kill a few woodpeckers?” George protested that he had flushed the flock of turkeys. Master pretended to doubt it in spite of Dick’s earnest corroboration. Thus the party were moving forward when the Taylors caught sight of master’s young gobbler, iridescent in the morning light, where master had hung it in the fork of a little dogwood, behind a huge pine,



Turkey-yelping.

that had concealed it until now. Then we had a war-dance, and separated to build our blinds.

If man or dog has committed any offence upon which he does not wish to reflect, I would advise him against turkey-hunting in a blind. There is no place in the world where he will have a better chance than there, for retrospection and introspection, while waiting and listening for the return of the turkeys.

On the morning in question we waited long and



patiently, — master, Dick, and I. We gathered a lot of myrtle boughs, and putting them on both sides of us behind a fallen tree, we lay there so quietly that a squirrel, after eying us and frisking about us, actually sat up and washed his face with his paws on the end of the log behind which our blind was built. But no turkeys came. Once or twice we thought we heard them, and enjoyed something of the delicious expectancy which is one of the charms of turkey-hunting. But that was all. George had no better luck than ourselves. Apparently a long distance away, we heard the report of a single gun. Such sounds are common in the woods. At last, giving it up as a bad job, we resolved to go home, and started off by a short-cut route. “Hush!” said George, suddenly, when we had gone a few hundred yards; and we all listened. We immediately heard a turkey calling. In an instant we were all well concealed. “Yep — yep — yep — yep — yep,” floated the sound softly up the decline before us. “Yep — yep — yep — yep — yep,” answered George, in his coyest fashion, so low and sweet that it seemed impossible for any turkey to resist him. Then came an anxious period of waiting and watching, during which we scarcely breathed. But for some reason the turkey did not come. Each time we called he answered, but was no nearer, and no further away. After a long amount of coquetting with him, George decided to steal out and try to get a sight of him. He crawled cautiously behind some logs to an opening and peeped out; then he beckoned back mysteriously for master. With equal caution master crept

out, peeped for an instant, and his face broadened into a wide grin. About seventy-five yards away, the old doctor was concealed behind a tree, yelping his prettiest. "The old rascal!" said George. "I suspected some trick when he refused to come out with us; and now he is just making fools of us." "Let us turn the tables on him," said master. "He is watching where we were. Let us crawl away and leave him." "No," said Dick. "Let us go back, crawl near to him, and then fire in his direction as if we really thought him to be a turkey." We accepted Dick's suggestion. So back we went, and, crawling towards him cautiously, it was arranged that George Taylor should fire first, shooting at the tree high up, yet near enough to him for the doctor to hear the shot strike. Then, when the doctor should announce himself, Dick and master were to fire into the air with intervals sufficient to enable him to protest between shots.

It worked to a charm. When George fired and his shot struck the tree, the doctor, hearing them, scrambled to his feet, exclaiming, "Hulloa, there! What the mischief!" Just then, bang went Dick's gun, and the doctor dodged behind the tree, exclaiming, "Stop that shooting there, will you! Don't you!" "Bang!" went master's gun, and by this time the doctor was boiling and swearing that if that firing did not stop he would open on us with a return fire. It was some time before we pacified him. He insisted that we tried to shoot him, and refused to admit that he began the joke.

By his side when we reached him was another one of our flock of turkeys. The sly old rascal!

He had changed his mind about going, had followed us by this short route, had heard us shoot, had seen our turkeys come his way, had built himself a blind, and had shot one of our turkeys. No wonder no turkeys came to us. He was between us and the turkeys. Somebody will say this was not sportsmanlike. But to appreciate the joke you should have known the Taylors and master. They were playing pranks like these upon each other all the while; and that old doctor, walking along as if he was about to fall to pieces, was the merriest and slyest old fox in the whole party.

It was a half holiday at school. On our journey homeward, as we re-entered the cool main road, we saw the Taylor children returning with their school-books. What a pretty sight it was as the merry troop drew near, headed by Miss Evelyn Byrd Harvie Taylor, aged thirteen. And how fetching she looked, in her short, Scotch plaid dress and white apron and blue yarn stockings; her poke bonnet thrown back, and her ringlets straggling about her face, reading aloud to herself as she strolled leisurely homeward through the pines on the sandy, sunny road. She was the literary member of the household.

What wonder and delight those great soft eyes expressed as she beheld our handsome gobblers slung upon the shoulders of her father and her brother. Every child plucked a feather from the turkey tails to bedeck their bonnets and hats.

"What's that you were reading so intently?" said master to Evelyn, as we walked on together. Taking the book and glancing over it he saw that

it was a simple little primary, filled with questions asking, "Where are the spectacles of my cross-eyed grandmother?" and a thousand others like it, in French. "I can speak a little French," said he, "and I'll give you a lesson. These turkeys are the food for the gods. What goddess loves turkeys best?" One said, "Diana." Another said, "Juno," and another exclaimed, "Dido!"



The Procession to the House.

"Dido was no goddess," laughed master, "but let it go at Dido. We'll feed the disconsolate damsel well. Now listen and repeat:

"'Dido, dit on, dina d'un dos de dindon.'"

What a string of nonsense master rattles forth whenever he plays with children!

"What does it mean?" shouted the whole chorus of voices, when the babel of its repetition had subsided.

"'Dido, they say, dines off the back of a turkey,'" said master solemnly. "Good!" shouted the French class.

The soft alliteration and merry jingle of the words caught the fancy of the children. With children's quickness they learned the phrase as if it had been "Peter Piper."

By the time we came in sight of the house the smallest one of them could rattle it off. As we drew near home, the men in front bearing the spoils of the morning hunt, the children decked with feathers, repeating in chorus the Dido jingle, and keeping step to its cadence; Mrs. Taylor stood on the veranda, whither the noise had attracted her from her housework, and, shading her brow with her hand, wondered, as she smiled upon the group, whether her whole household had gone daft.

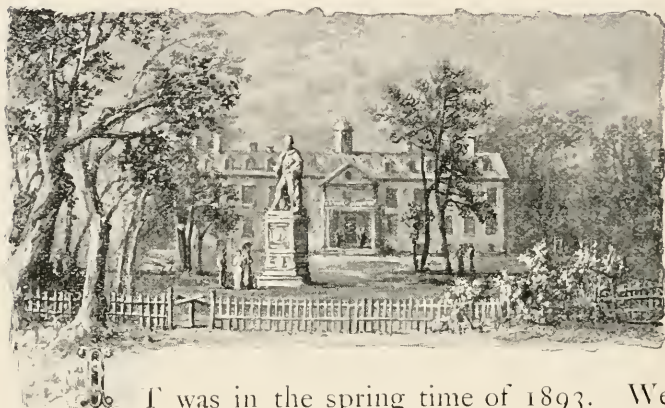
A month later master wrote from England, telling Mr. Selden that, in a place called the Army and Navy Store, he had found a famous hunting-saddle for him, and new collars for old Di, Young Di, and Dicky Don.



## Chapter XVIII

(1893-4-5)

Illness — A Change — Williamsburg — The End



I was in the spring time of 1893. We all felt that master, after crossing and re-crossing the Ocean, owed us a visit without waiting for the shooting season to begin. I was not vain enough to believe that he would come, at that season, because of the condition of my health, which was very bad. The little restored vitality I had felt last fall, was entirely extinguished by the storms which raged throughout January, February, and March. Rheumatism had again attacked me, accompanied, this time, by a serious and painful affection of the ear. Men glibly dispose of ear troubles among dogs, by denominating them cankers — external or internal

canker, according to the location of the complaint. Mr. Selden called mine internal canker, and, at one time applied sweet oil, and at another time spirits of turpentine. The former was harmless; the latter very painful. Neither did me the slightest good. The swelling increased, was excruciatingly painful, and made me very deaf. When, at last, it burst of itself, the discharge continued for many weeks and was so disagreeable to every one, that I found myself banished from my old place by the fireside, and was seldom admitted to the house. Limping about, shaking my troublesome ear continually, I lost my appetite, grew thin, and, for the first time in my life, became despondent.

How I longed for master then. Right well I knew that in my old age and time of trouble, he would feel for me, and tend my ailments better than any one in the world. At the corner of the lawn was a mound where a summer house once stood. The spot overlooked the valley; from it, the trains from Richmond came into view, five miles away, as they rounded the bluffs of the Rock Castle estate. The hedges surrounding the yard stopped before they reached this mound; and the unobstructed sunlight on its southern exposure made it a warm resting-place. This became my favorite resort. There I would go and lie for hours, thinking of happier days, and pleasing myself, when I discovered the smoke of an approaching train, with the fancy that it might be bearing back to me my truant master.

I blamed no one for my lot. But it was hard; after all the years of privilege and intimacy I had

enjoyed, to see myself excluded from the fireside, and my place taken by Young Di. I knew my condition was such that, even had he been absent, I could not have been tolerated in the house. When I reflected, I realized all this; but who, in my plight, would not have been cast down by a feeling of desertion and neglect?

“All things come to him who waits,” says the proverb, and so it was with me. Was it instinct that roused me from a troubled sleep, one day in the spring of 1893, to watch the smoke of the train, rolling up among the dogwood blossoms on the bluffs? Why did a new hope spring within me, as the iron monster came flashing its way toward us, through the many tinted greens and pink and white bloom of the lowlands? A red-winged starling, balancing himself upon a yielding willow bough hard by, seemed to bid me, with his gurgling melody, to hope. A yellow-breasted lark, fluttering up to the creamy blooming locust on the hillside, poured out a joyous flood of country song, as if he sung to me. Had some beautiful goddess of the chase paused from her pastimes long enough to pity the sorrows of a poor old dog, and send his master back to him?

Was it by chance or by design that, April twenty-second, 1893, the anniversary of my tenth birthday, the whistle blew at Snowden bridge, the train slowed down, and master stepped off, the picture of health and strength and cheeriness?

Ah! from my airy station in the yard, I saw it all. Saw the handshaking of the men, and the whisking friskiness of Young Di and the rest of the dogs, at sight of master. In other days one bound



would have sent me over the fence ; and down the hill I would have plunged, to join in master's welcome. But now ! How could I ? My strength was gone. Every jar of my poor old frame was agony. Pulling myself together, as best I could, I hobbled to the gate, but found it closed. If it had been open, how could I have re climbed that steep hill ? So, back I limped, to my station at the mound, watching the party as they came up the hill, poking my head between the openings in the fence, and expressing my pent-up feelings with hoarse barks of joy, lest they might pass me by. Pass me by ? Master pass me by ? Say rather that the mother might pass her baby by, or that water might run up hill. He was fat with English roast beef. As he toiled up that steep hill, he puffed like the engine which had just passed. But, when he reached the hill-top and saw me standing there, he came over that fence with the agility of a boy ; and, in another instant, had enveloped me with that love for which I had hungered and thirsted for so many moons.

“ Have a care how you hug him ; you will soil your clothes ; the poor old fellow is very foul,” said Mr. Selden.

Now I know I was not, as master would have expressed it “ a sweet-scented geranium ” in my then condition ; but I don't think it was as bad as that ; and master, turning to Mr. Selden, said, “ Dick, I'd hug the old man if he spoiled the whole suit of clothes.” Then watching me critically as we all moved towards the house, he said, “ He's badly off — sure enough. He needs a doctor. I will take

him to Williamsburg with me this afternoon. I had no idea it was as serious as this." Master's brother is a physician residing at Williamsburg. Although not such an ardent sportsman as master, he does about the amount of hunting that I would be equal to when in good condition. I therefore welcomed the prospect of obtaining relief from him, and spending the remainder of my days with him, as a desirable change. Dogs, like men, become morbid as they grow old; and I could not divest myself of the feeling that I had worn my welcome out at Snowden; and, that, being no longer useful, I ought not to impose upon the hospitality of friends. With master's brother it was different; for, between them, whatever one has belongs to the other. At Williamsburg I would be as much at home as if I had been in New York. Master said he would have taken me to New York, but for the fact that, at my age, I could not stand the climate or confinement. A busy time we had of it that afternoon. With a basin of warm water and soap suds, master washed my afflicted ear; gave it a thorough examination; and located the point requiring treatment. He thought a surgical operation would be necessary to relieve me of the trouble in the ear. As to the rheumatism, he said the pain could be relieved, but that I could not hope to regain my youthful agility. I had not felt that I was of so much importance for a long time. After the bath and cleansing, I was admitted to the house; and remained there until train time. In spite of earnest entreaties to remain, master departed that evening, taking me with him; and the day's occurrences had so far revived me,

that I walked down the hill to the train without much difficulty.

Parting with the Seldens and with Dicky Don, was exceedingly sad to me. I had been the recipient of great love and kindness from them all my life; and had been like one of the household for over four years. I little thought, when I licked Dicky Don's face, and told him good-by, that he would die first; or that we would never meet again. "I hope you'll speedily get well under the doctor's treatment," said he, at parting; "and that you will come back to us not later than November first." Mrs. Selden, always so good and kind, said she was glad I was going, because they really did not know what to do for me; but that, in parting, she felt as if a member of the family was dropping out. Mr. Selden seemed to feel that this was the beginning of some end he did not know. Going down the hill he said, with a sigh, "It will be many a day, John, before we have another brace like Dick and Di. Really good dogs are rare. Before we find the like of them, you and I may both be gone." So we parted. The last sight I had of Snowden was from the door of our baggage-car. At a turn of the road I caught a glimpse of the homestead, perched on its noble hill; the yard surrounded by its deep green cedar hedges, and filled with the white bloom of locusts, and the purple clusters of the china trees. Then another turn shut out the view. Whatever hopes I had elsewhere, — however much I may have felt the necessity of the change, — my thoughts still lingered about the place and its occupants with unspeakable fondness, and I left them with deep regret.

We reached Richmond that afternoon and spent the night there. It was the first time, in the five years which had elapsed since master's removal to New York, that he and I had been in Richmond together, except meeting at the depots. We took a stroll, and passed our old residence. It was not much changed. There was the paling fence over which I once bounded so nimbly. I could not have topped it then if my life had depended on it. There was the English walnut tree master planted when I was a puppy. When he set that tree, its stem was no larger than a pencil. It had grown to be as large as master's arm, and had great branches filled with leaves. We passed by the home of Courtley and Dinah, and the spot where I fought with Jim Blaine. The places that knew them knew them no more.

A policeman, loitering in a corner, greeted master; "Hello, captain! Still huntin', are ye? Well, it looks to me like you'll soon need another dog." Then, taking a good look at me, he evidently recognized me, for he said, "Blamed ef it ain't the same dog ye had when you lived up on Franklin Street years ago." Master and I visited the market where we formerly went every morning; and there he gave me a meal of chopped lean meat. The familiar taste and the surroundings made me feel like a young dog again. Then we went down to see an old friend, at whose place we often stopped before day, to get hot coffee and beefsteak, when we were going shooting years ago. There he was, a little fatter, and with a little more gray in his hair, but he was still the same cheery host who, in days gone by, gave us

such smoking breakfasts, and pushed such generous bundles of luncheon under our wagon seat, in the frosty mornings of 1885-6-7.

Then we visited the drug store where, in days gone by, master compounded his dog medicines. I did not have a pleasant recollection of that place. I associated it with the smell and taste of castor oil. The druggist was glad to see us, and well he might be; for, by master's permission, he had advertised and sold condition powders, based on master's prescription; and he told us that they were now the best known dog pills in the land; and had brought him in a pot of money. He and master had a hearty laugh about his having wished to name his pills after master, who had refused to be so honored. Nothing would do but we must take two boxes of these pills which had master's certificate attached, declaring that they would make a dead dog eat. Pay for them? No! It was a privilege, the merchant said, to present them, with his compliments, to Di; and if they aided me, as he believed they would, it would be an added pleasure. Then came a new and pleasant lotion for the suffering ear; and the offer of bones from a neighboring restaurant; which last courtesy I was compelled to decline, being already full and toothless.

"After all, life is yet worth living," said I, as I lay down by my master's bed that night, quite wearied with the excitement, but feeling better than I had done for months. My mind was filled with thoughts of all the kindness shown me by these good people who had known me in my prime. It was like turning back the pages in life's book and

reading youth's story over again, — this delightful evening in my birthplace.

If you have followed my rambling talk this far, you may be willing to hear something of the new home to which I was transferred. Here I must step aside for a short while and let my master talk. Williamsburg is a favorite topic with him. He is fond of saying that a Virginian who does not know Williamsburg argues himself unknown. My master affects oratory sometimes. I have heard it hinted — with what justice I know not — that he is not always successful in convincing human beings; but I am certain that if dogs could vote, master would be elected to any office within the gift of the people — and the dogs.

Once, when he and I went down together to the Williamsburg market, a group of the citizens surrounded him and asked him to give his opinion of the place. Williamsburg is still a great place for public speaking.

Mounting a store box, he bowed, smiled a genuine political, yard-wide smile upon his auditors, ran his fingers through his hair, handed his hat to a freckled-faced mulatto man who stood by holding a bunch of muskrat skins, cleared his throat, struck an attitude and began —

“Fellow-citizens of Williamsburg! Of the City of Williamsburg! Virginia!

“You are, beyond a doubt, the most remarkable population; and you live in the most remarkable city in all America. I love you, and my affections cling about this old town, and about every broken brick-bat it contains, although there is little left of

it besides grave-yard mould. I am so poor, and so prolific, that I have to work; therefore, I left you, and went to live in New York. I work there, and come here to enjoy myself. If I had money enough, or few enough dependent on me, to justify it, I would come here to live, and go to New York, now and then, to enjoy myself."

At this point a citizen dropped a flat bottle. The crowd was deeply agitated at sight of so much liquor lost. Groans were heard in the audience. Master, thinking the groans were directed at him, suspended his remarks, and said with an injured air that he would not tax their patience longer. The incident was explained to the speaker by Frank Wolff, a leading citizen. The explanation of the groans was so reasonable, that master, reassured and comforted, resumed, amid loud cries of "Go on — Go on — Go on."

"Your charter was granted to you earlier than that of New York. You bore the name of England's King when New York was still the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam.

"New Yorkers are proud of the growth of their city in trade, wealth, and population. The pride and boast of Williamsburg is that it has no wealth or trade; and that its population is less than it was a hundred years ago. This ambition, or lack of it, is at least unique. New York may be the Atlas of Commerce, bearing the trade of all nations upon its back. But Williamsburg is the Diogenes of Corporations; having nothing, wanting nothing, asking nothing, save that the sunlight in which its burghers bask in idleness be not obstructed by intruders.

“Once you were the capital of the most important colony in North America.

“Once a King and Queen of England founded here a great seat of learning, named after themselves, the College of William and Mary in Virginia—a college second only in point of age to Harvard.

“Once your town was the centre of colonial wealth and learning and social life.

“Where are we now, my fellow-citizens?”

(Loud cries of “We’re all right!” and tuneful chorus of “There are no flies on us!”)

“We are standing upon a street a mile long, a dirt street wider than Broadway or the Strand. It is named after the great Duke of Gloucester. True, the next and only other street in Williamsburg tumbles from that aristocratic title to the commonplace cognomen of ‘Woodpecker Street’; but this noble boulevard is, I repeat, called ‘Duke of Gloucester Street.’ He said of himself, according to Shakespeare, that he was ‘rude, misshapen, born before his time; rushed into this breathing world but half made up,’ etc. How appropriately the same may be said of the street which bears his name! Now this is what I call the eternal fitness of things. Look down it, and what do you see?”

(“I see Jim Olvis’ little steer haulin’ a load of pine shatters for his pig-pen,” proclaimed Sam Maupin, at the top of his voice.)

“Ah! my friends,” said master, with a truly dramatic pose, “beyond Jim Olvis’ tumble cart and steer and load of pine tags, behold the crumbling foundations of what was once the capitol of Virginia!”



(“ You bet ! ” shouted a by-stander ; “ I built a chimbley for my house out er some of them old bricks, last year ; and they’re better bricks now than the new ones they are makin’ at the King’s Landing.”

“ Well, let it go at that,” said master. “ A capitol is a drawback to the peace of a community anyhow.)

“ Look up the street ! ” said he, resuming. “ There, at its other end, stands what is left of your College of William and Mary !

“ There is the old Brafferton House, the gift of Englishmen before the Revolution !

“ There is the house the French King built to replace the one his soldiers burnt !

“ There is the old college, originally constructed after designs made by Sir Christopher Wren ; thrice burned, and thrice rebuilt.

“ Who can help taking off his hat to these old landmarks ?

“ Look over the way !

“ There is where the Colonial Palace stood !

“ It is true that not one brick of it is on top another.

“ But the free-school on the palace site is better than the palace of a king’s minion.

“ What was once the exclusive palace green is now a common for republican cows. It needs no other decoration than the wealth of buttercups the springtime brings.

“ True that until recently cows have been kept in the historic magazine where was stored the British powder ; seized when Dunmore fled, in Revolutionary days ; but cows, like powder, make cowherds.”

("It's milkin' time," shouted a wag at the owner of that magazine, who stood there listening and grinning.)

"It is true that the Raleigh Tavern at which colonial wit and beauty and valor assembled in colonial days is gone.

"Burnt down — unrestored — and that is the most surprising thing of all.

"Who would have believed that Williamsburg would let its best rum-mill go to wreck and ruin?

"And there, out in the open air, warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew, stands the knock-kneed statue, in marble, of Norborne Berkeley, Lord Botetourt; erected to his memory, and presented to this great city, a hundred and fifty years ago, by Virginia's House of Burgesses!

"How cold the old man looks!

"What a desolate spectacle he is with his nose gone, and the decorated plinth on which he stands still bespattered with the lead from hostile bullets, shot against it in a battle here, thirty years ago!

"Why do you not build a shed, however humble, to shield the bared head of his lordship? Be not iconoclasts, and save him before he disintegrates, in honor of his humility in standing before you uncovered for more than a hundred years."

(This produced great applause. The word "iconoclasts" delighted the darkies. "Can't he talk!" shouted they, and silence was restored.)

"My fellow-citizens, these old things are the crowning glory of your town, if you will but take the trouble to preserve them.

"Let it not be said of you that you are citizens

of a place where the dead still live, and the living are dead before the breath leaves their body.

“These are the homes of the Randolphs, the Pages, the Wythes, the Blands, the Blairs, the Berkeleys, the Custises, the Peachys, the Carys, and all the rest.

“Many of them are already gone. Such as remain should be preserved as the most precious relics left to you.

“Williamsburg of to-day is but an insignificant village. Williamsburg of the past is an immortal and glorious spot, around which the affections of every lover of our early history linger with unspeakable veneration. Blot out that glorious past, and what will be left of the dear old town?

“All that is left of it in the present is the charity school taught in poor old William and Mary’s ruins, the funds for which were given to you by the federal government, and a state asylum for the insane.

“My father once described the town as it is, as ‘Five hundred lazy watching six hundred crazy.’

“But that is not all of Williamsburg. Look across the street!

“Look at that grand old church, built two hundred years ago, surrounded by its solid walls of English brick, enclosing God’s acre! How noble still are its proportions! How beautiful its oriel window, and the ivy covering its old gables! Without and within, it alone of all the things in Williamsburg is ‘the sole indestructible thing time has touched with no change.’ It stands there, in spite of the touch of time, the blasts of war, and the passing away of your ancient importance. If the wor-

shippers buried in its graveyard a hundred years ago could come back, they would receive the Holy Communion from the same service which was in use when they were alive, — a silver service presented to Bruton Parish by Queen Anne. That sacrament would still be administered to them now, according to the ancient rites and ceremonies of the Church of England as they knew them, little altered in a century.

“When you feel that all else is dark in your midst, remember that its light still shines before men, that they may know your good works, and glorify the past of dear old Williamsburg.

“When all else is still, its organ peals forth through its stained windows, and its clambering ivy, across the graves, bringing to us the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

“Where all else is changed, the old tower rears itself intact, surrounded by the brick walls of its enclosure, proud and serene; as if it were the last general, standing with smiling face in the centre of the last square that can be formed against the desperate assaults of time in its battle against your city.

“Whatever else is changed, however much decay and decline may have set their gnawing teeth in the old things here, these are left to tell the tale of a nobler and better day. Cherish them and preserve them, my fellow-citizens, as the immediate jewels of your soul; and remember that it is a duty which you owe, not only to yourselves, but to all the sons of dear old Virginia who love and honor her ancient glory, whether like you they still remain

upon her soil, or like me have wandered away. You are one of the few communities where the old English stock, planted on this continent nearly three centuries ago, still remains unmixed with foreign strains; and, whatever may be said of your lack of thrift and enterprise, I love you as the gentlest, most law-abiding, and most hospitable people in America."

The crowd gave three cheers for master, and drew near to him, shaking his hands.

But so far as I can see things have gone on in Williamsburg since then just about as they did before, for Williamsburgers are not fond of agitation.

Master's brother is deeply attached to the old place, and will probably remain there all his life. His residence is a comfortable brick structure, over a hundred years old. Without any pretence to architectural beauty, it is built after the fashion of the English in colonial days,—roomy, with thick walls, and high wainscotted ceilings.

These new houses built nowadays are not, after all, as comfortable as the old ones.

Williamsburg may not be a good place for an ambitious man to live; but I can testify that it is a glorious place for an old dog to go to die in peace.

If you doubt whether I was made comfortable there, look at the spot, in the hall-way, where a sheepskin was spread for me every night during that winter.

Who among the owners of new-fashioned houses, has any prettier staircase than that in our old house?

The picture represents Miss Virginia, the doctor's daughter, as she retired, lamp in hand, peeping over



the landing of the stairway, to see that I was comfortable for the night. At the moment represented in this sketch, master and the doctor were playing cribbage in the room to the left.

The day after our arrival the doctor made his examination of me and determined upon an operation on my ear. I had a notion it was to be a very serious and painful affair. My apprehensions did not abate when the doctor displayed the knives and scissors in his case of instruments. Master placed me between his knees, my back towards him, laid my head gently to one side, took my muzzle in one hand, and laid back my ear with the other. I closed my eyes, clenched my teeth, and took a long breath. "Now for it!" thought I. It was so soon over that I was surprised when I was released. A quick, clean stroke of the knife, and a sharp clip of the scissors, completed the job. No dressing or bandages were necessary. Within a short time, the

trouble which had annoyed me so long was a thing of the past. The condition pills also did their work well. Besides this treatment the doctor gave me a novel diet. Sturgeons were very plentiful at Williamsburg. He fed me on boiled sturgeon. It is a very oily fish, and the effects of eating it are those resulting from a treatment of cod-liver oil. The oil of that sturgeon seemed to lubricate every joint in my poor old body; and my hair, which had been harsh and dry to the touch and was all turned the wrong way, shed off. I soon had a new coat, fresh and glossy as that of Young Di.

When master returned, — he came to Williamsburg oftener than he had done to Snowden, — he found me looking wonderfully improved.

In the autumn I felt as if I was quite ready for the shooting season. Thinking I was done for, master brought with him, when he came down, Young Di, and a beautiful setter, named Minnie, presented to him by a friend. I protested against being left behind, and all three of us hunted together, Young Di, Minnie, and myself. It was all very well to boast that I was as fit as these youngsters, but I soon satisfied myself that I could not keep up with them. I made a great show of speed and dash in the morning, but by the time midday came, the youngsters outfooted me in a way that was humiliating. That season was a very poor one for birds. The two hard winters, following each other so closely, made it more difficult to find one bird, now, than it had been, before, to find a bevy. Hunting hour after hour without discovering a sign of game, in places where they once swarmed, dis-

gusted the men. We would go out and beat about until midday, with no luck to encourage us. Then master and his brother would find a comfortable place, on the slope of some of the old fortifications about the battle-fields of Williamsburg, and would lie there, sunning themselves, and talking, for hours. Then we would give up hope of finding game, and go home. Time was, when this sort of thing would have frenzied me with impatience; but now, it seemed very comfortable, after the morning run. When master went away he left Minnie to be my companion. All during the autumn, the doctor took Minnie and myself about with him in his buggy, and varied the monotony of his professional rounds with shooting. It was easy work, just suited to my taste, but that Minnie was too quick for me, and found the greater part of the bebies.

During this season, also, I became much attached to, and hunted a great deal with, a man who deserves to be ranked as a first-class hunter in any company. His name is Floyd Powell. He is one of three brothers who reside not far from Williamsburg, and are as reliable and untiring huntsmen as ever went afield. It is surprising how the game has remained upon this narrow peninsula notwithstanding it was the first spot settled in America. I have referred to the decimation of the quails; but they will be back in a few years. And the hard winter did not destroy either the deer or the turkeys hereabouts; in fact, they seem to have increased rather than diminished.

Turkeys are hatching now upon the identical spots where they bred in 1612, when Powhatan capt-



ured them and sent twenty live turkeys as a gift to his brother king of England; and deer are found just where John Smith put his pictures of them on the map of Virginia made by him in 1608.

If you will look at the list of one hundred men who came with John Smith in 1607 and settled Jamestown, you will see among the number the name of James Powell. Both master and his brother, the doctor, believe that these Powell boys are descendants of that man, and that their intimate knowledge of woodcraft springs from its continuous practise by their ancestors and themselves upon this identical range, for nearly three centuries. Be this as it may, I am confident that no better or more successful or more eager hunters ever lived than these three men. Never a duck feeds, or a turkey hatches, or a deer ranges, within twenty miles of their home, but they know the full particulars; and, at every season of the year, they are toiling and trapping and hunting and fishing, with the unsatisfied quest of Indians.

Notwithstanding my infirmities, the doctor was not constant enough in his shooting to satisfy me. One morning Floyd Powell appeared with a fine young gobbler thrown over his shoulder, and, after depositing him near the kitchen, asked the doctor if he could not loan me to him. He knew me well, for Floyd and master and I were old friends. He explained that his old setter was so crippled with rheumatism from retrieving ducks that he could not move about, and that he needed a turkey dog sadly. "Why, he cannot stand the work," protested the doctor. "Oh, yes he can. Turkey-hunting is easy,

and a little work is better for him than idleness. You'll go with me, won't you, Di?" said Powell, and I told him I would so unmistakably that it was soon settled; and Floyd and I trotted off to the woods as delighted as two schoolboys bound for a cherry tree.



With Floyd at Jamestown.

For two weeks, until his own dog recovered, Floyd and I were inseparable companions. Time and time again we made the circuit of old Williamsburg; now on the banks of the historic York after the descendants of Powhatan's turkeys; now on Governor Berkeley's plantation of Green Springs, upon the James, deer-hunting; and again, crouched and

stealing through the marshes of Jamestown to get a shot at the geese or ducks that fed along the shores. It was my first experience at deer-hunting, and, while I took no part in the chase, I was crouching at Floyd Powell's side on two occasions; once when he shot a fine young spike buck, and again when he toppled over a handsome doe. "Why have I grown so old before I knew the pleasures of deer-hunting?" thought I to myself as I smelt about the muzzle of our last victim, feeling like a youngster in the presence of such royal sport. Floyd was as thoughtful of me as if I had been a human being. When our trips were long, he took me in his buggy to the shooting-grounds; and, in the blind he wrapped the horse blanket or his overcoat about me, to keep me warm. Sometimes, however, when we made long passages afoot through the woods, his silent stride was so quick and so long, and his rests so far apart, that he gave me all I could do to keep up with him.

Neither on the prairies of the West or of Texas, nor elsewhere, have I ever hunted for a better shot or more indefatigable hunter than Floyd Powell.

When we drove up in his horse-cart to the doctor's, late one evening, I curled up on the straw against the body of a deer, I felt very regretful that his own dog was well again, and that my days of hunting with Floyd Powell were at an end.

"Did he hunt?" said Floyd, in answer to the doctor's question. "Yes, indeed, doctor, the old fellow loves it still; and he is better now than half the young ones."

After that, whenever Floyd came to our house, he would ask for me, and draw from the pocket of his hunting-coat a little scrap of deer meat, or biscuit, or something, for me ; and promise to take me out again when the weather was less severe. But before that promise could be performed, I was unable to keep my part of the contract.

When spring came, in 1894, master, as usual, appeared in quest of snipe. I had passed through a third winter of bitter cold and storms, and felt its effects very perceptibly. On this visit, his shooting-companions were Mr. Selden and a bustling little man from New York, whom they called General. He was one of the most restless, energetic men I ever saw. As I looked him over, and watched his movements, I could not but think what shooting we would have had together if we had met five years earlier. He took quite an interest in me, and insisted that Minnie and I should be taken into the wagon, when he rode out to view the battle-fields, upon the evening of his arrival. Minnie bounced in, from the ground, when invited, but it was beyond my strength to do so. Master, seeing my weakness, lifted me up. When we arrived at the place where we stopped to examine the works, he gently lifted me out of the wagon. Once on the ground, I could move about quite comfortably. The general said that the way I hunted was quite surprising, considering my age. We found a bevy of birds, for the spring opened late and the birds had not mated. I pointed one or two birds, but, of course, they were not shot at. Birds were too scarce in these days to shoot them near the approach

of the breeding season, even if our men had been so unsportsmanlike.

The next morning, when the wagon was at the door to take the party to the snipe marshes at Jamestown, my friend, the general, seeing me begging to go, insisted that I be permitted to do so. "Oh! no," said master. "He cannot stand it. The marshes are quite wet. We would kill him." But the general insisted; and I looked so pleadingly, that they lifted me into the wagon. My! Didn't I enjoy that day? Not for the shooting; for I was soon utterly fagged out; but the fun those men had was to me like a glimpse of old times. As for the general, he distinguished himself by breaking a plank as he was crossing upon it at a wide ditch in the swamp. He took a header, and fell into the water, sinking out of sight, for it was very deep. He lost his gun, and came near drowning. He had been a Union general. Master, who was an old rebel, declared that the way the accident happened was, that he pointed out to the general a Confederate breastwork, on Jamestown Island; at sight of which, the general ran off, threw his gun into the creek, and jumped in after it. It cost the general a round sum to recover the gun. He paid a man to dive for it. When we reached home late that night I was stiff in every joint. I had not greatly exposed myself, but the little I did was enough; and, during the painful hours of that wretched night, I realized, more fully than at any time before, that my hunting-days were over. It was the last time I ever saw Mr. Selden.

A month later a great pleasure was in store for

me. Little master came. How I love that boy! I had not seen him for years. Next to master he is the one dearest to me on earth. We three are more devoted to hunting than any of the others. He called us the three mousquetaires, whatever that may mean. When I was a puppy, and he a boy in knee breeches, we began shooting together. When I first heard that he was to be an Army officer, I thought it might so happen that he would come, and take me with him to the frontier, where we could once more meet and hunt with Buckshot and Rowdy. But it is too late now. Poor old Di will never see the western plains again. The prairie flowers will bloom again; but not for him. I had a present ready for young master when he should come. A present which will recall me often, I think, to his remembrance. One day Miss Virginia read a letter, saying that he had finished school; graduated, I think they call it; had received his commission, I think she said; and was coming to pay his uncle a visit. In this letter he sent his love to me. "Di, Hugh sends his love to you," laughed she, adding, in an aside to her father, "I'll wager Di will not know him."

A few days after that, lying on the rear porch, I heard the front gate slammed violently. In my old age, I have become quite a fierce guard dog. So I trotted around the house, barking. Who should I see there but a trim young man in soldier's clothes. Know him? Of course, I knew him. Could I forget that tawny hair, which I saw rise from the waters of Lake Chetac eight years ago? — Or those blue eyes? — Or that smile of his mother, the best

inheritance of an oldest son? No, no, indeed. Clothe him in any dress you will; keep him away as long as you may; let him be all the man he is; but I would know him anywhere; and, to me, he is, and ever will be, not a man or a soldier, but my own sweet boy, my own youth's companion. Before he could confirm my recognition by the sound of his voice, calling, "Here, Di — Here, Di," I knew him. I was not too old or too weak to spring into those open arms, that hugged me until I thought my poor old ribs would crack; and it was with something like a contemptuous feeling of resentment, that I heard Miss Virginia say, as she came out to greet him, "I really do believe he recognizes you, Hugh."

We sat on the shaded portico. She in her easy chair, he upon the steps, and I, beside him, with my head resting lovingly against his striped trousers. As he talked with her, his hand strayed gently over my head, which lay quite still beneath his grateful stroking. When, in his earnest conversation with his cousin he forgot to continue his caresses, I would nudge him gently, appealing for more; repeating to myself the while, "They said I would not know him."

Then I took him to the stable, where Minnie was, and I showed him there, seven little lemon and white setter pups, one of them with lemon ears and a lemon lozenge on the occiput. I knew as well, beforehand, as I did afterwards, which puppy he would choose. He picked out the one looking so much like the pup master had selected eleven years ago, and named him Diomed II.

This was the present I told you I was keeping for little master. And Diomed II., the very living image of his poor old dad when he was young, is now at school in Mississippi. Some day, when I am gone, he and little master, in the army of the West, will be hunting with a young Rowdy, on the rolling prairies of Texas or Oklahoma. It comforts



“They said I would not know him.”

me to think that at such a time they will sometimes remember their fathers, and talk of master and old Di.

That boy was a perfect fidget. He was not still for a minute at a time. After his five years confinement, he was like a bird out of a cage. I wanted him to sit down with me as we did the day he came. There was nothing to shoot at that season. But, as he could not shoot, he was keen for fishing. The mill ponds about Williamsburg are filled with large-mouthed bass, called chub in this locality; and



then, was there not fine shooting at young squirrels and bull-frogs, with the rifle? Little master and the doctor's son, a youth somewhat his junior, were going all the while; and he was never satisfied unless I accompanied them. He did not realize — that young bundle of nervous energy — that I was no longer the young Di which he had known. I tried to be game to the last; but, many a time I said to myself, as I dragged myself about through the woods after him, "Heavens! If that boy ever has a company of soldiers, he will march them to death."

He had a camera with him; and before he went away, he insisted upon making a picture of me. I did all I could to avoid this. He had excellent pictures of me as a puppy and as a grown dog. I knew how I had changed. I was ashamed that any one should see me as I now looked. But it was idle to protest. He would have the picture. I sincerely trust that his negative was destroyed; or, at least, that no one who sees the prints will have opportunity to contrast the old wreck they depict with his likeness when he was a youth. He chose old Bruton Parish Church for his background, with me sitting among the gravestones. How ghastly appropriate! I am the only living object on the scene. It will not be long before I join the others. I feel that I am almost there. You cannot read the epitaphs or see the armorial bearings, on these tombstones, dear reader; but they are there. With arms, and crests, and mottoes, they tell, with circumstance and pomp, how good and great these poor old people were. Represented greater, perhaps, and better, than, in life, they knew themselves to be.

And who remembers them now?

Why, if my pedigree was placed beside theirs, it is longer; and more of my ancestors are known; and they go back through more generations, than those of any of the dead described upon these headstones. Yet I do not lay claim to their intelligence, their worth, or their immortality; I do not hope to have my story preserved in marble, or my grave marked by a stone. If my master, while he lives, and young master, when master is gone, remember me, the cup of my ambition will be filled to the brim.

Thinking over my life, I can say, with truth, that I have, from the day I was born, loved loyally, fought valiantly, and filled the place assigned to me by nature, and nature's God, to the best of my ability.

Could any creature, man or beast, do more than this? The man who, as he feels the mortal hour approaching, can truthfully say as much, may greet death calmly, and pass from the earth with no more fear concerning his future state than if he were a dog.

There was nothing to hunt in the autumn of 1894. If untold numbers of quail had swarmed in every field, poor old Di would not have troubled them. My hunting-days are over now, forever. For hours at a time I lie stretched in the sun upon the grass or curled up beneath the house. Every one is kind to me. Miss Virginia often fetches my meals to me with her own hand. The doctor ministers to every want as tenderly as a woman. Minnie, young and vigorous, cheers me with her companionship, and warmed me through the long, hard winter.

Master came in April, but I was too weary to

do more than look up into his face, with these old, bleared eyes, glad to discover, through their mists, that in his heart I am not forgotten. He left suddenly. They told me he had been notified, while shooting snipe in the Jamestown marsh, of the sudden death of Mr. Selden, and had gone to the funeral.

Verily, who next?

A month ago he returned for a day. He said he was passing by and stopped to see me. There was not much pleasure to him in the sight of me. I could hardly drag myself forth to receive his petting. When he bade me good-by, he looked very sad, and he stood gazing at me long and tenderly. Shall I ever——



The Last Picture.

WILLIAMSBURG, July 30/95.

DEAR JOHN:—

You notified me you were about starting for the West; I therefore direct this to Milwaukee.

Poor old Di is gone. I feel that it is a blessed relief from suffering. Both for your sake and his own, I did what I could for him; but his was the incurable malady of age. A week ago, he appeared better, and hobbled out upon the street. He was deaf and nearly blind, and was struck by a passing cart. His back seemed to have sustained some injury, but he recovered. Last night he appeared quite bright, and came into the dining-room while we were at tea. I fed him some tidbits, and allowed him to remain about until bedtime. This morning we found him dead in his bed. I know just how you will feel. Truly he was a good one. I had a grave dug for him and buried him near the lilac bushes in our garden. When you return, do try to arrange your affairs so that you can pay us a visit in the sora season early in September. There are no partridges, so let us go back to shooting rail.

Yr. affec. bro.

#### OBITUARY

From American Field, August 10, 1895

##### DIOMED

Born April 22, 1883, at Richmond, Va.;  
Died July 30, 1895, at Williamsburg, Va.  
Aged 12 years 3 months and 8 days.

This was an English setter dog,—only a dog.  
But many a human being passes from the world

without the friends, without the mourning, and without the genuine worth of my beloved old friend and companion.

In the twelve years of his life he never had a heart-beat that was not loyal to his master.

When he was a puppy he began to hunt; and hunted, from then until the last season, with zeal, endurance, speed, and intelligence never surpassed by any dog that ever lived.

In the stubbles and on the mountains of Virginia, on the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota, in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Texas, — wherever he went, the story was the same. Diomed stood first among all his companions. It made no difference whether the game was turkeys, prairie chickens, grouse, quails, woodcocks, or snipes; it made no difference whether the man behind him was master or stranger, he hunted, from daylight up to daylight down, from day to day, from week to week, ceaseless and untiring in his quest, and joyous in his work. The same tribute was paid to him by every man who ever worked him. Even last fall, when he was too old and weak to spring in and out of the wagon, all that he asked was to be put down and lifted back. Once upon the earth, there was still left the tireless, swinging stride, which, in the course of a long lifetime, brought to bag birds numbered by the thousands.

Poor old Di! I am writing of you now from the spot where you and a human friend were with me — both in the prime of lusty youth — but nine years ago.

Of all the gay party at the Plankinton then, but two are left.

How shall I write your epitaph, my noble, trusted, trustful, loving friend?

Let it be this:

Here lies as true and unselfish a friend as ever man had. One without fear; yet, who never sought a quarrel in his life, or lost a battle once begun.

A sportsman, ever ready, day or night, to go with the earliest and return with the latest.

A born gentleman, who, with all the blood of all the Howards in his veins, proved his pedigree by his performance, and stood only on his individual worth.

An intelligence and a heart worthy to possess a soul. An example of how a dog may live and die, teaching lessons in the highest qualities, to man.

Bless your memory, dear old Di!

It were sacrilege to invoke God's blessing upon a dog.

But, thank God, it is no sacrilege to shed these tears of memory beside your grave, my grand old nature's nobleman.

PLOVER.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The author's *nom de plume*.

# Birdcraft

A FIELD BOOK OF TWO HUNDRED SONG, GAME, AND WATER BIRDS

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

Eighty Plates by LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES

Small Quarto. \$2.50 net

"It is more than an accurate and comprehensive description of all the birds one is likely to find in an extended search. It is also an introduction to them and their haunts, so enticingly written that the reader at once falls in love with them, and becomes an enthusiast in their pursuit. . . . The scientific part of the work is equally well done." — *Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia.

"This is a charming volume, upon a pleasant theme. The author is not a hard-hearted scientist who goes forth with bag and gun to take life and rob nests, but a patient and intelligent observer, who loves the children of the air, and joins their fraternity. Such a book inspires study and observation, and encourages effort to acquire knowledge of the works of God. The book is a wise teacher as well as an inspiring guide, and contains beautiful, well-arranged illustrations." — *New York Observer*.

"The author has struck the golden mean in her treatment of the different birds, saying neither too much nor too little, but mostly furnishing information at first hand, or from approved authorities. The book will be very welcome to a large number who have felt the want of a work of this kind. It will increase their enjoyment of outward nature, and greatly add to the pleasure of a summer vacation." — *Boston Herald*.

"The book is attractive, interesting, helpful, and should be in the library of every lover of birds." — *Science*.

# Citizen Bird

SCENES FROM BIRD LIFE IN PLAIN ENGLISH FOR BEGINNERS

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

*Author of "Tommy-Anne," etc.*

AND

DR. ELLIOTT COUES,

*Author of "Birds of North America"*

With over One Hundred Illustrations by LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES

Cloth. Crown 8vo. \$1.50 net

"An extremely praiseworthy attempt to teach children about our domestic birds, by encouraging them to observe the living creatures rather than the inanimate 'specimen.' More than a hundred accurate and spirited illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume." — *The Nation*.

"By far the best bird book for boys and girls yet published in America." — C. H. M. in *SCIENCE*.

"One of the most charming as well as most useful books." — FOREST AND STREAM.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

# Four-Footed Americans AND THEIR KIN

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

Edited by FRANK M. CHAPMAN

---

With seventy-two original illustrations by ERNEST SETON THOMPSON

---

Price \$1.50 net

---

The scene of the book shifts from farm to woods and back to an old room, fitted as a sort of winter camp—Camp Saturday—where vivid stories of the beasts that cannot be seen near home are told by the camp-fire, the sailor who has hunted the seal, the woodsman, mining engineer, and wandering scientist each taking his turn—the titles of the chapters giving the idea of various treatments.

The name of the artist should be a sufficient guarantee of the perfection of the animal pictures, but it is safe to add that nowhere outside of this volume can be found such a group of original and lifelike portraits of the chief of our American mammals.

## The Friendship of Nature

A NEW ENGLAND CHRONICLE OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

---

18mo. Cloth. 75 cts. Large Paper. \$3.00

---

“A dainty little volume, exhaling the perfume and radiating the hues of both cultivated and wild flowers, echoing the songs of birds, and illustrated with exquisite pen pictures of bits of garden, field, and woodland scenery. The author is an intimate of nature. She relishes its beauties with the keenest delight, and describes them with a musical flow of language that carries us along from a ‘May Day’ to a ‘Winter Mood’ in a thoroughly sustained effort; and as we drift with the current of her fancy and her tribute to nature, we gather much that is informatory, for she has made a close study of the habits of birds and the legendary of flowers.”—*Richmond Dispatch*.

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.







M95594

955

WOLFE

dia

1934

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

