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FACT AGAINST FICTION.

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# FACT AGAINST FICTION.

The Habits and Treatment of Animals  
Practically Considered;

HYDROPHOBIA AND DISTEMPER;

WITH SOME REMARKS ON DARWIN.

BY THE

HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.



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1874.

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# Dedication.



TO HER SERENE HIGHNESS,  
THE PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE WEIMAR,  
*This Work is Dedicated,*  
WITH THE HIGHEST SENTIMENTS OF REGARD AND ESTIMATION,  
BY HER SINCERE FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

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THIS work ought to have been published in the autumn of 1872. Delay arose from no fault of the author, but highly detrimental to him from an author's point of view, as a season was thus lost at a time when the subject of his work, and matters therein discussed, were awakening a wide interest, and creating a demand for an explanation of the author's practical positions.

With regard to one important subject treated of in this work, much mischievous inconvenience has arisen from my having deemed it a *civil* duty to reply to questions asked me in weekly papers. Upon the appearance of those "replies to correspondents" there arose much vituperation, of course from anonymous writers, having apparently little faith in the respectability of their real names.

In the body of this work I have explained that even after vaccination a dog may have common distemper, either by contact or inoculation, a second time; but always, in that case, in a very mitigated form.

It was this conviction, and to avoid this possibility, that made me take special care that the young hounds, that had come into kennel for the "entry," could by no means get into contact, nose to nose, with the body of old hounds.

"Hydrophobia," happily, is extremely rare; and, wide as the belief is in that silly term "rabies," which men under red feathers would have us believe to be the disease incurable, or only to be treated with pills of lead, where is there a man who has dog-kennels enough at his command to house or put up the dogs that might be sent him for experiment or in number similar to those in my possession?

Unless each dog has a certificate from a sensible owner to say whether or not he had had the distemper, or had been vaccinated to prevent his having it, the saliva from the dog's jaws would tell no decided tale, so far as concerns madness from distemper, hydrophobia, or any other insanity whatever.

It may be all very well to request people, all of whom have an inflammatory dread of the "ill name that hangs a dog," to *take saliva from his jaws*; but, having myself been a constant attendant on hundreds of cases annually, for more than half a century, I know the dread of servants, even those best trained to obedience, when told to touch a hound or dog afflicted with *any sort of insanity*, subjecting it to that accursed and all-including appellation, "a mad dog."

Let the "Red Feather" ask his superior, the "Green Feather," if in the human race insanity does not manifest itself in a hundred different directions. The thinking, and, to a great extent, *reasoning*, brains of animals,—of the dog especially,—are just as liable to varied forms of aberration as those of the human race. How foolish, then, how cruel to timid men, nervous women, and young children, to horse-shoe their minds with a nailed and clinched horror that every so-called "mad dog" they see, brings destruction and death in a single bite.

In the following pages there is a story of a dog supposed to be mad with hydrophobia, and a sentinel of the Guards, whose box in St. James's Park was beneath the walls of my father's garden, close to Spring Gardens passage. That tale demonstrates the madness of a collected mob, and the wise and gentle determination of a poor, little, apparently friendless girl, in rescuing her favourite from the insane cruelty of a crowd, and the presented bayonet of a soldier, which was about to dislodge the forlorn little four-footed intruder from the sentry-box, where it had sought safety from its pursuers in its terror and distress.

In the cause of humanity, and in defence of the poor dog, I deeply regret to say that it has more than once become known to me, that, for the sake of a "lark," the lowest of the lower orders, when able to steal or entice a dog into

their baneful possession, have anointed his limbs, or more sensitive parts of the frame, with a mixture denominated "horse oils." Then, if in a town or populous place, they have turned this poor agonized animal out of doors, *for the time essentially mad*, but no more mad, from any disease fatal to himself or any other creature, than a newly-born lamb. The appearance of this poor animal, particularly when the mind of a population has been frightfully imposed on, then gives rise to a mischievously designed cry and to an exciting chase, always acceptable to the lowest of the low. Policemen follow in cabs, kill an innocent dog, and get cheered for their courage. The attention of the Police, and the Society for the Protection of Animals, had better have punished the biped villains, and spared the poor quadruped, whose temporary madness emanated from designing man.

GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

## INTRODUCTION.

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IT is usual for authors, I know not why, to begin their work with an Introduction, intimating to hoped-for readers the contents of the consecutive pages, briefly, but still in a manner to disclose the object and design of the author. If sensation be the object, the pen assumes to be dipped in tears, love and murder balance in the scale, and the only thing kept out of sight is, whether happiness or horror is to kick the beam.

My last work but one went to its second edition on the evening after the morning of its birth,—so that, at least, appears to have been a thriving bantling of the brain. My next work, ‘Tales of Life and Death,’ met with a flattering reception, though the guardian to whose care the infant was entrusted “flew in the face of the family,”—to quote Lord Eldon’s dictum on another matter,—“neglected the interests of the minor,” and, by so doing, according to that puisne Judge,

committed a literary crime deserving the most serious reprehension.

This present work needs no introduction from me, nor much guardianship, Nature being both its nurse and guardian. Fiction “fashes not my brain,” nor is there a plot, save a garden-plot, to clog by its influence the smooth course of my intentions.

My preceptress, Nature, sits kindly by me. If I need a word of affection, gentle and sublime, I have only to listen to the dear birds or the fall of the murmuring water; if, on the contrary, the hasty syllables of action suit my mood, I seem to hear the mighty roar of the beast at bay,—I recall the dangerous beauty of the bison’s or the wild boar’s charge, and the stern self-reliance which the dangerous hour demands from man. Sweet sounds, harsh sounds, pleasant to the sportsman’s ear, these are my counsellors; and if I have to be very gentle in narration, then, in the flowers of my garden I can bury my face, inhale their sweet essence, and from that source draw the few poetical expressions my truthful task demands.

I write of Nature and her beautiful behests, her works of mystery, from the elephant and lion down



to the tiniest insect that labours in its appointed calling, and, to its utmost power, defends its young to its little life.

If I cannot find aid from so wide a source of inspiration, then am I "poor indeed." But "my mind does not fail me," therefore "I fear no fall," and in full reliance on my theme,—a practical naturalist, a sportsman, and a worshipper of Nature,—I invite the attention of the reading public, and most of all the kind notice of her to whom I have dedicated this work, the graceful owner of a heart which to me has never deviated in its friendly feelings, nor altered with the change which constantly perverts the world.

When one of the objects at which I have aimed in the following pages is to remove from the human mind a causeless apprehension of dreadful death, which often tends to bring about the very result from which the nervous mind most shrinks, surely that attempt may ask a graceful patronage, and meet a kind reception from the gentler sex.\* When,

\* See the result of the inquest by the Liverpool Coroner on the body of James Cullen, as reported in the *Macclesfield Courier*, of the 9th of May. A doctor who had been called in claimed this death to have arisen from "hydrophobia," but the *post-mortem* examination gave the result of "died from an ulcer in the throat."

combined with this object, is my desire, to win for that most affectionate and faithful companion of man and woman, the dog, more merciful kindness in an ailing hour, surely if I cannot “command success,” I shall, at least, have done well in the “endeavour to deserve it.” With that hope I proceed to the Augean task before me.

To sweep away deep-rooted prejudice, to combat errors imbibed in nursery hours, to refute the senseless doctrines promulgated by old women of all sorts, whether of the fabulous broom-bestridding order, or those of the Veterinary College, who do not confine their practice to the ailments of troop-horses,—surely this is a task that might daunt my energy; but I bring to it the long experience of an eventful life, and bear a banner on which the guiding hand of Nature has inscribed “Love, kindness, and humanity to man and brute,” and a fear of neither the one nor the other.

Thus armed “I fear no failure and I dread no fall,” but leave my work to the judgment of the public, and court for it the closest investigation.

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# FACT AGAINST FICTION.

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## CHAPTER I.

### DARWIN AND DELUSION.

Mr. Darwin's clever Book on "The Origin of Species"—Must we give up all the pleasant illusions of our Childhood?—Early Impressions—Man and Ape—Dog—Tails—Sincerity of Tails—A Supposed Case—Fossil Remains—Curious Fact—Traveller's Tales—Apollo and the Nine—Beards *versus* Legs—Tale of the Lady and the Frog—Tales to be cautiously received—Truth-telling Tails.

WHEN a man sits down to write on sport, on hounds and horses, on riding, shooting and fishing, and on the natural history of the living things that render beautiful this sunny world and tempt him out to brave the gloom and inclemency of winter, his ideas ought to be based on practical experience. He should cease to think of the dictum of the bygone historian, and cast from his mind every obsolete prejudice. My endeavour thus to undertake the task in hand has been somewhat baffled by

the clever and elaborate work of Darwin on "The Descent of Man."

Have the soft ideas of our childhood been made the field of imposition? Has the expanding mind of boyhood been led into a false path simply to find it a road to ruin? Was all that was instilled during the most plastic period of his increasing intelligence merely a sowing of chaff? and is the man to stand rudely reft of all his earliest impressions? Is he to look upon himself only as an *improved* (?) and more *vicious* ape or jelly-fish?—evil purpose and evil passion increasing side by side with the education of the brain, with the loss of his hairy coat, and the abduction of his tail!

As a child and boy my mind was, of course, to some extent, impressed by the first nursery notions of religion—by the rude psalmody then sung, in country churches, through the noses of noteless boys and girls. But presumption was always a part of my character, as it ought to be in that of every boy or man who wishes to succeed in anything; for, if either man or boy says to his *undaring* self,—

"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall,"

the reply is obvious,—

"If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

Presumption and assumption are widely different; and I would say to all my juniors, "Assume nothing, but presume to hope and ask for all."

Being, then, as I have said, a presumptuous boy, my nature inclined me to think for myself; but this inclination, whenever it showed itself in a desire to question the wisdom of my elders, was immediately repressed, and *impressed*, by a nut stick, which I did not much care for, but, worse still, by threats that if I did not mend I should eventually be sent to reside with a demon whom Darwin, the Duke of Somerset, and other noble and learned men, have since declared to be a ruminating animal or a myth. When grown to manhood, when those I loved with all my heart and soul (I use this word without fear of Darwin or the Devil) had revolved with a revolving world, reversed their position towards me, and reft of all the sunshine they could cloud the heart once so joyous, even then my mind would turn to those earlier hours, with a yearning to go back to them, with a singleness of purpose, and a deep devotion, perhaps, seldom felt in man's estate.

The shock was rude that shook my faith in the threatened horrors to be expected from that black

demon who, as boys, in our dramatic performance of Punch, we used to introduce to our audience as descending from above (an error, I grant), with a taper at his back to shine behind his red silk eyes, a pitchfork in his hand, a cloven foot stuck mischievously out, and a tail, angrily and severely forked, set up behind him, towering far above his head. In this demoniacal representation of the so-called chastiser of sin, I firmly believed. My tutor—Heaven rest his soul!—never attempted to undeceive me; nor did my nurses, nor any one else. They, I suppose, like the priests of old and the Jesuits now, saw that we feared the imaginary monster, and found our childish belief in tail and pitchfork a useful restraint to keep us from mischief.

Alas! that the demon with his cloven foot, the hellish tails, and nursery tales, should all have been swept away by the damnable\* doctrines of Darwin, and even the milder charity of the Duke of Somerset! Reft of my early fond belief, shocked, astonished, and in some lingering doubt,

\* Reader, do not think I swear, or apply this word unadvisedly to Darwin's doctrines. The "bishops, priests, and deacons," all pious men, &c., will uphold me in its use, and will, perhaps, add still greater pungency to its flavour.



here they leave me, "alone in life's desert"; yet, I trust, in spite of Darwin, looking beyond all mists and myths, with a hope "still pointing to heaven." That happy faith, or presumption, cannot be taken from me by "jelly-fish, ape, or tailless monkey," nor yet by any self-satisfied professor who may choose to aim his grey-*goose* shafts at all old and long-established religion,—to efface from the ancient traditional picture those well-known forms of Adam and Eve, the guileful and successful serpent, the very sour and excessively bad apple, and the insufficient leaf.

Before a man, however clever, eloquent, and learned, boldly tries to upset a religion that has been believed in, and is still believed in by many, he should take care to be as well or better informed on other matters dealt with, as he assumes himself to be on this the most important of all. Many of Darwin's physiological assertions are utterly wrong. Quoting from Huxley, he says, "The mode of origin" (I qualify my belief in this) "in man, dog, bird, frog, and fish, is, in the early stages of development, identical"; but in the "higher sphere of anatomical identity," I do not deny that "*man*" is far nearer to apes than man or ape is to the dog.

The dog is far superior to the ape in the structure and action of the brain, and in point of reason is close on the heels of man. The brain, and the undoubted power of reason, the strength, recollection, and duration of affection for *one object*, and a resolution to *defend with his life* his master or mistress, who are not of his kin, all tend to prove that, as yet, the dog resembles man, and good men, too, much more than man resembles the ape, however apish man may be; and, perhaps, in some of the best phases of his shorter life, the dog surpasses the said-to-be upright and tailless monkey!

Darwin considers the loss of what would now be human tails as the result of what he calls "sexual selection" in some original ape,—which ape may have eaten his tail, as sick monkeys sometimes do, or he may have lost it by accident, and not from the good effects of superior intercourse. He also lays great stress on the growth of hair on head and beard, and on the fineness and smoothness of skin. Suppose I carry his vast and superior observations with me at this moment to my pigstye,—begging his pardon for offering so lowly an illustration,—I therein invite his attention to some very fair-skinned pigs, fair, in some places, as the very

fairest skin of the humanized ape, and with hardly a hair upon the whole surface of their bodies. More than this, those pigs, *if* I am to believe the "Darwinian theory," *must be*, through "sexual selection" of their parents, in a state of transition to superior form; for, though born with little curly tails on a remarkably human flesh-like spot, they have invariably, at a very early age, shed their tails and become pork, as free from that appendage as any monkey ancestor that ever existed in Darwin's theoretical mind. So much, then, for the Darwin tale about tails, for my tale, and hence to the tails, or sterns, as sportsmen term them, of the thorough-bred canine race.

Is truth, is sincerity, a commendable virtue? Is the undoubted expression of heartfelt pleasure, in which there can be no mistake, a source of gratification to the pleased observer? On the other hand, are deceit and falsehood to be detested? Is it agreeable to possess the power of divining at once the truth of words, of ascertaining the worth and real meaning of a smile which seems to beam over the eye, filling it with living light? Is the power to separate truth from falsehood, to see beyond the mere word and feature, a source of happiness or

wisdom? If so, then, in spite of Darwin, let us all have tails again—tails beyond our control, that will wag, whether we like it or not, and leave no longer any doubt of the sensation or emotion that really governs the mind!

Truly society, as at present constituted, might offer some grave objections to such a state of things, more particularly in the ranks of “fashion.” For instance, at our balls in palace, hall, or castle, with dresses worn as they now are, of course no tail would appear, but still its spontaneous “wag” might contradict the uttered word, and most inconveniently betray the real feelings of the heart. In vain would the prudent mother whisper to her daughter, “there is *that* man coming to ask you to dance, my love. Say you are engaged, or it is too hot.” In vain does the poor girl, who perhaps really prefers the undesirable younger brother, utter the prompted words of refusal, the graceful folds of the tarlatan are rustled, and the thrill of pleasure in her heart made audible by the quick taps of the truth-telling tail upon the chair.

It might be inconvenient to have one’s tail trodden on in a crowded assembly; but that ought not to weigh against the wagging sincerity which

would certainly pervade the world if the humanized ape had not lost his tail by being tamed and turned into man.

The dog's tail cannot deceive. "What stirs the dog? his ears and tail." No teaching in the world can cloak the expression of his "ears and tail," nor conceal the honest love that really lives within him. His tail will only wag at the approach of those to whom he is attached, or from whom he at the moment receives kindness: if he feels not pleasure, his tail is still. If angered and resolutely prepared for war, he bears it erect and stiff for the brave encounter; if worsted in fair fight, or stricken with fear, he lowers it and retires; but if he is a vile-hearted, mean cur, he runs away at once, with his tail, as the expression goes, between his legs.

There is no doubt that some of the most sagacious dogs, in occasional breeds, as in shepherd's dogs, are to be found without tails; but that, according to the present theory, may be because they are in more immediate transition to superior things.

That dogs are gifted with reasoning powers, I mean to prove elsewhere, but for the present

content myself with mere references to the matter contained in the theoretic book before me.

If Darwin, in his curious and most extensive researches, could only have established the fact of a fossil ape, first as an original ape, and then have discovered the fossil remains of an ape in an improved form, leading on to the tailless ape or man, he would have had something more than theory on which to base his amusing imagination. If monkeys or apes were, as he says, the original ancestors of man, then, in all probability, some transitional specimens would remain in a state of stony preservation; instead of which, neither monkey nor man can be found, although the most perishable of all bones, those of the "water-rat," are known to exist in a fossil state.

In my experience among wild animals some extraordinary facts have fallen under my notice; such, for instance, as the double uterus of a healthful doe being found to contain not only the live fawn, to be "fallen" in the next succeeding May or June, but also the remains of a dead fawn of the previous breeding season, which ought to have been born, but had never come to light.

I do not, therefore, reject a fact, merely because

it is unusual or inexplicable; but I do not deal in theories, and I never believe, or take as truth, anything solely because I am *told* it.

I do not accept, on mere assertion, such mis-statements as that gorillas frighten lions by their roar, or the story of that Abyssinian troop of baboons, the old males of which hurried down from their rocks to rescue others of their tribe which were attacked by dogs, and who "roared so fearfully that their assailants precipitately retreated."

It is too much to say that "*all* animals cherish an invariable love for their offspring which nothing can interfere with, and which overcomes all rougher or more cruel inclinations," for my experience shows me that the sow, the ferret, the doe-rabbit, and even the mouse, on very slight provocation, will murder and eat their young.

If it is true that the swallows and house martins, to which Darwin alludes, leave their young to perish in deserted nests when the period for migration arrives, this shows that they are not so considerate in their maternal love as a quotation in the work before me supposes.

I perfectly agree with the assertion in page 192, Chap. VI., that "the faces of many of Mr.

Darwin's man monkeys, not yet ascended to humanity, 'are ornamented with beards, whiskers, and moustaches.'" I see them very frequently in man, the beard sometimes in such over-profusion, when contrasted with the small, pale, monkey-face to which it is ostentatiously appended, and the attenuated legs over which it presides, that the possessors of this hirsute horror remind me of small vegetable productions which have let themselves run to seed, and become miserably impoverished by the crop which their constitutions, their chins, and their conceits have not the stamina healthfully to sustain.

I am glad, however, that Darwin, in his research, at times foundationless, has set at rest, to some extent, the doubt as to the "wisdom of a child in knowing its own father." He tells us that he himself, and all naturalists who believe in "the principle of evolution," will grant that the two main divisions of the "Simiadae," namely, the "Catarhine" and "Platyrrhine" monkeys, have all proceeded from some *one* extremely ancient progenitor.

Darwin says, at page 336 of the second volume, that "Dr. Seemann observes greater intensity of



feeling in a single musical note than in pages of writing." On my honest word, I cordially agree in this very natural opinion! Then, what a field of wild harmony Darwin opens before us! The first monkeys must have sung, nor ape nor monkey ever could have "*roared*" lovably and harmoniously, passionately and to perfection, seated on the topmost bough which would bear their weight, to a crowd of female listeners.

There is, hanging in one of my rooms, a picture of "Apollo and the Nine," all in undress, and among them only one chaperone—she, however, is in possession of an immense shield. The hair of Apollo is visibly on fire, he being, probably, in a state of transition to the operatic ape; but he evidently does not agree with Darwin in the opinion that male birds become gradually possessed of fine plumage from the influence, during their moult, of a wish to charm the female. Any such wish the Apollo of the picture has evidently laid aside, for he has utterly plucked himself of both feather and finery, and is represented to us, in heraldic phrase, as "a savage man proper," with his head on fire.

Having to treat of birds in another portion of

my work, I must pass over some few theories on natural history generally, and ornithology in particular; but the Darwinian theory "On Heads" is such a stumbling-block in my way to truth, that it must be noticed.

He tells us that our ape-like progenitors acquired their beards as an ornament to charm the opposite sex, and transmitted them to man as he now exists. This, according to all my experience, is an utterly wild and nonsensical theory. If the express purpose of the man-approaching monkeys of the rising world had been to acquire that which would most captivate the feminine eye, hair would never have been cultivated on the chins and faces of our parental precursors. On the contrary, their minds would have been set on the culture of better legs—"those twin invaders of domestic peace," as the inimitable "Boz" has termed them. From all the observations I have been able to make on surrounding society, unquestionably a good leg is more captivating to the female heart than the most bearded chin or the best-trained moustache, often cultivated only to conceal some defect of mouth, teeth, or expression.

In my time, monarchs ruled the uniform of the

army by their own royal legs. George the Fourth, who was my godfather, put me in tights when I joined the Coldstream Guards, for he had very good legs; and William the Fourth took me out of tights and put me in loose trousers, because his legs were not of so irresistible a quality as his brother's.

The following anecdote may not be unamusing to my readers, and it is strictly relevant to the subject on which I am writing; for though the circumstance occurred at a time antecedent to Darwin, the heroine of my story had evidently a notion that man and woman, perhaps Adam and Eve, were descended from pre-Adamite frogs; at all events, she thought the human race were, in some of their exercises and habits, similar to frogs.

The lady to whom I allude was a strong-minded woman, not handsome nor young; the absence of personal charms had, perhaps, tended to strengthen her savage and unyielding virtue: I say unyielding, but I know not if the fortress was ever besieged. In some things she resembled the young lady—I suppose her young—who so wittily advocated “woman suffrage” at a recent public meeting, quoting the clever speech of one of George Eliot's best-drawn characters, to the

effect that "women were made fools to match the men."

My strong-minded woman was old, and, being practical in everything, determined to learn to swim. In those days there were no "ladies' swimming baths," where an accomplished female swimmer instructs young ladies in the art; and she would have died of sheer ferocity if a bathing-man had done anything more than conduct his machine into the water. Before going on a contemplated sojourn at the seaside, she caused a gold-fish basin in her garden to be considerably enlarged, and a close awning to be raised over it, to shut out the rays of the wicked morning sun. About this pond, in its pristine state, she had often seen frogs, which, when startled at her approach, would take headers back into the water, to the great disturbance of the gorgeous fish, and she had observed how well frogs could swim. Upon this hint she acted; caused a vigorous frog to be caught and conveyed to her chamber, that she might study his action at leisure. Having learned all she could, and confident in her own powers, she carried her tutor frog in his basin to the garden, and let him out into what she had caused

to be made a deep, though small piece of water. No sooner did she see her enfranchised frog strike merrily off, than head foremost she plunged in after him, directly in his wake ; but, alas ! imitating her preceptor too closely, she stuck her arms against her sides, with her hands on her hips, and, striking out only with her legs, went head foremost to the bottom.

My readers will learn from this anecdote that we must not too readily adopt every old-womanish idea about our close approximation to jelly-fish, monkeys, or frogs, any more than we must put faith in those nursery tales which amuse the earlier years of boy and girl, often leading to mischievous consequences.

There is no doubt that all creatures *in embryo* must, in some points, resemble each other. Life must be subject to one governing principle, *in position* ; in that, if healthful, it seldom varies. This principle is carried down to the chicken in the egg, and even to the vegetable world, for the frond of the rising fern is bent like the neck of the unhatched chicken, to lift and break through the substance that confines it.

Of course, scientific practitioners know more of

these things than we do, and may be able to explain the strange contingencies which sometimes occur; such, for instance, as that before quoted by me with regard to the internal structure of the doe, and her power to carry a double burden, dead and alive—a power which pertains to no other creature that we know of.

During the six years that I was employed in the destruction of the deer in the Royal New Forest, such things as the above were often brought under my eye, for the Whig Government ordained that everything of the deer kind should be at once slain, without regard to age, sex, or condition.

Before this book concludes, I may have to allude to Darwinian theories again, and to glaring mistakes in ornithology. In his work, so far as it has gone, I see nothing to shake my present conviction that if we, the human race, ever were apes or monkeys, and if what Darwin calls “sexual selection” induced us to get rid of our tails, when we lost those truth-telling appendages we, at the same time, were dispossessed of our sincerity.

“Though wagging tales of men on fiction borrow,  
The *tails* of dogs are true in joy and sorrow.”

## CHAPTER II.

## HUNTING, AND RIDING TO HOUNDS.

Snaffle Bridle—Curb—"Brutus," "Jack o' Lantern," "Taymouth"—  
 Useful Hint from Lord Suffolk—Never Frighten your Horse—  
 Ha-has—Mr. Norton, of Uxbridge—Incident in the New  
 Forest—Ladies' Horsemanship—Whyte Melville's reference to  
 the Author's "Reminiscences of a Huntsman"—Judge Talfourd  
 and the Doctor—Ladies Riding to Hounds—Men Riding to  
 Hounds—Putting a Horse at a Fence.

I AM not sure, but I think it was the late Mr. Assheton Smith who said that there was not one horse in a hundred to be ridden to hounds agreeably at his best in a snaffle bridle, and not one man in ten thousand fit to ride hunting with a curb. Of course, by this, it was intended to particularize the curb as combined with the snaffle and the double rein. "Griffith's Patent Snaffle," at one time so mistakenly puffed in the *Field*, is a myth as far as restraint to hard pullers. In my lengthened experience as rider to hounds, as well as

Master of Stag Hounds, and afterwards of Foxhounds, I do not think—in fact, I am certain—that I never rode a hunter in a single-reined snaffle. I have, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, ridden hunting *on* the snaffle of a double rein, with the curb only lightly touched to keep the horse's head in the right place, or in deep ground the better to hold him together; and I have ridden on a “gag snaffle,” also touching the curb rein when the horse was a determined hard puller, inclined to get his head down and hang upon the bit; and I have ridden several horses who went most agreeably and “within themselves,” in a “hard and sharp.” In short, as it is said with ladies, there are scarce two horses alike, and very few hands on a horse that are similar to each other in their principle of governing the beautiful animal when in full exertion of all his powers.

Among the many curious mouths I have met with in hunters, a horse called “Captain,” which I bought of the late Sir George Seymour, had the most strange. His mouth entirely depended on his temper, and his temper on the work he was *asked* to do by the huntsman on his back with bounds. If the work with hounds at a check



called me out of a lane, wherein was stationed all "the field," "Captain" was sure to refuse to go; when, on feeling the spurs or the double thong, in order to force him from his ill humour—caressing was out of the question—he would bore down his rather heavy head,—no pulling at him could prevent it,—and seize the ground with his teeth, when, even with a severe gag rein with sharp twisted snaffle, there was no getting his head up again as long as he was desired to go the way he did not wish. Pat him and let him have his own way, like a human being, and he became as docile as possible; but when you countered with him in opinion, he became the most sullenly obstinate quadruped in existence. His restiveness arose from mere matter of opinion, and his resistance was passive; he did not swerve to the right or left, or desire to rush anywhere; he neither reared, kicked, nor plunged: he stood still, made no attempt to unseat his rider, but merely got his head down, and with his teeth laid hold of the ground and stood still, ready, if forced on, to tumble over his own head. He was a splendid horse through dirt, and a perfect fencer, stout and fast, and when with a good start with hounds he

felt that there was no other work demanded of him than keeping a foremost place, nothing could afford a rider greater pleasure than sitting on the saddle and simply guiding him to the best line, and choosing the lightest going and the most practicable fences to keep him there.

I had another horse, but I forget his name now, who had no mouth when he was out of temper, but temper made the orifice through which he ate his food as obdurate to the touch as his manger or a pillar of stone. He never attempted to bolt nor run away, but if in working with the hounds you offended him, he did not become hot nor wildly eager, but for all that he over-pulled you, and was very difficult to stop or turn. This impossibility of mouth I at last obviated by passing the curb chain from his double rein through his mouth, instead of under his chin, and with the bit so dealt with he would not pull an ounce, and, what was more, he did not so materially lose his temper. I have tried this plan since on pulling horses, and it never fails in its effect; but what power a curb chain so placed can possess, I am utterly at a loss to discover, for it acts in no way with severity, nor in any severe manner, and yet the hardest

pullers succumb to the curb chain so situated. Nothing to me is more annoying than to see a hard and heavy indiscriminating hand domineering over a soft mouth. "Fret" in every swelling vein of the poor dear creature's tortured neck, ensanguined foam on his champing lips, and anger in his beautiful brown eye, all arising from the heavy hand and consequently cumbering seat of his clumsy rider.

On several occasions at coursing meetings I have seen fiery, well-bred hacks bustling about, and when the pace was a walk, adopting an ambling gait, and going at a walk, not head, but tail foremost, or crab-like, sideways. When the course began, away at times went horse and rider in a contrary direction from the start, the horse running away, and the rider thinking only of keeping his seat and being stopped at whatever distance by the uprise of some distant hill. All this heat, speed, and wilfulness is caused by bad horsemanship, and letting the horse find out that he could go his own distance at the pace he chose, run away with his rider, and stop when he liked. With another horseman on his back, the case at once altered. I have,

occasionally, been mounted on one of these really wise animals, who knew very well what he was about, and at the close of the coursing day the owner of the hack has been surprised how perfectly docile the animal had become. If a horse, for the moment, ever pulls you, and the coast is clear, *let him go*, with the plain galloping ground under his feet; *that* may be pleasant enough to the horse or momentary victor, but, having had his will, when the ground changes—a “flat,” even among men, cannot last for ever—when uphill work begins, then let the spur do its office; a long and severely ascending rise takes the running out of anything! *Then* it is the rider’s time to run away with the horse, the tables are completely turned, and the steed, in a remarkably short space of time, knows that he has a master on his back not to be scared by a spurt of run-away speed, and who will not permit the “lark” to be ended when the horse thinks *he* has larked enough.

I had two hunters in my life, both were bought by me of the late John Elmore, of Duke Street, and their names were “Brutus,” fifteen hands three inches in height, and “Jack o’ Lantern,”

and their pictures now adorn the walls of my dining-room. When I use the phrase that I had "two hunters," I wish to convey the meaning that though I have had a great many very good ones, these two were out-and-out *the best of all*. They were very unlike each other in shape and make, and in their favourite modes of fencing and keeping with hounds; they each were as sensible as the dog, knew what I said, divined what I wished through my hand when the fence was coming, and, let the fence be unexpectedly severe, double, or even treble, they always had their wits as well as their legs and a second spring about them, and strength and activity to spare on any unexpected or dangerous emergency. Brutus always, whatever was the pace at which he crossed the field, slackened his speed, heaved a deep sigh to catch his wind, and took all his fences in a shortened canter or a trot. He was the widest jumper I ever sat on; but even at a brook he invariably broke into a trot, never thought of refusing, and was ever ready to face an even apparent impossibility.

Jack o'Lantern, save in the similar resolution to face anything, was just the contrary. He was

sixteen hands high, nearly quite thorough-bred, and looked it all over. He was much faster than Brutus, and if other horses were crashing the fences round about him he was slightly inclined to rush. But once let him shake off the field, and feel that he had the lead, his immense powers of speed assuring him that he always had a pull upon the hounds, then it was really the poetry of equestrianism to see the beautiful arch of his neck, his nose turned slightly on one side, so that his *one eye*, for he had but one, might get a sight of all beneath and before him, and then, as the next fence drew nigh, to *feel* the swell of his ribs as he gathered his wind for exertion, and, then beautifully timing his stroke, to feel him fly his fences, not taking off too soon, and with a latent power in his forearms and shoulders to stretch far beyond any unexpected impediment in his way. His mouth, to his easy double rein, plain snaffle and curb-bit, was as light as the air he breathed; and Jack o'Lantern and Brutus were the only two of all my horses who, on coming to a double ditch or a ditch much wider than was expected on the contrary side, instead of dropping their legs to try to catch an uncertain bank, would so far

open out their splendid shoulders; that both these horses, on occasions such as these, I have known by the extraordinary free action of their shoulder-blade and forearm to burst their breastplates from the "Ds" at the saddle-bow in their magnificent stretch to compass the unexpected width and get safe over. Brutus occasionally would drop his hind legs for a kick at the bank—I have known him do it at a rail; but Jack never would,—at least, I never was aware that he did it. Both these horses had the most perfect mouths, and both were alike known to all the hunting country. It was Brutus who carried me over a gravel pit, a standing jump twenty-three feet wide, and at the time two men were working at the bottom of it, who were so surprised, that, on my return from hunting, I found them waiting at Crauford, in the servants' hall, with a line of measurement. I have loved sport of every sort and kind, and I rank the incidents of woodcraft thus:—

No. 1, to be on the back of a horse like Jack o'Lantern, getting well away with foxhounds over a flying country, and finding yourself with none on either side of you and nobody very close

behind you! No. 2, to be on the back of a first-rate and manageable horse, such as Taymouth was, and to ride over the wild prairies in America after an old savage bison bull, and to press him enough to make him turn to bay on that immeasurable grassy plain, with all his limbs free from any wound, and then to evade his charge and kill him. The “vieux sanglier,” or old solitary wild boar in the French forests, when he turns to bay in the most dense thicket he can find in the woods, would be grand and sublime *if you could see him* in the attitude he has assumed—unseen he is dangerous enough; but the beauty of this sylvan combat is lost, because you *only know* the boar is there and ready to charge, but you can't get a full sight of his fury till he does charge, and then you either kill or wound him; or, if you are not quick enough to step on one side the arrow-like speed of his blind and headlong assault, you are killed or maimed yourself, and thus in a few moments it is over, one way or other. The next thing to the boar is the bay of the stag or royal hart, but then when he turns to bay, he is generally run almost to death or wounded; and then comes the bay of a full-antlered buck. The next perfection of sport is the



rise and the first dash of the large salmon, fresh run, when first he feels the hook. Lots of delightful manœuvring comes *after* this, but no sport comes up to the bison and the fox. Never having hunted the lion, tiger, or elephant, hippopotamus or rhinoceros, I know nothing of the chase of them. The wolf I do know, and he is no more than a cowardly cur.

As to man's seat on the saddle, I have seen the look of it vary so much, and men go well over a country, as far as the saddle is concerned, almost in any sort of position. It is impossible to lay down any law regarding the form man's figure may assume, although we all know which in our eyes is the most graceful—long stirrups or short, hands high or low, bolt upright or stooping forward. I have seen every attitude under the sun, and many a brute to look at a "devil to go." The term may apply, perhaps, to horse and rider, very hard to unseat, very hard to pound, and almost impossible to beat.

In looking at a horseman, we know what pleases the eye; he should be upright as a dart, unless going at some pace which necessitates his rising in the stirrups, and then, of course, he would lean a little forward. The rider should seem a part of his

horse, not a petty tyrant on a pigskin throne, mounted on a willing or unwilling slave. Each motion of the rider's steed should incline the rider's figure this way or that, and there should be no stiffness nor rigidity. To the light hand the horse should arch his neck and play with the bit as if he held it in his mouth as a toy for pleasure. The length of the stirrup had best be rather long—it has a more graceful look; and less weight being on the iron than when the leather is short, if the stirrup breaks and the iron falls, the rider feels it less than if he had put more weight in his foot and less grasp with the thigh and knee. The rider ought never to lose his temper (excellent advice that, but where is the man who ever followed it!), for it is temper or nervousness, they are much the same, that makes the horse to rush; that makes him, in nine cases out of ten, pull; that causes him madly to fall into his fences, or to shut up and to refuse to jump in any way whatever. I have seen a friend of mine, a clergyman, by his own nervousness, cause his horse to rush and run away with him at every grip in a field; so that, from this inculcated insanity in the horse, it was not safe to let the parson ride by the

huntsman's side among the hounds, or even among the mounted men, for fear of the repeated charges made by the Church on what were at times only little marks between the ridge and furrow made by his rural parishioners, or, perhaps, by sinners.

In a previous page I have noticed the fact of a curb chain *in* a horse's mouth, where it could have no purchase, utterly frustrating a determined puller. I thought I was aware of most plans by which a puller or a dead mouth could be avoided; but on this, the 27th of December, 1870, Lord Suffolk came to me and afforded me another lesson. He drove in his carriage what I call a Galloway, not a pony, very clever, and the pony was very free. Over the nose of the pony, attached to the bridle, was a neat, strong net, made of string; nothing unsightly about it; it looked as if it was only made to keep away the flies. So, on seeing this light kind of network on, I asked my noble friend if he had "so scaled up his pony's mouth to save the corn?" The net is after the fashion of the kiss-preventing muzzles the ladies ride with in Bournemouth, but it really was to prevent pulling; it gave room to open the lips and mouth enough for any useful purpose of breathing,

but it closed with its meshes so well up to the lips that the pony could not loll out his tongue, or prevent its being subject to the action of the bit. The "tongue was always within the teeth,"—I wish some people wore the same prevention,—and, therefore, the mouth was kept alive and never permitted to get dry; it could not deaden; and the pony, so netted, could not pull in any unpleasant degree whatever.

I remember, when sporting writers were fewer, a man, who adopted the name of "Nimrod," assumed an authority to which he was in no way entitled, and in his lucubrations ventured to dictate to men how they were always to put their horse at the different kinds of fences. One was to be guided this way, another that; but at a brook the double thong was to be applied at every stroke of the horse's gallop down the shoulder.

I have seen this writer out with my staghounds, and, as we say, "he never went a yard."

Now the worst thing that a man in hunting can possibly do is, to take his horse's attention from the work that horse has immediately before him. A horse needs to have his mind at ease and his senses about him just as much as a sporting dog of any kind; and

so had the sapient pig, or he would have been alphabetically puzzled. If, while the pig was looking for the letter, you had caned him, he would, in all probability, have been bored or angered into mistake; and in a similar way, if you flourish your whip or cram in the spurs when the poor dear steed is timing his stride so as not to take off too soon, and looking whereabouts to land his feet on the off-side of the fence in his way, why ten to one but he takes off, perhaps, a full length too soon, and so diminishes his power of clearing space, or you drive him frightened not to take off at all, but to over-stride himself, and to land you in the next field on your head, with his weight and your saddle on your own back instead of on his own.

In going across country, *never frighten* your horse,—let him keep his wits about him as much as you keep yours. A sensible hunter, not “bullied” out of his wits by a nervous tyrant on his back, will depend upon his rider’s hand and voice to assist him under difficulties, or when, in taking a fence, he comes on some blind “Squire Trap,” that requires human insight as well as mere surface view to avoid. My horse Brutus was one of these even-tempered, sagacious hunters; and it has occasionally

happened to me that I have imagined that I saw unsafe ground on the contrary side of a fence; and while in the air, in taking the spring to clear what was open and evident, I have caused my horse, by the pressure of my knee, *not the spur*, a slight lift of the rein, and a monosyllable, or whispered word, which can only be spelt "whist," uttered sharply, to spread out his shoulders and clear a yard or more of the suspected ground. At times it might be necessary, at times not.

Brutus and Jack o'Lantern both understood how to meet a fence they could not cover, and so, of course, do thousands of other hunters when in good hands. At a double post and rail, Brutus, if there was no going in and out, and it was too wide to compass in a stroke, would land in the firmest way imaginable with his feet under the off-rail, and bring his splendid fore-arms with such a shock against the upper bar as to start it out, either broken or unbroken, into the field beyond, and so get over without a fall.

Many of the men hunting with the staghounds near London in the present day will have seen a very wide "haha," dry, but steep in its banks, dividing the land which was once known as Har-

lington Field,—but I do not know what changes may have taken place since,—from the Farm at Dawley Wall. We had enlarged the stag near Harlington, and Jack was in one of his flying humours—he always was, in fact; so, having cleared the few fences in our way, finding that he was going splendidly within himself, I set him straight at this haha. My own opinion was and is, that had not a rider a little a-head of me, and to the left, have shirked the haha,—it was as much in his line as mine,—and at three-parts speed have pulled his horse to the right, coasting the haha and crossing me, Jack would have cleared it, for he really could clear almost anything; but as it was, the sudden apparition of this wild horseman crossing close in front threw him out of his well-timed striding stroke, when the dear sensible creature, aware that his must be a baffled attempt if he tried to clear it, ending perhaps in a serious fall, not being able to stop himself, he jumped right into the haha, his head and neck in the opposite field, and his chest against the side of the haha, and landed me in all safety over his head, unharmed and unruffled, save as to some stormy expressions, the running fire of which had

commenced at the wild rider who caused the mishap, and was not quite shot off even when the fall, if it could be called a fall, took place. A very useful friend of mine, a coal and timber merchant, saw this—a Mr. Norton, who lived at Uxbridge, but who, I regret to say, is dead; and I am not certain but that my friend Mr. Norman, of Uxbridge, who may be alive now, did not see the same thing. There was then no getting out the right side; so with Mr. Norton's help, and I think a labourer or two with spades, we trenched one side of the haha the way I wished to go, and led my horse out of his difficulty.

It only mattered for a time; the hounds needed no assistance from the huntsman, and the splendid hunter arched his neck, and knew very well how to overtake the field and get to the head again. After one of the hardest and best runs, at the close of it Jack was dead lame. A horse-dealer, named Robbinson, there and then, *lame as he was*, offered me three hundred and fifty guineas for him on the spot, which I at once refused.

There are many fine riders, who, if they would, could back me up in tales of the intelligence of their hunters—such as Lord Wilton, for no better



rider over a country ever existed than himself, though there have been many men as hard; and I say this because in everything I have ever written, though I have been “a traveller” in foreign wilds, I never vary from the truth, nor deal with anything not within my own personal experience.

Colonel Paget, then in the Royal Horse Artillery, in the New Forest once mounted me on what must have been a splendid hunter. Colonel Paget drove him in harness, and to look at, the dear old horse's legs were marvels of strange and complicated marks. It did not signify—when Lovel's hounds began to run the doe or buck, I forget which, all remembrance of stumped-up legs was speedily forgotten, as much or more by the horse than by me, and a finer hunter I scarce ever sat on. I mention the following instance to show the sense and docility of the horse. The bough of an oak tree, while going at full speed, knocked my hat off; almost before I could pull the rein the steed of himself stood stock still, and *turned his head to look back for the hat*. There could be no sort of doubt that he *stopped of himself on the blow and fall of the hat*, when, as the hounds and Mr. Lovell were just a-head of me, too, there was no one else there then, and the horse

turned his head to look back before I was well out of the saddle to recover my loss; he could only have cast an inquiring gaze in that direction on account of the mischance that had occurred. This old horse must have gone pretty well, because a Captain Bull, then resident at Lyndhurst, came up to me after the run, and remarked that "I must have had that favourite horse some time, we seemed to be so well acquainted;" and that, if ever to be parted with, he should "like the refusal." I replied, that I had never seen him before that day, and referred him to his owner at Christchurch Barracks for particulars as to any sale. We were immensely amused, for the next day the Captain, in company with the then Master of the New Forest Hounds, came over to Christchurch with a view to purchase, and went into Colonel Paget's stable at the barracks. What amused us still more was, that the two would-be purchasers were not a minute in the stable, but came bustling out faster than they went in, muttering something of having been deceived. The darling old horse, who on the previous day had forgotten all about his legs, save in taking care to put them in the right place, in his stall the next day was reminded of all his honourable wounds,

and when his inspectors came in he was standing to ease his poor dear legs in all imaginary impossible or dancing-master positions, and it was a mystery to know whereabouts his knees or “pasterns” were, they were so rigidly in conformity with the post-like appearance of his forelegs. Of course no bid was made for what had once been a horse worth any money.

“With the permission of the reader,”—it is an author’s phrase, and I adopt it,—I will now say something of what the little girl, in correcting her father’s queer pronunciation, said must be the proper way to term the *equestrian* exercise when ladies were in the saddle. The child, in correcting her astonished parent, said, “Hequestrian, papa, don’t ye see it’s a lady? It an’t a he—*she*-questrian hexercise; if it an’t, then ask ma!” I did not make this joke, it belongs to the memory of the late Mr. Mathews, but my readers will forgive the passing digression.

In the female method of riding, as well as in the horsemanship of the men, there exists the most marked difference possible. A lady of a nice figure, in a well-made habit, seated upright, and well to her front, and gracefully swaying with every motion

of her horse, without any rigidity whatever from foot to hand and head, to my mind, is the prettiest thing imaginable!

Now, let us look at it the other way. A lady, seated all on one side, as if she was about to slip off, or as if she had been hung like a clothes-bag on the crutch of her saddle, as though it was a peg to hang beautiful things on, or, for *that* purpose, even if she is pretty, is not, in that equestrian position, an admirable sight to longing eyes. A badly made habit is a bad thing, an ill-chosen hat is bad; and here, again, I am bound to declare my real opinion—the ugliest thing in the world is the “chimney-pot hat.” I would far sooner see a graceful hat and a little feather, of any kind, but the chimney-pot shape and make is my detestation, however much I may love and admire the face beneath it. The only place I can tolerate it in is the hunting field. It ought never to appear in Hyde Park.

In alluding to the equestrianship of ladies, I remember writing the following lines to one whose appearance came suddenly upon me; so as they yet may be interesting to her by whom they were suggested, though, perhaps, to no very great

extent, they are thus placed before the general reader:—

“She rode! but not as many others ride,  
     Flung to the saddle, hanging on a crutch,  
 With face aslant, and seated all aside,  
     Turned to the left ungracefully too much.  
 Well to *her* front, she sat erect and still,  
     Swaying, but simply, as her black steed moved,  
 As if commanding motion at her will,  
     Her horse obeying but because he loved!  
 I sketch not now her figure nor her face,  
     Her lips that seemed to speak without a word  
 Straight to the heart, and there implanted grace,  
     The moment the sweet record had been heard!  
 “Grace!” It is “grace” to worship when the shrine  
     Is bright—unsullied—taintless and divine!  
 If compliment is sooth it don’t deceive,  
     No deed can make the baser metal gold.  
 I only utter that which I believe,  
     And, hating falsehood, thus the truth is told;  
 But now to others, looking but at one,  
     To park and hill where many often go,  
 Where none e’er ride for riding sake alone,  
     But all are fain in graceful guise to show.  
 Oh, ladies dear, when seated in the selle,  
     On trotting steeds with action high in air,  
 Please do not let the ear *your* boundings tell,  
     But sit as mute as in your boudoir chair.  
 No noise should vex us with a sense of pain,  
     From face to foot there should be perfect rest,  
 Well o’er your steed a blithe command retain,  
     But let him feel as if each touch caressed.  
 A lady riding to the hounds—indeed?  
     No valid reason for her *not* being there!

No cause to move her mother's heart to bleed,  
Nor need for lamentation nor for care.  
Her gentle presence, as the oil on wave,  
Is there to keep the rude declaimer down,  
She comes so softly with a smile to save,  
Each angry lip from harshness not its own.  
Men never are so bright as when they steal,  
The laughing sunlight that her eyes reveal.

In the quiet out-door life which it is my lot to lead now, I have not much time to read anything but the newspapers, for the book of my ever-ruling teacheress—dear, sublime, and all-mysterious Nature—lies before me, and therein still exists a mine of ever-opening wealth, that bids research and takes up all my time. In the few books that thus occasionally reach me I met but the other day with one by my friend Whyte Melville. Having read “Digby Grand,” and “Kate Coventry,” of course, on seeing “Contraband; or, a Losing Hazard,” it met with my immediate attention, and in it I was much gratified by the following passages. In its narrative, Sir Henry Hallaton asks Mrs. Lascelles if she had ever read my book, “The Reminiscences of a Huntsman,” as published by Longman, in Paternoster Row; and Whyte Melville makes Sir Henry Hallaton recommend her to read it, if she “wants to find

poetry in sport." He pays me, too, the compliment of saying that "I seem to entertain a gentle, kindly feeling for every living creature, wild or tame;" and then he quotes, in page 77 of his work, the tale, as told by me in my "Reminiscences," of my foxhound Harrogate, not "Champion" nor "Challenger," as he thought the name might be, and the curious affection and sagacity shown to a lady and her carriage, after Harrogate had been transferred from Harrold Hall to the Grafton Kennels.

To me it has ever seemed that there is poetry in every action of life if *rightly pursued*. To people who only see one side of everything, and *that* from their own peculiar narrow-minded point of view, there is always a dark spot on which to pinch with their lobster-like claw (like to the limb of that excellent fish solely in pinching proclivities), and nothing can escape their blundering bite. Thus an old idiot, who prefaced his bad style with the cognomen of "Doctor," in order to depict the sportsman or master of hounds, wrote, that "so profane and cruel were we all, that in the names of our sporting dogs and hounds we selected devilish appellations,—heathenish, hellish,

bloodthirsty, murderous, and cruel,”—in order “to keep up feelings so derived during the prosecution of our sylvan pursuits.” This he did in attempting to gain a prize in his essay “On the Duties of Man to Animals.” My late friend, Judge Talfourd, being one of those appointed to decide on which essay deserved the prize, agreed to give it to this Doctor. When, on meeting Talfourd in the House of Commons one night, I asked him how so sensible a man as he was *could* assign a *reward* to such arrant nonsense, he replied, “My dear friend, you mistake our” (the judges) “labour. We had not to decide which was the *best* essay, but as we *had* to award the victory for the money in hand, all we could do was to make up our minds which was *the least objectionable* of the things put before us, and hence the decision we came to.” The despicable Doctor, claiming to be a “naturalist” as well as a commentator on the duties of men to animals, spoke not only of the “nomenclature of the huntsman to his hounds,” but also depicted the *hen* birds, nightingales, and others, as singing their plaintive melodies on the bereavement, by the hand of a schoolboy, of *their little* eggs from *their nests* in the depths of Choristral grief, whereas it



is really the truth that the male bird is *the only chorister* who sings, the female *prima donna* on the Opera stage being the only *hen*, as in the case of "Desdemona," who sings on the very eve of personal demise or murder.

To me there is a poetic side of the question in all the strife and contention of life, in the battles of game-cocks, the boxing encounters of the athlete, the accomplishments of adversaries in war, and the use of weapons. The game-cock, that knows no surrender but in death, and who fights of his own free will and for the love of battle, so long as an adversary is before him, but who, in his moments of peace, will receive under the feathers of his broad and heroic breast the tiny newly-hatched chickens, and, however hungry himself, will call to his hens and gracefully step back from the last barleycorn left in the yard to their general acceptance. Even in the boxing-match there is poetry. It is poetic to see the comparatively slender form of the gentleman reduce the coarse and monstrous ruffian by tact and skill to a mere harmless animal, and that by the use of appliances usually assigned alone to brute or muscular force. Wherever genius triumphs, the poetic power is not far off. Thank

Heaven, the spirit imbued by Nature has enabled me to delight more in the association with and in the love of animals and birds than in their violent pursuit and noisy destruction; and though blows and battle at times may lead man away, and may have disturbed me, still one sunny hour of peaceful love and gentleness is worth an age of loud success.

In this, the year of grace 1871, when so many more ladies are accomplished horsewomen than were so when I first kept foxhounds, there are a great number of ladies to be seen with hounds at Melton and in other hunting countries than there were in years long gone by; and, what is more, they ride so gracefully and well, that the hunt, which once was deemed a scrambling, bruising, rash pursuit, becomes, through their method, grace, and presence, a study of admirable perfection. Many years ago a young lady at Cheltenham used to ride so well, and safely too, that timid male riders would purposely lose the hounds rather than see her go so much better over the Cheltenham stone walls than they did. She afforded to the looker-on in those days a novelty. The accomplishment is *no novelty* now, for go where you will, in any shire, you

will see the female habit very frequently with the hounds.

The difficulty that lies in a young lady's way of being with hounds is the fact that she can't always get a lady chaperon who will *lead her to the front*. Unfortunately, some of the most approved chaperons grow quite out of their hunting form, and, however well practised they may have been in earlier years, increasing weight and softened down ambition tend in no way now to a lead with hounds. A young lady may be a most graceful rider, she may have the best, the safest, and the fastest horses, yet, unless some one pilots the way for her across country, selects the lightest ground and the most practicable parts of the fences, she is at a loss for the line that tends best to safety and success. To find a pilot then is a most difficult thing; for, if a gentleman, he should be one that, in piloting a lady, should forget his own interests, if necessary, in his attention to hers; he should be quiet, unobtrusive, unostentatious, and unassuming; but these virtues, I regret to say, are very rare, and nothing is to be regretted more than seeing a lady riding after a noisy, screeching, harum-scarum leader, who wishes the world to see

the temporary hero that accident has made him.

I never like to see a lady out in a public field unless attended by her groom, when, if she means to be with hounds, she had better have a groom to ride before her, and pilot the line across the country, than after her, because the groom, if behind her, is very apt to keep too near; the horse he is on, the stable companion of her own, becomes hot and anxious not to be left behind, rushes at his fences, and presses her too close; and, if she meets with a fall or temporary delay by a stumble, may become the cause of the most terrible accident by jumping upon her, ere her horse and herself have time to right themselves. The difficulty, however, is to find a groom who is capable of taking a straight and temperate line to hounds to pilot the lady's equestrian way. You may find many gentlemen who could do so, even to the occasional loss of their place with the hounds; but there are many more things to be considered than are "dreamed of in the philosophy" of most people, and not one man in a thousand is staid and reflective enough to guide a lady even in the saddle. Of this, however, I am perfectly certain, that there is

no earthly reason why a perfect horse-woman should not ride to hounds on a perfect horse gracefully and well, without diminishing the esteem of all who have the happiness of her acquaintance, and without dimming the lustre that should ever attend her presence, but in going to hounds some one *must* lead to the best and safest line.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and it is not enough for a lady to sit her horse with steadiness and ease; but as the tempers of horses vary as much as the tempers of men, and the horse, perhaps, is more prone to panic or sudden terror than the human race, why, if a lady rides a handsome, showy steed, she should be able to meet all emergencies that might occur through the dangerous phases of the animal composition. On the Downs at Ashdown Park, at a coursing meeting, I saw a lady's horse bolt with her at speed, and run away with, for the time, ungovernable fury. It alarmed me not for the result, although it annoyed me much to see her forced to do anything against her own immediate pleasure, for there were no obstacles in the way of the horse in the shape of gate, wall, or fence of any kind to cause a fall by contact; at the

same time, however, there was a hill perfectly well fitted to take the running out of a racehorse, and of this Lady N. was as well aware as I was. Of course, I did not attempt to race at her horse's head to seize the rein, for my horse was slower than hers, and the clatter of my horse's feet would have been but as fuel to the fire; all I did was to follow, and admire her riding, and her coolness under difficulties. With her usual grace, she kept her saddle, and, with her usual tact, she took an occasional pull at the rein, guiding her steed, and steadily reminding him, too, that though for the moment he seemed to have it all his own way, there was yet a hand over him that, if mastered for a while, still kept an unshaken power, gradually increasing, as his wild wish for headlong speed declined. His speed *did* decline on the ascent of an opposing hill, the gallop became a trot, his graceful mistress on his back scarce reined him in, but, wheeling round, cantered back to the scene of the coursing, a perfect mistress of the animal she rode.

This was not the only trial which this perfection of female equestrianism had. She was, at a later date, run away with by her horse in an enclosed

country, and, if I remember rightly (I was not there to see), the horse took a line of private road, interspersed with high five-barred gates. At full speed he took them all without stirring his lady in the saddle, and without causing her to lose her discretion or her determination to exert her power at the right time, whenever that might arrive. The right time came, and the horse at last knew his lady as "the water knew its lord," and found that, wild as he had been, even his temper could be tamed by an unshaken and unruffled gentleness, that, while it caressed, subdued all coarser ebullitions of violence. She rode her horse without reproach or fear. If, then, ladies are to ride, and ride in perfect safety, they must have practice other than is to be found in a humdrum riding-school or in Rotten Row; and they cannot have a better field day in which to drill themselves to efficiency in horsemanship than the hunting field affords.

As long as ladies do not forget themselves, no man alive, be he vulgar, forward, well-educated or refined, will cease to remember what is so justly due to them; and time-wide as my experience has been, I have never seen cause to regret a lady's

presence by the cover side or with the joyous hounds.

It *is* possible for horses, under almost any circumstances of action, to go to a certain extent, if not well with, still in the wake of hounds when running; but a vast difference exists in their way of accomplishing this, not always understood by all men clothed in red, and as varied as the colour of the skins in which the horses were foaled.

The really clever and first-class hunter flies smoothly beneath his rider, as if his joints were fed with oil; he stretches in his splendid stride as if he felt no cumbrous weight upon his back, and had, at the same time, not only each leg at his command, but his brains and both his eyes, timing himself so as safely to span every grip, drain, or deep furrow that succeeded suddenly on each other, and then, with a few strides of *lessened velocity*, bringing his fore feet *close up* to the fence, if hedge, ditch, or brook, so as to lose nothing of his innate purpose and power to compass it if largely evident, or whatever may be the proportions of the disguised or blind part of it on the contrary side. Whether the fence at first sight,



or as the horse approaches, seems large or small, the really splendid hunter should always, in the first place, prepare himself for the greatest exertion he is gifted with, if the obstacle is evidently large. In the second place, if it looks small, to be ready for anything he *may not see on the other side*; and if there is not much there, not to throw away his powers. If the place is small and he takes off too soon, to clear it he must exert a considerable stretch of power; if, however, there is a good deal that it is incumbent on him to clear, by taking off only when it is necessary, he keeps within him a remedy for all that may be required of his emergencies. He can either, while in the air, stretch out his ever available shoulders and fore legs, or, while in the air, if there should be an additional purchase to be gained, he can drop his hind legs and strike a bank or wall, or even rail, to send him further afield beyond all danger.

Men often follow hounds without any other idea but that they are hunting, and sit on a machine governed, or pulled at, by leathern strings from the head, and pricked into further exertion under all circumstances by the application of spurs to the sides.

They, the men, see a fence to which they are approaching; they desire to get over it, without a thought of there being two ways to do so, or a single idea that the horse they are on needs his own mental consideration, with not much time for it, as greatly as they do. As people swallow a noxious dose of medicine with all the haste they can make, a species of nervous energy, not cool determination, urges the rider to face the danger as he would the doctor, well knowing that the more he looks at it the less he will like it; kicking his heels, therefore, and shutting his eyes, he hurries the horse, disturbs animal calculation, feels a maddened rush, hears a crash, and finds himself either safely over the dreaded obstacle, or on his nose, with the possible fact of the position of steed and rider being reversed, and the latter the beast of burden.

If a young horse falls, in the first instance, into good hands, no matter whether he is in colour white or black, chestnut, bay or grey, he scarcely ever becomes unpleasantly hot or too nervously excitable. A chestnut horse is not always hasty; I have had as many "slugs" of that colour as I have had them otherwise; it is the man that makes the steed to go, well or ill, as the case may be; and on the temper of

the man,—on the lightness of his hand, his coolness, his judgment, and unswerving determination of purpose,—depend the future life and action and the leaping of the hunting horse.

Horses, as I have previously remarked, have tempers as well as men, and if put out of temper by bad or injudicious riders, vice may be inculcated in their dispositions, and confirmed thereafter, so as to become a complete obstacle to any happiness with hounds. A good and judicious horseman may ride a horse of this description several times without the horse's temper being ruffled, supposing that horseman to be simply one of the field, who can sit still among the rest of the horses at a check; but if a horse of this description is called on to do anything *he dislikes*, the cloven hoof is shown directly.

The action of horses in their gallop, trot, and walk is very varied, not only in the pace arrived at, but in their method of progression. The action of some horses is so smooth that it really is as if their joints were oiled, while the muscular movements of others are just the reverse, and in their rough and shaky or rolling gallop it seems to the rider as if one of their fore legs was shorter than the other.

This action, lumbering, short and rough, attaches to the under-bred slow horse; the splendid, smooth-going, oily, far-striding use of the limbs are gifts generally assigned to the well-born or thorough-bred horse, and cannot be too highly prized.

It is true, that you very often find more good jumpers among what are called cocktails than you do among a similar number of thorough-breds; but if you can teach or induce a racehorse to take to fencing, and to couple the willingness to jump with his inborn powers of wind and speed, then you arrive at perfection; and hunters of this kind are to ladies, or to hunting men, worth almost any price that can be imagined, and they are the steeds that ought to carry ladies when they grace an assembly, ever the better for their presence.

In concluding this chapter on Riding to Hounds, it will not be deemed amiss for me to speak of the manner and method of putting the horse at a fence.

All the worst falls I have seen in my life have been at small places, so small and evident or fair, that the rider has regarded them with contempt, and kept no vigilance over his horse. Among the worst falls are those at blind small places, when the horse has been an intemperate

one, or a "rusher," angered at the sight of a fence, however small, and determined to bolt at it full gallop.

When horses rush, or are put to rush, which is the rider's mistake, at these small places, however small the place, or even little and evident the grip or ditch, over-haste and carelessness, when the place is small, may bring the ditch *within* the horse's stride, instead of the stride bringing the horse's feet just to the spot where he should spring over the impediment. In a case of this kind, the horse not being timed by the rider's hand, or not timing himself, he is sure to fall precisely as if, when at speed, he had put his fore feet into an *uncovered* or broken through a *covered drain*; and this mischance, when at full speed, or even half speed, induces a violent, and, perhaps, a dangerous fall.

On the other hand, if permitted to fly at these really contemptible little places, the sensible horse, urged by his rider at a senseless speed, may see that if he does not take off some twelve feet before he really had any need to do, the compass of his next stride must bring his fore feet into the perhaps deep *little* ditch,

and so necessitate a complete turn over. Of course, when hounds are going at tip-top pace, open grips, blind drains, and ridge and furrow must be taken in the, as it ought to be, well-timed stroke; but if a man in his idler hours crams his hunter, for the sake of a lark, at every little ditch he sees, rousing him, perhaps, with the spur, rely on it, when such small things come in his way, instead of being cool and careful, he will expect the spur again, and take a vast deal out of himself that had better have been kept in, and assign considerable danger to the mistaken tyrant on his back. Very few men should ride in spurs, but at the same time very few horses should go without the extreme possibility of feeling them; but this is a difficulty hardly to be avoided.

In going too fast at small and, perhaps, boggy grips or little ditches, and a horse is over-paced by himself or his rider, and thus made to rush absolutely at nothing, supposing him to be unable to spring before his hind legs are in it, if the hind legs sink deeply into a soft place, *that* may bring his fore legs to the ground before the feet are in a position to take it. This induces a

stumble on his nose, the hinder legs, being thwarted by the heavy ground in their momentary action, don't come to the assistance to relieve the fore legs as quickly as they should, the over-paced impetus cannot be corrected, the blunder continues on the very toes of the fore legs, and probably from pace ends in a heavy fall; for unless the fore legs again get within the horse's command, all the pulling at the rein of an accomplished rider will never save the difficulty. It is nonsense to lay down any rule, free from variation, as to the pace of riding at fences. You may check or pull your horse into a fall, or by too much haste you may urge or gallop him into one. Do all you can to teach and use your horse *to be steady*, and if he makes a stumble or passing error, on no account give him the whip or spur. If you do, the next time he makes a fault, from which he would have freed himself on his own discretion, he no longer thinks of how to escape a fall, but, losing his senses from terror of punishment, he gets into a blind or maddened scramble, which is almost certain to end in grief.

As to *how* a horse will do his fences best, if

a hunter of some period, that must depend on himself, and how he has been taught; but as a broad basis for direction, never hurry your horse, never punish him for an *accidental* mistake, and by kindness and practice in and out of the stable render him as docile as you can. I always bear in mind the question asked by that splendid horseman, the late Lord Jersey, of the dealer Milton, when the latter was puffing the speed of a horse, his jumping, and his paces. Lord Jersey listened to all “the encomiums misapplied,” and cut the dealer short with the words,—“I dare say he will do all this, Mr. Milton, but *will he stand still?*”

On this subject of riding to hounds, as there are many more ladies in the hunting saddle than there used to be, and as far as I can judge, from the retirement of my “*hut*,” the number of huntresses seems still to be increasing, I fear I have scarce sufficiently defined the mischief that may arise from badly trained horses. When I say “badly trained,” I do not refer to condition so much as I do to method of taking their fences.

There is a vulgar phrase, very often in men’s



mouths, which means ramming at anything of any sort called "a leap," that is, in erroneous estimation, "*putting* a horse at a fence." The word "*putting*" really means showing a horse a fence when the horse is a trained hunter, and letting him time his canter, trot, or stride to cover it at his own discretion. He must be a better judge than a man on his back of what he *can* do, and *how* it is best to do it, for there is very little brains in spurs, but a vast deal of brains in a horse's head. This may be laid down as an incontrovertible rule: the smaller the place or fence, the slower should be the pace to get over it; for in my experience all the worst falls I have ever seen have been at little blind places, that a donkey could have walked safely over. I have elsewhere said that a clergyman of my acquaintance, through nervousness and spurs, always taught his horses to rush at every grip they saw, and therefore in a bad scenting day it was utterly useless for me to cry to hold hard from overriding my hounds in an open field, as long as there were grips to the ridge and furrow, for the horse flew at all indentations of the ground, and only could be pulled up when he came to the real fence on the other side the field, over

which it was not his habit to be much ridden. These horses used to put me in mind of frogs with a duck behind them, for they crossed considerable enclosures in a wild succession of frantic hops, and then stood still.

To set a horse at a full or half gallop at a mere ditch or grip is madness; it teaches him to rush at all other fences, it courts violent and very bad falls, and endangers the life of man, horse, or hound that chances to be unhappily in the way.

At double fences, a rotten bank perhaps, and a ditch on either side, if a horse is *sent* or "*put*" at full speed at such places, he can only get over them by one of three ways: he must either cover a wide space *at random* as far as the second ditch, which he cannot see, is concerned, or he must clear the first ditch and land on the top of the bank, and then jump the other ditch, which, be it wide or small, is fully within the power of a second spring. The third way of getting over the second ditch, if the horse sees it in time, is to stretch out his shoulders and fore legs, and to drop his hinder ones to catch the bank, and send him on. Now these three ways are, in very many instances, completely successful, but in some instances they are not so.

If the bank between the two wide ditches is rotten, landing on it or kicking it will not save a fall, and then if the horse is over-paced and comes to grief for want of steadying power, in all probability he rolls completely over, a very dangerous "grief" to a man, but more particularly so to a lady, who has to risk the contact of the crutches on her saddle. To spur or strike a horse *once*, if his rider is quite sure that the error arose from carelessness below the saddle, is quite punishment enough for the time being; to keep on spurring or whipping, is to make a horse forget his fault if he committed one, and to banish all remembrance of what the punishment is for. When men lose their tempers they lose their heads, and also they seldom recollect that if they have spurred and beaten their horses at other times for making blunders of whatever kind, when the horse, without any fault or carelessness of his own, comes suddenly into a blind or blundering difficulty, instead of coolly extricating himself by reasoning powers and well-governed activity, he "ducks his head," shuts his eyes, and loses his senses and the government of his legs, through nervous expectation of the punishment he has too often and much too erroneously received.

I have dwelt long on this theme, for while the "crutched saddle" is occupied as it is, I would do all I could for the safety of its graceful occupants, avoiding the possibility of any hereafter "crutch," which, instead of sustaining a beautiful figure on the saddle in healthful elasticity, might only aid her to look on at the well-remembered meeting, and at the jovial, dear delightful pack, from a basket pony-carriage behind a sleepy cob.

## CHAPTER III.

## BREEDING AND HUNTING OF FOXHOUNDS.

Points to be remembered in Breeding—Faults to be Avoided—The “Oakley Pack”—Value of Young Hounds—How the Puppies should be Managed—Steady Huntsman, steady Hounds—On the Death of the Fox and a Good Run, Go Home—Reward your Hounds—Be Judicious and Moderate in the Punishment of Faults—Inspire Confidence in your Hounds—A Check depends on Circumstances—George Carter—Incident in the “Oakley Country”—Dog Language—Condition of Hounds—Incident at Knuston Spinney; the Fox and the Flock of Sheep—Folly of Tooting the Horn continually—The Huntsmen, Harry Ayris and Tom Oldacre.

IN breeding and educating this splendid species of the canine race, standing out so prominently as the offspring of the British Isles, the same tenderness and method in teaching, and the same attention as to nose and power, legs and feet, should rule as regards the foxhound even more than in all other kinds of the canine race. Those foolish “dog shows,” which have of late years become the fashion, in cases where the owner of a pack of

foxhounds does not himself attend to the breeding department of his kennel, have occasioned more mischief than years on years will serve to eradicate. The same indeed to all other breeds of dogs, save those only to be looked at. Thus the huntsman having permission to compete for public prizes at these shows—a prize which can only be awarded by the eye—breeds with a view to external appearances and to win the prize, rather than to kill his future fox, and puts together the handsomest sire and dam he can select as to shape and colour, and passes over some finer-nosed creature, whose gifted perfections are innate, to be known only in action, and not perceptible to the eye.

You may breed for personal beauty, legs and feet; but in doing so it is possible that the breeder should omit to remember that the finest loins, the power for muscular speed, and leg and foot are utterly subservient in these cases to the gift of scent. The speed of a foxhound does not depend upon the shape and beauty of his legs; for unless his nose serves him with a scent on which to run, legs, thews, and sinews must be idle, for it is the nose that makes them all to go. Thus a cross-grown, ugly, ill-shaped foxhound with a *good nose*

would run away from a foxhound with a *bad* one. Therefore, the very first idea that should take root in a huntsman's head would be to breed for nose, and not for shape *alone*. If you can find hounds who possess nose *and* shape combined, then make the largest use you can of the lucky fact; but *always remember* that it is *scent* that kills the fox, that the tender nose enables the hound to feel the scent and run upon it, and according as the *scent* serves so will *the pace be*. Without a nose, the best legs and feet are *null and void*.

Perhaps the most unaccountable thing of all the many wondrous items of the world is the fact of scent—what it is, or what it is not. What makes it good or bad, what weather governs it the most, whence it arises, why it fails or holds, and what it is that so mysteriously taints the ground with a line of scent from the flying animal, that holds for miles the pursuing foe to his continuous and utmost speed, “stern down and head up,” as if hound and fox were running in the same groove. “Scent,” in regard to hounds, has nothing to do with the more vulgar appellation “smell.” Unless an occult something in the air serves him, the best of legs and feet ever known to hound must either

stand still, or race away in riot, skirting and confusion. Without the hound can run the line the fox has gone, and that he can alone do by his nose, and stick to the line in all its changeful and difficult phases, variety of ground, foil, &c., however beautiful his shape and colour may be, he fails his huntsman at a pinch, and is utterly useless in the open fields and in cover.

There is another species of foxhound that rivals in useless mischief the hound without a nose, and that is the jealous hound without temper, who is chary of his tongue, and who, if he makes a hit in cover, or on the other side of a fence from that on which the pack chance to be, will put his ears back and his stern down, and race away in silent and in jealous pertinacity. The hound *without a nose* and the hound thus of his own purpose *without a tongue* should similarly be avoided; for, however beautiful the forms of each may be, and however good the nose of the silent hound may be, both these animals will serve to lose more foxes in one half a season than they would help to kill in ten.

In breeding, then, a strain comprising either of these faults should be eradicated from the kennel. If one silent and jealous hound thus slips away with



a scent, getting by a solitary whim a long way ahead of his companions, and between them and the fox, it is impossible for them to catch him, unless, from some inability to carry on, he comes back to them, for he serves as a foil to the fox's line. A silent fast hound of this description, if he gets away, has much the same effect as that of a shepherd's dog or a greyhound chasing the fox. In some mysterious way his preceding foot, 'twixt pack and fox, utterly ruins the line of scent, and occasions enormous trouble to the honest, pains-taking, truthful pack to recover and hold on the line before them.

A silent hound of this sort should be drafted directly the fault is apparent, for in cover and out of cover he often gives the pack the slip, when, as he cannot catch the fox by himself, and will not, by flinging his tongue, call on the others to help him, the sooner he is got rid of the better.

There is another faulty hound that does infinite mischief if not drafted, and that is a confirmed "skirter." The silent hound and the skirting hound adopt their dishonest proceedings from the same source—that of jealousy. They have an overweening wish always to be at the head of affairs,

no matter how they get there, and by running wide, cutting off corners, and other cunning and dishonest tricks, they take up the attention of the pack, and more often lead away from the fox than at him, and they cannot be trusted out of sight. It is very curious, but in all my practice the false skirting hounds were by speed of foot always very fast, and the jealous silent ones the same, though the latter were not always skirterers.

A hound may be *too* free with his tongue, to an extent only that he cannot always be relied on; but a hound may also be *so* free as to “babble,” that is, to fling his tongue on no scent at all, and then this “liar” should at once be scouted.

It is curious to see how soon the pack detects a liar; and if a babbler is permitted to remain among them, they will be down on him, and treat his tongue with the most ineffable contempt. Thus, if by chance the false hound should find a fox, and for once by accident tell the truth, not a hound will make up to his assistance, because they cannot believe what their comrade says.

When commencing my first season in the “Oakley country” (Bedfordshire), I began with, I think, under twenty couples of foxhounds from the

Berkeley Castle kennels, with whom I had hunted stag. I had drafted them very closely, and well knew that, could I but get a fox on foot and cheer them on, to them, the new chase, they would stick to it and work it as well as if they had been entered at it all their lives. To these splendid hounds, all of whom seemed to know all I said or wished them to do, I added, not a lot of *able villains drafted* from other packs of foxhounds for *their faults*, but some old steady hounds that were *simply parted with* for not being able to run at the head of their packs; and to these were added, by friendly masters of hounds from one country or the other, a few useful ones, that, at all events, would help me to find a fox and maintain the line, however much my too large and wild body of young hounds, that I was obliged to enter, might overrun it.

I had inspected all drafts announced for sale, and picked out very old, but still, to some extent, able, honest hounds, avoiding those that by my eye I could see no reason for their being parted with, deeming that their dishonest tricks alone must account for their discarded situation. Among these old hounds so selected from drafts by me were Stamford and Proctor, and each had Sir

Richard Sutton's brand upon him. Such hounds to draw and find a fox, and to mark him in an earth or drain, I scarcely ever saw. Stamford had a very peculiar long-drawn, mellow tongue. In length and mellowness it resembled a single note of the hunting-horn; and in a short time, whenever that tongue was heard in those heavy woodlands, every hound flew to it as to a proclamation to which no sort of doubt attached. Proctor's was a shorter tongue, and not peculiarly remarkable; and it was this old hound Proctor that knocked over the first cub I killed in the Melchbourne woods. After some very hard work, a cub attempted to break, and Proctor rolled him over.

A grey-pied hound, Voucher, given me by Colonel Wyndham, from Sussex, would never draw. He used to stick his head between the hocks of my horse, and never enter the cover till a fox was found. Before long we understood each other, and he knew the worth of the tongues of the pack in a much shorter time than I did, and thus early he recognized the hounds that could be trusted from those that, in the exuberance of youth and ignorance, would run riot; and whenever I heard

the crash of any tongues, I used to turn my head to watch the effect on Voucher. He would at times stand still behind my horse and listen attentively, turning his sagacious head from side to side, and after making up his mind what the row was about, he would act accordingly. If he disliked the cry he heard, he would scratch back with his hinder legs and growl, accompanying the action with a most unmitigated mark of contempt; but if he heard a tongue in that cry whose truth he knew he could trust, he was off like a shot to give his best assistance. Occasionally, just at first, I have seen him deceived, but not for long; for in a very few minutes, on finding that there was riot on foot, he would return to his post of observation at the heels of my horse. If he remained in cover even a little while, it was safe for me to cheer to the cry and to get my hounds together.

In breeding, never, if you can avoid it, breed from faults on either side, but stick as closely as you can to *perfection*. If faults are in sire or dam, rely on it they will re-appear; for though you may try to meet a difficulty by putting a hound very free of tongue to one too chary of it, or a hound a little wide in his work to one if anything apt to dwell on

a line of scent too much, their offspring are more apt to perpetuate errors than they are to illicit any benefit from the meeting of two extremes, and therefore the chances are certainly against the man who hopes to benefit his pack by the experiment. The largest litter I ever bred was from Jeopardy, a bitch given to me by the late Sir John Cope. She gave birth to eighteen full-sized whelps. They were all reared and put out to walk, and they all came to the kennel again with the entry of young hounds. Out of this large lot of puppies, there was not one among them clever enough in shape and make to be chosen and put forward for the season's entry. The following fact will show the value of a young hound when able, handsome, sizeable, and selected; and it was on this fact, and on the current cost to a master of hounds in breeding year by year, that, to the then Sergeant Talfourd's surprise, I fixed as a witness the value of thirty pounds, if I remember correctly, on a first-class puppy of this description, who was foully murdered while at walk by a neighbouring farmer, and buried in the farm-yard mixen. Mr. Horlock's whipper-in found the body of the hound, and swore to it by the "litter mark" in the ear, and the owner of the hound recovered heavy

damages and costs. The trial took place at Gloucester, and may be remembered by many as well as myself from the amusement created by the late Duke of Beaufort's huntsman, Bill Long, whom nothing could induce to say what *he himself knew of his own knowledge* of the value of a murdered puppy of the sort. Long would only say what Sir William Codrington said to him; and as he, Long, could be got to tell no other tale, of course his hearsay evidence could not legally be received. Long retired from the witness-box without having thrown a ray of light on the value he was called to prove. Talfourd, who was for the defence, asked me to explain "why I put so high a value on a puppy that had never hunted," and I explained "my reason for it arose through my personal knowledge of the cost of breeding a hound full-sized and handsome, and clever enough to be put forward," and Talfourd sat down.

At this moment I forget the number of hounds bred from, in a given season, by the first Lord Fitzhardinge in the Berkeley Castle kennels; but I know that on one occasion seventy-five couples were put out to walk. The walks around the Castle were, for the most part, on dairy farms, and

the farmer had to take one or a couple of puppies, regulated according to the size of his holding. These puppies were constantly watched by the game-keepers on whose manor or beat they happened to be; and they (the keepers) would have lost their places if they had not at once reported ill health or ill condition in the puppies, or that the farmer kept them shut up or confined.

If puppies at walk have not their full liberty, they will not grow up into useful hounds; and the more hares there are on the farms when they walk, the better for the puppies, for then they will teach themselves to hunt, which is the best education of all; and with a full knowledge of the way to trace an animal they are to follow, they only need to be taught the kind of animal they are to stick to. Rated from the hare, and cheered and halloed to the fox, they soon learn right from wrong; and the best hare-hunters while at walk become the best and the steadiest foxhounds in the kennel. The nonsense I have read in the sporting works of some of the old milestones left on the road to knowledge, as to entering "young foxhounds at cats," is too preposterous to deserve further notice.



Now, in offering advice to younger men than myself, and to show to them that I know more about my sylvan sermon than many a parson does of what he essays to preach from his pulpit to his congregation, in proof of my intimate acquaintance with the attributes of birds and animals, I give the following facts, witnessed now at Alderney manor by many of my friends. I have struck up an acquaintance with one of the wildest birds that fly, an *old* blackcock, a bird not reared by hand, but so tamed while at large by me, that he came to my lawn every day to within ten yards of my dining and breakfast room window, and on the smooth grass "curled" to his own delight, to the wonder of the hen pheasants and angry dismay of the cocks, who all feared his grimaces and warlike tail exalted over his shoulders. To see an old blackcock in this action, and to hear him "curl" in his notes of defiance and love, and drive the cock pheasants, so erroneously fabled as to their pugnacity, became an amusement to my friends and many visitors. Among them, Sir Edward Greathed came to see a novel and ornithological sight so very unusual.

With pheasants, that I had paid no attention to

save in my walks in the wilderness, the same friendship has sprung up, and they will follow me about; and if I put down my gun, and leave my large black retriever to sit by it till I return, by him and the gun in my absence I shall find pheasants, and very often wild ducks, expecting my return, assembled without fear around him. While I write thus on the hound and dog, I am in the habit of feeding the wild ducks and the home decoy. There are three wild ducks among the surrounding flock, who always sit by my side on the little seat on which I invariably make room for them,—the seat is about three feet long,—and if I do not feed them out of my hand as fast as they wish, they will pull at the sleeve of my shooting-jacket to gain the required attention. That beautiful bird, the pintailed drake, will come to the report of my gun, away from the decoy, when shooting rabbits in the summer; and a widgeon, fresh from a decoy this winter, 1872, will feed at my foot as confidently as if he had been tame all his life. As I have previously said, these things cannot be attained by everybody, and they show that I am well versed in animal instinct.

The gifted foxhound, then, in reality, requires as

much care and knowledge of *his* instincts and reason at his huntsman's hands as the wild things alluded to do from me. Nay, more, because the hound being possessed of greater reasoning qualities than the bird, his best nature may be thwarted, and faults in his expected services may be inculcated by neglect, by ignorance of his best qualities, or by harsh treatment, which the thing, the soul, "denied to the dog," invariably resents.

It is thoroughly known to me that a wild huntsman makes a wild hound. A slack huntsman will make a slack hound; and when slow in his own movements, his hounds will also learn to take *their* leisure. The steadiest hounds from hare can be induced to be unsteady, and run hare, by a wild huntsman. I saw a particularly marked instance of it when I sold my foxhounds from the Oakley country to Mr. Wilkins, for him to hunt Northamptonshire with, Jack Stephens being their huntsman; and a wilder man than he was for a huntsman I never saw in the whole course of my life. I saw the whole body of the young hounds who were out on the day I allude to, with many of the hitherto steady old hounds, thrashed *into running hare*. A few of the young hounds, wild from wild treatment,

and not relying on their huntsman, spoke to a hare in a small spinney. Stephens cheered them, in the *the hope* of a fox. The old hounds went to ascertain whether it was riot or not, and on finding it was a hare, the master, huntsman, and whippers-in all went into the cover to cut at and flog every hound they could get near. To my great misery, I had been foolish enough to be out to look at my loved hounds; and the consequence of the foolishly insane conduct of their new masters was, that the hounds came out of the cover to join me and sit by my horse, while the insane men in pink were whipping and battering, at last, at nothing; so they then struck at anything round about my horse. I need not say that *I never went out with them again*.

If a *huntsman begins to fight with his hounds*, or to let his whippers-in *commence* a conflict and essay to rate in a rough and *excited tone*, to a certainty the hounds will be up in resistance, and, in return, disobey and fight with him. Some huntsmen cannot pass covers that the hounds on some other day had drawn, because the hounds will break away. I never let a hound be struck for an attempt to break away. In a gentle, rather contemptuous, soothing voice, I told them to be quiet; and this steadiness

from my kennel at Hurrold Hall was the more necessary, because I had often to go through covers holding foxes, by the rides, to reach the place of the fixture.

It is far easier to make hounds steady when there is a large amount of riot in the covers than when hares are very few. And it is a mistake in a master or huntsman of hounds to avoid woods where there are many hares,—in short, to show himself to be *afraid of them*, in the mistaken and erroneous idea that the hares lure the hounds away from the foxes, that is a very silly error.

There is a golden maxim, that all masters of hounds would do well never to lose sight of, and that is, always to leave off on blood, when at the end of fair work you have got it; or, in other words, if they have run a fox and killed him, in length of time sufficient, and in pace enough to suffice for those who really rode the run, then on the death of *that* fox go home. The duty of a master of hounds is not merely to show the best sport he can to the gentlemen of the country, but he has also a duty to perform to himself and his hounds, to his horses and his men. He must consider those interests, those apparently private but

really and essentially public interests, *for the good of all.*

I have known gentlemen in the field not satisfied because the master after a good long run, with the death of a fox at the end of it, selected to go home in the best interest of his pack. I have seen such gentlemen very often be the first to knock off and go home, not remaining out to see the end of it, after the master had found a second fox at their solicitation. They should reflect that they *can* go home at any time when they wish to do so, and that they have but one or two horses out, while the master may have four or five; and if he finds a second fox, if he values his hounds, he must not whip off as long as the hounds can run. To whip off from a fox is a very bad lesson to hounds: resolute perseverance, as long as the line will serve, should be in the heart of the huntsman, and from him the hounds will take their cue.

After the hounds have killed their fox, a good deal may be done by the way in which they receive their fox as their reward, and in the manner they receive the fox they will copy a similar spirit from their huntsman. There should be no sort of slovenliness, nor should a particle of the ceremony be

neglected. Their eagerness to receive the dead fox should be sedulously aroused, and if some of them snatched at the fox, and tried to take it from beneath the foot of the huntsman while the whips were padding and cutting off the brush, those hounds *should not receive the whip severely*, and particularly *not be kicked with the foot*, as I regret to say I have sometimes seen done while out with packs other than my own. To strike or kick a hound severely for being eager to get his fox is utterly wrong: the whip and voice should only threaten; a tap or two is of just as much effect as a heavy blow, and while revelling in the triumph of blood not a symptom of harshness to a hound should ever be manifested. The plan I recommend to be pursued on such occasions is as follows.

When the huntsman has possession of the fox, let him take the fox to a large tree, or to a fence of any kind, and, setting his foot on the fox, set his own back against the fence or tree. He will then get all his hounds in front of him, and there will be no snatching at the fox from the rear, and less need of the threatening whip. When the fox has been brushed and padded, then let the huntsman pick him up by the neck and shake him eagerly

in the face of the hounds, keeping the baying pack back with his whip for a second or two, view-halloaing all the time to cheer them at the fox. Then toss the fox in *visible delight* to the expectant pack. I *have* seen a whipper-in permitted by his huntsman to plunge his knife into the fox and slash him different ways, I suppose from the vulgar idea that as sheep were cut up, foxes should be similiarly dealt with; but this is an *unsportsman-like error*.

I always used to scalp the head, never permitting it to be severed from the body. The scalps look well on the kennel-doors, and the hounds like the head very much, and to take it from them is a pity. Generally speaking, one hound will always possess himself of the head, and, when a second fox is not drawn for, carry it home with him all the way to the kennel in triumph. Great judgment is required from a master of hounds, as well as unflinching decision in regard to the work done by his pack and horses. On some days both hounds and horses do a hard day's work in killing a fox, while the "gentlemen sportsmen" do little else than sit still, talk, and smoke cigars. In an instance such as this the master of hounds must,



however unwillingly, disappoint his field of their gallop, his sole solace being that by *their forced* disappointment, and *his judicious* consideration of his hounds, he will be in better trim to kill two foxes if required on the following fixture.

Frenchmen treat their hounds as if they were wooden images, made to run for their insane owner's amusement, without reference to condition, weariness, or scent; and so slack and cunning have I seen their hounds in the forests of France become from this senseless usage, that the moment their hounds were put into cover and had got a few yards out of sight, keeping to a foot's pace, they burst out in full cry, without a line of scent, and with no animal of chase within a mile of them, and this simply to amuse their masters, and to save them from the trouble of the "draw" or the dangers of a wolf or boar.

It did amuse their masters, precisely as these spoiled and crafty hounds imagined that it would do; for the moment this false and babbling cry woke up, excited Frenchmen, with ecstatic eyes staring from their sockets, in every quarter of the wood, commenced playing tunes on their enormous horns, each tune chronicling a different animal

of chase, according to the supposition of its musician.

If you expect to have a first-rate pack of fox-hounds, you must consider the nature of the animal, and every proclivity he possesses. You must not overtax the spirit and power of limb in your hounds, for if you do you will at last make them so slack that they will refuse to *work under difficulties*, and always fail to make a fair or *good day* out of what bids fair, from surrounding circumstances, at starting *to be a bad one*. To make a good day's sport, with a fox at the end of it, out of a very indifferent beginning, I hold to be the greatest feather in a huntsman's cap. To find a flying fox with a very bad scent, yet to hold his line *till he beats himself* by his own swift pace and his fears, and gradually makes the scent better by *falling back* into greater proximity to his pursuers, is to a huntsman, or it ought to be, the greatest possible gratification. I have killed a fox on a day of this sort, when for miles the hounds could only speak to the line at the hedges. On other occasions, I have "guessed a fox to death," by holding on and hitting him here and there, till I have come up with him wearied out with his own

speed, and waiting to be killed. Such results as these cannot be accomplished with hounds made slack by overwork, nor by a want of consideration from their master. The huntsman *must persevere* when *once his fox is on foot*, be that fox inclined to hang in cover or not. Hounds should, like the British soldier, “never know when they are beaten,” and from never having been trifled with, neglected, nor deceived, they should have, and they will have, the fullest confidence in and love for their huntsman, under all the circumstances of weather, scent, or over-riding.

It has fallen to my lot to see a fox killed after a run long enough and fast enough to satisfy any man who rode it; and then, instead of the hounds being taken home on blood from a well-deserved fox, I have known them made to draw again in some very uncertain covers, and when there was not more than an hour's daylight left to run a fox, *if found*. I have seen some of the young hounds out on such occasions run riot, and instead of leaving off triumphantly *on the blood of a fox*, as they might have done, they then had to be rated and struck, and in the end taken home with a *hare* in their *minds*,

and perhaps in their stomachs, *instead of a fox.*

Osbaldiston used to say, when he had had a good run and killed a fox, and was asked by some of his field "if he was going to draw again," "Damme, yes. Go home, indeed! what should I do till dark?" and on he would go, dragging his unfortunate hounds over the country till night set in, without the slightest reference to the best interests of the pack.

Men would do well to remember that hounds, as well as dogs of other kinds, have a limit to their powers of endurance, and that they have sense enough to know when their huntsman overtaxes their strength; and if he gets careless of their best interests, sending them foolishly into cover when they are more fit to seek their straw on the kennel benches, they will get as slack as the useless things called hounds with which I was doomed to go out when sojourning for a month in the forests of France.

If it is the wish to attain perfection in anything, the straight road to reach it must not be forsaken; and when man has to consider that in hunting the tools he works with are neither

iron, stone, nor wood, but living things, so far, like himself, possessed of affection and the most careful study of their master's character as well, he must give in to some of their peculiarities, and cherish those points which tend to perfect sport and brilliant running. Very few men have brains or patience enough to make clever huntsmen to hounds, and very few masters have firmness enough, resolution, and patience, to rule their field, protect their hounds, and keep their servants in order.

When I first began hunting, the words, "Always cast forward for a fox when the hounds check, but behind you for a hare," were rung into my ears by my elder brethren of the chase; but a change very soon came over *that* dream, and I learned that a check depended on circumstances—circumstances, perhaps, no longer seen when the hounds threw their heads up, but which, though no longer visible, might be in some way accounted for by a careful huntsman who threw his mind before his hounds, as it is sometimes said a man should do by his heart, if he wanted to get the other side of a "rasper."

A clever huntsman's eye should not only always

be *on* his hounds, but while he kept one eye on them, the other, like those splendid Uhlans in the late German war, should be scouring the country far ahead, to guard against the surprise of his hounds, with a good scent, checking.

If the hounds have a scent to serve them well, if they check, rely on it, one of two things has happened—either something has headed the fox, and he has not kept his line, *or* he is down behind you. The choice of these two facts are often offered to the huntsman. Let, then, the huntsman sit still and watch the spread of the pack, that *may* indicate something; if the hounds cannot serve themselves, then the huntsman should lay hold of them, and make his cast at a pace which should depend on the sort of scent he had been having. If the scent was bad, let the cast be slow; if middling, let the cast be the same; if good, then let the cast be at a hand-gallop, or even faster, if you like.

Though I do not wish to chronicle my own deeds, my readers, perhaps, will pardon me for the following illustration.

While in Bedfordshire, the meet had been for Wollaston Gorse, on the borders of the country

where Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire join. I put the hounds in with the comfortable assurance from the clergyman, my friend, the late Mr. Dickens, who looked after the cover, that "I should find nothing in it" but a "shoemaker," that trade being rife in the vicinity, and all its members poaching rabbits. I do not think that I had ever drawn it before, for its character was always far from good; however, on this day into the gorse I put my hounds.

George Carter, afterwards huntsman to the Duke of Grafton, and then to Mr. Ashton Smith, was my first whipper-in, and Tom Skinner was my second aid in that capacity. I had just remarked to myself that the hounds "feathered" as if a fox were not far off, when, on the contrary side from me, I saw George Carter hold up his cap and sit motionless in his saddle. *I knew* he saw a fox right in the midst of the hounds, and between me and him; and that he abstained from a halloo, lest he should startle the fox out of his cunning propriety, and make him lose his head, and get himself chapped. Of course I said not a word, but watched George Carter's head turn very slowly towards the open fields on his side, and then there came a wave of

his cap and a lusty "view" of "gone away," and off we set at the fox's brush over grass, and with a rattling scent, in the direction of a large cover then hunted by Mr. Osbaldiston. We really raced for about three-and-twenty minutes, and then the hounds threw up as if they themselves were astonished, and without any indication of the way they thought the fox might have gone, and then they looked at me. With but a moment's hesitation, not being able to see in front of us any reason for the check, I laid hold of them, and at a hand gallop cast them from where they threw up in a very narrow but complete circle, when on returning to the very point on which the check commenced and my cast began, and where all previous scent had so abruptly ceased, up heads and down stern, and with a vehement cry away went the hounds again. The first twenty minutes had stopped my first horse; my second came up just in time; and we never lost sight of the view of the fox after crossing the first field until the hounds ran from scent to view and rolled him over, near Siwell wood, in the Pytehly country. In point of "*untold* gold" it was rather a dear "forty minutes" to me; for George Carter's horse, for



whom I had but lately given the late Duke of Manchester eighty guineas, buried the piece of an oaken stump so deeply into the frog of a hinder foot that he never recovered, and never left his stables again, and was obliged to be destroyed. I believe that when the check in question commenced, the fox, finding himself so closely pressed, had lain down among us. Had I rushed wildly on, in a forward cast, we should never have got on terms with him again. The instant the fox became aware that the hounds were *held back*, he *went on*; and from the spot whence he started, and whence I had started too to make the cast, there the hounds on their return hit him, and ran him to a brilliant end.

As has been elsewhere remarked, the two animals that never lose their presence of mind, let the surrounding danger be ever so imminent, are the fox and the rat. The fox will run if he can, and so will the rat; but if the former finds he cannot outstrip his pursuers, he will adopt some unexpected dodge to throw them out, and gain him a better start. I have known a fox in a last extremity of danger to leap into an open horse-trough in the middle of a farmyard, with the sunbeams shining full upon it, and lie in the bottom of it

(which was dry) during the time that the whippers-in searched every barn, stable, pigstye, and cow-house for him in vain. The hounds marked him at full speed up to the farm, flung round it with open eyes, and into the yard, and then, with noses down,—they had been nearly viewing him after a very good run,—they afforded the indisputable fact that the fox *had gone no further than the buildings in question*. No one thought of the great open stone trough under the pump in the middle of the farmyard—it was too evident to evoke suspicion; so in it lay the beaten fox till huntsmen, hounds, and field retired, when a carter, bringing in his horses, went to the pump-handle, and at its first swing seemed to have pumped out a fox before the water came; for out of the trough jumped the fox, and, with a swing of his brush and a cunningly smiling face, with his ears laid back, away the splendid “villain” flew, to beat his pursuers, perhaps, another day. This happened in Harry Ayris’s time, in the Cheltenham country.

The first thing a huntsman ought to do is to make his hounds as fond of him as, but much more trustingly than, any lady’s lap-dog. He should have a good store of “dog-language,” and play at

times, particularly with any young hounds who may be inclined to be shy, with every individual in the pack. "Dog-language," which none of the whippers-in comprehend,—small nonsensical verbiage, which, not being used by any one but himself, becomes the more endearing to the hounds, though, as wise or wiser bystanders *may* say, as my poor dear friend, the late Mr. Castleman, of Beech House, did of me, when hearing me talk to my blood-hound, and other dogs, in a sort of reverie to himself, "Well! of all the men *supposed* to have *some* sense, I never heard any one talk such nonsense as Mr. Berkeley."

To attain perfection in this art, huntsmen in the field and kennel huntsmen should be combined, for the man who watches the work of each individual hound, and how that work lasts out the day, will be the best and only real judge of what flesh, little or none, each hound ought to carry, the best to befit him for hard work.

How often men, mere superficial observers, on going to look at a kennel of hounds, may be heard to say, wishing, perhaps, to be complimentary to master or man, "What even condition; they are all alike!"

Now, it is a fact long and well known to me, that “even condition” during the hunting season, if all hounds may be fit to run, *is nonsense*. One hound will be the better for being drawn as fine as possible; another the better for carrying a little flesh; many retain the medium of condition, their constitutions varying as much as those of men and horses.

At the commencement of cub-hunting, always take young hounds for entry to some spot where *you can directly put them on the chase* for which they are *intended*. Neither strike nor rate them for running hare or rabbit, for at their walks, if they are good walks, they have been in the habit of pleasing themselves by hunting both. As soon, however, as they know what a fox is, and have had a good example set them by the old hounds, then rate them from riot, and let them feel the lash enough to know that punishment is in hand if they offend again. On running to ground in drains, it is also wise, if *previously to running to ground you have had a sufficiency of work*, to let the hounds help the men with spades to dig and scratch out the fox, and to “draw” him for themselves. This long contact with the hunted animal, close at him and

under their noses, impresses on the *young* hounds a knowledge of the scent they are designed for than much running, when the old hounds cut out all the work. The death of a fox, *after work*, is as much needful to old and young hounds as a feed of corn is to a hunter, and more so, because in one instance, that of the horse, the mere craving of the stomach demands the corn, while the breaking up of a fox rewards the persevering and resolute brain, the bristling fury and the thirst for death in the heart of the hound, which crowns his exertion and his natural instinct.

A huntsman ought always to compass the death of his fox (after work) by all the means in his power; and it is better not to hunt a country at all, if the foxes are so few that there are times when one cannot be spared. There is no advantage short of a gun that a huntsman may not take to obtain his *deserved* fox. In an instance that happened to myself in my first season in Bedfordshire, when I was nearly overwhelmed by my large number of young hounds, the fox really died by my own hand. We had run different foxes for hours in the heavy woodlands, till the ground was in a state of "foil," the pack confused and

nearly worn out. At last a fox, an old one, broke away, and the hounds marked him into a hole in a field, that by the fall of the lands seemed to be a drain.

It was not above twenty or thirty yards from the hedge and an adjoining little spinney; so suspecting where the orifice of any drain might be, I ran to the ditch on the reverse side, and was in the act of looking into the drain, when the fox, not liking the roar and scratching at the other end, jumped into my face, and I knocked him down with the iron hammer of my whip, and before life was extinct swung him into the field among the hounds.

There was another fact, for which I remember some booted ignoramuses blaming me at the time, —masters of hounds and huntsmen, perhaps because they wear red coats, but that I did not do, and look like raw meat for daws to peck at, are always blamed for accident, wind, or weather. I might have escaped this sort of blame, as my hunting-coat was of the “tawney plush,” as worn by thirty of my ancestor’s men, when the kennel stood in London, at Charing Cross.

The incident was this. A fox broke over a field close to my horse, from Knuston Spinney, and went

direct for a very large field, in which was a very large flock of sheep, whose position I had already observed. With a touch of my horn and a view,—for the hounds had not exactly found the fox, he had found himself,—the pack were at my heels in an instant, while I, starting from the spinney on a fast horse, was before them and between them and the fox, for I had resolved not to lose sight of *that* fox until I had seen him *safely through the sheep*, and put my hounds upon his *unfoiled line*.

As I expected, the moment the fox came into the field where the sheep were, the whole flock closed in upon his wake from every side of the field and followed him over the ground; keeping however on the flank of the foolish flock, the fox never succeeded in getting out of my sight till he went through the hedge and shut out the sheep, and was going over ridge and furrow on the other side; then with a swing I cast the hounds, who struck the line most joyously, and after a fine run, slow at first, the fox was theirs.

Now, these two instances may be regarded as circumstantially required; had their huntsman, in the last instance, have sat still by the spinney and waited for the hounds to run the scent for *one field*

*only*, it might have lost the fox through the sheep, and no run been obtained. As it was, foresight had forewarned, and a brilliant day with a "kill" was the consequence.

There is a great fault observable in many huntsmen and masters of hounds, and this is, the constant desire to play on their horns, as if instruments for music alone, whereas the horn ought only to be used to hounds when the instantaneous attendance of the pack upon their huntsman was urgently required. Also, there should be two calls upon the hunting-horn, *kept perfectly distinct from each other*, the one a *single* note to call the hounds, the other the doubled and trebled note for the field—to tell gentlemen, servants, and all who may be interested, that the fox was "gone away," or that he had changed quarters in the cover. The first Lord Fitzhardinge used to set every fox in the Berkeley Vale on foot, to the detriment of a second find, by tooting continually on his horn. This tooting *behind*, while the huntsman with his horn and halloo was getting the hounds together *before*, did infinite mischief; and many a time had the gamekeepers asked me "to ask his Lordship not to blow so much," because his horn throughout



the covers in the Vale of Berkeley, disturbing all foxes within hearing, got them (the keepers) "*blown up*" if their covers did not hold a second fox. Osbaldiston was famed for this operative or musical propensity, which made the fast Pytchly wits of his day compose the following couplet:—

"This is the man just come from 'Quorn,'  
Who lost the fox by blowing his horn."

And he and that over-rated man, his huntsman, Jack Stephens, the latter told me so in the woods "*where the best echoes were,*" that those were the places where he and his old master used to try the tones of their horns in going home, while the poor, dear hounds, who had been running all day, were trotting contemptuously at their heels, and getting tired of their music.

As to whippers-in, there are many of them that I have seen not fit to be trusted with a whip, for they seem to do little else than ride behind their huntsman and cut at every hound who is unfortunately put, by necessity or accident, within their reach.

I remember one day overhearing George Carter, then my first whipper-in, say to one of his men who had struck a hound,—

“What did you do *that* for? You’d better have brought out a bone in your pocket, and given it to him, than have struck him *for nothing*. ’Twould have done the hound much more good.”

The two best whippers-in, and then the two best huntsmen, *I ever knew*, were Harry Ayriss, so long in the service of Berkeley Castle, and George Carter, who closed his hunting career with Mr. Ashton Smith. I have been told that the most wonderful man of his day was Tom Oldacre, my father’s huntsman, and from my very earliest pony hour through him I learned the rudiments and realities of fox-hunting.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON DISTEMPER AND MADNESS AMONG HOUNDS.

Startling Announcement in the *Times*—Durham Hounds—Mistakes made between Hydrophobia and Distemper—Marked Difference between Distemper, Insanity, and Hydrophobic Madness—Young Hound from Berkeley Castle attacked with Hydrophobia—Extraordinary Disease which prevailed among my Stag-hounds—Treatment for Distemper—Dr. Jenner's Letter to the late Sir Mathew Tierney—Vaccination—Experiments—Important Note.

ON the 29th of November, 1871, the hunting-world, and among the conclave no man more so than myself, was startled and horrified—I know that I was shocked—by the following announcement in the *Times*:—

#### “ DUMB-MADNESS AMONG FOXHOUNDS.

“A meeting of county gentlemen interested in the Durham County Foxhounds was held in the County Hotel, in the city of Durham, on Monday, to hear a statement from the masters as to the

state of the pack; Mr. John Henderson, M.P., occupied the chair, and there was a numerous attendance of the subscribers. Two veterinary surgeons, Mr. Farrow, of Durham, and Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Newcastle, were also present, in readiness to give a professional opinion, if required, on the state of the pack. From the statement of the Chairman, it appears that a short time ago a species of dumb-madness, which assimilates both to diphtheria and hydrophobia, and also the latter disease itself, broke out in the kennels, and after some twelve couples of the hounds had been sacrificed, Messrs. Harvers and Henderson, the masters of the pack, came to the conclusion that to keep the hounds was to incur serious danger to human life. The hounds were therefore ordered to be destroyed."

The moment the foregoing terrible announcement was seen by me in the *Times*, I addressed my brother sportsmen on the subject through the same medium, because, in the description of the malady assailing this unhappy kennel, a portion of the supposed to be fatal disease was called by a name I had never known before as correctly attached to hounds or dogs of any sort, viz., "dumb-

madness." "Dumb-madness" and "hydrophobia" combined.

Of course it is impossible for me at a distance to judge of the internal management of that kennel, but for the life of me I cannot understand how insanity of any sort or kind could break out in a well-cared-for kennel without its being immediately noticed through *premonitory symptoms*, and cut at or stamped out at the beginning by removing the hounds that first showed an approach even to constitutional discomfort.

That portion of a disease alluded to, "diphtheria," in hounds and dogs of all kinds, though not exactly "diphtheria," I am perfectly well acquainted with, but it is neither allied to nor has it anything to do with "hydrophobia."

When it assails a kennel of foxhounds, it usually comes in with the season's entry of puppies, and it first appears in the form of the common and inevitable "distemper." The attack, in its severest form, is, in nine cases out of ten, attended with a morose and *savage aberration of intellect*, with a "madness" that in its intensity and inclination to bite, as well as in some of its appearances, is closely allied to "hydrophobia." Thus the poor animals

so suffering will bite each other, or their huntsman or kennel-man, if he chances to come in contact with their wild and staggering gait, or touches them when they are lying down. They are for the time, or when the disease is at its height, completely "mad," *but their insanity is not contagious in a bite*, and it would have *no more danger to human life* than the bite of a healthful dog would have when given under other circumstances.

When severely suffering from this acute form of distemper, fits very often supervene, and if such is the case, a young hound so suffering, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, dies.

Any casual observer looking on a malady of insanity such as this arising from "distemper," might at once mistake it for the *ever fatal disease* of "hydrophobia."

In my kennel of greyhounds at Beacon Lodge, many years ago, a servant of mine, now head keeper at Hinton Admiral, near Christchurch, in Hampshire, under Sir George Jervis, John Dewey, having a scratch on his hand in administering medicine to these poor insane things, got the foam from their jaws into this cut on his hand, and instantly imagined that he was likely to go mad,

in conjunction with the young dogs under his care, but shook off the dread or monomania on a *most confident assurance from me*, that as long as he could drink his beer, and continued his inclination for it, he would never have hydrophobia. He was satisfied with my assurance, and is alive and well to this day.

I never, in the long experience I have had with hounds and dogs of all descriptions, considerably over half a century, always having been with stag-hounds and foxhounds, huntsman in field and kennel, have been bitten by hound or dog. A bite of the sort should ever be avoided, as much for the fact of any real danger, as the effect which it might have on the mind, through nervous apprehensions. A mental ghost, that has no real or tangible foundation, is the most difficult of all to deal with ; and let us for a moment reflect on how many people have been made nervously miserable for years, because very foolish people have destroyed the dog that bit them, assuming him to be hydrophobically mad, and by the death of the dog at once preventing the poor creature recovering, and living on in health and happiness, and, by so doing, to relieve the mind from all future apprehension.

Except in looks, insanity, under the most severe phases of distemper, and madness from hydrophobia, though much resembling each other in outward semblance, have very distinctive marks, when closely observed, to distinguish the one from the other.

While suffering from either malady,—the one of insanity from distemper, or what is sillily and vulgarly called dumb-madness, from which there is a *possible* recovery, and the ever fatal madness of “hydrophobia,” from which there is *no* recovery,—symptoms appear which greatly resemble each other. In each case there is the same distressful look about the eyes, the same inclination to bite, and at times the same frothy saliva about the jaws, and the same restlessness, to some extent, in mind and frame.

The *marked* and *decisive differences* between “*distemper insanity*” and “*hydrophobic madness*,” however, are, when carefully observed, as wide in their nature from each other as the appearances previously mentioned are closely allied.

The young or old hound, insane from “distemper,” has no intermittent relief, that is to say, there are no phases between fits of insanity in



which he will recognize his huntsman or master, save just as the attack *begins* to mitigate, and symptoms are *evident* that he is going to recover. Whereas the dog mad from hydrophobia often has occasional returns to reason, and during these moments of natural sagacity he will recognize his master or huntsman, wag the stern when he approaches, and rise from his bed to receive him, coming to the length of his precautionary chain. I speak from personal experience in the matter. The following fact, which I now give, is *the never-failing division between the two madneses*. The dog insane from "distemper" will greedily lap water, and *continue to lap* the cold fluid for a length of time without intermission, coveting relief from the thirst the fever on the brain and throughout the entire internal system has occasioned. He, so far from "hating water," courts it in every degree, and, by constant lapping and endeavours to drink, I have seen the patient fill the pan of water with quantities of foam. The "diphtherian" affection, if it can be so called, is a nervous action in the throat, at times precluding the possibility to swallow.

The sight of fluid, the noise made by the

splashing of water, or the contact of water on his skin, has no horror for him; he would drink it, if he could, or even bathe in it.

Let us now turn to the effect of water on the hound or dog really mad from hydrophobia, and this gathered from my own personal observation.

Between the paroxysms of his madness, if the creature is lying on his bed for the time and in his senses, but exhausted from previous suffering,—during which remission, as I have said before, he can and will recognize his huntsman,—should water be offered to him, at its approach a terrible excitement and evident horror of it assails him; he will seize his chain, and would bite the hand which but a moment before he had invited to caress him. Remove the water, and the excitement will again subside. If he is not shown the water, but water from a sponge concealed in the hand is sprinkled on him, he will be convulsed; and if the water is not brought near him, but kept out of sight, a noise of splashing the fluid will put him into convulsions.

Luckily for the human race, cases of real hydrophobia are extremely rare, when it is considered that the poison from the teeth of a *thus*

rabid dog, is almost sure to follow the bite. It must be evident to every thinking man that were not the real cases very few indeed, this terrible and fatal disease would very soon devastate a land, for there is no living animal under the sun that could not take, and would not then spread, the deadly poison inoculated into the system.

Mad dogs are often heard of, and mad dogs they may be; but though they are decidedly out of their senses, or insane, they are *not suffering from hydrophobia*.

I have heard of mad dogs swimming a river, and of mad dogs greedily lapping at water; and have seen it written by men who knew nothing about it, that the olden name given to the disease in the Greek language was an error, as the swimming a river and drinking water proved it to be so.

It was not and is not a misnomer in Greek, for those mad dogs, if they were insane, were not suffering from the deadly disease in question, but they were labouring under some other aberration of intellect, when, if they bit any living creature, the bite need not, of necessity, be attended with any fatal result.

Among country people there is an absurd idea that if any dog bit anybody, mad or not mad, if ever *that* dog in future years went mad, those whom he had bitten would follow suit and go mad too. This is a most absurd fallacy, and for the sake of humanity to man and dog, I pray the reader to remember this.

If a dog said to be mad bites any one, *on no account let that dog be destroyed*. Let the dog, if possible, be caught and confined under lock and key, with all needful appliances of bed, food, air, and water, so that he shall have every chance to recover from his malady. If he recovers, then the mind of the person bitten is at once relieved of all nervous apprehension; if the dog dies, the person bitten is no worse off than he would have been had the life of the suspected dog been taken on the first moment.

In my letter to the *Times*, of the 7th of December 1871, consequent on the horrible, and too hasty destruction of the Durham Foxhounds, I have therein stated that in over fifty years of personal experience, I never knew but one instance of hydrophobic madness, and that was in a young dog-hound sent me with my

usual entry of puppies from Berkeley Castle. This puppy had been knocked over while at walk by a decidedly hydrophobic mad dog, but not an abrasion on the skin nor the mark of a tooth could be discovered throughout the neck, head, body, or limbs of the puppy in question. However, Colonel Berkeley, afterwards Lord Segrave, who used always to send me my entry of young hounds, noticed the fact to me as a warning, leaving it to me to destroy the splendid young hound, or to risk his retention. This puppy was so active and fast, that the "entry" of his young fellows always selected him to be their object of racing pursuit, for, cut off corners as they might, in "greenyard" or field, they had the utmost difficulty in catching him. I have observed that young hounds always do this, and that they never select a playmate for this especial purpose unless his speed and activity surpasses that of all others.

After feeding my entry, it was my custom, in a long frock or kennel dress, to seat myself on a stone in the middle of the greenyard, to watch the gambols of the hoped-to-be companions of many a leisure hour, and to observe those in

whom might appear the seeds of distemper or any other illness, so as instantly to care for their removal. The entry were all jolly and well on the preceding day; but on the next day I remarked that when the other young hounds went up to their usual speedy playmate to coax him to set off at speed, he turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, not sulkily nor angrily, but as if their suggestion to be gay was distasteful to him. The hint was enough for me, and going to the boiling house, where some couples were kept, with my own hand I took that poor unhappy young hound to an empty stable, where I chained him up, and kept him under lock and key. The hydrophobia soon showed symptoms of its fatal presence, and the third day he died. He died in the night of the third day, and on the following morning I found him curled up in his straw, showing no symptoms of having died in bodily agony, and never having howled (another vulgar delusion of the people, that mad dogs always howl). From the symptoms which beset this dog, and the dread of water I elicited from him, I have drawn my foregone conclusions respecting the disease.

If the kennel-huntsman of foxhounds (the double capacity of kennel-huntsman and huntsman in the field had ever best be filled by one man) is quick, intelligent, and observant, the slightest change in the manners or looks of any individual hound must catch his eye.

When the whole pack—sixty or eighty couples, as the case may be—are together, the young hounds “put forward” and in their work, and they all assemble round the door of the feeding-house, to answer to their names and be called in one by one to dinner, every hound will be standing in or seated in the same place he has appropriated to himself from the very first, just as people at a public dinner might do when their names are attached to plates. On more than one occasion, on casting my eye round for a hound to be let in from his accustomed seat, I have seen that he has not been in his usual place, that fact was always quite enough to arouse my further attention to him, for it showed me that he was not quite himself. Thus, my quick apprehension in regard to the hydrophobic young dog, and the fact of my removing him at once from the kennel, saved my large pack of foxhounds—numerous enough

for severe woodlands and four days a week—from the greatest curse that could befall a kennel, and from the danger that might have accrued to myself and to my men.

I cannot help feeling sad at the cruel fate, as set before me in the *Times*, of the Durham Foxhounds. In the first place, there must have been some mismanagement and inattention to allow a “complicated madness”—it is so described—to seize upon the entire pack, or, at least, upon so many of them that it could not be known how far the curse extended. If the account in the *Times* was true, it is quite evident to me that the madness in the Durham kennel had no more to do with hydrophobia than it had to do with the moon. The “diphtheria” suggestion most certainly proves to me that, whether there was hydrophobia in the kennel or not, there most assuredly *was* an insanity, not always fatal, arising in the worst phases of common distemper; and until some further explanation reaches me, I must feel assured that there has been a cruel and ruinous mistake made in regard to a large number of valuable hounds. I cannot picture to myself anything more horrible than the idea of looking



through the kennel window—for I suppose the people were afraid to enter—for the purpose of destroying in one way or other the handsome, generous creatures, who directed their bright, affectionate, unsuspecting eyes to the hand that was at the moment planning their thankless and miserable destruction. I can imagine the horrors of it, but, thank Heaven! I was not there to see it; nor can I call to mind anything in my sporting career that has ever equalled it in ignorance, misapprehension, or cruelty.

When I kept staghounds at Cranford, my kennel there (it was my father's old foxhound kennel when he hunted a country from Kensington Gardens, by Cranford and Gerrard's Cross, to Nettlebed, and the Cotswolds down to Berkeley Castle and its vale of the Severn) was once visited by a disease which carried off quite half my pack. The hounds never seemed to be ill in the day, there was nothing to forewarn of approaching illness and death, but they all died in the night time, and were found placidly curled up on their straw on their bedstead in the morning, as if life had left them without a struggle.

So extraordinary was their manner of death, that

I had the best veterinary advice that London could afford, and post-mortem examinations made in the case of every hound. Their oatmeal was changed, and the meal they had been eating was given to other things, as well as being tested for any latent poison; but no research that we could make gave any elucidation to the matter. My hounds kept dying, from one to two to three or four in a week, and not a remedy of any kind could be found. After a time no more deaths occurred, and all went well as usual, nothing of the sort ever happening in a kennel of mine again.

The worst visitation that a kennel of foxhounds can have, or, indeed, any other kennel, is from the distemper. This devastating curse comes into all kennels in the spring with the year's entry of young hounds. It *must* come, and they are *sure* to have it once in their lives; and they may have it again by contact a second time, but generally not so severe. After having had it, and they are recovered from its multitudinous effects, those that have had it are safe from it again, unless from inoculation by the discharge that emanates from the noses of others. In cases of such contact, which a careful huntsman ought never to permit, the

disease may affect a hound of any age, but usually in a milder form. I have studied this ruinous contagion all my life, and tried various remedies, listened to the nonsense put forth by others in regard to certain cures, such as "red herrings," and other strangely conceived and certainly innoxious, though useless, remedies; but there is *no* certain cure for the distemper: it *must* visit your kennel with the young hounds; it *will* have its way, in a more or less mild form, when *so varied are its modes of attack*, and *so different are the effects that attend on it*, that I have found it impossible till the disease appears to lay down any specific rule for its immediate treatment. All that I found it possible and best to do was carefully to study its varied mode of attack; and when the ailments of the constitution tended to show where and in what manner nature needed assistance, then to step in with such appliances as the case seemed to demand. The attack, like the coffin of Mahomet was supposed to do between Heaven and earth, is very apt to suspend itself between immense inflammatory action and the lower grades of constitutional debility. A change, too, from one of these phases to the other is oftentimes so

sudden, that it is a very dangerous thing to let the patient bleed. In short, a huntsman never knows, till the moment his services are required, in what direction they can best be applied. The premonitory symptoms of the disease are loss of spirits, heavy or dull expression in the eyes, and a short "husking" cough, with a disinclination to food. These symptoms are then usually followed by a discharge from the nose, of more or less virulence.

To meet the approach of this always-advancing foe, the young hounds should be put in a nice clean and comfortable airy kennel, separated, of course, from the old hounds. Their stone troughs for drinking should be always full of fresh water, with a little nitre dissolved in it: it is cooling, and can do no harm to any phase the disease may assume. Liquid blister, setons, grey-powder, and calomel, should be kept at hand. Calomel is a sure remedy for the "yellows" or "jaundice" in hounds when given in sufficient and repeated doses, and it is the best medicine to give in the common distemper, for the yellows often accompany it when the liver is affected.

To a bloodhound I have given as much as 15 grains, or even 20 grains, of calomel at a time.

Calomel is an alterative with a hound, and has not the same violent effect that it often has with man. In all cases where there is a discharge from the nose, the nose should be continually kept clean, and sponged with vinegar. When the disease evidently tends to the brain, and insanity shows an inclination to supervene, then put a seton in the back of the neck, blister on the head and at the back of the ears, and on each side the chest behind the elbows, and reduce, if possible, the terrible inflammatory action that is continually going on throughout the internal system, as I have often proved by post-mortem examination. In the case of this insanity and inflammatory action, the only chance of recovery is where Nature makes an effort of *her own*, and throws out sores upon the skin in an attempt at cutaneous relief. On seeing this symptom, then aid the natural effort in every possible way with setons and blisters, and if fits do *not* come on, the hound so suffering *may* recover. A succession of fits *are fatal*, and fits perpetually attend on distemper madness, when, if the hound recovers, they often leave palsy in the limbs.

Since writing the above, the post has brought

me a printed circular from Mr. George Jesse, in respect to "Hydrophobia," and a projected new Bill for its prevention, as his circular says, "now before Parliament." There are many opinions promulgated in Mr. Jesse's letter which are strictly correct, but some of those professional gentlemen whom he quotes have propagated many errors respecting the canine race, and Mr. Jesse himself talks about *educating the people* as an assistant remedy for the better care of and estimation of dogs! This is a fashionable fallacy, for I suppose Mr. Jesse would deem the late Charles Dickens an educated man—in that particular far above many of his fellows; but the late Mr. Dickens in his writings always used the name of that most faithful animal *as a term of reproach*, and when he wished to paint the abominably hideous features of his frightful dwarf Quilp, frightful in mind and body, the illustration used by that educated man, Mr. Dickens, was to liken the expression of his beastly hero's face to that of "a panting dog."

The fate of the Durham hounds ought to tend to the most serious explanations; and the prevention of future mistakes, without mixing the matter up with any fashionable folly which now

exists for introducing a little dangerous learning among the lower classes, while "education," if it is to be called so, has already increased the list of the most revolting and serious crimes, as a reference to the police statistics will most unmistakably show.

When my kennel of greyhounds at Beacon Lodge was suffering from the worst and most fatal attack of distemper madness I ever saw, that did not prevent me from close and personal attendance; the young greyhounds were all mad, as mad as complete aberration of intellect could make them, and not only exchanged *snappish bites* with each other, but they bit at anything that came near them, or the wood-work of their kennel, if they staggered into sudden contact with it.

Well knowing what their ailment was—*contagious madness*, or hydrophobia, from their teeth, I knew to be out of the question—I ordered such remedies as I deemed necessary to be given to them by my servant, and stood by with a pitchfork in my hand, the prong of which, on either side of the poor insane neck, afforded a sufficient shield to keep them off, or if forced to use it, to prevent more serious attacks, a necessity not likely to

happen, and which never happened. It simply enabled me to keep myself or my servant from the natural discomfort attending the bite of a dog under any circumstances whatever. The majority of my young greyhounds died; all of them under symptoms which the ignorant and uninitiated would at once have pronounced as "hydrophobia." Some of them completely recovered, having exchanged bites with those that died, and for a time been quite as insane,—the latter a proof incontestable of what the disease really was.

As I have remarked before, every *animal* in existence, as well as man, carnivorous or granivorous, is susceptible of taking the poison from the bite of a really hydrophobic dog; and as all the living race, who are thus prone to this terrible infliction, are capable of transmitting it to others, *where can we find a greater proof of the extreme rarity of the disease?*

Among the remedies sought to ameliorate or counteract the "distemper," there is one that *in my mind* stands prominent in its effects, and which is an effectual prevention of the disease itself. At the death of the late Sir Matthew Tierney, the eminent



physician, the present Lady Tierney was kind enough and thoughtful enough to place in my possession a letter Sir Matthew Tierney had received from his brother physician the late celebrated Dr. Jenner.

That autograph letter was to inform Tierney that Doctor Jenner himself had tried vaccination on the dog, and unmistakably discovered it to be *as powerful a prevention against the distemper in dogs* as it had proved to be against the small-pox in man. Prevention, be it remembered, not cure. Dr. Jenner had tried it at his residence in the town of Berkeley, on dogs in his own possession, with the *most complete success*, and thus the fact came from him to Sir Matthew Tierney, and through the latter, as I have described, to me. Many years ago I promulgated this fact as widely as I could, and in many cases vaccinated with my own hands my young hounds and dogs, teaching, to the best of my ability, all men who desired to be taught; but, as usual in similar cases, there was a vast amount of vulgar disbelief in a remedy so curious and unknown.

There were two facts that greatly militated against a wide and established, or generally

adopted, plan of vaccinating dogs, both calculated to bring disbelief in the success of the remedy.

One of these facts was the extreme nicety and difficulty of a *successful operation*.

The other was, as in the case of the small-pox and vaccination, that if the seeds of the distemper were *occult*, but at the same time *in* the system of the dog to be operated on, the pre-occupation of the poison in the one instance prevented or annulled the operation in the other.

Distemper, *if present*, however *remote it might be*, held the fortress against all assaults of its enemy, —a fact, in my opinion, perfectly similar to the known antagonism of the virus in the small-pox and the cow-pox.

This, of course, led to the belief in many *servants' minds*, first, that *because they went through the semblance of vaccination, without perfecting it*, the dog subsequently taking the distemper, that fact in their minds proved that vaccination was of no use.

The second *contretemps* was, in the face of their attempting vaccination on a dog whose system had *been previously taken possession of by the distemper*, which had not, but which was yet to appear, and then if they really had succeeded in the mere

operation of vaccination, the distemper having occurred, the fact of its appearance proved to their not over-inquiring minds that the suggested remedy was incompetent to the object in view.

It is far more difficult to vaccinate a hound or dog than to vaccinate a man, woman, or child. The reasons which militate against the operation, and which must be guarded against, are as follows:—The operation has to be performed on some portion of the dog's figure which he can neither get at *to scratch nor lick*. If he can attain either of these actions, he is sure to destroy the virus, and render the attempted operation vain. If puppies are kept together, they will find out and lick the places for each other; to make a fair experiment, therefore, the young hound, for three or four days only, should be kept by himself.

There are only two places in the dog's frame that I particularly suggest for vaccination; the one is high up on the inside the ear, the other is on the chest near the fore-arm, and slightly before and a little above the elbow. This latter place the hind foot of the dog cannot reach, and when well selected he cannot touch it with his tongue.

To these two places there attach two cutaneous

difficulties, one to each, and the lancet should be of the first class, and the hand attempting to operate should be very light, because the skin of the inside the ear is very thin, and replete with the smaller veins, and, therefore, prone to shed quite enough blood to weaken the virus or to wash it away.

The skin in front of the shoulder-blade, or at the spot previously described, is very thick, and there is very great difficulty in applying the virus deep enough for it to be taken up, and yet not to draw much blood.

These facts often mar the ruder attempts at vaccination, and get a verdict given against the remedy, which in such instances has never been applied.

When vaccination has been successfully accomplished, the spot should be *narrowly watched day by day*. If a slight festering, or if a small pustule does *not arise* the vaccination has *not* taken, however carefully done, and the suggested remedy has not been tested.

The fact of the successful result is discoverable in the third or fourth day, generally speaking; and if the vaccination is of a rather severe character, it varies much according to the strength of the virus and the strength of the constitution, the

puppy will be dull, and decline its food to some little extent for twenty-four hours. On other occasions there may be no observable effect on the stomach, or on the spirits, although a slight scab on the puncture and a little festering in or beneath it will testify to the operation having sufficiently succeeded.

Puppies cannot be vaccinated at *too early an age after being taken from their mother*, or after being weaned. Her tongue then will not lick the places, nor are the seeds of distemper likely to be in their systems. Besides this, they can be held quietly in a man's arms; there will be no anger, biting, nor struggling, no increased circulation of the blood, but the operation will be given *ample opportunity for success*.

My two last patients under vaccination have been three times operated on by my friend Dr. Philpots, of Poole. In the two first instances I was dubious of the result, but on the third Dr. Philpots himself, on inspection at the right time, pronounced that vaccination *had been complete*. The puppies are a setter of the old Irish red sort, and a spaniel by my famous old liver-and-white dog, "Bruce." We shall now see if they remain free from the distemper; but in thus referring to them as incidental

to the illustration of the truth, I feel bound to say that though my friend Dr. Philpots, who took the most kind and attentive interest in the matter, entertains no doubt of the success of the operation, neither myself nor my head-keeper, Harry Toovey, ever saw, when success had been accomplished, slighter indications of a raised pustule making its appearance than on the ears of either of these puppies. However, Dr. Philpots must be a better judge than we are of the success or otherwise of the operation, and he has no doubt whatever in the matter.

If the foregoing chapter proves in its suggestions to be useful to my brother sportsmen,—they are the suggestions of, at least, a careful and observant sportsman, arising in a very lengthened experience of years,—it will, in the winter of my life, afford me the deepest satisfaction. The eager, joyous, and resolutely determined and vehement cry of my loved foxhounds long gathered to the ground, of many of whom I still dream, still seem, in their heart-stirring, thundering tones, to be ringing in my ears, as they run for their short turning and dying fox in the severe and tangled black thorn and briar woods of Bedfordshire. My favourite hunter standing still in all patience

after his hour and twenty minutes over the open, knowing what is happening as well as I do, or quietly bearing me at a trot or canter up or down the rides to meet the surging cry, and to be ready to let me dismount and pick up the fox from his, I am happy to say, speedy death assigned to him by the furious grasp of forty jaws.

These were "merry days in the good green wood," and I am thankful for having enjoyed so many, and to have been continued even to the present hour in sufficient health and strength, discrimination and gratitude, to love the horse and hound, and to write, if I cannot ride as I used to do, in the service of those creatures through whom and with whom I have passed the happiest portion of my sportsman's life!

As this chapter commenced with an allusion to the uncalled-for destruction of the hounds in the Durham Kennels, arrived at as their destruction was under very timid and erroneous advice, I find that it will be absolutely necessary for me to dedicate a future chapter to what is vulgarly called "rabies," classed by those who really know nothing of the matter as having to do with, or being the commencement of, hydrophobia.

Nothing can be more mischievous, or, for that matter, more ignorant, than classifying what is called "rabies" with the fearful and always fatal malady of hydrophobia, for it is impossible to understand what "rabies" means, descanted on as it has been of late by erring and blatant individuals. "Rabies" is the first step to certain death, and therefore every dog insane from any cause other than confirmed hydrophobia should be put to death. I have just seen, September, 1872, the account of "a mad dog at large at Gloucester," who made his way from the neighbourhood of Hartpury, and after he was supposed to have bitten several dogs, *was captured alive by two policemen*, and taken to Mr. Holtham, a veterinary surgeon, who pronounced the animal to be suffering under the most severe form of "rabies," and the dog was destroyed.

Then, let me ask, why destroy the dog when you have him in safe custody? Why not chain him up where nothing could get access to him, and watch the course of the disease? If the insane dog recovers, supposing him to have bitten any human creature, the mind of the bitten individual is relieved from the horrible apprehension of



certain death. If the dog dies, those who are bitten are no worse than they were before, because dogs often die *mad* from mere distemper; and while suffering from a painful insanity, *though mad*, they are not hydrophobic dogs, and their bite, as I have often seen, bears no infection in it whatever. I do not hesitate to assure those two police constables who captured a mad dog alive, that even if they had not their gloves on, they need be under no apprehension, for if the dog they caught was only suffering from what is called "rabies," a bite from him would be as innocent as the bite of any sane creature that exists. It is a sad pity that ignorant people should deem every mad dog a hydrophobic dog. The canine race are subject to as many delusions of the brain almost, not *quite*, as men and women are; and if the ruling powers should order all mad persons insane from Communism to be destroyed from fear of infection, we, the Conservatives, would very soon be in a still more powerful majority.

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*Note.*—At the conclusion of this chapter, for the use of the Profession, I append a very clear definition of the two insanities, compiled, with

my full concurrence, by my friend, E. Philpots, Esq., M.D., &c., of Poole, Dorsetshire:—

### HYDROPHOBIA.

*Definition*—A fatal form of madness, communicable from the lower animals to man : characterized (as the name denotes) by an intense dread of water.

Synonyms—None.

Premonitory Symptoms—Begin two days before-hand, loss of spirits, loss of appetite, general depression.

General appearance during the Attack—When let alone the dog lies sullenly as if “out of sorts” and depressed, notices little, but recognizes his master by wagging his tail. Violently insane only on the approximation of water.

Fits—Absent.

Foam at the Lips—Absent.

Water—Sprinkled over, or near him, causes violent convulsions.

Thirst—Absent.

Desire for Water—Absent on account of dread.

Appearance of Eyes—Dull or heavy.

Howling and Barking—Absent.

Muscular affection of the Throat, causing inability to swallow anything—Absent, or not observable.

### DISTEMPER MADNESS.

*Definition*—A form of rabid madness, non-communicable to man, characterized by foaming at the mouth, impairment of deglutition, and a desire to vomit.

Synonyms—Rabies.

Premonitory Symptoms—Loss of appetite, and slight husking in the throat.

General appearance during the Attack—He will bite at any of his fellows, gnaws at his bed or the wall, eats straw, snaps at his attendant.

Fits—Present in a marked degree, in most cases.

Foam at the Lips—Very much, he leaves it on the surface of the water he vainly tries to drink (the foam is caused by futile efforts to drink or swallow).

Water—Has no effect upon him.

Thirst—Intense, insatiable.

Desire for Water—Very great.

Appearance of Eyes—Dull and green in their reflection.

Howling and Barking—Present.

Muscular affection of the Throat, causing inability to swallow anything—Well marked.

Causes—None.	Causes—Inflammatory action internally pervading the system.
Prognosis—Very bad, always fatal, no chance of recovery.	Prognosis—Good or bad, according to the severity of the fits.
Terminations—The symptoms do not vary to any great extent towards the termination.	Terminations—A fit.
Pathology—Intense inflammation of the brain, extending to the throat and lungs.	Pathology—Inflammation of the brain, often extending to the throat, the lungs, and often the intestines.
Prophylactic Treatment—None.	Prophylactic Treatment—Vaccination is a certain preventative.

To this definition of the two insanities, we may add, that the term “rabies” should never be used. “Hydrophobia” and “distemper madness” are amply sufficient to indicate the two insanities, and to keep them distinct, the term “rabies” has been foolishly made to cover every sort of madness to which the brain of the dog is subject, including the always fatal one of hydrophobia. It has induced in humanity death arising from nervous apprehension, and to the canine race the most cruel and needless destruction.

The “common distemper” is essentially an “epidemic”; it is in the air, and will affect a whole kennel of young hounds at the same time; whence it comes or in what it arises, I have never been able to discover.

## CHAPTER V.

## DISEASES TO WHICH HOUNDS ARE LIABLE.

Distemper and its Treatment continued—Hydrophobia—How to distinguish Distemper Madness from the Madness of Hydrophobia—Vaccination a Remedy against Distemper—How to Operate; Causes of Failure, and points essential to Success—Dangerous consequences of giving a Dog a bad name, and a True Story in illustration—Soup and the Kennel Boiler—Kennel Lameness.

THE following is a list of the more important diseases to which hounds are liable:—

The common distemper, its effects and attendant insanity, and its inevitable presence.

The hydrophobia, the rarest of all diseases to which a kennel may be liable. Totally different from the insanity of the brain caused by distemper, and only to be communicated through the bite of the dying dog.

The kennel lameness.

The yellows or jaundice.

These are the heads of the diseases that assail kennels of hounds and kennels of other dogs; but very often the symptoms arising from “common distemper” are so complicated and so strange at times, so undefined, so varied, and so intermittent, that, as narrated in a previous chapter, no huntsman can lay down a rule of specific treatment; his wisest plan is to watch the indications for relief pointed out by nature, and to profit by them accordingly, and assist her.

There are two phases of the common distemper. The one assails the lungs, exhibiting itself in “husking” and cough, with a discharge from the mucous membrane at the nose; the other breaks more suddenly out in inflammatory action of the brain, which inflammation often extends throughout the inward and entire structure of the animal.

We will treat of the common phase of the inevitable distemper first, which so assuredly comes into the kennel with the entry of young hounds. It may not appear openly confessed in the first few days; but an experienced judge will suspect its advent by the eyes, the ailing look of the young hounds, and the varied and

disarranged state of their stomachs and action of the liver.

At their walks, particularly in a dairy country, as well as on large sheep farms, much offal is picked up by the puppies. They *must* be left to run about the fields and to enjoy a hunt after a hare or rabbit, or their "walks" would not be worth having, nor their limbs straight and full grown; so the first thing to attend to on their arrival in the kennel is their general health and any indication of a disordered stomach. The stomach can very soon be set to rights by the administration of from six to seven grains of grey-powder, and in severe cases repeated doses of calomel, beginning with five grains and ranging up to ten. To a large bloodhound in France, who had been most severely attacked by the yellows, and then, in a French kennel of course, neglected, I have given as much as fifteen grains, and cured him when his flanks, his gums, his ears, his sides, and the elbows were as yellow as gold.

But to proceed with the distemper. The first thing to be administered to a puppy at all ailing is a vomit. It is the natural and often referred to remedy of the canine race, as proved when in general

good health, and apparently not in the least ill, by their eating grass.

When mad, in the worst phases of common distemper, the desire of relief by vomit is manifested by the poor insane creature swallowing bits of straw and chips of wood, the latter gnawed from the bench on which he lies. Man should, therefore, make in with the natural remedy the wandering brain of the patient even thinks of up to the verge of death; and *knowing* that the hound is *not* suffering from the fatal contagion of "hydrophobia," instead of ordering the destruction of the poor sufferer, he should at least attempt a rescue, even at the not very great risk of being, so to speak, harmlessly bitten.

If it could be at once determined which of the two phases of the distemper the attack was going to assume, in the event of its being the worst of the two comprising aberration of intellect through inflammation of the brain, then bleeding might be useful; or if the young hounds had not been rounded, to round them, and thus to let them bleed, might be attended with favourable consequences. Setons at the back of the head, in the neck and throat, on the sides, liquid blister in

any available spot, as before alluded to, should be persisted in; for in the long career of my personal experience as huntsman in and out of the kennel, I have observed that if upon the bodies of the young hounds attacked with inflammation and temporary insanity, the disease takes an external turn and breaks out cutaneously all over the body, then in that case the young hound gains relief, returns to his senses, and is almost sure to recover.

It was this observation in respect to the eruption on the skin that suggested to me to encourage the object of nature in every possible way.

In regard to the less severe phases of the common distemper, when the brain is not affected to insanity, on no account let the system be lowered. On the contrary, abstain from letting blood, and support the frame by every choice in food; keep the patient warm, and repeatedly sponge his nose with vinegar during the course of the day. If you observe that the body needs internal relief, then give small doses of the grey-powder—I prefer it to aloes—and keep in each kennel of distemper a little nitre in the stone at which the hounds drink. The hound mad from what is so erroneously called “rabies” or “dumb-madness” will try to drink, but in nine cases out



of ten he cannot swallow. His brother in affliction who suffers not in so great a degree, and from a totally different disease, will not only lap, but he will, when not too severely attacked, swallow the water, and be refreshed by the cooling nature of the ingredient it contains. The almost always fatal sign of death in cases of the common distemper, and insanity arising from it, is when a succession of fits supervene; recovery is very hopeless on the first appearance of that frightful struggle for life.

Many of the hounds and greyhounds that I have watched through the insanity of distemper, and treated as I describe, have recovered, to aid me in the death of many a fox and hare, and some of the greyhounds have run for stakes at the coursing meetings. Some hounds will completely recover their health; but at times the distemper will leave behind it a paralytic shaking or dodging of the forehead of the hound; and if this species of paralysis is so manifested, the hound or greyhound so suffering can never recover from it, nor be of any use in the field.

Now, as to the contagion of distemper being given from one hound to the other. Contact will communicate it from young hounds to old, though the

latter may have had it before; but in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred the old hound, who in his youth has had the distemper, will take it but very slightly.

The young hounds, for that reason, should always have a kennel to themselves, from which the contact of even a nose with the nose of an old hound should be impossible. Biting, of course, would be out of the question; but a bite would carry with it no more than the simple contact or inoculation from the nose. The bite of a mad dog, mad only from distemper, or what is called "rabies," is harmless as to any fatal infection, and a person said to have been bitten by that dreaded thing, a "mad dog," need have no horrible forebodings of after consequences, if the owner of the hound or dog has sense enough to ascertain the true cause of the insanity. A dog reported mad *should never be destroyed*; he should be taken up and securely confined. If he recovers, then the mind of whoever he has bitten is at once relieved of dread; if the hound or dog laps water and dies, the person who has been bitten is no worse off than he was before, and if the dog lapped water, then there is no cause for dread.

If hydrophobia was not the rarest disease known among hounds and dogs,—the hydrophobia bite being, if the virus is communicated, ever fatal, and dogs and all animals transmitting the infection to each other,—half the world would by this time have been depopulated, whereas, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the frightful term of “mad dog” applies in *no way whatever* to “hydrophobia.” To casual observers and timid people it *looks* like it, the test—the visible, plain, undoubted test—being, that the dog insane from distemper *will lap water*, while the hydrophobic dog goes into convulsions at the *touch*, the *sight*, or even the *sound of it*, and will not drink *fluid* of any kind.

A common distemper bite from an insane dog will never give “hydrophobia to man,” but the tooth of a hydrophobic dog never fails to do so to any living thing that he lays sufficient hold of, and to man he inculcates the irrevocable *hatred and horror of water*. In my youth and through life I have often been told that the tooth of a really hydrophobic dog, if passing through elastic or thick clothes, would be cleared of its venom, and might prove innocuous. Those who made these assertions no doubt had been aware of persons

being bitten by "mad dogs;" but the doubt is, *were they mad from hydrophobia*, or only insane from other causes. The mistake is very easily made by superficial observers, and I am sorry to say by veterinary practitioners, who really know little, if anything, about the matter.

There is nothing calculated to do more mischief than for men who have been educated under the sanction of a Veterinary College to write on the diseases of animals, of whom in life they have *not* had, nor can they have had, an intimate knowledge.

They are usually called in to prescribe in isolated instances for animals, when owners of them are baffled in their knowledge of how they had best be treated, and when very likely there is a complication of diseases, no one being able to say as to how the patient was first affected, or by what antecedents diseases might have reached him. Thus they are, perhaps, sent for to see a "mad dog." In those two words there is terror enough to bewilder their nerves, and to induce them to shun all contact with the creature whose pulses they ought to study, and to whom they should give remedies with lancet, physic, hand, or seton. It certainly is not only the shortest way, but it is,

nevertheless, an inhuman way, to doom to death all dear affectionate and valuable hounds or dogs, simply because they happen for the time *to be* “*insane*,” and there is a dread of meddling with them; but when men assume a duty, and qualify themselves to do it under the sanction of a College, it ill beseems them to shrink from any possible investigation, or to save themselves trouble to endeavour to impress on all other men that relief to the poor suffering hounds or dogs is impossible, and ought not, under any circumstances, to be attempted.

The fact, then, is perfectly established,—it is a fact that I have known and studied all my life,—that though there are two utterly distinct madnesses at times affecting the dog, common custom has coupled them both under one name, that of “*the mad dog*.”

Several circumstances attending each insanity have induced this mischievous monomania in man. Thus, in the first place, the dog under the effects of distemper is certainly “*mad*.”

The dog under distemper bites at everything that comes near him, recognizes not his master, and at times not always foams at the mouth;

his lips are covered, from an attempt to drink, with saliva. He refuses his food, is restless, and certainly is, for the time, an essentially "mad dog." If he dies, *as he sometimes, not always, does*, a post-mortem examination shows that his brain is inflamed, the intestines generally disordered, and the stomach in a state of irritation, containing bits of straw, and at times chips from wood that he has been gnawing.

In the case of hounds or dogs thus "mad from distemper," a careful master or huntsman has plenty of time to be aware of the approach of the disease to know whence it rises, and, therefore, to be perfectly certain that it is *not* "*hydrophobia*." The "madness" or disease from which the hounds under "distemper" suffer, is not transferable to any living thing, save to creatures of their own kind. If they inoculate others with it, it is not of necessity that those hounds or dogs who take it should go mad. On the contrary, they may have the attack in a milder form; some of them may become, for a time, insane, but others may simply have the usual signs of the common phase of distemper, and have the cough or huskiness, and the discharge from the nose. If by some *highly culpable neglect* a hunts-

man permits young hounds so suffering to come in contact with the old hounds, some of the old hounds, who have even had in their younger days the distemper, may take it by inoculation from nose to nose a second time; but if they do so take it a second time, as I have before remarked, it is usually in a reduced or much milder form.

Some few instances have been brought to my notice where old hounds, deemed to have had a previous attack of the distemper, have taken it a second time and died; but those instances are very rare, and may be looked on as exceptions to prove a rule.

Having described the symptoms of the hound when suffering under madness caused by distemper,—a madness by which *man* cannot be affected, and which, *per se*, cannot be transmitted by the sufferer in an insane form to any other creature,—I will now return to that more terrible, and always fatal malady, “hydrophobia,” and point out the distinction between the two.

This disease can only be transmitted by a bite; at least we know of no other way by which it can be originated, save that by inoculation. Whence it comes, where it arises, or what has

caused it, we cannot tell. No case of real hydrophobia has ever been known to commence otherwise than from the bite of a hydrophobic mad dog; or, in one instance, as in the case of the Duke of Richmond, from a tame fox. Dogs have become hydrophobic who have not been *known to be bitten*; but in instances such as those, the "hydrophobic dog" has *not all his time* been under his owner's notice, and therefore his owner cannot tell with what dogs he may or may not have come in contact. There is an obsolete vulgarism, that of calling the hottest weather in summer the "dog-days," a supposition being existent that heat engendered "hydrophobia" in the canine race. It does *not engender "hydrophobia,"* but great heat will severely bring on, in dogs affected with "*distemper,*" its most severe phases, and at times make them mad. The tame fox that caused the lamented death in Canada of the Duke of Richmond *was accessible to every cur and dog in his vicinity*; and that fox, to my mind, had been thus made the channel of the most horrible and fatal disease, through his being accessible to some creature who was at the time suffering from it.

Very much the same symptoms surround the



hydrophobic hound as in the case of the hound insane from distemper; and post-mortem examination shows the terrible inflammatory action existing in the brain, in that particular the same as in the case of the other. When insane, neither patient at all times recognizes a master, or save in a few lucid intervals; both will bite at anything that comes near them; alike they refuse their food; the same heaviness in their eyes and look of depression exists; and were you to put two hounds together, the one *mad from distemper*, the other *mad from hydrophobia*, at a glance I could not attempt to distinguish between them; that is to say, if no water was in or near the place of their confinement.

Supposing the two sufferers were thus together, the key to speedy elucidation is a dish of water. A dish of water put down before them, the hound mad from distemper would greedily lap at it, and so would he long for the cooling draught, that, finding from the spasm in his throat that he could not swallow to slake his thirst, he would plunge his nose in the liquid even to his eyes, and cover the water, and the dish that contained it, with the saliva from his jaws.

*Not so the dog mad from "hydrophobia."* He

would remain sulky and sullen in a corner, or if in a stable, beneath the manger. Let the dish of water be offered to him, at its approach there would be a convulsive up-twitching of the head and upper-lip. Put the water close to him, and he would become violently agitated. Sprinkle some of the water on him, let him see it splashed, or even hear its aqueous sound, and he would be convulsed and furious. Remove the water, and he would relapse into a sullen moodiness, and very likely remain quiet till he died.

Judging by the young hound in my own kennel, the only hydrophobic certainty that ever came under my observation in the course of over half a century, the symptoms of the dreadful malady were not so violent, so restlessly agitated, as those existing in hounds when arising simply from the effects of common distemper. If a "dog gets a bad name," we all know what happens; and if a poor distempered cur in a street should chance to look unwell or wild, a cry is got up directly, by a cruel crowd fond of any excitement, of "mad dog," and he is run after by every ragged ruffian, and at once *driven frantic*, when, if suffering from common "distemper," he is pursued and harassed

into the biting phase of it, and, under the erroneously applied name, he is seen to swim through a river to escape his pursuers: hence the delusion that the “mad dog,” *alias* the “hydrophobic dog,” has not the dread or hatred of the element from which his malady takes its name.

Having described the difference between the hound insane from the effects of common distemper, from which he may recover, and the hound irrecoverably and fatally mad from hydrophobia, I again suggest to my brother sportsmen, and to all masters of hounds, that precautionary measure for the prevention of distemper which I have described a few pages back—I mean *vaccination*, as practised by Dr. Jenner on his own dogs with the most complete success, and by him communicated to his brother physician, Sir Matthew Tierney. My own successful experience among my own dogs has fully confirmed the opinion of these eminent men; but I must again reiterate that care in performing the operation, and constant personal supervision, are indispensable elements of success.

When I commenced this practice with my own hounds, several circumstances prevented my giving

the requisite personal attention which the experiment demanded; and this, with a want of attention on the part of those employed to minute details, caused some apparent failures, and induced a belief among many that the operation was unavailing—a belief which arose from many circumstances combined: the two chief of which were, first, a want of success in the operation itself through want of skill in the operator, or inattention to the purity of the lymph used; secondly, the neglect of a point arrived at by me, namely, that if the *seeds* of an outbreak of distemper were constitutionally or systematically sealed in the internal organs of the young hound, vaccination, however carefully performed, *would refuse to exist at one and the same time with the distemper*, the poison of that disease and the power of the remedy being directly, if brought together, antagonistic, so much so, as totally to prevent the frame, at the same time, from acknowledging both the one and the other. If a young hound has taken the cow-pox, he will not take the distemper; or if hereafter by contact he suffered slightly from the distemper, it would be in so mild a form that no danger whatever would arise to his existence. The few attempts that were made at

the time to vaccinate hounds and dogs were not persisted in, from the trouble they gave to servants, as well as from the failures arising from the clumsy, careless way in which the undertaking was treated, and the impossibility of procuring lymph.

When the lot of young hounds come into kennel from walk, at their then age, that the seeds of the kennel curse, the distemper, among them are latent, does not admit of the shadow of a doubt; and, therefore, to attempt to vaccinate may be *utterly useless*. Success can only be arrived at as follows; and here I solemnly offer to masters of hounds, not the cure of what is vulgarly termed "rabies" or "dumb-madness," *but its effectual prevention*. The whelps should all and each be vaccinated previously to being sent to "walk," when of an age to have their mothers removed from them.

Each whelp, on being vaccinated, should be confined for three or four days in a separate space by himself, and the punctuation made by the lancet, and the action or otherwise of the lymph, should be watched continuously, for the second, third, or fourth day.

If the operation has taken, a slight inflammation,

or an evident pustule, will arise, and on some occasions the whelp may be out of sorts for a couple of days and refuse his food; but though I would rather see the "pustule" and observe that health *was slightly affected*, than merely notice nothing more than an inflamed circle, in my belief, inflammation or festering without an evident pustule *is sufficient*. If the whelps are not thus kept in solitude for the period mentioned, they will detect the puncture of the lancet, and lick the places for each other. The spots for the operation should be selected so as to be out of reach of the tongue or the hinder toes, to annul as much as possible the patient's licking or scratching himself. The *inside* of the ear, high up, is one place, beneath the point of the shoulder, slightly in front and close to the breast is another, and the rump, immediately above the stern or tail, may also be selected for the operation.

Anybody who owns a dog, whose coat is infested with those active and sagacious little insects known as fleas, will, on examination, see that just above the stern or tail the fleas do congregate for sleep and rest, because there, in that self-appropriated

“park,” \* neither teeth nor hinder toe-nails can attain for their discomfort or destruction; and herein the natural instincts even of fleas may be held to have led to safer conclusions than one of the heads in a Veterinary College.

This last place, on the loin above the stern, in my opinion, is not the one for choice. The skin there is thick, the integuments coarse, and the facilities for taking up the lymph are not so prone to receive it as in other places. The ear, or both ears, and on the breast below the point of each shoulder, those are the places most fitted for the operation.

If vaccination is attempted on the full-sized young hound or dog, there is a chance of the blood being pre-occupied by the disease which is sought to be prevented. The distemper may have, as previously noticed, the first hold, and thus exclude the remedy, and men be led to wrong conclusions. In addition to this, the inner

\* I borrow *that* definition of a sleeping place for those insects, from an old and intoxicated woman's vocabulary, in the City of London, who being brought up for offences before the Lord Mayor, on receiving her sentence, threatened, “on regaining her liberty, to visit the bed of that powerful functionary, and pull him out of it,” at the same time giving his resting-place that lively appellation.

side of the ear is full of small veins, and a puncture there may occasion a flow of blood enough to wash the vaccine lymph away; each of these things should be considered.

When a hound or dog is full grown, an opposition to the lancet frequently occurs in the hound himself, and violent struggles may take place, necessitating force to keep him quiet. This force, these struggles, and this excitement, then will increase the circulation of the blood everywhere, and so to the smaller veins, and thus militate against the safe introduction beneath the skin of the matter.

Not so when the operation is directed to the dear silky-coated, softer, and more delicate skins of the docile whelps. They are pleased to be taken up and held like a child in their feeder's or huntsman's arms; they have known, as yet, no ill-usage from man or boy; and they lie against his breast, smiling up in his face and trying to kiss him, and remain quiet in whatsoever position they are placed. Here, then, the operating hand has it all its own way, and a successful vaccination is almost certain. Under all circumstances, however, the success or otherwise of the operation



must be carefully watched, and if it has not visibly taken, it must be repeated until it does do so, every whelp being separately confined for a few days, as before stated.

A retriever puppy of mine lived in a kennel with my setters when they were all attacked with distemper, which, in the case of a magnificent dog, named "Chalk," resolved itself into *violent insanity*, or what would vulgarly be called "rabies." When the kennel was entered, on approaching Chalk, my head-keeper, Toovey, had to provide himself with a sack doubled up to receive the bites which poor, dear Chalk, in his insanity, directed at him. The others were sullen under this most severe attack, but not violently mad. The setters all died, but the retriever, who had lived with them, been in constant contact with them, and been bitten by Chalk, survived it all. She had been vaccinated. When *she* was vaccinated in the ear, a very considerable pustule arose, and she was unwell and off her feed for two days. Alas! I had deemed that the setters were free from danger of distemper, and that they had had it very mildly in their younger days, and to them the vaccinating operation was

only administered the moment I apprehended an attack. It was too late; the disease I wished to frustrate had got the first hold, and no amount of attempted vaccination was of any avail. My three setters died, only one of them having been insane.

In concluding this chapter, and in order to show on what slight grounds a poor and apparently friendless dog may get "an ill name to hang him," the following fact, at a very early age, was offered to my eyes, susceptible as my eyes then were to *all* impressions.

When Berkeley House and its garden formed the right-hand side of Spring Gardens Passage, on the right-hand side as paced from Cockspur Street into St. James's Park, my favourite point of observance, in regard to human life, cows, dogs, and a sentinel, was from a raised walk above the spot where the passage entered the park, over the low fence of which my head and shoulders, at that period, were tall enough to appear.

It was from this post of observation that I used to watch the exit, from the door on the other side the passage, of the grandfather of the present Lord Malmesbury, who, at the same hour every day, used to sally forth into the park in his "spencer," a

garment much used in that day, the garment looking very much like a coat deprived of its tail.

He had been often pointed out to me as a celebrated man by my nurses, and hence his appearance had become interesting to me. He was, in my childish eyes, a "lion," and his den formed the opposite side of the passage.

Occasionally a sentinel would overstep his duty by ordering me down from my stronghold, and once, to intimidate me, he rattled his bayonet against my breastwork, eliciting from me no further retreat than just sufficient to avoid the point of his weapon, and then a shower of pebbles from the fine gravel of the walk. These he seemed to regard with contempt, but a slight handful of mould always had a more triumphant effect. I saw a report of my exalted position now and then made by the sentinel to "the relief," but the non-commissioned officer always deemed me to be in legal possession, and ordered no interference with me whatever. Had the worst come to the worst, and war with the guards been proclaimed, the keyhole in our large carriage entrance gate into the park, up and down before which the sentinel's measured tread could

always be heard, was kept in my mind as admirably placed for the play of a syringe in the way of artillery, to the utter confusion of all regulated smartness on parade. I little thought, in those hours of childhood, that, at some future day, I should mount "the Tilt-yard Guard," and the sentinels then, whose predecessors had at times disturbed my contemplation of the outer world, should all be under my command. Well, I was but young in those days, and before I proceed to descend from my awful contemplation of the then Lord Malmesbury, to the consideration of a poor and, for a time, friendless little dog, I must also, as in duty bound to the larger animal, speak of my impressions in regard to one of the most prolific cows that, first or last, has ever come under my observation!

Opposite the end of Berkeley House garden and the Carlton House stables, in the park under the elm trees, there was, at the time I mention, a red cow, she was fastened by a halter to a post, and there was a sort of large bin of wood close to her, with some seats around; it and this bin or box seemed, in my thoughts, to be very strangely and closely and intimately implicated with the

poor dear cow in administering to the demand for milk.

If it was a wet or cloudy day, and few maid-servants and their charges walking about the park, the cow stood, with her beautifully placid eyes, munching her bit of hay and chewing the cud of contentment as if she cared nothing about the contents of her udder, which I had observed was never very large. However, she supplied of a surety the few calls that were made in bad weather on the "milky way," and no doubt those few women who were so served answered the purposes of advertisement of the sweet "fresh warm milk" that could at a moment be had under the trees in St. James's Park. Then came the extraordinary circumstance that induced me to connect the wooden box and the cow together. "By jingo!"—I had caught that expressive ejaculation from the man-servant attending my brothers,—“they milk the box on some days more often than they do the dear cow!” This audible assertion of mine arose from my seeing, on days when the guns were fired in the park, or on any fine gala days, that thousands of people, women and children, came for a draught of new milk to this wonderfully capacious udder, and

whether twenty came or two thousand all were amply and contentedly refreshed.

It was not a first edition of the Irish story of the housekeeper, in a gentleman's family, scolding the itinerant dairy-woman for the weakness of her blue-tinted milk of the morning, when she came with something better in the evening. "Your milk, my good woman, was so bad this morning, we had a mind to leave you off."

"Lave *me* off is it? shure it only happened this turn, an' all from milkin' the wroug cow."

"Ay, in me eye! 'twas the cow with the iron tail," replied the housekeeper, as she retired, having inflicted a telling blow on her offending adversary.

In this case of lactean study, to which my attention at this early age had been so constantly called, I certainly made out, with some bewilderment at first, that the cupboard beat the cow in the *refreshment required*. But to return to the supposed "mad dog."

One day, as the sentry paced up and down beneath my post of observation, and in front of his box, a small red, half-terrier cur dog, looking very wild and woe-begone, ran into his box and ensconced himself in a corner. The soldier briefly but

emphatically ordered him out; but the wild-looking little dog heeded neither solicitation nor command, and maintained possession of his corner.

“Get out,” again said the sentinel, gently pushing the disobedient dog with the butt end of his musket. “You shan’t stay there.”

The action of the soldier and the contents of the sentry-box had been seen by *a* passer-by. That man stopped and stared. The contention between the soldier and the dog continued, and the dog showed his teeth to the butt of the musket, and stoutly refused to budge an inch. Another man stopped and stared; others, who were in the act of passing, seeing the starers, stopped and stared too, till a dense crowd of men, women, and children formed a half circle round the rear of the soldier, and some one or other uttered that fatal and often misplaced word, as far as poor faithful dogs are concerned, “mad.”

In an instant little girls and women began hurriedly to run away,—the words, “A mad dog,” were shouted from one to the other,—men and boys crowded up in the hope of hunting or killing something, whether mad or not,—and a cruel cry came from the crowd urging the sentinel “to use his

bayonet." At the suggestion thus made the good-natured soldier presented the weapon to the dog, but took care not to use the point; he simply pushed the dog with its side, who then bit at the steel blade.

This fact at once seemed to confirm the opinion of the mob as to a fact of "hydrophobia." Blatant fools cried out that the sentinel ought to protect the public, or what was he there for; and it seemed, in my horrified view, that the soldier was going to commit canine murder.

There was a slight bustle then, commencing in the rearmost portion of the mob. I could not distinguish what caused it, but men, as their notice was attracted to something among their legs, looked down, and seemed to let whatever it was make its way through. At last, from behind the soldier's legs, and considerably beneath his pouch, a poor little ill-clothed girl made her way; under her left arm was a bundle tied up in an old handkerchief, and her object obviously was to gain the inside of the sentry-box.

"Take care!" roared the crowd. "Get away, you foolish little thing; the dog is mad."

To their noisy threats and warnings this poor little child paid no sort of attention. She was



wiser than some veterinary surgeons. The soldier lifted his bayonet from the level of the charge, the child in silence passed under it direct to the dog. She picked up her four-footed friend, perhaps the only thing that really loved her, and placing it under her disengaged arm, without a word of any sort or description, walked directly at the legs of the bystanders, who, burdened as she was, skipped nimbly out of her way; and, with an apparent sigh of disappointment at the sudden cessation of their cruelly disposed excitement, the people dispersed, and the sentry paced in quietude, as in duty bound.

The foregoing fact will prove to my readers on what slight grounds the charge of the frightful malady of "hydrophobia" in the hound or dog can be founded; for suppose that a brutal mob of London ruffians had chased the poor little dog from his sentry-box, and driven him, wild with terror only, through the lake in the park, into some corner where, in desperation, he would have defended himself unto death, learned veterinarians and philosophers of all descriptions would have quoted it as an instance that "*mad dogs had no hatred of water.*"

It used to be a very curious sight to see the farm-labourers from the various farm-houses, where the foxhound puppies were walked in the first Lord Fitzhardinge's time, bringing in the puppies. From fifty to sixty or seventy couples, or more, as the case might be, were brought in, showing every possible variation of temper. Some young hounds trotted on gaily in front of their people, delighted in their walk from home, and not knowing that they had left it for the last time, and playing with each other. Others followed, moodily or timidly, at the heels of the men; while, again, there were many who had stoutly or timidly declined to leave their cherished home, and the caresses of the farmers' wives or daughters, dairy-maids, or others, and these were led struggling in a leash, or, refusing on any terms to walk, were carried in the men's arms. No care was too excessive and no trouble too great for the farm-labourers who brought in the young hounds; for "the Colonel's," or, of later years, "my Lord's," hand was very liberal to this class of men when pleased; and each labourer knew that, after delivering the puppies to the huntsman at the kennel, they might repair to the castle for "a

skinfull of the castle strong beer." It *was* "merry in hall, for beards wagged all," in those days, for the logs were kept in a gigantic blaze where the servitors congregated; and I remember to have seen a pet lamb, which was given to me by John Philimore from the Cotswolds, fenced in in the servants' hall by logs until such time as I claimed him, with an ample and roomy fold of fuel.

After the farm-labourers had delivered their puppies at the kennel, there was always a strong muster of wounded men formed in the kennel kitchen or boiling-house around old John Curnock, the boiler, for his advice, and culinary and surgical administration to their bleeding wounds. The morose or ill-tempered and refractory puppies, who had resisted imprisonment and induction to the kennels, had bitten the hand of their captors, while others, already suffering from madness occasioned by common distemper, since termed "rabies," had fastened their teeth in their legs or other parts of their persons; and old John Curnock, having for many long years boiled for the hounds, and been bitten more or less all his life, was deemed to possess an infallible cure for

wounds occasioned by their teeth, just as the illiterate blacksmith of old was supposed to be well skilled in the ailments and remedies for cow or horse, because he had nailed shoes upon the latter's feet. I have seen the most awful-looking bites on the hands and arms of these labouring men, many of them given by hounds afflicted with insanity—one in particular, where the holders had gone deep into the thick part of the thumb, and between it and the back of the hand. To this frightful-looking wound I saw Curnock apply a terrific dressing of horse-grease skimmed off the boiling caldron, spread on a bit of tow, and that kept tight in its place by a ligature of tar twine. As soon as this and other surgical appliances were over, and such remedies to mitigate inflammation in these strong men completed, they sped to join their unwounded companions in the jolly castle hall, and to share in their frequent libations of the "castle strong beer."

In all my experience, and in all the long term, extending over so very many years, during which I was constantly at Berkeley Castle, as well as attending to my own kennel, I never knew a single serious or fatal instance to arise among

those labouring men from the bite of a foxhound, though several hounds were decidedly suffering from insanity arising from distemper, now called "rabies or dumb-madness"; nor in all the time during which I had the second choice of young hounds from the castle kennels to take to my own kennels, did I ever have brought within my notice more than that one instance of real hydrophobic madness, which existed in the young hound who had been sent to me from Berkeley under a caution that he had been run at and knocked over while at walk by a decidedly hydrophobic cur.

If any huntsman or any veterinary surgeon has had greater experience than I have had of the real nature of the two madnesses, and of the fatal consequences or otherwise attendant on the bite of *quasi*-mad dogs, his experience must have extended beyond any one life, and have reverted to some "hunting ground" to which the savage has assigned an inappropriate name.

There is nothing like practical experience to elucidate curious things. I very much doubt, if two pails of soup from the kennel boiler were put side by side for the inspection of the Veterinary College (I quite put out of the question some

masters of hounds and huntsmen who have suddenly jumped into sporting positions), if, supposing the two soups to have been inducted from the limbs of a bay horse and a grey horse, they could tell me at a glance to which horse the particular soup belonged! I could define at once.

There is another terrible curse on all kennels, which totally baffles all investigation as to its origin, and that is known as "the kennel lameness." Whence it arises, where it comes from, or why it goes or subsides, I cannot tell. The healthiest hounds and dogs of all kinds are liable to it; it will begin and exist in the warmest, driest, and most elaborately-cared-for kennels, and appear in the more damp and dingy situations as well. It has nothing to do with the food the hounds eat, and physic or friction has no effect upon it. Entire kennels have been pulled down, and rebuilt on fresh drainage, and warmed with stoves and hot air; but such outlay has been in vain,—no immediately visible benefit was obtained; but in course of time the kennel lameness vanished as causelessly as it came on. Now, we often see that men who chance to have a sick or lame dog, at a given moment have assigned them some unusual thing at a time

when the dog was just about to recover—a red herring or some other fallacy. I have known a master of hounds unblushingly to assert that he has cured the distemper by giving a red herring—a difficult thing to get a dog to eat, and, if thrust down his throat, likely to make him sick: but no matter; and I have known other men to be similarly deceived by a circumstantial chance. I have *not* tried “the red herring,” nor any other absurd suggestion, but warmth, medicine, dryness of location, and friction and setons in the back, I have tried. I have now a little spare kennel at Alderney Manor, in which I have kept dogs of all sorts, and it stands by the side of an open field, and under an old cherry-tree. I have never had the kennel lameness there. Lord Malmesbury, when in Scotland, at Achnacarry, had a kennel for his deer dogs, unpretending and damp, but that, too, was under an old cherry-tree; there in that kennel he never had the kennel lameness. Then why do we not fall into the common error, and assert a “cherry-tree” to be the preventive remedy of the disease in question? Lord Malmesbury removed his kennel, and made a better one *to look at*, and his deer dogs were at once, more or less, incapacitated. That

this scourge on all speedy action haunts particular sites, that I have seen proved by the removal of greyhounds from one kennel to another, as instanced in the Greenway kennel, the late Mr. W. Lawrence's, when, on account of the kennel lameness, it was removed from the Cotswold site to the Vale at the Greenway below. At the time when I used to be there, it was, though not to a very great extent, in the kennels at Berkeley Castle; but though my young hounds came direct from Berkeley to me, I never had the lameness in my kennel at Harrold Hall. Neither had it ever come to my previous kennel when I kept my stag hounds in my father's old kennel at Cranford.

Here follows the only fact, in my experience, which seemed *to afford a remedy*; and that I arrived at during my residence at Beacon Lodge, in Hampshire, when the kindest of all royal princes, the late Duke of Cambridge, then ranger of the New Forest, assigned to me the privilege of hunting the otter and coursing the hare, which immunities were not included in the usual licence to shoot game.

Having ascertained that there were a few otters occasionally in the Forest streams, I sent to George Carter, at Mr. Ashton Smith's kennels,



for my favourite old foxhound, "Harrowgate," and wrote to my brother at Berkeley Castle for any old steady hounds, I cared not how slow from age or accident, that he could spare me. All I required was steadiness from deer and hares, and in them a resolution to speak to nothing but a fox, a badger, a martin-cat, or otter. I name them all separately, for I cannot bring myself to desecrate a fox by the vulgarly used expression of a "vermin." His answer to my application was, that he had several of his best hounds incapacitated from "running up" by the "kennel lameness," on whose truth I might rely if their telling it at a foot's pace would be of any use to me. I closed with this proposal, and three couple were sent down to me. Dear old Harrowgate, therefore, found himself, in his old age, with the huntsman who "entered" him, and at the head of a little pack of hounds, and the splendid old specimen of an English foxhound was himself once more. Harrowgate, as I have described in my former work of "The Reminiscences of a Huntsman," found for me in the New Forest my first otter: the other hounds entered well, and on that day I killed a brace of otters. On this beginning, I continued to draw for otters, often imaginary, but

occasionally real, and found several foxes, after whom my hounds, who had come so foundered in their action from Berkeley Castle as scarcely to be able to trot, went at a very much amended pace, and after some little time I had to report them recovered, and sent them back to the shire.

One only, who had been a splendid fox-hound and otter-hound, took to babbling, and became of no use whatever. Whether this entering him to more than one scent caused this culpable loquacity or not, I cannot tell. It had not that effect on those fox-hounds with whom I had hunted stag, and which I took with me to the Oakley country; but hounds had better be strictly confined to *one scent* and the chase of but *one animal*, although, as a boy, I had heard my father's old huntsman, the famed Tom Oldaker, say, that when my father kept harriers, and occasionally hunted a wild fox, with them, he could make sure of his hounds and his fox, as well as he could when he came to preside over the exclusively fox-hunting establishment, which in those days extended from Wormwood Scrubs, or Scratch Wood, to Gerrand's Cross, Nettlebed, where my father had a house, and so on to Berkeley Castle.

According, then, to my practical knowledge,—and knowledge by reading on this subject, is not knowledge, because it really is worth nothing unless derived from personal experience and close investigation,—the cold bath, or *constant swimming*, is the *only thing* that I have seen have a beneficial effect on “the kennel lameness.” But then comes this query to interfere with the assumed benefit to the kennel lameness from constant swimming in the water. The kennel the lame or foundered hounds came to was a fresh kennel, and not the one whence they had been afflicted; so it was possible that the kennel, and not the water, had to do, or partially to do, with their recovery. The local benefit reverted to in those days at Berkeley Castle was to give the afflicted hounds their full liberty, when they used to live as they pleased, walk about when they liked, eat what they liked, and sleep in the sheds or under the mangers in the farmyard. After a time, on this plan, they used to recover, and again obtain their places at the head of affairs.

The “kennel lameness,” its origin or cure, remains as, far as my experience goes, without the possibility of beneficial explanation.

## CHAPTER VI.

EFFECTS OF PHYSIC ON HOUND AND DOG—KENNEL  
DISCIPLINE—THE FOX.

Difficulty of administering Physic—Curious power of rejection at will—My Bloodhound “Druid”—Importance of *wholesome* Flesh to Hounds—Iron Boilers should be used, not Copper—How to know good Oatmeal, and how to Cook it for the Hounds—Hunting the Fox.

THE attempt to meet by medicine the maladies to which the canine race is subject, is very often defeated by the powers of will possessed by the patients themselves, to which they make the action of the stomach subservient. If they even suspect medicine in their food, however carefully disguised, they will not touch it; and, if seduced to take a bit of meat in the midst of which a pill is concealed, though from having sat by their master's plate, and taken from his hand, and swallowed without tasting them, three or four such bits before, if some slight sensation or after-taste suggests physic, they have

the power at will instantly to reject the objectionable, or by them supposed to be objectionable, morsel. With this power of wilful rejection of the contents of the stomach, the female portion of the canine race are more gifted than the males; and for this reason :—It is in the reasoning powers of the female—for it cannot be referred to mere instinct—to know that her little puppies, when at a certain age, require more sustenance than she herself can afford them. Therefore, she will feed herself first, and, after mastication, and the action of her own gastric juices, will reject from the stomach the food and give it to her puppies. In a wild state,—in dog, wolf, or fox, for it pertains to them alike,—this gift of stomachic rejection is absolutely necessary to their whelps or cubs, because they have to hunt for raw and solid food, which, when killed or picked up, must be taken home and reduced in consistence. Without this power of reproduction, the litters of whelps or cubs would have entirely to subsist on the mother.

It is a mystery to me that, possessing this power of rejection, dogs are as easily poisoned as they are. Why do they not, on the first symptom of internal disarrangement, at once get rid of the painful

symptom of approaching death? Even strychnine, in its deadly effects, might give time for an immediate vomit; yet in no case of poisoning have I ever had it brought to my knowledge that a hound or dog of any kind ever had recourse to this action of the stomach to save his life.

When my bloodhound "Druid" was in the latter years of his extraordinary and gifted life, to attempt to give him physic, unless he chose to eat it with his food, which he would sometimes condescend to do, was to entail more exhaustion on him, through his enormous exertions to resist the administration of medicine, than to leave him to struggle through the ailment, by the strength of his constitution, as best he might. To dress a cut on his foot, or the bite of an adder on his sweeping hips, was impossible to anybody but me, and even then I could only succeed in it just so long as it pleased Druid to submit. The first time that he had an injured foot, he was not aware of the nature of a muzzle, and therefore he at once permitted me to fasten it on. After that one occasion the very sight of a muzzle displeased him, and to attempt to approach him with it was to enter into deadly strife. In the hot summers, the hottest days of July and

August, the greatest care was necessary as to how, and in what manner, he was fed. Heat had no effect as to diminishing his powers of speed and endurance, *but the nature of his food*, if neglectfully or improperly given to him, though fed twenty-two or three hours on the day preceding hunting, would occasionally affect his brain, and render him, for the moment, *out of his senses*. In the six or seven years' constant work in summer and winter, when with me killing the deer in the New Forest, on two, or at the most three occasions, I have seen him thus stricken.

After the death of a deer, on the conclusion of a severe chase, I have known him race round and round in a circumference of twenty or thirty yards, flinging his tremendous tongue as if in view of a deer, his bristles up, and an inclination to bite anything with which, in his mad excitement, he came into contact.

My companions, and also the attendant keepers, have got up trees to keep out of his infuriated way, and called to me "in the name of Heaven to take care, for that he was 'mad,'"—the word, of course, as in the lamentable case of the Durham kennels, in their estimation, including the fatal disease

of "hydrophobia," but certainly not "dumb." Knowing the real state of the case, I took my belt, with his couples in my hand, and got within the circle of his insane gyrations, taking care that, in his blind rage, he did not run against me. Then, noosing my belt, after an attempt or two, I succeeded in catching him round the neck, and holding him still, to talk to him. Thus restrained in action, though wild in look, the attack was evidently subsiding, and he began to recognize me; when my servant, having brought me water from an adjacent brook or spring in his hat, when no other receptacle was to be had, having bathed the hound's forehead, he became as sensible as ever. In those days, having much to do, I could not always mix Druid's food or feed him myself; but on my return home I inspected the remains of what he had been fed from, and on each occasion my servant got into disgrace for venturing to give Druid horseflesh, which, though finely cut up, boiled, and mixed with his meal, was in a state of beastly putridity.

In kennels of foxhounds there is an error not sufficiently observed, and therefore insufficiently condemned: hounds should, on no account what-



ever, be fed on flesh too far gone in decomposition. A huntsman or master of hounds had better throw it away, or put it to the manure heap, when, if they had land, it would not be thrown away, than give it to hounds in whom they expect to find health, pace, and endurance to kill, if required, a brace of good foxes. There is only one description of food that foxhounds should hunt upon, and that is, the best Scotch oatmeal, coarsely ground and kiln-dried, and kept close packed in bins till it became two years old. This, when carefully boiled and constantly stirred in the IRON boiler,—a copper boiler always gives fits,—should then be ladled out into a broad, shallow trough, on legs as high as those of a dining-room table, where it should be left to cool, for use on the following day. If the oatmeal is good and old, it, when thus dealt with, will cool into a hard and consistent pudding, and may be cut out like cake, and be carried to the feeding-troughs, to be mixed with water, to any consistency deemed necessary to condition for the work in hand, and its modicum of finely-mixed flesh. When the soup in which the meat has been boiled is very fresh, *a little* of the soup may be mixed with the meal,

but on no account when the soup gets stale should it be given to working hounds; it will affect their bowels, and unfit them for arduous days.

When hounds are not in work, during the idle time in summer, if you can get them to eat it, they will keep up their condition on good old oatmeal without any flesh at all. However, as there are sure to be some dainty feeders among them, in place of flesh, which in summer gets so soon stale, give them milk once skimmed with their meal. When I kept hounds, I always purchased an extra cow in full milk for the kennel consumption. I saw the late Mr. Wyndham, of Dinton, find a fox in a gorse cover on the Wiltshire Downs, and get away with him in view. The scent was first-rate, but before half-an-hour was over, hounds began to "tail," to drop behind, and to lie down panting. The fox ran them out of view, and at last out of their powers of scent, and when the fox was lost I asked Mr. Wyndham what his hounds had been fed on. "Wheat meal," and, of course, "from the tail," was the reply.

When men who wish to seem to know something about hounds, come into the kennel, by introduction of the owner or the huntsman, they cast their

eye over the hounds, and exclaim, in complimentary guise, "What even condition!"

A more empty compliment than this in the hunting season was never administered. Hounds vary in the amount of flesh they *had better carry*, as much as fighting men or racing horses do; for though one hound may be the better for a *little* flesh, another cannot well be drawn *too fine* if you expect from him the best of his pace and stoutness in the field. It is for this reason that a good kennel huntsman is invaluable. Huntsmen in the field and huntsmen in the kennel, *if possible*, should always go together, because the field huntsman, if he rides well to his hounds, will very soon find out the peculiarities of constitution in each hound, and feed accordingly.

Of course if the hounds hunt from four to six days a week, there must be a feeder or kennel huntsman under him, to feed while the head man is out; but the keenly observant huntsman, who rides to help his hounds when necessary, and to give them blood, should, in and out of the kennel, make condition his study.

If I am invited to see the meet of hounds, (God help me! I have not the means, and have, in the

latter portion of my life, not had wealth enough to keep a hunter,—a mouse is in my mangers now instead of the dear sweet noses of joyous steeds,) and it is the middle of the hunting season, I can form a pretty sure opinion of the success *they have been having*.

If their coats are perfectly sleek on their backs, that testifies to good bodily condition; but scratched arms and faces, and whipped tips to the sterns, show me at once if they have had much running at beaten foxes, with whom they have turned short, and in view of whom they have dashed furiously through the tangled blackthorn, gorse, and briar to get at him. Scarred cheeks and faces, not only from the bites of foxes, but from accidental snatches from the jaws of their fellows, in breaking up the fox, those, and such marks as those, show me what the pack has had to do. These outward and visible marks prove hard work. Without hard work there cannot be much sport, for foxes are apt to die in difficult places when not run into in the open, and the hounds cannot get blood unless they know what blood is. Hounds continuously out of blood are very difficult to make kill their fox; but hounds constantly having their triumph by killing

and enjoying blood, are very difficult to be got out of it.

There is one thing I have been often doomed to see, and which cannot be too much lamented—it is the forced inactivity of huntsmen and whippers-in by order when a bad fox who won't run, and a good fox who has run, but cannot or will not run any more, and over whom the hounds, as far as open running goes, have worked their triumph, sticks to a cover. Any man who really knows the art of the chase, and the reward that hounds ought to have, to which they look, and without which they will not show the best of sport, ought, when a fox, from will or weariness, will not leave a cover, to assist the hounds by any means to kill *that* fox as soon as possible.

It would assuredly spoil the hounds to take them off either the one fox or the other; the thing to do, therefore, is not to mar but to make the hounds, and to get the best chance for a second fox, by killing the one that the hounds immediately deserve. Instead of lending their assistance in a small cover so stained that there remains not a yard of scent, you hear foolish people cry out to some more sensible man, who cracks his whip in the fox's face,

“Oh, shame, shame! do not head him! do not mob him!” “Mob” a fox who is no longer of any use as far as showing sport across country goes!—the word is *foolish so applied*. The only use of that fox is, to be given to the hounds; they have worked for him, and they want him. If you are so short of foxes that you can’t afford to kill one, why then, for the sake of sport, you had better not go out; but if you have found a fox who won’t run, or you have well worked a fox who can’t face the open any more, why then aid the hounds to kill him, the sooner the better, and later in the season spare the vixens.

If you have had enough of flying across country with a good fox, the hounds ought to have as much reward as the riders; if you have only found a short running idle fox, who won’t go, but who is always at his leisure behind the hounds, why then kill him as soon as possible. As I have said before, a man can’t call his hounds off while they are on a bad short running fox, the fox they are taking pains to hunt. If he does call them off, the next fox who “hangs,” they will be inclined to leave of their own accord, and you’ll have a country full of four-footed animals who won’t run, and are just as cunning as

you are. Kill a fox who won't run as soon as you can; your hounds will have the benefit of him, and so will you, for you can then take a willing and an able pack of hounds elsewhere to find a better.

When hunting my hounds, the fox that used to trouble me most was a cunning old customer, who, from sheer knowledge of men who had preceded me in the country, or from having had a very late and heavy supper, did not choose to run, and at the same time kept his very able wits about him. He turned so short, that he contrived to be always close behind the pack, *and following them*. I have heard a hound who chanced, at some turn, to have got behind the pack, view and yell with eager haste at such a fox as this, and in a moment more I have no doubt but that the fox was behind the hound, who was expecting and looking for him in his front. In large and heavy woodlands, such as some of the Bedfordshire woods were, the sort of fox I am now reverting to would seldom leave the quarter where he had already dodged the hounds, and so foiled it, that there was not a tell-tale line of scent to bring them up to him. A fox such as this affords no going across country, no amusement to the field of

riders, while, at the same time, to kill him takes a vast deal out of the kennel force, hound and horse. He *must* be killed, and be killed, too, in the strictest interests of future sport; and I illustrate the necessity of this by what I found in regard to Odell Wood. When I first came into the country it was pointed out to me,—about 400 acres, if I remember rightly, well cut into rides, but the quarters of it very large, and very severe with briars, blackthorns, and hazel,—as a place whence no fox would break; and if once the hounds got into it, they never came out of it again that day.

The first cub I killed in one of its quarters was given to the hounds in the tangled cover where they laid hold of him.

The first old fox I killed in it was done by in the same way, and again and again the same course was pursued, till at last it was quite enough for any fox in it to hear me speaking to my hounds at one end of it, for him to break at the other. My friend, Mr. H. Boulton, is hunting still, and can testify to the fact that when Odell Wood was within the draw of the day, on approaching it I used to ask him, as well as other friends whom I could rely on,—poor Jem Whitworth among



them, now no more,—to post themselves at given spots down wind to give me the “gone away” of a wideawake and stealthy fox.

I refer to these things in order to deter eager riders, anxious for a gallop, from sitting in the sulks on their horses, growling at the work thus forced upon a master of hounds and his men. We know the fox the hounds are on will show us no sport in the open; but stout as he may be in the bushes, and unfitting, as his crafty stoutness may unfit the hounds for a second fox, he *must be stuck to and killed*, as a lesson to his fellows and his foes. I have seen the mischief done by tactics of another kind.

As to the very common expression of “heading a fox,” it is far more easily imagined and said than done. A good wild fox, who *means running*, may be headed in a wood; but if it is a wood of considerable dimensions, he will take a turn or two in cover, and as soon as he thinks he has a good start of the hounds, he *will* make his point for the open again, and if he wishes it he will break cover under the legs of any fool’s horse who has blundered into the very place, of all others, where he ought not to be. It is different in a gorse

cover. Then, in a space of small dimensions, a congregated lot of horsemen may head a good fox, and by heading him send him back into the mouths of the hounds, thus at once precluding all chance of a run.

In drawing Shelton Gorse, I have viewed a fox among my hounds before a hound had spoken to him, although their feathering sterns told me of his presence; and in such a case I held my tongue, for this reason. The fox was as cool and collected as a man in the face of imminent danger might be; his ears were up, his pace creeping and slow, and his eyes regarding the shake of every bit of furze; he was, in fact, doing his best to keep himself safe and be ready for a start. To have halloed him, or touched my horn, would have taken up his attention; and he had need of all his caution, with forty mouths close around him, ready to fasten on his limbs. I have seen a fox thus creeping about a gorse cover in the midst of the hounds, with so little scent, that a low whimper from an occasional hound was all that testified to his presence; then, *when* he got the chance to break, instead of there being no scent, the scent lay breast high.

It is very difficult to confine all the remarks

my long practice in varied sport has stamped upon my mind, beneath the heading of the chapter within which they ought to come; but as things thus, so to speak, occur to me out of place, my readers will, I hope, pardon me for such digression.

It is in the imagination of some landed proprietors, that under the desire of having game and foxes they ought to keep a certain head of rabbits; but the rabbits do *not save the game* unless the rabbits are *killed for the foxes*. If the old foxes catch a rabbit for their cubs, both dog and vixen do so; when they have taken the food to the earth or old pollard stump, in going out for another rabbit, they may come across a leveret, or an old pheasant on her nest, or a pheasant with a nide of young ones, and being thus intercepted by mischievous temptation, do a deal of harm. Pheasants are more delicate food than rabbits, and foxes prefer them to anything else, just as the house cat likes game better than rats or mice. The rabbits in spring and summer should, therefore, be shot when out at feed by the keepers, and left to lie where they are killed, not handled in any way.

I have known this practised to such an extent

and so carefully done, that an old vixen (I saw it myself), and no doubt the old dog-fox also, would follow the report of the gun in the cover-sides, keeping at some distance in rear of the gunner, and before he was out of sight pick up the rabbit and draw back with it into cover.

When the litter is large the foxes will pick up anything they find dead that has not been handled by man; if touched by the human hand and tainted by the supposed enemy, they suspect poison or a trap, and will have nothing to do with it.

One summer's evening, at Harrold, in Bedfordshire, I had a very long shot at a very crafty old buzzard hawk (all biped buzzards are not fools). The bird was perched on the topmost dead limb of a tree, with the great, broad breast to me. With time to take sure aim, and a cartridge in my powerful gun, I felt sure the hawk had a death blow, though I could not detect the fall. The next day, on paying a visit to the whereabouts of the cubs, by some fallen oak trees in the ride at the cover-side, which was one of the playgrounds of the litter, I found the wings of the buzzard hawk, brought there, no doubt, by their industrious parents. On

a grass field between these woods, and not far from the birthplace of the cubs, I shot a squirrel, and left it, not designedly for the foxes, but to induce the other buzzard hawk to take a subsequently baited trap. On the next day, on coming to the spot where the squirrel was left, it was gone, and I had begun to congratulate myself on an improved chance of taking the winged vermin; but, alas! on further inspection, I ascertained that the old fox, on coming to the squirrel, must have had her mouth already full, for, in taking up the one, she let fall a portion of what was already in her jaws, in the shape of a dead young pheasant, bearing on its crushed form an evidence of the teeth that had caused its death.

When master of a fox-hunting country, I could feed all foxes in my woods indigenous to the well preserved locality; but if an unattached old dog-fox, without a mate in the shape of a vixen (don't mistake me, dear reader, I don't mean to say that *all* female mates are vixens), and with no family to provide for, but time and leisure to suit his sporting inclination and fastidious appetite, and who had at some time or other

been half-trapped or half-poisoned, that fox would not receive even a friendly offer from man, but, suspicious of danger, he killed his own food, and revelled in delicacies and sleep in his sylvan kennel, without mate or many mouths to vex him.

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*Note.*—The usual or the most available remedy at hand to make a dog sick is salt and water; but the most approved, in my estimation, is sulphate of zinc, in doses of from 10 to 30 grains, according to size and age.

In regard to the common occurrence previously mentioned, of a doe being quick with a *living* fawn, while at the same time she *still held* the remains of a *dead* fawn of the previous year, I never found that to be the case with the canine race. The Faculty, who are aware of something of the sort as to humanity, the “dermoid ovarian cyst,” of course are better informed than I can be, I speak only as to facts that have come to my immediate notice.

## CHAPTER VII.

## FALLACIES AND FACTS.

Triplett's Facts and Fictions—The Legislature Misled—My First Greenfinch and my Second Greenfinch—Tottie, the Tame Stoat—Teaching Humanity—Infant Education—Travellers' Tales.

IN writing this work, which may amount to a book of reference upon all sporting subjects, as well as upon matters connected with portions of natural history, I bind myself to no narration which is not based on honest truth, and known to me by personal observation and adventure.

There is a most amusing little volume, which I have read so often that I have almost got it by heart, called 'Peg Woffington,' by Mr. Charles Reade: this book particularly delights me; it hits so hard upon the inflammatory action of would-be authors as to their "facts and fictions,"—so hard, indeed, that by way of illustration I must borrow

from those interesting pages, and give the quotation line by line, setting the "facts" on one side and the "fiction" on the other, as printed in 'Peg Woffington.'

Triplett, in the novel in question, is a would-be dramatic author, inclined to portray murder and sudden death, keeping all natural feeling well out of sight, and chronicling crime so flagitiously, that the demoniac stage itself might have requested a "fire piece" at his hands for the special amusement of Proserpine.

"TRIPLETT'S FACTS.

"A farthing candle is on the table.

"It wants snuffing.

"He jumped up and snuffed it with his fingers. Burnt his fingers and swore a little."

"TRIPLETT'S FICTIONS.

"A solitary candle cast its pale gleam around !

"Its elongated wick betrayed an owner steeped in oblivion.

"He rose languidly and trimmed it with an instrument he had by his side for that purpose, and muttered a silent ejaculation."

When I take up the highly-lauded works on natural history, by authors long since dead, I do not feel much annoyed at the fallacies therein submitted to the public, because the old school is, of course, but as the one-mile stone on a long neglected road—stones of misdirection, as far as



present circumstances are considered, left behind simply to say which way the heavy old coaches and broad-wheeled waggons had been used to plod along those weary ways, now fumed over by roaring railroads—those modern improvements in locomotion which, in some timid minds, seem to point to the world's approaching dissolution.

Almost all our books on natural history were at one time compiled on hearsay evidence, gathered from the country people, or written after mere superficial glances at the objects described, the design of Nature guessed at by the brain of the intended historian. This sort of guesswork has been more or less indulged in down to the present day, and quite recently we have evidence of it in the institution of the staircases, or "salmon-ladders," placed in such positions that no salmon instincts would teach the fish to look for them, and which no salmon, as the "ladders" were first established, would ever dream of ascending unless spawned with legs!

Adventurers invented, through the salmon-ladders, a means of gulling the Legislature, of misleading the public, and, for themselves, an ascent to the higher waters of popularity! For a time the

humbug paid its parents, and pleased the restless minds of ignorant people; but its folly has become apparent at last. It is not my intention minutely to trace bygone errors; a few illustrations of follies and an exemplification here and there will suffice for the object I have in view, which is to place before my readers my "facts," assigning all Triplett-like fiction to oblivion.

We all know the round men who got themselves planted in the square holes as regards the Fishing Commission; not one of the first instigators of the "salmon-ladders" knew anything of the *instincts* of the fish with which they professed to deal. The adventurous round men in the square holes knew that they themselves possessed legs (although they might not be very good ones), so they made a ladder of steps for legless fish to tread on, and a species of rat-gap, or hole, on one side of the steps of the ladder, for large, bold, powerful, widely and highly leaping fish to creep through! And all this on one side of the bed of the river, where no instinct possessed by the salmon would cause it to look for a possible means of ascent. The Commissioners were very angry when, on viewing the ladder with as serious a face as it was possible for

me to command, I made the suggestion that, by way of completing the design, they should put up a hand-board on the bank of the ladder, with directions for the fish—"The Way In," "The Way Out"; and then nothing more would be needed but an amphibious schoolmaster to put himself into correspondence with Neptune, and to establish a scaly school beneath the waves, to teach a new mode of ascent to the higher or descending waters, the object of the school not being more vague in some respects than the earth-born schools of the upper world now so mischievously fashionable.

All wild things—fish, birds, and beasts—are, to an immense extent, governed by the instincts given them by Nature; and if it is the desire of man to lead, to interest, or to tame those creatures, and to induce their timid instincts to lay aside the terror inculcated by man's appearance and by his acts, man must court them through the means to which Nature allows him to attain; there is no other way of compassing the object save by the delicate road suggested.

Hearsay will not teach method; for the informant is prone to exaggeration, particularly when, with a vulgar mind, he sees that exaggeration undetected

pleases the recipient of the news. Nothing but the closest study will lay open the road to that curious germ of attachment or affection, dormant, perhaps, but ever more or less present in the heart of every creature towards what is called a superior being; and nothing but the most minute knowledge of instinct, combined with care and gentleness, will bring to light the depths of the love and the lasting attachment which some of the, to look at, "meanest of creatures" are capable of entertaining. As soon as their hitherto dreaded tyrant, man, gains their confidence, and teaches them that he is not the terrible monster they expected, the rapid change from fear to faith is most remarkable, and, to many minds, utterly incomprehensible.

My study of nature began when I was about six years old, and when I had begun to outgrow that strange desire inherent in the breasts of all male children to be cruel to everything less than themselves. Mice and birds were, at that early age, my peculiar favourites. The first bird I ever had was a greenfinch, and many, many times has the renowned Dr. Jenner, one of whose favourite studies was natural history, seen me take that little bird in my hand and set it down on the grass plat in the outer

court of Berkeley Castle, at fifty or sixty yards from its cage, in order that he might see it immediately find its way home. Its home was its cage, and although a full-grown bird when it was taken in a trap, it seemed to have no wish to be away from the confined space in which it ever found food and protection. I had cut the feathers of its wing in the first instance when it was quite wild; then, did an instinctive knowledge of its inability to fly away induce it to be satisfied with kindness and a cage, or why did it resort to its cage when it could have hidden itself in the surrounding bushes, or crept beneath the ground-ivy, or ascended hop by hop into the trees? The motives that governed the little bird I cannot answer for.

In 1806, then, my first pet of that kind was a greenfinch, and, oddly enough, I never had another greenfinch as a pet until 1869-70. Has the soul of my former little friend come back to me, to live with me, and to see me pass away; or how has come to pass the unadorned and simple fact which I am about to relate?

We, that is, myself and a young lady, were seated, towards the close of the summer of 1869, at luncheon, at Alderney Manor,—a repast

in which my giant retriever, "Nep," always shared, for the house to which, when I am not out with him, he is chained, is immediately in front of my dining-room window, and the young lady, as was usual with her, had prepared the dog's refreshment, and was on her way to take it to him, when she saw that his back was towards the window instead of his expectant face, and that he was deeply and curiously occupied in staring at some very little thing which rested in the dust on the line of his heavy chain. The attitude of the huge Newfoundland dog was intensely curious, and, apparently, his bright yellow eyes were in doubt as to whether or not the thing he saw with its mouth perpetually gaping at him was hostilely, and, perhaps, poisonously inclined; for it kept advancing as if to bite. However, the *tête-à-tête* was disturbed by the appearance of the young lady, plate in hand; for Neptune, hearing her, turned round, and in coming to the length of his chain to meet her, the heavy iron rolled the poor little greenfinch over and over again; yet, nothing daunted, the bird righted itself, crawled on, and opened its mouth once more. The lady picked it up, and, carrying it in, put it upon the luncheon

table, whereupon I recognized it as an unfledged greenfinch, by no means fledged; its neck and crop were completely bare, the corners of its beak yellow, its wings nothing more than little blue quills, and its legs not yet strong enough to bear its weight.

We at once went out to look, in the large evergreen oak and laurels above Nep's house, if we could find the nest from which it must have fallen, but in vain, so we returned to finish our luncheon. No sooner were we seated, than the poor little bird crawled directly up to a dish upon which there was a joint of cold lamb, and, seeming to look me full in the face, stretched up his featherless neck with widely open beak, and craved for food. Upon seeing this we minced some of the lean meat very finely, added to it some crumbs of bread softened in water, and the little stranger ate of this mixture so heartily, and "asked so often for more," that we immediately christened it "Oliver Twist," and it still bears the name of that well-known hero now fashioned into "Twistie." We had no nest for the accommodation of our poor little foundling, but we got a small shallow basket, into which we put it; but as the sides of the basket

were so low that it could crawl out, we assigned a copy of the *Times* to sit on it for its education, and as a substitute for the parent bird, bending the sheets of the newspaper over the basket so that there should be no premature escape.

No foster-mother ever did her duty better than that erudite journal; and as my investigations in natural history have shown me that the affections of birds in future life, supposing such birds to have been hatched by a foster-mother, are fixed on the species from which the foster-mother came, and not upon that of their own species, so, perhaps, the sagacity, the self-possession, and the exquisite temper of the greenfinch, may have been, in conjunction with us, inculcated by those columns which essay to rule the country and to teach the world. In time, however, even the little bird, like some other people, objected to be "sat upon" by the *Times*; it fought its way above the ponderous pages, and became what in falconry we should call a "brancher;" it ascended to the handle of the basket, and positively overlooked the *Times*, aspiring at last to the finger of the young lady. Twistie must have thought that the common or usual way in which all birds came to life was by falling from



a height in the first instance, then by being rolled over by a heavy iron chain, with a black monster at the end of it, and then having breakfast or luncheon with a lady and gentleman upon cold roast lamb!

Twistie is now a very pretty and happy little bird, and so tame and fearless that she does not scruple to peck my hand, when at night I hang her cage on the accustomed nail, and to twitter welcome to me, in bird fashion, when she sees me in the morning. From my lips she will take a seed or crumb of sugar, and is as attached as a bird can be. Who can tell that this, the second greenfinch of my life, may not have come to fetch me away, as the doe has been supposed to have done by Thomas the Rhymer?\*

It is a fact within my experience, and it admits of no denial, that the wilder the birds and beasts, and the more distant their haunts are from man, *and the less they are acquainted* with his wiles, his tyranny, and his destructive disposition, so are they infinitely the more trustful and easy to tame. I have tried it with birds—with the

\* February, 1874.—My poor Twistie is gone without me, for the common lot has overtaken her, and she is dead.

oyster-catcher, the lesser puffin, the goosander, the Bahama duck, the Pernambuco goose, the prairie grouse, the cormorant and bittern, and I have tamed all of them more easily and completely than the little bird who is to some extent tame to us by nature—I mean, the common robin.

I have tamed a stoat so successfully that he would come from his cage after dinner, bathe in a finger-glass on the dining-room table, and carry back to his cage a sponge-cake. One amusing mistake he would occasionally make, I must describe. He invariably selected a lady's dress by which to ascend to the table (he was always asked for after dinner both in town and country), and when several guests of both sexes were assembled, he never omitted what he rightly considered the best mode of ascent. But he failed always to distinguish which line led to the desired spot, the outside or the inside of the elaborate attire. A slight exclamation, a laugh, a blush, a stooping forward, and a pressure from the hand, sometimes a jump and a shake, would tell me that "Totie," as he was called, had mistaken his way; and the fact very often led to much amusement.

The manner in which this strange pet came into my possession I shall here relate. One day, at Cranford, I saw an old stoat carrying something in her mouth across a small field from one cover to another. She was too far off for a shot; but my retriever dog "Smoker," who, at eight or nine months old, saved the then Lady Young's life from a tame and infuriated stag (oh, reader! understand her danger from a *stag*, not a *buck*), having viewed the vermin, I gave him a sign to kill if he could. The stoat saw him coming with his tremendous stride and speed, but she would not quit the pledge of her affection until the dog was close upon her; she then tried to escape without her burden, and, turning back across the field, I was in time to shoot her. On going to the spot where the deer-dog had come up with her, short as the grass was, there was nothing to be seen. At last, however, a little stoat was discovered couched in an old horse-shoe print; he had made himself fit its curve exactly, and there he lay as still as death, with his two little black shining eyes fixed upon me as I stooped to pick him up.

There has been in this year (1869) a vast deal

of nonsense talked respecting the setting up of a school or schools for the purpose of "teaching humanity to babes from their cradles." We have already seen, and it can be seen at any time by all those who wish or who *dare* to look the fact in the face, that, by the statistics of the police, crime of all sorts has increased (an increase far beyond that which the growth of the population would account for) hand in hand with "better education," as it is the cant to call it, and with the acquisition of letters—an acquisition, when attained, not always well directed.

The old proverb, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," has shown its truth of late, and we see hour by hour that the mistaken leniency, and the mischievous timidity, which veils or shirks the execution of the murderer from the eyes of creatures of his own class, has made the annals of our criminal courts in town and country so rife with crime, and so little feared.

To attempt to teach a baby not to kill a fly, or a newly-breeched boy not to beat a frog to death, nor to make a "blue-bottle" perform its so-called exercise with the hair of a tooth-brush in its agonized "feelers" or "hands," and a pin

through the skin of its back to keep the miserable atom upright, is nonsense. In their early years, boys possess a tyrannous cruelty in their natures, assigned to them in some way, it would seem, as a sort of birthright, and of which, until they become old enough to think and reason with themselves, they cannot be dispossessed. So as to the idea of "baby schools" for the purpose of "teaching humanity," I look upon them as ridiculous in one respect, as the filthy institution of "baby shows" are in another, and as simply nonsense tending to the expenditure of money.

While upon this subject, let me turn for a moment to the method of early education which has long existed, and which, I have no doubt, will continue to exist, in spite of reason and common sense, to the end of time.

The moment a child of either sex is capable of looking at pictures, or of reading nursery tales, the first books put into its hands are *printed lies* of the most, to the child, fascinating description. The bodies of Bluebeard's wives spouting up fountains of crimson blood, a house on the top of a bean-stalk, and a Welsh giant ripping out his own bowels with a knife! Fairy tales of lies, and all manner of false,

and therefore ingenious, descriptions. They are then followed up by the ‘Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,’ and other amusingly clever and exciting fictions, such as ‘Robinson Crusoe.’ All and more of these are given to children, the givers quite forgetting, or, perhaps, ignorant of the fact, that such literature can but lead the then malleable mind into a labyrinth of erroneous conclusions, all of which will have to be combated in future; and that, as methods of useful instruction, such works are wholly and utterly worthless,—not only worthless, but absolutely wrong.

Now, if the infant mind really is; at a very early age, capable of instruction, why not amuse and teach it by truth and not by fiction, and from the brilliant pebbles of the earth, from the strange and incontestable facts which its bosom so indisputably contains, find materials wherewith to write books, and to draw pictures brighter by far than can be illuminated by any “wonderful lamp,” and more beautiful because of the heavenly pencil which touched the plumage of the bird, gave to the wing of the insect and the leaf of the rose and other flowers their glorious colours, and illumined with sparkling splendour and dazzling sheen, silver, gold,

and all precious stones? Surely the immortal hand is capable of work which no mortal hand can ever copy, and is a proof, if proof were needed, that, long before the birth of man, some strange and wondrous artist was occupied, through whose inscrutable labours alone truth must eventually triumph and angelic knowledge crush out all human misapprehension.

As early education exists, and has existed, we amuse with falsehood, and inoculate a wish to lie; and, in my opinion, nothing can be more pernicious than the system I thus endeavour to condemn. There is no harm in the idiotic noises and verbiage made by a doting mother, or a silly, illiterate old nurse, when they wish to amuse a child. I simply find fault with the nursery tales which are told to, and put into the hands of, the wondering and fully-believing child. Being on the subject of "baby talk" and infant literature, I cannot help laughing at an anecdote lately told to me, *à propos* of the former subject.

A woman carrying a heavy baby sat down to rest by the roadside, and presently an old gentleman driving past in his gig or dog-cart, she asked him to "give her a lift."

“Yes,” replied the old man, in a gruff voice, “you may get in; but you must not pester my ears with any of the nonsense you women talk to your babies.”

“Oh, certainly not, sir; not for the world. I won’t do anything of the kind, upon my word!” exclaimed the woman; and she was soon seated by the old man’s side.

They went on quietly for a mile or two, and then the heavy baby woke up; its head began to roll, and its lips to make odd noises; it was evidently pleased or hungry. Its manifestations were too much for the habitual folly of its mother to resist, so she immediately began to dance it up and down in the air, crying out, “An’ does it like its little ridy-pidy, hidy-hivy?”

“Humph!” said the old gentleman, with a grin, as he pulled his horse up short, and stopped both gig and prattle so abruptly that he nearly sent his companion over the splash-board. “Perhaps, ma’am, he’d like a little walky-palky as well? Get out directly and try.”

The poor crest-fallen woman obeyed, and the heavy baby parasite was soon refreshing himself at the maternal expense under the shade of the nearest tree.



If an educated gentleman is a sportsman in every degree, from the fish to the bird and beast, that is no reason why the more gentle sensibilities of his nature should not be interested when violent excitement is over, and every refined taste is free to exercise its graceful power. All *sport* pursued with a view *to the death* of any living thing may be burdened with a charge of cruelty. So may the trade of the butcher, when in cold blood he knocks down a bound and unresisting ox, or sticks a sheep or a pig; but the butcher's trade is necessary to the existence of man, and so are hunting, shooting, and fishing necessary to his welfare, to his health, as well as to the manliness of his life. Because there are people in the world who can neither hunt, shoot, ride, nor fish, whose muscular frames require no strong exercise, and who for that reason, and from a squeamish inclination to fret at the deeds of better men than themselves, make an indiscriminate charge of cruelty against the sportsman,—their doing so affords no real reason why we, the sportsmen, should not be able to love and cherish the animal and bird creation in our hours of rest, and find some opportunity of being kind to all.

I hold no man to be a good sportsman who has not studied natural history, and made himself acquainted with the habits of creatures and the effects of weather upon their mode of life and upon their haunts ; also with their instincts, reason, and affection. My knowledge of the nature of wild beasts, and of the class to which any wild beast *described by travellers must belong*, enables me at once to detect any exaggeration in the narrator. To tell me that a great clumsy ape “*roars*” in the dense forests until he scares away the lions, or that with one blow of his claw, and a very moderate claw, too, he “knocks out the intestines of a man and kills him,” and “breaks in two, besides, the metal barrel of his rifle,” is at once to refer me to a class or genus of the *fera natura*, with the nature of whose cries I am as perfectly acquainted, and also with their means of aggression or resistance when brought to bay, as if the angry creature were before me in the place of its resort.

The attributes of a “genus,” say of the ape family, from the little spider monkey to the great orang-outang and the gorilla, are familiar, or ought to be so, to any man calling himself a

naturalist; and the sort of cry those animals will utter, from the smallest to the largest of the class, will have the same origin and tendency, and so will the method of their fighting. No monkey, no matter what his size may be, can “roar”; nor do monkeys, large or small, fight with their *clenched fists*. The fabulous pictures of their walking with sticks and carrying off women—a feat which, as an itinerant showman used to say, “fully accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut,”—have long ceased to be regarded as facts, because anyone who has really studied natural history knows the habits of an animal when he knows his class or genus.

Travelling sportsmen, as they call themselves, would do well to remember that when they tell the reading world about the exploits they have succeeded in—exploits which there was no eye-witness to corroborate—that, although we can't say that they have *not* done the things they tell us, we can safely swear that they did not shoot “a full-grown elephant with a pea rifle,” nor “steer wounded hippopotami” in a rapid river to the shore, when shot in the head and giddy, by a handle cut by them on the instant with

a knife in the creature's rump, because the beast's own tail was not a sufficient rudder for them to grasp. It is a foolish thing to tell such a hippopotamus tale as this when the live tail can be seen by all visitors to the Zoological Gardens in London.

There was another would-be traveller, who at one time, among his companions, used to be called the "Pawnee"; his truth, or otherwise, on other matters has been since established. He gained the flattering cognomen of the "Pawnee" from a tale he told of his having, while in America, joined *that noble tribe of savages*, dining with them every day, for a considerable period, on the raw livers of bison, which he, in common with many other vexatious travellers, will call "buffaloes,"—the bison being the beast of the plains of the "Far West," and the buffalo the inhabitant of quite another region. However, the Americans fall into this error themselves; but then we must make allowances for them, for it has long been apparent that no one stretches a point more finely than some classes of the tobacco-chewing Yankee. The true gentleman of America is as far from reproach as any other.

Boastful travellers, such as this "Pawnee," would do well to remember when they name the particular tribe of savages with whom they say they have consorted, that there are other more honest wanderers who have become acquainted with some of the many Indian tribes in America, and who know very well whether or not they could have lived with the "Pawnees."

This travelled man forgot to give to the English reader the full bill of fare of the usual prairie dessert indulged in by the chiefs of his *selected entertainers*, which dessert is, I am sorry to say, found in the outer crust of the unclean heads of the children of the tribe, which heads, being laid in the laps of the chiefs, afford a chase of very small live game with which to garnish the raw bison livers, this lesser game being regarded by these particular chiefs as the real delicacies of their living kitchen.

The subsequent fate of this traveller induces me to suppose that if he did travel, it was not "*far West*," and *if* he did meet with the "Pawnee" tribe, he feasted as they feasted, or, after being robbed by them, he levanted, which would have been very probable had he travelled into the

company of a tribe of Indians who could not be trusted, and who would murder any man who was fool enough to put himself into their power for the simple possession of his scalp.

In earlier days I used to read with avidity all tales of sport and travel in which wild beasts had been pursued; but in later time, what with "lion-killers," "gorilla-hunters," or humbugs, steerers of struggling and gigantic hippopotami, and "elephant bags" in Abyssinia, as published for authentic news in the *Field*, I turn from all such stuff, and am content with things I really know something about, and seek only to push my way to further knowledge by the fair and open means of investigation.

The more we study Nature, her lovely face and flowers, her curious entomology, her crafty and courageous beasts, her feathered minstrels of the woods and fields, and the strange complexity of her wondrous works and laws, imperative in many instances, and unaccountably lax in others, the more we have to learn. In this wide field or "happy hunting-ground," the divine study of nature, there arises no dread of failing sinew, no decay of buoyancy of heart; for that busy

structure the brain will often far outlive the power of limb, and keep up in us that glorious link in life 'twixt heaven and earth which joins the spirit of man to the wondrous Power that gave it. We may not always be able to see that everything is "very good," but we can always look forward and hope that it may be better, and that the beginning, perhaps, will come to a happier end.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## INSTINCT AND REASON IN DOGS, BIRDS, FISH, ETC.

Salmon and Salmon Ladders—Eels—Young Ducks at Heron Court captured by a Pike—Power of Animals to find their way Home—The Terrier Badger—The Manner in which a Wild Duck at Alderney Manor secured her Nest from Inundation—Mr. Elmore's Monkey—Mr. Liston's Monkey—Another Monkey and a Baby.

MAN claims to be the only creature under the sun possessed of "reason"; but to mark the exact spot where instinct ends and reason commences, is very difficult, for man, like the beast or bird, has his instincts, and very strongly, too, they are developed; and instinct and reason are so nearly allied, that it needs a very fine touch to sever and to mark their exact position.

The fish—our choicest fish, the salmon—is a creature of instinct. Instinct teaches this fish at certain seasons to leave the sea and ascend the rivers for the purpose of breeding, and not pos-



sessing reason, or legs, for that matter, the salmon does not see that Messrs. Buckland's and Fennel's ladder in any way leads him to the water he desires. Instinct alone, for the propagation of species, induces him to leave the sea; instinct alone makes him thread the bed of the river, and, when the water is shallow, to lie under and wait for an opportunity to jump up the mid-stream and strongest fall of the descending water.

This *is* instinct without a thought. The fish by nature at certain seasons is prompted to fresh water, therein to deposit spawn. Where the freshest water is, there will the salmon be; and as fish do *not* "think," the fallacies of foolish men, even if they put a hansom cab at their disposal as well as a "ladder," will never induce the salmon to accept other means of ascending rivers or anything else than that suggested by instinct, the gift of Nature.

On ascending from the sea, according to natural instinct, the salmon finds herself stopped, when no natural impediment arises, by a weir or other artificial means; the old "gap" through which we and our forefathers for years had known salmon to pass when salmon were in plenty, and up which, and against any force of water, *I have seen that*

*clumsy fish the roach* make head and attain to the upper portion of the river, under the philosophical march of folly and reason, had been stopped.

In the place of the old free “gap,” the Fishery Commissioners put, at *corners* of the river, waterfalls or structures they called “ladders,” by which they asserted that the salmon would be able to ascend without any difficulty. They, the salmon, really had no difficulty before; but because of the upper level of the lands being drained into the river before the lower level had been rendered fit to receive the sudden influx, and on account of the fact that the increase of man, and consequent pollution of all Heaven’s gifts, caused the decrease of both fish and wild fowl, the dearth of salmon everywhere was set down to the impossibility of the fish to pass by the old free gap—the gap they had ascended by for years on years.

Now, had “reason” been given to the salmon, reason might have induced the fish, when he found the free gap closed, to look for some other means of ascent, as a man would do by his house. If his door was fast, he would call for a ladder; but the salmon’s *instinct* having *stopped* short where it

certainly ended *and* *reason* might have begun, not having reason at command, he kept to the bed or natural course of the stream, and lay according to instinct, and unsuspecting the deeds of men, waiting for a "freshet" to open him a passage, and never thought of looking for some hole and corner in which the ladders had been stuck, as if for the express accommodation of bathing boys or nightly prowling rats; reason thus not in any way coming to the rescue.

Here, then, was a very good illustration of the difference between *reason* and *instinct*. The Fishery Commissioners themselves at the time having no other instinct but that for place, and not having reason enough to show them the grievous faults into which they fell from their ignorance of natural history, kept up all sorts of rumours as to the good they were achieving; but as I at the time rented the fishery at Winkton on the Avon, and was perfectly well acquainted with the Avon and Stour fisheries, each side above and below me, I foresaw and knew that they added not one salmon to the spawning-beds by the working of their new-fangled gear.

I refused to put ladders to my weirs, and con-

tinued to hawl for all other kinds of fish not salmon, close up to the weirs, putting a salmon back again into the water if taken within the prescribed distance, as suggested by the Act of Parliament.

On being asked the reason for my opposition, the answer was, that no salmon would go up the ladders I had seen on the Avon and Stour. In the first place, the position of the ladders in holes and corners at the side would never occur to fish as a means of ascending a broad and rapid river, however much they might lead to ditches; and in the second, that the rounds, if so they can be called, of the ladder are too confined for anything that had got no legs to go up by. To this hour, 1874, I do not believe that a salmon ever ascended by the ladders on the two rivers immediately referred to.

I have hitherto spoken of mere rushes of water not worthy of being called falls, where really nothing more than a "free gap" or open sluice was wanted to give the fish the run of both the Stour and Avon. If roach and other far weaker fish than the salmon could avail themselves of the gap or sluice open to them, which all the coarser fish did to my certain knowledge, then what need

was there of the vain fallacies of men totally unacquainted with the matter to start a new project?

Let us now proceed to consider rivers in Ireland of far steeper falls, of far greater force of water, in which the ladder really is said to have been of service, because properly and reasonably applied, the entrance to the ladder placed in, as I am told, the exact spot where the instincts, not the reasoning power, of a salmon would look for a means of ascent, and up which instinct would lead him to ascend.

I allude now to the county of Sligo and to the Ballisodere Fishery. No wonder that those broths of Irish boys beat us in reference to water, as they do so far surpass us in the interests of whisky.

The Ballisodere river, if I have not been led into error, is formed by the union of the Owenmore and Arrow, which unite about two and a quarter miles above the Bay of Ballisodere. The Owenmore and its affluent, the Owenbeg, flow in a northerly and easterly direction, draining the south side of the county and the southern slopes of the Ox Mountains.

The Arrow drains the south-east of the county,

flowing in a northerly course from Lough Arrow. The lower part of the united streams is very rapid, falling fifty-seven feet in three-eighths of a mile, and presents the very unusual feature of tumbling right into the tideway over a precipice of twenty feet high, that fall being reduced to about thirteen feet at full spring tides. By this my readers will think, where they are acquainted with the usual manner in which English rivers reach the sea, that in Ireland, pardoning innumerable mistakes into which the brain of Erin sometimes falls, fresh and salt water, whisky and hot water, oil and vinegar, jump together, though they don't always mingle peaceably, much more rapidly than they do in England.

About half a mile *above* its junction with the Arrow, the Owenmore has a fall of seventeen feet at Collooney Mills, the limestone rock being not only precipitous, but overhanging. Thus, then, I offer to my readers real *difficulties* opposed to the upward progress of salmon from the sea, which no "free gap" could remove. We will now see the better construction that was formed and said to surmount the difficulty.

Previously to the adoption of the lower ladder a few occasional salmon, but very few, had been

seen, so it was said, to leap *at* the fall, but no one ever knew a fish to succeed in the attempt. A precipitous fall of an immense body of water sheer down from an impending height of from twenty to thirteen feet was indeed a far greater difficulty than our English rivers, such as those I have particularly alluded to, afford to the ascent of fish; but Ireland seems to have been equal to the occasion!

In 1856-7 "salmon ladders," as they were called, were erected; ova was deposited in various parts of the river; salmon in a state of spawn were turned into the river above the falls, and a breeding mill established in Knockbegs. In due time "salmon fry" appeared where ova had been placed, as well as in other sites, from the full-grown fish that had been turned in, and the "mill" too was full of "par." The latter went through the usual change to the silvery "smolt," and proceeded to the sea, returning to their birthplace in August as well-grown "grilse." In some places, as I understood the local and piscatory language, they call the young of salmon by two names, "the grilse" and the "salmon peel"; then there is another fish caught at the mouths of salmon rivers, called a "sea trout." Of the history of this latter fish I cannot pretend

to speak, and, indeed, I know nothing; for *if* the sea trout is a genus *per se*, I do not know where it breeds, and in the English rivers, far from the tidal way, and at times when salmon and trout breed, I have never met with it.

The sea trout (so called)—the larger sea trout that I have seen (there is a very fine one, very well preserved in a glass-case in the shop of Henry Cutler, the excellent fishmonger and gallant man, for he has saved human life at sea, at Bournemouth) —is precisely, in size and weight, like a salmon *not yet arrived at his silvery perfection*. On my telling Cutler that it looked very like a salmon, he said that it did, but the proof that it *was* a sea trout lay in the application of the thumb or finger nail the reverse way of the scales. Those of the sea trout would easily come off, while the salmon scales were more close and adhesive. Still, this might arise *from condition*, and not from variety of class.

I confess I thirst for knowledge of the exact and natural history of what is called the sea trout, because I need a better reference to distinguish species by than a loose scale, as in the snig and eel, a blunter or a sharper nose, and a variety



of colour. *Condition varies* in all living things; and put two fishes side by side of the same kind, but the one in season and the other out of season, their aspect, as well as the eating and handling of them, would be *very different*.

Very few people are aware of the extreme difficulty of handling for any time, with a view to their recovery and retaining life after manipulation, any sort of fish whose tissues are defended by the delicate and silvery scale. Not one person in a thousand, albeit that he is a fisherman, believes that if you "throw" a fish which is thought to be of insufficient size to retain, back into the water, *that fish so used is as sure to die* as if the head had been severed from the body. "No, they do *not* thus die," I have heard these "throwers of fish" back into their element exclaim, when I remonstrated on the foolish act; and then they added, "we always see the fish swim away as well as ever." That they may do for the time being; but if they could observe that fish thereafter, when suffering from such treatment, they would see that in the course of a few days his back and sides were becoming "furred," and that at last death terminated his sufferings.

When salmon, particularly, are manipulated for the purpose of producing spawn, any person conversant with the rebellious and violent resistance which that gallant fish offers to the hands of men, when landed by line or in the net, must know that great force has to be used, and a tenacious grasp fixed on the fish, to retain it in the position required when pressed for the purpose of spawn. Why, when a salmon is landed fresh from the net, if not killed or stunned with the hammer, *without* man's violence, he will beat himself to pieces on the ground; and my readers may take my word for it that, let the ova-seekers say what they will, half or more than half of the salmon operated on for the purposes of artificial breeding, when returned to the water, disappear *and die*.

In returning fish of any kind to their natural element, with a view to their restoration to life and health, they should be carefully put down with their nose just within the water, and thus let glide away.

It is far from my wish to throw cold water even on fish, or on the attempts I have heard of made in the "south gallery of the Agricultural Hall"

to supply the rivers or even ponds with salmon treated like the jealous guards of a Turkish seraglio, so as to put a desire to return to the sea out of the question. (My dear reader, don't laugh; I wish you to be serious.) To sum up, then, my belief in this aqueous theory, I simply make the following assertions. The organization of fish, and the immense power of the salmon in particular to resist, and the frail texture of the bodily covering, the scales, render an operation, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, practically impossible either upon the male or the female fish. If you desire to increase the quantity of fish of any kind, *handle them not at all*; for, to quote Byron's beautiful lines, yet to render them apposite to the matter in hand,—

“The lovely ‘fish,’ so fiercely sought,  
 Hath lost its life by being caught,  
 And every touch that forced its stay  
 Hath reft each silvery scale away;  
 Shorn of its hues, the salmon flies,  
 Swims to the pool, and ‘sulking,’ dies.”

Wonderful things do happen in this the year of grace 1871-2; yet in respect of natural history more so than in any other case. Nature renders

the attempted interference of man impossible by a determined "No," which neither the ornithologist, the skilful surgeon, nor the more marvellous learning of the engineer can in any way contravene.

While receiving information in regard to the Irish salmon rivers before mentioned, I met with the following news as to eels, to me of rather an unaccountable nature. There is no doubt but that the usual chain of "elvers" up the precipitous damp rock can be seen closely packed; and they say that in some instances the owners of the fishery assist their ascent from the sea by a long band or wisp of twisted straw.

They assist them, though they know that the breeding eels at certain seasons do leave their rivers for the sea, that *not one* full-sized eel has ever *been known to return*. The only way in which they could do so would be by the ladder, and that they have never been known to do.

Now this piece of information, if correct, comes hand to hand with my English assertion, that *unless* eels return from the sea as "snigs," or in "snig condition," there is *no proof* that they return at all.

Then there remains this query: in this Irish river, as the full-grown eel only moves by night and when it is dark—they *will not run when the moon shines*—do the eels not return from the sea when Paddy has whiskied himself to sleep, unseen by any fisherman in their thus concealed and noiseless use of the ladder? My own opinion is, that, if the eels that have left the river and tumbled over a high fall into the sea, do come back, they do so in dark nights by the ladder, unless they possess the power of gliding up the fall of from twenty to thirteen feet. I would not vouch for the fact that eels are unable to do so, after what I have known the common and smaller fish of the English rivers do, by falls of water,—including the roach, the gudgeon, and that powerless-looking, big-headed little fish commonly called the “miller’s thumb.”

When a coop with rare young fowl is placed by the side of a considerable sheet of water, with a small enclosure of galvanized-wire netting in front of the coop, enclosing some yards of the shallows of the pool for the young, in this instance of the Carolina or wood-duck from America, to swim in, is the following an instance of instinct

or reason in the generally-considered foolish fish, the pike ?

At Heron Court, in the summer of 1871, in the sheet of water on the lawn, in which there was said to be no other than *one* small pike of scarce a pound in weight, there were several young birds, from the common wild duck bred at large, as well as the young Carolina ducks, under a hen, in the coop before alluded to. Day by day the young wild ducks disappeared in an unaccountable way, with no signs left on the bank of their destruction ; and so did the young Carolina ducks. When these young water-fowl had disappeared, that had thus been given free access to the water, my suggestions as to the next "trip" were adhered to. The next hatch of Carolina ducks were put in a coop before described, but in a little pool to themselves, wired off from the expanse of water. One day, on the head gardener, Mr. Bowring, going to visit the young ducks, there, close along the side of the wire, in the shallow water, his motionless eyes fixed on the coop, lay a pike, of about five pounds, waiting for the expected prey. The alarm was at once given, the drag-net procured, and the pike was

captured with the remains of some of the young fowl in his stomach.

Now in this fact reason and instinct clash ; and there is, that I can see, no definite spot at which the one ends and the other begins. Instinct and appetite induce a voracious monster, the pike, to swim on and eat any little thing he sees alive upon the water ; but motive of a superior grade, allied to reason, induces him to approach and lie in wait by a coop, in which reason, not instinct, has taught him the prey he of late has had, and is in quest of, lives.

The hound and dogs of all kinds, like the carrier pigeon, possess the knowledge of how to make, in the straightest and shortest way for the house or kennel from which they have been taken. The pigeon has no marks in the air to guide his flight ; and the hound or dog, in going the shortest way to his former home, needs no path nor road to guide him. If the most direct way lies over moors, fields, and across rivers, he looks not for a beaten track nor bridge, but proceeds to where he desires to go with the most unerring and instinctive precision. Wild ducks are possessed with the same gift. I have given some away,

sending them in a hamper by night, but before many days were over they had returned to me again. Very many instances I could enumerate of this fact that had come immediately under my personal supervision; but having told of them in my former publication, 'The Reminiscences of a Huntsman,' and other works, I abstain from the repetition of them to readers already acquainted with the subject.

This knowledge of the way home I define as mere instinct. Reason would have suggested landmarks and roads, the things which guide the less-gifted human being. The dog and the bird trust to the inherent directions of mysterious Nature. Neither map, sign-post, nor compass, is required by the dog; he trots or swims direct for home, and seldom finds himself at any loss.

Instinct and reason are so closely allied that Solomon himself, supposed among the ancient ignorant to be so wise, could not define a line of demarcation between the two as regards an Irish dog, to which I now immediately refer. I close this chapter with two more notices of dog and bird.

The horses belonging to a gentleman from Wales, who intended to finish the hunting season



at Mallow, accompanied by a rough little terrier, called Badger, came to the Royal Hotel in that town, and remained there three months. At the end of that time, the gentleman and his horses and his *dog returned by train to Tralee*. In forty-five hours Badger retraced his *steps* to the inn—a distance, I believe, of sixty miles—and remained there.

The landlord of the Royal Hotel then wrote to Badger's master to say the dog had come back, when orders were given for Badger's return home by train. The command was obeyed, but Badger seemed to have made up his mind that a "home" elsewhere had nothing whatever to do with it, for within the week Badger's tail again wags in the stable-yard of his selected residence, without any apparent "sexual selection" whatever; for "sexual selection" with a female of any kind he seems to have had none, though he entertained vast enmity to all the males of his own race, and kept them from trespassing upon the premises where he mounted guard.

His owner, evidently not his master, for Badger owned no such dictation, then abandoned the dog to his fate, and for a time Badger was contentedly

happy. The inhabitants of the hotel, not wishing to keep poor Badger, then gave him to a gentleman resident about seventeen miles off; but by the next day Badger had returned, and lay down at the door as resolutely as ever. Perhaps deeming that Badger had a "selection" for a particular class of society, the next place of his banishment was to a farmer, who lived only ten miles off, from which scene of rural life Badger returned the same day, when, as it seemed impossible to be rid of him, he was then tacitly adopted as "the dog of the hotel." He seemed to own no master, nor to be attached to one person more than another. An hotel for himself, not "Ireland for the Irish," is his motto; and I am happy to say that all the inmates of the hotel treat him with kindness, and at night a stable is his lodging, in which he bids defiance to the roughest weather. Alas! Time, that tenacious tyrant over every living thing, is making the usual inroad on poor Badger's constitution. His pace is slower, and his teeth are wearing out. The one sole thing with him—but, alas! with very few others, bipeds and all, that defies the touch of time—is, the love of his heart to the one treasured place that has

gladdened his dog's life. To that he still clings ; and defies all the curs of the town to approach nearer to the treasured precincts he has for years guarded; although they may think he cannot bite. Poor dear Badger may still thankfully growl that—

“Not Heaven itself upon the past has power :  
What has been, *has* been ; and I *have* had my hour.”

At the moment I am concluding this chapter, May 1st, 1872, there sits in the moor at my decoy, on her nest, in the same spot to an inch in which she has had her nest, to my knowledge, for the last three years, a wild duck. I think she must have sat there before the year in which I found her, but *that* is simply *a thought*. We will now approach *the fact*—a fact proving a rational power in birds, far beyond the mere instinct assigned them by Nature.

*My belief* is that in the first year she made her nest in *that wet ditch*, subject as it is to flooding, and, after much rain, she must have had her nest destroyed by the sudden rise of water. *Nothing but that*, that I am aware of, could have prompted this wild duck for the future *systematically*, and by a reasonable forethought, to guard against a similar misfortune. Nothing seems to incline her

to leave the exact spot for her nest; but, to meet the danger of its continued position in a small wet ditch, she has adopted the moor-hen-like plan of raising the nest on such light material that it will rise and fall with the water beneath, besides, being built of a very considerable amount of grass and heather twigs, lifting it from the bottom of the ditch a foot high. Most ducks commence their nests by scraping out a dent in the ground, and as they lay they cover over the eggs day by day with freshly collected material. Not so with this duck, who must have had "*reason*" to know that her nest *could not be safe* if dealt with by her after the suggestions of Nature. She, therefore, commences building *her* nest quite four days *previously to laying an egg*, and builds it much after the fashion of the swan. She raises it, and finishes it off always within twelve hours or thereabouts of laying the first egg. During the time that I have been cognizant of this, Toovey, my head keeper, has always contrived to take her off the nest on the day of hatching, with her young; and that we intend to do again, as she makes an excellent mother when put under a coop. My experience teaches me that all birds have an attachment to

the site of a former nest, like the rook, the raven, and the hawk ; but wild ducks are remarkable for local attachment to previous nesting-places. I have proof of that fact in numerous instances now. With only two exceptions, there are the usual nests as last year. I account for the two exceptions by deeming that the two ducks thus missing fell to the gun in the last shooting season. Considering that one hundred and seventeen duck and teal fell on my first day at the wild fowl, the flights must have taken pretty good care of themselves to have lost so few of the nesting or home birds.

Now, Nature never, that I am aware of, usually assigned to birds more than some very curious instincts in regard to nesting and other habits ; but here we have an instance of a duck reasoning on the cause of losing, or danger to, her eggs, and of the most actual forethought in providing against the calamity ; not scraping a mere dent in the ground, as other wild ducks do when they are on the instant of depositing an egg, but *knowing* that the place is *wet*, and liable also to be *too wet*, methodically building up an unusual nest by *reason* and forethought that mere instinct of nature had

not prompted nor suggested by the method and rule under which she was brought to light—preparing it, too, with three or four days purposely set apart for the labour, and then depositing her eggs in a nest artificially raised for their reception and protection.

While I write these lines, in the month of May, 1872, this wild duck, thus possessed of “reason,”—not only mere instinct, but “reason” to a specific purpose,—is sitting on her nest in the usual spot, and for the third or fourth year she will again breed up her young under a coop. Should she, when mingling in the “foreign flights” next winter, again escape the gun, as I hope she will, she is as sure to nest in the same place as winter is to come again. Out of more than thirty nests which I knew of in the spring before this, there are only two of the previous sites unoccupied now,—all the rest have their previous tenants; and when it is considered that in *one* shooting-day the bag was one hundred and seventeen head, it seems extraordinary that the wild fowl rendered indigenous to the place should have escaped to that extent.

Again, in the many monkeys that have come

within my notice,—I refer not to man clothed or unclothed, though Darwin says he was a monkey,—there are two instances within my knowledge of the difference between reason and instinct, and in these two cases “instinct” was evident, and not “reason.”

The late Mr. John Elmore, of whom I had bought some of my best hunters, lived in a villa in the vale of Harrow; and his son, being very fond of carpenter’s work, to amuse himself, kept an elaborate shop, and in the shop a monkey.

One day he (Mr. Elmore) was called from his amusement and his hammers and nails, and, expecting very soon to return, he left the monkey master of all he surveyed. On returning to enjoy his work, he found that the monkey had carried out his labour to the fullest possible extent; for, getting possession of the hammer and nails of all sizes, he nailed everything on the long table and about the room together, without reference to colour, sort, size, or kind, and grinned his satisfaction when he saw his kind master taken by surprise.

Now this was an act of mere “*instinct*.” He had seen, according to Darwin, the tailless ancestor of his own kind nailing things together, and, not knowing what it was for, without “*reason*,”

and through "*instinctive* imitation," to which Nature had made his kind prone, he did the same thing that he had watched Elmore do, but for no mental "reason" whatever.

Again. The famous surgeon, the late Mr Liston, he, too, kept a monkey, in a cage in the room where he received his patients, and this monkey, like Elmore's monkey, narrowly watched the master-hand; and it appeared that while any sort of operation was going on, the monkey sat absorbed in *instinctive* and meditative and amused interest. At the time of these skilful proceedings, the poor monkey, of course, was unnoticed, and sat very quiet in his cage; but, strange to say, day by day became ill, and for a time Liston himself could not account for his indisposition. It was discovered at last, however, that the imitative and "*instinctive*" genius of the monkey had been aroused by what he had seen his master do; so when left to himself, being solitary and without a patient, and not having much choice of surgical instruments, he used the straw in the bottom of his cage, in lieu of instruments, upon himself, and brought on at last a painful dissolution.

Here, then, in these two incidents, we have



“instinct” without “reason,” and it is thus that I seek at least to draw some line of demarcation between the two. But who, then, shall draw the line that will leave to us neither cavil nor difference of opinion? It must be wiser men than those who call all animals “dumb,” or who prate of a “dumb-madness” other than “hydrophobia,” and capable of deadly infection through dog to man. Dumb, indeed! Both beasts and birds can speak to me—to us—in tones of far more touching pathos, ample and audible, than can be uttered by the growling voices of some of our own sex. To woman’s lips alone I yield the sweeter preference, for in her voice there seems to dwell the soul of all that is gentle, generous, and beautiful.

Let us take one more instance of instinct so blended with reason, that it is scarcely possible to define the severance of the two.

There lived in a family a nice, good-humoured, and good-sized monkey, — certainly kind, good-humoured and truthful, for it had never shed its tail in its approach to Christianity, nor, as our sequel shows, could it resist in another an appeal for food. Love and charity this monkey decidedly possessed, and it was dotingly fond of the baby son and heir to

which the lady of the mansion had given birth. So fond had the monkey become of the little child, that they were wheeled about together by a maid-servant in a little chair. The child would cry if the monkey were taken away; and the monkey would grin, shake her cage, and chatter, if not permitted to "take the air."

One day, when the nurse had slipped off to dinner, leaving the babe asleep, the monkey got out of its cage and attained the cradle, when, finding the baby awake and sucking its thumb,—I wish fond mammas would break babes of this bearish propensity,—the monkey deemed that it wished for air and exercise; so taking the child out of the crib,—such being in apish imagination the best place for air,—the poor dear monkey carried the child to the leads on the top of the house, and there sat with it on the edge of a gutter representing the head of a satyr, in rainy days disgorging water far above and immediately over the hard stones of the paved court below.

The child was soon missed from its bed, and then the monkey from its cage, and a general search commenced, ending in the before-mentioned disclosure on the gutter.

The father of the infant was a sensible as well as an affectionate man,—the two things really went together,—and he did his best to prevent the nonsense-talking “Gamps” from screaming; but, try to hush them as he might, the child having benefited by the decidedly fresh air, heard, or thought that it heard, its nurse’s voice, and, being hungry, cried for food.

Not a word had been said to the monkey, and no attempt made to approach her, for the head of the house was full of apprehension lest they should make the monkey drop the child in obedience to a call, or accidentally let it down in carrying it away to some more inaccessible place.

Well, the baby cried for food, and the monkey knew by “reason” what the baby cried for; “instinct” then suggested that, the mouth being open, something should be put in it, so the monkey sedulously scraped all the moss, soot, and snap-dragon growth that was on the roof of the house, into a wad, and most kindly and assiduously stuffed it into the baby’s mouth, tasting it herself first to see that it was good. What the monkey thought of the taste of this food, no one was near enough to tell, but she gave it all to the child. Here was

a dilemma—to be choked with weeds and soot, or to be dashed to pieces by a fall! Horror held the entire household in suspense, when a little boy, the coachman's son, who knew the effect of apples on himself, was seen to crawl beneath the roofs from behind along the gutter, at the end of which were the monkey and the child, when the monkey, being a friend of the boy, tucked the baby under her arm head downwards, and hobbled off to meet him. The monkey and the boy had often exchanged civilities, the boy giving a half-rotten piece of an apple, best side uppermost, for a good nut kept for future enjoyment in the monkey's pouch; and while they were again making their exchange, and the monkey was thumbing her cheek to get out the nut, the boy got hold of the child, and the trio, in full confidence with each other, threaded the chimneys, slid the tiles, and delivered themselves up to the anxious family, and suppressed but furious nurse, who showed her affection for father, mother, and son, by reiterating her opinion that the child "*might as well have been dashed to pieces.*" The parents did not think so: the boy was promoted to a surfeit of buttons, and the poor monkey, who had erred from no

want of affection, but from the confusion of intellect, reason, and instinct, was given away to a street musician, and shortly died of a horrible stomach-ache produced from the inharmonious groans of a barrel-organ, on which the monkey was made to sit, wound persistently from beneath, as that terrible instrument of unrest generally is, when study or sleep have to be discomfited.

I confess that reason and instinct are so nearly allied, that it puzzles us all, monkeys with no tails and monkeys with, to draw the line where one ends (not the tail, but reason) and the other begins; still the study of the two is so beautiful and so curious in the wondrous ramifications of its varying mysteries of minds, that I am content to solace and lose myself in a labyrinth that seems as yet to offer no deliverance.

## CHAPTER IX.

## REASON IN THE DOG.

Difficulty of drawing the line between Instinct and Reason— Instance of Reason in a Wild Duck—Bird in the Zoological Gardens—My Retriever Neptune—Retriever Dog in the New Forest and the Jack Snipe—My dog Brutus and the Heron—Smoker the Deer-hound—Brenda in the First-Class Railway Carriage and the Irate Man—The Dog Rescued and the Thieves Discovered—The Irish Setter Nellie—Wolf—Instances of Reasoning Powers in Hounds, Dogs, Birds, Fishes, &c.—Skim and Cress.

It is, as I have said here, there, and everywhere, almost impossible to draw the line between instinct and reason. The size of the creatures offers us no guide by way of solution to the difficulty, even placing by the side of each other the elephant and the ant; nor does the class to which each creature, insect, bird, or animal belongs, suggest any course by which man, in his investigations, can be guided. From the elephant to the beetle, the bee, and the ant, we find reason and instinct run so much the

one into the other, that the two can scarcely be severed.

A remarkable fact happened on my lawn in the month of April, 1872. No wild ducks had ever been reared there, and seldom seen there, and certainly not a duck had been on the lawn since the autumn of the previous year. Every morning, however, summer and winter, the pheasants had been fed, and every morning they were assembled round my door at breakfast-time, awaiting their expected food. At the period to which I refer, on opening the door, there, among the pheasants, with their eyes and ears fixed on the opening of the latch, sat a couple of wild ducks and a mallard. They showed no sort of timidity at my sudden appearance, but ran to meet me; and, having filled their crops and even necks so full of Indian corn as to be unable to eat any more, they rose, and, flying immediately up over the house, went off in the direction of the decoy.

“Instinct” could not have made these wild ducks *seek me in my home*: “reason” must have told them who it was that kept the food and where they would be sure to find it, and, governed by that reason, then they came.

To illustrate the fact by further comparison, we now come to the bird which lays its eggs in short-mown grass in the Regent's Park Gardens, which of course heats by its own damp. This bird exhibits decidedly an amount of thought, and therefore of reason, for it bears in its reasoning mind the amount of heat which is necessary to keep the eggs warm throughout the time of incubation, and the bird visits the heap of grass that contains the eggs very frequently, and tries the temperature with its foot: if too hot, he decreases the grass around the eggs; if too cold, he heaps on more grass; and thus exhibits a *thoughtful knowledge tending to a distant but expected result*, and that is "reason." No "stoker" could heat his engine better.

The dog is possessed of reason, and I illustrate it by a reference, in the first place, to my present retriever, Neptune. When he came to me he was a full-grown, uneducated, unsophisticated puppy. He knew nothing of England, as he came direct from Newfoundland. He took not the least notice of any living thing except myself. He cared not for game of any kind, and was frightened at the sight of a live rabbit. For all this inertness, there



was about his handsome broad forehead and bright yellow eyes an expression that he was capable of taking notice of anything if he was reasonably taught that notice would be the first step to education, and that education, agreeably administered, would lead him to sport and recreation. The first rabbit he saw was in a trap, but no inducement that I could offer would make him touch it. I killed it myself, made him *think* that I was fond of it, and carried it about with me half the day, dropping it occasionally, and picking it up again, caressing him while I did so. At last he began to notice the rabbit, and, to make a long tale short, he became proud to carry home any rabbit I chanced to kill in his presence. His mouth was very light, and he could carry a rabbit all day and never hurt it. He soon came, when a rabbit was shot at in cover, to go and search for it, and had just begun his duty as a retriever when the following circumstance happened:—Some time in the night he contrived to slip his collar; he was chained to his house on the lawn opposite the front door, and he might have been at large all night; but when I opened the front door at breakfast-time to whistle up the pheasants to their food, there lay Nep in his house in the

exact position he always was in when tied up—his head and neck out of his house, and watching my movements as usual. On seeing me he never stirred, the pheasants were all round him, and he lay as usual, watching the operation of feeding them. When that was over, on crossing from the lawn to the front door, catching my eye, Nep got up in a peculiarly gentle manner, and, turning round, went back into the inmost recess of his kennel, and coming out again, with his bright yellow eyes flashing with fidelity and pleasure, I saw that he held in his mouth the half of a freshly-killed rabbit. The head and shoulders of the rabbit were gone, the back and haunches of it only remained. This half of the rabbit he presented to me, with an expression of delight it is impossible to describe. Of course his gift was accepted with well-expressed pleasure; and then we set to work to hold, as it were, an inquest, to find out how he (the rabbit) died. The fur showed no blood; there had been no heavy grasp across the loins, such as the mouth of a large dog would have made; and at once I suspected that the rabbit had been killed by a cat. However Nep might have become possessed of it, it was evidently killed and divided in a cat-like

manner, and on further research I discovered the marks in the back of a cat's teeth.

The only way to account for Nep's possession of it was that some time in the night, when he was loose, he either took the rabbit from a cat, or found the rabbit when she, the cat, had left it. Remembering, then (and this is *reason*, not *instinct*), that I had seemed to set much store by rabbits, instead of eating the tempting morsel, broken up as it was, as many a dog would have done, he put it in the safest place in his kennel, quite at the back, and, knowing all the time it was there, he did not produce it for my acceptance until he saw that my usual occupation at that time in the morning was over; then, and not till then, he brought out the treasure he had guarded for my acceptance. "Instinct" had nothing to do with this; Nep found the half of a rabbit, perhaps in a cat's possession,—I think *that* very likely,—and he *reasonably* thought that, from what he had seen when out with me, I should like to have it. *He knew* that at night he could not see me, and *he knew* that, perhaps, the rabbit would be lost if he ceased to guard it; so he put it into the back of his kennel, and produced it at the right time, when my tem-

porary occupation of feeding the pheasants ceased, and the rendering up his treasure to me could interfere with no other thing.

I may add that Neptune has an immense appetite, and that he is always hungry; yet *knowing*, as of *reason*, that the rabbits were mine, and that I deemed it his duty to bring them to me, though he had but recently learned the duty at the time to which I refer, still, honest to the very letter, "*reason*" prompted him to keep the rabbit *he* had found for me, and his deed was an act of "*reason*." What he did was done for a *future* purpose, with a *forethought* that had in *perspective* a just conclusion, and that makes the rationality, the possession of "*reason*," not mere "*instinct*," by the dog. "*Instinct*" would have made him eat it.

I will now quote an instance of reason in a retriever dog, though not of so pleasurable a kind. It was a cold, frosty day in the New Forest, at a time when the frost had been hard enough to freeze the brooks when they were in flood, and then, as the waters sank, to maintain a fragile wall of ice at the sides—no doubt a very unpleasant state of things for a dog when

ordered to cross a stream, for the ice projecting from the banks was of sufficient durability to support him till he came near the edge, when it let him in over head and ears, and then, on the opposite side, he had to face the keen edge of the same obstacle from a more difficult point of view. I killed a jack snipe, and he fell—or it or she fell, as the sex, save by anatomical investigation, cannot be determined—on the other side of the brook. My retriever saw it fall, and simply stared upon the event, without stirring a step to fetch it. Observing this unusual hesitation, I *ordered* him to cross the water and bring back the snipe, when, as he still hesitated, I put into my look and manner—I never beat a dog—enough to show him that I expected the most prompt obedience, and that he had no choice left. Very reluctantly, then, he obeyed me, and consumed several minutes in trying the strength of the ice, and looking for the easiest place. At last he let himself into the water, swam across, and broke his way to land through the ice on the other side, picked up the jack snipe, and then stood stock-still, and regarded me with a mournful and sullen expression, as if asking me how I could

find it in my heart to insist on such duty during a time resembling that in the Polar regions. To me, though I had not been much in the water, that day was piercingly cold, and I naturally felt anxious to move on, so I made an angry gesture for no more delay. I saw my dog then *think*, and, perhaps, on the suggestion of "reason," not of "instinct," look each way, for the moment reflecting if it was possible for him in any decent time to reach either of the bridges he knew of above and below. He came to the conclusion that it was not, so, regarding me steadfastly, after a pause, he swallowed the jack snipe as if it was a cordial pill, and then coolly, but certainly very coldly, let himself off the bank of ice into the water and came to me. Of course, I gave him a cuff with my open hand,—it is not the actual pain, it is the practical rebuke that punishes or reforms the dog,—and turned away my head that he might not see my laughter.

Again, with that dearest of all dear dogs, the retriever Brutus, who would catch a thievish man as he would a rabbit if I told him to do so, and who was with me in the Far West, on one very stormy day, when I lived at Winkton, with the

Avon in considerable flood, he was out with me, and I killed a heron at a very long shot, who fell on the other side the river, where the stream was immensely rapid, and from the flood very wide.

On seeing the heron fall, he dashed in, and, swimming across, picked up the bird, and then came over a shallow a certain way into the river, the wings of the heron blowing incommodiously across his face. The breadth of the stream, its force, and the immensely high wind, weighed *on his mind*, and I saw him *think* as to how he could, with the greatest ease, accomplish his purpose.

An idea never entered his honest, gallant, and faithful head of blinking his duty, and I felt sure he would never let that heron out of his mouth till he gave it into my hand. Well, he stood for a moment opposite me,—it was a pause of profound mental and *reasonable consideration*,—and then he set off at a full gallop for Christchurch Mill, which was the nearest bridge at which he could cross the water, and it was a mile or more off. Thinking that it was the bridge that he was looking for, I watched him down the meadows, when suddenly he turned short to his left and bore down for the river again, to the exact spot where some days

before I had had a punt stationed, and had crossed the river with him. The punt was no longer there, so, after pausing for a minute, he retraced his steps, and came back along the meadows towards me.

Having found that there was nothing left for it but to swim the river, he plunged in some way below where I stood and began to swim up stream towards me *against* the tide and wind. The heavy wings of the heron acted as adverse sails, and impeded his way, even if he could have made any progress against so strong a stream,—besides, the large wings blinded him; still, there struggled the gallant dog in mid-river, endeavouring to overcome impossibilities, and making no progress whatever. His strength was evidently failing, too, for, instead of holding his own, the flood, the wings of the heron, and the wind were mastering him, and he was going down the stream instead of approaching me. Changing my place to one immediately opposite him, alas! did no good; his eyes were blinded, and he only remembered where he last had seen me, so still he fought on against impossibilities. At that moment the wind caught the wing of the heron next me, and, blowing



over his head, enabled him to fix his eye on me, when, though still by that time considerably above him, I waved my hand to direct him across the stream below me; he understood the sign immediately, and obeyed. Dropping down, and swimming slantways across the stream, in a few minutes after I received the heron, and was kissing his broad, wet forehead, and putting on the most joyous and thankful appearance I could assume.

In this, again, there was "reason," reason far above mere "instinct," for the dog remembered a spot where for *one day* only there had been a means of passing the river; he thought it might be there still; and, remembering it, he went to ascertain the fact, but was disappointed.

Then, again, my splendid deer dog Smoker. In my younger days at Cranford he lived with Mrs. Berkeley and myself, and never left the house unless he went out with either the one or the other. If I rode out to make calls in the neighbourhood, and he did not see me go, he would presently awake from his sleep on the rug, look round the room, and miss me. He would then scratch at the door for Mrs. Berkeley

to let him out into the hall and inspect the place where I always put my hat; if that was there, he would return to the drawing-room and rest contented; but if it was not there, then he would invite Mrs. Berkeley to follow him to open the doors, and thus go with her to the highest room in the house, and, standing up with his fore-feet on the window-sill, look each way in the hope of seeing me. He would do the same if he saw me take my hat in riding gear, and knew that I was going out, and, having watched me till I was out of sight, then he would return to the drawing-room with Mrs. Berkeley and be restfully content. "Instinct" did not teach him all this, it was reason, it was thought—thought combined for special object and particular purpose.

Brenda, my sweet little Brenda, who won a prize at the coursing matches we used to have at the Greeway, near Cheltenham, during the life of my dear friend, the late William Lawrence, its then owner, she had the gift of reason in the most perfect and wonderful degree; and when I had been in town for some days attending a Parliamentary debate, and Mrs. Berkeley heard me arrive at home, she had simply to say to

Brenda, "Benny, your friend is come,"—Brenda rushed to the windows to look out, to the doors to be let out, and, with a scream of delight, leaped into "her friend's" arms.

She once accompanied Mrs. Berkeley to Mudeford from Beacon Lodge, to see me embark to join Lord Malmesbury's yacht, Mrs. Berkeley leading her back to Beacon Lodge, or she would have swam out to the yacht; and all the days that I was away, Brenda lay at the window which opened out on steps to the lawn, and watched every distant sail on the sea her high position commanded. Poor, dear, darling, little, sweet, sylph-like Brenda! I shall never forget the rage of a fat, pompous, drab-complexioned little man, on the platform at Southampton, who, on coming to get into the carriage, saw it occupied by Brenda and myself. She was on the seat, gracefully looking out at the window, and I was on the seat opposite to her. "Heyday!" he exclaimed, looking from side to side for an official; "a dog in a first-class carriage! This mustn't be—this won't do!" The officials knew Brenda was there, and no one attended to him. I was boiling at the fool's insolent demeanour, but choked myself to silence. At last, he

exclaimed most pompously, "Here, porters, I'm not going to travel with a dog in a first-class carriage! Here, I say." Whatever his "I say" was to have been followed with, I cut it short, for I could hold in no longer, and at once capped his annunciation that he would not travel with a dog, by saying I was "devilish glad of it, for I did not wish him to give *my* dog *his* fleas." I thought he would have fallen in an apoplectic fit, so purple did his drab cheeks become with rage. "Fleas, sir," he roared, "fleas—" But "ere the anvil of his speech" received the "further hammer," the whistle sounded, a porter told him he would be left behind, and I neither heard nor saw anything more of him.

Perhaps of all the extraordinary instances of intelligence I ever knew in dogs, the most extraordinary was the one in which a retriever of mine rescued a doe I had killed in the New Forest from two men who had stolen her. It has been narrated at length by me in a former work, 'The Reminiscences of a Huntsman,' therefore it will serve all purposes to tell it here in as few words as possible. I had come to the Hohnsly Walk to kill one doe, and knowing that it would not take me long to do, besides my rifle and Highland deer dog, I

had brought my shot gun, retriever, and terriers, to try for woodcock and rabbit.

Having killed the doe and bled her, I left her lying on the edge of some furze adjoining an open bog, where she had fallen, and joined my man with my other dogs. On joining him on the hill where he stood which commanded the low ground where I had left the deer, I cast a parting glance to see that she was all safe, while a woodman had gone to the lodge for a cart to fetch her away. Fixing my eyes on the extreme end of the low ground where it joined the furze before mentioned, no view that I could take showed me anything like a deer on the ground, and I told my servant that she was either gone, or some impediment, not to be accounted for, was between me and the deer. "Go," I cried; "run as fast as you can to the spot to which I point; you will find either the doe there or the blood. If you find that the doe is gone, hold up your hat, and I shall understand you."

He ran there, at least half a mile or more, and the hat was raised high into the air.

On this he hastened towards me, to give me the meeting, one of the woodmen joining me ere we met. On this we went back to

the spot where the deer had been left, and, finding no signs of the venison, I ordered the two men to run right and left to the summit of two hills, to scan all the open ground which they commanded, as it seemed impossible for any man or men, in the time that had expired, to get completely out of sight in one way or the other. I had then all my dogs with me, the deer dog, used to killing deer and to track a wounded deer, my old retriever, and my terriers. When the two men had started from the spot where the fresh blood was, I appealed to the deer dog to trace the dead deer; he understood me, put his nose down a little, but almost immediately returned to the fresh blood, and, licking it, looked up in my face, as much as to say, "Here the doe *was*, what have *you done with her?*" All this time my old retriever had been at my heels a passive spectator. He had never in all his life seen a deer killed, nor had he ever been called on to hunt one, nor to trace the footsteps of a man.

Vexed immensely at losing the doe, and that any thief should have ventured to touch one that had fallen to my rifle, as from having been so long in the forest they well knew I was not likely

to submit tamely to any sort of imposition, I had just given up any hope in the deer dog, when the old retriever came from my heels, got in front of me, and looked up in my face with an expression I shall never forget, and seeing that I observed him, he went up to the pool of blood, put his nose to the ground, looked at me again, and began to trot off through the furze and over the heather in the oddest fashion I ever saw, not a bit like his usual action on game, but more resembling the pace of a mad dog: his head to the ground, his stern listless and hanging down, and his manner very unusual. At once I saw that he had understood my loss, and had set about to retrieve it. I followed him with a word of encouragement, and he went for some distance on the exact path my men had taken. When he came to where they had separated, he paused, tried a little way to the left and then to the right, and then again looked at me to see if I observed him. "Good dog," I cried, "where is it?"

On this he again went off in the same odd fashion, on a line that I knew neither of my men had taken, and I saw at once that he not only knew what he was about, but that as neither of

my men had gone that way, he must be on the track of the thieves. Away he went, myself and my other dogs following him, till he came down to the railway line; here he halted, puzzled for a moment or two, then looking at me, he put his nose down again and went off along the line, when, looking some distance ahead, I saw three plate-layers on the rails at work. He went from the spot where he had checked at the wires, about a hundred yards more or less, and then stopped short, turned round, and, without putting his nose down, he went directly back to the place whence he had thus diverged from his original line; then he put his nose down again, and took up the janning through the wires, and over the rails, and jumped a deep wet ditch into the open forest on the other side, and then he checked again. As I followed him across the line over the soft sand about the rails, I looked down, and, with intense delight, saw that he absolutely trod in the footstep of a man, and that two men had recently crossed the line, and the smaller footsteps sank much more deeply into the ground than the larger ones.

Thus to me it was evident that the smaller man, at all events, had a weight on his back,



and I felt certain that my dog was right. Following him through the wire while he was at a check, and in getting over the ditch, of course I kept my eyes about me, and at once saw the reason why the dog was at a loss. The two men, fearing pursuit, and that they might be seen from the hills, had gone into the ditch, and carried their burden coasting the line of rails. On seeing this I called to my dog, and, beckoning with my hand, sent him into the ditch, and on the track again. The pursuit continued thus for some distance, and then, leaving the ditch, ascending the rising ground towards the notorious huts called the village of Burley, the rise of the ground capped by a considerable brake of furze. By this time, loaded, as I was, with rifle and shot gun, and ammunition for both, my dog had left me some distance behind, and I might have been two or three hundred yards in his rear, when I saw him disappear in the high gorse. He had not entered the gorse long, when he emerged from it at the spot where he went in, in the most joyous way, impatient of the pace at which I was coming up. Then he dashed into the gorse again, and when he re-appeared, in the most extravagant

joy, I was close upon him. As I reached him he dashed out of sight again, but I followed his wake by the shaking furze, and a little distance further on, in a slightly open spot in the middle of the cover, to my great joy I beheld him seated on my dead doe. From the higher ground, where the thieves had dropped their burden, I think they must have seen me in pursuit; be that as it may, I got my deer. Leaving my dog in charge of the venison, I then broke out of the cover, and, putting my hat on the muzzle of my rifle,—or my handkerchief, I forget which,—I waved it, and, as I hoped to do, gained the attention of my man or men. As soon as I had delivered the doe to their custody, I went back, and, getting on the line, made straight for the three platelayers before mentioned, for I thought they must have seen the thieves cross the line. It must have been an unusual sight to see a man upon the line surrounded by dogs; but, nevertheless, not a man lifted his head to look at me, but each fellow became immensely occupied with his work. Not a word was spoken till I put my hand on their shoulders one by one, and told them I arrested them for stealing deer from the Crown. I inspected their clothes,

and made them show me the nails in their boots, but not a nail tallied with those that my dog had followed. On reaching home, and meeting with a clever constable, I at once sent him to see what he could make of it. He charged the men with being concerned in the theft, "from information he had received from others." "Well," replied the spokesman of the three, "if they tell on us, we'll tell on them, as they be the parties best to blame." They then informed against the two thieves, and they were apprehended, convicted, and sent to prison.

Now comes the most extraordinary fact, for which it is totally impossible to account. When my dog first checked at the rails, the two thieves, knowing that the platelayers must see them, set down the deer, and, leaving her there, they went to the railway-men, and told them that if they would say nothing of the matter, they should share the venison. This suggestion being agreed to, the thieves returned and resumed their burden. Now the curious thing that puzzles me is, how my dog, after going about halfway from the spot where the deer had been put down, to the platelayers, discovered that the two men no longer carried the deer. What could it have been that deceived

him for a time, or what then suggested to him that the weight they had carried so far was no longer on their shoulders? No blood had been falling from the deer, for the thieves had taken the precaution to tie up her throat with a handkerchief; and therefore, versed as I am, and have been, in every phase of scent pertaining to the chase, I cannot imagine how the dog came to know that the men no longer bore a cold carcase, from which neither breath nor blood came, and which did not touch the ground.

Now there was not mere brute instinct in what this dog did. Instinct could not have suggested to him to do a thing for which he had not been intended and never taught to do, nor could mere instinct have induced him to gather from his master's looks the loss that master had sustained, and the wish that master had to trace the thieves who had stolen his property. In many instances, in animals and birds, there exists, more or less, the faculty of reason; and man, in my opinion, has no more just ground for claiming for himself an exclusive heaven, than he has to deem all other brains than his own as simply gifted with instinctive powers:

As to the faculty of scent, as I have elsewhere shown, there is no accounting for it; the dead deer proved that it was not breath, nor was it a trace afforded by blood,—the footsteps at starting of four men, three of them strangers to the dog, had trodden for a space the same path, and were mingled together, all starting from the same pool of blood; yet the dog's fine and strange discrimination detected the footsteps of the man who carried the thing his master had lost—that thing the dog had not seen killed nor beheld it in his master's possession. He had never hunted its scent, and yet for miles, and through and over every obstacle, he knew the footsteps of the thief who had committed the dishonest act, and overtook the stolen treasure.

In discussions on scent in the *Field* newspaper some years ago, a writer, who really knew very little of the matter, asserted it to be his belief that a wounded animal or bird trying to escape capture, and, therefore, in terror,—to use this writer's own terms,—“had the power of withholding its scent,” or, in other words, shutting off steam, or closing the valve, with a view to escape the keen perception of a dog's nose. Now we all know that

terror on many creatures, not excepting men, has precisely the reverse effect, and that instead of failing, the aroma referred to increases; but such a foolish assertion as to a power to “withhold scent” is scarce worth even a short notice.

I saw my red Irish setter, “Nellie,” only three days before thus putting pen to paper, in thick gorse as high as my waist in some places, but worse from its short dense thickness in others, endeavouring to retrieve for me a landrail whose wing was broken. I stood still, and said nothing after the words to “seek dead.” Oh, that I could “ding” these wise words, “Let him, or let her, alone,” into men’s foolish heads, when they tell the canine wiser ones, the retrievers, to look for a fallen bird. Surrounded by extreme difficulties, — of position, severity of cover, and distracting scents of uninjured game,—a retriever’s *mind* should be left to its full exercise as well as his nose; for, if tracing a stricken but running bird, brain and nose ought to go together.\* Nellie knew she was trying to retrieve a landrail, just as well as I knew that a landrail had fallen to my gun; and, having kept

\* “Nellie,” this darling of my leisure hours, died of a complicated disorder, external and internal, in the close of the winter of 1874.

her eye on the exact spot, she went there and fastened to the scent she expected. The gorse was thick enough to have held and concealed a thousand rails, but when she came to "the fall," she worked on. Rabbits crossed the line of her quest here and there, but she knew that they were not the landrail, and heeded them not at all. Man could give her no useful direction, and therefore, unimpeded by extraneous counsel and anxious interruption, Nellie, *let alone*; sometimes under, sometimes on, the thick furze, fought on through every severe difficulty, and, with triumph in her frowning little brows, delivered the bird she had sought into my loving and caressing hand. Oh, that I could impress this golden rule on all my brother sportsmen, and on all gamekeepers, who seldom are sportsmen, never to put a retriever on a running bird *unless it is intended* that, go where he will, the retriever *should get him!* For ever, except at home, I am doomed to see an ass of a keeper go up to the fall of a bird and bid his retriever to find him. If the bird is not a runner, why then let the man pick him up; if he is a runner, why then, *if* you put the dog on his traces, in Heaven's name do all you can to let him use his own curious discretion, and let him

trace the stricken bird even to the end of the world, if he goes there. Dogs, accustomed in this way to use their own discretion as well as their nose, become perfectly trustworthy in covers full of game.

At Cranford, when His Royal Highness the late Duke of York was shooting there, my old famous favourite, Smoker, so often mentioned, saw a pheasant fall; and having been sent to fetch that pheasant by me, after going a certain distance, stopped short of the fall, and came back to my heels. The fact was, the pheasant had fallen among a lot of unflushed birds, and Smoker would not put them up.

The same mental and *reasonable* discrimination was, in after years, manifested by Smoker's grandson "Wolf," while I resided at Teffont Manor-House, in Wiltshire. There were circular beds of shrubs and flowers on the lawn, and into them I had been in the habit of sending Wolf to drive out rabbits. This he had continued to do for the earlier part of spring and summer. One day, later in the summer, I sent him into a large bed of shrubs to do the usual thing: he went into the shrubs a little way, made a peculiar sort of distasteful snap



with his teeth, as was his habit when he did not like a thing, and returned with an odd "sheepish" look to my heels. The fact was, a lot of hand-reared young pheasants had been down from the hill that bounded the lawn, where they had been kept with their coops, for the first time, and there might have been from twenty to thirty when I sent Wolf in to drive out the rabbit in the bed of shrubs. From the time these birds were hatched, Wolf had lain by my gun resting on a coop, and seen me feed them, and the care I took that neither Wolf nor myself should approach them incautiously. It was from this that he *reasonably came* to comprehend that these young birds were on no account to be disturbed, and hence his refusal to go among them after the rabbit. It was this same dog who, while we shot the belt of firs at Telfont, remembered a wounded pheasant that flew back, but for which he was forbidden to go, because he was more immediately wanted. When we came to the end next the village, and were counting our bag, many of which Wolf had picked up after having seen the wounded bird go back, I missed Wolf, when, on asking if anybody knew where he was, old Barnes, my keeper, said he had gone back to the further

end of the firs. He had done so to some *rational* purpose, for he soon was seen returning with the wounded pheasant that had some time before flown back, and which he in his own reason remembered, and without *bidding* went to fetch.

It is instinct that takes the carrier-pigeon, from whatever distance, to her home ; it is instinct that gives the dog the same power of direction, and induces a young foxhound, if lost on the first day of his going out cub-hunting, perhaps a long way from his kennel and in a strange country, to come directly home: *not by the roads* over which he had proceeded to the distant woods with his huntsman in the morning, but, like the carrier-pigeon, he comes direct as the crow flies to the desired and loved spot. I used to see this with hounds admirably illustrated while hunting from Harold Hall, in Bedfordshire. If a young hound was lost on the Hanger Wood, or Ampthill side of the country, to come home to his kennel at Harold Hall by the roads would be through the village of Pavenham, and through Carlton over Harold Bridge, and then turning through one field on his left, he would find the hall and the kennel standing on that, the Harold side of the river.

A young hound, however, never did this: he used to come direct through the fields, leaving Carlton village and the road he had left home by just on his right, and come down direct upon his kennel, only on the wrong side of the river. Then I have known a young hound to sit down and howl till he gained the notice of his huntsman, reluctant, when tired, again to swim a river he probably had swam before he had got to his destination.

Now, as to the fact of burying a bone, that is more an instinct of the common sort than from a reasonable motive. I have known dogs to bury rats—and particularly cats—when they have killed them. This arose from no intention of exhuming them again, but from an instinctive idea that they ought to be put out of sight.

With bones the same. I have known dogs bury them, and never return to look for them again, though often passing that spot. The fox, too, will bury most of the things he kills, and never seek to touch them more; and that is, in hunting countries, a very fortunate thing, as some keepers are apt to set traps in anticipation of his return. Though reason and instinct are very nearly allied,

still an observant person, thoroughly versed in animal life, can soon see where the one ends and the other begins. The bird in the Zoological Gardens in London that with his foot tries the temperature of the heating grass that covers the eggs he is desirous of hatching, and increases the quantity of hot grass or diminishes it as he deems requisite, that bird is possessed of reason, because there is an absolute learning, and reasonable thought, inculcated by Nature, in what he does. The salmon is led, by the instinctive desire to reach higher waters, to attempt to approach them in only one way, and that is, up the deepest bed to the foot of the main fall in the river, and if that fall is not sufficient for him to get up, then he will instinctively wait for a "spate" or flood, and will not reasonably look for any corner made for his ascent by human and ignorant hands, in no way compatible with his "instinct." There never was so great a farce as that of the salmon ladder, as first adjusted by Messrs. Fennel, Buckland and Co. I had a fishery on the Avon, as I have before alluded to, when the foolish ladders for creatures without legs were first set up. I always laughed at and resisted their imposition, and people have since come

to my opinion in respect to that matter. To return to dog, the same presentiment of immediate danger or suddenly approaching misfortune, which most certainly at times have thrown the dim forecast of impending death over the reasoning mind of man, have, under similar circumstances, dwelt in the gifted brains of dogs. My own retriever, on that, to me, wretched day, when he accidentally died by my hand, went, not more than an hour before he was wanted to go out shooting, and hid himself in a strange place, and lay down by the side of the road, and close to labouring men, strange to him, and whose class he always detested.

He was reported by a passer-by as being there, was sent for, and he came and did his duty as well as ever, until the moment he sprang from behind me, and underneath the barrels of my gun. At the first discharge he leaped at the bank before me, unmindful of his duty not to go until he was told to do so, and from his unexpected rise beneath the barrels, the discharge of the second barrel just caught the extreme edge of the back of the skull, and killed him. In another instance, Bull, a fighting dog, was so disgusted if any one danced before

him, that he went and sat down with his head concealed beneath a tablecloth or sofa-cover, and nothing hurt him more than to pretend to laugh at him. That had nothing to do with instincts inculcated by nature; in fact, were I to recount all the strange things relating to dogs that I have witnessed in my life, I should fill more volumes than my publisher would purchase. Not wishing to have that said of me which was said by Mr. Drummond, in the House of Commons, in regard to Macaulay's 'History of England,' viz., that it was an "amusing fiction," I abstain from matters of mere hearsay, and only write of things that have come within my personal observation, and arising from my studies of the gifted canine race. Those studies have led me to know that if there is such a thing as "mesmerism," dogs are possessed of it as well as *some* of the human race. Of this I offer the following proof. My greyhound Brenda used to sleep in my room, and if she was unwell in the night, and wanted to be taken out, she used to come to my bed-side, and look fixedly and intently upon me, without any noise whatever. From the soundest sleep, when sleep always came on "downy pinions" to

close my eyes, I have first become conscious of unaccountable restlessness, and, on opening my eyes, by the light of the night-lamp I have found Brenda seated by me, intently gazing at me. So often had it happened, perhaps once or twice in two years, that the moment I saw her I knew what she *said*, and complied with her wishes.

The same sort of mesmerism I have much more often seen exist in "Skim," a favourite deerhound of mine, the daughter of Smoker. Skim, and a lovely little white terrier, called "Cress," had two baskets to sleep in in my room, both made neat and nice, and according to their size. At times, when Skim chose to lie on the rug by the fire-place, or on the carpet, Cress used to leave her little basket and get into Skim's, as small "swells" do into the great boots of the Household Brigade of Cavalry, under a false impression that they become tall by association. When Skim returned to her basket, and found the little, round, comfortable Cress rolled up in a ball in the middle of it, and as fast asleep as such *fat* things so often are, Skim used simply to go up to her bed and stand stock-still, neither growling nor making any noise whatever, and in a short time Cress used to wake up

under this *fixed look*, vacate Skim's nest, and go to her own.

Instances of this mesmeric kind I have very frequently seen between those two dear things, much more frequently, I am happy to say, than between Brenda and myself.

We may, indeed, simply say to those who think or speak disparagingly of the canine race, that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy."

Men, often times the vilest sinners, are shaken by the hand by prison chaplains at the foot of the gallows, and assured of an "exclusive heaven;" but I doubt if their future would be half so fair as that assigned to dogs, whose hearts, whose affection, faith, and honesty, were bound in one brave attachment; that lived through life and ended but in death.



## CHAPTER X.

## THE USE OF DOGS.

Two Irish Setters, Nellie and Ben—Sensibility of Dogs to Praise and Blame—Their Appreciation of Just and Kind Treatment—On Training them—Instance of the Exercise of Mind in a Setter—Good Breakers difficult to find—Amusing Error of an American Author in reference to the Duke of Gordon's Greyhounds—The Proper Use of Setters and Pointers—Intelligence of my Setters, Quail and Chance—Folly and Cruelty in the Use of the "Dog Whip."

IN writing of the capabilities of dogs, I cannot do better, by way of continuous illustration, than refer to the action and capacities of the two setters over whom I had been in the habit of shooting—the red Irish setters, Nellie and Ben. They were most kindly given to me, as puppies, by Major Spring, when my kennel had been desolated by a fatal phase of distemper, such as I had never before known. Nothing could arrest its course, and three perfect setters, the descendants of my famous old Chance, fell victims to the virulence

of that disorder. I thought they had had the distemper, and therefore had not had them vaccinated.

I never saw two creatures, brother and sister, so attached to each other as Nellie and Ben were. They delighted in rushing off, when the game was killed, at the word, "Seek dead," and for a long time, if Ben found the bird first (I speak of partridge or snipe), and had it in his mouth, he invariably resigned it to Nellie to bring to me, accompanying her side by side, with what they so evidently conceived a treasure.

After shooting over them for some time, Ben became more fond of me, and more alive to the gratulations I invariably bestow on a dog when he is successful in any endeavour to please me, and hence he desired to bring the bird back to me in his own mouth, instead of surrendering it to Nellie. To this arrangement Nellie would not consent, so they came to an understanding on the matter,—they both brought the bird,—the body of the bird in Nellie's mouth, and the tip of the wing or foot tightly held by Ben. When the bird was delivered to me not a feather was ruffled. In cases where two birds in different directions have fallen to a left and right shot, or when some one

has been shooting with me, and from the same rise birds have fallen in different directions, Nellie and Ben advisedly, and of their own purpose, when told to "seek dead," went for the different birds; and this is remarkable, because the purpose to secure the fallen birds is reasonably and strategically evident.

It is a very great mistake not to let your dogs claim all the pleasure they can when working for the gun. To point, to kill, and to pick up the bird is to them a triumph—the picking up the most so; and, unlike mankind, constant triumphs and undeviating success tend to the obedient perfection of the malleable mind of the dog, whereas in man, perhaps, they would tend to the simple creation of a puppyish satiety.

The first thing in breaking a dog is to let him be thoroughly convinced of *what it is you want*. Then, when he understands you, when he does what you want, be immensely lavish of your approbation and caresses. As I have elsewhere said, I have seen a fool, miscalled a "keeper," rate and kick a retriever, when, under immense difficulty of water, snow, and ice, he fetched a wild duck from the other side of a river, and, having

laid it at the fool's feet, shook his wet and freezing coat so as to sprinkle the thing called a man with water. Any dog is much too sensible to deem this thoughtless brutality as any recompense for his pains; and if sensible dogs of this kind are to be assigned to senseless fools, the dog will not be of half the value to his master that thoughtful and kind treatment would have made him.

I deeply regret to say that the immortal bard, Shakspeare,—said to be *a sportsman*, but, from all we can gather, he was only a poacher or deer-stealer,—speaks disparagingly of the beautiful companion of our leisure hours, and, indeed, contemptuously enough, when he says, “Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.” “A hang-dog look” is commonly in the mouths of foolish people; and the same idiotic feeling may be traced in the remonstrative expression of “You treat me like a dog.”

I kiss the smooth foreheads of my dogs, and, adopting an expression usually applied to a caressing dog, I “fawn” on them as much as they fawn on me. My setter Nellie, her face, when she brought me a partridge, landrail, or snipe, was, as she held it up to me, redolent of

happy delight. Pleased as I may be with her gifted behaviour in finding the bird, I add to that sensation an expression of happiness similar to hers, in order to teach her that I reciprocate her feelings to their fullest extent.

To bring a retriever out, led by a keeper in a leash, to find the stricken-down birds dead or crippled, is inflicting a jealous agony on the setters or pointers who have taken the trouble to find and bring the gun up to the game. Setters will more often bring the game than pointers; but if a pointer is properly broken, and then sensibly and encouragingly used, he needs no other retriever than himself. He will trace or foot a running bird, and catch him, or he will find a dead bird; and all that man has then to do is to pick the bird up and put him in the bag.

It is the lamentable fashion to call any dog with a rough coat, and who will fetch a stick out of the water, a retriever.

A retriever, *per se*, is not wanted with setters or pointers properly broken and continuously and carefully used, for it is, it can be, and it ought to be, *their duty* to find anything that is down to the gun on which they are attending, and it is

offensive to their sensitive minds to call in extra assistance.

It has been my lot very frequently to listen to the dogmas deliberately laid down by many noble lords and gentlemen as to what their pointers or setters ought or ought not to be allowed to do. One learned Pundit says, "Never let your setters or pointers have snipes or landrails shot to them; it teaches them to 'puzzle.'" Another learned man assures you "that you should never shoot hares or rabbits before your setters or pointers, or they will always be looking for fur instead of feather!"

My reply to these fallacies is this. I go out to enjoy myself, and, therefore, to shoot anything I please, and I fully expect my dogs to be as anxious to find, and as careful to point, anything from a landrail, quail, hare, or rabbit, up to a blackcock, grouse, partridge, or pheasant.

My setters will not of themselves run a hare or a rabbit, but, if I see that I wound either, I can bid them "seek dead," and they will run the line of either till they find it dead or so crippled that they can catch it, and then they bring it back to me.

One thing I always insist on, when in heath or furze I can't see the shot that is made, and that is, that while the setters are down to the discharge of the gun, the shooter shall tell me if he has wounded or missed. If missed, I don't tell my dogs to "seek dead," for, as they fully rely on my supposed better judgment, if told to "seek dead," they deem the game, whatever it is, is wounded, and thus, in full reliance on my word, if they were to be deceived, they may go for a mile footing a hare they have no chance of catching.

To establish a full reliance on the truth of each, as between man and dog, is, or ought to be, the grand attempt of the real sportsman and his dog, the sportsman and his hound. They should love each other, understand each other, and have a full reciprocity in the pleasures of the day.

While on this subject, the capabilities and wondrous discriminative powers of dogs properly taught and judiciously used, I will refer to a circumstance which occurred in the earliest part of September 1871, at Effingham Hill, the residence of my sister, the Lady Caroline Maxse. I

was returning from shooting, and had just reached the house, when a covey of hand-reared partridges, which were feeding on the gravel at the portico, came running along the road to meet my setters, who might have been thirty or forty yards in front of me. I neither called nor whistled, but watched with extreme curiosity and delight the upshot of this meeting.

The setters had picked up many birds on that same day, some few of them winged and runners; but now, on their return home, they met a covey of birds openly confessed, and running towards them face to face.

The setters at first put on a look of extreme caution, and almost came to a point; they then stood still, though *not at a point*, and stared at the birds, and the birds stood very affrighted and stared at them; they thus regarded each other a moment or two, when the setters put on smiling and good-humoured faces, wagged their sterns at the covey, and looked back at me. All I said was "darlings." The setters went on; the partridges on seeing the setters advance moved out of the carriage way a few yards into the grass of the park, and, without further notice, the setters pre-



ceeding me, we went on our way to the comfortable kennel.

The occurrence I have thus narrated owes its origin not to the mere teaching of man, it comes from use, and the exercise of mind in the setter, from capacity of thought, not severity of punishment by the whip; the latter tending to destroy, not to teach, and to injure the temper instead of teaching obedience.

It is very easy to spoil either setters or pointers by *over*-breaking. What I mean by that expression is to render them by discipline mere galloping puppets, or anything else except dogs to find game, and to whom game may be killed.

I have seen dogs under this description of "breaking" ranging and quartering their ground beautifully, and ready at the slightest lifting of their breaker's hand to fall down and lie still as if they had been shot. These dogs so taught were hunting by eye and leg; they were looking for, and dependent on, their breaker's hand. They were not using their minds and noses to find and point their game; all they had been taught to do was to watch, and, so to speak, "back" their breaker. They had no knowledge of the likely

haunt of game, nor did they make the best use of their wondrous powers of scent, for their eyes, their legs, and their ears were all their breaker seemed to require, and their mind had no chance left to direct the use of the nose.

I regret to say that the custom of shooting to dogs has become obsolete, so much so, that in the spring of 1872 I could not find a breaker to whom in confidence I could entrust a beautiful young setter bitch.

There is no sort of dog, thoroughbred or mongrel, that has not a more or less good nose, and the will within him to make use of it after game, if the knowledge of his own possessions is inculcated into his head and brought out by being called into use. Thus I have taught a beautiful little Italian greyhound, Brenda, to leave the warmth of the rug and the fire, the soft cushions of her lady's sofa, and to hunt rabbits to my gun out of thick furze by the seaside. I have taught the best bred greyhounds for hare. My darling Brenda was one of them; her public trophies deck my sideboard now. And I have done the same by my deer greyhounds, to hunt for game, to retrieve game, and to work for wild fowl on

the water, as well as for game on land. The same service I have induced from a bull and mastiff dog; and though my hare greyhound so taught would kill rats, and though my deer game-hounds would kill, and have killed, both fox and badger, not one of them but had, with game or eggs, the softest possible mouth; and so gentle was the mouth of Skim, the daughter of Smoker, that if she found a bantam's egg in the garden in front of the drawing-room window at Harold Hall, she would pick it up and take it in to her mistress, with the tender shell unharmed. This gentleness abandoned her one morning, when my friend, Mr. St. Leger, had come to hunt with me when the frost was too hard for hounds to go out, for, unused to dogs as much as Skim was unused to rude treatment, on seeing her stretched that frosty morning at full length before the drawing-room fire, and wanting more room himself to stand before it, he pushed her with his foot to "get out." The push was instantly resented, for Skim seized his almost new red coat by the tail, and very nearly tore it from the waist buttons. This gentlest of all gentle things, when kindly used, fought a duel with a large badger I had taken,

and, single-handed, shook her foe in a very short time to death. I had also a bull and mastiff dog who would work for game for me on land or water; terriers and lurchers the same; and, in short, all dogs can be induced to do anything that by "reason" is possible.

It is a very vulgar error to suppose that greyhounds, as contrasted with other dogs, are deficient in mind and incapable of the most faithful attachment; my life among them has proved to me the contrary.

An American author, I forget his name, when "gleaning notes" in this country many years ago, fell into an amusing error when he attempted to descant on and to describe the greyhounds of the then Duke of Gordon. The American asserted, in his publication, that if any of the greyhounds of His Grace evinced the slightest attachment to any one person, or manifested more sagacity than the generality of their fellows, for that reason they were immediately ordered by the Duke to be taken from the kennel and hung.

Now, His Grace of that day was the last man in the United Kingdom to do any such foolish or cruel thing. American travellers in this country

add to their inclination to the marvellous, by catching at any sort of straw that current or wind sends or brings in their direction, and are but too delighted to pin any sort of delusion that has the remotest circumstance to found itself upon to the narrative of their adventures in the Old World.

The same sort of foundation in this instance is attached to circumstances as that on which rests the habit of calling every mad dog a hydrophobic dog, and asserting, because the dog whose malady was mistaken drank water, or attempted to drink it, that all hydrophobic dogs would do the same.

The real fact as to the drafting of greyhounds for faults or too much wisdom was, that a greyhound kept for "public running" was not worth keeping if he selected to "run cunning." To "run cunning" means to wait on the dog matched against him; not to try conclusions of speed with his opponent, but to "lie by" for "the turn," letting the other dog do all the work, and running on purpose second to him, for the desire of flinging in and catching the hare when "turned." A greyhound resorting to this cunning trick is no use as far as running in public for a prize goes, any more than a skirting foxhound is for assisting the pack

to kill their fox. A judge at a coursing meeting would at once decide against a crafty runner.

The use of setters and pointers now-a-days is very little understood, and I have really been asked by sensible men on all other points, "What was the use of taking out a brace of setters or pointers when one would do just as well?"

The real utility of this class of sporting dog is to clear the ground *in front* of a sportsman by ranging it widely and well, crossing the field from hedge to hedge; not the one after the other, but each dog hunting on his own account, ready at the same time to "back" a point if made by his companion, or to stop at the holding up of his master's hand, with the word "Ho" sharply said to demand the dog's attention. The wind being given to the dogs, up-wind of course, if any change was needed in this direction, it should be brought about by a wave of the hand, not by that cockney thing the miserable "pea-whistle," which, having been used by men from time immemorial to their dogs in hunting game, is as well known to all old birds as any other sign of danger, which gives them cause to fly or run.

It is very easy to over-break dogs, and to make

them mere creatures of art, who range the fields with no other idea in their heads than the pea-whistle and a sign from their master's hand, at which, when raised, they will drop to the instant.

These dogs so taught are really not using their wits for the selection of likely ground and finding game; they are hunting simply to whistle and hand, and, instead of using their noses, are using their eyes.

A setter or pointer should know what he is trying to find by his nose, and, with due obedience to his master, think of nothing else but the birds that are lying upon the ground.

At times when birds are wild and running, then the perfection of the dog's sagacity comes forth in the most beautiful and *reasoning* way possible. If he winds the birds and points, and then finds that they are *not lying* but running away, he will quit his point, and taking a considerable circuit so as to escape the position of being behind the game, and at the same time not to put the game to wing, he will get before or head them, and thus put them between him and the gun, in a position in which they are sure to lie, for the simple reason that they don't know which way to run. The thing that I

have never been able satisfactorily to account for is, how the sensible dog makes out the distance to go in getting round his birds, for he changes places and gives them, if they had noses, which they have not, his wind instead of keeping theirs. Yet I have had both pointers and setters who never were at fault under these difficult circumstances.

No dog can be taught by man to do this: the knowledge is acquired by "reason" and by practice, and by permitting the sagacious dog to *use* his mysterious gifts to compass that which *he knows* his master desires.

Setters and pointers should always be allowed to retrieve their own shot game. A dog to retrieve his game need not of necessity bring it, but he ought to be permitted at the words to "seek dead," and to take his master to it, as he deems it a delightful reward to his steadiness, sagacity, and labour; and *he hates* to see, and is jealous of, a strange dog brought up to do for him that which he could do, and delights to do, for his master and himself.

In the New Forest, where there were much cover and water, as neither of the red setters, "Chance" and "Quail," would bring their game, I was obliged



to have a retriever. I have, in bad-scenting days, seen the retriever fail to find dead game, eagerly watched as he always was by those two setters, while they sat down for the loading of the gun. If the retriever returned without his bird, of whatever sort it might be, both those bright-eyed, intelligent faces were turned at once on me to ask permission to go and do *what the retriever had failed to do*; and when they got the word their proud delight was obvious!—the retriever accompanying them, to bring back whatever they found, without the slightest opposition from them. They would then all three return together.

One day neither my retriever nor myself could make out what had become of Quail. The three were sent after a jack snipe, but Quail remained absent, and no whistle from the lip could bring her to me. The fact occurred in very rough alder-growth, bog myrtle, and swampy ground, not far from the Holmsley Station on the South-Western Railway.

At last I began to fear some accident, or that Quail was caught in a thieving snare, so I commenced a search in every hole and corner, and then I found old Quail panting with pleasure at

my arrival, and pawing something in a muddy place beneath high heath and bog myrtle, which looked like a small ball of plastered mud. On getting down into the hole and picking it up, it proved to be the jack snipe, which she alone had found; and, refusing to mouth it or quit it, she had remained scratching it over and over till she had made it into the ball I saw. She had not hurt the bird, and, when the mud was washed off, the jack snipe was fit for the kitchen.

In these rough wild scenes, or in some of them, wood and swamp were intermixed with clear places here and there. If Chance, by any accident while out of sight, came down wind on any game and flushed it, I always knew what he had done by finding him with a peculiar look in his handsome face come to heel. On such occasions as these, I have turned round to him, and, praising him, waved my hand in the direction he came from, and said in a peculiar tone of voice, "Where was he?"

On that encouragement he would go in the direction the game had gone, which was seldom far, for his red curly coat and his long, stealthy, cautious gallop suggested a fox to bird ideas; and at times I have found pheasants and black game

simply perched in a tree out of his way, and having no apprehension of man. Occasionally, when he himself had marked down a snipe, he would go straight back to the spot and find it: snipes, particularly the jack, when flushed by him alone, very seldom went far.

Now I call this making use of a dog, and permitting the dog to show a sagacity which man cannot teach, but which good usage and judicious treatment may bring forth; and this, again, is the poetry of sport, and, in bringing game to the bag, worth a hundred of the tramping nailed-shoes and sticks which are in use in the present day.

All young hounds and dogs, of every sort and kind, are naturally addicted to run hare. When at their walks, as puppies, they have indulged in it; and, of course, when full grown, they have a lively remembrance of their sport in their youth, and when taken out to hunt they recur to it.

On no account whatever, when they first evince this inclination, which they themselves do not as yet recognize as a fault, let them be stricken with the whip or punished. With foxhounds, get them to enter *first at a fox*, and let them be taught by the old hounds that *that is the animal* they are

brought out to chase, when they enter to *that* particular scent and *know its difference* from the line of the hare; then let them be rated from the latter and feel off-handed the lash of the whipper-in's whip, if he gets within reach of them in an act of riot, but on no account whatever permit them to be coupled up for punishment.

Foxhounds, harriers, setters, pointers, truffle dogs, and rat-catchers may be spoilt by the injudicious use of the whip; and it really makes the *true sportsman that has lived up* to the present day shudder to see the horrible, heavily-knotted instruments for rib-fracture and torture, sold by saddlers as dog-whips, to be carried in the coat pocket. A bit of whip-cord tied to a little twig or handle of a painting-pencil is quite enough to impress the knowledge on a dog that he has done wrong. It is not severe bodily pain, it is the sign of possible punishment, that makes the desired impression.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SCENT AND SMELL CONTRASTED.

Uncertainty of Scent—From What does it Arise?—Difficulties of the Subject—Scent in Hounds not the same as Smell—The “Drag”—Gossamer unfavourable to Scent—Good Huntsman, Good Hounds—Mr. Ashton Smith and the Curate—Remarkable Faculty of Scent in my Bloodhound Druid.

THIS is a subject which, up to the present time, has baffled all our ideas as to what the “scent” (the line of scent as hunted by hounds or dogs) of bird or beast may be, and how or in what way it differs from those “smells” of various descriptions, sweet flowers, artificial perfumes, or the malaria of drains, &c. &c., which are palpable to the nose of man. What it is that governs the scent of deer, fox, hare, or birds of game, and renders it, as the huntsman says, “breast high” on one day, cold and close only to the ground another day, and perchance on the next day no scent at all, is to my mind utterly beyond conception.

I have known a brilliant scent on a hot, dry day, when my foxhounds could run even in a cloud of dust; I have known a holding scent in a high wind, and a scent in snow and hard rain, a scent in a beautifully mild, still, damp day, and no scent at all occasionally on all those days thus mentioned; so to none is a certainty of scent attached.

The few things that I have been able to mark as decidedly militating against the chance of a scent, are these.

Gossamer webs when *fixed*, and holding *thickly across the face of the fields*; rain in the air, but not come down, and snow lying yet in the ditches, that the thaw has not had warmth enough to melt away. These few things I have known to tell against scent in many remarkable instances; but of them all, I should say that the worst symptom of the lot is the abundance of the gossamer web.

In all weathers, and at all times and seasons, I have known scents and no scents, and, on looking out of my window in the morning, I never could attempt to say, with the slightest approach to certainty, that hounds would run, or that “it *was* a fine hunting day.”

There is an old song, that old men, when I began life, used to sing, and in which “catch” I have joined when singing round the table was in fashion, in the truth of which my seniors seemed to believe; but, though there may be “truth in wine,” I very soon found that “the southerly wind and cloudy sky” was as fallacious as a good many more of their antiquated notions. In later days the practice of my huntsman’s life has taught me that the probability of there being a scent lies in the wind having something northerly in it,—and at one of the best runs known in Leicestershire “the wind was at north-east, forbiddingly keen,”—and, take my hunting life through, I have seen, as a rule, worse scents in a southerly wind than when the wind was in any other point of the compass.

A partial frost in the night, or early in the morning, which had thawed before noon, and rendered the surface of the fields “greasy,” soapy, or in a clinging state, to be picked up by the feet of fox or hare, and carried on, *that* is decidedly opposed to the chance of scent. But in a dry, cold afternoon, with a frost in the air *about to set in that night*, then I have often

known a scent which had been bad all day mend in the afternoon, to the fullest perfection ; but take it all in all, there is *no rule to be laid down* as a governing principle presiding over the chance of sport. The fact of the ground where it “ carries ” militating, as it always does, against a good scent would seem very evidently to suggest that the scent that leads on the hound arises from the foot of the creature before him, and not from the breath, or from any exudation of the animal structure. But there have come within my experience facts as to there being a scent from a dead deer carried on men’s shoulders, as narrated in another place, whose feet had never touched the ground since her death, and who had no breath in her body, which would go far to prove that the foot of a creature, and the breath, were not the sole facts that led the hound along.

Scent and its fathomless intricacies, its variations and its presence or otherwise, its strength, its weakness, or its non-existence, arise, say what we will, from some strange phenomena of which we really know very little.

I have often put my face into the “ form ” of a hare that moment disturbed, to try if I could



distinguish any sort of smell or scent; but, though the "form" was deeply sheltered by the grass, warm, and well imprinted on the ground, there was no sort of trace of the occupant that had so lately left distinguishable to the human faculty of smell. Under such circumstances, when the harriers were brought to the spot, at times they would race away in full cry and at full speed; then on other occasions, if it was what is commonly called "a bad scenting-day," even under that adverse circumstance, the hounds still could slowly hunt the foot of the hare, whose four feet, breath, and whole body, after the form had been held by the creature, perhaps from break of day till noon, afforded to man not the slightest indication of her recent presence.

If the scent of the creature really depended on the commonly accepted term "smell," then, faint as the smell of a hare is, and must be, surely, to use a strong expression, a "stink" of any filthy kind must overpower it. But no such thing is the case. Other effluvia, however strong and noxious, have not the slightest power to intervene between the nose of a hound and the scent of the creature he is running; that is to say, if the

strong and filthy effluvium emanates from carrion or other offal which the hound has picked up, rolled on, or eaten in his way to cover, *that* in no way impedes his power of running what seems to man to be a foot that leaves not a trace in the air. Now we find that in the case of man (there is reason to be thankful for it in some instances) man can overpower one smell by the artificial introduction of another. One "smell" can be overpowered by another, and delicious perfume and fetid malaria may be made to take turn about in overpowering succession. But not all the fetid smells nor carrion effluvia of any kind, though on the hound's nose, skin, as well as in his stomach, and pervading his breath and lips, can in any degree lessen his olfactory power of detecting and being carried on by the "scent," as we call it, left by the fox, the deer, or hare, or rabbit.

It is, as to scent, the same thing as regards the setter, pointer, spaniel, and retriever, in reference to the "foot" of winged, that is, broken-winged and running game. The most horrible effluvium that man can, to his disgust, detect as arising from carrion on his hounds or

dogs, from the back of his hunter or shooting-pony, has no effect on the power of hound's or pointer's, spaniel's or retriever's, nose, in their keen and beautiful and curious detection of the foot of running game.

Now, then, comes the query, From what source does that which the sportsman calls "scent" arise?

Is it from the foot, or the body, or the breath of the creature that is hunted? On this point I am at considerable loss to divine. "Perspiration" from the pores of fox, deer, or hare, and from birds, there is *none*. If in regard to the fox or deer, the perspiration comes from the mouth, as it does from the hound or dog. As to birds, I never could discover any discharge of perspiration, not even in the at times prolonged battle between two game-cocks. Distress and long exertion induce panting; but from the beak there is no perceptible discharge, such as there is from the mouth of hound or dog, and from all ruminating animals as well.

The three creatures that have the strongest scent for hounds are the red deer, the otter, the badger, the martin cat, and the fallow deer. I name them

successively, as the scent that pertains to them exists. All are infinitely stronger in scents to serve hounds than the fox. Yet to man's nose the fox seems to be the stronger "smell," that of the red deer the next, and as to the otter, *none at all!*

Then comes the fact of the "drag" for hounds. A red-herring, or the anise-seeded skirt of an old coat, will induce them for a certain period, only they soon get tired of it, to run as if they gloried in the chase of a "smell" they had *never known before*. But on this they will *very soon* become *very* slack as well as very uncertain. In short, a hound used to the "drag" will soon become an egregious liar, and at a check "speak" to any unusual track he may come across.

The most beautiful things in nature may be travestied and rendered marvellously ridiculous: all our sports are becoming so. Pigeon-shooting and the tossing up balls or toys for shooting at are fast taking the place of wild sport with game and dog, and now we tramp with a company of men in line, flag-bearers sent out to do what is never done, and turnips suffer while partridges get away.

I have seen my hounds when running a stag

run as hard as it was in their power to run, when they were at least 150 yards or 200 yards off the line or foot of the deer—the stag shut out from their sight, so there was no “view,” by a bank and high hedge. The hounds, of course, were down-wind of him. They could not have done this by fox or otter, nor can a setter or pointer “foot” a winged or running bird, save immediately on the line of retreat, though they will wind the covey a long way off. If the fugitive stops, when down-wind of their intended captive the dogs can wind him, but not so while the bird runs away. The pointer’s or setter’s, or retriever’s nose must be on the very foot of the bird. Well, then, viewing all positions to which I have referred, it is beyond my conception as to what governs the scent that “leads the hound to go.”

If my early readings serve me correctly, Æsop asks, “What stirs the dog?” the answer, “His ears and tail”; but what I cannot explain is, what it is that leads the hound at tip-top speed to pursue, his “stern” down and head in air (Æsop, of course, did not speak of hounds when he used the words “dog” and “tail”), nor why it is that the most filthy and carrion smell cannot overpower

the curiously fine discernment of the hound's nose.

The observable fact that *mostly militates against scent*, in its sporting attributes, is, the gossamer threads upon the grass. I have seen them so thick that the hound's face and nose have been to some extent clogged with them. These gossamer webs have no power over scent, save by intervening contact. When pertaining only to the bushes or lower boughs of trees, they do not, as far as I have observed, exert any very great detrimental power; but when they cling to herbs and grasses along the ground, it is far worse than when "the dew-drop hangs on the thorn," and, in fact, with much gossamer on the ground the huntsman *may* "go home and hang up his horn." However, it was always my rule with my hounds to work them under adverse circumstances, as well as favourable ones, and never, so long as I could hit a fox on field or at a hedge, would I be induced to give that fox up to look for another, or to go home. In this way I have "guessed" a fox to death; and it is in these ways that you make a perfect pack of hounds.

There is no creature that takes the tone of his temper from his master so much as the hound does

from that of his huntsman. If the huntsman is wild or slack, so will his hounds be. If he is persevering and clever, his hounds will not only never give in, but under difficulties they will attend to his judicious lead, and be quick to his hand in "lifting."

It is a very rare thing to meet with a huntsman who knows when to be quiet and when to be quick. Quickness, though, when ill judged, is often anything but useful speed, while sluggish slackness is just as much to be condemned. Of this I have treated in another place.

Mr. Ashton Smith's reply to a curate who pestered him on his road home after an unsuccessful day with his hounds, though very rude, was nevertheless not very far off the truth.

"I should like to know, Mr. Ashton Smith, what you consider your huntsman's place is worth?" said the divine.

"Perhaps, from two to three hundred pounds a-year," grunted the squire.

"Dear me," replied the curate, "that is double the sum, or more, that I get for doing my sacred duties."

"Humph," again growled the squire, "that is

very likely, because you see we must have a clever man for a huntsman, while, you know, any d—d fool does for a parson!”

The curate stuck spurs to his beast and vanished, and the mighty hunter pursued his way to the kennels without further vexation.

To recur again to scent. There have been writers who, as previously alluded to, because their pointers could not find a dead or wounded bird, mooted it as *their opinion* that creatures had the power of withholding their scent, and thus leaving no intimation to the dog as to where they had fallen or hidden themselves. I simply recur to this childish idea, to show how few there are wise enough to take charge of the much more gifted dog. I do not think that “fear” in the common course of nature takes from the fetid exhalations of the breath or body of the frightened thing; perhaps it would be a mercy in some human instances if it did. The idea of a power being given to the brain and form of birds to shut off scent as if it were steam, is so preposterous that I am almost ashamed of having alluded to it; but, perhaps, in this true history it may be right to illustrate it with a few of the ridiculous imagings of others, who, though they may have taken pen in



hand, are certainly incapable of leading the ideas of others.

An otter-hound, when the otter is under water, can only speak to the "chain," or air-bubbles, which ascend to the surface.

A deer that has "taken soil" in a river can only be spoken to by a hound by the bubbles, or by the spots of foam from the mouth of the deer, which the deer leaves on the line in which he swims. Also, a hound can speak to his passage if any twigs or boughs touch the deer as he swims by. My hound Blunder, whose portrait still hangs in my dining-room, always was the foremost to help me in these contingencies; and some other foxhounds used to stag were of similar service.

Of all the noses I ever had in my kennel, my bloodhound, the well-known "Druid" of the New Forest, had the most curiously sensitive; and, what is more, he possessed a brain which, by the most evident thought or reflection, gave him the power to use, under all emergencies, the information he arrived at through the power of scent. Thus, with the deer in the New Forest, to be sure of a find, I could not, without close investigation, heedlessly

pass over the semblance of a slot or footprint left by a buck or doe.

One hot, dry day in summer, not long after a shower that had slightly damped the bottom of a deep rut, I saw the single "slot" of a deer therein impressed, but, as the surface of the rut had been rebaked hard and dry by the sun, it was impossible for me to tell whether the slot was fresh or stale, the earth around giving no other evidence of the passage of a deer.

Druid knew the impression made by the foot of a deer by sight as well as I did—a fact I had frequently observed—so, kneeling down, I called to him to come to me, and then with my finger pointed to the doubtful spot.

He recognized the fact of its being a "slot" at once, and put his fine, broad nose down to it, and, snuffing at it for a moment or two, gave no indication of having obtained *any* information. Still he paused rather longer than usual, as if in doubt, during which time I watched any symptom of a "flutter" from his stern. He then raised his rounded and magnificent foot, and, scratching the baked clay off the slot, so lightly as just to disturb the surface, he put his nose to it again, and then

at once I saw that the deer had passed that spot in the night or very early in the morning, for the graceful wave of Druid's stern conveyed to me the desired information.

The trace was too faint for this lord of all sylvan truths to speak to, so, though I knew that we were on the line of a deer, I gave no cheer, but simply said, in a quiet, unexcited tone, "Good old dog, have at her." I knew it was a doe by the slot.

Druid then followed the line at a foot's pace into the woods of the forest, and for a long distance through short fern and over the fallen leaves of hollies, the worst foil possible, and, in short, through all sorts of impediments in the way of scent. Often during that time he lost the cue to the expected "lair," and returned some distance back to points to which mysterious certainty had led him, and then took up the research again, so as to be certain that to given spots he had undoubtedly been right. Thus we went on for a long, long distance. Of course, I took care not to press him too closely so as to interfere with his re-investigations. At last up sprang the doe near me, but closer still to him; and Druid's full,

deep roar at view and my gun were heard almost together, and the doe fell dead before us.

Scent and its degrees are also very strange! It may exist to some extent in the air, sufficiently so to make a hound fully aware that he is in the precincts of deer or fox; and yet the scent is not of that particular description as to induce the hound to "fling" his tongue.

I once stood in one of the thrown-out enclosures of the New Forest, in a ride on the highest portion of the immediately surrounding land, while Druid was drawing for a deer. He had left me for some time, and though I moved about, occasionally speaking to him to "draw on" from time to time, yet he never appeared in any of the various rides. On returning to my most elevated position, after having resumed my place for some little time, Druid came out of the wood to the spot where he had first left me, and, wagging his long and waving stern to greet me, he resumed the look he always wore when he was aware of the proximity of deer, and, with a flourish of his stern again, dashed into the same quarter of the cover. After a short absence, he came to me again, and made a deliberate cast up the ride on either side

of me. He then returned, and, raising himself for a moment on his hinder legs, snuffling as high up in the little air there was as he could reach, he again disappeared in the cover.

On seeing this, I felt sure that there was a deer not far off, lying close in "lair," but that somehow or other Druid could not make her out, and that in all probability there was very little scent that day, and most likely the deer had gone to the lair very late at night or very early in the morning. Patience, then, of course, was the order of the day. If I had called Druid off, he would not have come away from a wood in which he knew there was a deer. After running thus a considerable time, a yell from Druid, and then a roar on roar, told me he had roused the deer almost beneath his nose, and in that quarter, at the edge of which he had at first disappeared.

There was, however, a very good holding scent, when, after a run of over an hour and a half, I heard Druid's never-failing tongue, given at intervals, returning. Having been aware for some months that there was only one deer in regular use of that enclosure, and that I had found her once or twice before, and that she was very

cunning, I lay down in some young brushwood and long grass, which indicated to the deer no chance for an ambush. I had observed that she always, when she could, avoided open rides and high hollow cover. I had not thus lain flat on the ground for long, when, by the nearer approach of Druid's tongue, which my ear told me was coming exactly in the line where I was, I knew that the deer was between us, and must very soon come in sight. It was so, for I saw her in a long gallop coming directly to the spot where I still held my recumbent position. Now to me at the time, and perhaps still to the reader, comes a painful fact: many such facts I have seen in my sporting life, though at the moment excitement took from them the sting. The poor doe came on in a line which she deemed an open line, not likely to contain or harbour a foe (she had been shot at by the keepers), until she was within thirty yards of me, when I suddenly rose immediately in front of her and raised my gun. The scream of hopeless terror she uttered, and the bound of horror which she gave, I shall never forget. Deer never give utterance to a cry unless seized by dog or man; but, in this instance, the loud and prolonged

cry uttered by the doe was distressing to me, excited even as I was by the sport of the wild hour. The wire cartridge of "double Bs," from the first barrel of the John Manton gun put an end to all further suffering; but, for all that, I would rather not have slain *that* doe.

Druid came into my possession when about a twelvemonth old, and entered at his first deer under my tuition. Having to teach him to draw the woods, find his deer, and act independently of a huntsman, or assistance from any other hound, I never in any one way, when I saw the cause of a check, and how he could be set right, interfered by a cast or otherwise. The consequence of this was, that, being left entirely to himself, his extreme sagacity became a match for any unfavourable contingency of the day; and, let the scent be bad or good, he was sure of his deer in a long or short time, unless by any accident he *changed on a view* to a fresh deer. A view occasionally induced him to change, but if fresh deer crossed his line, and he did not see them, he never varied from the line of scent that he was on. This shows a very curious discriminating power in the nose of a hound thus to particularize

one deer's foot from another, similar scents for chase as they are; and is more curious than that of almost any dog, who can trace his master's footstep through crowds of other people's.

There is another fact as regards the doubt as to whence, or through what means, scent emanates and exists, as narrated of my retriever following the foot of a man who had stolen a dead deer from where I had left it in the New Forest, as described in my 'Reminiscences of a Huntsman,' and again referred to in the present work. The entire fact of the matter was so extraordinary, that I am almost tempted to tell it again; to cut it short, however, it is needful to remember that the retriever had never hunted a deer nor the trace of a man before, but on missing the venison from where I had left it, the dog became aware of my loss and of my wish to recover it. He at once set to work, and by a look invited me to follow him. He then led me a long way over the forest, till he came to the railway. At the fence of the line he came to a check, and looked at me in some doubt what he had better do.

He then put his nose again to the ground, and led off down the outside of the line towards



some platelayers who were at work, but when he had got about half the distance from where they were, he checked again, thought for a moment, and then ran very fast back to where he had first paused on reaching the railway. Here he put his nose down again, went confidently through the fence on to the line, and over the line into the forest on the other side. He checked then for a little while, for he had over-shot the foot he was hunting in his spring over a wide ditch.

On the soft gravel between the lines, as I followed the dog, I saw the foot-marks of two men, and when I got beyond the line, then, for the first time in that extraordinary chase, I could assist my dog. The men had got into the ditch to escape any observation, and I pointed out the traces to my dog. He took up the running along the ditch again, and eventually got the doe, which the thieves, no doubt, had flung into a furze brake, while they made off elsewhere.

Now, then, comes the curious point, as to how or by what wonderful power did the dog know when the man carried the deer and when he did not. Investigation, and evidence procured from the platelayers, proved that where the dog

first checked at the line was where the man put down the deer, and then went to tell the men on the line that they should share in the venison if they said nothing about it. The dog at once found out the alteration, but at first could not make it out; he therefore ran the same footsteps for some distance, but at last detected by his nose that the deer was no longer carried by the men.

Having made up his mind thus far, he returned at full speed to the exact spot, and there found that the men had resumed their burden, and he raced them without further hindrance to the end.

In this instance, what was the scent that the dog ran? It was neither from the foot nor the breath, nor the blood of the deer; for, to prevent any blood from being spilt, the thieves had tied up the throat of the deer which had been cut with a handkerchief. Yet, for all this, the dog by his nose ascertained that when the men put down their burden they were no longer worthy of pursuit, and, remembering at once and through reflection, the spot where the change took place, he ceased from chasing the depredators when they went to the platelayers no longer possessed of the

deer, and returned to where they had for a time put her down. According to this fact, it would seem that the nose of a hound can tell what is on the shoulders of a man, without any part of whatever is carried touching the ground.

Scent will arise from a deer that has been couched in the lair for hours, and reach the nose of a bloodhound without bringing the hound to the spot where the creature lies. The exhalation, or what we term scent, may float on some current of air, be strong enough to attract the nose of the hound, and yet, though it unmistakably assures him that a deer is near, it is not of that peculiar kind of strength to which he will speak or fling his tongue. I have seen Druid become thus sure of the near approximation of a doe over and over again, and yet not be able either to come on her foot, or on her in her lair, for more than an hour. During that time, as before narrated, he came back several times to the spot for the tell-tale air whence he had first detected the exhalation, and at which spot, or by which current of air alone, he gained the information. There is nothing so uncertain, as I have said before, in this uncertain world, as scent,—that is,

the scent which leads the hound or dog to follow or to find the fox, the hare, and all the birds of game. The most uncertain is the scent from the fox or hare. In this case we have the fox, who, in the nose of man, smells so strong that your gloves, in taking up a hunted fox from the hounds, during the time those gloves last, are never divested of the aroma—they are tainted as long as they hold together, yet, for all this, I have seen a dog on which, while the hound could not own the line of a fox, some would feather on and even speak to the foot of a hare, which hare, had the hounds killed her, would have afforded no sort of smell to the nose of man whatever, nor have tainted in any way the gloves he wore.

Scent, then, baffles all our attempts to understand it; and all we can be sure of is, that *scent* and *smell* are two existences having nothing to do with each other, though both are acknowledged by the nose. The strongest, the worst, and most filthy effluvia on the nose, lips, and in the stomach and breath of a hound, will not prevent that hound from racing on the line of fox or hare; and the horrible *smell* that pervades

him cannot overpower his nicer discrimination. Man, then, by artificial perfumery, *can obliterate* the worst of *smells*, so far as the human *nose* goes ; but put what you will *on* the hound, the power to scent a creature of the chase which he possesses cannot be obliterated, but serves him even when trotting by his huntsman's horse, and when the huntsman can scarcely dare to risk an inhalation arising from the hound's lips.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE DIFFICULTY OF DEALING WITH PANICS.

OF the many things I have found it difficult to cope with during my life, there is nothing so difficult as a panic among men and animals, even to the birds. A sudden terror seizes at times on soldiers, though, according to the opinion of a gallant General in the United States, the men are "so much more *intelligent*" than in England, that they know, as well as the French soldiers do, when they are beaten, while our men, if we are to believe the gallant United States officer, from a want of sagacity, seldom or never come to that conclusion in regard to themselves!

From the correspondence that has at times appeared in the columns of the press respecting hydrophobia, we may have gathered—from the melancholy fate, through timid counsel, a

panic, or a superficial desire to find a mare's-nest, that was forced upon the poor, dear foxhounds in the Durham kennels—how mischievous and melancholy the effects of timorous and ignorant delusions are.

No sooner was it bruited about that a kennel of noble hounds had gone mad, and that, to prevent contagion to men, numbers of hounds were instantaneously destroyed, than a mental contagion broke out in the brains of the temporary rulers of other kennels, as well as in the heads of some other veterinary men, cats, and old women. Every sort of illness or distemper among the canine, feline, and human race was set down as the long-known and really very rare, but always fatal, disease of hydrophobia. The delusive term of "rabies" is made to cover any kind of delusion. When the wildest rumours gained, or had been purposely made to gain, insertion in a large portion of the press, in the month of April, it was urged, without the usual respect shown to that remarkable month, so famed for folly, that not only had men and women died "from hydrophobia," but that in the Belvoir kennels fifty of His Grace of Rutland's well-known

hounds had been destroyed, which, fortunately for all sportsmen, proved to be a lie.

At this spot I pause, to assure my readers that, on the event of the inquests on men, holden by the coroners, the verdicts were that the patients had died, not from hydrophobia or from any infection caused by the tooth of dog or cat, but that death had arisen from natural causes as shown by acute disease visible on post-mortem examination.

The published report which appeared in one of the papers, in respect to the Belvoir kennels, was, as I have said, simply a canard set about without the slightest foundation. On direct inquiry, the Belvoir hounds, both old and young, were never more healthy, nor the young entry suffering in a milder degree from the usual attack of distemper, *always more or less prevalent in each succeeding spring.*

Closely following these veterinary mistakes, came the lamentable fact, as reported, that forty young hounds in the Wentworth kennels had, in the absence of Lord Fitzwilliam, been destroyed on account of hydrophobia. On thorough investigation, I expect that here again a fearful loss to



their noble owner has been done under further “veterinarian error.”

In the Wentworth kennels, I have heard that this alleged hydrophobia manifested itself in the entry of young hounds just brought to kennel from their walks, precisely at the period of the year as previously, and so often noticed by me for sixty years, when *madness, arising from the common distemper, invariably, more or less as the severity of the attacks may vary, breaks forth.* That long period of sixty years among all this insanity offering to me only one case of hydrophobia.

Surely, then, my practice should gain for me the reliance of my brother sportsmen in a far greater degree than they would bestow it on a veterinary surgeon whose practice favours or otherwise the stables of the gallant Engineers, for where he has had—I mean Mr. Flemming—one instance of an insane dog under his care, I must have had thousands; and, as my sport and the sport of my friends depended on the care bestowed by me on the admirable creatures of our daily pleasure, it would not be at all likely that ruinous mistakes should be persisted in by the servants

under my command, the more particularly that when needed, if it were ever needed, I had the means of calling in the best medical as well as veterinary advice that the nation contained.

In winding up my volume, perhaps the last that will ever proceed from my pen, let me impress upon my readers some of the miseries I have seen fix their terrible hold on the human mind, the mind of both sexes, as well as the really horrible cruelties I have now extensively known to be enacted against the poor and innocently suffering creatures, the most attached, the most useful, and the most brave and faithful friends of man.

It is known to everybody how fond ladies are of their lap-dogs, or any of the canine race on whom they lavish their care, or to whom they assign a companionship that, by constant use, becomes one of the amusements of their lives.

In the course of my existence, it has come occasionally within my knowledge that ladies and their waiting-maids have been bitten by their canine pets, and when there has been any constitutional or nervous tendency in the mind—a species of morbid apprehension, needless in

its origin, but very difficult to combat—has sprung up, capable by its own chimeric and mental poison to produce, *not the very disease* that caused the *unfounded dread*, but a madness from the force of imagination, arising in and mastering the temporarily unhinged intellect, and which might ultimately produce death.

The same thing—the same liability to yield to morbid sensations of dread which undermine the constitution and unhinge the brain—often manifests itself in man and woman, and it is, therefore, wise and humane in all those who love and like their fellow-creatures and their friends to raise—or, at least, to devote their best energies to raise—a shield of protection to ward off a possible or constitutional infliction which the faculty, which the physician, cannot cope with, as a “rooted sorrow” is beyond his reach.

Then how much those men deserve condemnation who spread idle reports as to the insanities of the canine race,—who, on small experience, and still less practice, venture to include the madness in dogs, curable or incurable, under the solitary term of “rabies.”

The term "rabies" really means madness, but madness is by no means hydrophobia.

Hydrophobia, known to the Greeks, through whom the name was handed to us, or, I may say, to all the nations upon earth, having been by the veterinary surgeons of the present day included in the mischievous term "rabies," which, divested of its mistakenly instilled poison, simply means an animal rabid or mad, or for the time being out of his senses, whose teeth are not infectious, whose bite carries with it no danger to the human race, nor to any animal save of his own kind, to whom the bite could only give, if the bitten dog had never suffered from the epidemic before, a course of the common distemper. If the patient so infected took the disease mildly, he might recover, and never show a symptom of madness; if he imbibed it in its severest form, he might for a time be deprived of his senses and die, or he might recover from the entire attack and live.

This demonstrates, at least, the advice which I have so repeatedly given, viz., "Never instantaneously destroy a supposed hydrophobic dog," who has bitten anything or anybody, be-

cause the dog that gave the bite might be suffering from an insanity as delusive to the brain as hydrophobia, but not so deadly in its infectious powers, nor bearing with it any danger to man, woman, or beast.

It has been, and more particularly it is at present, the insanity of man to destroy all dogs suffering from that vulgar and mischievously named disease "rabies." Men seem, and veterinary surgeons particularly, to be infected with a very old proverb, that of "give a dog a bad name, and hang him," for, of late, at least whenever a certain veterinary surgeon has been called in by a master of hounds whose entry is suffering from the usual epidemic of distemper, the physical or mild remedy advised and resorted to is an administration from the barrels of deadly guns.

A mischievous and ignorant advice, which puts an end to the lives of the most faithful followers of man, and so completely prevents that close investigation into the source of disease, and source of contagion, if there is any, which ought to tread on the heels of an infliction such as hydrophobia, so frightful a malady, so easily dis-

seminated, and so fatal in its impossible-to-be-mitigated result.

At present, while I close this chapter in the month of May, 1874, the public press teems with vague assertions and impossible-to-be-carried-out suggestions in regard to the merciless war sought to be enforced against the poor dog, who, through a miserable mistake, has become charged with a disease which, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, he does not possess. It would take up too much space to dwell on these fabulous assertions; but, in passing, I select the last that I intend to notice from the *Evening Standard* of the 1st of May.

In that impression there is a notice copied from the *Daily Telegraph*. It is therein urged "that an ownerless and stray dog is, potentially, a mad dog, and a mad dog is neither more nor less dangerous than a rattlesnake or a cobra di capello."

We need only read this to see how slight the foundation is for the charge made against all dogs of being hydrophobic, and at the same time how little faith there ought to be placed in the cry pervading certain classes of society, falsely, cruelly,

and ignorantly raised to condemn the beautiful creature, the noble, graceful, useful foxhound, for the possession of a deadly disease from which he really never suffered.

If, while descanting on this cruel subject, anything could make a man laugh, it would be the orders issued in some cases by local mayors, aldermen, and others, that the police should *seize* and *capture*, taking them to a place of confinement, all mad dogs supposed to be suffering from hydrophobia.

If such an order were really issued by the chiefs or superintendents of police to their men, and the men were inconsiderate enough to have any faith in the false allegation of "hydrophobia," and an idea of obeying the order, why a strike of the entire police force would be the certain consequence to their being bidden to be bitten by dogs, every one of whose teeth would be sure to convey an inevitable death!

If we look through the notices in the press on this subject, it is remarkably evident, in the first place, that the term "rabies" is supposed to mean hydrophobia; in the second place, that there is no such thing as a dog simply insane from the

annual epidemic of the common distemper; but that if a mad dog, that is a delirious dog, such as the one that the post-mortem examination proved to be, driven mad from a pin having pierced and become fixed in the stomach, a notice of which appeared in the *Macclesfield Press*, bit anything or anybody, the person so bitten must die of hydrophobia; the patient would be just as likely to die a death of pins!

Another vulgar superstition pervades the public mind, and it is, that if a dog in a healthful state at any time bit anybody, if, years after, that dog should go mad with hydrophobia, the person he had bitten when he was in a healthful state would follow suit, and become as mad as the dog that died, and consequently cease to exist.

Again, while considering this unhappy and uselessly distorted subject, people and the press seem to forget that it is the months of April and May *in every consecutive year, the identical season at which* the common distemper, and consequent madness *in some cases*, so frequently occurs. Every kennel of hounds and greyhounds, setters, pointers, and spaniels, where many of the young of either sort come together, is sure *to suffer from the*



*epidemic.* Insanity more or less reigns when the attack is very virulent. It is an insanity of the brain from epidemical fever which besets the constitution. That insanity may come within the term "rabies," which can be applied to any animal that is rabid, or that is violently insane; but, nevertheless, the patients so suffering *have not the hydrophobia, nor a symptom of it, nor an approach to it,* save in the fact of a disordered brain; and the bite of any of those hounds and dogs so suffering would carry with it no contagion whatever.

*It is a madness seriously hurtful to nothing but the poor suffering dog, that has been mistaken for the very rare, but always fatal, disease of hydrophobia; and there is a means at hand to diminish the ill-founded and mischievous dread that preys on the public mind for dispelling the disease that occasions all discomfort. Distemper is to be prevented by careful and successful vaccination. If distemper is lessened, causeless fears, originated by fools or designing people, are in the same degree diminished; there is less madness among hounds and dogs to be mistaken in; the enormous cost in breeding many hounds, and the loss occa-*

sioned by their deaths when the entry comes in *in spring*, would be saved; and this is not urged on my authority alone, but I speak on the authority of the great Dr. Jenner, on the faith of whose assurance I adopted the prevention I have so long both used successfully and tried to teach.

The real difficulty is, the possibility of meeting with an assured and undoubted case of hydrophobia. In the vast experience, extending over sixty years, which I have had, I have met with, as previously shown, but one instance of the sort. If an assured case of the death-dooming malady could be found, and the hydrophobic dog and a distempered mad dog could be chained up in the same kennel, then *the real test of water* could undoubtedly be applied, and it would be seen that the hydrophobic dog had *an unconquerable dread of water*, while the distempered mad dog would *greedily covet it, and persistingly try to drink*. The bite of the one sufferer would be fatal to the life of anything, while that of the other would simply occasion the mere inconvenience of a superficial wound. If anything could create any mirth in me while labouring to discuss so solemn a subject as that of supposed hydrophobia

in the dog, and through the dog to the human race, it would be an article published in the *London Medical Record*, which has now recently been brought to my notice.

It appears under the head "Hydrophobia," and delivers itself as follows:—

"At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, on April 13th, M. Boulay laid before it a memoir by M. Bourrel, a veterinary surgeon of Paris, entitled 'A Complete Treatise on Rabies in the Dog and Cat, with a Method of Preserving Oneself against It.'"

*The Medical Record*—Heaven save the mark!—goes on to state:—"The means of preserving from rabies, to make known and disseminate the knowledge of which is the principle aim of this memoir, consist in taking off the edge of the teeth of the dog by the aid of nippers and files. M. Bourrel had the daring to perform this operation of filing down the teeth on three dogs when they were in a condition of raging madness, notwithstanding the danger of inoculation he incurred both during the preliminaries and the different stages of the process."

Reader, I pause here to ask you if it might

not be the case that M. Bourrel knew as well as I do that none of those dogs were really afflicted with hydrophobia, and that they were poor creatures only suffering from distemper madness, or rabid from the pain inflicted by the Frenchman's hands?

*The Medical Record* continues:—"Six dogs kept for experiment were then delivered over to the mad animals, who precipitated themselves on them, and bit them furiously, but without breaking the skin in any one of them.

"The dogs experimented on were watched during six months, and madness did not show itself in any one of the number."

Again, kind reader, let me appeal to you. Is this not a proof that not one of those poor, dear animals—from those who, in a raging state (no wonder), were forced to submit to the veterinary dentifrice of the daring M. Bourrel, rather rougher, perhaps, than that of the surgeon-dentist, to the six who were bitten furiously by the supposed hydrophobic dogs—that not one of those poor things had any power in their jaws to convey a deadly infection?

The ridiculous, but frightfully mischievous,

narrative continues: "M. Bourrel, convinced that the blunted tooth of the dog could not penetrate through clothing, gave his hand covered with a glove to one of the mad dogs!"

Reader, he offered his hand in all kindness, and, so to speak, shook hands with a dog mad from hydrophobia.

After this passage of friendship, "when the mad dog released the grasp of his jaws, not having given his paw, the glove was intact, and the bite had only produced a deep impression." The daring M. Bourrel continues: "This experiment, repeated on dogs who were not mad, to which I gave my naked hand to bite, proved to me that the blunted tooth can but very rarely, however great may be the contraction of the muscles of the jaw, break the epidermis of animals whose hair necessarily deadens the pressure exerted, and can only injure the human epidermis in very exceptional cases."

Now, let me appeal to the thinking readers of both sexes—to the kind and gentle heart of woman and to the harder hearts of men and sportsmen, which ought to beat in so much gratitude to the most faithful, brave, and useful four-

footed friend they have—if every line of the foregoing quotation does not show that the misapplied, deluding term of “rabies” has nothing really whatever to do with the rare and fatal disease of hydrophobia, and that all the insanities in the canine creation have been most erroneously covered by an inappropriate term; and that, while it has decreed many a dear and faithful creature to a cruel and unnecessary death, has, at the same time, doomed the gentle mind of a lovely girl (I speak from individual knowledge) to months and even a year, if for a time incurable or intangible, still to the most horrible terror of an impending death, arising from the mere bite of a momentary insane, but thereafter to be an affectionate and faithful, companion. I had such an example of this that I shall not easily forget it. Destruction to this poor little pet was authoritatively decreed by the higher powers; cauterism, which would for ever have stained the fairest skin, was suggested; but the pet, while consultations were going on, suddenly vanished, and, to my intense amusement, the heads of the house and the head of the veterinary surgeon overawed us all, or sought to do so, by saying “how correct

their opinions were," for the poor little pet, in this instance, "had done, no doubt, as all mad dogs were said to do," he "had escaped the premises in a 'rabid' state, run the usual 'muck,' bit everybody and everything, and either been killed or died from the effects of the terrible disease he was deemed to carry with him."

Suffice it to say that the "obstinate child," as the dear, graceful girl was called by her immediate elders, though they, her elders, by their foolish conduct, impressed for a time her malleable mind with a melancholy and morbid fear of the possible consequences of the bite she had received, still kept the graceful limb not cauterized; and after a time the condemned pet was restored to her boudoir, free from all insanity, affectionate towards her, its coat like silk, its eyes as bright as ever; and then she looked back to the horrors that mistaken advice had impressed upon her mind, and thanked the hand that had saved her dog, and, through the dog's safety and return to her, relieved her mind from any lingering doubt or hesitation. The "hand" needed *no thanks*—the

head and heart were only too happy to have assisted in so merciful a result.

Then let me again and again implore every soul alive to have mercy on "man's firmest friend, the first to welcome, foremost to defend." Let him not die "unhonoured, denied in heaven the soul he held on earth," condemned to a cruel death by those "vain insects who hope to be forgiven, and claim themselves a sole exclusive heaven."

The panic now raging in England has extended to France. "Put but a little water in a spoon, and it shall serve to stifle up" such villainous advice as at the present time desecrates the sober columns of the local, London, and country papers.

The time *will* come when men will be ashamed of the fears that now possess them, and the truth will be manifest that all this madness, arising *at the customary season for distemper*, is attributable to a very palpable origin. Its origin is in the common distemper. The bite of dogs so insane has nothing infectious or deadly in the teeth; and if the great fact established by Dr. Jenner,



its power administered by *his own* hand to his *own dogs*, is established throughout all kennels, and scientifically carried out, madness arising from the distemper will be unknown, and the human mind relieved from the most frightful apprehension.

END OF VOL. I.

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