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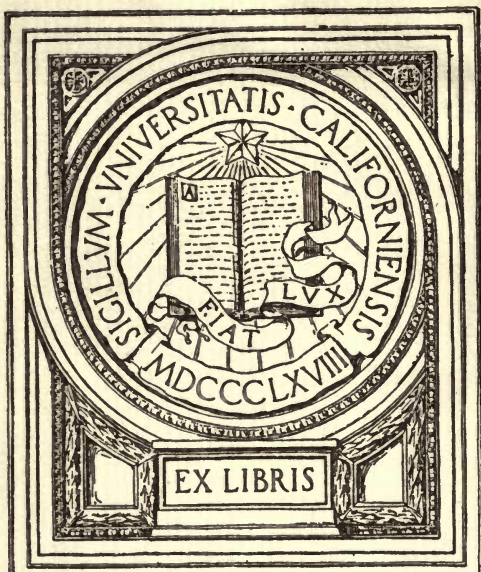
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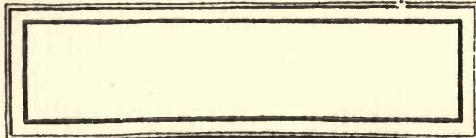


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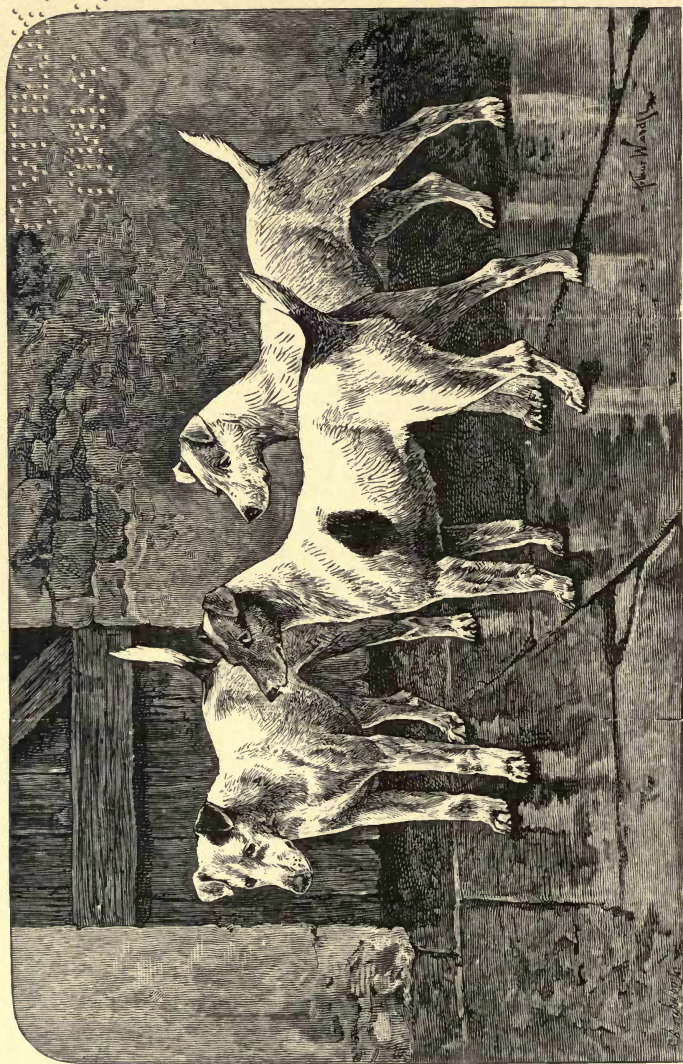




THE
FOX TERRIER.







Old Jock.

Grove Nettle.

Old Tartar.

A
HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION,
WITH
REMINISCENCES,
OF THE
FOX TERRIER.

BY
RAWDON LEE,
AUTHOR OF "MODERN DOGS,"
KENNEL EDITOR OF "THE FIELD," ETC.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WARDLE.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:
HORACE COX,
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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.



NEW EDITION of this volume being required so soon after the earlier publications, appears to be some little evidence that the popularity of the Fox Terrier is not yet on the wane.

This fresh issue is very considerably extended, and now contains 239 pages and fourteen portraits, against 148 pages and eight portraits in the first edition. In addition to being brought quite up to date, the present volume includes amplified particulars as to rearing, feeding, and training terriers as companions and as house-dogs. Their ordinary ailments are likewise more fully dealt with, and besides, there is a variety of information likely to be useful to all who keep a little dog.

The additional illustrations are portraits of the smooth-coated fox terriers Venio, Lyons Sting, D'Orsay, and Dame Fortune; and of the wire-haired fox terriers Jack St. Leger and Charnwood Marion.

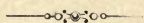
RAWDON LEE.

BRIXTON,
February, 1895.





PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.



VOLUME such as this purports to be, devoted to a variety of terrier, would twenty years ago have been considered altogether superfluous. Now, in 1889, so popular have dogs grown, and such attention is given them, that a book which in its entirety tells of the variety most popular of all—the Fox Terrier, as he has been and as he is—becomes, as it were, one of the necessities of the day. And so I was requested to do the best I could in the matter.

The result of my labours is given in the following pages, and if the reader fails to find any novelty therein, he will, at any rate, have a *résumé* of the history of the smooth-coated and wire-haired fox terriers, and some few trifling scraps of information that have not hitherto appeared in print.


That this little dog does actually possess a status in society may be inferred from the fact that, in addition to a monthly journal (*The Fox Terrier Chronicle*) to look after its interests, there are a number of special clubs to do likewise; a parent club, with several minor institutions.

The Fox Terrier is now best known as a dog for exhibi-

tion purposes, and as a companion. This notwithstanding, I have not altogether lost sight of the purpose for which he was originally given to the world; and, believing in his courage, which I have often seen tested to the utmost by "flood and field," have endeavoured to maintain his character as a sporting dog.

The illustrations, from drawings by my friend Arthur Wardle, are, I think, thoroughly successful—the larger ones as portraits, the vignettes as ornamental and characteristic. With regard to the frontispiece, where those good old terriers, Grove Nettle, Jock, and Tartar, are depicted, the portraits are taken, in so far as the bitch is concerned, from a painting by Turner, kindly lent for the purpose by the Rev. C. T. Fisher; and with regard to the two dogs, from photographs issued at the time these celebrities were in the flesh and invincible on the show bench. Three thorough terriers in every respect, and if somewhat unlike in type, they combine all the essentials required to perpetuate and improve a variety.

BRIXTON, LONDON,
April, 1889.





PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



ALTHOUGH so early a demand has been made for the publication of a second edition, I have taken the opportunity thus afforded to considerably extend the work. The additions will, I believe, be found interesting to the admirer of the fox terrier, and I hope they may in the future prove of some little value to the historian of this favourite little dog. Two of the larger engravings, those of the smooth-coated Vesuvienne and of the wire-haired Carlisle Tyro, have been replaced by others of the same dogs. These are not only excellent as portraits of the terriers they represent, but are thoroughly typical of their varieties. The latter, I fancy, they will remain for years to come, changes in type and fashion notwithstanding.

BRIXTON, LONDON,
February, 1890.





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THE FOX TERRIER.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—OLD WRITERS ON TERRIERS—"THE FOX TERRIER," 1806—THE VALUE OF TERRIERS A CENTURY AGO—COLOUR OF FOX TERRIERS—THEIR VARIETIES—MODERN COMPARISONS.

WITH the fashion changing in dogs pretty nearly as frequently as it does in dress, there is little wonder that the fox terrier of the present day has become a different animal in appearance from the one so regular an attendant with packs of hounds a century ago. Now, in nine cases out of ten, he is produced for his beauty alone, for his symmetry, for his graceful contour, for his endearing disposition. When our great-grandfathers lived, and before they were born, the fox terrier, bred for use, was only considered an ornament when he went to ground well, was able to successfully battle with the fox or the badger, and kill single-handed the foulmart (or polecat) and other predaceous vermin. So the fox terrier must have a history; possibly, if he did not contain at any rate some little portion of blue blood, an aristocratic lineage, one of his charms as a smart and lively companion might be missing.

When the learned Dr. Caius, in the year 1570, wrote what he knew about a terrier, the little quadruped had his home in the kennels of those days, sheds, in fact, where his bed was often filthy straw, and his food any scraps he might filch from the more important hounds. The latter were fairly well fed, especially when a cow sickened and died, or a horse in the locality of the kennels broke a leg, but the little terrier had, in nine cases out of ten, to look out for himself, and usually bore a bad reputation. He was said to bite and be cantankerous, predisposed to mange, and only a fit companion for the stable-boy or the feeder. That he was not exterminated by all the ill-treatment he had suffered for generations is surprising, and proof positive of his hardihood—a survival of the fittest indeed.

How the fox terrier was first produced we have nothing but mere supposition to determine, though, further on, an interesting little bit of canine history more than suggests that Dick Burton, once first whip to the Burton (Lincolnshire) hounds, first produced the modern type of fox terrier. That there have been varieties of terriers of one kind and another for many hundreds of years no one doubts. The Chinese have had terriers possibly longer than we in this country have possessed ours. The former had the credit of eating theirs; our forefathers preferred using them for a different purpose. However, if the Chinese gentry did prefer dogs as food, the Tartars, their near neighbours, treated their terriers better; and, no doubt, amongst the five thousand "hounds," Marco Polo, writing in the thirteenth century, tells us the Grand Khan kept, there would be at least a few terriers, for this gigantic pack contained several varieties of the canine race. Even at that time many of

the nobility in the East preferred to talk of their hounds rather than of politics, just as is the case at the present day with some of our country squires. Small dogs as pets and companions were known amongst the Egyptians. Empresses caressed and fondled them long before Great Britain had become a mighty power in the world. Civilisation could afford to keep such luxuries which semi-barbarity could not. As our civilisation increased, the huge, savage dogs which our conquerors imported to the Roman arena were allowed to languish, and the fierce mastiff gave place to the more gentle hound, followed by the spaniel, and later by the pet dogs and little terriers. By selection the latter could easily be manufactured. At the present time, any person with the taste and inclination so to do, could produce a new variety of dog, say in ten years. No wonder, then, that at the present time so many breeds and varieties are distributed throughout the universe. Possibly in England there are more than in any other country, not excepting even America, whose citizens have of late years emulated us by their admiration of these favoured little quadrupeds.

That gallant lady, Dame Juliana Berners, with whose quaint and early treatise on angling most devotees of Izaak Walton are well acquainted, discoursed with equal ability upon hunting and cognate subjects. In that portion of the "Book of St. Albans" dealing with venerie, and which was published in 1486, some ten years or so before the angling addition, the terrier is only casually alluded to, for the reason, no doubt, that the wild boar and the stag were far ahead in the estimation of the hunter than the fox—even the hare in those days receiving more attention as a quarry than reynard. One would very much like to have

heard what the Abbess of Sopewell said of her terriers—"teroures" they were called—and how she worked them.

Earlier, however, than the time of Dame Berners, an allusion to terriers is found in a fourteenth century manuscript, quoted by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes," and from which he reproduces an engraving. This is an illustration of three men, who, assisted by a dog and spades, are "unearthing a fox." The colour of the dog is not ascertainable, nor can I make sure that it has been underground, for the fox is only in part out of the hole, and the terrier (or whatever variety the dog may be) is springing on to his prey from a little rising ground immediately behind. Possibly a second terrier is out of sight in the earth. Two of the hunters are in the act of digging, whilst the third is vigorously blowing a horn. It may be interesting to state that in the original engraving this terrier possesses a long, narrow head, not unlike that of the greyhound in shape, his tail is long and uncut, he is smooth-coated and has erect ears. Blaine in his "Rural Sports" reproduces the picture, and, with a liberty that is quite inexcusable, converts the terrier into a wire-haired or long-coated one, white in colour and with a dark patch over one eye. He also attempts to make the original manuscript of greater antiquity than is actually the case by describing the picture as "Saxons bolting a fox."

No doubt, at any rate so far as the British Isles are concerned, this record, which the learned Strutt has given us, is the oldest upon which any reliance can be placed. Some may say that the dog given is not a terrier, but I believe that the picture is intended to represent such a terrier as might be the common dog at that time. It is little bigger than the fox upon which it would like to seize,

and the general surroundings of the quaint picture are altogether in favour of my supposition.

We must now, hunter-like, jump over all obstacles, and many years, until the time when Dr. Caius wrote, nearly a century later than Juliana Berners. He "a doctor of Phisicke in the Universitie of Cambridge" and a man "exceeding skilled and sagacious in the investigation of recondite matters," wrote the first book on "Englishe Dogges" in Latin, and one Abraham Fleming made the translation, which he dedicated to the Dean of Ely. Rychard Johnes printed the same in 1576, and sold it "over against St. Sepulchres Church without Newgate." In 1880 Mr. L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, London, reprinted the scarce volume in modern form, and such no doubt is the reason why "A Treatisse of Englishe Dogges" has so often been quoted.

After informing us that all English dogs "be either of a gentle kind, serving the game, a homely kind, apt for sundry necessary uses, a currish kind, meet for many toys," Dr. Caius describes the varieties of hounds as known in his day, and then proceeds to tell us of the class with which we have at present to do. This is "of a dogge called terrar, in Latin Terrarius." Of him the old writer says, "Another sorte there is which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Greye onely, whom we call Terrars, because they (after the manner and custome of ferrets in searching for Connyes) creep into the ground, and by that meanes make afraide, nyppe and bite the Foxe and the Badger in such sorte that eyther they teare them in pieces with theyr teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of theyr lurking angles, darke dongeons, and close caues; or at the least through

cocened feare drive them out of their hollow harbours, in so much that they are compelled to prepare speedie flyte, and, being desirous of the next (albeit not the safest) refuge, are otherwise taken and intrapped with snayres and nettes layde over holes to the same purpose. But these be the least in that kynde called Sagax." Here, though in quaint writing, is a description of the use a fox terrier ought to be put to at the present day, although setting nets before a fox earth would scarcely be called legitimate sport in the nineteenth century. Still, if a net is not used for foxes, its equivalent in a big sack is often enough, even now, found useful when the "badger or graye" be sought.

What Gervase Markham wrote about terriers early in 1600 is not of much account, for, however learned that great man might be, he was, after all, a mere bookmaker, as the numerous works he wrote plainly testify. Not satisfied with giving us elegant disquisitions on hunting, archery, and other sports, he wrote and filled volume after volume on military tactics, housewifery, heraldry, &c., and wound up by composing poems, and posing as a dramatist.

Nicholas Cox's well-known volume, "The Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1667, provides less information about the terriers of that day than one would have expected. He describes them as of two sorts—one with legs more or less crooked, with short coats; the other, straighter on their legs, and with long jackets. Possibly the first-named were the ordinary turnspits, or, may be, some bold breeder of the Dandie Dinmont will lay claim to them as the original progenitors of that variety of vermin terrier. Anyhow, whatever these crooked-legged dogs were, the long-coated ones "with shaggy hair," like water spaniels, were

said to be the best workers, because they could both chase their game above ground and drive it from the earths, as occasion required. Useful dogs, no doubt, to possess, and it seems almost a pity we have not the variety with us now. Other authors have followed much in the same strain; indeed, the general description of the terrier about this time appears to have been copied by one writer after another without acknowledgment, and without taking any trouble to ascertain the truth of the original statement. Master Cox, especially, seems to have been a great offender in this respect—not only where he deals with dogs, but where he treats of the fishes likewise. Thus, whether it be worth while to allude to him and contemporary writers is quite a matter of opinion. Hugh Dalziel in his book, "*British Dogs*," says that Cox plagiarised his descriptions from early French writers, and if he did, and Mr. Dalziel gives reasonable proofs of the truth of his assertion, it is likely enough that some of the terriers described by Nicholas Cox were either a variety of dachshund or of basset hound, various strains of which, of almost all sizes, shapes, colours, and textures of coat, have for centuries been common enough on the continent.

The writer who suggested that terriers could be obtained by breeding between a "mongrel mastiff and a beagle" was Blome, who, following the example of Cox, some years after the latter's publication—viz., in 1686—rendered himself famous by the appearance of his "*The Gentleman's Recreation*." Whether a man who would suggest the production of suitable terriers by such a cross as the above was the proper person to deal with sport and dogs from a practical point of view, is surely to be doubted. He bore

but a sorry character in his lifetime, for it was said he "was esteemed as a most impudent person; . . . he gets a livelihood by bold practices . . . originally a ruler of books and paper, who had since practiced for divers years propping tricks, in employing necessitous persons to write in several arts." Blome's description may, however, be interesting to the curious, so here it is. "The terrier is a very small dog, used for hunting the fox and the badger, his business being to go into the earths and bay them—that is, to keep them in an angle (a fox's earth having divers) whilst they are dug out, for by their baying or barking is known whereabouts the fox is, that he may be the better dug out. And for this use the terrier is very serviceable, being of an admirable scent to find out. A couple of terriers are commonly used, in order that a fresh one may be put in to relieve that which first went under ground." There is nothing particularly wrong in the above, nor is there in the following extract from the same author: "Everybody that is a fox hunter is of opinion that he hath a good breed, and some will say that the terrier is a peculiar species of itself. I shall not say anything to the affirmative or negative of the point." Blome concludes by saying that the cross already mentioned "generally proves good; the result thereof hath courage and a thick skin as participating of the cur, and is mouthed for the beagle."

Whatever was the case during the seventeenth century, there is no doubt that now the "terrier is a peculiar species of itself" careful and judicious selection through a series of generations having made it as much so as any other dog we possess. A thick skin is quite as useful a commodity in the canine as it is in the human race, but the old writer

is scarcely complimentary when he attributes that quality as a distinctive feature of the "cur." The latter must not be taken as the collie or sheep dog, by which name the latter is known at the present time in many parts of the country, but rather as a cross-bred, hardy animal, one not to be dismayed by hard bites or blows and the bitterness of the elements. Nor of necessity need such dogs be mongrels, the latter, no doubt, coming under the application of "dunghill dogs," as used by Dame Juliana Berners in her "Book of St. Albans."

In the "Compleate Sportsman" (1718), Jacobs mentions two sorts of terriers, which he describes pretty much as Nicholas Cox had done before him, so a repetition thereof need not be made here; and, although one modern writer believes that the fox terrier was manufactured within the present thirty years or so, no further proof need be given than has so far appeared in these pages, that such terriers have been common in England for, at any rate, ten times thirty years. In fact, with the country overrun as it was in those days, with four-footed vermin of all kinds, which destroyed the poultry and played sad havoc with the flocks, dogs of one sort or another to keep down the marauders were simply a necessity. And a terrier small enough to drag the fox from his earth, or kill him therein, was found the most useful for the purpose. So long as he could do this, appearance and colour were not taken into consideration to any great extent.

About 1760, Daniel, in his "Field Sports," goes a little out of the beaten track in writing on the terriers of his day, and his description must be taken as correct, made from the animals themselves, of which it has been said that author kept a considerable number. "There

are two sorts of terriers," said he, "the one rough, short-legged, long-backed, very strong, and most commonly of a black or yellowish colour, mixed with white; the other is smooth-haired and beautifully formed, having a shorter body and more sprightly appearance, is generally of a reddish-brown colour, or black with tanned legs. Both these sorts are the determined foe of all the vermin kind, and in their encounters with the badger very frequently meet with severe treatment, which they sustain with great courage, and a thoroughbred, well-trained terrier often proves more than a match for his opponent." Here we have terriers written of as thoroughbred, so, although they are not particularly mentioned in connection with the fox, there is little doubt that they were oftener used in his earths than in the badger's den.

Perhaps, as a matter of completeness, before dealing, as it were, collectively, with the authorities, and the various sporting publications which saw the light during the first fifteen years of the present century, attention may specially be given to the "*Cynographia Britannica*," written by Sydenham Edwards, and published in 1800. He describes our terriers more fully than previous writers, but much in the same strain. His note about the so-called "Tumbler" is specially interesting and valuable.

Edwards writes, "That from the evidence of Ossian's poems, the terrier appears to have been an original native of this island. Linnæus says it was introduced upon the continent so late as the reign of Frederick I. (this would be towards the end of the seventeenth century). It is doubtless the *Vertagris* or *Tumbler* of Raii and others. Raii says it used stratagem in taking its prey, some say tumbling and playing until it came near enough to seize."

This supposititious quality, so natural to the cat race, when applied to the dog I consider a mere fable ; but it has led to a strange error—later naturalists having, from Raii's description, concluded that a variety of the dog possessing most extraordinary properties had become extinct. Sydenham Edwards continues, "the most distinct varieties are the crooked-legged and straight-legged ; their colours generally black, with tanned legs and muzzles, a spot of the same colour over each eye ; though they are sometimes reddish fallow or white and pied. The white kind have been in request of late years. The ears are short, some erect, others pendulous ; these and part of the tail are usually cut off ; some rough and some smooth-haired. Many sportsmen prefer the wire-haired, supposing them to be the harder biters, but this is not always the case. . . . The terrier is querulous, fretful, and irascible, high spirited and alert when brought into action ; if he has not unsubdued perseverance like the bull-dog, he has rapidity of attack, managed with art and sustained with spirit ; it is not what he will bear, but what he will inflict. His action protects himself, and his bite carries death to his opponents ; he dashes into the hole of the fox, drives him from his recesses, or tears him to pieces in his stronghold ; and he forces the reluctant, stubborn badger into light. As his courage is great, so is his genius extensive ; he will trace with the foxhounds, hunt with the beagle, find for the greyhound, or beat with the spaniel. Of wild cats, martens, polecats, weasels, and rats, he is the vigilant and determined enemy ; he drives the otter from the rocky clefts on the banks of the rivers, nor declines the combat in a new element." Here is an excellent character, and no wonder with such a one the fox terrier was, even in

1800, on the highway to the extraordinary popularity he enjoys at the present time.

As the fox terrier was known then and a couple of centuries earlier, the reader must not expect to find a shapely, handsomely marked animal like the one of the present day. Possibly any little dog that "Caius, the profound clerk and ravenous devourer of learning," had running at his heels was black or brown coloured, long-bodied, on short legs, the latter perhaps more or less crooked; and, if he were produced by a cross between "the mongrel mastiff and the beagle," his weight might be nearer 40lb. than 15lb., the latter no doubt the most useful size for underground purposes. But old pictures of terriers dating back 300 years illustrate mongrel-looking creatures, some of them bearing more or less the distinctive characteristic of the turnspit. Others show a considerable trace of hound blood, but not one, so far as the writer has come across, is hound marked, or bears any more white than is usually found on the chest or feet of any dog. Mr. J. A. Doyle, a well-known admirer of the fox terrier, and who contributed the article thereon to "The Book of the Dog," first published in 1881, says that when in Vienna he noticed a painting of fruit, flowers, &c., with a dog in the foreground, which, to all intents and purposes, was a specimen of the fox terrier of the present day, both in colour and general shape. The artist whose work the painting was, bears the somewhat English name of Hamilton, and flourished about a century and three-quarters ago. The dictionaries, however, say he was a Dutch painter. No earlier picture than this has been found containing anything approaching the white and hound marked fox terrier.

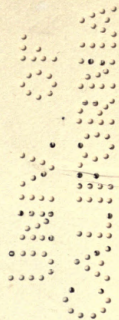
The Earl of Monteith over 200 years ago had an excellent strain of terriers, good at vermin of all kinds, but especially useful as fox killers. It has been said that James I. possessed some of these little dogs. That this sometimes called “most unkingly of monarchs” kept hounds is a matter of history, but whether he worked the terriers to assist them we are not told. Long before James’s time, dogs had been found useful in conjunction with nets for the purpose of catching foxes, also to kill them as vermin, and possibly terriers were first used as fox terriers under such circumstances. The wardrobe accounts of Edward I. show the following entries: “Anno 1299 and 1300. Paid to William de Foxhunte the King’s huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys to take care of the dogs, £9 3s.” “Paid to the same for the keep of 12 dogs belonging to the King,” &c. “Paid to the same for the expense of a horse to carry the nets.”

However, perhaps more to the purpose than this extract, is the copy of an old engraving which lies before me at the present time, entitled “James I., Hawking.” A better title would perhaps have been “James I., a swell or masher of the period,” for his royal highness is sadly overdressed. Fawning at the feet of the monarch are four dogs, evidently terriers, though some persons might consider them beagles. They are certainly terrier-shaped in heads and sterna, though the dog most distinctly shown is hound marked, and possesses larger ears than the others. One in the corner, evidently almost or quite white, possesses what at the present time would be called a “well-shaped, terrier-like head,” and, although one ear is carried rather wide from the skull, the other drops nicely. From these

four dogs a clever man could even then have produced a fair specimen of the modern fox terrier. Although so drawn as above, James, no doubt, preferred hunting to hawking, and could not always have been the elaborately dressed creature as he appears in the engraving mentioned, for there is a story told that whilst with the hounds at Bury St. Edmunds, the Sovereign's attention was attracted by the gaudy apparel worn by one of the hunters. "Who is that?" said the king. "Sire," was the answer "that man is named Lamb." "Ahem," replied the royal joker, "his name may be Lamb, and an appropriate one it be, for surely he has gotten a fleece upon his back."

With the commencement of the present century and towards the close of the last one, more was written about terriers, and, as useful little dogs, they were gradually becoming appreciated. Beckford alludes to black or white terriers, and from these two varieties white ones with black marks could easily be produced. The same author mentions a strain of terriers so like a fox in colour that awkward people frequently mistake the one for the other, and proceeds to say that "If you prefer Terriers to run with the pack, large ones at times are extremely useful, but in an earth they do little good, as they cannot always get up to their fox."

Between the years 1800 and 1805 an unusually large number of sporting books and works on hunting and dogs were published, all of which dealt more or less with terriers. "The Sporting Dictionary," 1803, says, "Terriers of even the best blood are now bred of all colours—red, black with tan faces, flanks, feet, and legs; brindled, sandy, some few brown pied, white pied, and pure white; as well as one sort of each colour rough and wire-haired, the other soft





THE FOX TERRIER, 1806.

and smooth ; and, what is rather more extraordinary, the latter not much deficient in courage to the former, but the rough breed must be acknowledged the most severe and invincible biter of the two. Since foxhunting is so deservedly and universally popular in every country where it can be enjoyed, these faithful little animals have become so exceedingly fashionable that few stables of the independent are seen without them. Four and five guineas is no great price for a handsome, well-bred terrier."

Here we have a description of the terrier very much as he still remains. There are the red or fawn ones which may be represented to-day by the Irish variety ; the black with tan faces, &c., by the so-called Welsh terrier ; and the white and white pied whose individuality may be found in the modern fox terrier. The latter, the handsomest, became the most popular, though there is little doubt that ninety years ago the fox terrier proper was a black and tan dog. S. Elmer draws us such a one in Daniel's "Rural Sports," where a good-looking dog in every way, is going to a fox whose head is just peeping out from an earth. And, as additional proof of what a fox terrier was in 1806, we reproduce here an engraving from a mezzotint of "The Fox Terrier," from an original picture by De Wilde, published August 4, 1806, by Laurie and Whittle, 53, Fleet-street, London.

This is undoubtedly a black and tan dog, somewhat ragged in his coat, which, though inclined to be wavy, must in reality have been as free from actual roughness as many of the smooth-coated variety we see to-day. He has drop ears ; after the orthodox fashion of the present time, a docked tail, "good straight fore legs, fair feet, and nice bone." A terrier, about 18lb. in weight,

lacking character somewhat, but bearing, in all but colour, a resemblance to the present-time dog. In some of the Buffet strains we have repeatedly seen animals very much of the shape and style of this terrier, as De Wilde has drawn him. The engraving, a rare one, indeed the only copy I have seen or heard of is that in the writer's possession, will no doubt do something to assist us in arriving at a satisfactory decision as to the original colour of the real fox terrier.

In Bingley's "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds" (1809) two terriers are beautifully etched by Howitt. In a copy of this excellent work, now lying on my library table, the plates are coloured. One of the dogs, wire-haired, is a sort of dark blue and tan in hue, with semi-prick ears, and an uncut tail; the other, with erect ears, is smooth coated and black and tan, both rich in colour, less than 20lb. in weight, and likely enough from their appearance to kill either fox, rat, or weasel. As a fact, the wire-haired terrier has just given the finishing shakes, which have extinguished the last sparks of life in a foulmart, whilst the smooth dog, more in the background, is evidently growling and snarling at his mate for having had the little bit of work all to himself. The admired author of the book says:

"This dog has its name of terrier or terrarius from its usually subterranean employment in forcing foxes and other beasts of prey out of their dens, and, in former times, driving rabbits from their burrows (*sic*). It is generally an attendant upon every pack of foxhounds, and is the determined enemy of all kinds of vermin—such as weasels, foulmarts, rats, &c. The terrier is a fierce, keen, and hardy animal, and will encounter even the badger,

from which he sometimes meets with very severe treatment. A well-trained and veteran dog, however, frequently proves more than a match for that powerful animal. Some terriers are rough, and others smooth haired. They are generally reddish brown or black, of a long form, short legged, and strongly bristled about the muzzle."

For some unaccountable reason this letterpress description does not tally with the illustration, and, although either of the couple of terriers might account for a fox, or even a badger, neither would be likely to drive a rabbit out of its burrow. Terriers to do the latter would be few and far between, for, given dogs even small enough to enter an ordinary rabbit hole, they would be so weak and puny that a strong buck rabbit might prove more than a match for them.

The Rev. William Daniel tells us little about fox terriers, though he recommends that when young they should not be entered to the badger, "for," he says, "they do not understand shifting like old ones, and, if good for anything, would probably go boldly up to the badger and be terribly bitten; for this reason, if possible, they should be entered to young foxes. . . . With respect to the digging of foxes which hounds run to ground, if the hole be straight and earth slight, follow it, and in following the hole, by keeping below its level, it cannot be lost; but in a strong earth it is best to let the terrier fix the fox in an angle of it, and a pit be then sunk as near to him as can be. A terrier should always be kept at the fox, who otherwise may move, and in loose ground dig himself further in; in digging keep plenty of room, and take care to throw the earth where it may not have to be moved again. Huntsmen, when near the fox, will sometimes put

a hound into the earth to draw him; this answers no other purpose than to cause the dog a bad bite, which a few minutes' more labour would render unnecessary; or, if the fox must be drawn by a hound, first introduce a whip, which the fox will seize, and the hound will then draw him out more readily."

One would scarcely think such elaborate instructions were required to tell us how to make a fox bolt. A terrier for the purpose should, without any to-do, go right in to his game, and bark at it and worry until "red rover" finds his apartment underground too uncomfortable for occupation. There is always considerable danger in digging a fox out when the terrier is with him, especially in large earths, for rocks may be displaced, roll upon and crush the dog, or the entrance may be blocked up by stones and fallen earth, to the suffocation of everything underneath.

Although the terrier is a natural and inveterate enemy to the fox, there are times when the two will live together and feed from the same dish, and "Stonehenge" gives particulars of the two breeding together. As to how a terrier bitch suckled a vixen's cubs, Daniel gives a somewhat pathetic incident. On the last day of the season that author's hounds, hunting near Sudbury, had an extraordinarily fast run of an hour, when the fox went to ground. The terriers, owing to the pace, were left far behind, and as the master wished to blood his hounds, a terrier bitch from the village was produced, and, with another dog, drove or killed the fox, which was thrown to the pack. Whilst the operation of breaking up was progressing, one of the terriers slipped back into the earth, and in due course a bitch fox was dug out and two cubs

worried underground. The mother was allowed to escape, but her three other cubs were taken and put to the terrier which had killed the first brace. The bitch took kindly enough to the little things, and suckled and attended them equally as well as her own offspring, which had been born five weeks previously to the time she adopted her foster children.

The "Sportsman's Cabinet," published in two volumes in 1803-4, two years after the first volume of Daniel's "Rural Sports" appeared, contains an engraving by Scott from a spirited painting by Reinagle. Here we have three terriers, one of which is white, with marks on his head and a patch at the set on of stern. This is a wire-haired dog, with a docked tail and erect ears, showing traces of a bull-terrier cross from the shape of the skull and in his general character. Another, evidently a white dog, is disappearing from sight in an earth, whilst the third appears to be a dark coloured dog, with a broad white collar and white marks on his muzzle; his ears are likewise erect. All will pass muster as fox terriers, and if a little wide in chest for modern fancy and prevailing fashion they are strong-jawed and appear eager for the fray.

The writer in the "Sportsman's Cabinet" (two handsome volumes, originally published at seven guineas), after alluding to the several strains of terriers, says: "The genuine and lesser breed of terrier is still preserved uncontaminate amongst the superior order of sportsmen, and constantly employed in a business in which his name, his size, his fortitude, persevering strength, and invincible ardour, all become so characteristically and truly subservient, that he may justly be said 'to labour cheerfully in his vocation;' this is in his emulous and exulting

attendance upon the foxhounds, where, like the most dignified and exulting personage in a public procession, though last, he is not the least in consequence."

The same writer goes on to say that the white pied bitch (already described) is the dam of a wonderful progeny, most of which have been sold at high prices, "seven recently for one and twenty guineas, and these are as true a breed of the small sort as any in England."

A pleasing, if rather ponderous, eulogy on the fox terrier, and one which most members of the fox terrier clubs at the present day should fully appreciate, though they would scarcely consider their choicest puppies well sold at three guineas apiece.

Still, in their lines, our terrier had admirers possibly as ardent ninety or a hundred years ago as is the case now. Then masters of foxhounds were extremely particular in their selection, requiring in their terriers at the same time strength, intelligence, and gameness. Another author about that period, tells us that the black, and black and tanned, or rough wire-haired pied are preferred, as those inclining to a reddish colour are sometimes in the clamour of the chase taken for the fox, and halloaed to as such.

Although I have mentioned at length so many writers on terriers, allusion must again be made to Mr. Delabere Blaine, who, in 1840, published his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," which no doubt gave Mr. J. H. Walsh his idea of his "Rural Sports," which followed some fifteen years later. Blaine provides much nice reading and useful information in his immense volume, and, amongst other illustrations, gives us a team of terriers attacking a badger. Some of these little dogs are white with markings, others being whole coloured, dark pepper and salts, or black and tans.

This writer, thus early, laments that "the occupation of the fox terrier is almost gone, for the fox is less frequently dug out than formerly, and it was thus only that the terrier was of use, either to draw the fox or to inform the digger by his baying of his whereabouts. So, his occupation being gone, he is dispensed with by most masters of hounds of the new school." Blaine proceeds to say that there are two prominent varieties of the terrier, rough and smooth, the first named appear to have been more common in Scotland and the north, "the rigours of a more severe climate being favourable to a crisped and curled coat." One of Blaine's terriers is neither more nor less than a bull terrier, bearing the orthodox brindled or brown patch on one eye, and its ears are cut.

Others, too, copied the statements made by Blaine, or at any rate made similar ones, just as Taplin, in his "Sporting Dictionary," and the author of the "Sportsman's Repository," had done those of writers who preceded them.

The reasons hold good now that were so admirably set forth then, but even fewer terriers are used with packs of hounds than when Blaine wrote, and, unless under exceptional circumstances, a master is contented to leave his fox which has contrived to get safely to ground, with his mask safe and his brush intact, if a little bedraggled. That, with an increasing love of hunting, so apparent during the past century, it is not surprising that the terrier came to have consideration with some men little inferior to that bestowed on the hound himself. Pretty nearly each hunting country held its own particular strain, and that these were for the most part dark in colour (usually black and tan), that which has been read in these introductory pages, I think, forms fair evidence. That three varieties were common,

large, medium, and small in size, too, is apparent, and that such were both smooth and rough or wire-haired; but how they were originally produced there is no evidence to show.

The early-time terriers were bred for work and not for ornament, and, unless they would go to ground after the manner of the ferret, their heads would not be kept long out of the huge butt of water in the stableyard. Rats they had to kill, and, unfortunately, often enough cats too; but fox terriers were less seldom used to work as spaniels or retrievers than is the case to-day. Our ancestors believed in each dog having its own vocation: the setter to set, the pointer to point, the spaniel to beat the coverts, and the terrier to make pilgrimages underground. Nor did they condescend to train the latter to run after rabbits, as in coursing matches; and they took for the most part the bull terrier to bait the badger and perform in the rat pit.

"A dash of bulldog blood" was always said to improve the pluck of a terrier (it certainly does not add to his elegance of form), and so no doubt came the brindle marks on some few of the modern fox terriers. Careful crossing has almost effaced the first-named, now considered a blemish, and in its place the rich tan and black, or hound markings, have been introduced. Originally these gaudy colours were produced by some beagle blood, which, I fancy, came to be infused between thirty and forty years ago. The large, flapping, almost hound-like, ears which still occasionally crop up, and were excessively common twenty years back, likewise suggest this beagle cross, and I have no doubt, from a modern black and tan terrier and a hound-marked, pure beagle, careful selection would in very few generations produce a fox terrier with a black and tan head and a patch at the root of the stern. Of a whilom

champion a well-known admirer of the variety was wont to declare, "she had ears like a blacksmith's apron."

An excessive size of the aural appendages is not an attribute of the terrier proper, any more than are the hound markings. I am inclined to believe that if ever there was an original terrier he had semi-prick ears, which, standing quite erect at times, were, when their owner came to be at work, thrown back into the hair of the neck, which for purposes of protection Nature provided stronger and more profuse there than on any other part of the body. To a great extent fancy has outdone nature in this respect, and few of the terriers seen winning on the benches now have that strong, muscular, hair-protected neck required by thorough workers. Smartness and quality are sought. In nine cases out of ten when a dog-show man possesses a fox terrier with a greater profusion of hair on the neck than elsewhere on the body, it will be taken off in order that a neatness and cleanness there would better attract the admiration of the judge.

Still there are some modern strains of the fox terrier which are not anything like so smooth in their jackets as they might be; longish and open in coat, and with sterns which would not make bad illustrations as bottle brushes. These longish coats were mostly introduced immediately following a period when such were wrong in an opposite direction, being almost glossy and anything but weather-resisting. It was ever thus, and will, I suppose, always be the custom to run to extremes, especially so far as the general public are concerned. Thus a reason became apparent for the variety in type seen now as compared with that which was the case in our terriers forty or fifty years ago.

Our old terriers, before the era of dog shows, were strong and healthy, perhaps even more so than they are now; at any rate they were not pampered pets, as many are to-day; and they were only kept because they were muscular, hardy, and game. The delicate and puny were consigned to the water barrel, the canal, or to the tan pit; there was no demand for them because of their long pedigree and aristocratic connections, for they had neither. Nowadays, so long as a terrier is elegant in form, pleasant in face, and well-bred, he is worth keeping; and, however delicate his constitution may be, should he prove good enough to win prizes, he is used at the stud, and so transmits his "blue blood" and delicacy to further generations. The former is well enough, the latter bad enough, and it is because of this carelessness in mating that so few modern terriers are as hardy in appearance as the two ferocious-looking mongrels in the "tail-piece" below.





CHAPTER II.

INCREASING POPULARITY—EARLY SHOWS—GOOD CLASSES
—OLD JOCK, PARTICULARS OF HIS PURCHASE—TARTAR,
OLD TRAP, AND GROVE NETTLE—NOTABLE KENNELS
—BLACK AND TAN HEADS—GROWING DISUSE OF THE
FOX TERRIER WITH HOUNDS—EXCEPTIONS.

THE present popularity of the Fox Terrier commenced some thirty years or so ago, and during the decade which immediately followed that period the progress it made in the estimation of the people was phenomenal. Nothing of the kind had previously occurred in relation to any quadruped whatever, and if fortunes were not actually made by trading with and dealing in fox terriers, fair incomes were provided, and there became a demand for “keepers” who understood the breed, or, at any rate, said they did so, and knew how to look after the inmates of the kennel. Those days are still spoken of as the “good old times,” when really tip-top terriers were in few hands, and in those of men who knew their value and were able to obtain it. So long as a dog was white, with a patch of black, or brown, or tan on him—even brindled

was considered not amiss—and weighed anything between 12lb. and 30lb., he was called a fox terrier and sold as such. He had a pedigree, made for the occasion perhaps. And why! if his ears were too big, they could be sliced down, as they sometimes were, and if they stood up erect instead of dropping, they could be cut underneath, and often were, and made to hang in the orthodox fashion.

The British public had not then learned to distinguish between one dog and another, long heads, straight legs, round feet, and other important essentials were considered secondary considerations when placed against an evenly-marked “black and tan” head—“tortoiseshell headed” a clerical friend called my little terrier, and he thought he had made a good joke, too. With the multitude came, for once at least, wisdom, and when Tom, Bill, and Harry kept fox terriers, those who had possessed them before required a better article. The youngsters studied from their elders, hob-nobbed with fanciers, and so by degrees obtained an inkling as to the requirement and appearance of a perfect terrier, or one as nearly perfect as possible. Any kind of rubbish almost could have been palmed off as the genuine article a quarter of a century ago; but a difference prevails now. Go to a dog show to-morrow, and eighteen out of every twenty persons you meet—not excepting the “new woman,” who is making herself as great a power at the dog show as she has done in the County Council—will argue with you as to the relative merits of this dog and about the defects of that one. They wonder at your presumption, perhaps, as you give your opinion against theirs. They will even talk to the judge himself, and tell him where he has done wrong, and how that terrier ought to have won and the actual winner only been placed

third. Further inquiry might elicit the fact that the person so laying down the law was an interested party, and had shown a dog (in the same class as that in which he was criticising the awards) as long on the legs and as defective in ribs and loins as a whippet, and was highly indignant that it had not won the cup. Some modern dog showers are too clever by half, they have kept terriers a few months, won a prize or two with such as they have purchased, and the next stage sees them figuring in the judging ring.

Once upon a time a dog judge was believed to be a man of lengthened experience—one who had bred, worked, and shown such varieties as were his particular fancy. I have known a man pose as a judge of fox terriers who had never bred one in his life, had never seen a fox in front of hounds, had never seen a terrier go to ground, had never seen either otter, weazel, or foulmart outside the glass case in which they rested on the wall in a bar parlour, and had not even seen a terrier chase a rabbit. His slight experience of working a terrier had been had at a surreptitious badger bait in the stable of a common beerhouse, and a violent attack on a dozen mangy rats by a mongrel terrier in an improvised pit in the bed-room of the landlord of the same hostel. However, matters may be better managed now in this respect, for in nine cases out of ten a man must be a member of a fox terrier club before he is asked to "judge," though the qualification consists only in punctual payment of his entrance fee and annual subscription. Still, the popularity of the fox terrier has not yet begun to wane, though less respect for pretty colour is apparent, and the fashion as to his shape and a general appearance has changed somewhat.

As I have said, a commencement of the extraordinarily popular career of the modern fox terrier was made about thirty years since. At that time few dog shows had been held, the first one of all in 1859 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Mr. J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"), whose works on dogs generally will be alluded to further on, was one of the judges. Needless is it to say that there was no class for fox terriers then, nor was there at Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester, following in successive years. Of course, in the variety class for terriers, a few that had run with hounds were entered, but the first class ever arranged in which they were to compete only with their own variety, was instituted at the North of England second exhibition of sporting and other dogs, held in Islington Agricultural Hall, June, 1862. Here a division for fox terriers headed the catalogue; there were twenty entries, and the winner of the first prize was Trimmer, a dog without pedigree, and shown by the late Mr. Harvey Bayly, then of Ickwell House, Biggleswade, later master of the Rufford. If we mistake not, this was a coarsish-looking, workmanlike dog, hound tan and black marked, whose strain was that of the Oakley terriers, the kennels of which were not far away from Mr. Bayly's residence.

Not, however, through a London show came the public attention to the fox terrier; Birmingham must have the credit thereof. In 1862, when what is now the National Exhibition was held at the Old Wharf in Broad Street, there was a class for "White and Other Smooth-haired English Terriers, except Black and Tan." Here several fox terriers were exhibited, and out of a class of dogs containing twenty-four entries, all the prizes went to the then so-called new variety; the leading honour being taken by

Jock, exhibited by Mr. Thomas Wootton, of Nottingham, Mr. Bayly being second with Trap, whilst Mr. Stevenson (Chester) was third with Jack. In bitches, Mr. Wootton was second with Venom, and a Mrs. Mawes first, with a white bitch called Pepper, that afterwards went to Lieutenant-Colonel Clowes, of Worcester.

Thus did the fox terriers first attract public attention, and so much was this the case that the following year, viz., 1863, the Birmingham Committee provided two classes for them, though a similar thing had been done at a couple of London shows held in March and May, also in 1863.

At that time there was an opening for a popular dog, the swell of the period was becoming a little less effeminate than he had been, and was tired of lolloping my lady's toy spaniel on his knees. He had tasted and enjoyed the Tom and Jerry days in the rat pit, at the public-house dog show, and in the occasional baiting of a semi-domesticated badger. Many of the ladies themselves had grown discontented with the continued snortings of their over-fed pets, and the unodoriferous smells which sprung from obese King Charles and Blenheim spaniels. The Yorkshire terrier was fairly well known in parts of the North of England and elsewhere, but his coat was troublesome, and the graceful Italian greyhound was far too delicate and fragile a creature for ordinary "comforting" purposes. The lovely Maltese, with his coat in texture and appearance like spun glass, was scarce, and an uncertain mother with her puppies, whilst the appearance of the often goggle-eyed, "apple-headed," black and tan toy terrier was not sufficiently aristocratic to tempt the connoisseur in such live stock. Besides, these black and tans were bred and reared in the East End of London, the back streets of Birmingham and of other large towns so

they were too plebeian by half. Then the Dandie Dinmont and hard-haired Scotch terriers were scarcely known out of the land on the other side of the border, and the Skye terrier with his long jacket carried too much dirt into the house. The white English terrier might have become popular had he not been so subject to chronic deafness, and no doubt the bull terrier and the black and tan terrier lost their chance of becoming public idols by reason that a barbarous custom had decided that their ears were to be in part amputated. The latter could only be done at considerable trouble and expense, and with inordinate suffering to the poor creatures themselves,

So here was the chance for the fox terrier; he availed himself of the opportunity, and the public gladly accepted his enterprise. The visitors to the dog shows in 1862-3 noticed and made much of him. Mr. Wootton loved his handsome and sprightly dogs, knew how to advertise and so make the most of them, and he kept them clean and glossy in their coats; whilst Jock and others had that merry twinkle in their dark brown eyes indicative of intelligence and gameness. Moreover, there was no superfluous jacket and hair hanging about their legs to carry dirt into the parlour and drawing-room, and when Lady So-and-So wished for a nice dog to take out for a walk in the country or a drive in the park, Lord So-and-So purchased a fox terrier puppy for her ladyship. The fox terrier has never socially looked behind him since. His position in society was attained as quickly, and perhaps with less difficulty, than is that of the millionaire railway king or successful speculator. The quadruped had but looks and manners to recommend him; possibly the biped had neither, and was entirely dependent for his *entrée* to his sovereigns and bank notes.

I often imagine there must have been something peculiarly attractive about these early-time fox terriers. They were certainly handsome and smart, but neither Old Jock nor Tartar, the two acknowledged progenitors of the present stock, had a black and tan marked head to recommend him. Moreover, their parents had the credit of being somewhat common in their origin, and generally had been looked after by the stable boy or by the second or third whip. The huntsman himself was, as a rule, far too great a swell to leave a hound for a dog, though perhaps the master's little son when home from Eton or Harrow for the mid-summer holidays might beg a terrier puppy, and by bribes and coaxings obtain for it a corner in the scullery or in an empty stall in the stable. As I have said, the progress from the servant's hall to the drawing-room was rapid, and has evidently proved extremely satisfactory to all concerned.

At the Birmingham show already mentioned, Old Jock, Old Trap, and at the following one Old Tartar, then entered by Mr. H. J. Davenport (Warwickshire), formed a suitable trio from which to found a nucleus to take the world by storm, and the blood of one or other of them is to be found in all the best strains of the present day, though the three dogs themselves were so much different in appearance. Shall I describe them here?

Jock was said to be bred by Jack Morgan, who, when the dog was pupped some time during 1859, was huntsman with the Grove. I have also heard it stated that Jock was born at the Quorn kennels. The Kennel Club Stud Book gives the breeder as either Captain Percy Williams, who was then master of the Rufford, or Jack Morgan; but the uncertainty of the month in which the terrier was born, and the little thought given to terrier pedigrees at that time, make me

extremely sceptical as to Jock's breeding, as I am of most of the early stock terriers. Anyhow, Jock has left his mark behind him, and he has also been the means of handing down to posterity the names of his sire and dam, the former being another Jock (also Captain Williams'), and the latter, Grove Pepper, huntsman's terriers both of them, we may be sure. In show form Old Jock was just about 18lb. weight (Mr. Wootton when he advertised him at stud at the moderate fee of one guinea, afterwards raised to two guineas, called him 16lb. weight), standing a little high on his legs, which gave him an appearance of freedom in galloping. His colour was white, with a dun or mixed tan mark on one ear, and a black patch on the stern and at its root. He was not what one would at the present time call a "varmint-looking" dog, *i.e.*, one with an unusual appearance of go and fire and gameness in him—he was a little deficient in terrier character. His ribs were well sprung, and his shoulders and neck nicely placed. When in thin condition he had the appearance of being a rib short; but his hind quarters and loins were strong and in unison with the other parts of his formation. To some modern tastes he would appear a little loaded at the shoulders; his fore legs, feet, and strength of bone were good, and his stifles strong and well turned. His ears, well placed, were neither too large nor too small, and he had good strong jaws. With increasing years he grew a little full in the cheeks. Yet he wore well and in 1870 was placed second to Trimmer at one of the London shows amongst a greater lot of cracks than have ever been brought together since, unless their equal was to be found at the Fox Terrier Club's show at Derby in November, 1894. All round Jock was a symmetrical terrier, and no specimen of late years has

reminded me so much of him as the dog Rattler, who did so much winning. Jock, who is said to have run two seasons with the Grove Hounds, had his tail cut, but the portion left on was longer than is usually seen at the present day, and I fancy Jock, docked as short as Mr. Luke Turner's Spice, would have presented but a sorry spectacle.

Allusion has been made to the extraordinary class of dogs which appeared at the Crystal Palace show in 1870, where Old Jock, then eleven years old, came second to the black and tan headed Trimmer. This was the dog "champion" class of those days, the qualification being the win of a first prize. The competitors were Old Jock, Old Trap, Trimmer, and Rival, all shown by Mr. Murchison; Mr. W. J. Harrison's Jocko; Mr. F. Sale's Tyrant, Hornet, and Tartar; the Marquis of Huntley's Bounce, Messrs. Bewley and Carson's Quiz, and Mr. W. Gamon's Chance. Nor was the corresponding class of bitches much inferior, for it included the Durham bitch, Mr. Sarsfield's Fuss, who won; Grove Nettle, Bellona, and Themis, Mr. Murchison's; Mr. Pilgrim's Gem, the Marquis of Huntley's Mischief, Mr. J. Statter's Kate, Mr. F. Sale's Nectar, Mr. Gamon's Lively, and Mr. J. B. Nichols' Frisk. Grove Nettle was given reserve here, second honours falling to Themis, a comparatively poor specimen as compared with others in the group.

Poor old Jock! he died full of honours in 1871 whilst in the possession of Mr. J. H. Murchison, who had bought him from Mr. W. Cropper. S. W. Smith was at the time of the purchase in charge of Mr. Murchison's kennels, in Northamptonshire, and I will let him tell in his own words how he brought Jock to his new home. "Old Jock, like the others that had come from Mr. Cropper's, was not to be

sent—I was to go and *fetch* him from Minting House, the residence of Mr. Cropper, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, a long way from the kennels at Titchmarsh. The instructions I received respecting the old dog could not have been more explicit, had I been going to escort a Prince of the Royal Blood. I was to take train to Horncastle, and then hire on to Minting, as there were no trains there. I was to lock the old dog up in a good box, and keep the key after I had got possession of the dog, and let no one have it. I was then to hire and come on by relays of horses and traps all the way from Minting to Titchmarsh. This I did, and arrived at the Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough, about one o'clock on the night of the first day. After refreshing the inner man and getting another horse and trap, off we started again, arriving at the kennels about six a.m., having had about enough. I had no sooner had a wash and breakfast than a stranger came riding up on his bicycle—the telegraph boy, with a message from Mr. Murchison, asking if I had arrived safely, &c. I drove to Thrapston and wired back, and there I was kept nearly the whole of the day sending and receiving messages to and from Mr. Murchison. Next day Mr. Murchison came down, bringing some gentlemen friends with him to see the old dog and other members of the kennels, and witness a bit of fun with some of the younger members and the 'old grey gentleman.'"

Tartar, a dog of quite a different stamp, was full of go and fire, a hardy-looking, strongly built terrier, and on the two occasions when he did beat his great rival the result was due to the better form in which he stood, and the determination he showed, as though perfectly willing, nay anxious, either to do or die, as he stood alongside his

antagonist in the ring. Tartar, 17lb. in weight, was a pure white dog, excepting for a light patch of pale tan over one eye, unusually compact in build—a pocket Hercules in fact, with a back as muscular and strong as is the neck of a mighty Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestler. A little wide in front was the old dog, but straighter perhaps on the fore legs than Jock, and with better feet. The latter, far the longer and more terrier-like in head, was beaten in size of ears, their mode of carriage, and in neatness of hind-quarters. Tartar was a peculiarly elegantly moulded dog behind, notwithstanding the amount of muscle he showed, and he stood neither too high on his legs nor the contrary. I cannot just now call to mind any terrier of the present generation like him in any respect. Possibly Richmond Jack resembled him somewhat; at any rate in shape of body and sprightliness. Both Tartar and Jock had fair coats, that of the former, the harder and smoother, and no doubt he was much the gamer of the two. It is always the fate of success to make enemies, and at the time Jock was being shown so successfully, and later, I was repeatedly told that he would not kill a rat, and that his going to ground or doing the work of a fox terrier was altogether a myth. Of this I cannot write from personal knowledge, but tell the tale as it was told to me. Tartar's indomitable gameness has never been gainsaid, and he was always fond enough of a fight in the ring; though I have seen terriers furious in trying to get at an opponent when on the chain, that would have been as eager to go the other way had the collar been undone. Tartar's pedigree, as given in the first volume of the Stud Book is open to great doubt, though it is said he was bred by Mr. Stevenson, of Chester, about 1862 from Weaver's Viper out of Donville Poole's Touch.

I think there is little doubt that he was a cross-bred dog, for, he was shown at Birmingham in 1863 pedigreeless, and had those who looked after him cared to determine his parentage (or if they possessed it to publish it), they could easily have done so at that time and not waited until the dog had gained a reputation.

Alas! for blue-blood and terriers; our remaining support of the past generation likewise possesses but a doubtful parentage. There has always been a hesitancy about this, and so Old Trap's pedigree has been the source of perpetual correspondence, poor old dog! Here is what the Kennel Club's not always correct volume says of him. "Mr. J. H. D. Bayly, already mentioned, purchased him of Mr. Cockayne, then kennel man to the Oakley Hounds, and later at the Tickham kennels. Mr. Cockayne bought him from a groom of Mr. Isted's, well known in the Pytchley Hunt." Mr. Luke Turner, one of our very oldest admirers of the fox terrier, believes Trap's sire was a dog called Tip, owned by Mr. Hitchcock, a miller in Leicester. This dog bore a reputation for extraordinary gameness, and was the favourite sire used by all the sporting characters in the district. The coachman of Col. Arkwright, then Master of the Oakley, put a bitch to this dog Tip, and the result of the alliance was Trap.

I have already proved, I think satisfactorily, that the original fox terrier was black and tan, with possibly a little white on his chest and feet; but, so far as Trap was concerned, there has always been a belief that either his sire or dam was a black and tan terrier pure and simple. Mr. J. A. Doyle states that Mr. Bayly himself told him such was the case. On the contrary, the late Rev. T. O'Grady informed the writer that Trap's dam was a heavily marked

fox terrier—*i.e.*, one with an unusual amount of black and tan colour on her body and head. All who have bred fox terriers know that in most strains these heavily marked puppies keep appearing, and Mr. F. Burbidge showed one in 1889, named Hunton Baron, which a few generations ago would have been called a black and tan terrier, and it was as well bred and good looking a dog as any man need desire to possess; and there have been many others similarly marked—Mr. Procter's Patch and Mr. A. Hargreaves' Dane Gallantry, to wit. The above statement by Mr. O'Grady is corroborated by Mr. S. W. Smith, who says that Col. Arkwright, master of the Oakley, told him that Trap was by a kennel terrier of his out of a black and tan bitch in the village. Trap had a pale or mealy black and tan-coloured head, and a black mark on one side down the saddle, the latter giving rise to the expression "a Trap marked" dog or bitch, as the case might be. His head was terrier-like, and of unusual length from the eyes to the nose, whilst his upper jaw was peculiarly powerful. His expression and brightness were much improved by his beautifully placed and perfectly coloured eyes. The ears, small in size, were nicely shaped, and sometimes, not always, well carried, for he had a habit of throwing them backwards, a peculiarity inherited by some of his descendants even as far as the third and fourth generations. He was a little too long in the body, and not nearly so elegantly formed in ribs, neck, hindquarters, shoulders, and elsewhere as either of the terriers previously mentioned. His fore legs and feet were fairly good, he had more than an inclination to be cow-hocked, and his coat was a trifle long and at times rather too open, though generally of good texture. Trap was not shown more than half-a-dozen times, his best performance

being at Birmingham in 1862, when he was second to Jock as alluded to earlier on. Old Trap, who died whilst in the possession of Mr. Murchison in April, 1872, was about 17lb. in weight, and what remains of the old dog—his stuffed head—is now in the possession of Mr. Francis Redmond, of St. John's Wood, but it bears no resemblance whatever to Trap's head when in the flesh.

Such are descriptions of these three notable terriers from personal recollection, and the very first of their kind to command a fancy price on account of their appearance alone. Old Jock was sold for more than his weight in silver, which might be about 80*l.* or a trifle over, and Mr. Wootton himself paid 35*l.* for Tartar, "because," as his purchaser said, "he nicks well with light, leggy, delicate bitches, and puts steam into the young ones; and another thing," Mr. Wootton goes on to say, "he was always second to Old Jock except when he twice beat him. Certain judges gave their awards in this way, so contrary to reason and common sense; for if Jock was right Tartar must be wrong, for the two dogs differ so much in appearance." Old Trap did not command so much money, about 25*l.* being the highest figure he reached, and this was when he had fallen into the sere and yellow, just before coming into the possession of Mr. J. H. Murchison, by whom the old dog was highly esteemed. Their stud fees varied from 1*l.* to 2*l.* apiece—a miserable sum compared with the 5*l.* and 10*l.* obtained for the use of the notable fox terriers in this year of grace 1895.

I think, with the mystery which surrounds the birth and pedigree of these three late lamented and excellent terriers, any attempt of mine to solve the difficulty would be useless. There is nothing but hearsay, he said and she said, upon

which to dilate; they performed their duty well in that particular sphere in which they were called to work, and so I say let them rest in peace. Both Tartar and Old Jock, well nigh invincible on the show bench, had little check in their careers, which extended in the case of the former over eight years, and in that of the latter through four years only, whilst I believe Trap was not shown more than half a dozen times, his best performance being when he came second to Jock at Birmingham in 1862.

That extraordinary bitch Grove Nettle should be mentioned here, for to her, quite as much as to any one of the couple and a half of terriers already named, is due a share in the present production. Bred in 1862 by W. Merry, huntsman to the Grove Hounds, there does not appear to be any mystery as to her pedigree, she being by the Grove Tartar from the Rev. W. Handley's Sting. Nettle was a prettily shaped, tan-headed bitch, with a black mark on her side, a rather long, wavy coat, almost inclined to be broken haired. The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, her owner, said "the difficulty was to keep her above ground." Another good judge said "there was not a more useful animal in the show when she was exhibited in the champion class at Birmingham in 1868," and he further described her as rather long in the body, and, although possessing immense bone, not losing one iota in quality. At the Kennel Club, Cleveland Row, may be seen all that remains of this grand bitch, for she is there set up in a case, looking as hideous and unlike that which she was in nature as "stuffed" dogs do nine times out of ten.

In recalling these earlier recollections, there is no terrier of a past generation that appeals to me with greater power than Tyrant, also known as Old Tyrant and White Tyrant.

Mr. Harry Adams (Beverley) had, in 1865, the honour of breeding him, though the Kennel Club Stud Book throws a doubt on the matter by mixing the name of a Mr. Leighton therewith; whilst Mr. G. Booth, Mr. T. Lloyd-Edwards (near Lampeter), and Mr. T. Wootton had the pleasure of his ownership and exhibition at various times. Old Trap was his sire, as he was said to be of almost every good terrier of that day, and Violet, by Old Jock—White Violet, his dam. Tyrant was a dog somewhat after the style of the expatriated and sadly named Lucifer As in Præsenti, but better in jacket and placement of shoulders, though possibly Lucifer was the narrower in chest of the two. Perhaps more flattering it would be to compare this grand old ancestor with Mr. C. R. H. Leach's white dog Cleek, who during 1894 deservedly did a considerable share of winning throughout the country, being seen to special advantage at the Club's show at Derby that year. Many of the "head men" of the "fancy" in Tyrant's time did not think very much of him, but in reality he deserved all the praise they or anyone else could bestow. No man ever owned a better dog as a terrier. In weight about 18lb., in form symmetrical, his strength of bone, legs and feet were of the best. No purely white fox terrier I ever saw was less of the bull terrier in appearance than he, and, carrying his eight years well, he proved good enough to win the champion prize at Nottingham in 1873, beating Tyke, Trimmer, Trumps, Jock II., and six other less notable opponents. Moreover, Tyrant was sire of many leading terriers which in their turn have added to the excellences of those in the present generation. Venture was a son of his, so were Mr. Whitton's Badger (a rare old sort) and

Mr. Sydenham Dixon's Sam, almost as perfect as his sire in appearance, but a broken leg badly set kept him from the show bench. Mr. Gamon's famous Chance and his favourite Risk were likewise sons of the old white dog, and now in 1895 few of our best terriers are to be found without some modicum of the blood of Tyrant in their veins. He, indeed, may bear the palm as the best of his race, both in beauty and gameness, immediately following his notable sire Trap, and equally great grandsire Old Jock.

During the sixties the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam was showing a splendid lot of terriers, of which he had a large number kennelled at Wentworth House, Rotherham, Yorkshire, his Vassal, Ruby, Topsy, being tip-top, and we must not forget that he had Jock, Tartar, and Grove Nettle in his possession at one period of their existence. The Marquis of Huntly at Aboyne about the same time owned Worry, Bounce, Nectar, Mischief, Famous, and other excellent terriers, all of which were said to be as game as they were handsome. The name of Mr. F. Sale (Derby) must not be omitted, as at one time his kennels were most formidable, for they had included Hornet (who came second at Birmingham in 1871 to the writer's Mac II.), Old Tartar, and many others pretty nearly as good, with which he was a most formidable opponent at the big shows.

With such supporters, there was nothing wonderful in the fact that the marked attention these "revived" terriers attracted led to a newspaper controversy as to their origin, and in *The Field* a number of interesting letters appeared on the subject. These in every case came from men of weight and mark and learning in canine lore. Then the Editor, the late Mr. J. H. Walsh, wrote his article on the Fox Terrier, which naturally attracted further attention.

After dwelling upon the advisability or otherwise of the bulldog or bull terrier cross, Mr. Walsh says he had "known good and bad of each kind of breeding; but the best he ever saw go to ground was one-eighth bull, though he showed it no more than Jock, the champion. . . . There are few varieties of the species *canis* which show more intelligence than the fox terrier," and "Gelert" (a sporting writer and compiler of a list of foxhounds, &c., in 1849), the Rev. John Russell, and other authorities, support this opinion.

In the first edition of the "Dogs of the British Isles" the author ("Stonehenge") says, "that until the establishment of dog shows Captain Percy Williams, Jack Morgan, and five or six of our foremost huntsmen were the possessors of the most celebrated strains of fox terriers; but no sooner were special prizes offered for them at Birmingham, Leeds, and London, as well as in conjunction with those for foxhounds at the Cleveland Society's celebrated gatherings in Yorkshire, than Mr. Wootton of Nottingham, Mr. Stevenson of Chester, in conjunction with Mr. Gorse, also of Nottingham, and other breeders of less note, set themselves to work to vie with the professionals, and produced the beautiful little terriers which time after time have adorned the benches of Birmingham and Islington. Many of them have no doubt never seen a fox; but there are few which are not capable of giving a good account of him if properly entered." This was written in 1866, when the popularity of the fox terriers had in a degree been achieved.

Mr. Walsh mentions only some seven or eight kennels of hounds having terriers of the show type, but there is little doubt a score or more of them had such. When once

their value became known, they kept cropping up from all parts of the country, both smooth and wire haired, the former generally from the Midland and Southern counties, whilst those with hard jackets appeared mostly confined to the Yorkshire and more Northern districts. The Badsworth had a rare hard-bitten strain of terriers with their hounds, mostly smooth-coated ones, too. The Slingsbys, an old sporting family, who for generations resided at Scriven Park, Yorkshire, had likewise a strain that was bad to beat at anything. These, too, had smooth jackets, showed bulldog or bull terrier blood, were mostly lemon marked, from 13lb. to 16lb. weight, and usually possessed prick ears.

A little bitch from Mr. Vyner's was about as game a terrier as I ever saw, though her coat was thin and she had been brought up as a house pet. This bitch I saw sent into an earth in the North of England to drive what was generally considered to be a fox. Underground a long time, a couple of hours or more, with difficulty she was called out, and from the punishment she had received conclusions were drawn that a badger was in the rocks. The poor terrier had her jaw broken, and her face bitten through and through; still she escaped from her owner, went underground to her game again, and when got out a second time was almost dead. The badger was afterwards taken, and it is pleasing to note that the plucky little bitch survived her injuries.

Mr. Doyle, in his admirable article in "The Book of the Dog," tells us that the strain Mr. Stevenson owned at Chester originally came from Shropshire, where they had been kept and cherished for years by Mr. Donville Poole, of Maybury Hall. However, from a description of this strain from the pen of Mr. S. W. Smith, and which

appears in the terrier division of "Modern Dogs" (1894), it seems these game, hardy little fellows could scarcely be classed as the correct type of the modern fox terrier, but they were the dogs the late Mr. John Walker alluded to in his celebrated contribution in which he stated that nothing came amiss to the wretches from a "pig to a postman," an unfortunate letter carrier being attacked by them and so bitten about the legs that death ensued. Then Sir Watkin Wynn had a strain of his own in Wales (not Welsh terriers these), and so had Lord Hill on the borders of the Principality. Down in Devonshire the sporting villages simply teemed with little dogs, but most of these were wire-haired, and the Rev. John Russell valued them highly, as did Mr. Cheriton and other hunting men of the locality. The Rufford, too, had its own speciality in fox terriers; so had Mr. Ffrance, in Cheshire; and even in Northumberland, from the Tyndale, came one of the best fox terrier bitches I ever saw. She, however, crops up a little later, and had all the good qualities of a modern first prize winner, with the exception of being very much tucked up in her loins, and she carried what remained of her stern right over her back. Some exhibitors might have cut it all off, and said the absence of her caudal appendage was due to an accident of some kind or another.

The Farquharsons, in Dorsetshire, owned excellent terriers, that would drive a fox out of its earth with the best of them, and the excellences of those of the Duke of Beaufort have repeatedly been mentioned. Treadwell, too, always kept a few couple of hardy ones handy for work with the Old Berkeley, as did old Ben Morgan for the use of Lord Middleton's hounds; and the late Will

Goodall, George Beers, with Frank, his son, were never happy unless they had some of the gamest of the game well within call when required, after a good stout fox had dodged the stopped earths and gone to ground.

The Burton, Lincolnshire, must not be overlooked, for at the time Dick Burton was first whip there, when Lord Henry Bentinck hunted them himself, considerable care was bestowed upon the terriers, a strain of which the hunt possessed, mostly white-bodied dogs with lemon markings on the head. There is an oil painting still in the possession of the Burton family, a portrait of Dick with some of his favourite hounds and terriers. This must have been painted about sixty years ago. When Burton retired into private life he took some of these terriers with him, and crossed them with a black and tan dog belonging to Mr. Charles Clarke, Scopwick, the well-known breeder of Lincoln sheep. This was in reality a black and tan fox terrier—not a Manchester terrier—possibly a dog something after the stamp of that engraved and described earlier in the volume—the fox terrier of 1806. From this cross Dick Burton produced black and tan headed dogs, others with marks on the body, and he claimed to be the first individual to introduce these handsomely coloured terriers to the public. This is an interesting piece of history which I believe has hitherto failed to find its way into print, and there is no reason why the claim should not be allowed, although it is possible that at the same time other admirers of the fox terrier were bringing about similar results through a different cross. In addition to these less known kennels, there were others whose reputation was world-wide rather than local, including the Grove, the Belvoir, the Albrighton, the Atherton, the Duke of Rutland's, and the Brocklesby.

Here, then, were a sufficient number of strains of diverse blood to perpetuate and improve—even to perfect—any one variety, and our fox terrier classes on the show bench at the present day prove that every advantage has been taken of the material at hand. One strain has improved another, until little animals as near perfection as possible are produced, and a couple of hundred candidates for honour at one show is nothing unusual now, whilst in 1860, at Birmingham, only about three *bonâ-fide* fox terriers were on view, and there was no special class provided for them.

Reverting to *The Field* correspondence, "Cecil," writing in December, 1858, said, "that during one of his visits into Cheshire he had the honour of an introduction to a gentleman who was for many years a first-rate performer over a country, and has ever ranked highly in the estimation of his numerous friends for his hospitality, exquisite port wine, and an unrivalled collection of terriers. An invitation to dine and inspect his unique little pack of terriers afforded me the greatest pleasure. I might possibly be transgressing the bounds of etiquette if I were to record the kind receptions I met with on such occasions; and I am the more cautious in the introduction of gentlemen's names, having recently caused some annoyance to an old and valued friend by mentioning him in these columns, in conjunction with others, as a most liberal preserver of foxes, and a popular resident in a country far distant from this. Knowing, therefore, that some gentlemen entertain objections to being brought before the public, more especially as regards matters of a private nature, I feel that I need not offer any further apology for not giving greater publicity to one of Cheshire's most highly respected and worthy country

squires. Of the pack, however, I must claim the privilege of giving a description. It consists of seven couples of beautiful white terriers, most decided enemies of the vulpine race, or any other animal wearing fur and coming under the denomination of vermin. In evidence of their courage, two young ones are mentioned as having killed a cat which weighed more than themselves when placed in the scales together. Their pedigrees have been registered with as much care and precision as those of any pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. In symmetry they are perfect, and their legs and feet quite models for masters of hounds and huntsmen to study. Whenever the hounds run foxes to ground in the neighbourhood, one of these game little pets is sure to be in requisition; and there were two of them evincing the marks of recent conflicts with foxes when employed in dislodging them from their subterranean places of refuge. In that very useful employment the destruction of rats they are superlatively good, and a huge monster of that species was very quickly dispatched by a little bitch only six months old; and, although the rat caught her by the cheek, she did not even utter a whimper. The buildings devoted to their accommodation are complete in every respect. They are miniature foxhound kennels, well ventilated, and of comfortable temperature, regulated by a thermometer, and the very paragon of cleanliness."

The late Captain White, after witnessing a trial of the gameness and endurance of these terriers against two newly-caught badgers, pronounced them, the terriers (not the badgers), to be "as hard as iron, stout as steel, and good as gold."

No doubt there were as good terriers in those days as

there are now for work, perhaps better, for there was more use for them then. The columns of *The Field* during 1866-67 contained a number of excellent letters on the fox terrier, written by those who knew what they were writing of and how to put their ideas into words. The respective merits of Jock and Tartar were freely discussed, and "W. J. M." (the Rev. W. J. Mellor), who then resided at Colwick Rectory, near Nottingham, received a rather warm retort from the owner of Tartar, the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, for suggesting that the little champion was "too much of the bull terrier."

"Idstone," whose charming articles have so often delighted his readers, also wrote all he knew about fox terriers, and this was what he said: ". . . First, I think the coat of the terrier they breed is frequently too fine; a harder, denser description of jacket would be a more suitable protection for a dog who has to face all weather, and to submit all day to the splash of the huntsman's horse. I believe if he could choose for himself he would pick out something more like bristles, although lying closely, as offering a better defence to the weather or to that angry thong he always is within reach of except when he has gone to ground. . . . I am no advocate for broken-haired fox terriers," continues "Idstone," "and am thoroughly of opinion that the smooth dog, as a class, beats the rough dog in pluck and staying powers." He would, indeed, be a bold man who could say this to-day, for there are now, as then, good and bad of both varieties, and that dog the better trained and with the greatest amount of hard work to do will always be the one to do it properly.

"Idstone" further remarks that "a pure fox terrier is not required to draw badgers, nor should he be so 'hard

bitten' as to slaughter a fox in the earth. . . . The kennel dog is, and must be kept, a distinct family, and he ought to have quite enough courage to destroy vermin without possessing the bulldog cross. The one is generally a useful animal, adapted for ratting, rabbit hunting, and working a hedgerow or bit of gorse, providing his coat is hard enough. The other is good for vermin, but will very likely not let a cat live about the premises, and is anxious for a 'turn-up' with any outsider of his own species—two inconvenient and undesirable proclivities." The above expression of opinion holds good at the present time, although the advice contained therein, written more than twenty-five years ago, was then especially valuable, as there was a strong inclination to infuse a dash of the bulldog into the ordinary terrier.

"W. J. M." also wrote in favour of the smooth-coated variety, and so did the late Captain Handy, who at that time was a popular sportsman at Malmesbury. Later he was on the staff of one of the London newspapers, where he did good work, and died in harness about three years ago. Under the signature of "J. A. H.," he said, "I am quite of opinion that a fox terrier should be smooth coated, and I much doubt whether any dog showing a rough or broken-haired coat is pure bred; but where such is the case, I believe there must be a cross (more or less remote) of the Scotch terrier. I daresay there are rough-coated terriers as good as any smooth-coated ones, but they are not fox terriers. I well remember the fox terriers that used to run with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in Will Long's time, and I believe the breed had been kept there for very many years. You will see a specimen amongst the hounds in the picture of 'The Lawn Meet at Badminton.' They were nearly

always black and tan, but occasionally black, white, and tan, with a compact, well-knit frame, ears small and hanging close to the head, with coats, though close and thick, as bright and smooth as satin. It was wonderful with what pluck and endurance they would make their way to the end of the longest run. . . . Now in these fast days," continued the gallant Captain, "sportsmen cannot wait for a fox to be got out, and the order is 'find another one'; hence the use of fox terriers to run with hounds has been discontinued, and the breed has not been kept up at Badminton. . . ."

And there is no doubt that the fox terrier is less used as an adjunct to the foxhounds now in 1894, than even was the case when "J. A. H." poured forth his lamentations on the subject. At times one may see a "runner"—that is, a man who follows the hounds on foot—with a little dog under his arm or at his heels in a leash, which he tells you is "the best in the world," and will drive any fox from any earth or drain, be it ever so long and sinuous. For obvious reasons the poor fellow's terrier is seldom tried, and when the fox is run to ground, the cry, oftener than not, is, "Forrard! to Blankton Gorse," or to some other untried covert, and the fox that has gone to ground has saved his brush at any rate for a time. Some hunting men will, no doubt, have heard of that eccentric "runner," once a distinguished character with one of our foremost packs of hounds, who bred and kept an excellent strain of working terriers. His eccentricity did not, however, lie in this fancy for little dogs, but in the habit he had of carrying a home-made spur, which he used on his own thighs when tired and inclined to drop into a walk. To such an extent did he thus punish himself that

he had to undergo surgical treatment on more than one occasion.

The present Lord Lonsdale had an idea of working some of his prize-bred terriers with his hounds when he was master of the Pytchley. But the general surroundings of modern fox hunting prevented him doing this properly and as he would have wished. Still, a few of his high-priced, fashionable terriers were properly entered, and, I believe, gave a good account of themselves whenever required so to do. Mr. Harding Cox, when master of the Old Berkeley Hounds, kenneled some good working terriers of the prize strains, but his, like Lord Lonsdale's, were of the wire-haired variety. Then the Littleworths, huntsmen for generations, have always kept terriers, and even now own some of show bench strains, which can, and do, accompany the hounds when there is likely to be occasion for their services. Indeed, there is still a fox terrier or two hanging about either the kennels or the stable yard, but no pains are taken to perpetuate the variety solely for bolting the fox, as once was the case. Modern hunting, quick gallops, and the go-a-headedness of the times have done away with his occupation, and the fox terrier now possesses his greatest value in his beauty alone. At the great Hound Show held during June of each year at Peterborough, on occasions prizes have been given for terriers which carry a record of having been entered and employed with foxhounds. However, for some reason or other, the terrier classes there were discontinued in 1894, but I hope this omission will prove but temporary. The competitors there were usually somewhat of a ragged lot, though occasionally the absolute winners were quite up to modern show form in appearance; moreover they were well-bred and likewise

often bore the credentials of scars as their "Victoria Cross."

In the North of England, in Wales, and in some parts of Scotland, fox hunters cannot do without their terriers, such being used by Tommy Dobson, who hunts a few couples of hounds from Eskdale, Cumberland; by Mr. Benson with the Melbrake; by the Ulleswater; by the Coniston, by Mr. Jacob Robson with the Border Foxhounds, and by others. Most of these terriers are, however, more or less cross bred, but Mr. Robson's seem pretty much similar in type, wire haired, red or "mustard," "pepper and salt," and sometimes black and tan in colour. They are coming to be known as "Border Terriers," and as they are very useful and handy little dogs, they certainly deserve this special nomenclature.





CHAPTER III.

MORE NOTABILITIES—EAR-DROPPING AND OTHER MALPRACTICES—FORMING A KENNEL—THE FOX TERRIER CLUB—SOME MODERN KENNELS—THE BEST TERRIERS—MEASUREMENTS.

OF course, there were a few other good terriers appearing about the earlier shows in addition to those already mentioned, but such bear sorry reputations to-day, nor have they done much in the way of improving the family generally. Rival was a terrier-like dog of the Jock stamp, but these varmint-looking fellows soon had, as it were, their noses put out of joint by the introduction of some smarter, handsomer, and gayer little creatures, wherever they came from, and there was no wonder that the huntsmen called such dogs, as those of which the beautiful Trimmer formed a fair specimen, toys. Here was another "pillar" with the name of the breeder unknown, though said to be sired by some unknown quantity of a dog called Rap, his dam being the Rev. T. O'Grady's Vic. Trimmer, a smart, thin-coated little dog, about 14lb. weight, with a small,

weak head, was most prettily marked with the deepest black and the richest tan. He was no workman to look at, and I have heard it said that, instead of being bred at some well-known kennels, as all such notabilities should be, Trimmer first saw the light in the cottage of a barge-man who sailed on one of the Midland canals. If this handsomest of fox terriers was not game, he was thoroughly ill-natured and snappish, and, during his confinement on the show bench, kept all inquisitive visitors at a respectful distance. Trimmer, unlike some other celebrities, had two brothers; these were called Crack and Tory. The latter belonged to young Mr. G. F. Statter, who then had a farm at Broomhills, near Carlisle, and Tory was a sad dog, as wild as they make them—one, indeed, that could not be allowed off the chain. Crack, some time in the possession of the writer, was a beautifully made little animal, with a good coat, and the most perfect feet and legs imaginable. He won a prize or two, but would not be looked at as a show dog nowadays. His temper to strangers was most obnoxious; still, he was fairly game, would kill rats, swim a mile up the middle of a canal, and, generally, proved a most endearing little fellow with those with whom he was on good terms. But Crack had a strange antipathy to people with black or very dark hair.

Others of the toyish stamp were Mr. Murchison's Bellona and Mr. Sarsfield's Fussy. The latter caused a considerable sensation when she came forward as a winner, for her owner lived at Durham, and was quite out of the ordinary swim of so-called fanciers, who now had grown numerous. Fussy, entered at Birmingham show in 1868, when the Rev. T. O'Grady and Mr. John

Walker were the judges, was then said to be about twelve months old, so that the stud book is in error where it states that she was born in 1869. Mr. Henry Calf, of Devizes, showed her, and thought so little of his bitch as to catalogue her at five guineas. I need scarcely say she did not obtain even a commendation, nor her sister Venom either, who was entered by their breeder, Mr. H. Chaworth Musters, at the same time. Fussy caught the eye of Mr. Sarsfield, who speedily became her owner for the sum already alluded to, and a great prize he thus obtained. In the following year Fussy commenced her successful career in the provinces, and, reappearing at Curzon Hall in 1870, was placed first in a strong champion class of eight, which included Mr. Pilgrim's Gem, who had been third the previous year. Mr. F. Sale, however, with his good, strong-backed bitch Myrtle, beat the Durham entry for the cup. It may be stated here that a daughter of the latter, Patch (Mr. Procter's), then but nine months old, was exhibited in the open class unsuccessfully, but in 1871 the tables were turned, for Patch came first in the open division; once more was her dam at the head of the champions, but, still unfortunate, was placed behind the writer's Mac II. for the "blue ribbon" of the show, the valued champion cup. Mr. Sarsfield's favourite again won in 1872, but the following year Patch was beaten by Myrtle, then five years old, but wearing well. In addition to the above honours, Fussy won many others, and proved extraordinarily successful for breeding purposes too, for Mr. Gibson's Vexer—a bitch rather short in head, but very good indeed in other respects—was own sister to Patch, the dam and her two handsome daughters forming a trio that would be difficult to beat even to-day. The

strain has not, however, been worked to all the advantage it might have been; Mr. Sarsfield's business engagements prevented him giving more than a passing attention to improving our terriers, and Mr. Procter gained greater notoriety from his strain of Cochin China fowls. Mr. Procter, however, still keeps a terrier or two as companions, and shows them successfully occasionally; such as he has, possess more or less of the Fussie blood, and through her sire, Mr. Muster's Ragman, go back to Old Trap, as so many of our best strains do.

Mr. J. Holmes, jun.'s (Beverley) Gadfly, by Vassal, a son of Jock and Grove Nettle, another much admired terrier in his day, especially for the reputation he bore for gameness, could not get high up in the prize list at Curzon Hall; still groups of sporting men were usually round his number, as was the case with Mr. F. Sale's Hornet—much the better of the two—and he was a son of Grove Nettle. The same exhibitor also owned an animal of unusual excellence in Myrtle, by his Old Sam, a son of Tyrant, out of a bitch called Jenny, by Old Jock. Mr. Luke Turner bred Myrtle, who at five years old was good enough to win the challenge prize at Birmingham. She had rather large ears, a weakish jaw, and possessed neither the rough wear and tear appearance nor character a hunting man likes to see in his terrier.

One of the best all-round fox terriers about now (1873, or a little later), was the lovely little bitch Lille, so long and successfully shown by Mr. Shepherd, of Beverley. She looked like a daughter of Tyrant's, but was by Tartar—Patch, out of Fell's Spot, all good-bred ones in their way, with nothing like the quality possessed by their illustrious descendent. Handsome as Lille was, stronger bone

and less delicate appearance would have improved her, though beautiful symmetry invariably attracted the judges at that time rather than a game-looking expression. The latter was possessed in an extraordinary degree by a tan-marked bitch called Fan, first, I believe, shown by Mr. W. Allison, of Cotswold Rectory, and later by Mr. C. T. Abbot. Here we had all terrier character, but she moved stiffly, was not, as it were, built on galloping lines, and became too loaded at the shoulders for modern fancy. She came in a little later, and reminded me more of Grove Nettle than any bitch I have seen since. The Stud Book gives her pedigree as follows: sire, Priam; dam, Pixie, by Jock out of Lill; Priam by Morgan's Grove Crab out of Fury; and she was bred by Lady de Lisle.

Another excellent bitch abounding with character was Jester's daughter Satire, bred and shown by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, of Thirsk, and from the same kennel came Tiny, who became a champion. Denton's Jock, from Doncaster, an excellent dog with a doubtful pedigree, said to be by Tyrant—dam unknown; after winning a number of prizes at the Yorkshire shows, was purchased by Mr. Gibson, Brockenhurst, and as Bitters continued to increase his notoriety but was by no means a success at the stud.

Amidst all these bygone celebrities, Mr. Peter Pilgrim's May must not be forgotten, another of old Jock's daughters, from a bitch called Crafty, known at the Quorn Kennels. Lasting long enough to win second prize in the champion class at Nottingham when eight years old, she was a remarkably strong-loined, very good looking bitch, rather light in bone. Another notable dog was the much abused Venture (the late Mr. W. Cropper's, Minting House,

Horncastle) by Tyrant, already described. It was rather strange that Venture—who, by the way, was said to be unable to get stock—by his alliance with Fussy produced so heavily-marked a bitch as Proctor's Patch, and Henry Gibson's Vexer, with little colour about her, whilst his Vanity from Cottingham Nettle had likewise Venture for her sire. Patch was a good one if almost black, and certainly well beat her dam in length and strength of jaw, in which respects Fussy was sadly deficient.

About the year 1872 the entries of fox terriers became unusually numerous, and, strange though it may seem, actually included more individual animals than are found even in the special terrier shows held at the present time. Now the classes are divided in an almost inexplicable fashion, there being at the most recent show of the Fox Terrier Club held at Derby in November, 1894, no fewer than thirty-three classes for smooth-coated fox terriers, they including puppies and novices, with limit classes, challenge classes, the same for veterans, "birthday" stakes, produce stakes, "graduate" classes, as well as the "Derby," the "Oaks" and various "selling" divisions. Indeed, considerable ingenuity must have been exercised in the "invention" and arrangement of so many different competitions. Whether such are altogether an advantage is an open question, they certainly give all dogs a chance of winning, so much so that in some of the "birthday" and "produce" classes, I have seen puppies win a prize of greater value than the dog which won it. Thus the latter, as a prize winner at a Fox Terrier Club's show might be given a fictitious value. Before this new classification a couple of champion classes and as many open ones were all the catalogues included, and there were no duplicate entries, *i.e.*, dogs were not allowed to

compete in more than one division. Still, such arrangements notwithstanding, from one hundred and fifty to over two hundred terriers were often benched in one exhibition, and at Nottingham, in 1872, 276 fox terriers were entered. Here there was a puppy class which attracted 73 competitors, whilst 74 animals were present in the open dog class and 109 in that for bitches, where Tiny, alluded to earlier on, won in the largest individual class of fox terriers on record. Mr. S. Owen's Thatch, a now forgotten dog, was placed at the head of affairs in the open dog class, with the much better known Foiler second only. The champion classes at the same show had likewise large entries, Mr. T. Bassett's Spot, a terrier of great reputation at that time, beating Tyke and others in the dog division; whilst another of the well nigh forgotten ones, Mr. B. Cox's Whiskey, was placed over May and Nectar for the bitch championship. A little later Birmingham found the fox terriers so numerous that the executive laid their heads together to devise some simplification of the work the judges had to do.

There was a controversy going on then about the size of fox terriers. Both big and little were winning, and those who owned the latter grumbled at the judges who by their awards testified to the truth of the adage that "a good big 'un would always beat a good little 'un." So in 1876 the fox terriers at Curzon Hall came, as it were, to be split up, and classes were provided for dogs over 18lb., bitches over 16lb.; and also for dogs and bitches under such weights. This arrangement continued for ten years, during which period the fashion became so changed that the best judges would scarcely condescend to look at a fox terrier much over 17lb. As the custom had grown in the country for

providing novice and other divisions, in addition to the usual open and champion (or challenge) ones, the Birmingham management again made a change, the result of which is seen at the present day. Possibly what I have written here will remove the false impression which appears to prevail to the effect that the classes of fox terriers are larger now than at any previous period of our history. I fancy that some modern judge at one of our big shows would look puzzled were he set down in a ring with fifty-eight fox terrier dogs in the open class, and only two fewer in the bitches, as was the case at Birmingham in 1875. And at that show all sorts and sizes won prizes, the winning dog being Mr. Bassett's Varmint, one of the heavy weights, and a coarse customer too; whilst for second came Snap (Mr. J. R. Whittle's), one of the writer's strain, a very neat and all round an excellent little dog certainly less than 15lb. in weight. Mr. Russell Earp's Vine, who took precedence in bitches, was likewise of the smaller or more toyish stamp; and, on the contrary, Mr. G. H. Warren's Vic, second prize, was a much bigger and far stronger bitch. With such decisions as these, no person was surprised to find, as already stated, the change in the arrangements of classification which came the following year.

Twenty-five years ago the value of pedigrees in fox terriers became so apparent, that they were often manufactured, and the honour of winning a prize being now at its highest, sharp practices to gain that distinction came into vogue. Some exhibitors, not content with merely docking the tails of their dogs, were clever enough to reduce the size of the ears by paring them down with either knife or scissors. I remember being shown the

scissors with which this operation had been successfully performed on a dog that won a number of prizes. One of the first duties of a judge in the ring at that time was, and for years later continued to be, to examine the ears to see whether they had been what was slangily called “faked.” This usually meant cutting the tendons of the ears to make the latter drop properly, for many terriers had naturally prick or erect ears, and with these appendages so carried there was no chance of winning a prize. The teeth, too, could be filed to a level where those on the lower jaw projected in front of the upper ones. When they did so project, the dog was said to be undershot, a fault which was then absolute disqualification. Curling sterns, overgaily carried, could be straightened, so the clever artist in the matter of dog showing, had, even with these almost white terriers, ample opportunity for a display of his skill and ingenuity in dishonest practices. And so he has now, he does so in many cases, and “faking,” to my mind, quite as bad as such cases as I have alluded to is permitted. The sin, however, of this modern “faking” does not appear to be so much in its commission as in its discovery, and means are now adopted by which a terrier’s ears may be made to drop artificially and no tell-tale marks remain. This is done in many instances by weights plastered on to the inside of the ears and sometimes on the outside. Again, one sees advertisements from “up to date” dealers who manufacture and sell appliances which are said to answer the purposes of “ear-dropping” admirably; “ear pads” they are called.

This *en passant*, however. Immediately following 1870 there were still more notorious terriers shown than those already mentioned, some good that did not win prizes,

others indifferent which did, for the judging was sadly in and out. Amongst the indifferent specimens might be classed Vandal, whose pedigree in the "Kennel Club Stud Book" is, I was told at the time of the publication, all wrong (although the owner is free from blame in the matter), Turco, and Renard, all shown by Mr. Murchison, who then had a kennel of terriers which has not since been surpassed. It included no end of celebrities, and for three years or more his representatives quite swept the decks. At Titchmarsh, near Thrapston, where the kennels were located, Mr. Murchison was fortunate in securing the services of S. W. Smith as kennel-manager, and for years the word of the latter was law as to what a fox terrier should be. Old Trap, Bellona, Trimmer, Old Jock, Grove Nettle, Pincers, Trinket, Vanity, Olive, were one time or another all under Smith's charge, as were hosts of minor lights, the names of which do not at present occur to me. When Mr. Murchison's kennels were strongest (about 1869-74) they contained at the least 200 smooth-coated fox terriers, including puppies, and perhaps the best of all the lot was his well-known bitch, Olive, which had been bred by Mr. Luke Turner, and was contemporary with Mr. Henry Gibson's Dorcas mentioned further on. Olive was by Belgrave Joe—Tricksey, by Chance, an 18lb. bitch, with a black and tan head, and all round one of the best fox terriers ever produced, and "Stonehenge" had her illustrated for his "Dogs of the British Isles." Olive died in the autumn of 1889, at the advanced age of fifteen years.

Another equally powerful kennel about the same time was that formed by Mr. Henry Gibson, at Brockenhurst, on the borders of the New Forest, and whose name has already appeared in these pages. From school-boy days

Mr. Gibson had been an admirer of fox terriers, and, when he had scarcely entered his teens, contrived to obtain a crack dog of the breed, for which he paid the exorbitant sum of fifty shillings, and that was about fifty years ago. Later in life Mr. Gibson availed himself of the opportunity thrown in his way, to cross this old strain of working terriers with more modern ones, and thus he achieved the honourable position occupied by the most successful exhibitor of the day, which he certainly was about the years 1873-6. Mr. Gibson still believes in the old time terriers, and considers that the one mentioned above, which he had purchased from Massey, Mr. Adderley's (now Lord Norton) gamekeeper, of Hams Hall, Warwickshire, was the best he ever possessed, and he treasures the same strain even now. This family of terriers was as game as possible, quite free from any of the bull terrier blood; and many and many a hard week's work have these Brockenhurst dogs done when their time was not occupied on the benches, where they had a long and successful career. Although most of these winners had been bred by their owner, he was always ready in case of need to pick up the plums which were to be had from other kennels. In 1874, he claimed Foiler at Birmingham (he was one of the judges) for 100*l.*, where that dog had been placed second to Tyke, who, catalogued at 50*l.*, could have been purchased for less money. Foiler, a good-looking dog, with a long, well-shaped head, but not level enough on his back for my fancy, proved an indifferent animal to breed from, although so well bred himself, having a treble strain of Grove blood in him through Willie, Tartar, and Nettle. Foiler, Diamond, Brockenhurst Joe, Vexer, Bitters, with that extremely good bitch Dorcas, were some of the best

terriers Mr. Gibson has owned. The last named, who was purchased by Mr. F. Burbidge, requires something more than a passing notice, for there are many persons at the present day who considered her, when living, as the best of her race, and now, when dead, believe her equal has not yet been seen. Dorcas, born in 1873, was at the height of her successful show career, two years later, a bitch about 16lb in weight, with one side of her face black and tan, body white, with one spot on it. She possessed one of the best heads of the Foiler stamp, long and powerful, well shaped on the skull, and quite terrier-like in muzzle, her excellent expression being increased by her beautiful eyes, sharp and sparkling, ever on the look-out for "rats." She was not of the cobby stamp, though rather long in back, bone not heavy, but apparently of excellent quality. Dorcas' neck and shoulders were perfection, so were her feet and fore legs, the latter as straight as they could be made, still not stiff and stilty to the extent of giving a narrowness in front and a deficiency of heart room, so increasing a defect amongst the modern prize winners. The ears of this bitch were nicely carried, neither too big nor too little, and in the early portion of her career her coat was hard, short, and close; later, it became a little soft. The hind quarters were not quite so neat as one would like to have seen, arching a little too much and more crooked at the stifles than is actually to be wished; still, all round, Dorcas was one of the very best fox terrier bitches we ever saw, and as such fully deserving the eulogiums bestowed upon her. Still, good bitch as she was, Mr. W. Allison, in judging her by points in 1877, placed her below Bloom, making the latter almost perfect by giving her 96 out of a possible 100; Dorcas being

awarded but 86. Personally, I considered the latter quite a class ahead of the former. Dorcas' head stuffed and mounted, hanging on the walls of the Kennel Club, in Cleveland-row, does her scant justice.

Messrs. Bewley and Carson, who resided in Liverpool, about this time were going the circuit of the shows, and by the aid of Quiz won a great number of prizes. This was an unusually nice terrier in every way, though not of a fashionable pedigree (being by Watty—Midge, whatever they were), nor am I quite certain that, in 1871, he was not the best terrier of his year. Mr. N. Archer, who bred him at Stourbridge, was more than once present at the big shows with some dog better than common—the bitch Diamond for instance, though there was some trouble about her ears. Mr. Gamon, of Chester, did honour to that city by producing many of the best dogs of his day. His tan-headed Chance, which was found suffocated in his box at Birmingham in 1870, was, whatever any one says to the contrary, about as perfect in his variety as anything we have seen. His coat, perhaps a little fine, was close, and the skin could scarcely be found underneath it; his expression and form were perfect. The terrier most like him is Belgrave Joe, particulars of whom will be found later on, when he was the property of Mr. Luke Turner, of Leicester. By careful selection Mr. Gamon had formed a valuable kennel, and great regret was expressed at its dispersal some few years later.

Quite a sensational dog of his day was Mr. Leon Binney's Mac, a terrier of the handsome type, who came second to Venture at Laycock's Dairy Yard, where the Islington dog show was held in 1869. Many thought the Manchester dog should have won, and dying soon after there was no

chance of his avenging his defeat. He, however, left behind him a son, in Mac II., with whom the writer was fortunate enough to win the cup at Birmingham in 1871, the open dog class being, perhaps, the finest that had, up to that time, ever been brought together. Hornet, another good dog, and a daughter of Grove Nettle, was second in that year. Mac. II. was all that a terrier should be, a game and gentlemanly dog, and why he did not go to ground after fox and otter was for the very same reason that the costermonger now calling "oysters, alive! all alive oh!" does not do so in German—because his education had been neglected.

The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam bred Tyke, a dog that won an unusual number of prizes, and who with Rattler, following a year or two later, takes us right down to the present generation of terriers. Tyke was by Tartar from a bitch by Old Jock; a lowish set dog, with extra strong back; of a nice size, about 17lb., very powerful, but with a brindle mark on one cheek. He was pupped in 1869, changing hands several times at small sums (a good terrier was now worth 100*l.* or more), until Mr. F. J. Astbury, of Prestwich, near Manchester, purchased him, and showed him over all the country. Dr. Hazlehurst had Turk and Mr. A. C. Bradbury Trumps about this time; the latter a leggy dog rather, with a richly marked head, and bearing a character for gameness second to none. Good as he was, he, like Old Turk, was but a second-rater compared with the lions of his day, though in "blue blood" equal to the highest in the land. Mr. J. H. Shore's Viper, another son of Tartar, deserves a line to be written as to his excellence; so does that sterling bitch Trinket, whose only fault was her plum-coloured nose. Her history proved sad, for she was stolen,

and no one, excepting the thieves, who were never discovered, knew what became of her. Anyhow, a lovely bitch was lost to the honest people of the world. Grove Trimmer, shown by the Rev. T. W. De Castro; Mr. Allsop's Rebel; Mr. Redmond's Deserter; Little Jim—the best of Tyke's get we ever saw—bred by Mr. Cumming Macdona; Tip and Spot, shown by Mr. Theodore Basset, were all terriers of a high class, and so like workmen in appearance that they deserve to be mentioned here. The same may be said of Mr. Murchison's Tom, of Vengeance, and of Diligent, the latter one of the early fox terriers shown by Mr R. Vicary, of Newton Abbot, who, later on, was to obtain such celebrity with his kennels. She was bred by Charley Littleworth in 1877, and and was by Brockenhurst Joe—Busy, by Bitters, and a hardy-looking bitch with a very coarse stern.

To continue a description of all the leading terriers during the past two decades would be most wearisome; so, after a passing allusion to the dog who gained the name of the "dreaded Rattler," fresh ground must be broken. Jack Terry, of Nottingham, was the first man to successfully exhibit him, which he did under the Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam as judge at one of the early Manchester shows. He was there purchased by Messrs. J. Douglas and S. Handley, who re-sold him to Mr. Fletcher, of Stoneclough, for 100*l*. Then, in the care of Mr. George Helliwell, of Sheffield, who is now one of our popular judges, Rattler entered upon a career of successful exhibition which was nothing short of phenomenal. Born in 1871, and, when little less than two years old, winning at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1873, he continued, with little to stop his progress, until 1879, then having won over 250 prizes. The value of these,

with the stud fees which no doubt so successful a dog would command, must have made Mr. Fletcher's spirited investment a lucrative one.

Rattler's blood I never cared about. The Stud Book gives his breeder as Mr. Turner (this is not Mr. Luke Turner, so eminent an authority on fox terriers), by Hulse's Fox out of Fan, by Underwood's Spot from Cowlister's Dutch; Fox by Trimmer II., by Old Trimmer. That he got few notable puppies is not surprising, for, with the exception of Spot, his progenitors were not likely to bring good scions, the appearance of Trimmer II. in any pedigree being quite sufficient to condemn it. Oh, what ears that dog had! big even during an era when such were rather the rule than the exception. Rattler, in appearance just an enlarged edition of Old Jock, was about 19lb. weight, in fair show condition; good all round, the more one looked at him the better he suited, his greatest fault being one common to all much-shown dogs—a general listlessness in the ring. When “rats” were astir Rattler was all over the place, and, although he had many detractors—for the most part defeated opponents—the name of the “dreaded” will for long remain one of the foremost in the annals of fox terrier history. Had Rattler been shown and knocked about as a puppy, would he have worn so well and looked so fresh as he did when last on the bench? is a question I would put to those who, nowadays, so persistently advocate puppy classes.

For years the name of the Rev. T. W. de Castro has been familiar to all who are likely to wade through these pages—ever since he owned Buffer. Here we had the exact antipodes to Rattler; the one could not win on the bench, yet could produce excellent stock, the other could

do the former and not the latter. When Buffet, Buffer's son, was sold for 250*l.* by Mr. Shepherd, of Beverley, to Mr. J. Hyde, of Stratford-on-Avon, a sensation was caused, for, however fanciful prices had recently been, this certainly topped all. Buffet was as dear a dog as anyone could purchase, because thoroughly unhealthy, his blood was disordered, and all the care and attention one of the most skilful "dogmen," John Reed, of Beverley, could bestow, were required to bring him into the ring in a fairly presentable state. Imagine a terrier almost, if not quite, perfection in formation and symmetry, and you have Buffet. Possibly the *liquor arsenicalis* in his system made him despondent and heavy hearted when in the show ring; a gamier-looking and more sprightly appearance would certainly have been an improvement. This poor dog had not a long reign, and, when his general health is taken into consideration, the wonder becomes greater that his public reputation was so long sustained.

Other noteworthy sons of Buffer were Nimrod and Gripper, and I am certain that had the first-named been kept as he had been reared, his successful career would have extended over many years. Gripper, his brother, lived until he was seventeen years old, and twelve months before his death looked as well and was as fresh and lively as many dogs at half his age. How the writer of these chapters obtained the fox terriers he once owned and showed so successfully, may be interesting and instructive to others who would desire to go and do likewise; though perhaps a different procedure as accounted later on would be more likely to be successful nowadays, when "champions" are not to be purchased for 10*l.* or 15*l.* a-piece, and the best of brood bitches for less than a moiety of either sum.

As a commencement it must not be forgotten, that twenty years ago there were fewer dog shows than now, fewer people who knew a terrier when they saw one, and that canine knowledge was comparatively rudimentary. I lived in a country town, and had no more than visited a few dog shows, the principal ones, however, amongst the number. I went, saw, and fancied the fox terrier as he then was, and in due course, after obtaining a couple of puppies from the same source, which died, got a bitch through the late Rev. T. O'Grady, of Hognaston Rectory, Ashbourne. This was Riot, by Old Trap—Venus, by Old Jock—a suspicious pedigree to be handed to a novice, but ultimate proceedings convinced me of its correctness.

After sending her over to the Hilmorton Paddocks, near Rugby, to be served by Jock II., said to be by Old Jock out of Grove Nettle, I had for my pains and expense a litter of mongrels, one of which, because it had an "evenly-marked black and tan head," I was persuaded to show. However, so disgusted was I with my own dog alongside others, that I sold him for seven shillings, and, though the entry fee and expenses had cost ten times that sum, was told, by one who knew, that I had made a good bargain. Purchasing Crack (brother to Trimmer), in due course Riot became his consort, and the foundation was laid of a strain which, I believe, if it had been properly and judiciously kept up to the present day, would have been equal to the best. After three generations I found that my strain bred fairly truly; prick ears were absent, and any puppy I cared to sell easily realised two or three guineas at least, and when grown up would turn out by no means unpresentable.

Some crosses I tried were worse than useless; thus with the Foiler blood, with Rivet, who was by Gadfly from

Tricksey, and laying claim to a pedigree quite as long as the haughty haberdasher does when he retires from business and becomes a county family celebrity; and with a dog named Nugget, brindled marked and the facsimile of Tyke. Dew claws “doubly distilled,” brindle marks, upon otherwise ugly creatures were produced from them, until I came to the conclusion that to breed fox terriers with any certainty you must have blood thoroughly reliable. I gave a heavily marked puppy away which had been produced from another cross I obtained by the purchase of Mac II., for his dam, Venom, I had always admired, indeed, I almost purchased her from her breeder, Mr. F. Chaplin, so long ago as 1869. Then George Dickenson, who came from Northumberland, as the head gamekeeper at Levens Hall, Westmorland, had sent down to him a bitch from the Tynedale, the lemon marked terrier already described, which he put to the dark coloured puppy mentioned above, bred from Crack and Mabel, a daughter of Old Riot. A pup resulted, which was sold when a month old for half a crown! This youngster blossomed into Nellie, as good a bitch as ever ran on four legs, though a big one for modern fancy, and the dam of Nimrod (undoubtedly the best puppy of his year), Gripper, and others I could mention. Riot bred a whole host of good ones, including the afore-said Mabel, whose temper outside her own family was so detestable that she could not be shown. I had her entered at one show, but she did nothing but sulk, kept her tail between her legs in the ring, got v. h. c., quite as much as she deserved under the circumstances, and concluded her day out by biting three different people. There was no better bitch in her day, and years afterwards she died far away in Ireland in the bosom of the same family where she

had lived from puppyhood. A bitch named Olive (not Mr. Murchison's excellent animal of that name), Grove Ella, Cedric (whose breeder, pedigree, &c., are carelessly stated in the Stud Book as unknown, was brother to Sally (694)); Viking, Bessie, and Mac III. (afterwards Sarcogen), prize winners and good terriers in other respects, were all from the same stock, and thus, with an original outlay of 5*l.* added to the purchase of Crack and Mac II. for about 30*l.*, a fair kennel of fox terriers was got together. My dogs were invariably kept in the house, three or four at home, the remainder on "board wages" with cottagers and working men, who took as much interest in the dogs as myself, and so did their wives when they found an extra honorarium for the children and new gowns for themselves at Christmas time.

In considering this method of bringing up puppies—and, indeed, in keeping terriers and small dogs—by far the best, I by no means stand alone. Most of our principal exhibitors now follow the plan, as being less likely to promote distemper and other disorders than when fifty or a hundred dogs are kept together. Then in the way of exercise, the "boarding out" system has many advantages, and the dogs so reared are more sensible and prove better showers and companions than when brought up in a kennel. Messrs. Clarke, whose successes with their fox terriers will be dealt with later on, adopt a similar method, and, with the exception of some few favourites kept at home, all their dogs were in the keeping of cottagers and others, who did well to them, and were, of course, suitably rewarded for their pains and attention. Breeding generally from some twenty-five bitches, Messrs. Clarke had, at one time, at least a

couple of hundred puppies to select from annually—a formidable undertaking, no doubt.

So there is little difficulty in forming a strain of terriers, and only professional arrangements caused me to give up “dogs” and scatter the results of my few years’ experience broadcast on the world. Some are knocking about this country still, others are in Russia and France, some even further away, in the Antipodes and in various parts of America, and, properly entered and taken care of, they will be sure to do their duty.

With the establishment of the Kennel Club in 1874, and of the Fox Terrier Club two years later, pedigrees came to be more reliable, new faces were seen bringing their terriers into the ring, and fresh strains came to be produced. Some of the old-fashioned blood which Mr. W. Allison and his brother-in-law, Mr. T. H. Scott (who contributed various articles about terriers to the newspapers under the *nom de plume* of “Peeping Tom”), introduced from Yorkshire, did not nick well with other strains, though with Old Jester, Jester II. (whose dam was Lord Middleton’s Vic, by Old Tartar—Vic, of the Grove and Lord Middleton’s strain), and a big bitch called Frantic, the relatives were fairly successful. Possibly the two best terriers from this Yorkshire kennel were Fan (already mentioned) and X.L. The latter had at one time credentials to pose as one of the best of her day, and so good did some judges consider her, that she was purchased by them from Mr. Allison at one of the Darlington shows for about 100*l*. Later, shown by Mr. S. Mendal, Manchester, she proved a great winner at a period of our history when favouritism in the ring now and then ruled the roast. X.L. (sister to Frantic), a tan-headed bitch, was born in 1870; her breeder’s name is not

given in the first volume of the Stud Book, but Mr. W. Allison bred her through a bitch named Nettle being mated to his favourite Jester, who was from Cottingham Nettle. The Cotswold favourite was also, about this time, sire of another good terrier, Mr. Arrowsmith's Satire, a first-rate bitch even amongst first-raters. Both Mr. Allison (who was very much interested in race-horses as the managing director of the Cobham Stud Company, later a journalist on one of our sporting dailies, and at present secretary to the National Sporting League) and Mr. Scott were keen sportsmen; they knew a terrier when they saw one, wrote nicely to the newspapers, and soon became authorities on fox terriers, and judges whenever they were asked to officiate.

Fox terriers were running about the streets of Nottingham forty years ago. I have mentioned that Mr. T. Wootton had them, and Mr. White, of Sherwood Rise, always kept several smart ones. Strangely, from the same old town another and a later strain has reached us. The Messrs. Clarke there established a kennel of their own, which in many instances presented quite distinctive features. This result was achieved by a peculiar, if not altogether an unusual course of in-breeding, a plan which, if properly carried out, has invariably led to improved "personal" appearance in dogs, pigs, horses, and cattle.

The Messrs. Clarke's chief success was when they bred between Brockenhurst Rally and Jess, the latter by Grip—Hazlehurst's Patch, and the former by Brockenhurst Joe—Moss II., though the Messrs. Clarke tell me that, strangely enough, the blood of one of the puppies with which they commenced in 1871, a grand-daughter of Rival, still runs through some of their terriers, and at one time they could

10



James Wardle

RESULT.

have put into the ring from twenty-five to thirty dogs of all ages, any one of them well worthy of a first prize. Time after time, too, they sold some of their favourites, and usually appeared to have better to take their places. Brockenhurst Rally, after doing yeoman's service both in the prize ring and at stud, died in the summer of 1889, leaving a character behind him without a flaw. Result remained with them, a black-headed dog of extraordinary formation throughout. Some 17lb. in weight, though modelled like a little cart horse he was full of quality, the punishing power of his jaw was extraordinary, and his head was of great length and extra good in shape; his eyes were piercingly bright and expressive, though his dark markings were sadly against a smart appearance, which a white blaze down the face would have improved much. His ribs, and loins, and back were excellent, so were his feet, and legs, and coat. The hypercritical found fault with the shape of the top of his head, saying it was a little too round; this was more in appearance than in fact, arising from a rather low placement of the ears. Up to the time Result retired from the show bench, his last appearance being at the Fox Terrier Club's show in 1888, when he won the challenge cup, he retained all his leading characteristics, though for some few months before his death, which occurred on the last day of the year 1894, he had been quite blind. This good dog was beaten only on three occasions, twice by Messrs. Vicary's Vesuvienne, a portrait of whom appears on another page in addition to a short history of her, and once by his own daughter Rachel. However, he survived long enough to turn the tables on both his opponents. Altogether he won the fifty-guinea challenge cup on eleven occasions, and Result in his day

was to my mind the best fox terrier I ever saw. Regent was another excellent dog in the Nottingham kennels, and that his constitution was of the best may be inferred from the fact that in 1894, when twelve years of age, he became the sire of a strong and healthy lot of puppies. He died at the same time as Result. Raffle, Reckon, and First Flight were also far above the average. The bitches from the same strain were often lighter in bone than the dogs, and not so characteristic. Rachel, already alluded to, was a lovely terrier, and the best of her sex the Messrs. Clarke ever bred. Money tempted them to send her to America, though it is said that at the same time an even more liberal offer for Result did not lead to a sale. Other specially good bitches of their's were Radiance, Recherche, Rosemary, Richmond Nettle, and Raillery. It seems somewhat strange that latterly Messrs. Clarke have not produced any terrier of great excellence, though they continue to breed from both dogs and bitches of pretty much the same strain and with which they were so successful half a dozen years or more ago. This, of course, goes to prove to how great an extent "luck" is connected with dog breeding.

The late Mr. Fred Burbidge, once captain of the Surrey county team of cricketers, in the earlier part of his career as an exhibitor, owed his success more to judicious purchases than otherwise, and he then owned some very good terriers, including Buff, Nimrod, Dorcas, and Bloom. From about 1884 to his death, which occurred in 1892, Mr. Burbidge proved particularly successful on the bench with dogs of his own breeding, which were reared in a lovely cherry tree country not far from Watford, Herts.; and, during at any rate a portion of that period, he displayed

an ability to occupy the high position Mr. J. H. Murchison and Mr. Gibson had done years before. Personally, I had a strong liking for the class of terriers Mr. Burbidge kept, his dogs being especially to my fancy. They were not too big, had immense strength of bone for their size, and no strain of modern fox terrier could approach his best specimens for length and correct shape of head, with powerful jaws in proportion. With all this strength and muscle there was naturally a tendency to cobbliness, and consequent stiffness in action; but it is possible a generation or two of careful selection may remedy these trivial defects. The jackets and eyes of all Mr. Burbidge's terriers were excellent, and the tan-headed Hunton Prince (once shown as Syrup), bred by Mr. T. P. Morgan, was during the year 1889, one of the most typical terriers on the bench. The breeding of this dog is somewhat interesting, his sire, Hyssop, being by Spice, whilst Style, the sire of his dam Lady, was by Pickle II.—Sample, the latter own sister to Nimrod and Gripper. Hunton Baron, though heavily marked, was a great favourite of mine, and so was the more lightly made Hunton Honeymoon.

Following the lamented death of Mr. Burbidge, his terriers were disposed of by auction by Mr. A. E. Clear at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the spring of 1893, and being the most important sale of the kind which has ever taken place, the following particulars may be interesting. Altogether 131 lots, including puppies, were catalogued, and they realised 1,807*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, an average of a trifle over 13*l.* 16*s.* The bargains of the sale were, Hunton Baron, who went to Mr. Redmond for 30*g*s., and Hunton Honeymoon, secured by Mr. J. J. Pim for 31*g*s. The top price was 135*g*s., the sum Mr. J. A. Whittaker had to pay for Hunton

Tartar, late Belmont Tartar, and Mr. Kelley gave 70gs. for the pick of the puppies, Hunton Squeeze, by Hunton Bridegroom. The chief lots, with their purchasers, were as follows :

					Gs.
Hunton Billy	Capt. Keene	... 11
Hunton Baron	Mr. F. Redmond	... 30
Hunton Justice (late Panel)	Mr. J. C. Stephens	... 84
Hunton Bridegroom	Mr. T. Powell	... 24
Hunton Beak	Mr. J. A. Whittaker	... 20
Hunton Tartar (late Belmont Tartar)	Mr. J. A. Whittaker	... 135
Hunton Honeymoon	Mr. J. J. Pim	... 31
Hunton Drift	Mr. R. Vicary	... 10
Hunton Scrimmage	Mr. J. A. Whittaker	... 20
Hunton Brigantine	Mr. Jolliffe	... 16
Hunton Brisk	Mr. Ellis	... 36
Hunton Blackie	Mr. H. Jones	... 13
Hunton Silence II.	Mr. Fallett	... 13
Hunton Bee	Mr. F. Redmond	... 13
Hunton Bride	Mr. R. Vicary	... 22
Champion Hunton Surety	Mr. J. H. Kelley	... 41
Hunton Bliss	Sir H. F. De Trafford	... 70
Hunton Blister	Mr. G. W. Howard	... 20
Hunton Bee II.	Mr. F. Redmond	... 31
Hunton Barmaid	Mr. De Hosker	... 18
Hunton Scramble	Mr. Whittaker	... 65
Hunton Scuttle	Mr. J. C. Tinné	... 12
Hunton Honeycomb	Mr. E. L. Corrie	... 27½
Hunton Honeydew	Mr. R. Vicary	... 14
Hunton Blanche	Mr. Tattersall	... 20
Hunton Vex	Mr. R. Vicary	... 13
Hunton Comfit	Mr. Hogg	... 17
Hunton Quantock	Mr. Cowley	... 28
Hunton Bout	Mr. Huntbach	... 20
Hunton Chief Justice	Mr. Whittaker	... 37½
Hunton Jove	Mr. T. Powell	... 10
Hunton Jostle	Mrs. Lawrence	... 10
Hunton Jingle	Mr. Mansell	... 14
Hunton Brawl	Mr. A. H. Clarke	... 10½
Hunton Task	Mr. Kelley	... 36
Hunton Dulcibelle	Mr. R. Vicary	... 12
Hunton Dulcie	Mr. A. H. Clarke	... 28
Hunton Janet	Mr. J. J. Pim	... 11

						Gs.
Hunton Hush	Mr. F. Redmond	...	20
Hunton Skittish	Mr. W. H. Taylor	...	15
Hunton Squeeze	Mr. Kelley	...	70
Hunton Justicia	Mr. R. Vicary	...	20
Hunton Crazy	Mr. T. Powell	...	10
Hunton Briskly	Mr. Baxter	...	20
Hunton Pert...	Mr. T. Powell	...	17
Hunton Hebe	Mr. Kelley	...	20
Hunton Scrambler	Mr. Whittaker	...	65
Hunton Just	Mr. Lougest	...	14
Hunton Best Man	Mr. Lawrence	...	10
Hunton Beam	Mr. Kelley	...	36
Hunton Jool...	Mr. Powell	...	10

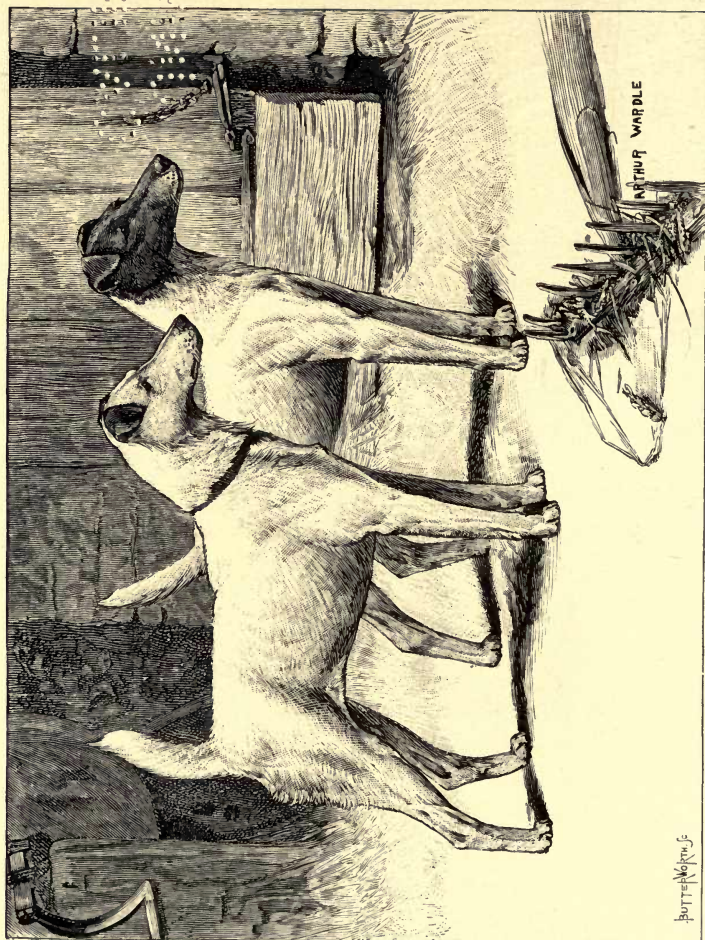
Hunton Baron and Honeymoon were afterwards re-sold to the no inconsiderable advantage of their purchasers by auction.

Mr. J. C. Tinné, secretary to the Fox Terrier Club, and whilom one of our best and most celebrated amateur oarsmen, hard by the New Forest in Hampshire, spends his leisure amongst his terriers. He has had them for twenty years or more, and is usually to be found with from thirty to seventy in his kennels, varying of course with the time of year. The puppies are mostly out at walk, the adults are kept at home, and, although fewer are bred during the winter months than in the summer, their production is continued more or less during the year through. With so many dogs, and having had his strain so long, an unusual list of celebrities may be given as having at one time or another been either owned or bred by Mr. Tinné, the best of them as follows: Brockenhurst Joe, Pickle, Buff, Darkie, Dickon, Brockenhurst Spice (whose blood runs in every terrier but one now in the Brockenhurst kennels), Deacon Ruby, Diamond Dust, Diadem, New Forest, Hunton Darkie, Newcome, High Spirits,

Brockenhurst Tyke, Pendennis, New Forest Ethel, First Arrival, Kate Cole, Ethel Newcome, Lyndhurst Vixen, Brockenhurst Trinket, &c.

Perhaps during the past two or three years no one has been more successful as an exhibitor of fox terriers than Mr. Francis Redmond, of St. John's Wood. Still I must confess an inability to appreciate some of his dogs, and in type he has been quite inconsistent, the latter perhaps because some of his most valuable dogs have come into his possession by purchase. For instance the crack D'Orsay, bred by Mr. J. W. Toomer near Swindon, was bought for about 200*l.*, and this dog's success has been so phenomenal that I produce, or rather Mr. Arthur Wardle produces, his portrait on another page. Since he left Mr. Toomer, by whom he had been successfully shown as Russley Toff, D'Orsay has never been beaten by one of his own sex, and indeed appears to have occupied the position Result so well graced a few years earlier. D'Orsay by Stipendiary—Ruffle II., was born in 1889, since which time he has repeatedly won the Fox Terrier Club's challenge cup as well as other leading prizes. He weighs 17*lb.*, is a smart, corky little dog, whose ears are not always as well carried as they are in the illustration. I do not like the placement of his shoulders, and generally he is no favourite of mine, though with one or two exceptions I must confess to being alone in this opinion. He is a game terrier, and considerable sympathy was felt for him when, during the autumn of 1894, in chasing a rabbit, he fell over a cliff, breaking one leg and in other respects injuring himself so much that it is likely his show career is ended. I am correct in stating that Mr. Redmond has refused a *bona fide* offer of 500*l.* for his

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DAME FORTUNE AND D'ORSAY.

favourite, which, had it been taken, would have proved a record price for a fox terrier. A better terrier, so far as character is concerned, is Digby Grand, a workman every inch of him to look at, and first shown by Mr. G. Raper; whilst Dominie, bred by Mr. Twyford, by his dog Pitcher, and good enough to win at Birmingham in 1894 when nearly five years old, is also characteristic. Mr. Redmond likewise purchased a white dog with an unusually long face; he called him Despoiler. He was bred by Mr. Owen, of Shrewsbury, and shown by him as Belmont Terror. This dog, with his small, pig-like eyes, is quite the antipodes of the other two cracks Mr. Redmond had in his kennels at the same time. A lady exhibitor, Mrs. Lawrence (Monmouthshire), ultimately became the owner of Despoiler for something like 300*l.*, at which sum he was no bargain. Mr. Redmond has had some fair bitches, the best of them perhaps being Dusky Spice, Diamond Dust, Dame D'Orsay, and a daughter of Despoiler and Dame D'Orsay, called Dame Fortune. The latter made a most successful debut at the autumn show of the Kennel Club in 1894, and followed up this success by winning all before her at the Crystal Palace, Northampton, Derby, and Birmingham the same year. At the Fox Terrier Club's show she not only secured the challenge cup (value fifty guineas), but about 100*l.* in money likewise, thus establishing a double record, for no other fox terrier bitch puppy had previously won the cup (Venio had won it as a dog) nor had any other smooth-coated fox terrier ever won so much money at one show. She is a smart, level-topped, and shapely terrier, and would, we fancy, be the best bitch that has been brought out for years—but there is an “if”—if she were more nicely marked and was not so bull-terrier

like in colour round the eyes. Her ears are liver or brown in colour, and they, with her red-rimmed eyes, mar her expression considerably. Still, as being at any rate the best bitch of the year, she is reproduced in company with her kennel companion D'Orsay.

Mr. E. M. Southwell (Shropshire), a painstaking and careful promoter of the fox terrier's excellence, has from time to time introduced many excellent faces. The wall-eyed bitch Sutton Viola was a great favourite of mine; so was old Shovel, notwithstanding his bad temper; whilst the bitch Surety is about as neat a one as we have seen for some time, and, as I anticipated in the first edition of this volume, has not been long in working her way into the winners' classes. Another good dog of Mr. Southwell's is Success, which has lately been purchased by Mr. J. A. Whitaker.

Undoubtedly one of our oldest admirers of the fox terrier, and one of our best all-round judges, is Mr. G. Raper, a son of the late Tom Raper, who behind the slips with a couple of greyhounds in them, has had no superior. At Wincobank, near Sheffield, Mr. Raper has a valuable kennel of terriers, as well as of other dogs, but earlier in his career he gave pretty much of his attention to the fox terrier. Thus he has had many of the best through his hands, and in Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive he owned a brace of terriers of the highest class; indeed, Olive was the bitch of her year. However, both were ultimately sold to go to America, the former for 100*l.*, the latter for double that sum. Raby Reckon and Raby Mixer have always been in the leading rank at our big shows. Delta (afterwards Richmond Delta), claimed by Mr. Raper at Buxton show in 1884 for 100*l.*, and afterwards put up to

auction and bought by him for 110*l.*, was supposed to be the best bitch of her day, her chief defect being in her moderate feet and ankles. At the present time Mr. Raper has a number of valuable and good bitches, the best of them being Pet Pearl, Sutton Safety, Richmond Sanctum, and Greno Jewel, a combination of blood which I should say is of peculiar value.

Mr. J. A. Doyle (Crickhowel), already alluded to as the writer of the admirable article on fox terriers in the "Book of the Dog," if he has not succeeded in winning the grand challenge cup periodically offered at some leading shows, has produced terriers with jackets on them to keep their insides warm. Beggarman has a coat to be proud of—a smooth coat proper, close, and hard, and crisp and strong; one that gives the lie to those who say a thick coat must of necessity be soft and fluffy; and awful jackets have some of the minor terriers that occasionally win, such as will soak up a shower of rain like a sheet of blotting paper would do. Mr. Doyle has likewise shown a number of bitches which are pretty well in the front rank, and lately he has won with a good young dog called Hesper, which, improved in his hind quarters, as he may do, would be at the very top of the tree of excellence.

One of the bad-coated dogs was Mr. Luke Turner's (Leicester) Spice, a wonder in head and ears and form, but with almost all his tail taken off, and wofully weak in his pasterns, both before and behind. He did a lot of winning in his time, but doctors differed as to his merits, for I remember well enough at one of the Kennel Club shows the Rev. Cecil Legard dismissing him without a card. Ultimately Spice went to America a three figures sale, but did not survive his expatriation long, as one day his kennel

companions, a team of deerhounds, resenting his British bounce, killed him. Mr. Turner has had many better terriers, including Patch, a lovely bitch, which, owing to the confusion of names prior to the formation of the Kennel Club Stud Book, often gets mixed up with others of the same name, and thus the credit of her excellence has, perhaps, become divided. Delta was another far above the average; so was Richmond Liqueur, though a comparative puppy when she made her *début* at the Fylde, Lancashire, Show, in July, 1887, where the best judges pronounced her to be one of the most perfect terriers seen for some time, notwithstanding the fact that her tail, like that of Spice, was almost all cut off. Unfortunately, this promising young bitch died before she could make that mark likely to be hers. Richmond Jack was a cast off from the Leicester kennels, but some judges liked him; I did not, excepting as an ordinary little terrier for a companion. His head was quite incorrect in shape.

If the Leicester Kennels have to survive through an individual, the dog to whom that honour will be due is the late Belgrave Joe. Belgrave Joe was much of the stamp of rare old Chance, but a better terrier in every particular, though he never came on to the show bench, because in his early years one of his ears was supposed to have been tampered with. But Joe's life at Richmond House was none the less happy because of the stain, and he lived there until old age carried him off to happy ratting grounds at the ripe old age of twenty years. I fancy through this dog comes most of the Belvoir blood so many persons value at the present time, for he was by Belvoir Joe out of White Vic, by Branson's Tartar—his Vic. Tartar was by Mr. Moore's (Appleby Hall) Ruler, from the Donnington

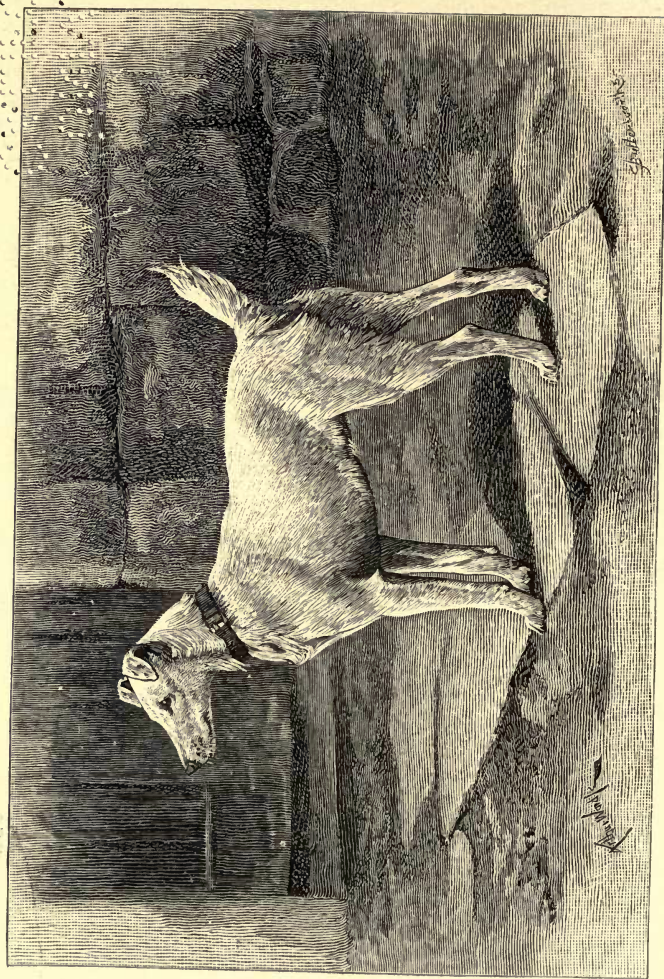
huntsman's Fairy, whilst Branson's Vic was by Twister, some time with the Quorn, from another Vic that originally came from one of Lord Aveland's gamekeepers. This was all the so-called working strain; and when we are told that most of these terriers were good-looking to boot, less surprise is expressed at the value of their blood to-day. It may not be out of place here to say something about these Belvoir terriers, which, in the time of the huntsman W. Cooper, were bred with some care, as many of the earths in that country were strong, and a game dog was required to drive the fox from them. The main earth close to the Castle was supposed to be quite a sanctuary for a hunted fox, until a little dog, named Doc, went under after a strong vixen, and bundled her out without very much trouble, as the same dog did many others on subsequent occasions. Mr. T. H. Scott, near Thirsk, who some years ago took particular interest in "Belvoir blood," says he was unable to trace the present breed of Belvoir terriers further back than some forty-five years ago, when Tom Goosey was the huntsman; but his Tyrant was a celebrity in his way, which, later on, went to Sir Thomas Whichcote, who, with this assistance, bred Belvoir Venom. Still, there is always considerable unreliability about these pedigrees of terriers before the Stud Books were published, as readers, no doubt, have noticed earlier on.

It was from such strains as these, then, that our somewhat impure "Belvoir blood" of the present day was produced, and from it came the dog previously mentioned, Belgrave Joe, by many admirers supposed to have been the most perfect fox terrier ever produced. Be this as it may, there is no doubt he was a very first-class terrier, and, at any rate, well within the first two dozen champions. Born

July 31st, 1868, bred by John Branson, and purchased from him by Mr. Luke Turner, Belgrave Joe, when advancing in years and rendered impotent from disease, realised 20*l*. Previously, on more than one occasion, Mr. Turner had offered a hundred pound note for Joe, but when he went to Richmond House the prospects of his recovery were not great. However, Joe was taken into the study, and survived to the good old age already mentioned. Weighing about 18*lb*., he had a tan-marked head, a white body, and, what I always liked, was a trifle high on the legs (terriers are more active when so built); his neck was a little too short to please some fastidious tastes. In other respects he was perfect; shoulders, legs, feet, eyes, character, bone, coat, and form all correct; strong and powerful in his jaw, so admirably in keeping with his other proportions, that he appeared to be without an atom of coarseness about him. He handed his good looks down to some of his sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, and great-granddaughters, and at the present time there are few of our leading fox terriers that have not, on one side or another, some drop or more of the old dog's blood coursing through their veins. There is an excellent engraving of Belgrave Joe, from the original painting by Arthur Wardle, which gives a capital idea of what the old dog looked like when past his prime.

Round about Leicester the "Pickle strain" was at one time a favourite, but did not appear to be of much use in the long run; for, although Pickle II. was an unusual success at the stud, I fancy he owed this to other dogs rather than to Old Pickle himself, who was by Old Trap—Fury, said to be from Goosey's Belvoir blood. Pickle II., owned by Mr. Turner, and later by the Rev. Owen Smith, a short,

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VESUVIENNE.

bandy-legged, long-bodied dog, with an unusually long, well-marked black and tan head, was by Tyrant IV. (brother to Burbidge's Nettle), from Olive (sister to Brockenhurst Joe), by Belgrave Joe—Tricksy, by Chance—Ruby, by Old Jock. So what blood could be better? and no wonder Pickle II. proved most successful at the stud by siring such dogs as Volo, Deacon Nettle, Daisy, Lady Grace, Diamond Dust, Partney Puzzle, Peggotty, and others.

Devonshire—for years celebrated for the sporting proclivities of its inhabitants—has always held some good terriers; probably, however, none so good for work and play (showing is play) as are now to be found on Mr. Robert Vicary's premises near Newton Abbot. From his kennels during the last twenty years many good terriers have sprung, animals which not only have been able to hold their own on the show bench, but could work underground whenever called upon so to do. Veni and Velasquez, were far above the average in appearance, but the best of all shown by Mr. Vicary is the white bitch Vesuvienne, who made a successful *début* at the Fox Terrier's Club show at Leicester in 1887, and she has had a most successful career since, on two occasions beating Result for the fifty-guinea challenge cup. Vesuvienne, bred by her owner, a white bitch of 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. weight, is a little long in the body, and not quite nice behind the shoulders. In other respects there is no fault to be found with her, excepting that perhaps the absence of markings on her head gives a somewhat bull terrier-like appearance, and she is a little cow-hocked. Her legs, bone, coat, shoulders, &c., are superb, her loins are fairly strong and powerful. But what I like in her best is the extra thick growth of hair on the neck, a protection which all working terriers should possess. Huntsmen

consider her a model; some good judges think her the best terrier ever shown. In gameness, I am told, nothing can excel her, but she is, of course, too valuable a piece of goods to trust to the by no means tender mercies of fox and badger underground.

In the summer of 1889 another terrier of more than ordinary excellence was introduced from Messrs. Vicary's kennels—viz., Venio, by Vesuvian—Venilia. After being brought out at a local exhibition in Devonshire, Venio was sent to London, where he won in all the classes for which he was entered at the Kennel Club's Show, in the end securing the challenge cup likewise, the latter awarded to the best smooth-coated fox terrier of all classes. Venio was then but ten months old, but he sustained his reputation later on, when he took most of the chief prizes at Birmingham in the winter of the same year. A fatality soon after attended his dam, who was run over by a baker's cart and killed. The Devonshire men said "the loss of this bitch was little short of a national calamity." Venio has lasted well, and even as I write, when he is six years old, few, if any, younger animals are able to lower his colours in the prize ring. Mr. Wardle's drawing of this dog is an excellent portrait.

But the above are not the only high class terriers Newton Abbot has produced, and from the commencement, when Mr. Vicary formed his kennel in 1872, he has periodically sent new terriers to the shows which could more than hold their own against all competitors; even when he had sold one of his cracks, Vice Regal, of which more in due course. At the Kennel Club spring show in 1894 a young dog of Mr. Vicary's, Visigoth, made a favourable first appearance, following up its successes at

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a list or index, organized in two columns. The text is written in a dark ink on aged, yellowed paper. The script is highly stylized and difficult to decipher, but appears to be a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The text is arranged in a grid-like fashion, with entries grouped together. The first column contains approximately 15 entries, and the second column contains approximately 15 entries. The text is written in a cursive script, likely a list or index, organized in two columns. The text is written in a dark ink on aged, yellowed paper. The script is highly stylized and difficult to decipher, but appears to be a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The text is arranged in a grid-like fashion, with entries grouped together. The first column contains approximately 15 entries, and the second column contains approximately 15 entries.



ARTHUR WARPLE

LYONS STING AND VENIO.

Butterworth & Co.

Portsmouth, and elsewhere; later on being purchased by Mrs. Van Walchren, of Holland. I should set this dog down as a lucky one, for he is not in the first rank, of which Vesuvienne, Vice Regal, Venio, and Result are the most popular examples. The bitches from the Devonshire kennels have been likewise well above the average, Vicety, Valteline, Vieté, and Venilia being particularly notable in their way.

Major How, at Stardens, near Gloucester, has lately shown an excellent type of terrier, hardy, game-looking dogs, which in many respects remind us of the best of the old timers. Modern critics may see in such dogs as Stardens King, Stardens Sting, and some others a certain coarseness which does not meet their views, but for thorough terriers of a hardy and workmanlike appearance these dogs of Major How's are second to none. Mr. T. Whipp, of Coldstream, has owned two or three particularly smart terriers lately, of which Douglas Jostle, Douglas Driver, and Douglas Trinket are good enough for anything; but one might go on interminably almost, making notes of these minor kennels, of which there are hundreds throughout the country; still, this section of the volume cannot be closed without more than passing allusion to another kennel which has attained distinction since the second edition of this volume was printed.

Attention has been drawn on previous pages to the manner in which I contrived to get together a pretty good lot of fox terriers twenty years ago. To prove how time brings about changes in canine as in other matters, the particulars of the formation of Mr. S. J. Stephens' kennel at Acton, near London, may perhaps afford some evidence. In 1892 the gentleman in question, like so many others

who preceded him, set his mind on fox terriers, and determined to expend something like £2000 on the formation of a suitable kennel of dogs and bitches, and from which he would be likely to produce puppies worthy of their ancestors' and of their owner's reputation. At the Fox Terrier Club's show at Oxford in November, 1892, he decided to purchase, if possible, from Mr. Tinné, who had been unusually successful there, the two bitches Kate Cole and Ethel Newcome; from Mr. Vicary, Vicety and Valteline; and from Messrs Castle and Shannon the well-bred Pamphlet.

The *Fox Terrier Chronicle* said that "Mr. Tinné was first asked what he would take for his couple of bitches, and replied 500*l.*, Mr. Stephens offered 400*l.* Mr. Tinné then altered his mind and withdrew Kate Cole, but said he would part with Ethel for 150*l.*, and two of her puppies by Vis-a-Vis. Mr. Stephens made another offer, which was accepted. He obtained one puppy of this litter, and a second puppy by Stipendiary. At Shrewsbury show Mr. Stephens bought Vicety and Valteline from Messrs. Vicary, and Pamphlet from Messrs. Castle and Shannon. To Mr. Clouting he gave 100*l.* for Science, who had won several prizes at the Palace, and had beaten Despoiler under Mr. E. M. Southwell. The idea then occurred to Mr. Stephens that he would like Stipendiary (this dog, as the sire of D'Orsay and some others, had made a great reputation at stud), so he wired to his owner, Mr. Taylor, of Bridgnorth, its price, which was 200*l.*, and that sum was promptly paid.

"Having now obtained nine good bitches and a famous stud dog, Mr. Stephens thought he would like a great show dog, so he did not leave Mr. R. Vicary alone until he had bought Vice Regal for 470*l.* The next purchase was Charlton Verdict. At the sale of the late Mr. Burbidge's

fox terriers in 1893, Hunton Justice was knocked down to Mr. Stephens for 84*l.* He made himself a limit of 2000*l.* to set up this high-class kennel, and when he now totted down the cost of his purchases they came to a few pounds under 1800*l.* He told us himself that the first week he advertised his stud dogs he received 40*l.* in fees.” This amount is not to be doubted when it is stated that the fee for Vice Regal is 10 guineas, and that for Stipendiary 5 guineas! With regard to the purchase of Vice Regal, it may be interesting to note that it was made under very unusual circumstances. Mr. Vicary did not care to part with his dog, but Mr. Stephens meant business, and ultimately forwarded a blank cheque, with a request that Mr. Vicary would fill in the sum he thought the dog was worth, which amount would be duly met, and no questions asked. Mr. Vicary made the cheque 500*l.*, which was to include payment for a bitch already purchased for 30*l.* Thus 470*l.* was the sum given for Vice Regal, and this is the largest amount ever paid for a terrier of any description, and not a bad sum either.

Since that time Mr. Stephens says he has had no reason to regret, even from the purely pecuniary point of view, the big investment he made in fox terriers. It has brought him a reputation as an exhibitor, has introduced him as a judge, and generally provided him with a popularity which can scarcely be called dear at the money. So far as the product of these good terriers is concerned, the success has not proved so great as it might have been, though perhaps another year or so ought to be allowed to elapse before a decision, adverse or otherwise, can be reached. But it is not given to any man to breed a Derby winner at will, or a fox terrier champion whenever he wishes to do so.

How different this from the manner in which the writer and others formed their kennels long years ago! My foundations cost me about 25*l.* all told; and from Riot, a bitch by Old Trap (or said to be), bought for 5*l.*; Crack, brother to Trimmer, purchased for 15*l.*; and the cost of a stud fee or two (they were not 5*l.* and 10*l.* apiece in those days), I formed a very fair kennel indeed, and bred terriers which did far more than their share of winning, including at any rate, a couple of dogs which were about the best of their year. Crack I sold for 5*l.* more than I gave for him, then purchased Mac II. for 16*l.*, he good enough to win "the first and cup" at Birmingham in 1871, beating all the notabilities of that time; obtained "fresh blood" from him, and a certain amount of notoriety in addition.

But the prices of fox terriers have advanced since that day—one worth 10*l.* then, would probably bring 100*l.* or more now, for the reason that more prizes are to be won; and if at Birmingham and other big exhibitions less money is offered now than formerly, the specialist club shows make up the deficiency with supernumerary prizes and special classes. For instance, at the Oxford show held in 1892, Mr. Tinné's Kate Cole took 86*l.* in prizes; Messrs. Vicary's (now Mr. Stephens') Vice Regal 60*l.*, and altogether about 120*l.* were awarded in prizes to the various dogs shown by Mr. Vicary. Previously I have noted how Dame Fortune won 150*l.*; other terriers from her kennel winning more money, making a grand total of not far off 200*l.* at one show.

One of our best bitches just now is undoubtedly Mr. Dyer-Bennet's Lyons Sting, rather over-sized perhaps—at least, she is said by some to be so—still her weight in nice condition is but 18lb. Bred by her owner (who has refused 250*l.*

for her) in July, 1892, by Rowton Warrant from Lyons Nettle, she has a black and tan head which is of nice character in its expression, and she has good, well-sprung ribs, and in front has not that stilty narrowness and upright shoulders so many so-called "good" modern terriers possess. Her faults are a badly set on stern and plain hind quarters, which are more apparent in the ring than when she is amongst the rabbits and rats. First shown at Cambridge in February, 1893, she won two leading prizes, successes which were added to later on, and at the Fox Terrier Show at Wolverhampton in November she took 60*l.* in prizes. Up to the end of October, 1894, Lyons Sting had appeared at fourteen shows, and in twenty-nine classes, in which she secured twenty-six first prizes, two seconds, and one third, valued at 144*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*, this not including five cups and four medals. These figures are interesting as evidence of what a fox terrier may do on the show bench in the way of earning its own living. At home Sting is a game and rather quarrelsome bitch; on the show bench and in the ring she is shy and reserved.

A far greater number of fox terriers are bred now than was the case a quarter of a century ago; indeed, when one goes carefully through the monthly registrations made at the Kennel Club and published periodically in the official gazette, the figures appear to be almost astounding.

The registration fee is one shilling, but it is not the custom to name a dog of any kind until it is fairly well grown and appears likely to turn out good enough to keep; so I judge that a fair average to take will be, say, one in four born comes to be named and entered at the Kennel Club. From 1880 to the middle of 1894, over 21,000 fox terriers were registered at Cleveland-row, and assuming,

as I have suggested, that one in four born would be entered, we have a grand total of 84,000 fox terriers bred in a little over thirteen years. This number is, however, quite a minimum, for very many more are reared by individuals who are not exhibitors—who breed dogs for hunting and other purposes—and who are in happy ignorance as to dog shows, registration, and the Kennel Club. Taking such into consideration, I should say that 9000 fox terriers are bred in the United Kingdom each year; and it seems more than passing strange that so few good ones and no perfect specimens are produced amongst these thousands. Surely there never was such a popular dog, and he, unlike his noble master, does not appear to have become spoiled by flattery and by the adulations of the wealthy. In manner he remains the same as he always was; his eyes brighten and he springs up to “attention” when he hears the cry “Rats!” now, when he is worth 200*l.*, just as he did when he was a comparative “street dog” and worth less than a five-pound note. If in manners he has not changed, he has altered somewhat in appearance, for now he is a somewhat leggy, flat-ribbed dog, and is, as a rule, deficient in expression and character compared with what he was in his early days. Still, our leading kennels now and then introduce some terrier-like dogs—Mr. R. Vicary’s, Major How’s, Mr. Tinné’s, Mr. Redmond’s, and Mr. A. H. Clarke’s, to wit.

Amongst the worthies connected with fox terriers Mr. L. P. C. Astley must not be forgotten. For well on to a quarter of a century he has been an exhibitor, on many occasions a popular judge of the variety, and for several years was editor of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*. He has not, however, of late bred any dogs of particular excellence,

and perhaps his frequent removals from one district to another have been against him as an exhibitor ; still there occasionally crop up some terriers better than usual bearing the prefix of "Dudley," this being the name he has registered at the Kennel Club. Mr. Astley, like Mr. Raper, has judged in New York, where no doubt his name is as well known in "fox terrier circles" as it is with us.

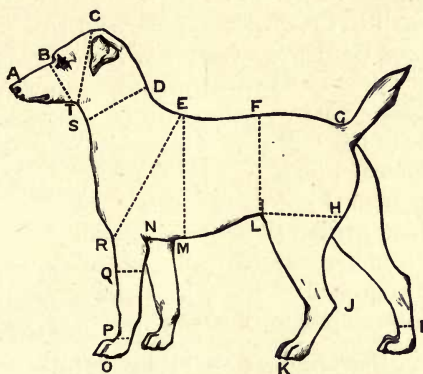
Almost every district in Great Britain contains at the present time some one or other who, to the emolument of the railway companies more than his own, shows terriers. I think a fair list of the leading kennels of smooths has already been given, but in addition to those mentioned as former or present owners or breeders of smooth-coated terriers—the wire-hairs shall have a chapter to themselves—are Mr. W. Arkwright (near Chesterfield), Messrs. Hill and Ashton (Sheffield), Rev. C. T. Fisher (Over Kellet), Rev. Owen Smith (Southport), the Messrs. Pim (Ireland), Mr. J. B. Dale (Darlington), Mr. Herbert Bright (Scarborough), Mr. C. Burgess (Spilsby), Mr. J. F. Scott (Carlisle), Mr. J. C. Coupe (now in Australia), Mr. T. Bassett (Surrey), Mr. J. R. Whittle (Middlesex), Capt. Openshaw (Lancashire), Mr. A. R. Wood, Capt. Frazer, Mr. L. P. C. Astley, Mr. F. Waddington (Durham), Mr. Jack Terry (Nottingham), Mr. A. Hargreaves, Mr. J. J. Stott (Manchester), Mr. R. Chorley (Kendal), Mr. D. H. Owen (Shrewsbury), Mr. A. Ashton (Cheshire), the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (Yorkshire), Mr. T. Hopkinson, Mr. Joe Forman, Mr. W. Hulse (Nottingham), Mr. F. S. H. Dyer-Bennet (Stourbridge), Mr. C. R. Leach (Southport), Mrs. E. Lawrence (Usk), Mr. T. B. Sykes (Lancashire), Mr. A. W. Emms (Leicester), Mr. J. A. Whitaker (Lancashire), Messrs. Castle and Shannon, Mr.

E. Powell, jun., Mr. A. Gillett (Lancashire), Capt. T. Keene, Mr. E. Attenburgh (London), Mr. W. H. V. Thomas, Mr. F. W. Toomer, Mr. J. Denton (Doncaster), Mr. A. C. Bradbury (Notts), Mr. F. L. Evelyn, Mr. W. Harrison (Ripon), Mr. J. E. Croft, Mr. C. E. Longmore, Dr. Hazlehurst, Mr. J. H. Shore, Mr. Hopkinson (Grantham), &c.

In the United States of America, Mr. A. Belmont, jun., has not only got together a fine kennel, but in addition he imported a clever English manager, German Hopkins, to look after its inmates, which he did most satisfactorily, until he sought a wider range for his abilities. The Messrs. Rutherford, New York; Mr. E. J. Thayer, and others in the States and Canada, have followed Mr. Belmont's example, whilst Australia and New Zealand have proved themselves thoroughly English by their importations of fox terriers, and in due course we may expect to find these colonies throwing down the gauntlet to the old country in friendly rivalry on the show bench, as they have done with such success in the cricket field and on the water. Our French, Belgian, and German friends have also taken kindly to the little dog, and at many of the continental shows specimens of more than average merit are continually met with, and often an Englishman is asked over to judge them. Perhaps the name of Mrs. Hoogeveen Van Walchren, of the Hague, Holland, deserves special mention, for that lady has got together an excellent collection of terriers, which she is not afraid of pitting against the best of this country, and at times this has been done with a considerable amount of success.

In America and Canada, pedigree is as highly valued as it is here, as will be inferred from the following story :

Some little time ago I received a communication from Philadelphia to the effect that my correspondent had purchased a fox terrier which unfortunately had no pedigree. His friends told him that such a dog was quite useless even as a rat killer or as a creature to be admired, when he did not even know the name of its sire and dam, so he would be much obliged to me if I would write him out a suitable pedigree for his little terrier. He thought one from England would be better than one manufactured at home. At the same time the corre-



MEASUREMENT DIAGRAM (see p. 98).

spondent would be pleased if I would hand the pedigree to "Mr. Peter Jackson" (at that time in London), for he lived only a few doors from the young man who wrote to me. I need scarcely tell my readers that "Mr. Peter Jackson" is a renowned coloured pugilist, but my dulness prevented me seeing the connection between a spurious pedigree and a popular "bruiser."

About sixteen years ago, the late Mr. Edward Sandell, an excellent judge of a terrier, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Caractacus," obtained the measurements, with

the heights and weights, of some forty of the principal fox terriers at that time, and from them struck a general average. These measurements were made in accordance with the figures on the diagram on the preceding page.

The averages thus obtained from the forty terriers were as follows :

From tip of nose to corner of eye (AB)	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
From corner of eye to occiput (BC)	4 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.
From occiput to shoulder (CE)	5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
From shoulder to root of stern (EG)	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Round muzzle under eye (BT)	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Round skull (CT)	12 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Round neck (DS)	12 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Round shoulder (ER)	20 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Round chest (EM)	20 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Round loins (FL)	18 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Round forehand (Q)	5 in.
Round pastern (P)	3 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Round hind pastern (I)	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Height (E to ground)	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Hock (J to ground)	4 $\frac{1}{3}$ in.
Weight—according to condition	17 to 20lb.

Rattler, at that time, was in his zenith, and, although there was always a coterie around his bench, ready and willing to pull him to pieces and run him down, he came well through his ordeal of measurement, as the following figures show : From A to B 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., B to C 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., C to E 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., E to G 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Round BT 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., TC 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., DS 13in., EM 21in., ER 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., FL 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Round Q 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., round P 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., round I 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., J to ground 4 $\frac{1}{3}$ in., weight 20lb., height 15in.

Buffer, Saxon, General, Diver, Jester II., Bitters, Yorick, and Scamp were among the next best measurers. The longest headed dog was Sarcogen, who measured 8in. in all; he was a 23lb. dog, far too big, and otherwise ungainly

in shape. His head was not only of this great length, but was almost perfect in shape and expression, but he stood too high on his legs, had an ugly stern, and was cowhocked, a fault inherited from his dam, Mabel, who was by Crack—Riot, by Old Trap. Mac II. was sire of this well-nigh perfect headed dog, and the writer had the pleasure of breeding him, he being of the same litter as Cedric, Sally, and Bessie, to which allusion has already been made.

Now, although I do not for a moment believe that certain measurements can constitute a perfect terrier, such may, perhaps, be the means of giving some would-be exhibitors a little insight into what they are about to undertake. Now that the above figures have been reproduced, it will be at any rate interesting to see how they compare with some of our leading celebrities of the present era, viz., Mr. A. H. Clarke's well-known dog Result, Mr. Vicary's equally celebrated bitch Vesuvienne, his Venio, and Mr. F. S. H. Dyer-Bennet's very good bitch Lyons Sting.

RESULT.		VESUVIENNE.	
AB	3 in.	AB	2 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
BC	5 in.	BC	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
CE	6 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.	CE	8 in.
EG	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	EG	11 in.
BT	7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	BT	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
CT	10 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.	CT	10 in.
DS	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	DS	10 in.
ER	18 in.	ER	18 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
EM	18 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	EM	18 in.
FL	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	FL (round waist) ...	12 in.
Q.....	4 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	Q	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
P	3 in.	P	2 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
I	2 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.	I.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
E to ground	14 in.	E to ground	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
J to ground	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	J to ground	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Weight	16 lb.	Weight.....	16 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

VENIO.		LYON'S STING.	
AB	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	AB	3 in.
BC	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	BC	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
CE	8 in.	CE	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
EG	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	EG	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
BT	7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	BT	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
CT	11 in.	CT	11 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
DS	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	DS	11 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
ER	19 in.	ER	20 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
EM	19 in.	EM	20 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
FL	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	FL	15 $\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Q.....	5 in.	Q	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
P	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	P	3 in.
I	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	I	2 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
E to ground	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	E to ground	14 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
J to ground.....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	J to ground	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Weight	19lb.	Weight.....	18lb.

These measurements of four of our best modern terriers compare very favourably with those of a dozen or so years ago, and especially so far as the heads are concerned. As to Result, his owner tells me that the length of the head is actually 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., but in the two measurements he comes out 8in., through taking the tape from eye to occiput across the skull, which is 5in. ; length of nose, 3in. Mr. Sandell, when he compiled his figures, did not include any bitches, so, her sex taken into consideration, Vesuvienne comes out even better, and, when I state that the measurements of Venio were taken when he was six years old, and that he is the heaviest terrier of the batch, his figures are also excellent. Lyons Sting likewise comes out of the ordeal of figures satisfactorily, and I am sure that all admirers of the fox terrier will, as I do, thank Messrs. Clarke, Mr. Vicary, and Mr. F. S. H. Dyer-Bennet for the trouble they have taken in obtaining the measurements.

I suppose there is little necessity to remind any of my readers, that even if they do possess a fox terrier with a head $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length, that stands $14\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height from the ground to the shoulders, and weighs 16 lb., they do not, of a certainty, own a champion. Possibly, when this volume has been carefully perused, any uncertainty its readers have possessed as to the merits of their favourites may have been removed.

So much for figures alone. If one cannot select the best animals by means of numerals, can we do so by the means of points, or by any process at all? Points by which to judge are well enough in theory, but sadly out of place in practice, being wearisome, and thoroughly uncertain, for it is quite as much a matter of opinion as to how many points may be given for a certain property, as it is of the general excellence of the animal. One judge will say, "That dog has a good head," and award the complement of points accordingly; another will say, "No, his head is not perfect, it is too thick or too narrow (as the case may be) round the skull," and he only awards three-fourths of the full number of points, and so the thing goes on. The British public like figures, and there is a show of learning about tables which is, however, rather apt to lead people astray.

A few years or so ago the editor of the *Fox Terrier Chronicle* endeavoured to find out the ten best terriers by the aid of his readers—an ingenious and interesting device; but even he and the instigators of his idea did not, I fancy, find perfection in arriving at the result sought to be achieved. Each reader of the journal in question was allowed to give one vote each for the ten fox terriers he thought to be the best. In the end forty-one papers were

duly filled in and signed. These included the names of sixty-seven dogs, and at the head of all came the bitch Dorcas, for whom thirty-seven individuals voted ; Mr. Luke Turner's favourite, Spice, followed with thirty-five ; Mr. Murchison's old bitch, Olive, being third on the list with thirty-four. Then came Buffet, thirty-three ; Result, thirty-one ; Richmond Jack, seventeen ; Lucifer, seventeen ; Richmond Olive, sixteen ; Richmond Liqueur, sixteen ; Nettle, fifteen ; and Belgrave Joe, fifteen. Such excellent animals were behind these as Rachel, Rattler, Sutton Veda, Brockenhurst Sting, Brockenhurst Joe, Jock, Nectar, Foiler, The Belgravian, Tyrant, Fussy, Pincher, Bedlamite, Regent, Grove Nettle, Hornet, and Bloom. Whilst Tartar, Chance, Tyke, Nimrod, X.L., May, Sam, Old Trap, Bellona, Hazlehurst's Patch, Diamond, to my idea, considerably better than at least four of the selected ones, with a host of others I could name nearly or quite as good, never obtained a vote at all ! Neither Vesuvienne or Dame Fortune had made a public appearance at the time the plebiscite was taken, so were not affected thereby.

A perusal of these figures and names sets one a-thinking. Surely the forty-one voters must have been sadly partial to one strain, or at any rate peculiarly forgetful of the past, and twenty years is not far to hark back, and, lolling in a cosy chair, reproduce to our minds the mighty champions which made the name of the fox terrier famous in every household. Did those who gave a line to Belgrave Joe ever remember hearing of a dog called Chance, Joe's very image without the bar sinister the mutilated ear entailed ? Did the seventeen responsible citizens who ventured their opinions for Lucifer ever hear of Tyrant, a better dog in every way than the Rev. C. T. Fisher's whilom favourite ?

And so could one go on. Richmond Jack, a cast-off from the Leicester kennels, obtained seventeen votes! Tartar and Nimrod were worth a score of him, and fairly and squarely judged could beat him any day in the week. Surely, then, we should require a jury of experts to select the ten best smooth-coated fox terriers that have been before the public during the last quarter of a century.

Good as Belgrave Joe no doubt was, he could not be one of these, for he was never exhibited on the bench. Comparatively few persons ever saw him in the flesh, and his reputation cannot be lowered by being omitted from the list. The jury of experts is not at hand, so as far as in my power lies I will arrogate their supposititious duty to myself, and simply say that I consider the following are the ten best fox terriers I ever saw. At the head of all Result shall be placed, and then come Old Jock, Chance, Tyrant, Dorcas, Buffet, Olive, Richmond Olive, Rachel, and Rattler, But one half of these are amongst the selected by the "gallant forty-one," and I venture to say that not a single individual out of that odd number will have the temerity to say that the *Fox Terrier Chronicle's* list is a better selection than mine.

The ten dogs I have named were, or are, all-round good ones, neither too big, nor too little, nor, so far as I am aware, do they bear any brand which would prevent them occupying the highest position on any show bench in the world. Pincher I would have included, but he had but one eye when I saw him, and Tyke's brindled patch debarred him, in my humble opinion, from figuring amongst the "immortals." Spice had a soft coat, and no tail to speak of; Richmond Liqueur had the latter defect almost intensified, and was but a puppy when she died; Richmond Jack's head

and face were quite out of shape when compared with those a perfect fox terrier should possess. Lucifer is not class enough to be included, but I am not quite so certain about Nettle, and little harm would be done were she one of my selections. However, on the previous page is the list I have been asked to compile, and I believe it contains the names of the ten best fox terriers I ever saw up to a certain date—*i.e.*, so far as the show ring is concerned. Their credentials by mountain and meadow may form another theme. If they were not “workmen” in the usual sporting acceptance of the term, I can only say—their looks belied them.

Of course, since the *Chronicle's* list was compiled many good terriers have been produced, and the names of most of them have already been mentioned. I should say that since that time the six best fox terriers have been, or are, Vesuvienne, Venio, D'Orsay, Lyons Sting, Dame Fortune, and Vice Regal.

All I have written must surely convey an impression that at the present time the smooth-coated fox terrier is the most popular quadruped ever existent. There is a magazine or newspaper published each month called the *Fox Terrier Chronicle*, established as far back as March, 1883; there are at least ten fox terrier clubs in being, and every other man you meet in the street considers himself a right good judge of the variety. Who would ever have thought all this could have sprung from the few fox terriers shown at Birmingham less than thirty years ago; but time works changes, and no one can tell how the fancy dog may be a quarter of a century hence.

There will always be a great difference of opinion as to the respective merits and otherwise of any terriers, for

even in doggy matters it sometimes occurs that what is "one man's meat is another man's poison." This was so in our early days when there was, perhaps, quite as much difference in type as there is at the present time. I have drawn attention to the weedy, light boned, ill-tempered, but gaudily coloured, black-and-tan headed Trimmer, yet when he was winning all before him for Mr. Murchison (who, by the way, had paid far into "three figures" for the little dog) there were other terriers in the same kennel which were as unlike the "champion" as possible, and it is quite likely that their blood and breeding were similarly diverse.

Animals like Turco, Renard, and Vandal were all oversized, and not very far removed from bull terriers in appearance. Still they were brought under certain judges who considered them fox terriers pure and simple, and awarded them honours as such. The gentlemen who officiated in those days could easily enough be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and the "specialist reporter" was not so advanced and independent in his opinions as, for the most part, he is to-day. A quarter of a century ago all kinds of awards might be made and no one say them nay, and perhaps the judges would write the reports to the *Field* and other papers themselves, but without appending their names thereto, as is the custom with those who produce the critiques in the *Kennel Gazette* now.

Perhaps, after all, there would be an unpleasant similarity in the fox terrier if each animal were precisely the same in type, character, and appearance as its neighbour. In any case it would be somewhat monotonous for the judge, who would thus have to decide between individuals only so far as straight well-formed limbs, neatly dropping

ears, and general symmetry are concerned. I am somewhat of a stickler for type and character myself, but, until it is found that we ourselves are produced and grow similar to each other in appearance, stature, and general shape, we can scarcely expect the common terrier, even though he is a fashionable beauty, to differ from us in that respect.

